

Success Magazine

Founded by Orison Swett Marden

Contents for January

Cover by H. G. WILLIAMSON

Frontispiece: Illustration for "Casey & Todd's Little Girl," by R. W. AMICK

The End of Cannonism . . . . . J. C. Wellivet 7

Her Complexion (*A Story*) . . . . Mary Heaton Vorse 9
Illustrated by Maud Tousey

Rose Songs (*Verse*) . . . . . Edna Valentine Trapnell 11

The Negro's Idea of Marriage . . . . Harris Dickson 12
Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

The Unjust Judge (*Part Two*) . . . . . John Luther Long 15
Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

The Power Behind the Republic . . Charles Edward Russell 18
Second Article—Business Control of the Press, the Parties and the Government

Casey & Todd's Little Girl (*A Story*) Porter Emerson Browne 20
Illustrated by R. W. Amick

Beyond the Threshold . . . . Richard Wightman 21
A New Year Musing of Man-Alive
Lettered and Decorated by Raymond Perry

Fighting Faces of Our Senators . . . Sloane Gordon 22
With Caricatures by Vet Anderson

The Sky Man (*Serial Story*) . . Henry Kitchell Webster 26
Illustrated by Dan Smith

Be Good to Yourself . . . . . Orison Swett Marden 28

The Shears of Destiny (*Serial Story*) . . . . Leroy Scott 29
Illustrated by Alexander Popini

Is President Taft Leader or Follower in his Party . . . 31

Westward the Star (*Verse*) . . . . . Henry Austin 34
Allegorical Decoration by Raymond Perry

The Functions of the Investment Banker Montgomery Rollins 54

DEPARTMENTS

The World in a Nutshell 32

Editorial Chat 38

Point and Pleasantry (*10-Cent-a-Word Department*) 40

Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner . . . . . Isabel Gordon Curtis 42

Copyright, 1910, by THE SUCCESS COMPANY. Entered as second-class mail matter, Dec. 14, 1905, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

Our Advertisements

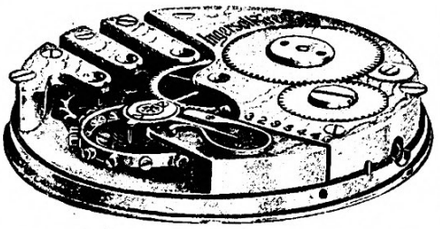
We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that *mention of* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *is made when ordering*. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, *your subscription expires with this* (*January*) *issue*; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (*February*) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by January 15; to begin with February should be received by Feb. 15. Subscription price: $1 a year; in Canada $1.50; foreign countries, $2 a year; all invariably in advance.

A New Idea in Watch Construction



A moderate-priced watch of high-price excellence

Here is a 7-jewel watch having a bridge-model movement like the very best models of the fine American watches. No other 7-jewel watch is made in this type.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is the competitor of all fine watches. Its movement is strictly high-grade, but without unnecessary jewels. It contains 7-ruby, sapphire and garnet jewels, protecting the points of principal wear and will give 20 years of service.

It embodies every essential feature found exclusively in the most expensive American movements.

Other watches have increased in price since the Payne Tariff Bill was passed. The "I-T" prices are the same as they have always been advertised.

This is the only fine watch that gives you the full worth of your money.

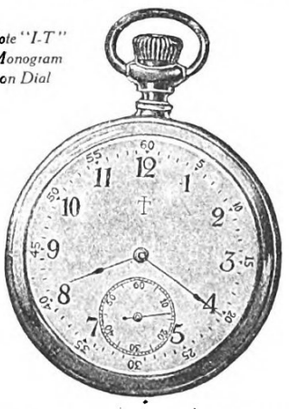
ASK TO SEE THE NEW

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7-Jewel Watch

One grade of movement only **$5** In solid nickel case **$7** in 10-year gold-filled case **$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

Note "I-T" Monogram on Dial



You can buy the "I-T" only at *Responsible* Jewelers

It is handled only by jewelers competent to repair it, and who sell it at the moderate profits advertised by us.

Jewelers who demand exorbitant profits or those considered undesirable as sales agents may recommend something else.

But simply insist upon examining the "I-T" side by side with what is offered and judge for yourself.

Our booklet "How to Judge a Watch" free upon request.

The Ingersoll watches from $1.00 to $2.00 are sold by 60,000 dealers throughout the country.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
Home Office, 30 FRANKEL BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

Digitized by Google

SUCCESS MAGAZINE *and* PIANO ADVERTISERS

IT IS hardly with the spirit of blowing our trumpet that we come to our readers once in a while with the things being done in our Advertising Department and the policies governing those columns in the magazine. It is, of course, gratifying to know that we have been "getting away" with about all of our undertakings for the past few years, but we are doing no more than we should do; no more than any publishing house should do, if it is sincerely operating on a policy of full protection to its clients.

Publishers of all our great national periodicals are no doubt fundamentally honest and are guided by very lofty ideals. When it becomes known that an advertiser is distributing dissatisfaction among their readers, further use of the advertising columns is forbidden him. This policy is in general practise with most of the magazines of national circulation.

We have tried to go a step farther and reduce, if we can, dissatisfaction to the minimum. It is in this that we find this month an excuse to again talk advertising policy to you.

We are making an effort to first determine the actual value of an advertised article, and the satisfaction to be derived by the purchasers, before it is admitted to our columns.

As an example, the average builder of a home will not feel that his home is complete unless a piano is found filling its usual important place. A very small percentage of these home builders realize the importance of having a strictly high-grade instrument. The majority, therefore, are easy victims for the manufacturers of "just as good for half the price," and the sole supporters of the "stenciling" trade. They usually buy as cheaply as they can, unmindful of the fact that it is just as important for their daughters to begin to practise on a good piano as it is for them to confine their studies to good books.

This truth is brought forcibly to his attention in many cases and the cheap, flimsy instrument is forced out and replaced by an honest one. He realizes little or nothing on his first investment, and has in many instances given his child a poor musical foundation.

We have determined not to be a party in bringing about these conditions, and for the past two years our columns have not been open to the manufacturers who are selling pianos that are not generally recognized as strictly high-grade ones. We may be accused of leaning a little too far back, on the theory that perhaps some of our readers will want a piano purely for decorative purposes, and for the sake of being able to say, "We have a piano," but we have gone far enough to convince ourselves that even these people would purchase nothing more or less than a certain amount of dissatisfaction, and we are leaning just far enough back to try and insure ourselves against even this.

We have used piano advertising as a topic, not because it is the only class of advertising that demands this kind of treatment, but more on account of the almost universal use of this instrument in the home, and to give you some idea as to the high standards being practised by us on a policy of a full protection to our advertisers.

We must here confess that we are not as familiar with all classifications as we are with the piano one, but we are getting into the affairs of our present advertisers and prospective ones enough to know, and we now feel that SUCCESS MAGAZINE justifies the sub-title of "The Blue Book of National Advertisers."

ADVERTISING EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII NEW YORK JANUARY 1910 No. 188

Published monthly by The Success Company—Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett Marden, Vice-President and Editorial Director; Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; David G. Evans, Treasurer; Samuel Merwin, Editor; Howard Brubaker, Associate Editor; W. E. Prickett, Art Manager—Success Magazine Building, 29-31 East Twenty-second Street.

75320
050
Su18

In the Editor's Confidence

THERE is a strong political cast in this number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. We have gone so far as to sacrifice something of the charm and good cheer which our readers have a right to expect from us every month. We are presenting, within the vigorous "Cannonism" cover, a complete and authoritative summing up of the effect of those deep currents of public thought which are steadily and inevitably undermining the vicious machine of the Congressional lords of misrule.

In a word, this is one of our fighting months. And since we are fighting we propose to fight honestly and hard.

In the course of our attacks on "Cannonism" we have perhaps appeared to say some pretty severe things about the Speaker and his Ring. But we have never told all we know. We cannot now tell all we know. For some curious reason the American public revolts from the ugly, sinister facts of the amazing misrepresentation which to-day makes our Government in some respects actually the most backward in the civilized world.

But there are a few disagreeable truths which we have no right to withhold. If the public—if you, the million or more of you, who read these words—could for one short hour look in on the actual workings of the Cannon machine; if you could see the motives which guide it; if you could feel the atmosphere of dishonesty, treachery, vice and depravity in which it moves and breathes; if through some real personal experience you could be brought to comprehend the virtual daily treason of the men who compose this machine—well, you would experience an exceedingly uncomfortable state of mind as regards the present welfare and the future prospects of your nation.

Everybody who knows the life at Washington, will at once recognize the truth of this statement. It is notorious that the drinking, the gambling, the reveling, are the indulgences of men who in politics are severely "regular." When the "regular" Republicans sought Democratic reinforcements, whence did they get them? From Tammany Hall, the vicious, the depraved.

These things are significant of the whole basic difference between the moral ideals of the two elements in the House. The man who led a Democratic minority into Cannon's camp in the rules fight (Fitzgerald) was the Congressional Lieutenant of the unspeakable McCarren. The men who were delivered were Democrats of the kind which has made gang rule in American cities the shame of the country.

On the side of "regularity" are the expert "fixers" and "jobbers." There you find the men who know the art of getting big campaign funds from corporate interests; the men who have held up the rotten sugar trust for immense corruption funds in political campaigns; the men who know how to "touch" the franchised corporations of the city of Washington; the men who represent "interests;" who stand for the most corrupt gangs of New York and Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago and Denver and San Francisco; the men who work the long-distance telephone to the stock market between roll-calls on important votes.

Associated with these men of the machine are a number of others who are personally above reproach, but who lack the vision and the courage to oppose entrenched power. For even these men we have no excuses to offer, because without their support Cannonism would be impossible.

If the public could for one moment really understand the gravity of the present situation it would rise, to a man, and remove—by force, should his "rules" provide no peaceable method—the stupid, profane, un-American obstructor of all progress who to-day occupies the marble chair of the Speaker and wields the gavel of authority.

These are strong words—the strongest we have ever uttered on this unpleasant subject. We utter them now because we know what the Cannon Ring stands for.

The Cannon Ring stands for the shameless and complete exploitation of our national resources—which are our national assets—by private corporations.

The Cannon Ring stands for a ship subsidy, a high tariff, a fat pork barrel, dishonest Government contracts, a demoralized and dishonest customs service, and for every other device useful in stealing money from a wide-open treasury.

The Cannon Ring stands for tricky and desperate opposition to postal savings, parcels post, income tax, improvement of the nation's waterways, scientific tariff revision, direct election of Senators—to representative government and to Democracy itself.

In the past the Cannon Ring fought against the railway rate law, the meat inspection law and the Pure Food law, but was finally forced to act by an aroused public and by Theodore Roosevelt.

Really, this Cannon Ring is perfectly, hopelessly rotten. It is in no sense a Republican institution. Cannon was elected Speaker last March through the assistance of Tammany Hall.

The Cannon Ring is sodden with political vice. It is drunk with long-continued power. And now, quite aware that its day is over, Cannon himself is well known to be ready, when next the Congressional cards are shuffled, to throw the power to the Democratic half of the Ring in order to prevent progressive and intelligent men from grasping and wielding this power. For Cannon hates progress and intelligence as Richard III. hated manly beauty.

Naturally the little group of clean-thinking, right-minded Republicans in the House have no place in the Cannon Ring; so they are called Insurgents. These Insurgents know the truth. They are fighting for two essential things—honesty and progress.

It takes courage to be an Insurgent. Such an one finds the whole power of Government apparently bent on crushing him. The Ring works busily to discredit him in his district. Cannon throws him off his committees. The Senate machine bears down on him. President Taft and his Cabinet, with all their powerful allies, work against him. And yet there he stands to-day, wondering sometimes if the whole world is conspiring for evil, but continuing blindly and sturdily to fight for those essentials—honesty and progress.

This is why SUCCESS MAGAZINE is opposing Cannonism and is supporting the Insurgents.

IN the February number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE will appear one of the most remarkable pieces of fiction ever presented to our readers, entitled

THE THINGS HE WROTE TO HER **By Richard Wightman**

MR. WIGHTMAN has recently become known as the author of striking and unusual verse, and of such thoughtful and pithy utterances as "The Round of Life," in our December number, and the "Prayers of Man-Alive." The present manuscript is his first sustained effort in prose.

"The Things He Wrote To Her" is cast in the form of a series of letters, in which is unfolded a complete and original philosophy of love.

Digitized by Google



"Casey, tall, enfolded them both, vaguely, in long, lean arms"

Illustration for "Casey & Todd's Little Girl"—in this number

Drawn by R. W. AMICK

Digitized by Google

The End of Cannonism

by J. C. Welliver of the Washington Times



IN A speech which he read from manuscript at Kansas City, Speaker Cannon served notice that the liberal or insurgent Republicans in Congress must be fought just as Bryan must be. Should Speaker Cannon have his way, then he would read out of the Republican party not only the progressive insurgents in Congress, but also that great mass of voters in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and Ohio—not to mention the plainly expressed attitude of voters in twenty other States—who stand behind them. It is Cannon versus the United States. Cannon himself forced the issue. His challenge was promptly accepted by the Republican leaders of the West. Cannonism has therefore reached the last stage, the beginning of the end. No petty politics, no temporary victories of trick and stratagem, not even his final frantic effort to appear as a friend of progress, can now save Cannon. The Middle West, supported by the honest, healthy thought of forty-five States, is against him. He is doomed.



IF ONE were volunteering an essay on present-day tendencies in architecture one would n't be expected to begin with an explanation of the principle of the arch or a demonstration of the Pythagorean proposition about the right-angled triangle. Those things no longer need demonstration. Everybody is willing to admit them.

For like reasons I shall not stop to present the case against Cannon and Cannonism. Everybody knows in general what it is; a few don't admit it. There are people who believe the world is flat, and some others who insist that it is hollow and that we are on the inside of the shell. Science can't halt to argue with such; neither can political progress wait on the minority who, having eyes, insist that they see nothing, and having ears, protest that they can't hear the rumble of the car of progress. The time has come for the procession to move on and leave all these.

Fifty Insurgent Republicans in Congress

The surpassingly important fact to-day is that the end of the Cannon era is at hand. That fact has been made as plain as reasoning man could wish, since the opening of the long session of Congress. The return to Washington of the warring forces with their loins girt up for the resumption of the fight has been followed fast by developments which leave no room for doubt of the event.

The last session—the tariff session—saw the Insurgents able to muster barely more than a score of insurgent Republicans. Now they have returned to the attack, confidently claiming that they have half a hundred. They list more than twice as many as they could count last session. Why these gains, when there has been no change in the personnel of the House?

Simply because the members have "been to the country" and have learned what is in the minds of the people. They have been out among their constituents. They have felt out the sentiment of all classes of the community. They have learned that there is just one proposition on which the preponderance is overwhelming, and that is a demand that an end be put to the rule of the House by Cannon.

"We will have fifty insurgent Republicans throughout this session," said Representative Norris, of Nebraska, the day he returned to Washington. "How do I know? Wait and see. We have n't been busy all summer for nothing."

And the event has proved that he did know. The first people on the ground in force, a fortnight in advance of the opening of the session, were the leaders of insurgency. They came early, by agreement among themselves, to plan for their winter's campaign. They brought reports from their various States and sections, and the first listing of their strength set down forty-seven names of Republicans in the insurgent column. It was not final; it had not been fully verified; not every man in the list was personally and finally pledged to the fight, but it was rather a conservative than a radical claim. "We will lose a few of these, but we will gain more from the other side, and we are safe for fifty votes when we are ready to open the fight in earnest," was the verdict of the insurgent leaders after they had taken account of stock.

The House Has Heard From the People

There can be no mistaking the confidence of these men. They have returned to Washington firm in the conviction that the country is with them. Many of them spent a good share of the summer speaking in their various districts, explaining the rules to their people. They were called upon to address audiences in other districts as well. The most sanguine of them were surprised when they got home after the tariff session to discover how entirely the people were with them. The experience related by one of these men is typical.

Mr. Norris, of Nebraska, long a student of the Panama Canal problem, had prepared a lecture on the canal. He had a splendid collection of slides and a big lantern, he had studied the canal during a long stay in the zone, and he went home full of the purpose of telling the people of his district all about it.

He received invitations all over his State to address meetings, and the lecture course opened auspiciously. But at the second meeting all plans were wrecked. A large audience listened for two hours to the canal address, and when it was about to be dismissed, somebody called out:

"Before you go, Mr. Norris, tell us about this Cannon fight; that's what we want to know about." And Mr. Norris, unprepared for a speech, talked an hour, and got the first real, uproarious enthusiasm of the evening!

From that time until his impromptu course closed, he had to give the Cannon lecture most of the time, because the people insisted on it. They did n't want Panama and pictures; they wanted the facts about the struggle for the control of the House. "And there was but one opinion on the matter," concluded Mr. Norris, in telling about his experiences, "they are all insurgents."

Reports of the same purport came from all sections. "If I want to come back to Congress next session, I 've got to pledge myself to vote against Cannon," one supporter of the Speaker declared, with sincere regret. "And I 've got to tell Uncle Joe just that."

Among the "regulars" there early developed a strong sentiment that Cannon must take himself out of the Speakership consideration for the Sixty-second Congress, or gravely endanger the Republican party. More than that, it was agreed that the Speaker must be told this in the plainest terms.

"If the Republicans control the next House, it will be because Cannon will have been eliminated before the election," is the common expression.

President Taft's Attitude Has Changed Since March

There could be no more suggestive indication of the drift of public opinion than is afforded by a study of the attitude of President Taft during his recent tour. Last March the President employed his utmost influence to save Cannon from defeat. But for his support, Cannon would have gone down.

And yet, from beginning to end of his thirteen-thousand-mile swing around the circle, the President spoke no word of indorsement for Cannon.

He paid his tribute to Aldrich, unpopular though he knew that course to be, but not one word for Cannon.

He was urged, begged, besought, toward the end of the trip, to do as much for Cannon as he had done for Aldrich, but he firmly refused.

Does it require a diagram to make clear the significance of that eloquent silence? President Taft has never been for Cannon from preference; he supported the Speaker last March because he believed it was necessary in order to carry out the tariff program. How far Cannon assisted in making good the tariff promises it is not necessary to discuss here. The point is that, following that alliance and that tariff session, President Taft visited and talked to the whole country, and said no word for the man he had made Speaker.

It means simply that Taft will never again give his support to Cannon. Cannon's forces understand that perfectly. They realize the full significance of it.

The Cannon power is crumbling. It is tottering through the last reach in its race. No doubt can be entertained on this point by one who has studied the developments since Congress returned to the Capital.

Digitized by Google



The country is determined to make an end of Cannon rule and of the Cannon rules. It knows now, all too well, the narrowness, the bigotry, the vindictiveness and vengefulness, the utter disregard for public interest or popular opinion, with which Cannon holds his sway. It has read and believes the scathing indictment which Representative Fowler of New Jersey addressed to the Speaker. Cannon had deposed Fowler from the chairmanship of the Committee on Banking and Currency, because Fowler had been guilty of the heinous offense of knowing something about the currency problem and of standing for his opinions even when they interfered with the plans of Cannon and Aldrich. The Speaker's vengeance against Fowler was only typical. Every Insurgent was punished for his insurgency when committees were announced by the Speaker on the closing day of the special session.

Cooper was taken from the headship of the Committee on Insular Affairs, where he had done magnificent service in helping President Taft to secure a measure of self-government for the Archipelago. Norris lost his place on the powerful Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and so on through the list. Utterly reckless of the public interests, of the fitness or the service of men, Cannon punished every luckless one who dared oppose his despotism. It was as if that power of naming committees had been given him as the older Bourbons believed the scepter had come to them, by divine right, to be wielded for absolutely no other purpose than the gratification of personal whims and piques. Small wonder the country has made up its mind to end such conditions. The end is in sight.

A Play With Two Villains

As for Cannonism and Cannon, it is all over but the shouting. The Senatorial twin of Cannonism, which may be called Aldrichism, will be with us yet a little time—not long. This country likes to have a popular hero, but in a pinch—there being no hero in sight—it can get along very well with a villain. On March fifth last, discovering that it no longer had a hero in commission, it cast about for the next best thing, and in Cannon and Aldrich found twin bogie-men. It has been as busy, from that day to this, following these twin bogies with anathema and stuffed clubs as it had previously been trailing a certain popular figure with acclaim and laurel chaplets.

Cannon and Aldrich had come to personify the degradation of parliamentary government. In them the shame of Congress was visualized and focalized, and when so big and menacing a problem is factored down to its lowest terms in two personalities, the final cancellation is never far away. The wonder is not that the end has been so slow in coming, but that it has come so fast. The real insurrection against Cannon is less than a year old. When Congress met a year ago, there was just enough of insurgency to carry the name. It struggled through the short session of last winter, gaining force and courage day by day, vocalizing its protest and appealing to the country at every opportunity. It gained a hearing. Then when the new Congress met on March fifteenth to organize for the tariff session, a modest but respectable section of the press, and a highly respectable and imposing share of the community were ready to stand by the new movement. To its own surprise, insurgency mustered within four of the necessary number of votes to prevent the reelection of Speaker Cannon. Not only this, but it scraped together enough votes to reject the Cannon rules. It voted down the code of practise under which Cannon so long had ruled, and then, in the moment of victory, was robbed of its spoils by that famous —no, infamous—alliance of Cannonism and Tammanyism. The Fitzgerald amendment was offered, the Republican Tammany of Cannon and the Democratic Tammany of Murphy joined forces, the amendment was adopted, and the old régime was saved.

Every vote that Tammany could muster and control was delivered on orders direct from Tammany Hall. They saved the day. Without them it would have been lost. And yet Cannon and his lieutenants deny that there was a deal! As well deny that the sun shines, and try to prove it with depositions from the inmates of an asylum for the blind!

A Few of the Evils Sponsored by Cannon

That performance and the things which followed it; the scandals of the tariff-making; the withdrawal of the Payne bill after it was ready to report, in order to doctor up the nasty concessions made as the price of Tammany support; the refusal of all opportunity for real debate; the appearance of Cannon in person on the floor to demand the retention of Standard Oil's duty on petroleum; the nauseous Littauer glove duties; the eleventh-hour reduction of the brewers' tax by command of the House machine—these and a score of other equally disgusting performances served to win for insurgency the sympathy and support of a vast body of public sentiment. Beginning as a hopeless little group of pariahs, rejected of their own party, sniffed at by the contemptuous Democrats, threatened by the President, besought or bullyragged by this or that political agent of the administration, put under the pressure of regularity's demand by the Senators from their home States, these Insurgents stood their ground, and presently they found the whole country lining up at their backs. Where will you turn to find record of another rebellion that so soon has become revolution? For who will deny, to-day, that it *is* revolution?



The insurgency of the House paved the way for the insurgency of the Senate. Murdock, Norris, Hubbard, Cooper, Hinshaw, Lenroot, Nelson and the rest of them are entitled to equal partnership in the glory that later shone on Cummins, La Follette, Dolliver, Bristow, Beveridge and their Senatorial associates who developed in the upper chamber the details of that tariff betrayal whose hideous outlines had first been exposed by the House *insurrectos*. For, that it knows, to-day, how thoroughly it was buncoed and gold-bricked in that tariff performance, the country is under chief obligations to the determined men who led what only the unthinking can account a bootless protest. Why, even Tammany could n't stand the odium of that partnership, and following sharp on the sensational charges of Herbert Parsons, at the height of the late New York municipal campaign, Tammany has been turned out, bag and baggage. And it will not do to say that the Tammany-Cannon deal was without influence in the New York campaign. Thousands of people were profoundly moved by that revelation to realize the national as well as the local menace of the Tiger.

Tammany Can Not Save Cannon Again

The danger of another Cannon-Tammany alliance has been much reduced by that defeat of Tammany. It would be well-nigh ended if a few of the Tammany Congressmen who participated in that deal could be cheerfully retired by their constituents. But Republicans also have a responsibility right here. As surely as the power of the Cannon machine, plus the power of the Tammany organization, is sufficient to control the next election of a Speaker, just so surely will there be determined efforts to resurrect that offensive combine in order to keep the House in control of the old powers of plunder and privilege. It is for the Republicans of the country to make sure that there are not enough Cannon Republicans in the next House to reelect the Speaker, even in case Tammany could be tempted to renew the dual alliance.

Even now the seeing men of the old Cannon régime realize that the end is at hand. They know he can never again be elected Speaker, and they are preparing to save the machine and the rules and the paraphernalia of legislative asphyxiation by sacrificing Cannon and taking up some other man of his very truest kidney as their candidate for the gavel. With them it 's the system, not the man who may chance to head it. "'The King is dead! Long live the King'—and keep us as his courtiers and ministers and satellites!" That is their motto.

These in due time will find courage to brave the wrath of the Iron Duke of Danville, and tell him he must get out of the way. Then they will take Tawney, or Smith of Iowa, or Stephens of Minnesota, or Loudenslager, or Payne, or some other well-trained old wolf of the Cannon pack, rig him out for the nonce in a shimmering lamb's fleece of insurgent apparel, and invite all the lambs to enter the trap by electing this masquerader to represent the new régime in the chair! God help the cause of parliamentary reform if it shall fall into the hands of such friends. It is just as important that Cannonism shall not choose the next Speaker as that Cannon shall not succeed himself.

The Remedy Lies With the People

The fact is that if the country wants more than the form of a victory in this fight to save the House, it must put everybody under bonds. Champ Clark and his Democrats must be pledged that, if they control the next House, they will make certain specific amendments to the rules. There would be small gain to substitute Kaiser Clark for Czar Cannon, if the old absolutism were to continue in the old way. The rules must be revised so that the House shall be master and the Speaker its servant; and hostages must be given as surety for true performance. There is only one way to make absolute certainty of a full measure of reform, and that is to turn out Cannon before the end of the present Congress and elect an insurgent Republican in his place.

The Speaker recently, in one of his characteristic speeches, declared that he is only the servant of the House; the House can control and can do whatever its majority wills. Of course, that is n't true, and Victor Murdock "called the bluff" when he promptly retorted:

"All right, Mr. Speaker. We 've been seeking for a way to turn out the present presiding officer under the present rules. We can't find it. If you will tell us what motion to make to bring that question before the House, and will recognize an Insurgent to make it, we 'll do the rest."

Mr. Murdock assumes that if the Speaker is sure of his majority, he ought to be glad to see the issue forced and get his vindication, but Cannon will not tell the procedure by which the majority could oust him or amend the rules. There is no such procedure which does not involve getting recognition by the chair; and there is no possibility of recognition being given for such a purpose.

But there are still vast resources of parliamentary tactics. The Insurgents are determined to force the fighting at every point the coming season, and it is ventured that they may yet find the flaw in the armor of the machine. At any time the revolt may become a revolution.

[Continued on page 571]

Digitized by Google

Her Complexion

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrated by Maud Gousey

I WENT to my cousin Pauline's room the other evening to ask if she had some cold cream she could lend me, for mine was all gone, and it is quite impossible in New York to keep your face clean without it. Pauline is very pretty. She's about eighteen, and makes me think of the pictures in the Sunday papers. Now she looked like a picture representing "When a Young Lady Retires."

I am spending the winter with my uncle, to study art, and New York flats being what they are, I have to room with my youngest cousin, Melly, and Pauline rooms with her thirteen-year-old sister Gladys. Pauline handed out her jar of cold cream and I sat on the edge of the bed and started to wash off my face with it, when a voice from somewhere said:

"If you really cared for your skin, you would n't do that!"

"Where on earth," said I, "Gladys, are you?"

"Oh," Pauline answered, scornfully, "Gladys has made some sort of a burrow under the earth, and she stays in it most of the time. And what 's more, miss," she continued, "when mother finds out you have a candle under there, and are liable to set the whole place on fire in a minute, she 'll put a stop to your doings!"

To this Gladys responded:

"Well, there 's only just one person in this house mean enough to tell her, and if she does tell her she 'll be sorry, that's all—*she'll be sorry!*"

Gladys was under a table which has two folding flaps which form a nice little tunnel.

I peered underneath. She was sitting there, cross-legged and red in the face, and in front of her were five or six little jars. Pauline peeked in too.

"What under the sun are you doing there, Gladys Shoemaker?" she demanded.

Gladys answered: "I 'm working now so that when I get grown up to your and Daisy's age, I won't have to put bits of court-plaster all over my face, and wear veils a mile thick! I 'm taking my complexion in hand now, and when I 'm sixteen I 'll have a real one that will last me all my days; not the kind that begins to go off the minute a girl's eighteen."

I had long known that there was nothing that interested Gladys so much as the advice and recipes in the newspapers about how to take care of the hair and skin and fingernails. Every cent of money she ever gets she spends in getting all sorts of formulas made up at the druggist's, and she lets jars with a few drops of this and a few drops of that and a gallon of rainwater stand on a window-sill for months—until they smell bad, and some one throws them away.

Now, if Gladys were a pretty child I would understand this, but she is n't. She has a good nose, which when she grows up may be an ornament, but now it does n't seem, someway, to match the rest of her features. She has quantities of freckles everywhere. Her legs and arms are long and thin, while her hands and feet are put on wobbly, like a puppy's.

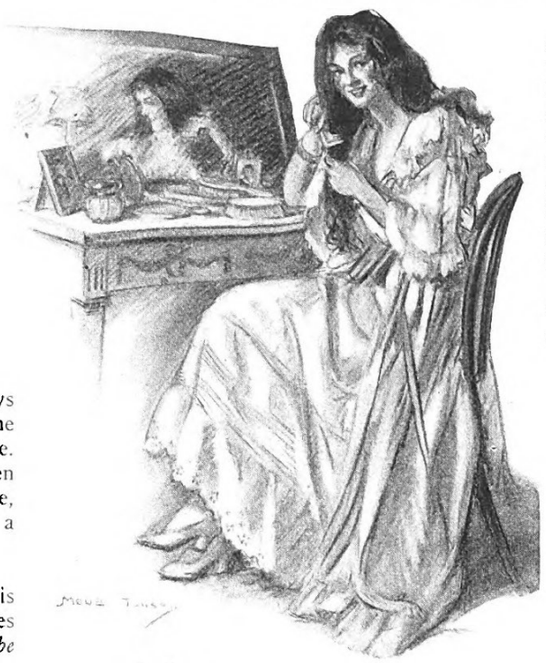
"What ought I to use if not cold cream?" I asked Gladys.

She stuck her shiny face out from under the table, massaging it with upward strokes.

"In this way," she explained, "when I get to be your and Pauline's age, I sha'n't have wrinkles."



I am spending the winter with my uncle, to study art



Pauline looked like a picture representing "When a Young Lady Retires"

I 'm twenty-two, and Pauline, as I 've told you, is eighteen.

"We have n't wrinkles, you ninny!" Pauline exclaimed with some indignation.

"Oh, yes, you have!" Gladys replied with finality. "Fine, fine little wrinkles, that will soon develop into crow's-feet and into the downward lines around the mouth that make a woman look ten years older! But I sha'n't have any! Daisy's got three wrinkles on her forehead from squinting up her eyes when she looks at things.

Of course, we both knew that all of Gladys's talk was nonsense; nevertheless we both asked what we ought to do to keep off wrinkles. She gave us each a little bit of cream.

"You can get some more made," she told us, "if you want to, but it 's awfully expensive; it costs me over a quarter, and I can't afford to give you much, although I 'd like to see you look young as anybody—especially you, Daisy."

She came and laid her greasy cheek on mine.

"You 're a darling," she said, "and I hate to see you getting to look older every minute. And of course, it 's time, is n't it, that you began to do something?"

Soon all three of us were sitting on the bed, with mirrors in our hands and cream on our fingers, doing all that Gladys told us, for Gladys has none of that horrid spirit of wanting to keep anything she finds out to herself.

"I 'll do something for you sometime, Gladys," said Pauline, when we got all through.

"Oh, will you?" cried Gladys. 'Will you do something for me right off?"

"What do you want?" Pauline asked, more cautiously.

"Oh, Pauline, it 's just to lend me something—just for once! I want your turnovers and your blue bow and your quill that you have n't put in your hat yet, to put in mine—just for once!"

"What do you want 'em for?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, I want 'em," said Gladys, blushing very red indeed. When she blushes red, her ears seem to stick straight out, and get almost purple, and her freckles show up a queer color.

That evening, quite late, Pauline tapped cautiously on my door, and we went together to the dining-room, which is at the end of the long tunnel they call the hall. She could n't, of course, come into my room, because Melly was asleep in there, nor into the parlor, because Uncle Solon and Aunt Matilda sleep in what 's called the back parlor, and pull open the doors between that and the front parlor. So you see, if you want to talk at night, the only thing to do is to go into the dining-room or kitchen.

"I 've found out," Pauline told me, "what Gladys wanted with that ribbon and turnover set. You 'd never guess!"

"What is it, Pauline?" I asked her.

Pauline came close to me and put her hands behind her and stuck her face into mine the way you see pert young ladies do to gentlemen on the stage, and whispered, wagging her head at me:

"*Gladys is in love!*"

"Who is she in love with?" I asked Pauline, when she had stopped laughing. I can see now that we should n't really have laughed at the poor child, but if you had seen Gladys as we did, you could n't have helped it yourself.

"It 's some one who lives in this house," answered Pauline. "He 's nearly six feet high, has wonderful brown eyes, and he 's eighteen years old. Have you ever seen him, Daisy?"

I never notice young men, anyway—they look very much alike to me, so I naturally had n't seen Gladys's paragon.

"She told me about it," said Pauline, "with her head stuck in the pillow like a little ostrich, and her ears just flaming, and she kicked her legs up and down."

Which you will admit, isn 't a poetical way of telling your heart's secret.

"Gladys knows him to bow to. He 's got a brother about Gladys's age, and he and Gladys skate up and down the block, and one day Gladys was skating alone and this brother—he 's a measly, fresh kid, Gladys says—banged right into her and knocked her down, and then up came Sir Launcelot and helped Gladys to her feet and said, 'See here, kid,' to his brother, 'if I ever catch you knocking a girl down again, I 'll everlastingly whale the stuffings out 've you, see?' Then the glorious vision escorted Gladys into the house. It was the time she tore her stocking all the way down and the skin off her shin, and scraped her knuckles. She came home that day, all dirty down the front and her nose red as a beet from the cold and her stocking hanging, and ever since this auspicious encounter the radiant knight takes his hat off every time he sees Gladys and asks her if his brother has butted her in the stomach since."

"You mean she 's really in love with him, Pauline?" I asked.

"Daffy!" said Pauline. "Just daffy!"

We laughed like anything, Pauline and I. Gladys and love did n't seem to belong together any more than carrots and sweet peas.

In a few days I saw Gladys and her beloved together. We met in the hall—Gladys and I were just coming in as he was coming downstairs. He bowed to Gladys just as if she were a young lady, but I noticed he looked at me. He was a boy of eighteen—not *quite* nice looking; the kind that ought to have been nice, but somehow just missed it. As soon as she got upstairs, Gladys rushed and looked at herself in

Digitized by Google

the glass, and tears welled into her eyes, which is very rare with Gladys, for she generally, when lots of girls would cry, kicks something.

"What's the matter?" I asked her.

"I've got those fierce old washes mixed up!" she said. "I put the one for stimulating the complexion on my nose, and the one for making the nose look all right on my cheeks, so of course my nose is as red as fire—I thought it felt queer—and now—now he's seen me with my nose all red! Those kind of things are fatal, Daisy."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you see," Gladys explained, "a man remembers little things. He gets a definite idea of you. Look here"—she took a piece cut out of a Sunday newspaper and read aloud:

"'You should strive always to look neat in your dress and tidy in your hair, for at any moment the man you care for may see you and carry away with him a lamentable vision of careless dress and unlovely, wispy hair.'

"And now," Gladys went on, swallowing hard again, "he'll carry away with him a vision of my red nose. Oh, I know what you think, Daisy—you think he won't carry away with him *anything!* Oh, I know how splendid he is, and all that, and I don't expect him to notice me, but all the same a nose shining like a ripe tomato would be enough to attract anybody's attention. That's what comes of being careless, but it's awfully hard for me to keep up and remember to put on lotions every time I ought to. It's not my nature. But I'm going to be beautiful when I'm sixteen, or bust! I'm going to be thorough."

It was about then that Gladys began to show her love by getting up on her toes every morning one hundred and fifty times and doing chest exercises. I never saw any one whom falling in love made so practical. She just set out to make herself good-looking in two or three years' time, and every day she'd think of some more things to do that might in some far distant epoch improve her looks. I spoke to her about this.

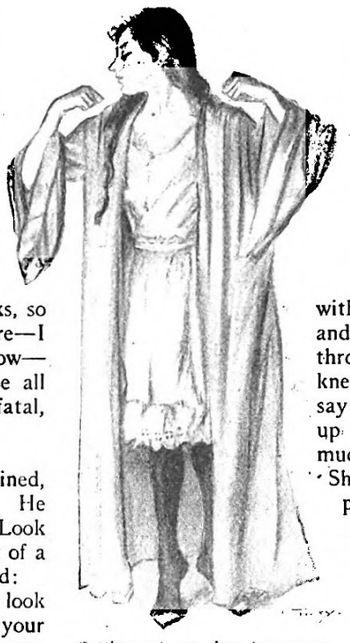
"Well," she said, "what's the good of just sitting down and sighing and moaning and just being in love? If one ever wants anything to come to anything, one ought to get up and hump oneself like I'm doing."

Soon after this Aunt Matilda began to notice Gladys's goings on.

"Well," she said, "of course all children go through phases, and goodness knows Pauline was freakish enough growing up; but Gladys beats her sister. The things she smears all over herself are bad enough, but that child literally won't stay in bed! You know the door into that room doesn't close very well, and time after time, after she's been sent to bed, I've seen her kneeling at the window star-gazing. I don't know how many times this week I've sent her to bed. I wish to goodness I knew what she was up to."

I knew what she was up to, because I had gone into her room and found her at it.

"What are you doing," I said, "out of bed this cold winter night?"



Getting up on her toes every morning one hundred and fifty times and doing chest exercises

She looked up at a star in the little patch of sky that shows from the window and pointed to it solemnly.

"That's *him*," she said. "I can't really talk to him, so I go and think up things to that star."

Her hair was done in two tight little knots, and I could see even in that dim light that her face was all covered with something she'd rubbed on, and having fixed herself and gone through all her exercises, she'd knelt down to watch the star and say poetry to it that she'd made up herself—which shows how much in love poor Gladys was. She never would tell me the first part of the poetry that she said. She went through a whole lot of things, like lighting candles and putting a flower on the table. The end of the poetry went—she couldn't help telling me that, because she was so proud of it and liked to hear the sound of the words—

"Far, far above, serenely sailing,
You do not heed me down below;
But though in words my love is failing,
I still yet murmur, soft and low,
'Good-night, my star, my angel bright!
Good-night!'"

One evening late we were all coming in together, Aunt Matilda and Pauline, Gladys and I, and we met the "Angel Bright" on the stairs. Pauline stopped him and said:

"I want to thank you for being so kind to my little sister." Then she turned round and said, "Mother, this is the gentleman who helped Gladys one time she'd fallen and hurt herself."

"Why, that was very nice of you," Aunt Matilda broke in. "Do you live in this house? Come up and see the girls sometime."

Aunt Matilda is quite tall and stately. Everything she says sounds impressive, but does not impress Pauline, who scolded all the way up the stairs: "Why, Mother, you don't know who they are or anything about them. How could you do that?"

It wasn't long before the "Angel Bright" availed himself of Aunt Matilda's invitation to come and call. We were all in the parlor when he came. A caller has to run a pretty hard gauntlet when he calls on a family that lives in a New York flat. Uncle Solon had his feet in slippers. He is a large, heavy man, and when he has slippers on, his feet, Pauline says, look like the elephant Ned's—which I don't think is a respectful way of speaking of one's father's feet. Aunt Matilda was sitting, quite stern and dignified, reading an improving book on hygiene. Pauline and I were talking in the corner together, and Rob was reading something, while Melly sat and sewed, and Gladys lay flat on her stomach reading the evening paper about the latest murder. I never saw a child that could tell the history of every murder that has happened in her lifetime the way Gladys can.

The room, as you can see, was what you might call "congested" when the door-bell rang. It takes some time for the maid to get from the kitchen down the tunnel to open the door, so Gladys went.

I saw her hand fly, not to her heart, but to pull out the collar of her dress as she opened the door. And there stood the "Angel Bright." His real name is Willy Evans.

He said, "Good-evening," very politely. Gladys muttered something perfectly indistinguishable, in a gruff, insulted tone which only anyone who knew her would realize came from embarrassment.

It was very odd to see what happened to the family after Willy Evans entered the room. Of course, they all said "Good-evening" to him except Gladys, whose ears were as red as anything, and her face quite pale; every freckle stood out in prominent relief. Melly continued to sew placidly. Very soon Uncle Solon got up and muttered something and shuffled away—I knew, to the dining room, and Aunt Matilda followed him, making a more audible excuse about having to attend to something. She stopped in the doorway to say to Melly and Gladys:

"Children, it's almost time you went to bed," at which word Melly obediently picked up her things and trotted away; but Gladys sat with her face in her hands and her elbows on her knees, with her eyes fixed on the "Angel Bright." I suppose she'd read things about, "She devoured him with her eyes," and "The power of the human eye," and things like that.

Pauline made herself as fascinating as anything. She can talk quite funnily about things, and uses slang in a sort of quaint and amusing way. I never can think of things to say to boys so much younger than myself, unless they're very mature for their age and have really some ideas, so I sat quietly by and said a word now and then, and wondered if I could get out of the room, so I could do a little reading.

Presently there came a slight pause in the conversation, and Gladys uttered these words, in what is called a "strangled" voice; she swallowed several times—it seemed as if there was a big lump somewhere that made her almost gobble the words out:

"Do you think her mother killed her, or her father—I mean the Hoskins murder case?"

Willy Evans looked very much surprised indeed, both at the tone in which these words were spoken and at the subject. She had broken right in the midst of one of Pauline's flattering remarks. Willy Evans turned round.

"Why," he said, "I haven't really thought about it."

"Some people," Gladys



Sitting on the bed, mirrors in our hands and cream on our fingers, doing all Gladys told us

Digitized by Google

gobbled out, red in the ears and apparently very cross by her manner, though I knew it had cost her a heroic effort to speak at all, "think that some third party did it."

I heard Aunt Matilda's step in the hall. She came far enough down the hall to peer in and beckon to Gladys. Gladys pretended not to see. Finally Pauline said:

"I think mother wants to speak to you, Gladys."

Gladys darted a look of fury at her sister, but there was nothing for it—she had to go. I heard her saying:

"I don't want to go to bed—I don't see why I should n't stay!"

Pauline continued chatting with Willy Evans, who was evidently entranced; after a while, having made a call of suitable length, he left reluctantly, and Aunt Matilda, who had been waiting for him to go so she could go to bed, went into her own room and turned on the gas.

"Why, Gladys!" I heard her call. "*What* are you doing here? When young men come to call upon your sister and your cousin, it makes the room too crowded if all you children stay around."

"Oh, I did n't mind her sitting around with a little kid like that," Pauline intervened.

This, I knew, put the finishing touch to Gladys's rage. I could hear her and Pauline quarreling as plain as anything in my room, after I 'd gone to bed.

Gladys suffered next day just as an older girl of eighteen or nineteen would have suffered at having made a bad impression on some one she cared for, and having had some cleverer person put her in a bad light. And Gladys showed her feelings by making faces at Pauline and sticking out her tongue whenever Aunt Matilda was n't looking.

In past ages very little girls have been capable of inspiring love in those very much older than themselves, and they have had all sorts of things written and sung about them. Beatrice was only thirteen when Dante fell in love with her, and Juliet was no older than fourteen, and there have been queens of France no older than fifteen, and so that shows that children of thirteen or thereabouts are not as young as we think them. And no grown up and sophisticated person like Pauline or myself could have felt things more keenly or had nobler thoughts than Gladys had, or yet been as far-sighted about things. I used to think about it in this way as much as I could, so I could talk to Pauline, to make her take Gladys's affection more seriously, but when I told all these things to her, Pauline only said:

"Good gracious, Daisy, you 're not trying to make out that Gladys Shoemaker 's a young Juliet, are you?"

We had lately seen Julia Marlowe as Juliet, and I had to confess that Gladys did n't in the least look like her.

"I don't believe," she went on, dropping unconsciously into her mother's tone, "in encouraging children to be sentimental."

"You don't seem to feel the same about boys," I replied, for Willy Evans had come several times to the house since his first call, and it was quite plain to me that he was what Rob calls "sweet" on Pauline, and I must say that she did n't lift a finger to discourage him—quite the contrary.



Pauline did not lift a finger to discourage him—quite the contrary

At this Pauline got really angry and disagreeable, so I had to leave the room. She said, indeed, that I need n't blame her—it was n't her fault if men did n't seem to like me.

So for several days there was rather a coolness between me and Pauline, and I stopped coming into the parlor altogether when Willy Evans was there, and so did Gladys. She always stood in the hall as he came in and out, glaring at him—she said she was engraving his features upon her memory—that she asked for nothing, and that it was very natural that he should like to talk with older girls.

"The trouble is," she told me, gloomily, "he 'll soon get tired of coming here, for he 'll see through Pauline!"

"What do you mean, Gladys?" said I.

She gave me a terribly knowing wink.

"You and I both know," went on Gladys, "that Pauline is heartless." She said this in what you might call a "company" tone, and then she continued quite naturally, "You and I both know she 's a mean, old, horrid, spiteful thing! And he has intuition enough to find out how mean she is—and these are just the traits which a nice man don't forgive in a woman!"

But the "Angel Bright" seemed lacking in the perception of these traits in Pauline's nature.

He acted as if he thought she was quite perfect, and used to be quite visibly put out when he found other people calling on Pauline. Of course there frequently *were* other people. Pauline saw to that, as Gladys says. Especially Phil Seymour.

At last it dawned on me what Pauline was up to. She had raked in poor Gladys's one little star, because she could get at him easily, just to discipline Phil Seymour, while with Phil she pretended that you could n't keep Willy Evans off—not with a hatpin. (I heard her explaining this, just as I was coming in the room.)

"If you think, Pauline Shoemaker," Gladys told her sister, "that I don't see through you, you've slipped your trolley. You 're trying to bother Phil Seymour all you can without having a fight. And I will say, though he 's horrid, he 's much nicer than you are. And you know well enough that if you ever did have a real scrap, Phil would n't ever look at you again. And let me tell you that there are other people who have eyes and that the scales are going to drop off of 'em!"

"I 'd have more pride," Pauline answered, "than to show my jealousy like you do, Gladys."

To this Gladys replied: "You 've abused my confidence. You got me to talk, and see how you 've acted, trying to make yourself seem nice by making me seem *horrid* with"—she choked—"Mr. Evans"—for Gladys could n't speak the name of her beloved one without emotion. In fact I have never seen any one, when in love, act more like the people in the very best kinds of poetry and dramas. And yet I knew Gladys had never read any of these masterpieces of literature, for she 's so busy reading all the murder cases that she never has time for anything else.

Yet in spite of Gladys acting so like the lovers of old, it did n't look as beautiful as you thought it would look when you read about it.

For another week things went on the same way. Pauline made very effective use of Willy Evans. She knew just what chair to put him into, where the light would strike his face and make him seem older.

But one day Willy Evans did n't come any more. It was the same day that Pauline remarked tauntingly to Gladys at table:

"I 'm surprised to see you eat pie. I thought you thought pie was bad for the complexion."

Gladys was pale as death. If she had been pretty I suppose one would have said that her eyes looked like burnt-out stars. She said in an awfully hollow voice:

"Gimme another piece!"

"Don't bother Gladys," Aunt Matilda interfered, "about her complexion. I suppose she has been reading something about pie being good for her."

When Gladys asked for a third piece of pie, she looked paler than unbaked pie crust.

The next four days passed and Willy Evans did n't come. Pauline had n't finished with him and I could see that she wondered where he was; and of course I thought Gladys acted so queer because she was worried about the beloved's absence. But one afternoon late Pauline swept into the room like an actress in the third act of a

[*Continued on page 41*]

Rose Songs

By EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

YOU liked the little songs I made—
So full of joy, so free of heart,
But shunned the sadder, graver themes
Lest they were born of sorrow's smart.

AH, dear, the little gladsome song
You sound so gay, with joy replete
Were distilled like rose-attar, rare—
Out of heart's-sorrow came their sweet.

AND they, the graver, sadder themes—
Grieve not that I have known their smart.
Children are they of dearer dreams—
Rose petals pressed within my heart.

Digitized by Google

The Negro's Idea of Marriage

Being a Rough Guess at a Minus Quantity

by Harris Dickson

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

A WHITE savage roamed the forests of Northern Germany. Skin-clad and war-proud, he worshiped Odin and Thor; he gambled and he drank; he was fierce and cruel. But he had a clear conception of what marriage meant. He honored the woman at his side; she was his brave and virtuous companion, trained like himself to the use of arms, and together they drove back the eagles of Imperial Rome.

To this naked Teuton marriage meant family; a group of families meant a village; many villages meant a nation. The existence of the nation presupposed the honorable families of free men. Upon this indestructible unit the white man built his civilization, every law and all progress making for the betterment of his home nest.

The negro's hazy idea of marriage is the greatest barrier in the path of his success. No race can become permanently good or great if they are not home-makers. In Africa he had scant perception of the institution as Anglo-Saxons understand it. Therefore, he felt no need for laws and customs which made the family sacred. Transplanted to America, he regarded the rule of one-husband-to-one-wife as part of the discipline of slavery—a restriction forced upon him by his master. Incidentally he throve and multiplied under it.



"'Jine yo' lef' hands,' he said"

After the war, many, if not all the Southern States decreed that couples then living together as husband and wife should be legally so. After that the negro was free to carry out his own ideas. I can not tell you what these ideas are—no white man can. It is hard for the white man to get at the negro's idea about anything. I can only tell you some of the things that the negroes do and say. For instance, I can tell you what Molly said and did about her wedding, but neither of us can guess at Molly's idea of marriage.

Molly's blue gingham dress rustled stiffly. She might have stepped out of her skirt and it would have stood alone right there in the middle of the plantation store. Her sunbonnet—not the dingy affair that she wore in the field, folded flat and lying on top of her head—was a gorgeous creation of slats and ruffles and dangling ribbons. Molly flaunted herself into the store, striding along with the vigor of buoyant health. She swung her bonnet and swished her skirt, nodding right and left to other negroes. Her fine teeth gleamed with the joy of standing in the limelight.

The Negro's Idea of Marriage is Hazy

Elder Brown stopped short in his earnest discussion with a pair of sisters and caught Molly by the hand. "Bless de Lawd, here's Sister McGee, her own se'f. Us was jes' considerin' 'bout decoratin' de church fo' yo' weddin', bein' as you sings reg'lar in de choir."

Molly's eyes danced. "Decoratin' de church was for mighty few white folks an' no niggers at all." She reveled in popularity and grinned as they arranged every detail of ornamentation and illumination. Then she sauntered over to the counter, swinging her bonnet and smiling as she went.

"Howdy, Molly," laughed the clerk, for everybody liked the girl.

"Howdy, Mr. Lane. I wants you to gimme dat lamp fer a weddin' present."

"Wedding present? I thought you were married. Ain't Joe your husband?"

What Marriage Meant to Molly

Molly shook her head decisively. "Naw, suh; Joe was my husband las' year, on Oakwood Plantation. I'm married now to Wesley—dat is, we ain't 'zactly married on no book wid a pair o' licenses, or nuthin' like dat. De matrimony tuk place las' fall, an' de ceremony is gwine to take place next Sunday. Sho will be a big weddin'. Please, suh, gimme dat lamp."

What was Molly's idea of marriage? What was the idea of her presiding elder and associates in the church? She was not "married on no book wid a pair o' licenses," or permanently married by any method, but she was a highly respected and respectable married woman for all that.

Molly could move from one plantation to another. Why not? Molly could change from one husband to another. Why not? Whose business was it if she changed her domestic partnership when she changed the land she rented or the cabin she occupied? And if all her friends did the same thing, who could throw a stone at Molly? Custom makes laws that defy the power of a legislature.

Molly hinted at comparative degrees in matrimony, partnerships ltd., certain niceties of differentiation which the Anglo-Saxon mind can not grasp. Married on the book with a pair of licenses and a preacher is solemn and showy. It gives occasion for decorating the church—perhaps for a supper or a dance afterwards.

Just a plain, common, everyday "married" does well enough for prosaic people. There is a difference between that and "married on the book," but Molly did not explain it and I can not.

But there is another method: "Jes' tuk up." That is the unfiligreed, happy-go-lucky way, easy to put on and off, costs nothing, and "no cote-house scrape" at the end. This is most fashionable on the plantation, public works and other places where they don't care much for style. A wise provision of negro nature seems to govern this degree of matrimony.

When a couple is welded together by a preacher, "accordin' to de statoots," the negro man, true to jungle tradition, regards his wife as part of his personal property. She can't get away from him and must take such treatment as he accords. She is acquired by capture and held according to the will of the captor.

But suppose Jerry is free to shut the door, call his dog and move; or suppose he may come home some night and find that Mandy has left him; each of them feels the necessity of being a bit more agreeable and considerate. Suppose Jerry and Mandy live on a plantation and are jointly interested in the same crop. They are pretty sure in that case to get along until the end of the year.

If they live in the city and Mandy cooks for the white folks, Jerry does n't need to do anything except be good to Mandy. The door of hope may be shut, but it does n't trouble Jerry so long as Mandy can tote her basket out of the door to the white man's kitchen.

For these reasons—both primeval and highly artificial—a temporary alliance, when negroes "jes take up," frequently turns out better than those elaborate functions in the church. In either case, when they get tired they can quit. But the negro dearly loves his elaborate function; with or without excuse he never misses the chance to celebrate.

The Absence of the Bridegroom Did n't Matter

Mrs. Bradford caught the housegirl nodding over her work. "Minnie, you 're asleep."

Minnie straightened up with a jerk and a grin. "Yas'm, I jes' dozed off."

"What 's the matter? Did n't you sleep last night?"

"No'm, I did n't sleep a wink. 'Ranthy, what works for Mrs. Ware, she got married. Miss Julia"—the girl's face brightened—"you jes' oughter seen 'Ranthy. She war dressed lovely. Mrs. Ware he'ped her make de dress, and den sont her a present besides. Hit war

Digitized by Google

all white and scalloped at de neck; dar she stood right under de big bell wid de orange blossoms, an'—"

"And the groom stood right beside her, I suppose."

Minnie cheerfully ignored the interruption. —"jes a shakin' hands wid everybody, laughin' an' jokin'. Dat gal sho wuz de livin', breathin' image o' happiness—"

"What did her husband do?"

"—'Ranthy she smiled fust at dis'n, den at dat'n. She war de life o' de party. An' dance! Lordy, Miss Julia, you never seed a gal dance like 'Ranthy; danced wid every gent'mun what was dar—"

"Did the groom dance with all the girls?"

"—Den 'Ranthy he'ped everybody to the ice-cream, he'ped 'em wid her own hands, and 't warn't no stingy teaspoonful, everybody had a plenty; she made 'em all enjoy deyselves; jes done 'em good to watch 'Ranthy."

"Who is the groom? What does he do?"

Minnie gave the duster a contemptuous toss. "Lordy, Miss Julia, dat 's jes' what I been sayin' 'bout dese wufless men. Dat triflin' nigger never did show up."

Minnie's idea of marriage might be very interesting, but no Caucasian mind could follow her through the mysteries. 'Ranthy had the wedding supper and the dance. She played a star engagement for one night only. What matter if the trifling groom did n't show up?

'T is Bliss to Follow the Band

Once upon a time a Philadelphia lawyer came South. He had a pair of big spectacles, an inquisitive mind, and he wanted to know. With his Southern friend he was hurrying to the court-house. A negro parade blocked the street; negroes in carriages, on horseback, on foot; negroes with swords and axes; stumpy negroes with Masonic banners, lean negroes with Pythian devices, fat negroes with Odd-Fellows' insignia, miscellaneous negroes with miscellaneous emblems.

The Philadelphian pushed through the crowd and ran back in great excitement. "What 's it all about? What are they doing?"

The Southerner could n't explain, but beckoned to a very intelligent young negro—who, by the way, was a prominent politician—and asked, "Tom, what 's the occasion for all this parade?"

The young negro laughed. "Now, Jedge, you ought to know dat a nigger don't need no 'casion for a peerade."

Tom had spoken a mouthful. Pageantry appeals to the negro's tropical imagination. Churches and lodges furnish most of the social life that he knows. He does not ask why the brass band is playing; he keeps step with the fellow that beats the drum and is happy.

After a long dusty ride the young planter stepped off his horse on to the gallery of his own store. A middle-aged negro had been waiting all day for the boss to get back from town. Out of a semicircle of friendly grins he stepped forward. "Mister John, did you git 'em?"

The boss drew a long envelope out of his pocket and handed it to the man. "Here you are, Simon."

Simon turned the paper over and over in his hand; his friends crowded up and looked.

"Mister John, dis pair o' licenses is all right? We kin go 'long an' git married?"

"Yes, it 's all right. Go in the store and get your present; I have told the clerk about it and he will give it to you."

"Thankee, thankee, Mister John."

"I hope that you and Dicey may live happily ever after."

"Dicey!" Simon gasped. "Mister John, you ain't done gone an' put Dicey in dis? Dese licenses ain't fer me to marry Dicey?"

"Yes, Dicey Gibson. She 's the girl you 've been keeping company with."

"Yas, suh, I suttinly is been keepin' cump'ny wid Dicey, but us had a 'spute; I aims to marry my new girl, Ada May Pace."

"You told me it was Dicey Gibson. Here is where I wrote down the name."

Simon looked at the other negroes and scratched his head. "Now don't dat beat de Jews? Atter all de worriment o' keepin' dem two gals separated, I done got 'em mixed up myse'f."

Sonny Mitchell snickered, but Sonny was foolish and nobody minded him. Simon was in a tight fix, so he appealed to the boss. "Mister John, is I 'bleeged to marry Dicey on dis paper? What 'll dey do to me ef I don't?"

The planter laughed. "No, you need n't marry her unless you want to."

"Can't dey put me in jail?"

"No."

"Oh, well, dat 's all right den." Simon smiled amiably and handed Mr. John the license. "Boss, we 'se got de church all fixed, an' things cooked fer supper. Please, suh, jes' scratch out Dicey Gibson an' put in Ada May Pace —'t won't take you but a minit."

The boss shook his head. "Can't do it, Simon."

What the boss could n't do was beyond human power.

"Den what is I gwine to do?"

"You 'll have to get a new one."

"Huh! git a brand-new one when dis ain't wore out? What do a new pair cost?"

"Three dollars."

"Three dollars! Dey 's mighty high. Is dat de law? Cote-house sho is one curyus place—an' dey doan know Dicey from Ada May. Now, boss, lemme understand you reel good. I kin marry Dicey on dat paper—but ef I wants to marry Ada May I got to git a new one, an' pay three dollars extry?"

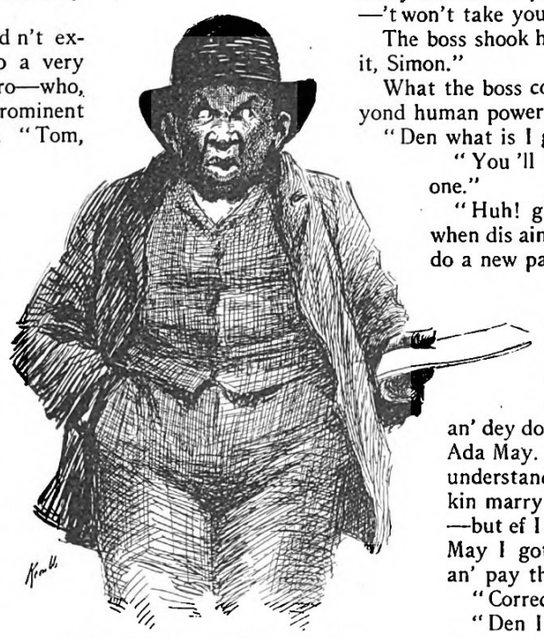
"Correct."

"Den I kin marry Dicey fer three dollars less dan I kin marry Ada May?"

"Sure."

Simon considered. "Boss, what kind o' present war dat you gwine to gimme?"

The planter pointed to a big painted rocking chair, and Simon made up his mind. He reached out his hand. "Gimme dat pair o' licenses, Mister John. Hit do seem like a pity to waste de one what I got. De preacher is all ready; I might jes' as well go 'long an' marry Dicey—'t ain't three dollars' wuth o' diffunce twixt nary two niggers in dat cotton patch."



"Den I kin marry Dicey fer three dollars less dan I kin marry Ada May?"



Sonny Mitchell

These are not new stories. They are not told for new stories. They have passed current to a green old age and their survival proves their fitness.

The matrimonial yoke, lightly assumed by the negro, is just as lightly cast aside. If it be "on the book with licenses," sometimes the parties get a divorce. The chancery courts in Southern States generally set aside one day for the hearing of divorce cases, and the chancellor grants them in one-two-three order as they are reached. Five to ten minutes per case is generally sufficient. This is not because of any carelessness in the courts, but because the facts are plain, and contests are rarely made. It is the same story over and over again with sickening regularity—desertion, cruelty, a rival. "Big bugs" get divorces in the court-house, others dispense with a formality which makes little or no difference in the social prestige of the parties. Sometimes, so the story goes, an obliging justice of the peace will alter a matrimonial misfit.

The Matrimonial Knot Untied With the Left Hand

"Yas, suh," said Uncle Mose, "dat one-armed justice o' de peace sho do know his bizness. Me an' Maria went an' 'sulted him 'bout a divo'ce. He say, ''Co'se I kin make you a divo'ce. I reckon I can't tie no knot what I can't untie. It 'll be kinder rough, but you 'll git unhitched, an' dat 's what you want. 'T ain't no use givin' a lawyer twenty-five dollars an' payin' a lot o' cote costs on top o' that when I kin fix you up wid a home-made divo'ce what 'll last jes' as long.' Dat justice o' de peace talked so sensible dat we give him de job den an' dere. Bless yo' soul, it did n't take long. 'Jine yo' lef' hands,' he said, an' commenced to readin' fust out o' one book, den out o' another. I could n't make heads or tails o' what 't wus about until he hit de same readin' what he married us by—only he read dat part o' it backwards. When he got through he jerked our hands apart. 'Now!' he say, reel brief, 'we comes out de same gate we went in at. I turn you loose in the big road, right where I found you.' He charged us one dollar for marryin' us, an' two dollars for unmarryin' us. It was more trouble to untie a knot than 't was to tie it."

If this kind of a divorce suited Uncle Mose and Aunt Maria it was their own affair. Certainly there was no one to object.

On hundreds of plantations there is little or no pretense of assuming the marriage tie. The occupants of a cabin shift around year by year and while there is some trouble on this account, it is surprisingly infrequent.

They generally stay in the same neighborhood, but pair off differently, and everybody is satisfied with the new arrangements—for a while. Many planters say that there are practically no legitimate children born on their properties, although the crop of pickaninnies never fails.

If negroes were people of property, if they left estates to be divided among lawful heirs, it is easy to see the inextricable confusion that would result. It is also easy to see that where there is no fixed and definite family relationship—as among the Anglo-Saxons—there can be no pride of birth. This loses to the negro one of the mightiest forces that has made for the upbuilding of the Anglo-Saxon empires.

Beneath all of this there are scattering exceptions and individual heartbreaks, but I am speaking of a race and general conditions.

Divorce practise is not agreeable, but the

Digitized by Google

divorce lawyer has many a queer experience and gets a picturesque sidelight on the negro's idea of marriage.

Custom Makes Law Take a Back Seat

"Jedge lawyer"—the old negro dropped his hat at the door as he entered the lawyer's office—"kin you git me a divo'ce?"

"Certainly, Uncle Peter," responded the lawyer, with assurance, every negro being, *prima facie*, entitled to a divorce.

"Jedge lawyer, I don't want no 'vo'ce fer myse'f; I got one. I wants it fer my gal. Dis here boy wants to marry her."

A hobbledehoy with a clean-shaven bullet head and store-bought clothes fingered his hat and nodded, "Yas, suh. I wants to marry dat gal."

"Sit down. What's the trouble?"

"Jedge lawyer, 't warn't no trouble at all; my gal's husband done lef' her an' gone to Memphis—"

"That's desertion, easy enough." The lawyer knew it would be desertion, cruelty or a rival, and desertion was the simplest to prove. "How long has he been gone?"

"Dunno, boss, 'zactly, but nigh ez I kin come at it, dat triflin' nigger been gone nigh on to three weeks."

The lawyer leaned back in his chair. "Sorry; Uncle Peter; desertion must be for two years, under the laws of this State."

The younger negro moved restlessly in his chair, then got up. "Huh! Uncle Peter, I can't wait no two years fer dat gal; I'm gwine right straight an' git de furnicher."

Uncle Peter rose with boisterous approval and clapped young Lochinvar on the back. "Now dat's de way fer a man to talk. Boss, ain't he a cap'n?"

With locked arms the two walked from the lawyer's office and made a deal with the instalment man.

Uncle Scipio as an Unconscious Bigamist

"But," the question is asked, "does the law permit this?" No. The law draws no distinction on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude—but custom does. If custom applied the bigamy laws to negroes, it would turn the State into one vast penitentiary and leave no one to work the fields.

Uncle Scipio Morgan went through the mill, and he knows how the wheels go round. Uncle Scip was an unusually intelligent old negro; he could neither read nor write, but was a man of natural capacity, the best tenant on Reveille Plantation, and a pillar in the church. The other negroes looked up to him as a sort of bell-wether.

One Saturday night he was sitting on his soap box beside the stove in Reveille store, laying down the final plans for a society celebration next day. "De Lodge o' Sorrow will form in front o' de sto', march two by two to dat big cypress. Den take de big road an' double back to de church. Dat gives 'em plenty room to spread out. Den we stands in two lines at 'tention whilst de preacher an' de deacons all goes in. Den de lines crumple up from de ends so dat de las' goes in fust, an' so on. I convoke de meetin' wid prayer, interjuce Brudder Virgil Moore—"

The store door opened. A one-eyed white man stepped in, splashed with the black mud of the swamp. His single eye went roving among the crowd and settled on Uncle Scipio. Two or three negroes recognized him and moved away. "Dar's de deputy. Wonder who he's after?" By nudges and whispers the news spread, and a vague uneasiness hushed their chatter. So intent was Scipio that he did not see or hear when Klinker stepped up behind him.



"Beulah shouted 'til her wig drapped off"

"I interjuce Brudder Virgil Moore, and—"

Klinker caught Scipio's upraised arm and by a quick movement snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

The negro struggled to his feet, frightened and surprised. He tried to smile; it must be a joke.

"Dat you, Mister Klinker? Howdy-do, suh? You oughter know me. I'm Scipio Morgan—I—"

"You are the man I want." Klinker drew a paper from his pocket and read the warrant, which commanded him to take the body of Scipio Morgan, charged with bigamy.

"Biggimy! What's dat? I never done it; 't war n't none o' me. I never was 'rested in my life."

All the Negroes Were Puzzled

"You'll have to come along with me. Clear the way, you niggers." The deputy held Scipio's arm and was already pushing him toward the door. Tildy, his new wife, darted back to the office. Bob Murdock, owner of the Reveille, strode out.

"Here, Klinker, hold on! What's the matter? You've got the wrong man."

"No, sir, this is the right one, Mr. Murdock. The grand jury has indicted him for bigamy."

"Let me see your warrant." Murdock read the paper. "That seems to be straight," he admitted, "but you need n't put handcuffs on that old man. He's not going to run away."

"Any nigger will run away. I ain't takin' chances with none of 'em. Too many officers gets killed takin' chances."

"Can't I give bond for him?"

"I don't know, Mr. Murdock," the deputy hesitated; "this is a felony case, but I reckon if you say turn him loose it'll be all right."

When Murdock signed a bond the deputy took his handcuffs off Scipio and went away.

Uncle Scipio sat down with his head in his hands. The spirit had gone out of him; he looked cowed and humiliated. Men, women and children surrounded him. "What war de matter, Uncle Scip?"

"I was 'rested," he said, simply.

"What fer?"

"Deputy say somethin' like biggimy."

"What 's dat?"

"Mister Robert say dat 's what dey call it when a man is got two wives."

"Huh! Is dat all? I war scared dey had 'scused you o' stealin' sumpin."

Uncle Andy Patterson expressed his disgust. "Dat sho is a purty come-off—two wives. Ef you doan look out dese constables 'll be 'restin' niggers fer havin' two kinks in dey head. I 'se lived in dis country, man an' boy, nigh on to sixty year, an' I sho is at de fust o' dat. Dar 's Joe Granger; he ain't never been 'rested, an' he buys him a pair o' licenses reg'lar every Christmas. It 's dem Yankees what 's spreadin' dese new-fangled notions."

The Yellow Preacher Was at the Bottom of the Trouble

"Tole you so, tole you so," Daddy Wunk chuckled; "dat yaller preacher cum here wid dem gole specs on, an' a stovepipe hat what uster belong to Lawyer Ellis—he sot dese wimmen crazy 'bout havin' weddin's in de church. Had everybody trottin' to the cote-house buyin' licenses; lot o' ole fool niggers what 's been married twenty years had to git deyselves a pair o' licenses an' dress up in undertaker's gloves an' git married all over agin."

"Maybe Uncle Scipio's license done run out," ventured a half-grown boy. "De Chinaman what keeps store at Leona—I heerd 'im say his store license were run out. He wanted to git married at de same time, so he bought a store license fer a whole year an' a pair o' marriage licenses fer six months."

"You sho is a-fool." Daddy Wunk withered him. "Marridge licenses doan run out. Hit 's like a do' what 's off de hinges—jes' hangs an' creaks till it gits tore down."

The negroes wrangled and argued, up one side and down the other, until they talked themselves into a tense excitement. Tildy stood squarely beside her husband, but neither of them had a word to say. They listened, and their eyes grew wider.

There was a big negro man sitting on a barrel, a new tenant, whose shoulders looked like a pair of hams. He got down off his barrel and declared, "I 'm gwine back to Loozianny. I 'se worked on a heap o' plantations, in Arkansas an' Loozianny. I knows all de plantation rules, but I never heard o' sech a rule as dat in all my born days."

Married Not Wisely, but Too Often

The clerk listened for a while; then he slipped back and tapped on Murdock's door. "Mr. Murdock, you 'd better come out here and quite these negroes.



"Biggimy! What's dat? I never done it"

Murdock assumed that Scipio was guilty. Every tenant on his place was probably guilty, but he never heard of a negro being prosecuted for such a thing; it would drive away all the labor and bankrupt the planters. He came out of the office and took the middle of the floor. "What 's the matter with you people? Don't you know I 'm going to stand by Uncle Scipio? Hush this talk, every one of you. Scipio, come back to the office with me."

When they had closed the office door he said: "Scipio, tell me the truth. Are you lawfully married to Tildy?"

"Yes, sir, 'bout six months ago."

"Who had you arrested?"

"Could n't be nobody 'cept that black woman, Beulah."

"Were you married to her lawfully, on a book, with a license?"

"Yas, suh, Mister Robert; it was jes' dis way: De las' wife I had in slavery times, she died ten years ago. About three years ago I met up wid Beulah, an' took a fancy to her.

[Continued on page 56]

Digitized by Google



"I didn't know there were so many, so very, very many"

The Unjust Judge

(In Two Parts)—Part Two

THE THING FRANK WOULDN'T DO MOST, WAS TO BECOME A LAWYER

by John Luther Long

Author of "Madame Butterfly," etc.

Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

THE judge would have forgotten all about it—for the mere sentencing of prisoners was his daily work—had not the sensational features of this particular case not only remained in his mind, but got terribly into the newspapers—where he was surprised to find much commendation of Barlow and much criticism of himself. His acts had not heretofore been much in the newspapers. This made him a trifle harsher. But, even so, the matter had been nearly effaced from a busy mind, when one morning, three months after the trial of Barlow, the district attorney handed him, with a smile, a morning newspaper which told not only of Barlow's escape but of that of two other prisoners whom he had taught and led. A keeper was killed and another seriously injured. But there was no trace of the fugitives. All had been planned and executed with extraordinary intelligence and cunning. The judge returned the paper with a nod and a smile, as if he had said, "well, we did *our* duty."

The district attorney interpreted this accurately, and answered: "And he did as he said he would."

"Well," added the judge, appreciatively, "there is some credit in that."

"I am thinking of you," said the officer of the law. "Suppose he does the rest?"

"Hah!" laughed the judge. "Don't bother about me. I have had that for, lo, these many years. I have survived. I shall again. The man who does his duty fearlessly makes enemies. The one includes the other. You will hear no more of Barlow—unless it is in his literary pursuits."

"You know," pursued the district attorney, "his accusation was that you did more than your duty."

"Then," laughed the judge, "the more enmity. I am satisfied—pleased—to have the enmity of the criminal classes."

"Again," laughed the district attorney, "he claimed not to belong to the criminal classes, but that you put him there."

"He couldn't claim it now," smiled the judge, pointing to the paragraph in the newspaper.

"That he blames on us—ahem!—you!"

"Well—" the judge was suddenly thoughtful. "We certainly didn't kill the keeper!"

"But we both believe in circumstantial responsibility."

"Yes. No direct responsibility can approach the conclusiveness of circumstantial responsibility—such as excludes all but the hypothesis it is concerned about."

"Circumstantially, then" argued the officer of the law, who was in a gay mood that morning, "if we—you—are guilty of the one thing, the other follows. If you—we—made the man a criminal—you—we—are guilty of the criminal's crimes."

"Do you think so?" laughed the judge, who also felt very well that morning.

"Do you?" countered his prosecuting officer.

"It would please me very much to have you try a case before me now upon that hypothesis—"

(It was during the calling of the jury, and the clerk had now concluded that duty.)

"—and before that awful jury," the judge went on, grimly.

The prosecutor of the pleas tempted the judge a bit further.

"What would happen, sir?" he asked.

"Conviction by instruction of the court," answered the judge, grimly.

The district attorney was surprised.

"Then—you convict yourself, sir."

"And you?"

"Yes. Have—have you changed your mind, sir—since the trial of Barlow?"

Digitized by Google

"Only broadened it.'

"How, sir?" asked the bewildered officer of the law.

"To include more punishment, more crimes and criminals. Hereafter none shall escape!"

And, with that, again, Barlow and all his socialistic views would have passed out of his mind, had he not awakened from a soundly chloroformed sleep at noon the next day, he and all his house, to find that everything of value in it had been destroyed or rendered useless. About the law in "Purdon's Digest" which he had read to Barlow that day, was drawn a black line signed with a B. Between the leaves was a note which said:

"You see, my dear Judge, you keep the law and I keep my word. Try to remember what it was. Note that I haven't kept your pocket-book—only destroyed the half of the bills and taken them away. I am after bigger game. You are too poor for me. Don't fear—that!"

He did try to remember Barlow's word. But it was impossible. It had passed utterly out of his mind. Then when, later in the day, it was found that his son Frank had not returned, he began slowly to recall. Barlow had said that he would take the thing that he valued most. Was n't that it? But of course that was absurd. He couldn't have meant Frank. Yet he had mentioned Frank—and, by the way, his own son.

And, as the days went on and Frank did not return, he thought more and more of the possibility—of what? Oh, not that—not that, of course!

Frank had been crazy for adventure. Frank had a certain dare-devil courage which the judge liked and feared. Frank laughed at his scruples on the subject of morals and had often jollied him about his administration of the law, seeing it as a young and emancipated mind would be likely to see the musty forms he revered.

Frank had been in the army and had found it too slow. Frank had tried the navy and had found no fighting there.

The thing Frank would n't do most, was to become a lawyer. He ridiculed the lawyer and the legal mind. His father told him from time to time that this was the attitude of the criminal and that he must beware of it. Frank protested that it was the attitude of the gentleman, and if it was also that of the criminal, there was much in common between the two. A lawyer, he said, could not be a gentleman until the law was emancipated. He *must* be a liar—more or less—according to law. Father and son had laughed at this.

Barlow and his gang began to be heard from again and again. But their cunning was so superb that, finally, there was little hope of catching him. Always in some absolutely unexpected place. Always in some absolutely unexpected way. And at yearly intervals would come those visits to the judge and the destruction of all that he had gathered together once more.

So that the judge began to look old and stooped and white, though not yet with years. And he had a furtive watching from under his shaggy brows for the danger which he seemed to feel always near, and a quick, searching glance at unfamiliar figures in the hope—

"Of course, Frank must come back. Some day, of course, he must. Then he will explain, he will tell me. It was one of his pranks. Yet, yet—let me see. Why, it's five years. And, and if he does n't soon come. Hah! I did n't know I was so foolish about Frank. I 'm a regular old woman. If I had someone else—something else—but there's nothing but Frank.

"And then, these infernal irruptions of Barlow—like the descents of the Barbarians upon Rome—leaving ruin behind them and less and less hope before me. Why, I live like a Greenlander in a hut—with nothing and no one—for fear of—"

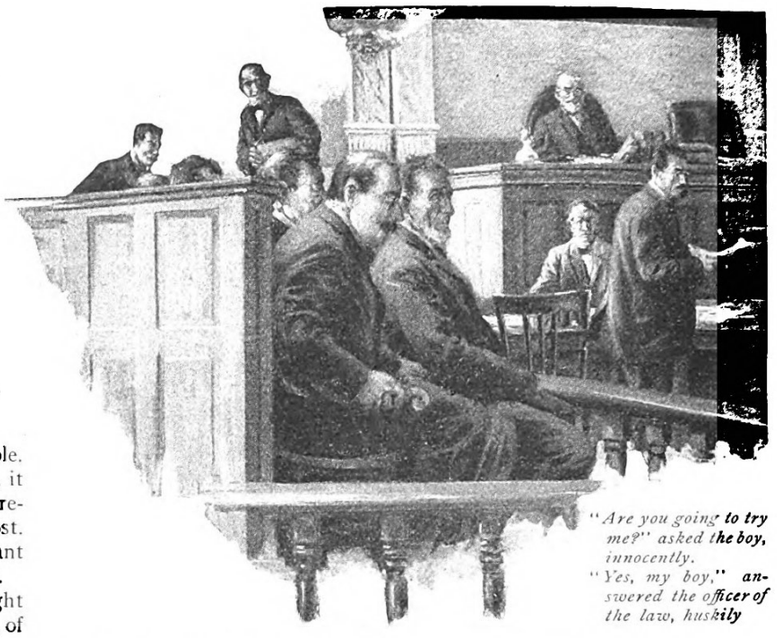
He laughed gruesomely.

"Barlow!"

He was distressed to find himself whining, and decided at once that he must stop that. Things were bad enough—with the humiliation of having a county detective always following him about to save him from the vengeance of the Barlow Gang.

For, I have forgotten to say, that wherever a robbery was performed, Barlow would leave his card, and a polite note—very literary in its terms—begging that the matter might be charged to Judge Grinder—protesting that some day the judge would pay all—would have to. Even the poor keeper who was killed on the night of the escape, bore, pinned to his bloody coat, the following note:

"A regrettable necessity. Let us call it Judge Grinder's mistake. I explained to the man—wasted precisely six minutes of the most valuable time. He would not understand. He said that it was his business to keep me—whether justly or unjustly committed—and he knew that many of Judge Grinder's commitments were unjust—and that he would do it in spite of hell. The deuce of it was that he would have done it—if he could. He had a gun. I had none. And the rest were coming. We could hear them. I really think that if there had been time I could have convinced him. Well—'a principle is above—far above the life of an individual!' The principle was—liberty! But there was no time. I got the gun. He would n't even run.



"Are you going to try me?" asked the boy, innocently.
"Yes, my boy," answered the officer of the law, huskily

In fact he called to his comrades. You see the result of his foolishness. Charge it to Judge Grinder—and make him pay. He shall.

"The Barlow Gang."

He had just decided, with his head down, in the way he walked on the street, nowadays, that there was to be no more whining—that he would continue to be the judge Grinder who had won the title Maximum Judge, when he found himself the center of a mêlée.

VI

ONE OF THE BARLOW GANG

It seemed, afterward, when the matter could be explained, that in his musings, with his head down, he had come upon trouble, or trouble had come upon him, no one could exactly tell which. But it was certain that a man who was approaching him, to do him injury, the police said—for it was known that he was marked by the Barlow Gang, and he was constantly guarded—had been caught even as he reached out to him, and beaten into insensibility. When taken he was found to be armed, and was recognized as one of the Barlow Gang.

"This is very good news," said the district attorney to the judge. "We have one of them—of the invincible Barlow Gang—and, with all the force after the rest I think we are sure to get them. "Then—" said the district attorney—

"Then—" interrupted the judge, with narrowing eyes, and lips which slowly opened over his teeth, "we 'll test that theory of yours—that idea of circumstantial responsibility."

"I hope," laughed the district attorney, "that you will not involve so innocent a person as I am."

"Instruct the police to find out from the prisoner all that is possible about their affairs," the judge went on, irrelevantly.

The district attorney added hastily:

"Yes, yes. I thought of that. And it has been done."

"And there is nothing—no information?"

The officer of the law shook his head.

"The boy—he is a mere boy—has stood absolutely mute through the third degree."

"We shall see—see whether he will continue to stand mute—before *me*."

And the judge snapped his teeth together.

No one had ever seen him more savage and determined in all the years he had gone on, giving hard sentences, as he thought he ought, than on the day of the trial.

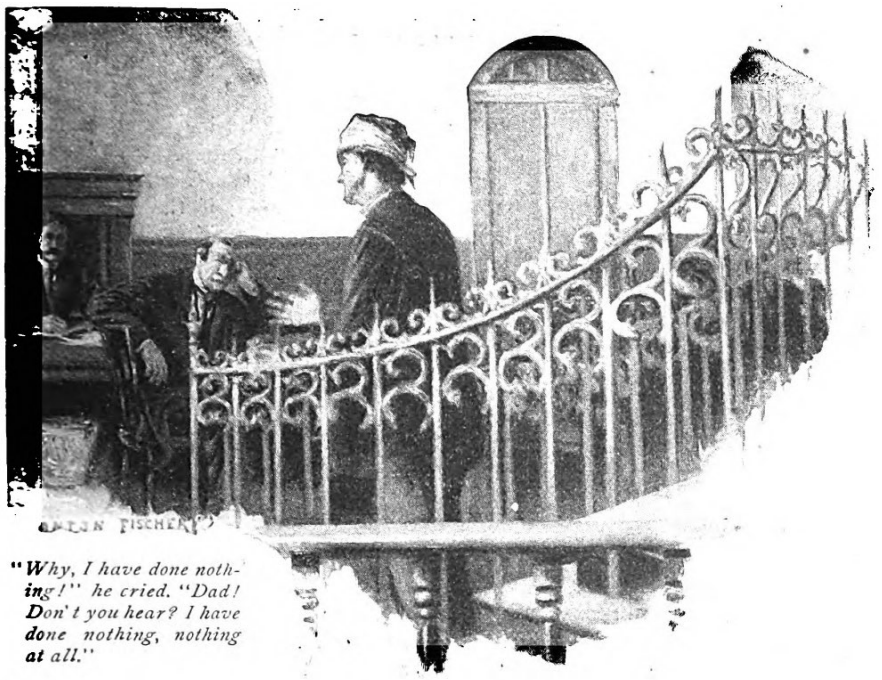
"What is your name?" he asked the prisoner, savagely, leaning far out over the bench.

"Frank Grinder," smiled the bandaged face. "I gave another name—but—you know why—now—"

And the half blinded eyes corroborated the voice from the dock.

For a moment a great silence fell upon that court, and the boy felt the pity of the people go out to him. Here was the judge, panoplied with the power of liberty or captivity. Here was the wounded captive. And they were father and son. To the fathers who looked on in that minute, which the shock of the two words the boy had spoken caused to palpitate, not one but would have dared all the majesty of the thing called law to set free the broken, bruised thing in the dock he knew for his child. Not one except he on the bench. As for him, recovered from the shock of the sudden knowledge that he had before him for trial his only and well beloved son, no one could have told that anything unusual had happened.

Digitized by Google



"Why, I have done nothing!" he cried. "Dad! Don't you hear? I have done nothing, nothing at all."

The boy spoke to his father in the intimate fashion of home—half whimsically, half seriously, altogether certainly. He had no more doubt about his appeal to his father than he ought to have had. There was no judge before him, only a parent.

"Say father, that was pretty hard on the prodigal. I was coming after the calf, honest! And the minute I reached to embrace you I was put out and pinched. I was n't going to hit you. Forgive me, father. Why, honest, Dad, I was coming home! Yes! I was going to make your declining years happy. I had walked from Ravenna, Ohio. And it is freezing weather. Look at my shoes! Begging my way. I did n't steal a cent—honest, I did n't. And all the way in I was thinking how happy we 'd be. I 'm not bad, honest, I ain't. Of course I 've been in bad company for some time—yet, not so bad neither. That fellow, Barlow, is smart as a steel trap and as square. Every night he taught me something. Something that 'll be useful to me hereafter. Why, I know how to shave. I could open a barber shop. I mended our shoes—I could open a cobbler shop. I mended our clothes—made some. I could do pretty well as a tailor—and so on. I 'm really a much better boy than I was when I went away—or rather when they took me away with them. That's what he said he meant to make me—that 's his revenge—Barlow's. But I got fascinated—and then—and then—they all got rich and skipped and sent me home. So, when I saw you, and you looked so old and sorry, and I knew it was for me, I came up and was going to tell you who I was when they recognized me and knocked me out—"

Silence. The father had no word for his son. He was thinking of that obstruction called Law.

"And, say, that Barlow is good—real good inside. He wouldn't let me steal a thing. He said he had to but I didn 't have to. I never done a thing that was n't right. I done many more illegal things when I was here than when I was with him. Honest! He would n't let me eat or drink or wear anything unless I actually had the money I had earned to pay for it. Well—I was with thieves. But I was n't a thief—they would n't let me be. And you can 't send a man to jail for being with thieves involuntarily—can you, Dad? Understand, I didn 't even help 'em. They would n't let me. I did n't know anything about what they did. And, upon my soul, Dad, I 'm a better boy now than when they took me. Why, you know I did n't know a thing when I went away. I wanted the army—the navy—fighting—scrapping—because I did n't know any better and had nothing to do. But that Barlow—he made me see what life was, and I 'm ready now to be a real man. I 'm going right to work at the first and best thing I can get and grow up a man—do you hear, Dad, a man. For, after all, that is all a boy wants—a chance to be a man. And that is, somehow, what I 've missed. Barlow got to like me so much that he said he would n't bother you any more. He said that he would send me back to you ready for life. He 's going to send you a letter exonerating me from all blame—and you 'll laugh—but it is a sort of 'character.' Say, Dad, you 're not the best in the box yourself, according to rumor, so we 'll just begin new and be sort of chums. What do you say, Dad?"

Never, in all his career, had the district attorney listened to close and important evidence as he listened to the rambling tale of a boy who had not even been sworn. Never had he so fully believed and been moved by any testimony as he was by this simple relation. His face grew white as he rose and leaned over the bench to speak to the judge. But the judge did not move invitingly toward his law officer, as was his custom. He sat with impassive, firm, intelligent face, his glasses poised lightly in his fingers. He nodded for the district attorney to go on, quite as he had done often before when a case was so clear in his own mind that it needed not to be tried.

The district attorney did not feel that to-day he might address the judge familiarly, as he nearly always did at his side-bar approaches. He gave him his judicial title.

"If your honor pleases," he said, "I have here no less than twenty-seven counts against this boy. As accessory before and after the fact, as principal, as a conspirator, in all the robberies of the Barlow Gang. Yet, used as I am to the analysis of evidence, used as I am to the evasions and perversions of criminals, used as I am, I fear, to look in doubt upon everything good which a prisoner may say of himself, used so thoroughly to deceit that my mind involuntarily follows the relation of every culprit with the one word, lie—lie—lie! I believe every word that boy has said. That boy is telling the truth. These bills are lies. He has not aided in these depredations. And, as he himself has said, we can not convict him of the crime of consorting with thieves—even if that were proved—since his own story is that he did not do even this—that he was not permitted to do it. He was kidnapped. A captive. I am sorry for him. I move the court for permission to *nolle pros* these bills."

"Denied," said the judge, briefly.

For a moment the district attorney was bereft of breath.

"I must," he said, dazedly, "of course, submit myself to the court. But, sir, I feel that some one else should now try these bills."

"What do you mean?" asked the court, calmly.

"That I am biased," answered the officer of the law.

"I shall see that your bias in favor of the prisoner does no injury to the cause of the Commonwealth," said the court, grimly.

"Nevertheless—" began the law officer.

"There is not a word of evidence before me," said the judge, as calmly as he had the day of the Barlow trial. "I know nothing but what is contained in those bills of indictment. There the prisoner is charged with multifarious crimes and misdemeanors, which, until they are denied by legal evidence, stand absolutely true. That is all. Proceed sir."

"Shall the boy be sworn, sir?"

"That is a matter in your discretion. It has never been the custom of this court, or any court, so far as I know, to swear the defendant to make out the State's case. It is your duty, as the representative of the Commonwealth, to make out a case for her and against this prisoner; not in his favor. Yet, if I understand your motion, you are about to put this boy on the stand to deny and stultify your own client; to break down the case you have built up for the State."

"With entire submission to the court," said the law officer, almost solemnly, "I have never been confronted with precisely such a state of affairs. Your honor will, therefore, pardon me if I take to-day, perhaps for the first time, a larger view of my responsibility and duty. Though I do represent the State, when I have brought an unjust accusation, as I believe this one to be, it seems to me to be my solemn duty to abandon it publicly. The State is not different from an individual. I think you will agree with me that any individual who should here prosecute a claim which turns out to be false, would meet with your honor's severest animadversion."

"Precisely," said the judge, "when we know that it is a false accusation. How do we know it in this case? There is, as yet, not a scintilla of proof. When the witnesses of the Commonwealth have been heard we shall be better able to judge."

"I dare not put them on the stand! I have prepared the case carefully," said the district attorney, hopelessly. "My witnesses will convict the boy. If we are to deal in mercy it must be before they are heard."

"I did not understand you to ask for mercy, but justice. If it is mercy you are asking, that is my province after conviction. In that case you may go on."

"Your honor does not understand. If I put my witnesses on the stand they will convict this boy!"

"And, why not? That will be the truth; under oath!"

"No," said the district attorney, desperately, yet firmly, "it will not be."

"Why?"

"I have prepared my case," he added, significantly—

"And, do you prepare your cases—"

"To win! That is what we are taught. Not justice. It is the instinct of the chase. Not the calm deliberation of reason. I say to you that it is my solemn opinion, that, though my witnesses will tell the truth as they see it, as I have made them see it, as they, being mostly police officers, and proud of their work, believe it, that boy's story is true, and theirs will not be. Yet that boy's story will not be received, can not be, and theirs will be. That you will even be justified in instructing the jury to disbelieve the thief and believe the disinterested officers—"

"I shall so instruct the jury. I have always done so," said the judge. "No thief on trial tells the truth."

"In God's name, then," groaned the district attorney, "you insist upon me going on?"

"The usual course," said the judge. "The boy can defend himself. I will appoint counsel for him if you so move."

"He can not. There is nothing but the pitiful story you have

[*Continued on page 46*]

Digitized by Google

An Important Series by the Author of "The Break-Up of the Parties"

The Power Behind The Republic

By Charles Edward Russell

Second Article—Business Control of the Press, the Parties and the Government

BACK of the vice and corruption in your own town, back of the sugar scandals, back of the defeats of Frank Heney, Tom L. Johnson and D. C. Gibboney, back of Tammany Hall, Cannonism and Aldrichism, back of the Milk Trust, the Water-power Trust, the Oil Trust and the Railroad Trust—back of all these surface manifestations and always in the dark, a mighty evolution is working steadily, irresistibly. Mr. Russell is the first to see and analyze this amazing situation. In these articles he is turning the light upon the forces behind our Government.

AS soon as you look under the surface of government, or of almost anything else, you will find that the substance of the thing—if it be of any permanent interest—is close to Business. So far as government is concerned that is not merely controlled by Business, it is Business; and about other matters—if they be worth while—Business always has the last word.

For instance, a free and enlightened Press.

One summer, many years ago, we had in New York a season of strange and not very edifying panic about Asiatic cholera. In Europe the disease had long been widespread; its progress and fatalities had been truly alarming; and after a time almost every European steamer arriving at the port reported cases of cholera among her passengers. Possibly, then, the panic was not so wonderful; certainly it was very genuine.

It passed, and by the populace was forgotten; not by Business, however, which never forgets. A few years later I was the city editor of a New York newspaper, and one day there came into my office the health officer of the port, an old and dear friend. He sat down somewhat ill at ease, and said he had come to tell me something. There was a steamer that day arrived with cholera on board. He had held her at quarantine.

Why New York Was Not Told About Its Danger from Cholera

I said I knew that. He said:

"I have come to suggest that you print nothing about it."

I asked why, being unfeignedly astonished at such a request from such a source. He said:

"Well, the business men of New York have been considering this thing and it is bad for business, so they have decided that they don't want anything printed about it."

I remember I said something to the effect that my function was to print whatever interested or concerned the people of New York, that the arrival of a cholera ship was a matter of most legitimate and vital interest to them, and, so far as I was concerned, there would be no suppression of the facts. He said:

"I'm sorry. We've been friends for years. I shall have to refuse your reporters any information about that ship."

Three-quarters of an hour later the business manager of the paper came up-stairs from the den of iniquity that he called his office, and entered the purer atmosphere of the editorial department. He brought with him an order, extracted from the head man of the institution, that we forget the presence of the cholera ship. So we forgot it. Likewise every other newspaper forgot it. Business had but to nod, and, lo, not a word along the line!

Now the health officer was a functionary of the State; he had nothing to do with Business; Business neither chose him nor could dismiss him; he was in no way responsible to the business men of the city, but had been appointed by the State of New York to guard all its citizens against the importation of disease. Yet at a moment's notice, Business in New York City reached out one hand and touched the politicians and they sealed the health officer's mouth, good man though he was; and reached out the other and silenced every newspaper in New York, supposedly keen and eager for every important development.

The printing of news about cholera was bad for Business; hence Business decided off-hand that there should be no printing of cholera news. At that time the manner of the thing was new and created some astonishment among us; it is now familiar and occurs without comment, not only in New York but elsewhere. I have known the same thing to happen more than once in Chicago; I have been assured that the histories of bubonic plague and of earthquake in San Francisco are adorned with many similar incidents, and have reason to believe that the true origin of the "reassuring" news printed after the panic of November, 1907, would be fairly interesting reading if one could come by it.

The Mythical Freedom of the Press

Without discussing whether the printing of doctored news or the suppressing of inauspicious tidings be or be not for the country's welfare, it seems to be a matter of fact that so far as Business is concerned the freedom of the press is purely mythical. There is no such thing. We have the most potent censor in the world. No newspaper of standing would venture to print any matter condemned by Business, nor fail to print any matter, though sometimes very ill-founded, that Business required to have printed. Those who have with any degree of philosophy observed the development of "boom cities" in the West know how true this is. I once had the felicity of conducting a newspaper in such a place, and have some conception of the uproar I should have caused if once I had mentioned the simple little fact that the corner of Elite Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, on which lots were being sold in the East, was a swamp three miles from human habitation; or that dogs, cats, parrots, horses, dead men and ghosts were included in the city census. The publication of such matter would have been bad for Business and would have been followed, or, if he were wise, preceded, by the editor's hurried exit from town.

But if, on reflection, you think it important that the press is thus censored, you should take a look at the machine with which the control is effected. You should note how great and wonderful it is; how perfect, how effective, and possessed of so many ramifications. Here is truly the most marvelous and powerful engine of the age, and yet observe how simple is its principle! In these days, and under existing conditions, newspapers live chiefly upon department store advertising. Department stores thrive with the general health of Business. Behold the chain complete with these two links! If Business fares ill, the department store is instantly affected; if the department store be injuriously affected, the newspaper fares ill. Since newspaper publishing is now so conducted that no profit lies in the manufacturing, the life of the enterprise rests in the hands of the department stores.

We may, if we like, carry these reflections to a much broader field and speculate on the control over the world's brain that exists in the news agencies, those vast machines for collecting and distributing tidings of man's daily doings, all now controlled in the interest of Business. Something almost terrifying pertains to the fact that through these agencies one man with one word may color or direct the world's thought. This control has already been exercised to make history—more than once, I think. Take, for one illustration, the Boer war. This was a war brought by Business to secure certain gold mines lying in the Transvaal. From the beginning of the preliminary negotiations until after the end of the struggle, the world was most ably misinformed as to the true nature of the issues or the significance of the events. One may well believe that if the world had known the truth it would not have allowed the aggression to proceed, and the British flag would not now be flying over the Transvaal. And again, only lately the true nature of the war in Morocco has begun to dawn upon the world in spite of the news agencies. It is Business once more—a Barcelona syndicate desires to possess itself of certain mines in the Riff country. But no one would ever suspect that from the dispatches.

Very often, particularly in the United States, Business has thought well of directly owning individual newspapers so that it might have at all times a perfect reproduction of its ideas. Of this practise conspicuous examples exist among the many newspapers that are owned by the traction, electric light and railroad companies. But direct ownership is, after all, an extreme, rather crude and often expensive method of control, and as a rule is quite unnecessary. A newspaper is naturally a part of Business, and upon Business is wholly dependent for existence. From its office a thousand strings, some quite unsuspected, connect it with Business. If it be profitable, its fortunate proprietor has invested much money in securities that are highly sensitive to business conditions; if it be unprofitable, it is sustained only by contributions that, hat in hand, it must beg from Business. It is, in fact, fed by crumbs from the Business table.

Business Selects the Controlling Officials of the Nation

Since, in the present civilization most governments must, in their ostensible functions, appear to be moulded by public opinion, and public opinion is shaped by the press, we here come upon one great lever by which Business, the only real power, manipulates the machine. It has, of course, many others that sometimes coordinate with the efforts of the press and sometimes work quite independently. Thus, for instance, in these days Business usually selects a great part of the national cabinet and all of the nation's judges. Mr. Morgan, representing the iron and steel part of Business, may select the Secretary of State; Mr. Harriman's successor, representing the railroad part of Business, may pick out the Attorney-General; Mr. Ryan, representing the traction and lighting interests,

Digitized by Google

may choose the Secretary of War; the gentlemen who control the great oil industry may choose the Secretary of the Treasury; and by these means a cabinet is assured that will not be hostile to the welfare of the great exponents of Business. If, for example, conditions require that much national money be released in Wall Street, the Secretary of the Treasury can be depended upon to release it; and if conditions require that a great corporation be not prosecuted for an unavoidable violation of the law, the Attorney-General can be depended upon not to prosecute it. If conditions require that one man appointed to be minister to China shall be recalled and another man sent in his place, the Secretary of State can be trusted to comply with conditions.

The Making of Federal Judges

The like careful supervision now appears in the choice of the Federal judges, because Business has found that to leave these to chance is sometimes disastrous. Men chosen for these high places are always those who by long and varied services as attorneys for corporations have proved their trustworthiness and value; and since Business is quick to recognize and to reward such merit, the legal service of Business now opens to ambitious youth the most promising careers. To places on the bench, the goal of many a young lawyer's ambition, Business offers the surest road. Sometimes, it is quite true, the nature of the work required of corporation attorneys, which is largely to show their employers how to evade the law, has been thought rather to unfit them for the best judicial achievement; but this has nothing to do with the fact of their selection. They are on the bench because Business requires them to be there; for Business security and welfare they are necessary. In the present generation, at least, no Federal judge has been appointed contrary to the wishes of Business. The last conspicuous exception to this rule and the last Federal judge of whom Business disapproved was General Gresham, appointed during the administration of General Grant. A Federal circuit judgeship was to be filled, and Business, following its usual course, selected the proper incumbent and passed the name along to the President to be ratified, but Grant, who was always a soldier and without much tender regard for Business, shocked all the proprieties by curtly declining to comply with the request.

"Do you know General Gresham?" he said to Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, who was representing Business on that occasion. "Yes? Well, he was shot all to pieces down there below Atlanta. I've seen him in war and peace and he has always struck me as the right kind of man to be a judge—impartial, brave, cool and steady. Anyway, I'm going to appoint him."

Senator Morton retired in dudgeon. General Gresham went on the bench and for several years caused pain to Business by his apparent indifference to its interests. One of his achievements was the snatching of the Wabash Railroad from the gentlemanly crows that were then engaged in picking out its eyes. He appointed a receiver for so much of the railroad as lay in Illinois, and in one year this receiver made for the stockholders something like $4,000,000 from a property long represented, for stock gambling reasons, as unprofitable. For a time the railroads endured this sort of thing. Finally they said: "This man annoys us," and had him transferred from the bench to Cleveland's cabinet, where he could do them no harm. Perhaps this was not as generous of them as it looks. He was on the bench for life and there was no other way to get rid of him except to kill him.

Since Grant's time the corporation end of Business has managed the matter of judicial appointments much better. Doubtless no more than a coincidence lies in the fact that few important cases are decided against the railroad companies and that a majority of the appealed decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission are nullified by the Federal courts. The coincidence is, of course, fortunate for the railroad companies. But shall railroad companies less than individuals take advantage of fortunate coincidences?

How the Interests Run Our Conventions

Much experience has also taught Business that the directing of party conventions, the choosing of candidates and the phrasing of party platforms are matters for its concern, and can not safely be neglected. My lot has been to see many political conventions of many kinds—national, State and local. From an experience of more than twenty-five years I can recall only three such conventions that were not controlled by Business, and these Business subsequently nullified, so that the result amounted to control. I remember particularly the case of a man who wanted very much to be nominated for the Presidency. In the next succeeding Presidential term three Supreme Court vacancies were to be filled. Experience had convinced Business that the proper filling of such vacancies was of very great importance to it, consequently it blocked the nomination of this man until he had given the necessary assurances as to the selections he would make for these vacancies.

In general, one may say that a candidate nominated is one chosen by Business either for purposes of election or purposes of defeat, for both may be useful or necessary to Business. Sometimes, of course, one end of Business may conflict with another, and operations must be suspended until the difference is adjusted; and sometimes Business undergoes a check and must wait. Thus, in the Democratic National Convention of 1900 the Wall Street end of Business sent Mr. David Bennett Hill as its chief representative to prevent a free silver plank. Business is powerful, Mr. Hill is very able, but both were unhoused in that convention. Mr. Hill was not even allowed, in spite of his able generalship, to be on the Platform Committee. But four years later Business and Mr. Hill rode to a memorable triumph, and Mr. Hill on the Platform Committee saw the ignominious rout of his foes.

From the recollections of many conventions, I recall one in Indiana where Business had decided upon one policy and nine-tenths of the constituents were for another. When the delegates assembled Business was clearly in the minority. At the noon recess the representatives of Business issued to its adherents a certain conspicuous badge, and instructed the police that only persons wearing that badge were to be admitted to the hall. Before legal action could be had, Business organized the convention, appointed the credentials committee, threw out enough contested delegates to secure control, opened the doors and went calmly on with its program. I cite this as a sample; any experienced correspondent has seen the like many times. The lesson is that Business will always have its way, if not by one means then by another. Twice when in opposition to Business Robert M. La Follette was a candidate for the nomination for Governor of Wisconsin, Business turned a convention instructed for him into a convention that defeated him. I suppose it used money on these occasions, but if necessary it would have used anything else.

What Have the People to Do With the Tariff

When the interests and desires of Business come into sharp conflict with the preferences of the majority of the people, brief contests result that are very delectable to the philosophical observer. Thus, a year ago it was the desire of probably four-fifths of the population that the tariff duties on imports should be reduced, and observers not philosophical actually expected, despite the lesson of history and the warnings of the wise, that something of the kind would be achieved. Five months of Congressional vocalization saw the reduction advocates pushed backward from every position they had taken, and the tariff unchanged—except where it had been made worse. There was, indeed, something pathetic about the plight of the reductionists; they had fought so long and so furiously and apparently without a suspicion that they were battering a stone wall with their bare fists. Business preferred the tariff as it was; Business had its will. It always has its will, and if there be about the country now gentlemen called insurgents, or otherwise, who think by paper bullets and verbal assaults to make some impression upon this institution, let them be calm and save their labor. The tariff will remain exactly as it is until Business sees that the interests of Business will be better served by a lower tariff. Then the tariff will be lowered.

Good knights of the ranks insurgent, why charge this windmill? It will continue to revolve after you lie kicking on the plain. Suppose yourselves to have won all that in happy hours you have dreamed of winning. Suppose you were to carry the House this year and the Senate next year and the Presidency some other year. You would not get the tariff reduced until Business so desired, though that were a thousand years hence. How poor are they who have not memories! One would think that this campaign for tariff reduction was a new-born agitation instead of being a hoary and time-worn veteran. Without cessation it has lasted in this country more than thirty years; men

[*Continued on page 43*]

WITHOUT discussing whether the printing of doctored news or the suppressing of inauspicious tidings be or be not for the community's welfare, it seems to be a matter of fact that so far as Business is concerned, the freedom of the press is purely mythical. There is no such thing. We have the most potent censor in the world. No newspaper of standing would venture to print any matter condemned by Business, nor fail to print any matter, though sometimes very ill-founded, that Business required to have printed.

SO IT is now, so it will be. What ever Business wants it will have, not through the superior or malign wit of any man or any set of men, and not through conscious planning, but because, in the present condition of society, the very first necessity overtopping all else, the first of all considerations and purposes, is that Business shall go on. It must go on; a great, primal, blind, resistless, universal necessity keeps driving it on. It must not be interfered with, stopped, hindered or questioned. It will trample over whatever is in its way as a great herd of buffalo on the plains used to trample over a wayfarer—without the least ill-will, unconsciously, unintentionally, and merely because it must go on. Nothing must be allowed to stop it; under present conditions it is the nation's heart.

Digitized by Google

Casey & Todd's Little Girl

by Porter Emerson Browne
Illustrated by R.W. Amick

IN eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, theirs was esteemed a good "turn"—in some houses, that is. Plantagenet and Perugini, they called themselves, alliteratively; and below, in small type, could usually be found, even in their private correspondence, "refined song and dance artists."

They had started as ushers in a San Francisco music hall, and had been promoted from the front of the house to the back, primarily as a joke. But it was a joke that had taken so well that it was deemed advisable to make it permanent; and it was so done.

Plantagenet, *née* Michael J. Casey, was the elder of the two. He had been nineteen at the time of his promotion from the realms of finance to those of art, which would make him now—oh, well, figure it out for yourself. At any rate, by the time this story begins he had had a chance to vote in several Presidential elections—or would have had, had it not been that he never stayed in one place long enough to acquire a residence.

Perugini, the alias of Hiram K. Todd, was one year younger, one foot shorter, and one yard longer in equatorial girth; a yard which, by means of a false stomach and many pads, he, on the stage, expanded to two; for his was by far the more energetic part in the "act," and required, as it were, special scenery.

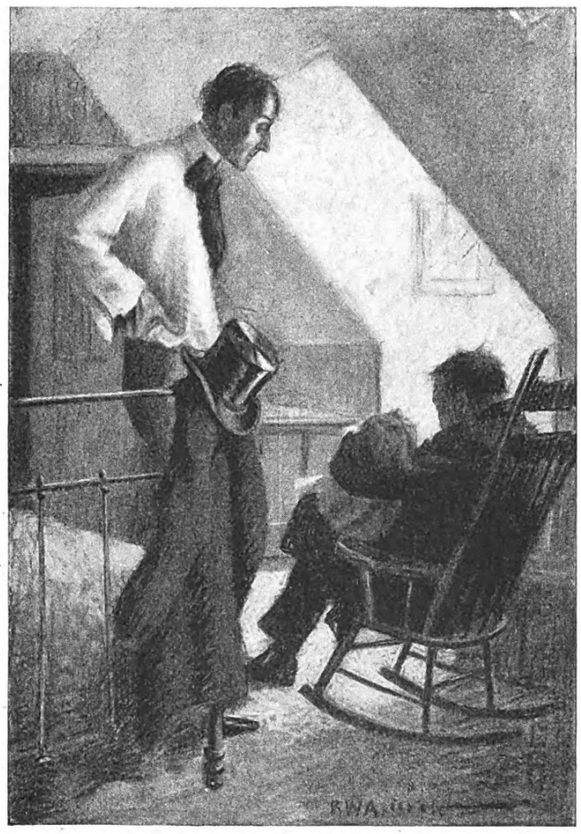
If you had asked them to tell you the history of their success, you would have received a three hours' relation of facts in which but two would stand out with any degree of prominence. The first of these was that in eighteen hundred and ninety-one they had learned three new steps and had put a new finish on the "turn." The second was that some three years earlier a daughter had been born to them.

That is, you know, not really to them; though to be sure that is the way it turned out, and the way it had always seemed. As a matter of fact, she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Casey, Mrs. Casey having been the youngest of the Matterhorn family of Swiss bell-ringers. But it so eventuated that the Mrs. Casey in question stayed on earth only long enough to look at her daughter once, and then departed for the place whence that daughter had come—which was doubtless better for her than for her daughter.

Whereat, promptly, Todd had applied for and been elected to the position left vacant by her withdrawal; a position which, while he filled it but indifferently well, he took with full heart and fond head; for he was of those men, unhappily rare, who embody with the virility and obstinacy of man the tenderness and intuition of woman.

Casey, the father, while he tried faithfully, conscientiously and earnestly, never could seem to understand the moods and tenses of his offspring. He named her Elmira Oneida, after her mother, and then, with reluctant, balky helplessness turned her over to the offices of Todd.

The last named, on the other hand, could stand on the stage and tell from the way the baby was crying in the dressing-room above whether she was afflicted with bad temper or open safety pins—whether she was hungry or had the colic. In one lesson he mastered all the intricacies of infantile sartorials, and ere the second he could hold three safety pins in his mouth and carry on a conversation, and still keep his mind on that which his hands were doing.



She would drift off to the land that babies know

In the arms of Casey little Elmira Oneida would stiffen and cry for a good three hours before an eye as much as showed a sign of closing; but pillowed against the *embonpoint* of Todd, she would cuddle and curl, and with face expanded into an amiable and comprehensive grin, would drift off to the land that babies know in a short and somnolent minute; and Todd, with eyes shut and an expression of exquisite contentment saturating his fat visage, would sit for an hour longer than there was any need of; though at the slightest unnecessary noise, those eyes would snap open to reveal a murderous glare; and a fat man's glare is something to avoid if avoidance can be gained with honor—and sometimes even if not.

At first this distinct partiality was a crux almost too great for Casey to bear; but at length he grew accustomed to it; yet for five years—five long, jealous, wishful years—he would sit on a trunk, watching that in which he might not participate, with chastened envy in his heart and in his eyes.

The early years of little Elmira Oneida's life were hard years, broken years. Her cradle was a soap box that spent a part of its time in a dressing-room and a part of its time in a corner of the stage and a part of its time in a cheap boarding house; and the rest in trains—bumping, rattling trains—most of which were drawn by engines that burned wood and made an unconscionable amount of smoke.

For the rest, there were sometimes a few weeks when she had more than a slight acquaintance with the grass and the trees and the birds. Once, when she was about three years old, they took her out beyond the rows of houses to where there were woods, wonderful woods, through which there purled and trickled a tiny brook. And once there, they took off her shoes and stockings, Todd stripping the plump little left leg, and Casey, jealously, the right. And then, removing their own shoes and socks, and rolling up trousers and underdrawers, they had taken her a-wading. And out where the water was very, very deep, Todd had picked up shiny pebbles with his toes; at which Casey made haste to do likewise. But they had to hurry, for they must be back to the theater in time for the matinée; and they opened the bill.

At the years which then were hers, she would stand in the wings, usually, and watch the act—that is, of afternoons. Of evenings, she would nap on a lounge in the property room.

Young as she was, she knew the act almost by heart. She could tell you the opening "patter" song, which was rattled off unintelligibly to the accompaniment of the clatter of "clogs." She could lisp the words and almost get the air of the parody which followed, but the quick, jerky strains of the dance music that succeeded were too much for her execution, if not for her ear.

She could tell you, then, of the mock, bowing retreat to the wings, and the hasty return which was accompanied by Casey asking Todd: "Why is a mouse when it spins?" and Todd responding: "Because the higher the fewer," and the apparently vicious but actually quite harmless blow that the former, with a bladder, then bestowed upon the latter. She knew by heart, too, the other jokes, real and alleged, that followed this retort discourteous; the one about "You and your dog, eh? It's a fine picture, but which is the dog?" and the one which begins with the query, "Who was the lady I seen you comin' down the street with the other day?" and which ends with, "That wa'n't no lady; that was your wife," and which was always followed with a plentiful application of slap-stick. And—but why go on? She knew them. So did we. And to repeat them here were vain and tiresome and quite unnecessary.

Casey and Todd repeated them, however, because they were paid for so doing. They were not paid much, it is true, but still, they were paid. And they were not greatly dissatisfied, for they were certain in their own minds that the reason they were not paid more was due to professional jealousy and managerial fear.

"Them other guys is knockin' us because they're jealous," Todd would declare. "And the managers don't give us no good time because if they does they know we'll go so big they'll have to raise our salaries. They can get us cheap, now—fer a quarter o' what we're worth—an' they ain't takin' no such chances o' crabbin' their own game as all that. But never mind. We'll get there yet. You see 'f we don't." And Casey and little Elmira Oneida would nod sage assent.

"But," once objected an Obstinate Person, "if you could draw more money, you'd be worth more money to them, and it would be to their advantage to pay it, would n't it? That's business."

"Nothin' ain't business with them guys," returned Perugini, loftily. "It's all pull."

And that settled it—at least in as far as Casey, Todd and little Elmira Oneida were concerned.

Digitized by Google

Now, it came about that, when little Elmira Oneida had achieved the mature age of six, one evening a consultation was held—a most serious, momentous, world-moving session, behind closed doors and with bated breath—breath bated partly because of the tensity of the occasion and partly because little Elmira Oneida was asleep on the lounge in the corner.

Todd it was who was the Bismarck of the occasion.

"It 'll hurt," he declared, soberly. "It 'll hurt me as bad 's it will you. But it 's gotter be did. She 's a lady, you know, and it ain't right for a lady to be skallyhootin' around the country with a couple of men, even if one of 'em is her father. She ought to be edgercated. She 's *got* to be edgercated." And he glared defiantly at his partner.

"But they 's plenty o' time yet," objected the latter, weakly.

"No, they ain't," retorted Todd. "They ain't, I tell yer. She 's gotter start now, 'r she 'll never ketch up; an' you an' me ain't the kind o' guys to have other people's kids beatin' our 'n, when it comes to Greek and algebra and fractions and things. Not us! Besides, it ain't proper—an' we can't afford to hire two rooms and pay three boards on twenty-five a week. Not that that would make any difference," he added, hastily, as though anxious to escape any possible stain of penuriousness with which he might be unjustly charged, "because if it was only the money end, we 'd make out somehow. But it ain't proper; and it ain't fair to her to cheat her out o' schoolin', and Ring-Around-a-Rosy, and May Day an' all them things that makes such a hit with young ones. To grow up right she 's got to have kids to play with, and fresh air and fresh milk and clean clo'es, and the society of other kids. An' she won't get them things bouncing around the country with a couple of old men."

"I s'pose not," murmured Casey, wiggling his lean head sadly.

"You act as though you was the only one that 's goin' to suffer from it," cried Todd, hotly. "Don't you s'pose it hurts me, too? She 's as much mine as she 's your 'n," he declared, spiritedly. "Ain't she? Ain't she, I say?"

"I s'pose she is," murmured Casey, sorrowfully. "But I don' wan' ter let her go, Hi. I don' wan' ter let her go."

"Well," returned Todd, with a fierceness palpably forced and carefully subdued, "we gotter, we gotter, I tell you, an' that 's all they is to it."

"I got a sister down in Indianny," stated Casey, after a long, long pause that was broken only by the soft, slow, gentle breathing of the sleeping child in the corner. "Her husband 's got a little one-hoss farm. They got a cow—'r they did have last time I was there—a Jersey—give awful good milk. And she 's got a couple o' kids of her own—a boy an' a girl—an' there 's one o' them distric' schools not far from the house. They 'd prob'ly take her cheap, there, an' it would be a good place. Sister 's a good old girl—kind o' slab-sided fr'm leanin' over the washtub and churn too much—but she 'd take good care o' little 'Mira. I would n't be afraid to trust her with her."

"That 's all right, then," declared Todd. "We lay off next week. We 'll take her down there. Let 's go to bed."

Four hours later Casey raised himself up on his elbow.

"Ain't you asleep yet?" he queried, in subdued tones.

Wide awake, Todd replied, "No; ain't you?"

"No," said Casey.

An hour later, Todd, half out of bed, in the dim light, saw Casey swing a long, lean leg over the side of the thin, hard mattress.

"I was jest goin' to see if she 's covered up good," he whispered, bashfully.

"So was I," returned Todd, also whispering bashfully.

And together the two men tiptoed to the corner of the room to carefully arrange the already carefully arranged covers about the tiny form of the sleeping child.

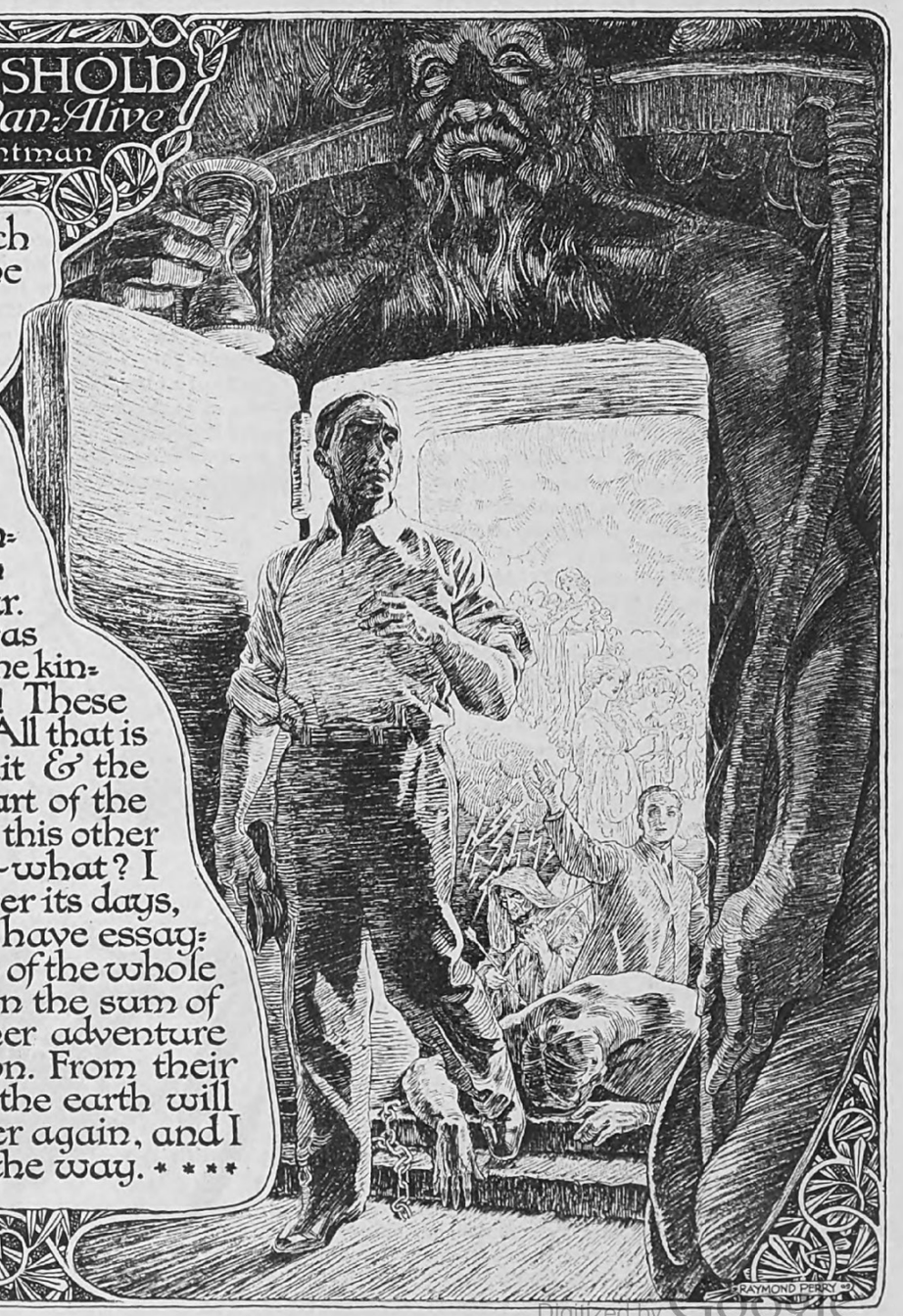
[*Continued on page 50*]

BEYOND THE THRESHOLD

A New Year Musing of Man-Alive

Set down by Richard Wightman

I have passed the door which opens to another year. The latch of the door was lifted for me by hands not my own. I could not stay in the old year any more, even if I tried. I loved its suns & snows & even its storms & darkness were good for me. I do not mind now the sting of the pain-dart which struck me, nor am I ashamed of the resultant scar. And then, sometimes, there was the touch of gentle hands & the kinship of understanding hearts! These were my wine in weariness. All that is past—all save the memory of it & the effect of it; these abide—a part of the fibre of my latest self. But for this other year—the strange, new one—what? I ought not to ask. A veil is over its days, mercifully. I only know that I have essayed it; that it is but a little bit of the whole span of life, an annual unit in the sum of Time; & that in it lie my further adventure and opportunity. I shall go on. From their height the stars will see me, the earth will prove itself my friend all over again, and I shall meet my brothers on the way. * * * *



Digitized by Google

Fighting Faces of Our Senators

by Sloane Gordon

With Caricatures made in the Press Gallery of the Senate by Vet Anderson

NOW, it's like this: You are in Washington, let us say, and Congress is either elevating or depressing the tariff, as the case may be. Naturally you seek the visitors' gallery of the House. As you enter, a strange sound strikes your ear. It resembles the breathing exercise that the elocution teacher used daily to inflict upon the class pupils.

"Now, open your mouth—so; hold your tongue—so—and then say 'o-o-o-o-o,' like that. Very good. Now, after me, say 'ah-h-h-h-h,' like that."

You remember it, don't you?

"O-o-o-o-o" in the House gallery stands for Nick Longworth. It means—that sound does—that his highly polished and sparsely settled dome has just loomed up on the floor and that the feminine occupants of the gallery have discovered it.

"Ah-h-h-h-h," stands for Richmond Pearson Hobson. It is softer and more soulful than the Longworth sign.

But neither Mr. Nick Longworth nor Mr. Richmond Hobson has anything on the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, when it comes to making a ladies' gallery sound like a wet gale sighing through a pine forest. Mr. Beveridge has both the o-o-o-o-o and the ah-h-h-h-h privileges on the Senate side of the Capitol. That is because his pictures make him look like the catalogued young man in the ready-made suit, marked down from $20 to $9.98. Strong chin, you know; broad brow; square shoulders; kindly eye; perfect poise.

The Ladies Clamor for Beveridge

One day a fluffy little thing asked the usual question of her male escort.

"Where is Beveridge?" he repeated, scanning the pit where the statesmen were tariffing. And then he located the Indianian for her. At this inopportune moment Mr. Beveridge arose and waved an emphasizing hand at the Vice-President. He turned a terrifying scowl on the stand-patters. He struck an Ajax pose as he faced the gallery. Incidentally, one might have observed that Mr. Beveridge was not at all dissatisfied with himself. Senator Rayner, sad, serious and direct, arose to enlighten Mr. Beveridge on some phase of the subject which the young man was discussing.

"Will the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Maryland?" intoned Vice-President Sherman.

The Senator from Indiana would, for once, but he hoped it would n't occur again and he did n't care to be interrupted and it was very annoying to him to have his train of thought derailed and why should another attempt to deflect the rays of the spotlight anyhow and—hurry up Mr. Rayner and say it. Do it now.

This is the substance of what Senator Beveridge conveyed as his attitude on the subject of Mr. Rayner's well intentioned interruption.

"Oh," gasped the fluffy little thing in the gallery, "he does n't look a bit like that in his pictures."

"Naw," replied her escort, "this is his fighting face."

Which suggests the thought that Mr. Jim Jeffries and Mr. Jack Johnson and other distinguished masters of the uppercut are not, as a class, alone in their possession of "the fighting face."

President Taft has been cultivating an expansive smile ever since he first became a candidate. All his photographs make him look as though some one were tickling his toes, but when a body pushes him rudely, when an ill-advised adversary beats him at golf, or when Congress manifests a disposition to put a duty on oil and hides, Mr. Taft's smile turns down at the ends, his brow becomes corrugated, his eyes get snappy and his mustache sticks out like the straws in a fretful whisk-broom.

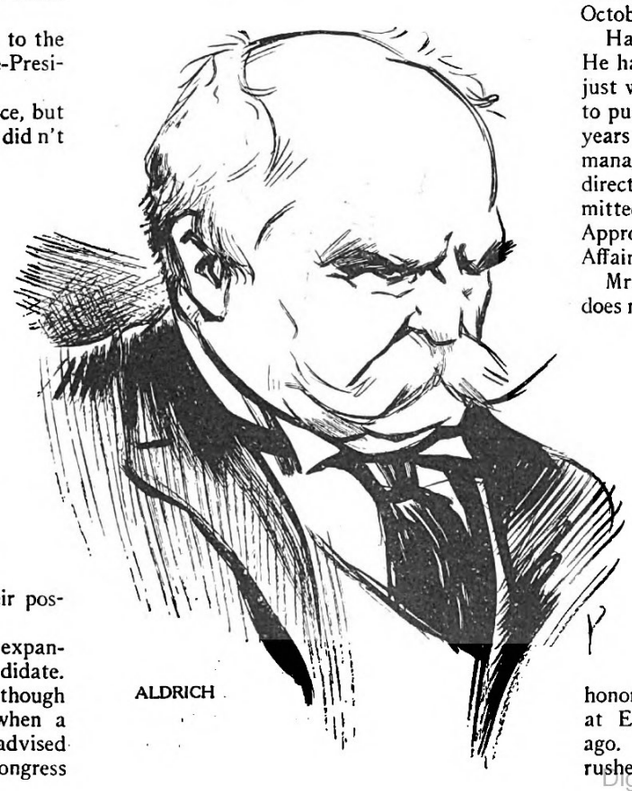
That's his fighting face—seldom used but always in stock.

You know how it is yourself. When, with a view to satisfying the yearnings of posterity, you go to a photographer, he clamps a brace on the back of your head and admonishes you to look pleasant. That's one reason that the family album often appears to have been compiled by an alienist.

At home, on the stump, out junketing, during vacations and even in and about the lobbies of the Washington hotels, your Senator may radiate sunshine and look almost human, but under the stress of satisfying a clamorous constituency that wants protection for its wool, and squaring with a vociferous and petulant constituency that howls for cheaper woolen goods, clouds form along the facial horizon, lightnings flash and—when Mr. Aldrich becomes unduly exacting—a storm may break.

Senator Aldrich himself is a superficially placid person. He appears to be mild. He talks in a well modulated voice—a sort of purr. He can call an insurgent or a reorganized Democrat everything that is fit to print in the *Congressional Record*, and never vary his tone. Senator Aldrich appears to be just mildly surprised and, withal, tolerant. He acts in a manner apologetic, as though duty should compel him to lead the culprit out to the slaughtering room—but—well, why exert one's self?

There are some Republican Senators who got low marks in deportment during the last session, and Mr. Aldrich does not care for them. The crass reporters have designated them as "insurgents." An insurgent is one who refuses to stand hitched. There are some Democratic Senators who may be cast into the discard and some who are useable, but Mr. Aldrich has never allowed any of either sort to get on his nerves too largely.



ALDRICH

For instance, there are Democrats on the Senate Finance Committee of which Mr. Aldrich is the chairman. This committee, as may be recalled, had the Payne tariff bill in charge during the extraordinary session last spring and summer. The nine Republican and five Democratic members were supposed to meet and confer, but Democrats are annoying under such conditions. As the meeting hour approached Mr. Aldrich used to yawn a bit, glance insinuatingly toward the door and tap nervously on the long table. If this did n't have the desired effect he would gaze in a surprised way at each of the minority members, and remark audibly that the janitor had evidently forgotten to sweep out. This had the desired effect, and the luckless five would head for the open, hurling the anathema Maranatha at our cruel system of government.

Aldrich Is Not a Smile Factory

In appearance Mr. Aldrich is not impressive. He looks like a prosperous merchant, wears clothes that do not always fit him, and moves about the Senate chamber with an air of ownership. Although he probably exercises more power than any other individual who ever filled a Senate seat, he has none of the appearance of a great leader. Unlike the Websters and the Clays, Mr. Aldrich has gained no portion of his power or prominence through oratorical ability. He is a growth. By carefully fencing in the State of Rhode Island many years ago, and paying careful attention to the fences ever since, he has managed to remain in the Senate since 1881.

Next to Aldrich the most powerful man in the Senate is Eugene Hale of Maine. In point of service he is the oldest member. He was elected to succeed Hannibal Hamlin, and took his seat March 4, 1881. Senator William Pierce Frye, also of Maine, comes next. He took his seat fourteen days after Hale, having been appointed to the vacancy caused by the resignation of James G. Blaine who became Secretary of State. Aldrich became a Senate member on October 11th of the same year.

Hale, like Aldrich, is a growth, not a prodigy. He has been in the Senate so long that he knows just where to get on and off and also just when to push some one else off. He is seventy-three years of age, and by persistent practise has managed to acquire a magnificent grouch. He directs the workings of the Committee on Committees, is chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and member of the Naval Affairs, Census and Finance Committees.

Mr. Hale is stocky, gray and florid. He does n't care for public opinion. He is equipped with thorns. He dislikes new Senators and other debris. He frowns upon them contemptuously. Also, he dislikes the plebian public. He has been known to decline to ride in a Capitol elevator with any one under the rank of a Senator. He does n't orate any. In his youth he did much of it but has outgrown the affliction. He does everything in his own way.

Maine was a pioneer prohibition State. Senator Hale, for several decades, has had much to do with framing State platforms in which the prohibition plank is always given a place of doubtful honor. Senator Hale's handsome summer home at Ellsworth was burned a number of years ago. The Hale family was away. The villagers rushed to the fire and attempted to save the

Digitized by Google



BORAH



CLAPP



SMOOT

contents of the Hale house. They found so many liquid things in the cellar that there was n't an arid throat nor a normal head in Ellsworth for a week. Mr. Hale was angry, but only because the villagers had been so spongy.

Hale takes unpopular stands whenever it suits him to do so. He opposed the war with Spain, and Senator Vest of Missouri once referred to him as "The Senator from Spain." He often sits at his desk for hours at a time with his chin down, his pointed white beard resting on his shirt bosom, his eyes only occasionally showing beneath the bushy brows. If something in the debate arouses him, he stabs the offender with a look, snaps out his opinion and stalks out to his committee room.

Senator Frye and Senator Hale don't love each other much, but they get along largely because Senator Frye prefers the quiet of a harbor to the thrill of the open sea. Mr. Frye, as president pro tem. of the Senate, shoulders his duties solemnly. He does everything solemnly. Most of the Senate time he looks solemnly scared as though he were afraid that some one might jump out and say "boo." If any one ever does that it will be unkind.

Frye Has Looked Scared for Centuries

Some of those who knew Senator Frye in his youth assert that he looked scared and solemn even then. Others maintain that the expression has been acquired by long association with Senator Hale, and the constant fear that the latter may bite him. But anyhow, Senator Frye is a very learned person, and has been LL.D.'d by a lot of colleges; also he has held office, with appropriate solemnity, since 1861.

In discussing Senators in general and those from New England in particular, Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire and Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts could not be reasonably overlooked. In the tariffing last summer they helped Mr. Aldrich defend the citadel. Mr. Aldrich might have got along without them, but neither one thinks so. Dr. Gallinger has been in the Senate since 1891, and is as bleak and barren on top as Pike's Peak. Wherefore, he is n't much to look at, but Mr. Lodge makes up in gingerbread and embroidery for the shortcomings of Dr. Gallinger, thus maintaining the New England average of pulchritude.

Mr. Lodge, small, spare, curly-gray-headed and curly-gray-whiskered, has often been referred to as the "Scholar of the Senate," and has never resented it. In repose he has a rather soothing effect on the observer, but in action he develops dynamic qualities that remind you of the nervous energy of an electric fan. But always a proper fan, is Mr. Lodge. His whiskers may vibrate intensely and his hand tremble under the excitement of forensic clash, but never will he lose his poise. In his lighter flights, when he is talking largely for the *Record*, Mr. Lodge indulges much in poetical passages, and in a dreamy ecstasy will now and then wave a proper arm at the circling stars, and endeavor to follow them in their circlings until he assumes a spiral position. He can unwind himself rather gracefully, however. It is not proper, mayhap, to speak too lightly of Mr. Lodge, who has a Harvard sheepskin and has written many historical books that may, in time, become recognized specifics for insomnia.

Senator Lodge in action, as may be inferred, is intense but not terrifying. On the contrary, Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey of Texas is both intense and terrifying. He has a fighting face



ROOT

and a fighting vocabulary, both of which come into reasonably frequent use. His belligerency has a quality — a sort of an Ah-ha-I-hev-yuh-in-me-power flavor — that palls after a while. But that other distinguished Southerner, Benjamin Ryan Tillman of South Carolina is always new. So is Senator Robert Marion La Follette of Wisconsin. Tillman and La Follette, two of the most approachable men in public life, constantly wear fighting faces. There is, however, this difference: Tillman was probably born with his. His features naturally lend themselves to battle settings. His nose is long and hangs over a bit at the end. His mouth droops at the corners. His forehead is wrinkled and the lines run down. He frowns without effort. And yet, under this rather repellant exterior there is a vein of rare humor and a mine of lovable qualities. Those members of the Senate who were inclined to look upon him as a freak when he first entered the sacred precincts have come to like him, and, strange as it may appear to the public at large, "Pitchfork Ben," the man who has violent opinions on the negro question and the Roosevelt question and other national issues, is one of the most popular men among those with whom he serves.

La Follette is n't. He is too intense. He has acquired a facial congestion that looks like cholera morbus. He is so indefatigable in his efforts to correct those things in the Government which he conceives to be wrongful that he has no time to smooth his wrinkled front nor change his facial linen. He lets his hair grow pompadour until it looks as if each separate quill upon this Wisconsin porcupine were reaching for a height record. This makes him look quite bristly and ferocious. When he talks the hair nods and flops to the changing gusts of the rhetorical gale. He ranges all the way from smooth diction to snappy, choppy work, and when he gets well under way the official stenographers begin to perspire. Having been a Representative for three terms, Governor of Wisconsin three times, and Senator since 1905, there is room for the belief that there must be something in him. Wisconsin thinks so, anyhow, and that 's a pretty good recommendation.

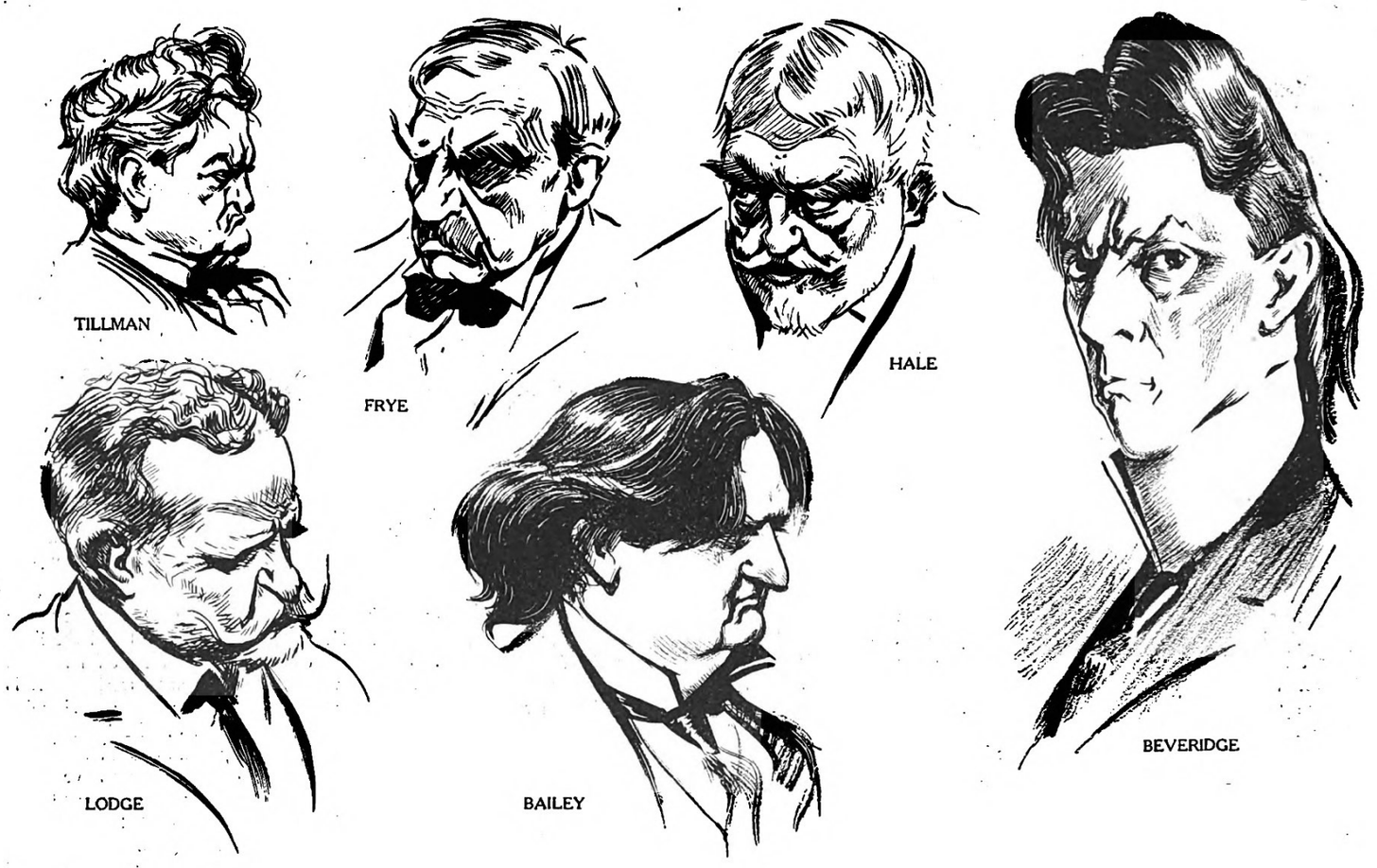
La Follette Solemn and Vigorous

He is a man of simple habits and almost uncanny mental vigor, and even the fact that he could n't recognize a joke if it were to push him off the sidewalk has n't retarded his political progress. Mr. La Follette will loom up as a Presidential possibility in 1912. So will Mr. Cummins of Iowa. Likewise Mr. Dolliver of Iowa. There will be some lively politics out through the Northwest, and the Cummins smile, the La Follette gloom-face and the Dolliver mixed-countenance will be indiscriminately pictured.

Senator Cummins holds the same advanced views as La Follette, but he declines to permit them to freeze his features. Cummins smiles when he talks—smiles and hits hard. He and Senator Aldrich had many a war when tariff affairs were under consideration. Cummins could "smile and smile and hit a stiff jolt still," to paraphrase a bit, but his jolts did n't hurt Mr. Aldrich and his followers as did those of his colleague, Mr. Dolliver.

Cummins's position had been discounted and he had been classed among the goats before the

Digitized by Google



session began. Dolliver, on the other hand, had always been looked upon as a "regular"—one who might kick a little and holler, but who would, in the finish, come bleating into the fold and ally himself with the sheep. Therefore, when he got out into the open and began to make unusually pointed charges to the general effect that the tariff rates proposed in the Aldriched-Payne bill were everything from mere door-mat thievery to high finance, there was confusion among the advocates of the tariff uplift. They backed Mr. Dolliver into a corner and tried to reason with him, but he would n't even stop yelling. He has a voice that booms, and he bore down hard and harder on the loud pedal. He made speeches that chased Mr. Aldrich to the cloak room time and again. One day as Senator Aldrich started out to escape the grilling that he felt was about due, Senator Dolliver stopped in the middle of his discourse, pointed an accusing finger at the Rhode Islander and said: "I wish the Senator from Rhode Island to remain and hear me out." Aldrich stayed.

Dolliver can make the English language loop-the-loop. He can talk about the weather and make you cry, or he can convulse the mourners at a funeral. When Cummins went back to Iowa after Congress adjourned last summer, the people of his home town gave him a great reception and he made a lively anti-Aldrich speech. When Dolliver reached Fort Dodge the following day, his neighbors and friends gave him a reception that was calculated to make the Cummins affair look like a pound party at the village parsonage. Mr. Dolliver was expected to do an oratorical jig-step on the body of the Aldrich tariff. Did he? He did not. He spoke not a word in condemnation of the higher tariff clique, but said much of regularity and his own undying devotion to the Republican party. From his talk one would be led to believe that he was the party Rock of Ages. No storm could shift him, no sea change his position. Many an Iowa whisker wagged in despair. A careful analysis of his speech discloses the fact that Mr. Dolliver was playing fox. Cummins had burned bridges behind him. The road in the wake of Mr. Dolliver was still passable. Dolliver lauded President Taft, which means, if it means anything at all, that Mr. Dolliver will be out in the front, waving his hat and shouting for Taft when the time for Presidential nominations again comes round. The party machinery will still be working in 1916. Sentiment may have so crystallized in the meantime, in opposition to the high tariff rates, that party managers will be compelled to placate the "liberal" element. Will the machine support Cummins? Will it support Dolliver? Ask yourself. All this is set forth to prove that much of political wisdom is hidden behind the half-smiling countenance of J. Prentiss Dolliver.

However, of course, as it were, so to speak, none of the above which may appeal to you as a prediction or a near prediction, either goes or starts if a certain person returns from Africa by way of California, swarms over the country like an invading army and enters the various States and the cities thereof after the modest and unassuming manner of a torchlight procession. Should he come back and say "Hand me me job," it is conservatively possible that Mr. Taft and Mr. Dolliver and Mr. Cummins and Mr. Everyone Else may be postponed for from four to eight years. However—

Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia once made the remark that "Dolliver never lets himself out too far." That was at a time, too, when Mr. Dolliver's speeches were the sensation of the tariff session, and Mr. Elkins had occasion to be glad that Dolliver had n't let himself out any farther.

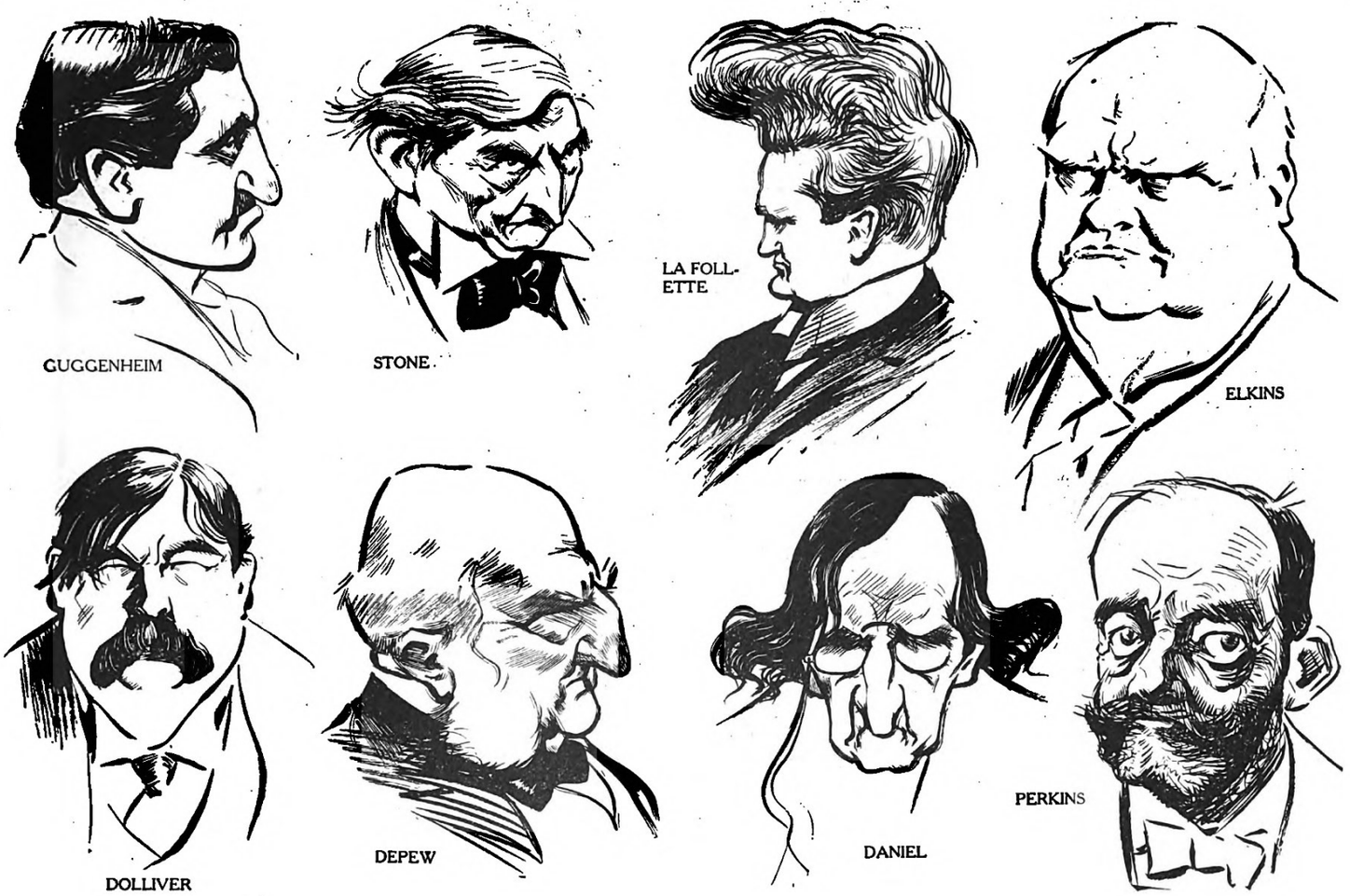
The Duke of West Virginia

Elkins, by the way, is one of the Senate characters. His face and his fortune are both worth while. Some people insist that he owns West Virginia. That is not literally true, but, politically, it is frozen fact. He owns coal lands and railroads and has Henry Gassoway Davis for a father-in-law. If United States Senators were chosen by popular vote, Mr. Elkins might not represent West Virginia in the upper House. He might not even live in West Virginia, but under the present system he is likely to remain until long after the kine have wandered o'er the lea, homeward bound.

In addition to his other distinctions, Mr. Elkins is the father of the handsome young lady who affixed the Indian sign to the Duke of the Abruzzi. That ought to be honor enough for any man, but not for Mr. Elkins. He has been making a collection of honors for a number of years. Once he was a member of Congress from New Mexico—also attorney-general there. Then he moved to West Virginia and made such a noise that they sent him to Washington. He promptly anchored himself to the Senate end of the Capitol, and can not now be pried loose. In appearance Mr. Elkins is like a preacher. In speaking he assumes a prayerful attitude, hands clasped and eyes a-roll, but in politics he is strongly suspected of eschewing piety. In the Senate, when his big, bushy eyebrows work up and down and the color comes to his cheeks, it is a sign that he is about to again announce his everlasting fealty to the protective system, and his unshaken conviction that the interests he represents are n't getting theirs in the cut-up.

The distinct antithesis of Elkins, who is Aldrichy in method and belief, is John Warwick Daniel (not Daniels, please) of Virginia. Senator Daniel is the last remaining type of the old style Southern Senator—a man of ornate oratory, of grandiloquent periods, of Chesterfieldian grace and manner. He was wounded three times in the Civil War and is crippled as a result. If you want Mr. Daniel to warm up to you, to beam like the summer sun, call him "Major," the title that he won through four years fighting for The Lost Cause. Since 1887 Mr. Daniel has been in the Senate, deprecating the sordid commercialism of the age. He is a magnificent deprecator. Daily he lays his wreath of mignonette and immortelle on the sunken grave of ye olden tyme—daily he hurls his bolts at the tariff devils and all their works. But he always hurls his bolts politely and never considers it

Digitized by Google



good form to unduly mutilate an enemy. In that respect he differs materially from William Joel Stone, another type of the Southron. Mr. Stone has no exaggerated ideas of the proprieties. While Mr. Daniel would prefer coffee and pistols for two, Mr. Stone would just as lief use a handy brick. Many tales are told of the forceful and fistful ways of Mr. Stone in his youthful days, but they are difficult of belief when one sees the long, lank, sharp-visaged Missourian in action in the Senate. He is calm, easy, pussy-footed, and it does n't seem to be entirely inappropriate that he has been called "Gum-shoe Bill." Mr. Stone's specialty during the last session was platforms, and at every opportunity he sprung the Democratic national declarations on those Democrats who manifested symptoms of Aldrichitis, and the Republican platform promises of tariff revision on the stand-patters of that party. It was Mr. Stone's little joke and he always smiled cynically when he read the several party pledges.

The Senate's Leading Pugilist

But Mr. Stone does n't always smile. One day last summer a negro waiter on a railroad dining-car got "fresh" with Senator Stone. The Missourian arose and swatted that Ethiopian, once, twice, thrice. The negro had him arrested when the train got to Baltimore and Senator Stone took a ride in a patrol wagon. The incident, however, duly depicted in the papers with proper frills, helped a lot back in Missouri where there is still a strong feeling on the race question.

Mr. Stone was Representative for two terms, Governor of his State twice, and has been Senator since 1903. Folk tried to defeat him, but the people in Missouri rural districts like "Ol Bill Stone" and his picturesque oratory. The Senator is at his best when making a campaign speech. He has a countenance that the india-rubber man at the side show might envy. He can "make faces" to emphasize his remarks until the Missouri audience howls with delight. His "fighting face," in short, comes in at least fifty-seven varieties.

Senator Perkins of California, Senator Reed Smoot of Utah and Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado are entitled to envy his physiognomical versatility. Senator Perkins can not qualify at all. He used to wear a winning smile all the time. Now he can hardly get up a good one even if you show an appreciative interest in his tales of the time he spent before the mast, for,

"He was a sailor bold, you know, and a sailor bold was he,
And he was the saltest son-of-a-gun that ever sailed the sea."

At least, that is the verse that his California admirers used to quote when he was first a candidate for Governor of that State, back in the eighties. He liked it, too, because if there is anything that Mr. Perkins is proud of, it relates to the trips he made around the world before he settled in San Francisco and became rich and powerful. He is more proud of rounding the Horn in the good ship *Galatea*, in 1855, than he is of later and better known achievements. Mr. Perkins, though born in 1839, still retains much of his vigor and is a Senatorial power.

Smoot is of a younger generation. When he first came to the Senate in 1903, Women's Leagues and Mothers' Associations made an effort to put him out. Petitions were circulated, Congress was deluged with them, and hours were consumed in debate, all because Mr. Smoot happens to be an elder in the Mormon Church. It was charged that he was a polygamist. He denied it. The hearings and probings and petitionings came to naught, but they trained Mr. Smoot to look cautiously about him at all times. For a number of years, figuratively speaking, he came to the Senate chamber through the back yard and left it under cover of darkness. Now he has developed into one of the strongest of Aldrich supporters. During the tariff debate he stood by the guns on many an occasion and held the fort while Aldrich went out to get a drink of Senate lemonade. Mr. Smoot is tall and gangling and his architecture may be described as faulty. His clothing has the shelf mark on it. He is something of a man of affairs in Utah, a banker and a manufacturer of woolen goods, and the way he pulled for higher woolen duties was heroic.

Guggenheiming a Great State

Then comes Guggenheim. He is among the very wealthiest of the Senators, and likewise among the most unique. He is only forty-two years old, has millions that he does n't need and a Senatorship that he takes very seriously. He never makes speeches, but when it comes to writing letters to his constituents, Mr. Guggenheim can qualify as The Ready Letter Writer. He has put up so much money for the Republican party in Colorado that if it ever has to go back to bacon and eggs and cut out the sirloin and truffles, it will feel starved and neglected. Once upon a time, years ago, the Republican party of Colorado was lean and hungry. Necessity compelled thought. It nominated Mr. Guggenheim for Lieutenant Governor. He put up, all right, and the party rapidly got back into condition. Then it was "discovered" that Mr. G. was too young, under the constitutional limitations, to fill the office. He withdrew from the ticket and went to New York to forget it, but began to figure that it might be well to make an effort to bring profit out of the original investment by adding additional capital. He did. Annually he furnished the money and took mortgages on the party machinery, and then, when a Senatorship loomed up and older and heftier politicians came to Denver with the idea of carrying the job back home with them, they found Simon sitting on it and suavely insisting that he saw it first. He has it and is still smiling suavely. His smile is worth contemplating, just as the smiles and the frowns of other statesmen are worth while.

Wherefore, if you want to know what a real, live, two-legged Senator looks like, don't depend on campaign pictures. Go over to Washington some day, drop into the Senate gallery, and listen to the ah-h-h-h-h's and the o-o-o-o-o's when the fluffy young things and the more severe old ones in the ladies' gallery clap their eyes on the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge.

Digitized by Google

The Sky Man

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Illustrations by Dan Smith

CHAPTER XVIII

ROSCOE

ROSCOE had never been able to clear up his doubt as to Jeanne's identity, nor to solve the mystery of Cayley's appearance in the air. The doubt and the mystery tormented him worse than any final conviction could have done. When he thought, as he sometimes did, that the cause of all his terror, the thing which kept him penned up here in the cave and denied him access to more than the furtive edges of the beach, might be just a rather defenseless human couple, a man and a woman, and the woman beautiful, young, alluring—when he thought of all that he would go off into transports of rage which left him limp and exhausted. If that were the situation, he might have killed the man weeks ago and taken possession of the woman.

What prevented this suspicion from becoming a certainty was the sight, day after day, of the huge, golden-winged thing, keeping its majestic guard over that bit of beach he dared not venture upon.

The only question he had about that was whether it was really an avenging spirit or an hallucination of his own brain. That these were not the only alternatives never occurred to him. So, during those weeks, he lived in a sort of hell. Rage and lust and despair and an ineradicable superstitious dread tore at him by turns.

The thing that kept him sane was, in itself, a species of insanity—the passion for gold which had led him to murder Captain Fielding. Every day he tramped up the glacier to the gold ledge, and there, while the light lasted, he worked, cutting the precious metal out of the rock, and with infinite labor beating it pure.

As the weeks and months dragged along, this unvaried routine more than compensated for the solitude and the terrors his superstition thrust upon him, and gradually restored him to his old normal, formidable, brutal self. On the day when he made the discovery that was to terminate the long series of golden days which Jeanne and Philip had been enjoying, he was again the very man who, during these long years of exile, had dominated crew and captain of the *Walrus* and bent them to his will.

He was returning from the ledge along the crown of the glacier, when, on the day of this discovery, he found that his accustomed path was interrupted by a new fissure in the ice; it had occurred since he had come that way in the morning, and was too broad to leap across. So he was forced to descend by the more difficult track which lay along the moraine.

Before he had gone three paces along this track his eye made out something, just off his path and a little below it, which caused him at first to utter a snarl of anger, but led him the next moment to give a wild, blasphemous yell of joy.

The great fissure which had opened in the ice had done, in an instant, what the party from the *Aurora* had failed to do after hours of hard labor—it had yielded up the body of Perry Hunter, which, during all these months, it had kept imprisoned.

The sight of it was no new thing to Roscoe. He had seen it a score of times, buried deep down in that eternal ice. The sight had cost him no qualms. So long as no ghosts came back to haunt him, he could survey the murdered body of one of his victims with no more emotion than a polar bear would feel in similar circumstances. But that the ice, which had apparently meant to keep it forever, should discharge it thus, gratuitously, into his very path, affronted him; it seemed like a piece of insulting mockery on the part of the envious devil which he worshiped for a god.

But that feeling lasted only the period of one brief glance, and then changed to a saturnine joy. For strapped across the dead man's shoulders, just where he had carried it in life, was a rifle, and round his middle a belt full of cartridges.

The next instant Roscoe was bending over the body, jerking savagely at the frozen buckles which resisted his impatient fingers. But they would not be denied. If they were clumsy, the hands were strong.

It was not five minutes later when Roscoe, rifle and ammunition belt in his hands, was hurrying on toward his cave once more. The body lay just where his desecrating hands had left it.

The rifle was uninjured; that he had seen at a glance, though of course all the mechanism of its breech was frozen fast. But a half-hour's hard work with cleaning rods and rags of what once had been a shirt sufficed to put it into commission again.

Then, with the rifle over his shoulder, he swaggered out of the hut. With his first glance abroad, he started. His devil was being kind to him to-day; there could be no doubt of that. Only, was he being too kind? Roscoe wondered a little uneasily, for, shambling along the ice, through the thickening twilight, not a hundred paces away, was a big bear. Roscoe was tired of walrus meat. The thought of a bear steak made his mouth water.

Three years' disuse, however, had made his marksmanship somewhat uncertain. He fired too soon, and though he did not miss, the only effect his shot had was to make the bear turn about and go shambling down the glacier toward the beach with ungainly haste. Roscoe hurried after him, and fired two more shots. Whether they hit or not, he could not tell. Certainly they did not serve to check the bear's flight. The next moment he had rounded the corner of the cliff and disappeared down the beach in the direction of the hut.

Roscoe hesitated, but only for a moment; then, with an oath, he set out in pursuit. It was not so much the protection which the rifle afforded him that was responsible for this new courage, as it was that the mere feel of it in his hands brought him back in touch once more with the every-day, matter-of-fact world, and made his visions and ghosts seem a little unreal.

It was fully dark down here in the shadow of the cliff. The lumbering yellow shape of the bear was indistinguishable against the icy beach. That didn't matter, for he could follow along well enough by the bloody tracks the wounded beast had left.

The last of the twilight was still in the sky, and half his glances were directed thither, looking for something which he told himself could not possibly exist, except in his own fancy, yet which he fully expected to see—the shadow of Cayley's great wings. And at last he saw it, impending in the lower air like a brooding spirit, just above the tiny square of light which marked the location of the hut.

Roscoe abandoned his pursuit of the bear; all thought of it, in fact, was gone from his mind; but he did not, as on a former occasion, drop down prone upon the ground, his face buried in his arms, nor did he turn and flee, like one hagridden, up the beach. He faltered, it is true, and his knees trembled beneath him, and yet, slowly and with many pauses, he made his way forward.

He was horribly afraid all the time, but curiosity was all the while overpowering fear. He was not more than two hundred yards away when Cayley alighted beside the girl.

At what he saw then Roscoe dropped his rifle on the beach with a whispered oath, and rubbed his eyes. The light which diffused itself from the open window of the hut was not much, but it was enough to reveal the fact that this great man-bird, this golden-winged spirit which had kept him in terror for his own sanity all these months, was taking off his wings and was folding them up into a bundle, in as matter-of-fact a way as if he were furling an umbrella. He stood there now, just an ordinary human figure of a man; the very man, in fact, that he had seen before and would have killed long ago had it not been for his overmastering terror of the thing with wings. He presented a fair mark now, and was in easy range, but Roscoe was too thoroughly astonished to seize the opportunity. The two figures shrank into the shadow of the hut, and the next moment the light disappeared.

When Cayley fired for the first time at the bear, Roscoe thought for a moment he was firing at him, but the venomous hiss with which the wounded beast answered the shot explained the situation. Roscoe squatted down on the beach and set himself to thinking.

In the light of what he had just seen the explanation of the thing which had so puzzled and terrified him became almost ludicrously simple. During the years that had elapsed since any news of the civilized world had come to him, somebody had invented a flying machine, and this fellow happened to have one.

It even occurred to Roscoe that if he could get possession of the apparatus he might be able to use it himself—might, after killing the man, and later, the girl, be able to terminate his exile here.

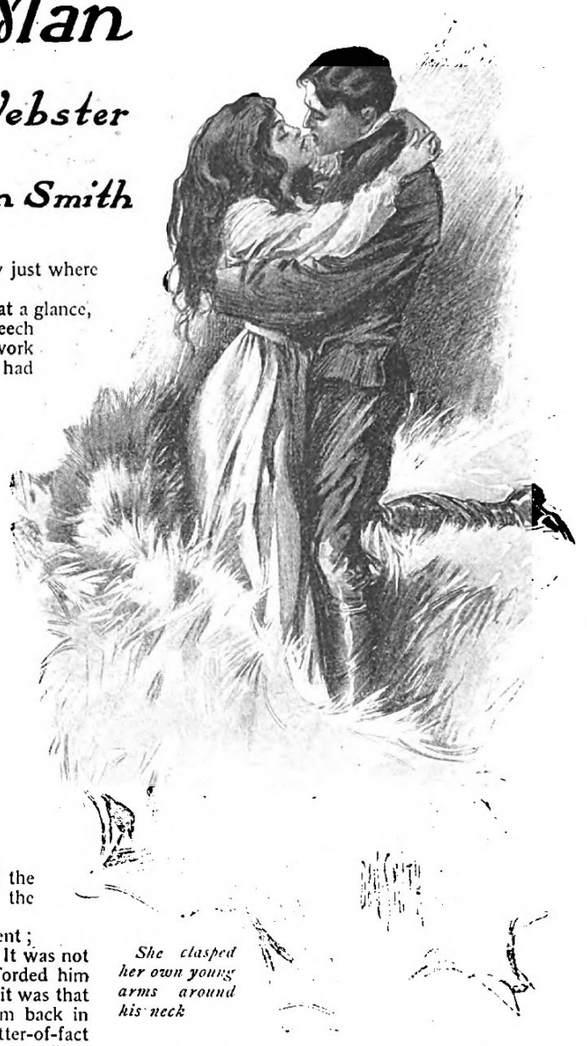
He had no doubt at all, now, that the mystery was solved; and the terror over, felt that these two were delivered into his hands. Even without the rifle he would have felt sure of that. With it, the thing was almost too easy. He had only to wait where he was and keep watch until the man should come out of the hut. He could crawl up to within easy range and one shot would settle him.

Before an hour had passed, however, certain disadvantages about this plan had obtruded themselves upon Roscoe.

The wind was rising and the temperature falling steadily. There was every indication that the first of their big winter storms was about to begin, and even for one protected as Roscoe was, and inured to cold, his position would soon become untenable. It was only a question of time, of course, before he could accomplish his purpose. But he wanted to accomplish it to-night, and the more he thought of it the more he had that desire.

At last he rose stiffly, picked up his rifle which he had laid beside him, and cautiously approached the hut.

He was so preoccupied with it, especially as he drew nearer, that he forgot about the bear and stumbled over



She clasped her own young arms around his neck

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

PHILIP CAYLEY had learned to soar like a bird, with silken wings. He liked to sail in the Arctic air best. One day he saw some men struggling across the ice, and the leader fall dead into a crevasse. When the party had gone, Cayley picked up a curious weapon. Later he saw a yacht, and alighting on the ice near by he encountered Jeanne Fielding, who told him that the *Aurora's* party had come in search of Captain Fielding, an explorer. She did not know that the *Walrus*, with a burly brute, Roscoe, and eleven men, had been wrecked near her father; had learned from him of rich gold deposits; that the explorer and his men had disappeared; that Roscoe had just killed Hunter of the *Aurora's* crew and hoped to take the yacht and escape with a fortune in gold. Fanshaw, alone on the yacht, was knocked out by Roscoe. Meanwhile Jeanne had rowed ashore and found in a deserted cabin a box containing her father's journal. Roscoe, seeking the same, found her, but Cayley descended through the fog on hearing her cry, and Roscoe fled, terrified. Jeanne and Cayley read Fielding's journal that night, and in the morning the yacht was gone, having been blown from her moorings. Finding themselves alone, and winter setting in, they think of immediate death, but decide in favor of life and love. They made themselves comfortable, and discovered stores of food and a secret passage to an observatory. They did not know how many of the *Walrus* crew survived, and fearing an attack, divided their time into watches so their hut was constantly guarded. Their only weapon was Cayley's revolver. As they remained unmolested, they decided that the sight of Cayley flying through the air had filled Roscoe and his crew with superstitious fear. They did not relax their vigilance, but were undisturbed until the tenth day, when Jeanne awakened Philip to tell him the hut was on fire.

Digitized by Google

it in the dark. This gave him a momentary fright and caused him a whispered oath or two.

He picked himself up and examined the great ungainly carcass. Exploring it with his hands, he found the bullet holes made by two of Cayley's three effective shots, one between the eyes and the other in the throat.

This was good shooting. Better marksmanship than he, Roscoe, was capable of. Clearly, it would not do to take chances. When the decisive moment came, Roscoe must see to it that all the advantages would be on his side. Well, that ought to be easy, since the man had a woman to protect as well as himself.

Leaving the bear he peered stealthily around the three exposed sides of the hut. No light was shining through its well-caulked crannies, and he heard no sounds.

Once or twice, from mere habit, he glanced up fearsomely at the starlight, and then swore at himself for doing so. No terrifying apparition could appear up there now.

For a moment an accession of rage against the two who had baffled him and enjoyed immunity from him so long almost led him to attempt to break into the hut then and there, and settle matters; but his saner common sense told him that the settlement would almost inevitably be against him if he attempted that.

He was still entertaining this notion, however, when a luminous idea occurred to him. Around on the far side of the hut, the west side, which looked toward the headland, was a good-sized heap of firewood, which Philip had not been able to find room for inside the hut. Roscoe had with him a flint of steel and a quantity of tow. He never traveled without them.

With infinite precaution against noise he began laying a fire against the windward wall of the hut. Squatting, with his rifle across his knees ready to use in case of emergency, he methodically whittled a quantity of dry splinters off a few of the sticks, ignited them and carefully nursed the blaze, until, under the rising wind, it grew to the beginning of a fair-sized conflagration. Then, catching up his rifle, he slipped around the other side of the hut, crouching down not more than twenty paces away, and waited.

Already the fire was burning freely and the silhouetted outline of the hut was plain against the glow of it.

His plan was a good one. The people inside the hut would have no choice and probably no thought but of escape. When they rushed out, as they almost certainly would, bewildered and confused, and plainly visible to him against the glow of the fire behind them, it would be easy from the safe shelter of the darkness to shoot—the man!

Roscoe's hands were trembling a little, but not with fear. He must not fire too soon. That was all. He must wait until the man's body presented a clean mark against the bright illumination of the fire. It would be too easy a shot to miss; and the woman would be left defenseless, without even the inadequate and temporary shelter of a roof and four walls.

It was only, indeed, by the merest hair's-breadth that Roscoe's plan failed to work. The instinct of escape by the nearest way from a burning building is almost irresistible, and it led Philip and Jeanne to the very edge of the destruction which Roscoe had planned for them.

Cayley had his hand upon the bolt of the door, whither he had sprung when Jeanne's cry had awakened him, before the saving thought stayed him and held him frozen where he was. For perhaps five seconds he stood there, while the memory of the unexplained bullet hole he had found in the body of the great bear, and the belated observation that the fire, which was destroying the hut, must have been started outside of it, articulated themselves into a perfectly clear perception of Roscoe's plan.

"The other way! The other way!" he cried, motioning Jeanne back through the storeroom. "Into the cave. He is waiting for us outside. That's why he fired the hut. Quick. We must save all we can."

And so it happened that Roscoe waited in vain. He saw the blaze he had kindled reach its fiery climax, and then, in spite of the icy gale which was fanning it, die down into an angry, sullen, smouldering glow. But no man appeared to furnish a mark for his waiting rifle, and no woman was delivered defenseless, shelterless, into his brutish hands.

The failure of his plan brought back a moment or two of the old superstitious horror, but his mind was braced against it now and did not really give way. Somehow, the failure must be accountable—humanly accountable.

At last he solved this mystery too, partly solved it, at least, for he remembered the ice cave back of the hut. His first impulse, when he thought of it, was to attack them there and now, to charge in over the red hot coals of the hut and settle matters once and for all.

He was sane enough to see that the advantage would be all against him. In close quarters he could not do much with a rifle, and he remembered the deadly revolver shooting he had seen upon the body of the bear. Also, he would have to go into the dark with the firelight behind him. No. It wouldn't do. He must wait. Well, he could afford to wait—much better than they could.

Reluctantly he rose, turned his broad back to the gale, and began making his laborious way back to the cave.

It was high time. His face was frozen already. The intensity of the cold had already rendered his rifle useless, for the whole mechanism of the breech was frozen fast. His stratagem had failed in its ultimate intention, for nature had laid her icy hand upon the board and for the present declared the game a draw.

CHAPTER XIX

A MOONLIT DAY

THE midday moon had changed the somber purple of the snow to silver. The snow lay everywhere, save upon the vertical face of the cliff itself, an unrent, immaculate mantle over all this Arctic world. The valley, the hills, the beach and the frozen sea all lay at peace beneath it, as if asleep or dead.

To Cayley, where he lay suspended in mid-sky, the moonlight gleaming upon the sensitive fabric of his planes as it gleams upon the faint ripples on a mill pond in the dead of a June night, to Cayley this white, sleeping, frozen world looked very far away. He was a-wing for the first time since that eternity ago when he had descended upon the beach beside Jeanne to warn her of the approach of the bear.

How long ago that was, by the measure of hours and days and weeks, he did not know. He had no data for an estimate that would be better than a guess. He remembered how desperately they had worked that night, saving what they could from the burning hut and carrying it back into the cave; remembered with what labor he and Jeanne had climbed the chimney to the only shelter that now remained to them, the little pilot-house observatory upon the cliff head; remembered the unremitting labor of uncounted hours while they adjusted their way of life to the conditions imposed by the calamitous loss of the hut.

But after that there were lapses of time which memory did not cover. During that time he knew the utmost fury of the Arctic winter had been raging over them without cessation. They had been sheltered from it down in the heart of the great drift of snow which the storm had heaped about them. But, even in this security, the shock of those successive paroxysms of nature's titanic rage reached down and benumbed them, body and soul.

In some dull, automatic fashion they had contrived to keep alive, to secure a little air to breathe, to eat what would serve to hold off starvation, and to keep from freezing. But the reckoning of the days had lost itself in the unbroken night of midwinter. Even the



He must not fire too soon

months they had spent in the hut, those days of varied, cheerful occupation, the peril with which Roscoe had threatened them, and the unsleeping vigilance they had interposed against him—all of that had come to seem remote and incredible to them.

As for the world of men, of cities and civilization, of busy streets and lights and the sounds of human activity, that was to them almost as if it had never been.

But at last the rage of the storm had spent itself. The bitterness of the cold relaxed and became milder. Cayley had felt the blood stirring in his veins again, the power of consecutive thought and the ambition to live coming once more into his possession. He had gone to work, feebly and drowsily at first, but with constantly increasing energy and strength, at the task of opening up once more the tunnel through the drift which the great storm had choked.

When he had broken through the outer crust of the drift and the white radiance of the midday moon shone into the black tunnel where he had been working, he stood for a moment drawing deep breaths and gazing over the scene which lay beneath his eyes. He hastened back into the little pilot-house.

Jeanne was dozing on a heap of bearskins. He roused her with some difficulty; really waking up had been a hard matter, lately, almost as hard as really getoff to sleep. She was still drowsy when he led her along the tunnel to the cliff head.

"Breathe deep," he told her. "We were half poisoned in there. This air will bring you back to life again—it and the moonlight."

He had been supporting her with his arm around her waist, but now, as she held herself a little straighter and he could feel her lungs expanding with the pure air she breathed, he withdrew the arm and let her stand alone. Even the white moonlight revealed the color that was coming back into her cheeks.

For a while she did not speak at all; then, as if replying to a comment of his, she said:

"Yes, it is beautiful—But, Philip, it's dead—dead."

"Not this air that has ozone sparkling all through it. It is alive enough to make your blood dance. It's doing that now."

He tried to persuade her to take a little exercise along the length of the tunnel, but she demurred. Instead, she asked him to bring out some bearskins and let her sit there at the cliff head, looking out.

"And," she supplemented, "if you want to know what I should like most of all, it would be to have you bring your wings, so that I may see you flying again, and a field-glass, that I may watch you."

He felt some hesitation, partly out of a fear of leaving her and partly from a doubt concerning his own strength; but neither of these reasons was one he cared to avow. So he unfurled the bundle that had lain disused so long, spread and tightened and tested it, and at last, with a nod of farewell to the girl, dived off the cliff head.

Any doubt he may have had concerning his strength disappeared at once. The mere touch of those great wings of his seemed to bring it all back, and hope and joy and confidence along with it.

He made his dive as shallow as possible, and in the sheer exuberance of delight at being once more a-wing he beat his way aloft again by main strength, towering like a falcon. All his old power was here unimpaired, yet every sensation it brought him was heightened and made thrilling by long disuse. By means of those great, obedient wings of his he played upon the capricious, vagrant air with the superb insolence of mastery. Every trick of flight was at his command—the flashing dive of the piratical frigate bird, the corkscrew spiral of the tern, the plummet-like pounce of the hawk, and, last, the majestic, soaring drift of the king of them all, the albatross.

So he hung there in mid-sky, and the world, white, frozen, immaculate, looked far away. The old, god-like serenity, untroubled, untrammeled, unafraid, came back to him. The soul opened its gates, up here, lost its boundaries, and all the spirit of the sky came in, immense, cold, clear as the all-pervading ether. This was Nirvana, though the old Buddhist adepts who had philosophized about it had never conquered the sky, had never bathed in it as Cayley was bathing now.

The declining moon sank lower, till the refracting ice crystals that filled the air caught its light slantwise and danced with it so that it flickered like a will-o'-the-wisp. The sky deepened from its bright steel-blue to purple. The silver light upon the snow faded, through lavender and lilac, to a purple of its own, only less deep than that of the sky itself. But the stars burned brighter and brighter, until it almost seemed they sang.

"Harping in loud and solemn choir
With unexpressive notes . . . ."

The words projected themselves quite unsought into his mind. He spent a moment or two wondering where they came from, and then it came to him. It was a part of two lines from the "Hymn of the Nativity."

Somehow, the thought of Christmas gave his soul a wrench that brought it back into the world again. They had lost their reckoning of time, and, for any thing he knew, this might be Christmas Day. Perhaps those stars were caroling their Christmas chimes. Perhaps, down in the world of men, the windows were hung with holly and the doorways with mistletoe.

Before his thoughts had advanced as far as that he was flying down toward the cliff head. He could only guess at the length of time that had elapsed since he left Jeanne on her heap of skins, there in the mouth of the snow tunnel. It must have been an hour or more, for the moon had been shining when he started, and now the last of its twilight had died in the horizon.

[Continued on page 51]

Digitized by Google

Be Good to Yourself

By Orison Swett Marden

IT IS a rare thing to find a person who is really masterful in his personality, masterful in what he undertakes; who approaches his tasks with the assurance of a conqueror; who is able to grapple vigorously with his life problems; who always keeps himself in condition to do his best, biggest thing easily, without strain; who seizes with the grip of a master the precious opportunities which come to him.

In order to keep himself at the top of his condition, to obtain complete mastery of all his powers and possibilities, a man must be good to himself mentally, he must think well of himself.

Someone has said that the man who depreciates himself blasphemes God, who created him in His own image and pronounced him perfect. Very few people think well enough of themselves, have half enough esteem for their divine origin or respect for their abilities, their character, or the sublimity of their possibilities, hence the weakness and ineffectiveness of their careers.

People who persist in seeing the weak, the diseased, the erring side of themselves; who believe they have inherited a taint from their ancestors; who think they do not amount to much and never will; who are always exaggerating their defects; who see only the small side of themselves, never grow into that bigness of manhood and grandeur of womanhood which God intended for them. They hold in their minds this little, mean, contemptible, dried-up image of themselves until the dwarfed picture becomes a reality. Their appearance, their lives, outpicture their poor opinion of themselves, express their denial of the grandeur and sublimity of their possibilities. They actually think themselves into littleness, meanness, weakness.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." His opinion of himself will be reproduced by the life processes within him and outpictured in his body. If you would make the most of yourself, *never picture yourself as anything different from what you would actually have yourself, from what you long to become.* Whenever you think of yourself, form a mental image of a perfect, healthy, beautiful, noble being, not lacking in anything, the person you wish to become. Positively refuse to see anything about yourself which you would not like to have true. Insist upon seeing only the truth of your being, the man or woman God had in mind when he made you, not the distorted thing, the burlesque man or woman which your ignorance and unfortunate environment, wrong thinking and vicious living have produced. The estimate you have of yourself, the image of yourself which you carry in your mind, will mean infinitely more to you than what other people may think of you.

If we would make the most of our lives, if we would be and do all that it is possible for us to be and to do, we must not only think well of ourselves, but we must also be just to ourselves physically, be good to our bodies. In order to be the highest, the most efficient type of man or woman, it is just as necessary to cultivate the body, to develop its greatest possible strength and beauty, as it is to cultivate the mind, to raise it to its highest power.

There are plenty of people who are good to others, but are not good to themselves. They do not take care of their own health, their own bodies, do not conserve their own energies, husband their own resources. They are slaves to others, tyrants to themselves.

Faithfulness to others is a most desirable trait, yet faithfulness to yourself is just as much of a duty. It is as great a sin not to be good to yourself as not to be good to others. It is everyone's sacred duty to keep himself up to the highest possible standard, physically and mentally, otherwise he cannot deliver his divine message, in its entirety, to the world. *It is everyone's sacred duty to keep himself in a condition to do the biggest thing possible to him.* It is a positive sin to keep oneself in a depleted, run-down, exhausted state, so that he cannot answer his life call or any big demand that an emergency may make upon him.

There are many people of a high order of ability who do very ordinary work in life, whose careers are most disappointing, simply because they do not keep themselves in a physical and mental condition to do their best thing.

In every place of business we find employees who are only about half awake, half alive; their bodies are full of dead cells, poisoned cells, because of vicious living, vicious thinking, vicious habits. Is it any wonder that they get so little out of life when they put so little into it?

I know men in middle life who are just where they were when they left school or college. They have not advanced a particle; some have even retrograded, and they cannot understand why they do not get on, why they are not more successful. But everyone who knows them sees the great handicaps of indifference to their health, neglect of their physical needs, dissipation, irregular living, slipshod, slovenly habits, all sorts of things which are keeping them down, handicaps which even intellectual giants could not drag along with them and make any kind of progress.

Everywhere we see young men and women crippled in their careers, plodding along in mediocrity, capable of great things, but doing little things, because they have not vitality enough to push their way and overcome the obstacles in their path They have not been good to their physical selves.

The author's book is wishy-washy, does not get hold of the reader because he had no vigor, no surplus vitality, to put into it. The book does not arouse because the author was not aroused when he wrote it. It is lifeless because of the writer's low state of vitality.

The clergyman does not get hold of his people because he lacks stamina, force and physical vitality. He is a weakling mentally because he is a weakling physically. The teacher does not arouse or inspire his pupil because he lacks life and enthusiasm himself. His brain and nerves are fagged, his energy exhausted, burned out, his strength depleted, because he has not been good to himself.

Everywhere we see these devitalized people, without spontaneity, buoyancy or enthusiasm in their endeavor. They have no joy in their work. It is merely enforced drudgery, a dreary, monotonous routine.

IGNORANCE is the great enemy of the human race. There are plenty of men who, if they were enlightened in regard to the laws of health, could double and treble their ability, their originality, their effectiveness, their brain power, and their resourcefulness, by simply being good to themselves—by living simple, sane, wholesome lives. What splendid capital there is in good health, in a strong, vigorous constitution!

The great problem in manufacturing is to get the largest possible results with the least possible expenditure, the least wear and tear of machinery. Men study the economy in their business of getting the maximum return with the minimum expenditure, and yet many of these men who are so shrewd and level-headed in their business pay very little attention to the economy of their personal power expenditure.

Most of us are at war with ourselves, are our own worst enemies. We expect a great deal of ourselves, yet we do not put ourselves in a condition to achieve great things. We are either too indulgent to our bodies, or we are not indulgent enough. We pamper them, or we neglect them, and it would be hard to tell which mode of treatment produces the worst results. Few people treat their bodies with the same wise care and consideration that they bestow upon a valuable piece of machinery or property of any kind from which they expect large returns.

Take the treatment of the digestive apparatus, for instance, which really supplies the motor power for the whole body, and we will find that most of us do not give it half a chance to do its work properly. The energy of the digestive organs of many people is exhausted in trying to take care of superfluous food for which there is absolutely no demand in the system. So much energy is used up trying to assimilate surplus, unnecessary food, improper food, that there is none left to assimilate and digest that which is actually needed.

Men are constantly violating the laws of health, eating all sorts of incompatible, indigestible foods, often when the stomach is exhausted and unable to take care of simple food. They fill it with a great variety of rich, indigestible stuffs, retard the digestive processes with harmful drinks, then wonder why they are unfit for work, and resort to all sorts of stimulants and drugs to overcome the bad effects of their greediness and foolishness.

Many go to the other extreme and do not take enough food or get enough variety in what they do eat, so that some of their tissues are in a chronic condition of semi-starvation.

The result is that while there is a great overplus of certain elements in some parts of the system, there is a famine of different kinds of elements in other parts of the system. This inequality, disproportion, tends to unbalance and produce a lack of symmetry in the body, and induces abnormal appetites that often lead to drinking or other dissipation. Many people resort to dangerous drugs in their effort to satisfy the craving of the starved cells in the various tissues when what they really need is nourishing food.

There are only twelve different kinds of tissues in the body and their needs are very simple. For instance, almost every demand in the entire system can be satisfied by milk and eggs, though, of course, a more varied diet is desirable, and should always be adjusted to suit one's

[*Continued on page 59*]

Digitized by Google

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

4th Instalment "YOU AND I—AGAINST THE WORLD"

HE DREW slowly near the princess.

"So, after all, you are—"

The smile grew more mischievous. "Mary Davis, of course. Whom did you think?"

He was pulsing with exultant eagerness; but he knew well that he had to hold himself under control.

"Then," said he, "you at last trust me?"

"What you were just about to do proved your sincerity. I could not let you go further with it. But come—please sit down."

He first pushed a chair for her before the fireplace, then drew one up beside her. Her smile sobered and she looked at him steadily.

"Yes, I think I can trust you. There are your actions as proof. And then, had you wanted to betray me, you have had plenty of time to do so. Our ideals are separated by the width of the world, but I trust your honor."

"You can indeed!" was all he could say.

Her smile came back. Till this last minute he had never seen her smile, so he had seen but half her beauty.

"If I am not mistaken, you are a little curious?"

"I am dazed."

"You know so much already, there is no reason why you should not know more. First question?"

"I—I don't know where to begin. Five days ago I saw you in St. Petersburg. Yet it seems that all the while you were in Berlin. I think I can make a guess at the explanation, but—"

"Yes, it's simple enough. First let me say that I was supposed to be abroad for pleasure; in reality I was there on business affairs of the revolutionists. Two weeks ago I suddenly announced that I was leaving Berlin to visit a friend in France. I am known as very self-willed; that explains and excuses much. I secretly entered Russia, as a poor student, on a false passport. When I left you five nights ago, I took a train; three days ago I reappeared in Berlin from my French visit; the next day I set out for Russia as Princess Kuratoff."

"That's much as I guessed," said Drexel.

"I would have remained here in disguise longer," she continued, "but last night's ball had been long arranged, the invitations had been out for a month, and I had already once postponed my home-coming. To postpone it further was impossible."

"But why did you, and not some less important person, undertake that dangerous mission at Prince Berloff's?"

"For two reasons. First, I was best qualified. And then—"

She paused, and gazed at him keenly. "Yes, I shall tell you that. You know the Government does not know who the prisoner Borodin is."

"So I have been told."

"And only half a dozen persons do know who he is. You have heard that I have an older brother?"

"Who became involved with the revolutionists and disappeared four or five years ago. And whom your father—"

"Yes, to have a revolutionist in his family—that almost broke my father's proud heart. Well—Borodin is my brother."

"Your brother!" he ejaculated. "Ah, I see now why you were ready to risk so many dangers. To save your brother!"

"To save my brother. And to save a leader whom the cause of liberty can not spare."

"You must love him."

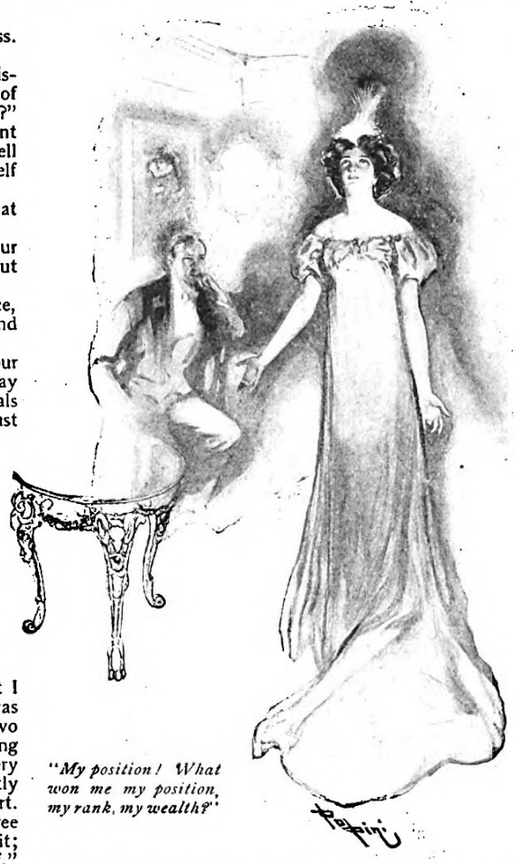
"Yes, dearly," said she, and her blue eyes lighted up. "He is so noble, single-hearted, brilliant!"

"But your father does not guess that Borodin is his son?"

"No."

"And of course he does not know what you are at heart, what you have done?"

"No. If he knew!" Her face saddened. "And sometime he must know, for I can not always successfully play this double part."



"My position! What won me my position, my rank, my wealth?"

Drexel, remembering the stern, proud old man, and knowing the love that existed between the two, could but wonder what would happen on that day when the general should learn the truth.

"It was the news of my brother's arrest that brought me flying back to Russia," she went on. "I was best fitted for the mission of going to Prince Berloff's house."

"But was it necessary for you to go to Berloff's?" he broke in. "Could you not have learned Borodin's whereabouts, without risk, from your father?"

"My father did not and does not know. The chiefs of the secret police were, for their own purpose, keeping the place of his imprisonment a close secret. I was best suited for going to Prince Berloff's because, while my father was governor of a Siberian province, Prince Berloff was in a way my guardian. I once lived at his house, and have visited there much, though not recently. So I knew his house, and knew it well. I planned my call at a time when I knew he was expected to be absent for an hour or two."

"Yes, but the servants," said Drexel. "There was the danger that you might be recognized by them."

"But none had ever seen me before. He changes his servants every few months."

"Changes them?"

"That they may not learn too much and begin to suspect."

"Suspect?"

"Yes. Who he is. Rather, what he is."

"And what is he?"

She gazed at him steadily a moment. "Prince Berloff is the actual head of Russia's spy system."

"What!" cried Drexel. And he sprang to his feet and stared at her.

"The master of Russia's hundred thousand human bloodhounds," she went on with fierce abhorrence.

"The cunningest, cruellest, most unscrupulous man between Germany and the Pacific Ocean!"

"And this is the man that my cousin—" He looked at her blankly.

"Yes," said she. "And the man I would have married, too, could my father have had his way. He was after my money, just as he is after your cousin's. His ambition knows no limit—nor his unscrupulousness. He uses his office to further his own ends. If any stand in the way of his ambition, his control of the infamous machinery of the secret police gives him power to do away with them in a dozen ways—by death, exile or imprisonment."

"And he has done that!"

"Again and again. He would wipe me out of existence without a moment's hesitation could he safely do it; with my brother outlawed, that would make him heir to my father's estate. He will either be Russia's prime minister—or else—before then, some terrorist—" The lifting of her shoulders spoke the rest.

A mystery that had puzzled Drexel for a week was suddenly illumined. I see now why you feared me, that night at the hotel, when I told you who I was!"

"Yes. The friend, the guest, the kinsman of Prince Berloff seemed indeed a man to flee from."

"To think we have never guessed what he was!"

"Only a very few in the Government know the office he fills, and only a few of us. He works through one or two trusty subordinates who are nominally the heads of the system."

"But what are his reasons for this concealment?"

"In the first place, since it is unknown what he is, he can work more craftily. In the second place—well, you can guess that a chief of spies is not exactly a popular idol. Von Plevhe spent a million rubles a year to protect his person, and even with that he died by a terrorist's bomb. Instead of defending himself by the vain expenditure of a fortune on personal guards, Prince Berloff defends himself by keeping his hated office a secret."

"I see. But why have you revolutionists not exposed him?"

"We have kept the matter secret for much the same reason that he has kept it secret. So long as he believes himself unsuspected, we can work all the better against him."

He stared at her. He remembered how calmly, how haughtily she had stood beside Prince Berloff, who had never a thought that the beauty upon his arm was his bitter enemy, fighting with her every resource. And then, with a thrill of wonderment, he began to consider what a marvel it was that this young woman who had everything—great wealth, princely birth, such homage as was given to but few in a nation—everything that the world prized, should care so little for them all.

"I can not understand, Princess—" he began, slowly.

"Do not call me princess!" she interrupted, her face beginning to glow. "I

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

HENRY DREXEL, a young Chicago financier, is in Russia to attend the marriage of his cousin to Prince Berloff, a high official. A mysterious young woman of great beauty enters his private traveling compartment, and her passport is demanded by the police. She appeals to him as her husband, calling him "John." He calls her "Mary," and holds off the officer with a promise. To evade the police they take rooms in a St. Petersburg hotel. Learning he is a friend of Berloff's, "Mary" evades Drexel and the police by a rear door. In seeking her, Drexel falls into the hands of Ivan and Nicolai, revolutionists, who hold him prisoner by an order of "The White One." "Mary" visits him in the garb of a working girl. He makes an avowal of love and is refused. Drexel makes his escape after five days' imprisonment. He accompanies his aunt and cousin to a ball given by Prince Berloff, and in one of the guests, Princess Kuratoff, recognizes his acquaintance of the train, "Mary." She does not show a sign of recognition when he is presented, and when he apologizes for having tried to patronize her, she merely looks puzzled. The following day he calls on the princess, who maintains her attitude of the evening before. When he leaves her house, he finds her jailers, Ivan and Nicolai, watching outside. He hails them recklessly, saying he will go with them, and has just stepped into their sleigh when a servant of the princess rushes up and tells him he must return to the house he has just left.

Digitized by Google

hate the word! Since you know me for what I am, call me what my comrades call me. Call me Sonya."

"It's hard for me to understand then, how you are willing to risk position, rank, wealth—"

She rose and stood before him, her beauty heightened by the deepening glow of her face, by the flash of her eyes.

"My position!" cried she, opening wide her arms. "My position! What won me my position, my rank, my wealth? I'll tell you. A thousand years ago, and more, one of my ancestors was a strong man. He made himself great by seizing the rights and property of others. The Government helped him hold on to what he had seized, and during all the thousand years since, the Government has helped his descendants hold on to that power and property and keep the disinherited ones, the robbed ones, in subjection. And to-day it is helping me!

"People call me beautiful, cultured, noble. If this be true, why is it true? Because for a thousand years thousands of people have toiled, suffered, starved, been beaten down! I am the product of all that misery! Not for a day, not for an hour, would I keep my position were it not for one thing alone. I have a large income, all of which, except what I need to maintain appearances, is now turned over to the revolutionists; were I to join the revolutionists openly, that money, which we need so much, would be confiscated and lost to us. The need of this money forces me to hold my place; otherwise I should be openly in the fight to regain the people their lost rights, to gain them rights they have never had! To win their liberty and all that liberty will mean! Ah, the people! Our poor maimed and mourning people!"

As she spoke there was a vague sense in Drexel of the contrast between them: she the apex of old-world aristocracy, giving her whole soul to the people; he of the overnight American aristocracy, tramping upon the people, giving his whole soul to winning that which she would so gladly throw away. As she finished, standing before him a-tremble with sympathy, her superb beauty illuminated by the inspiration of her lofty purpose, he felt himself fairly lifted to his feet; and thrilled, he stretched out an eager hand to her.

"And I! I will help you!" he cried.

"You help?" Her lips half curled with scorn. "You, with such ideals as you expressed the other night?"

"Never mind ideals! I will help!"

Those eyes of blue searched him narrowly.

"If not impelled to help by ideals, then by what?"

He well knew by what—by her spirit, her personality, by his love—but he cried:

"What impels me matters not, so long as I serve well and ask no reward!"

She considered a space, then said slowly: "No, we have no right to refuse any trustworthy aid. And I know that I can trust you; that you have courage and readiness of wit. But, you have counted the risk?"

"I'm ready for the risk!"

She was silent a moment. "You know what we are trying to do now. Our present endeavor is but an incident of the great struggle; but the future of the cause, the liberation of the people, depend largely upon saving my brother from death."

"Yes, I understand."

"To-morrow I go to Prince Berloff's house party, and so do you. The reason I accepted the invitation was the opportunity offered for making search for some document revealing the whereabouts of my brother. You could help me, and help me much."

She held out her hand. "Shall it be you and I against Prince Berloff?"

He pressed her hand.

"You and I," he half whispered, "against—" He checked the words that rushed to his lips, but they sounded loud through all his being: "Against the world!"

CHAPTER XI

The next day they all went down to Prince Berloff's—the Howards, Sonya and her father, Countess Kurovskaya, Drexel, the prince, and besides them half a dozen high-born men and women who, Drexel soon discovered, had the grace and polish of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting, and a paste-jewel sparkle of talk, but who were just narrowness and stupidity surfaced with fine manners and fine clothes.

As Drexel had anticipated, Sonya wore toward him an air of haughty negligence—an air that held no faintest hint that they were on terms of friendship; much less that between them was a secret pact. He could but compare this cold creature of imperious indifference that the world saw with the frank, glowing, inspiring and inspired woman who the afternoon before had opened her soul to him. Though his uncle drew him aside and talked Traction Deal, and though he nodded now and then, Drexel took in hardly one of the fortune-pregnant sentences; his mind was all with Sonya. He did not allow himself to think of love, though all his being tingled with it. After his gaucherie in asking for her hand, offering to lift her up to his shining heights out of her poverty and insignificance, he hardly dared again approach the subject. Besides, for all his American pride, he felt her to be immeasurably beyond his reach.

But if Sonya was distant, there was one who was not. In the latter half of the short journey Mr. Howard was summoned forward by his wife, and Drexel was following his uncle when he was met in the corridor by Countess Kurovskaya.

"I know your uncle was sent for; are you, too, under orders?" she asked, lightly, with a smile.

"No."

"Then, sir, I put you under orders. Come, talk to me."

He fell in with her playful spirit, and bowed with an air that mocked the Petersburg courtiers. "Madam, I obey."



The prince drew up a chair in front of her

She led the way back to a compartment in the rear of the car and they sat down facing each other. She was in a traveling gown of black velvet with long sweeping lines, and the black note was repeated with staccato effect by the studs of jet in her ears and by her brilliant eyes; a darkly fascinating being, whose gaze was open and direct, whose clear-skinned beauty was honest, owing not a tittle, as does most noble St. Petersburg beauty, to the false testimony of bleaching compounds and rouge-pots.

She leaned back with luxurious grace and smiled at him with frank good humor. "I know I'm very brazen to capture you in this manner, but that's the privilege of an elderly widow."

"Elderly?"

"Twenty-seven, sir!"

"Then that puts me, too, in the decrepit class."

"Oh, a single man never grows too old for women to smile at. He's comparatively immortal."

"Hum. And the moral to that is—"

"No, it is n't. Be mortal—for some one woman's sake. Thus the elderly widow advises. But besides my old age," she went on, "I have another excuse for taking you prisoner. For a week or more, I've been waiting to have a little chat with you."

"I've—ah—been in Moscow, you know," explained Drexel.

"Yes, I know. But now at last I have you at my mercy." Her smile faded away, her beautiful face came nearer, and her rallying tone sank to a serious whisper. "I want to talk on an important matter, Mr. Drexel, and I am going to speak to you openly, frankly. I can play the diplomat, but with a man of affairs like you, I know it is best to come straight to the point."

Since he had first met the countess, Drexel had known her as a popular figure in the brilliant society frequented by the high officials that surround the Czar and fill the ministries, by the smart and noble officers of the Imperial Guard, by that ever-changing influx of officers who, after representing for a year or two the Czar's autocratic might in some stupid, provincial town or in some remote army station, come to St. Petersburg to refresh themselves with a few months of the capital's thoughtless gaiety. He had guessed there was something beneath her surface of society devotee. She had piqued his curiosity, so now he felt a sudden flutter of interest as he said, "please go on."

Her dark lustrous eyes searched deep into his own for a silent moment—then the elbow that supported her smooth cheek slipped yet nearer along the window sill, and her voice dropped to a yet softer, more confidential tone.

"You are a man to be trusted. I put myself, my life, in your hands."

She glanced quickly at the door and back again. "I am a revolutionist."

"A revolutionist!" he breathed.

"All my soul is with those who fight the Czar."

He stared at her. Indeed, there was something beneath the surface! And that two such women as she and the princess should—

She interrupted his surprise with her rapid, barely audible words: "There is a noble part open to you, if you will only take it."

"And that?"

"To help us."

"How?"

"You have heard about Borodin, his arrest, what he means to the revolutionary cause?"

"Yes."

"To rescue him is what at this moment we revolutionists desire most of all to do. If you would join us in that attempt, our chance of success would be greatly increased."

"Increased? How?"

"You are shrewd," she whispered, "and you could attempt bolder things than other men, for, your position being what it is, no one would suspect you. Yes, you could do much—much!"

She took his silence as a wish for something further before he answered. "If you will be with us I can arrange for you to meet our active leaders at once, and take part in their secret planning. I can see from your face that you are wondering what, in return for all this, will be your reward. You would have the lifelong sense of having helped a struggling nation to win the light."

She hesitated—a soft red tinged her cheeks—her eyes fluttered down.

"And if the gratitude of a simple woman will mean anything—that gratitude you would ever have."

There was no mistaking what she meant. Here was a situation, indeed, for a man newly in love! In his embarrassment Drexel knew not what to say that would carry him swiftly and safely by this delicate crisis in a manner to give no offense to the countess, whom he liked and admired. He was floundering about in his mind for the proper phrase when she raised her bright, flushed face and met his gaze frankly.

"If you decide to be with us," she went on, "I have a definite plan to suggest—one calling for immediate action. A plan I, personally, am trying to carry through. I am sure we could make it succeed—you and I."

All her warm, excited beauty, all her fascination, was directed at him. He hardly knew how to parry.

"Before I decide," he temporized, "I should want to know what the plan is."

"Lean nearer. It is this. I am trying—S-s-sh! Some one is coming. I'll tell you later when the person goes."

Her voice and face were all disappointment, but when Mr. Howard walked into the compartment, she greeted him with an easy, good-humored smile. However, her plan Drexel was not then to know, for the journey ended without giving her an opportunity to finish what she had begun.

At the station were waiting four two-seated sleighs, each with three splendid blacks hitched abreast. It fell out that Drexel, the countess, Sonya and Berloff got into one sleigh, Sonya and Berloff in the front seat. As they flashed over the flat country, tucked away in frozen sleep beneath its soft white blanket, Drexel involuntarily compared these two women, the one he did not love and felt sure he could have, and the one he did love and knew he could not have—both beautiful, both clever, both so different from what they seemed to the world—both involved in the dangerous underground struggle against the Czar.

He could but notice with what ease the princess talked with Berloff, that powerful antagonist with whom she was in deadly duel. He studied Berloff anew in the light of her startling revelation, and he saw anew the power, the resourcefulness, the relentless cunning behind that pale, refined face. In a struggle of wits against wits, he was an antagonist that only the cleverest could hope to hold his own against. Moreover, he did not fight alone; fighting with him, and for him, was his own army of near a hundred thousand spies, and besides these was the million of the standing army, and all the vast civil machinery of the State. Drexel drew a long breath.

The prince's mansion sat in a great park of snow-drooped evergreens. It was a big, box-like, sprawling pile, as are most of the older country seats of the Russian nobility, but the plainness of its exterior prepared a surprise for him who entered for the first time. The furnishings were rich and quiet in their tone, the walls of the main rooms were hung with paintings, studies and etchings, mainly works from the hands of the big Frenchmen of the nineteenth century, and everywhere were exquisite little bronzes—the best private collection in Russia. Berloff, so said his friends, could have been a great artist himself had not birth destined him to greater things.

[*Continued on page 58*]

Digitized by Google

Is President Taft Leader or Follower in His Party?

The opinion of the country on the first nine months of his administration, as reflected by our Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers

ON NOVEMBER 9th we mailed to the members of our Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers—about 22,500 in number—the following letter:

To our Life Subscribers:—

"In the course of the extended trip just taken by the President of the United States, to and from the Pacific Coast and down the Mississippi River, the policy of Congress and the administration with respect to the recent tariff legislation has been explained and defended at considerable length in speeches by the President and by prominent members of Congress who have been with him on his trip.

"It is the desire of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to learn the opinion of the country (as reflected by the members of our Auxiliary Editorial Board) upon the questions submitted in the enclosed ballot. The tabulated results of your vote will be published in the January issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and advance proofs will be sent shortly after the opening of the new Congress in December to the President and to each Senator and Representative in Congress. We believe that it will excite widespread interest, and that your votes will have considerable influence in determining the course of the President in his relations with the leaders in Congress during the remainder of his term.

"We ask you, therefore, to kindly fill the ballot *at once* and mail to us in the stamped return envelope enclosed herewith. Your ballots should be received at this office at the earliest possible moment, as we go to press with our January number on December 1st."

Accompanying this letter was a ballot containing five questions for the determination of the subscriber's party affiliations and his votes last fall for President and local Representative in Congress; together with ten broad questions set forth in detail below. It will be seen that the utmost care was taken, both in the letter and in the ballot, to avoid any expression of our own opinions, in order that a thoroughly unbiased vote might be obtained.

Within the twenty-five days following the mailing of these letters, 13,102 ballots were returned to us—equivalent to about sixty per cent. of the total number mailed. This large percentage shows not only the general interest excited by the questions, but also the great value of the expression of public opinion as shown in the figures below. The many cases in which we have been able to obtain a clear reflex of public opinion from our Life Subscribers—notably the wonderfully accurate forecast of the results of the last election made in our November number last year as a result of a vote taken thirty-five days before Election Day—have caused us to have great confidence in the truth of the public opinion reflected in these votes; and there is, in the detailed figures by States and Congressional districts, internal evidence of the accuracy of the vote, which amply justifies our confidence in the particular investigation now to be considered.

Of the total ballots returned, 8,360 were from subscribers who classed themselves as Republicans, 3,213 from Democrats and 1,529 were Independents, Prohibitionists and members of other parties.

The questions on public and party policy and their answers are as follows:

Question I.—Do you believe that your vote for Presidential candidate last November was wisely cast?

Of the Republicans answering this question, the vote is about eleven to one in the affirmative, 5,728 answering "Yes" and 540 "No." Of the Democrats, 2,323 answered "Yes" and 206 "No."

Question II.—Are you satisfied with the first nine months' experience in the administration of President Taft?

Of the Republicans answering this question 3,092 say "Yes" and 2,490 "No." Of the Democrats, 500 say "Yes" and 2,053 say "No."

From the first and second questions taken together it is evident that a majority of our Republican subscribers do not approve in all respects the administration of President Taft, but their feeling is not strong enough to cause them to say as yet that they made a mistake in their vote. It is perhaps significant, too, that 2,092 Republican voters are unwilling to answer the first question and 2,778 the second question either way; showing probably that they are puzzled, and certainly that they are not enthusiastic. Over half the 500 Democrats who approve of the administration of President Taft are in the South, and Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana are particularly strong in his favor, Georgia even supporting him with a Democratic majority.

Question III.—Do you approve the position of Senator Aldrich in the recent tariff legislation?

The Republican vote on this question is almost unanimously in the negative; only 517 voting "Yes," while 6,312 vote "No." Only 40 Democrats, of whom 22 are in the South, approve Mr. Aldrich.

Question IV.—Do you approve the position of Speaker Cannon in the recent tariff legislation?

Just a little more emphatic is the condemnation of Mr. Cannon; 490 Republican and 40 Democratic votes in the entire country being cast in the affirmative, while 6,485 Republicans and 2,447 Democrats are recorded in the negative. It is significant that the condemnation of the positions of both Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon in the tariff legislation is almost as pronounced in the Atlantic and Pacific Coast States as in the Central West, and there is every evidence, not only in the votes on those two questions, but in the general vote by districts, that both "Cannonism" and "Aldrichism" are national and general issues and do not represent merely local insurgency.

Question V.—Do you approve the position of President Taft in the recent tariff legislation?

Here the vote is much more evenly divided, 2,102 Republicans voting "Yes" and 3,580 "No." We have been interested in studying the comment that accompanies the ballots in many cases, to try to get a reflection of the real reason for this vote, and it is apparent that the feeling is that the President has not shown sufficient backbone in resisting the stand-pat policy of the Republican leaders. Of the Democrats 244 approve and 2,361 disapprove the President's policy.

Question VI.—Is it your desire that President Taft should support and cooperate with Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon in the general public policies which they represent?

From all sections of the country comes a thundering "No" in answer to this question, only 689 Republican votes being cast in the affirmative as against 6,293 in the negative. In order to make quite clear what the feeling of our people is, we appended Question 7 as a negative, reading—"Do you desire that he should oppose them?"—and back to this question came an equally strong and general "Yes," 6,219 votes being in the affirmative, as against 461 votes in the negative.

This overwhelming expression of opinion within the President's own party on a proposition of this kind ought certainly to be given by him most careful and serious attention. We ourselves believe that it is indicative of the intelligent party opinion throughout the country and is in no way sectional or sporadic.

It is a curious fact that both our Republican and Democratic Life Subscribers are distributed throughout the different sections of the country very nearly in proportion to the Republican and Democratic vote respectively shown in the last Presidential election. This gives additional weight to the opinions expressed by their votes.

Of our subscribers who count themselves as Independents, Prohibitionists, etc., 201 approve the President's administration to date, while 994 do not approve; 130 approve his position on the tariff and 1,088 do not; and 45 desire him to cooperate with Aldrich and Cannon while 1,364 do not.

In addition to the general questions set forth above, we asked three others of each subscriber, as follows:

Question VIII.—Do you approve the position of your Representative in Congress in the Speakership contest last spring?

Question IX.—Would you vote for him if there should be another election this month provided that he were opposed by a reputable man of the opposite party?

Question X.—Is it your desire that he support the administration and policies of Speaker Cannon, or would you prefer that he oppose them?

The ballots were finally separated according to Congressional districts with the purpose of learning the

[*Continued on page 52*]

The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day!

Please read the headline over again. Then its tremendous significance will dawn upon you.

The Oliver Typewriter—the standard visible writer—the $100 machine—the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—*yours for 17 cents a day!*

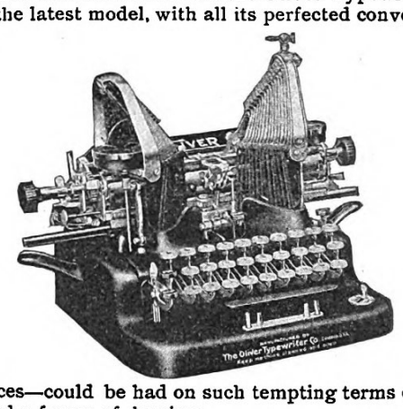
The typewriter whose conquest of the commercial world is a matter of business history—*yours for 17 cents a day!*

The typewriter that is equipped with scores of such conveniences as "The Balance Shift"—"The Back Spacer"—"The Ruling Device"—"The Double Release"—The Locomotive Base"—"The Automatic Spacer"—The Automatic Tabulator"—"The Disappearing Indicator"—"The Adjustable Paper Fingers"—"The Scientific Condensed Keyboard"—all *yours for 17 cents a day!*

Our Record Year

Just one year ago we gave to the public the famous *17 Cents-a-Day Plan* of Purchasing Oliver Typewriters.

The announcement that the Oliver Typewriter—the latest model, with all its perfected conveniences—could be had on such tempting terms created a furore of buying.



We find at the close of this record-breaking year that the plan has appealed to *all classes.*

Business and Professional people, salaried workers, men and women of every station in life have bought Oliver Typewriters on this simple, convenient plan.

A Quarter of a Million People are Making Money with The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter is a money-maker, *right from the word "go!"* So easy to run that beginners soon get in the "expert" class. *Earn* as you *learn.* Let the machine pay the *17 cents a day*—and all *above* that is *yours.*

Wherever you are, there's work to be done and money to be made by using the Oliver. The business world is calling for Oliver operators. There are not enough to supply the demand. Their salaries are considerably *above* those of many classes of workers.

"An Oliver Typewriter in Every Home!"

That is our battle cry today. We have made the Oliver *supreme in usefulness* and absolutely *indispensable* in *business.* Now comes the conquest of the home.

Our selling plan puts the Oliver on the threshold of every home, every office, in America. Will you close the door on this remarkable Oliver opportunity?

Write for further details of our easy offer and a free copy of the new Oliver catalog. Address

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.

41 Oliver Building, - - - CHICAGO

Digitized by Google



The Month in America

WHEN we look backward we see that the annual turn of the year has never meant for us a change in character, conduct or circumstances. Life, good and bad, and yet throughout good, goes its mysterious way unaffected by the calendar and our arbitrary division of time into year beginnings and year endings. Nevertheless, with each January first, hopeful mortals that we are, we picture a year all bright, all good, all happy; a year like no other year since the generations of man began.

1910

Let us wish each other a Happy New Year, a new year not of three hundred and sixty-five days, but of three hundred and sixty-five months or even years. Let us hope that America, for America is but "you and me and the rest of us," will begin to live so wisely and so well that to be born in this land will be a great boon and privilege. Let us wish for prosperity—for good crops and good business and freedom from fire and drought and famine. Let us wish for health—not only for those who command the services of surgeons and specialists, but for those also who now live in tenements and huts and the dwellings of the poor—not a health which is built up of medicines and tonics, but an open-air, natural health of men leading sane and happy lives. Let us hope for life—for the lives of babies now dying needlessly, for the lives of consumptives and persons stricken in industry. Let us hope for wise politics and wise industrial leadership and wisdom in all our relations. Let us hope for peace—peace with foreign nations, peace among the States, peace among the various classes and sections of America, peace among ourselves and peace with ourselves. Let us hope for justice—not only the legal justice of the blinded lady with the scales, but a justice tempered with mercy, tolerance and understanding, that cuts deep under judicial quibbles and gives to each man and woman and child all that he or she needs—and should therefore have—a justice which extends to our thoughts as to our actions. And lastly, let us hope for charity—not the doles to the poor, but sympathy and a fair construction and real help for those who fall below our standards, for all who stumble, for defectives and delinquents and dependents, for the people sent to this world half-formed or badly formed, and for those who have been crushed in our struggle for existence and our struggle for precedence. It would be a happy New Year if "you and I and the rest of us" could walk through the streets and see no distress, no misery, no corruption.

All this will not come in 1910, but all will come. Let us wish, therefore, that if the year upon which we are now entering does not bring us Utopia, it will at least bring us an inch or two nearer to the Utopia. In human progress, not the goal, but the direction, counts; not the final attainment, but the constant effort to attain.

IF A nation deserves respect in proportion as it respects the lives of its citizens, we Americans must fall very low in the world's esteem. In no other country are so many men killed or injured on railways, in coal mines, and in factories. Between 1900 and 1908 over twenty-three thousand men were killed in American mines, which is probably a larger number than the mine fatalities during the same period in all the rest of the civilized world. We are an inventive people, a scientific people, a weathy people and a humane people, and yet in our industries we slay as though human life were our cheapest commodity.

The Coal Mine Tragedy

The Cherry, Illinois, mine disaster in which over two hundred men were killed, brings home to the American people the awful horror of these subterranean disasters. No specific charge has been made against the St. Paul Coal Mining Company, the operator of the Cherry mine, but a most searching legislative investigation should be made, which would either completely absolve or implicate the company.

It is necessary that some of us go down into the belly of the earth to bring forth the heat-giving coal, but allowing any man to operate a coal mine without taking the utmost precaution against every foreseeable accident, makes us all jointly responsible for a great crime. Laws must be passed and enforced providing a maximum of safety to our imperilled miners, so that mining may become as safe in America as it is in England and Germany, Belgium and France.

In this Cherry mine disaster there were twelve men who, with magnificent heroism, went into the fiery mine to rescue their imprisoned fellows, and gave up their lives in the attempt. Twenty survivors were brought out after seven days of starvation. If we could have the same magnificent heroism among the men who fight for the prevention of accidents, America's reputation for callousness would quickly disappear.

TWO months ago few people had heard of John Stewart Kennedy. His name was seldom in the newspapers; it was not as well known as that of a city boss, or a football player. And yet, when he died a few weeks ago he left $25,000,000 or more to various religious and educational institutions. The following was the modest introduction to his benefactions.

A Silent Benefactor

"Having been greatly prosperous in the business which I carried on for more than thirty years in this, my adopted country, and being desirous of leaving some expression of my sympathy with its religious, charitable, benevolent and educational institutions, I make these gifts."

The late Mr. Kennedy asked for no official recognition, no name graven on doors or stones or walls. In his lifetime, it later appeared, he had given as quietly and as unostentatiously, fearing, it would seem, the quick rush of gratitude that might lessen the delicacy of the gift. His left hand knew not what his right hand did, and he made no boast. To-morrow, and a hundred years from to-morrow, men who will not even have heard his name will be happier because of the silent generosity of John Stewart Kennedy.

A Disappointing Message

PRESIDENT TAFT'S first regular message to Congress is not one that will restore the people's waning confidence in the present occupant of the White House. His advocacy of economy, judiciary reform and postal savings banks will be welcomed by the country, as will also many of his minor recommendations. But upon those questions which concern the people most, President Taft is either silent or unsatisfactory.

His omission of all corporation or conservation questions may be excused by his promise to discuss them in special messages. His opposition to a Congressional investigation of the sugar trust frauds may have a tactical reason, although his pronouncement on this subject is far from satisfactory. But his dictum that further tariff revision would injure business and that the country's prosperity excuses the rising cost of living will not meet with general enthusiasm. Neither will a nation grown disgusted with protection abuses take kindly to his ship subsidy proposal.

The demands of large business interests are admirably met in President Taft's message; the wishes of the people are almost entirely ignored.

AT A land and irrigation show held in Chicago, one of the visitors, an ex-Congressman from Iowa, waxed eloquent over the apple exhibit. "The second most beautiful thing in the world," said the gallant Iowan, "is a ripe apple."

Apples

The love of apples is by no means confined to ex-Congressmen. There are a lot of everyday Americans whose heartstrings twine round the Northern Spy, whose souls thirst for the juicy Astrachan. The steaming dumpling, sweet and palatable and indigestible, has become a familiar part of the autumn landscape.

As years go, 1909 was a great year for apples. Thirty-five million barrels is the latest estimate for the United States and Canada—twelve million more than in the previous year. Most of the Eastern States have shown gains, the West has produced a better quality, and the Southern States have doubled last year's yield.

Yet there is something vitally wrong with the apple situation. Insects, tree diseases, produce dealers and railroads have conspired to prevent the general use of this fruit as food in our large cities. Within the boundaries of one of our great apple growing States the resident of the Metropolis delivers up five cents for one apple polished on the sleeve of an Italian vendor, and sighs for the days of apple wealth back on the farm.

"I HOLD it to be the first duty of the public officer to obey the law," says Forester Pinchot, "but I hold it to be his second duty, and a close second, to do everything the law will let him do for the public good, and not merely what the law directs or compels him to do."

Ballinger Must Go

This represents, we believe, the people's ideal of a public official it is not a speaking likeness of Richard Achilles Ballinger. Whether Glavis's sensational charges against the Secretary of the Interior are sustained or not, Ballinger is by his training and temperament unfit for his post. Stung by criticism and forced by public opinion, Ballinger has proposed some needed measures for the conservation of coal lands and power sites in Alaska. He should be removed in order that these measures may be carried out.

WHEN some weeks ago the Sugar Trust admitted having robbed the Government for years by means of false weights, and paid over to the Government the sum of $2,000,000 in lieu of all duty claims, the disgusted American people believed that the worst had been revealed. Now it appears that this petty thievery was only one manifestation of a most detestable conspiracy. Not only had the Trust lobbied successfully in Washington for grossly unfair tariff protection, but it cheated the Government at every turn, by false weights, by false classification and by the wholesale bribery of officials, ever since the first duty was laid on sugar. The same cargoes of the Sugar Trust were weighed and underweighed, duties being paid on the short weight and freight on the real weight. The Sugar Trust secured rebates from the railroads, stole water from the city of New York and suppressed competition of rival refineries by tricks so audacious and contemptible that one has to go back to the days of pirates to find a parallel. In ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the American Sugar Refining Company leads all the rest.

The Infamous Sugar Trust

The Government has begun to investigate and prosecute. A number of men are in jail and others—higher up—are under indictment. And the odorous trail leads straight to the Treasury Department at Washington. It is desirable that the Attorney-General prosecute and that no man, however lofty his position be allowed to escape. It is to be hoped that the investigation and the prosecution will not be blocked when they reach the higher levels by the silent opposition of political and social influence.

EVERY football season brings its fatalities—brings the threat to abolish the great and popular college game. But if we rightly judge the present temper of the public, the season just passed with its thirty deaths and seventy or more serious injuries marks a crisis in the life of the game. It is not unlikely, making due allowance for the hysterical sentiment of the moment, that football will be given only one more chance to reform.

Football's Last Chance

Already the game has been ruled out of a number of secondary schools, but forbidding football to young boys will not solve the difficulty; the death roll of 1909 contains more college than high school names. Georgetown, the University of Virginia, West Point, and St. Mary's College, Kansas, are among the higher institutions which suspended the game this year, and the State of Virginia may forbid all football contests.

The rules revision of 1906, although in the interest of open play, did not abolish the deadly mass formation, and tackling remains as dangerous as ever. Unless the colleges by agreement so amend the rules as to do away with these two most perilous features, the game may be forbidden entirely, and the English game of "soccer" substituted. If football is not revised by its friends it will be abolished by its enemies.

A ST. LOUIS woman has recently succumbed to the attractions of Mr. O'Grady, the "human ostrich" in a dime museum. She is said to have fallen in love with him while he was eating tacks at one of his exhibitions.

A Tack-eating Husband

"I thought I would like to cook for a man like that," confessed the blushing bride. "He can't be fussy about his meals." So the happy couple were united by a justice of the peace, and the human ostrich is now supplementing his diet of hardware with Mrs. O'Grady's cooking.

Digitized by Google

THE decision of the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Missouri in favor of the Government and against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a most momentous one; if it is upheld by the Supreme Court it may prove epoch making. This ruling accepts the Sherman law in spirit as well as in letter; it may make it impossible for interests anywhere to combine in restraint of trade; it may abolish the abuses of the "holding company;" it may make it possible to bring criminal action against violaters of our anti-trust law. On the other hand it may be reversed by the highest court and result only in a modification of the more drastic provisions of the Sherman law.

A Blow at Standard Oil

This decision was the result of a suit instituted three years ago under the direction of Attorney-General Moody. Its object was to enjoin John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, Henry H. Rogers (who has since died), John D. Archbold, Oliver H. Payne, Charles M. Pratt, the Standard Oil Company and some seventy subsidiary corporations from maintaining a conspiracy in restraint of trade. Testimony was taken in several cities; enough to fill twenty-one large volumes.

The unanimous decision of the Appellate judges was that when, in 1899, the enjoined men and their associates "caused the majority of the stock of the nineteen corporations to be transferred to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in exchange for its stock, so that the latter company thereby acquired the legal title to a majority of each of the nineteen companies, the control of these companies and of all companies which they controlled, and the power to fix the rates of transportation, the purchase and selling price of petroleum and its products, which all these corporations should pay and receive, etc.," the transaction "constituted a combination and conspiracy in restraint of, and to monopolize commerce among the States . . . . and the Government is entitled to an injunction against the further continuance and operation thereof." The Standard Oil Company is prohibited further from all attempts to secure the same results of combination by other means.

The words are plain enough and the meaning is clear. Yet it seems too much to hope that this or any other decision can dissolve the Standard Oil Company. The country is not so sure as it was in the Sherman law days that it wishes to dissolve the big corporations. The more modern idea is to recognize them, let them live—and regulate them with the utmost rigor and closest scrutiny. Yet we rejoice in the beautiful completeness of this verdict, in its smashing of petty technicalities and in its vindication of the will of the people.

— —

A PUBLIC grown used to wonders has been astonished at that masterpiece of trust-making, the merger of the gigantic telegraph with the still more gigantic telephone interests of the country. The details of the consolidation of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, which includes the Bell interests, with the Western Union and other telegraph companies, into a trust which may be capitalized at a billion dollars, will not concern us until we are in possession of all the facts. Whether such a merger will be in restraint of trade, whether the combination will come under the new decision in the Standard Oil case, will not be known until later.

The Talk Trust

There is one feature of this amalgamation which its friends are strongly urging in its favor. They declare that the economies resulting from the combination will bring about cheaper service. They also claim that by means of an instrument already invented, it will be possible to telegraph by telephone direct instead of by the aid of the lingering message boy.

Whether or not the company takes the enlightened view that good and cheap service pays, the formation of the telegraph-telephone trust hastens the inevitable day when these public functions will be performed like their blood relative, the postal service, by the national Government.

— —

IF HALF a canal, like half a loaf, is better than none at all, Uncle Sam should be half satisfied. On September 30th, 87,172,058 cubic yards of the Panama Canal had been excavated, which is just 300 cubic yards short of one-half of the total excavation required. As the big machines take out one hundred thousand yards a day, the whole canal should be finished before the end of the present administration.

Half a Canal

— —

IF THE church desires to keep its influence with the liquor sellers of the country, it will confine itself henceforth to spiritual matters and keep off the spirituous field. It is expressly forbidden in the Constitution for Church and State to get themselves mixed up. While there is nothing in that ancient and venerable document to forbid church members voting, it is not becoming in them to make a public display of their views.

The Saloon Scolds the Church

This fair warning comes from a journal devoted—almost passionately devoted—to the liquor interests. The article censures those ministers who leave their pulpits to engage in the secular matter of chasing saloons out of town with a ballot-box. Apparently these knights of the flowing bowl would be much happier if ministers would confine themselves to the doctrine of infant damnation and let the saloons attend to the damnation of the adults.

This is all very well, but what becomes of the personal liberty issue our liquor friends are always raising. Should not ministers be permitted to take politics or leave it alone as they please? Does not the temperance meeting furnish the minister a place to spend his evenings after the hard day's work? Should this innocent little diversion be denied him at the word of a lot of straight-laced, bigoted saloon-keepers, who think of nothing but the Constitution?

Is it possible that the personal liberty issue is not reversible and that intolerance is the privilege of bartenders only?

— —

IT HAS been unofficially announced that William Jennings Bryan will ask the Democratic party to take up the prohibition issue in a broad, national way. He is said to have prepared a series of articles in which he bitterly assails the liquor interests and urges Democrats to rally round the new standard.

Bryan and Prohibition

While there is much to be said in favor of dealing with the liquor question nationally, the Prohibition party's efforts to do so have met with little political success. On the other hand the great advance which prohibition has made has been through local action—Democratic in the South and largely Republican in the North and West. And the Democratic South, where prohibition sentiment is strong, would be perhaps the last to consent to taking the prerogative of regulating the liquor traffic away from the States or counties and giving it to the national Government.

— —

IF YOU are afflicted with an unreasonable fear of anything, do not waste time being ashamed of yourself; hurry at once to a doctor. A writer in the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* has compiled a list of fear diseases from which it appears that everything, from screaming at mice to being afraid to go home in the dark, is a well recognized mental ailment.

Diseases of Fear

The tramp is in reality a sufferer from ergophobia, or fear of work, often complicated with aquaphobia and sapophobia, which make him shun the bathtub. Siderophobia and astrophobia cause timid ladies to go into the closet when it thunders and lightens. Any number of people have cat and dog phobias. Phantophobia is what you would have if you were afraid of your shadow, while an all-around, unqualified coward might be called a pantophobiac. The list is long and includes almost every human weakness except the actress's horror of publicity.

— —

A FRIENDLY suit is about to be brought in the courts to determine whether an aviator may fly over another man's property. It is proposed that Curtiss, a Wright brother, or some other bird-man, shall fly over the house of a member of the Aero Club of America, so that the member can bring suit against the aeronaut for trespass.

Is it Lawful to Fly

The whole matter has a serious as well as a ludicrous side. The common law has a maxim that he who owns the earth owns up to the skies and down to the lower regions. Of course this maxim was invented before air-ships were dreamed of, but that does not make it any the less troublesome. If aeronauts can be sued for trespass whenever they fly over a gentleman's farm, the successful contestants in next year's international aeroplane cup races may lose more in damage suits than they gain in prizes.

Chief Justice Baldwin of the Connecticut Supreme Court says the right to fly must certainly be "subject to regulation by government and subject to some responsibility in case of accident that injures others." Nevertheless, we believe that a lone aeronaut should be allowed to cut across fields if he keeps sixteen hundred feet above the growing wheat.

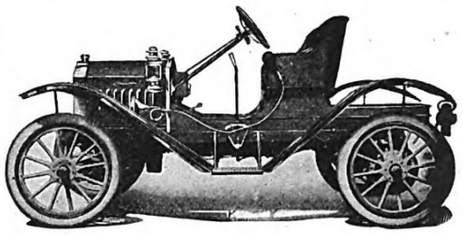
— —

THE opening of the New Theater in New York was an event of unusual importance in the world of drama. In size and grandeur, in the artistic tone of its decoration, the New Theater is unique in America. Backed by some of New York's richest men, it will be free from the more immediate financial considerations which beset the ordinary theater, and can devote itself to the production of plays and operas which have merit, though perhaps no great money-making possibilities.

An Endowed Theater

The New Theater will be a Mecca for the more thoughtful of the residents of and visitors to the Metropolis. It has started auspiciously with excellent talent and unusual plays and its progress will be watched with interest by the exponents of the better sort of drama. Possibly the venture may lead to the establishment in other American cities of publicly endowed theaters like those which contribute so much to the intellectual and artistic life of European capitals.

EVERYMAN'S CAR—$485.00



The Brush is not an imitation nor an adaptation of any other automobile

It is not a big, complicated car cut down in size to sell at a low price, but is a simple, staunch, reliable runabout—the only motor car built in this country that can be properly called by that name.

It is designed to do the strenuous work demanded of a runabout and its design is such that we can build it as well as any of the large cars are built and still sell at this wonderful price.

Before the first Brush was built, we foresaw the demand for a reliable automobile which would replace the "horse and buggy," just as the big touring car and limousine have replaced the team, the carriage and the coachman.

The enormous demand for the Brush shows that our judgment was correct—and it is not a demand from any one territory, nor from any particular class, but from sane, thinking people in all parts of the world.

Everybody Buys the BRUSH

The Business Man, who judges it from a standpoint of utility and minimum depreciation.

The Physician, who must have absolute dependability and exacting service.

The City and Country Salesman, considering initial cost as well as maintenance expense.

The Farmer, who looks at the Brush as an investment, not a luxury.

The Suburbanite, who is at the mercy of inconvenient transportation facilities.

The Young Folks, who want a good looking little car and must have simplicity without excessive speed.

Even the manufacturers of some of the larger automobiles are using the Brush in their business. Could we offer you better evidence of the value of Brush cars than the fact that the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co. is using six of them? More than a year ago, these people bought one car, which showed such wonderful results that they have since purchased five more.

The six models we are building, in addition to the standard runabout shown above, will meet the requirements of all. The Brush knows no class—recognizes no competition. It is really "Everyman's Car."

Write for preliminary announcement.

BRUSH RUNABOUT COMPANY

155 Baltimore Ave., - DETROIT, MICH.

You Can Dress Well On $1.00 A Week.



MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES

MADE TO ORDER after latest

NEW YORK DESIGNS

We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and book of latest New York fashions free.

EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., (Inc.)

"DEPARTMENT S."

America's Largest and Leading Merchant Tailors.

239 Broadway, through to No. 1 Park Pl., N. Y. City

ESTABLISHED 1885.

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

FOR COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE

Either style with any three letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver, 25c each, $2.50 a doz.; Silver Plated, 10c ea., $1.00 a doz. Special designs in Pins or Badges made for any School or Society, at low prices. Send design for estimate. Catalogue free. SASTIAN BROS. CO. 267 SOUTH AVE., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Digitized by Google



Westward the Star

WHAT HO! thou ghostly Admiral,
On thy spectral barque at gaze,
Majestic wraith of unfailing faith,
Sailing uncharted ways!
Why risest thou on my vision now,
As I drowse in my hammock nest
By this Eastern Sea? Art signing me,
O High Face, gazing West?

AS I drowse beside this Eastern tide
Whose boom for many a mile
But an echo seems of the noise that streams
Over mad Manhattan's Isle,
That pent-up hive where the many strive
With inutile, futile quest—
Sudden, I rouse, with illumined brows
Bent on the boundless West.

FAIN to be ransomed and released
From its dungeon of dull unrest,
Heart-sick of the close, enslaving East,
I pine for the broad, free West.
Let the blizzards leap from their adamant sleep
On the Rockies' topmost crest
And repeat my cry to the earth and sky—
Ho! for the breezy West!

THAT hugeous hive where the many strive,
By the Demon, Gold, possessed,
A nightmare seems when the true light beams
High in the open West.
Let the blizzards leap from their Titan sleep
On the Rockies' crystal crest
And repeat my cry to the earth and sky—
Ho! for the breezy West!

FROM the glare, the noise, and the gaudy joys
Of Manhattan's gilded ring,
From her monster-shape, I would fain escape
To the land where Man is King.
I would make my bed and pillow my head
On the prairie's billowing breast;
For a vulture's feast is the dying East,
And I yearn for the living West.

INSULAR, insolent, lolling-lewd,
She leers from her foul demesne,
A horrible, moral solitude
Where none may walk serene;
This Babylon, proud of her shame, this loud
And brazen Harlot-Queen,
Who would hold in fee from sea to sea
The fruitful lands between:

WHO would make men toil, and moil, and soil
Their natures day by day
To bring her the spoil of their corn and oil
And wine for her wassail gay.
Insular, insolent, lewd of eye,
She lolls on her scarlet throne,
Nor heeds the cry of defiance high
On the Western breezes blown.

DRUNK with the wealth she has gained by stealth,
Stretching her wanton form,
She would laugh to scorn with her voice out-worn
The signs of the coming storm.
Let the blizzards leap from their Titan sleep
On the Rockies' crystal crest
And repeat the cry to earth and sky—
Ho! for the breezy West.

BRIDLING in pride, the Devil's Bride,
Babylon sprawling lies
Amid her slaves; and reckless raves,
As the waves around her rise;

Digitized by Google



by Henry Austin

Allegorical Decoration by Raymond Perry

The waves of wrath at the cruel scath,
Wrought in one sudden hour
On the rest o' the land, with a panic hand
By the paramours of her power.

HATED and loathed by all men clothed
With a clear and righteous mind,
In the vast excess of her ugliness,
To the beauty of goodness blind,
She marks not, nor hears, the sea of tears
And the tempest over the deep
That is gathering fast. Who sows the blast,
At last shall the whirlwind reap.

LET her dree her weird—no longer feared,
Since her long dominion drear
With its dismal crime, its abysmal slime,
To an end is drawing near;
For the people's hearts and the people's marts,
By her spell so long obsessed,
Are breaking the bond, at a waking wand
In the grasp of the strong, young West.

WHAT HO! thou ghostly Admiral,
On thy spectral barque at gaze,
Majestic wraith of unfailing faith,
Sailing uncharted ways!
Why risest thou on my vision now,
As I dream in my hammock nest
By this Eastern Sea? What signest me,
High Spirit, steering West?

SHALL Babylon, fallen from her height,
Rise ever from out the mire—
Or the Angel, Revolution, light
Her fitting funeral pyre?
From her dull, adulterous followings,
Her sins of Sense and Taste,
Her wallowings in sordid things,
Will she ever rise up—chaste?

FOR the crimes the paramours of her power
Have wrought against mankind
In some repentant, tear-bright hour
Shall she full pardon find?
What ho! thou ghostly Admiral,
Does thine acolyte vainly dream,
Dreaming that even Babylon shall
Her hideous past redeem?

DREAMING that She, the Harlot-Queen
Throned on this Eastern Sea,
By strange miraculous grace may e'en,
In the mystical years to be,
Get purged of her thick profanities,
Get raised from her trade abhorred,
To a Priestess of sweet humanities
In the Temple of the Lord?

BUT whether the dream become a truth
Or fade to a hope forlorn,
Still to the venturous heart of youth
Is the onward message borne;
Thy message, ghostly Admiral,
That I hear in my hammock nest
By this Eastern Sea—the comrade call
To the heart of the open West!

FOR the West hath room for women to bloom
And for men to work aright.
She is young as Youth, She is true as Truth,
She is crowned with Creative Light.
Let her great winds cry unto every sky,
She hath welcome for every guest;
Let the song go forth, East, South, and North—
Ho! for the breezy West!

Digitized by Google

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR
Fifth Ave. at 34th St.



When the Children Want Anything

to wear, or to play with, this is the place to get it. Here is an entire store exclusively devoted to children's needs. The name "Best" describes the quality of every article in our extensive assortments, including everything for infants and children, while our specialists originate many exclusive styles, not found elsewhere.

Send for Winter Catalogue,

sent free upon request, which illustrates and describes the latest fashions for children from infancy to maturity. And besides, it assures you the same prices the articles sell for in our store.

Let Our Experienced Women House Shoppers Make Your Purchases

They bear in mind any details you may write, and use careful judgment in selecting your purchases.

We mean that this service shall be entirely satisfactory to you. Accordingly, you may return any purchase that does not entirely suit, for exchange or prompt refund of money.

When writing for catalogue, please

Address Department 27

60-62 West 23d St., New York

Are Your EYES Affected in Any Way?



The Normal Eye

If so, let us send you
The Ideal Sight Restorer
for 10 days at our expense.

It helps Nature in a purely natural way to strengthen the eyes and restore the natural vision. Its action is in the nature of a gentle massage, which stimulates the eyes by restoring the normal circulation of blood—that is all that weak eyes require. But it does more—it molds the eye painlessly but surely to its perfect shape. This is necessary to correct near-sight, far-sight, astigmatism, and kindred defects. It is absolutely safe—it does not come in direct contact with the eyes; and five minutes' manipulation, in your own home, twice a day, is all that is necessary to counteract eyestrain and headache, and relegate eyeglasses to the rubbish box. Throw away your eyeglasses. See nature, and read with your naked eyes. Write for booklet No. 129 A and

10 days test to **THE IDEAL CO., 134 West 65th St., N.Y.**



BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Traveling Salesmen Earn the Biggest Salaries of any class of men in the world. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to secure a good position through our **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.** We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen and have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions or better salaries. A great many of our graduates who formerly earned $25 to $75 a month, have since earned from $100 to as high as $1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of good positions now open. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings our **Free Book** "*A Knight of The Grip*" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

DEPT. 422 NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

THE British House of Lords has taken the bull by the horns. The budget, a revenue measure passed by the House of Commons, has been vetoed by the Lords by a vote of three hundred and fifty to seventy-five.

The Lords Give Battle

The manner of this veto was skilful; the Lords did not reject the bill absolutely nor amend it. They simply declared that the bill was too radical to permit of passage without the direct vote of the people. Nevertheless the die is cast, the British Constitution is changed, and the old equilibrium between Commons and Lords forever broken. Without revenue the Government can not go on; without money to carry on the Government the responsible party in the House of Commons, elected for seven years, must resign and appeal for reelection to the people.

It is significant that the more statesmanlike nobles did not desire this conflict, and that some of the strongest speeches against the aggression of the Peers were made in the House of Lords itself. But wiser counsels were overwhelmed by the votes of scores of obscure Peers, so little known at Westminster that they had to be identified at the door of the House of Lords before being admitted. Back of the dissenting Peers and among them are the landlords and the liquorlords and certain manufacturers who want a protective tariff. To pull the chestnuts of these privileged classes out of the fire, the Lords have been pushed into the most perilous constitutional struggle since the revolution of 1688. Perhaps it is just as well that the conflict has come. If in the elections, which will take place probably in January, the Lords are sustained, the power of the House of Commons will be seriously impaired. If the Commons are upheld, the Liberal party may proceed, unhindered by the Lords, with its vast plans for the regeneration of England. For the event may prove that at midnight of the last day of November the House of Lords, in a temporary fit of insanity, committed suicide.

IT HAS remained for Hubert Latham, the aviator, to introduce the aeroplane into high society. The other day when invited to go hunting he packed his double-barreled shotgun into his monoplane and flew over to his host's shooting-box, nineteen miles away, arriving in time for breakfast. Later in the day he flew home with his share of the game. Latham's exploit suggests the possibility of hunting fowl by invading, as it were, the enemy's country.

Hunting With an Aeroplane

ON NOVEMBER 10th a demonstration was made at Collingham, England, by Louis Brennan, which promises a complete revolution in the art of transportation. The invention is the monorail, bearing a two-wheeled car which, balancing itself like a tight-rope walker, may be made to run at almost any speed. Mr. Brennan had previously made many experiments with models, but this is the first time that he actually carried passengers. The car which he used is forty feet long, ten feet wide and thirteen feet high. It weighs twenty-two tons and can carry a load of ten tons. Two gyroscopes, three and a half feet in diameter, balanced the car on the single rail, and these gyroscopes were kept spinning at the rate of three thousand revolutions a minute. A gasoline engine on the car itself generated the power to rotate the gyroscopes and drive the wheels. The car ran backward and forward with the ease of a well-trained automobile. It turned sharp curves, impossible for a locomotive on a railway track, and the equilibrium of the car was always perfectly maintained.

Traveling on a Single Rail

We have already attained almost the highest speed compatible with safety under our present system of travel. With a monorail a speed of a hundred miles and more an hour will be "safe, sane and conservative."

THE world may be treated soon to a new kind of sporting event. A German officer has conceived the brilliant idea (for a German officer) of organizing a race across the Dark Continent. He himself recently dashed through in an automobile in six hundred and thirty days (at the terrific speed of seven miles a day), but he generously proposes that the racers be allowed also to use aeroplanes, dirigibles, motor cycles, bicycles, horses, donkeys, zebras, jinrickishas, native-drawn carts, and the human leg. Although some of our leading citizens are adopting Africa as a health resort, the good-roads movement is still in its infancy there and the contestants will do well if they equal the speed of a New York horse-car.

A Trans-African Marathon

THE action of President Taft in breaking off diplomatic relations with the Zelaya government in Nicaragua and of recognizing the Estrada insurgents on an equal footing with the Government is obviously in the interest of peace in Central America.

Chastising Zelaya

In Secretary Knox's note dismissing the Nicaraguan representative, it is alleged that President Zelaya's Government is a menace to the peace program adopted in Washington in 1907, and to republican government in Nicaragua; that the majority of the Central American republics have appealed to the United States for help; and that Zelaya's execution of the Americans, Groce and Cannon, was unjustified and barbarous. It is intimated that reparation will be demanded of Zelaya for their deaths.

Whether or not our Government will be compelled to use force in securing reparation remains to be seen. The action of the State Department, while based upon rumors and allegations, and although somewhat hysterical and unstatesmanlike, is no doubt justifiable and salutary.

RAPIDLY and steadily the German war budget grows. In 1909 the nation struggled under a war expenditure of $269,000,000. The end, it was believed, was near, but for 1910 the war budget has taken a perilous leap upward. The budget for military and naval purposes is now $312,000,000, an amount far larger than any in German history. To outsiders this aggravation of the burdens of taxation for military purposes seems suicidal. May not the German Government, in reaching out for the shadow of military prestige, lose the substance of German loyalty and German patriotism? It has been said that a hundred marks added to the German military budget means a vote added to the German Socialist party, which proposes to reduce, if not to abolish, all future military budgets.

The German Military Folly

HENRI BERNSTEIN, the dramatist, enraged by a hostile criticism in a Paris paper, challenged the critic, M. Chevassu, to mortal combat. The challenge was promptly accepted and the duel was arranged in the time-honored French fashion. Unfortunately, it rained hard on the fatal day. The pistols had to be loaded under umbrellas and the eminent surgeons present had all they could do to protect their principals from the elements. At the word, Chevassu, whose pen is more formidable than his pistol, fired far over the dramatist's head, while Bernstein, who suddenly thought of a new plot for a play, completely forgot to shoot. However, since the critic's high hat and frock coat were totally ruined by the rain and Bernstein caught a bad cold in his head, honor was satisfied. But is it not time that the civilized nations of the world united to put a stop to the unsanitary practise of dueling?

The Perils of Dueling

WHILE the American people are noisily disagreeing upon the question of the boycott, one kind has been proposed to them which ought to meet with unanimous approval. America has been asked to use this weapon in a new war against slavery. The Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society of London has made investigations in the South African cocoa-growing colonies of Portugal and has found in Angola and the islands of San Thomé and Principe an appalling condition of human slavery. The great industry of these regions is the growing of cocoa, and the work is carried on almost exclusively by slaves. Midnight raids on villages, chain-gangs, flogging and all manner of brutality are features of the traffic. The slave-grown cocoa can be given to the world more cheaply than that grown by free men, and the cocoa-growing slave-owners have profited accordingly.

Boycott Slave-grown Cocoa

The British society has persuaded the great chocolate manufacturers of England and Germany to refrain from using slave-grown products, but the crusade cannot be effective so long as the United States, consuming about one hundred million pounds of cocoa per year, uses the forbidden product. Accordingly, the society

Digitized by Google

has sent a representative to this country to persuade purchasers to avoid the slave cocoa. They will no doubt instruct our people how they may distinguish the slave from the free grown cocoa. Meanwhile it is only fair to say that the society's "white" list of firms which do not use the slave cocoa contains, among others, the well-known names, Huyler, Menier, Cadbury, Fry, Baker, Lowney, Wilbur, Stollwerck, Powell, and Whitman.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

WHAT about this Paladino person whose coming to America has caused such a furore? For the past sixteen years this middle-aged Italian peasant woman has been under the scrutiny of the foremost scientists of Europe. Volumes have been written about her, not in hysterical yellow newspapers, but in the European scientific journals. Many skeptics, of whom the late Professor Lombroso was a well-known example, were converted to a belief in her extraordinary powers. Now she has come to America in order that we may judge for ourselves, and we are finding it no easier to judge than before. This is a case where seeing is not necessarily believing.

Paladino and Her Trained Spooks

Eusapia's achievements have been chiefly in the direction of physical manifestations. Reputable witnesses say that in a room of varying degrees of light, with her hands and feet firmly held, she has caused the table to tip and to rise entirely from the floor, small objects to move about the room, disconnected hands to be seen and felt by the investigators, and the curtains of the cabinet to fly about violently. Frequently during her hundreds of sittings she has been detected in fraud, but many of her performances have baffled the most skeptical and patient of her observers.

Trickery cannot explain all of Paladino's feats, nor can "collective hypnotism." It is entirely possible that there is some force at work through this ignorant peasant woman of which the world as yet knows nothing. But the experiments have never been made in broad daylight or under conditions which completely satisfy the scientific world. In any case she will have to excuse us from believing that a trained spook named John comes at her call, moves furniture, and slaps the faces of earnest scientists.

CONSIDERABLE public interest has been aroused by the latest Astor divorce, not only because of the social prominence of the high contracting parties, but because the divorce proceedings were absolutely secret.

Gum Shoe Divorce

The hearing was conducted in a little town in New York State. Neither of the parties to the suit was present, Mrs. Astor being in Indiana, while the colonel was dodging hurricanes in his yacht in the West Indies. The evidence was sealed and a decree of divorce was sent to Mrs. Astor by registered mail. Immediately there arose a mighty outcry from our untrammeled press. "There is one law for the rich," said the newspapers, "and another for the poor." An Astor gets a divorce without interrupting a bridge game, while a poor hod-carrier's domestic infelicity may be published broadcast—and would be if anybody were interested in hod-carriers.

All of which is true and deplorable. All men should be equal before the law, and all women. But why this outcry against secret divorces? The Astor case was the first divorce among our alleged "best people" which did not drag out its demoralizing, unsavory story through columns of newspaper print. The principle of secret divorce for the well-to-do may be vicious—but, oh, what a relief!

A GREAT lady of London used her political influence some time ago to withhold a pension from a poor Scottish poet named John Davidson. It is reported that the lady said that poets were unnecessary. Soon after the starving poet was found dead, in circumstances which suggested suicide.

The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue

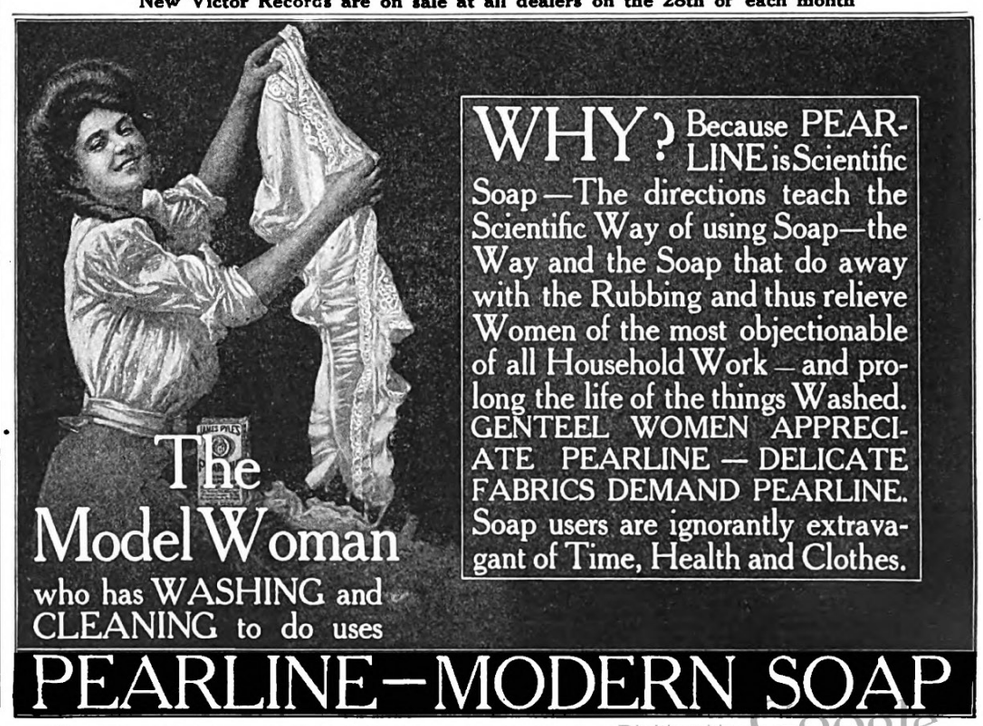
The sequel of this sad event has been the publication by William Watson of a savage rhymed attack on the high-placed woman with the serpent's tongue.

"She is not old, she is not young,
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;
The haggard cheek, the hungering eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly,
The famished face, the fevered hand—
Who slights the worthiest in the land,
Sneers at the just, contemns the brave,
And blackens goodness in its grave."

This may not be poetry, but it *is* invective. Literary, social and political circles are split into rival camps over the poetic war which is now raging. Both the "woman with the serpent's tongue" and the poet with the tongue of angels have their adherents and their detractors. Meanwhile wiser men are regretting the whole bitter controversy and are doing what they can to stop the war of rhyme.



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



After Shaving
POND'S EXTRACT


THE BEST PART OF THE SHAVE IS WHEN YOU COME TO
POND'S EXTRACT
Relieves Irritation
Prevents Inflammation
Assures Comfort
Used by men of discrimination everywhere. Sold only in sealed bottles—never in bulk. Write for interesting booklet on shaving—mailed free on request.
LAMONT, CORLISS & Co., 78 Hudson St.
Sole Agents, New York

SAXONIA
INCANDESCENT KEROSENE OIL LAMP BURNER

THE SAXONIA BURNER lights like any lamp and produces a perfect white gas light from the top of the wick. Burns 1-3 the oil and gives 3 times the light of ordinary lamp. 1-5 cost of gas, 1-10 cost of electricity. Pays for itself. Chimney and mantle of extra strength, with complete burner for $3, express paid, U.S. Money back if not as represented. Booklet free.
AGENTS WANTED
U. S. A. LIGHTING CO.
64 Taylor St., Springfield, Mass.


FREE POINTERS ON Book-Keeping
We fit you to take the most exacting book-keeping position. We teach by mail. There is no loss of time or money through ceasing your regular work. There are no text-books to buy. We furnish everything. Every one of our instructors are certified public accountants. It is not necessary to know anything of book-keeping or business life. We start you at the very bottom. We help you to positions—we continue to advise you after you are employed. We will fit you to earn from $85 to $200 a month, according to your ability.
Write for our FREE BOOK "Book-keeping—Plus (+)" it's a mine of useful information—it will teach you to "climb."
T. B. CORNELL, CHIEF INSTRUCTOR, BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
1000 COMMERCE BUILDING, KANSAS CITY, MO.

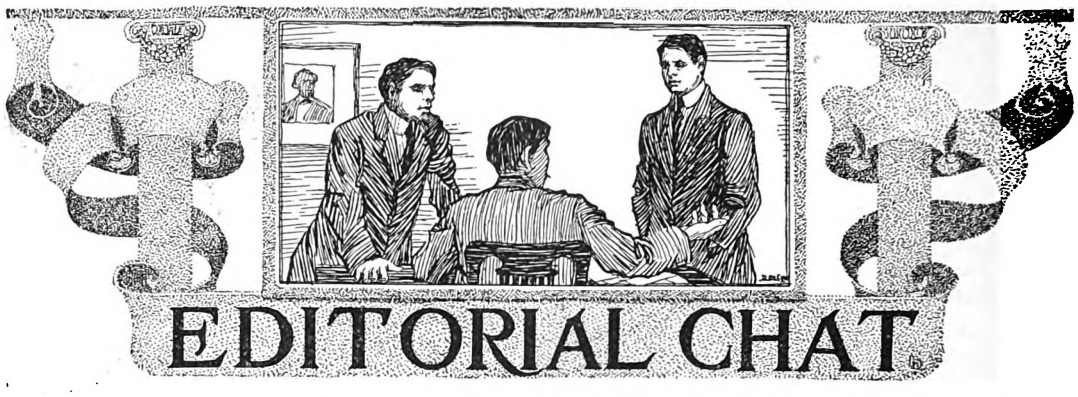
SANFORD
Manifolding Pencil
Big Money Maker for Agents
New. Sells on sight to bookkeepers — office men — stenographers, railway and shipping clerks, express and postal employees, etc.
6½ in. long

Made of best hard rubber. Uses indelible or black lead — extra leads in barrel. The only pencil with a cap like a fountain pen. Cannot soil fingers or clothes. Sample with 4 black or indelible leads, 50c.; liberal discount on quantities. Write for terms.
THE SANFORD PEN CO., Inc.
690 E. 105th St., Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

STUDY LAW AT HOME
The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and Easy Payment Plan free.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law.
603 Majestic Bldg, Detroit, Mich.


I Teach Sign Painting
Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.
CHAS. J. STRONG, Pres.
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING,
Dep. A, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind."



That Mean Silence

It is said that gratitude is one of the rarest virtues. It is certainly one of the last of which some employers show any evidence. I know the editor of a great periodical who for many years put all of his unusual ability, energy and enthusiasm into its upbuilding, and yet his name never appeared in the publication, and he never received from the proprietor any credit beyond that accorded to an ordinary assistant for the splendid work he had done in making the periodical a great vital force in the life of the country.

No employee of this great publication is ever permitted to take any special credit for his work, no matter how unusual, or to show any marked individuality. If he should make himself too prominent, too conspicuous, off goes his head, and someone else is put in his place. All are looked upon merely as employees and in subordination to the man at the head of this institution, who wants all the credit for himself. It seems to pain him to hear anyone in the establishment credited with good work except himself.

Some employers seem to think that if they do not find fault with an employee he should take it for granted that they are satisfied. But this is not enough. Employees are but children of a larger growth, and they need encouragement. They thrive on praise and appreciation, and if they deserve it they should have it. Besides, even from a purely business standpoint, there is no better investment an employer can make than to stimulate those who work for him and make his success possible by giving them hearty praise and plenty of it, giving encouragement whenever deserved.

I know employees who would work until they dropped down for employers who generously commend their efforts and show an unselfish interest in their welfare.

It requires very heroic qualities to go on year in and year out, putting one's very life into work for a man who has no appreciation of it. It calls for rare ability and solidity of character to go on day after day, year after year, doing perhaps many times what one is paid for, trying in every way to advance an employer's interests, working overtime, furnishing new ideas, introducing more progressive methods, when the employer never shows the slightest appreciation of it, but thinks it is your duty to help him along in every possible way. To do one's level best in the presence of the mean, contemptible silence of an employer who never expresses the least gratitude, even when he knows perfectly well he is getting several times more than he is paying for, is a very difficult matter, and it is a rare person who will continue to do his level best under such circumstances.

Many an employer has crippled his business, has strangled its growth, has never gotten the best out of his employees, that extra voluntary, spontaneous, glad service which comes from a happy and contented worker, just because of his lack of appreciation of their services.

There is all the difference in the world between this spontaneous, loving service and the mechanical, indifferent, "don't care a rap" method of doing things which prevails in establishments presided over by hard, mean, selfish employers.

That little extra service, that finer quality of work, and the enthusiastic effort which come spontaneously, lovingly, and not grudgingly, because the employees know that everything they do will be appreciated and recognized, may make every difference to you, Mr. Employer, between an ordinary and a very extraordinary success.

There is nothing more blighting or discouraging, especially to the young, than not to get recognition when they do well. They were brought up as children to expect it. They are disappointed when they do not get it, and unless made of very superior mettle, they are not likely to try many times the superior method which gets no recognition.

Many an employee has become disheartened and given up trying to do his best just because his selfish employer has never given him a word of praise or encouragement.

Few employers ever learn the power of praise as a stimulus to exertion. Many are too mean to acknowledge efficiency; and then again, they think if they praise an employee, he will get the "big head;" that when he knows his real value to the concern, he will either demand more salary, or will be so "chesty" that there will be no living with him.

Did it ever occur to you that when an employee is doing his best to please you and further your interests, to make your business a success, that it is a sin to keep silent, a sin not to encourage him, praise him, show your appreciation of his work?

Don't you feel mean and contemptible, Mr. Employer, when you know that you are taking credit for success that is due the employees whom you practically ignore? Does n't it make you feel small and despicable when you see a young fellow struggling with all his might to advance your interests in every possible way, working overtime, holidays and nights during the busy season, and don't recognize it, not even to the extent of telling him that you appreciate it, or that you are watching him and believe there is something in him?

Does n't it make you feel mean, Mr. Millionaire, to see those thin, pale-faced girls working their lives into your business in their earnest desire to make it a success, and never express your appreciation of their efforts in your behalf, or even recognize them when you meet them on the street?

Are you not filled with self-contempt when you ride by the humble homes of the poor people who are working for you? Don't you feel a thrill of condemnation run through you when you think of the great contrast between your own surroundings, your luxurious home, and these carpetless, pictureless, pianoless, bookless comfortless homes?

Do you call this success—wringing a fortune out of these people simply because they are willing to put the best of their lives into their service for you without as much as a personal "Thank you," or a bit of appreciation, praise or approval?

Oh, that mean silence when you know that it is criminal not to speak, not to recognize, not to praise, not to approve!

▲ ▲

Self-Encouragement by Suggestion

When we have the "blues" or are suffering from disappointment of any kind, we are apt to think that there is not much we can do but grin and bear it until the discouragement has run its course and the suffering ceases.

It is not necessary, however, for anyone to suffer tortures from disappointment or discouragement, for there is a remedy right inside of us for the worst fit of the "blues," the keenest disappointment. Any person who wishes can, by a little scientific training of his thought, completely change his whole mental attitude in a short time by substituting for the suggestion which pains him, troubles him, which brought on the "blues," its opposite.

We can antidote our own troubles in the same way that we antidote those of others, encourage ourselves in the same way in which we encourage others.

The next time you feel the "blues" coming on, or a fit of depression or despondency, just get by yourself, if possible, after taking a good bath and dressing yourself becomingly, and give yourself a good talking-to. Talk to yourself in the same dead-in-earnest way that you would to your own child or a dear friend who was deep in the mire of despondency, suffering tortures from melancholy. Drive out the black, hideous pictures which haunt your mind. Sweep away all depressing thoughts, suggestions, all the rubbish that is troubling you. Let go everything that is unpleasant, all the mistakes, all the disagreeable past; just rise up in arms against the enemies of your peace and happiness, summon all the force you can muster and drive them out. Resolve that you are going to be happy, that you are going to enjoy the day no matter what happens. Just say to yourself, "This is an abnormal condition. Harmony is the everlasting fact. Discord must be an unreality, an absence of harmony, the reality." After a little practise of this sort you will be able to clear your mental sky of all clouds and keep it clear; keep your mind free from your enemies.

Sometimes, when terribly depressed and suffering from the "blues," something has happened to change the whole mental attitude instantly—such as the arrival of a dear old friend of our youth, an old classmate, or some one whose wit and funny stories drove the "blue" devils all out of our mind; or perhaps a change of scene in traveling, or some happy experience or unexpected success has wrought the same result. Whatever it may have been, the "blues" are always driven out by the opposite suggestion to that from which

Digitized by Google

we were suffering. In other words, it was the antidote to our depression which killed the "blues." The holding of the opposite thought in the mind drove out, killed or neutralized the discord thought.

Dwelling on unfortunate experiences, mistakes, does no good. It only makes them bigger, blacker, more hideous. Forget them, thrust them out of your mind as you would a thief from your home. Say to them, "You have no power over me. You cannot destroy my peace. You are not the truth of my being. The reality of me is principle, is divine. You cannot touch principle, cannot touch my real self. Discord is only the absence of harmony. It is not a reality. There is unity between my real self and divinity. Only the good and the true are scientific realities, are absolutely real, all else is false, however real it seems, because there is only one Infinite Power in the universe. A supreme, perfect Being could not have made imperfection or discouragement. However real they seem, they are not realities, they are only the absence of harmony, the absence of truth."

We have all had the experience of suffering from things which eventually proved to be absolutely nothing but pure bogies of the imagination. A sensitive, imaginative mind can conjure up all sorts of hideous pictures, satanic images which torture as though they were real things. We should develop a life philosophy that would protect us from the enemies which would rob us of our birthright—happiness, a complete, joyous life. We ought to absolutely refuse admission to any thought, suggestion or mood, any sort of mental enemy that can make us suffer or rob us of divine mental poise, that calm, sweet serenity which is the glory of life and which is possible to every human being.

▲ ▲

Expect Health Instead of Disease

One reason why we have such poor health is because we carry such a low health ideal. We have been steeped in poor health thought from infancy. We have been saturated with the idea that pain, physical suffering, and disease, are a part of life; necessary evils which cannot be avoided. We have had it so instilled into us from infancy that robust health is the exception and could not be expected to be the rule, that we have come to accept this unfortunate condition of things as a sort of fate which we cannot hope to get away from.

The child hears so much sick talk, is cautioned so much as to the dangers of catching all sorts of diseases, that he grows up with the conviction that physical discords of all kinds are a law of his being. He grows up in the belief that at any time disease is liable to overtake him and ruin his happiness and his career.

Think of what the opposite training would do for the child; if he were taught that health is the everlasting fact and that disease is the manifestation of the absence of harmony! Think what it would mean to him if he were trained to believe that abounding health, rich, full, complete, was his birthright! Think what it would mean for him to expect this during all his growing years, instead of building into his consciousness the opposite, instead of constantly hearing about sickness and being cautioned against disease and the danger of contracting it!

The child should be taught that God never created disease, suffering, never intended that we should suffer; that we were made for health, abounding health and happiness, made to enjoy, not to suffer—made to be happy, not miserable, made to express harmony, not discord.

▲ ▲

What is a Leg Worth?

The cold-bloodedness, the heart-hardening, marbleizing influence of our modern, strenuous, selfish civilization which worships the dollar is even influencing our courts of justice. Recently a verdict against the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, awarding a poor girl $8,500 for the loss of a leg in a railroad accident, was set aside by a Supreme Court justice on the ground that the verdict failed to give due weight to the skill with which mechanical surgery now adapts artificial limbs.

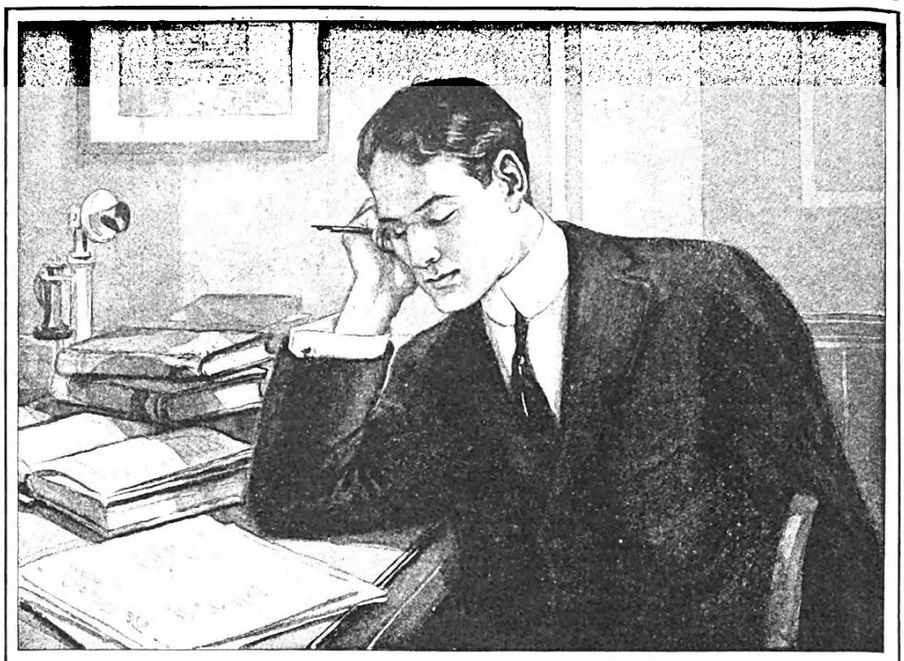
This justice thinks that juries in rendering their verdict for damages in cases of mutilation, due to the criminal negligence of public service or other corporations, should take into consideration the great convenience and comfort of cork legs! In this instance, he took the money away from this poor mutilated girl and returned it to the corporation.

I wonder what this honorable gentleman would be willing to take for one of *his* legs, in case it was cut off in a railroad accident? If he got a verdict for $8,500 and a Supreme judge set it aside because the amount was too much, what would he think about it?

Now, as everyone knows, it is much worse for a girl to lose a leg than for a man, for a mutilated man is much better able to earn a livelihood than a mutilated woman, and stands a much better chance in life in every way.

Is $8,500 too much to compensate a girl for going through life thus mutilated? Is this compensation too high for a girl who is obliged to hobble around on one leg all her life?

We are certainly in need of lessons in kindness when a Supreme Court justice dares to give expression to such sentiments.



Mental Dullness

usually comes from *imperfectly nourished* brains

The man who *thinks clearly* and *acts promptly* wins money and position.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD—

made of whole wheat and barley, is not only promptly digested, but contains the Phosphate of Potash grown in the grains for rebuilding brain and nerves.

The regular use of this world-famed food, makes "clear thinking" easy.

Try a simple breakfast of **Grape-Nuts** and cream, soft boiled eggs, crisp toast, and a steaming cup of well-made Postum—

"There's a Reason"

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

THE FRUIT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

THE OLD "CURE" for rheumatism is some unpalatable compound, "well shaken before taken," given to correct an unduly acid condition.

THE NEW CURE IS ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

No new principle is involved in this fruit cure. It has been demonstrated by physicians and sufferers from rheumatism that the citric acid of this delicious Florida product accomplishes in the most delightful and natural way what the bottle method too often fails in doing. Says the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, in speaking of citric acid:

"It combines with certain bases and the resulting combinations in turn are transformed into carbonates, thus rendering an unduly acid urine alkaline."

Thus nature has responded to the world-wide cry for relief from a distressing malady by appealing to the palate in a most seductive way.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY. MANAVISTA, FLA. TRADE MARK.

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

Is the thin-skinned kind that is filled with juice and has the genuine grape fruit flavor.

Standard Box of 54, 64 or 80, according to size, Six Dollars
Buy of your Dealer. We do not fill retail orders.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY

Kimball C. Atwood, President 290 Broadway, New York

Digitized by Google

FINE 3 NOVELS

The SILVER HORDE

By Rex Beach

That this new book by the author of "The Barrier" and "The Spoilers" should leap quickly into place among the best-selling novels was to be expected. That it should remain there is due solely to the sheer power and merit of the story. "Neither Kipling nor Zola has created a more human adventuress—Cherry Malotte, a soldier of the frontier!" says the

—Portland Oregonian

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.50

ANN VERONICA

By H. G. Wells

Ann Veronica is a young girl who rebels against the restrictions placed upon her by a prudish father and a conventional aunt. She wants to really live—to be a human being. This is her story.

Frontispiece in Color. Post 8vo. Cloth, $1.50

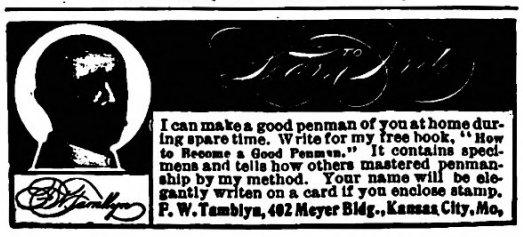
NORTHERN LIGHTS

By Sir Gilbert Parker

These stories represent the mature power of "The Weavers" and the dramatic action of "The Right of Way," coupled with the swift, keen, tender impressionism of the earlier work with which the author began his career. The characters are French Canadian, English, American, Indian.

Fully Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth $1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS



I can make a good penman of you at home during spare time. Write for my free book, "How to Become a Good Penman." It contains specimens and tells how others mastered penmanship by my method. Your name will be elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. P. W. Tamblyn, 402 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



POINT & PLEASANTRY

For these bits of "Points and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The Editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary. Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates.

NO MS. WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Professional Advice

FATHER DOOLEY had just tied the knot. He looked expectant, the bride looked sheepish, and Pat, shifting from one foot to another, looked guilty. At last he began: "I—I—don't like to be mane, Father, but I changed me clothes in a hurry and left me wages in me other pants." Then he added, in a whisper, "Take me down in the cellar; I'm a plumber, and I'll show ye how to fix the gas meter so't won't register more than forty per cent."—S. H. CLARK.

Such is Fame

WHEN the news that Tom Johnson was defeated for mayor was received in the office of the Denver *Times* there was not time to do more than run a scare head, "JOHNSON DEFEATED!"

The papers were on the street in a few minutes, and a freckled Irish "newsie" started off, yelling, joyously, "Jeff wins!"—J. B. HOSMER.

Didn't Like the Hotel

A YOUNG college man, city bred and raised, answered the call for harvest hands in Kansas. Reaching a farmhouse late at night, he was promised work and assigned to a room. It seemed to him that he had hardly fallen asleep when he was asked to get up. Disgustedly the young man dressed himself in the darkness, and picking up his grip walked downstairs. "Say, there, young feller," said the farmer, trying to be helpful, "you don't need to take your valise out to the field with you." "I know it," replied the young man, tartly; "I'm going to look for a place to stay all night."—CHAS. F. JONES.

Fall Styles in Languages

MY LITTLE German maid said to me one day, "Susie Jones is going to start to high school to-morrow, and she asked me whether she should take German or Latin." "What did you tell her?" I asked. "Well, you know," replied Mary, "Latin is kind of going out; they don't talk that much any more, so I told her I would take German."—MRS. CHAS. S. STEWARD.

Sure Proof

TWO young lawyers, members of the bar but a few weeks, had grown rather obstreperous in the office of one of the court clerks.

"Here, you get out of here," said the clerk.

"We don't have to," the more talkative one promptly answered. "We've got a right in here; we're lawyers."

"Ah, go on," the clerk replied, "you're nothing of the kind."

"Sure we are," the spokesman rejoined. Then, turning to his comrade he commanded, "Buck, go over and get your sign."—HERBERT C. FORRESTER.

Bracing Up the Staff

IT WAS the new city editor's first night. Summoning a veteran of the staff, he said:

"I'm going to brace up this force. I want a couple of cracker-jack descriptive writers, such as Rex Beach or Jack London, and I want a bang-up humorist. Know of any that we could get?"

"I'm not sure about the descriptive writers," was the hesitating response, "but I know of a bully good humorist."

"Fine for you. Who is he?"

"Well, now, mind you, this isn't his real name—but they call him Mark Twain."—WARNER BELL.

Was Doing Her Best

WILLIAM PRUETTE, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days. She had a telegram saying her mother was sick.

"Certainly you may go," said Mrs. Pruette, "only don't stay longer than is necessary, as we need you."

A week passed, and not a word from her. Then came a note which read:

"Dear Miss Pruette i will be back nex week an plese kep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she can."—H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

How He Got Even

A TRAVELING man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—H. A. BARND.

Good Intentions

SAID Charon to Diabolus,
"Your pavement's simply awful!
To leave your streets in such a fix
Is surely quite unlawful."

"The contract's let for street repairs,"
Replied the Prince Imperial;
"But not till New Year's Day is past
Shall we have good material."

What She Was

FLOSSIE and Mabel, touring the country on one of the famous see-it-if-you-can summer excursions, were tramping the streets of New Orleans. A comely brunette of delicate complexion and stately carriage swung graciously by them.

Flossie, excitedly nodding toward her, whispered loudly, "Oh, look, Mabel! There goes one of them beautiful octagons."

"Huh!" exclaimed Mabel. "What a goosie you are, Flossie, dear. That isn't what they call them at all. She is a pronounced nectarine."—C. E. FISHER.

"The Substance of Things Hoped For"

IN THE New York City Home for the Aged, a deaf old gentleman was making application preparatory to becoming an inmate. As is the usual procedure, he was questioned as to age, income, nationality and religion. He seemed to be able to get through with the first three questions, but when asked his religion he stared blankly at the superintendent.

The doctors and orderlies of the home went through a series of shouts and explanatory gestures, but without success. As a last resort one of the doctors dropped on his knees, and with hands upraised to heaven tried to illustrate what they meant by religion. A gleam of intelligence came over the good man's face, and he exclaimed, joyously, "Tammany Hall!"

—I. H. GOLDBERGER.

Digitized by Google

Her Complexion

[Continued from page 11]

melodrama. Pointing her finger at Gladys, she exclaimed:

"Gladys Shoemaker, you're the meanest, hatefulest tattle-tale from Brooklyn to the Bronx."

Gladys smiled coldly.

"Come off," she said. "Don't put on airs, Pauline."

"Do you know what she's done?" Pauline went on. "She told Willy Evans that I was a sausage machine and he was the sausage meat, or some such disgusting thing. She told him all sorts of things!"

Gladys merely continued to smile a cold, strange smile.

"I met him in the hall just now and I naturally asked him where he'd been and then he let it out that Gladys had been yapping."

"Did he happen to tell you," Gladys inquired with perfect composure, "that he asked me if I thought there was any 'hope for him,' and if I could n't fix it so that he could see you alone?"

"And what did you say?" Pauline stormed.

"I told him the truth," Gladys replied with dignity. "I asked him if there was any hope for the bird seed when they put it in the parrot's cage. I truthfully answered the few questions he asked me. It's not *my* fault that you've got a nasty nature, Pauline. And even as it was I did n't say half the things I might have."

Here Pauline swept angrily out of the room.

Gladys turned to me a tragic face.

"An awful thing has happened to me, Daisy," she said. "*My love is dead.* It's a terrible thing to have love die while one is so young. As soon as I saw that he seriously cared for Pauline, something died." She put her hand on her diaphragm.

"That," she continued, in the same stifled, strangled voice, "is why I have been eating pie and letting my complexion go. I could never love one who could be fooled by Pauline," Gladys went on. "And having liked him, why, Daisy, it's exactly as if I'd been fooled by Pauline myself."

We were silent a moment, then Gladys continued. "I've been a piker. I've let this affect my principles, but I'm not going to allow it any longer."

She got her face-stimulator and went to work on it.

"I sha'n't let Pauline Shoemaker see that she's ruined my life, and a complexion is a good thing to have when one grows up even though love has been killed when one is young," she said.



All Sunsets Are Not Alike

MR. AND MRS. PETERBY were sitting on their piazza. It was late afternoon and the sun was making his final preparations to gild the western heavens. Peterby sat in mute admiration.

"Did you ever see such a superb sunset?" he exclaimed, rapturously. "It is simply wonderful! Amazing!"

Mrs. Peterby did not join in his enthusiasm. She shifted uneasily in her chair.

"You would think anything was good," she replied. "You've just had a good dinner. But it's just an ordinary sunset, nothing more."

"Where are you going?" asked Peterby. "Why can't you sit still? Just like a woman. No artistic appreciation."

"I'll be back presently," replied Mrs. Peterby.

Four or five minutes passed. She came back and sat down. There was a silence.

"It is beautiful," whispered Mrs. Peterby. "Don't think I ever saw a finer sunset. See that exquisite coloring off there—and those feather effects. Perfectly lovely!"

Peterby turned his face slowly and gazed at her.

"What did you do in the house just now," he asked.

Mrs. Peterby's face beamed.

"Why," she replied, "the cook was going to leave, but she told me she would stay another month."

COLUMBIA



Columbia Records

DAVID BISPHAM
America's Foremost Baritone
sings exclusively for the Columbia.
12-inch Double-Disc Records by Bispham, $1.50

COLUMBIA
Double-Disc Records



Hear on your own machine—any make, Columbia or other—the voices of the world's greatest operatic artists precisely as you have heard them at the opera. Hear them whenever you like and as often as you please, on Columbia Double-Disc Grand Opera Records.

Send for 76-page Grand Opera Catalog.

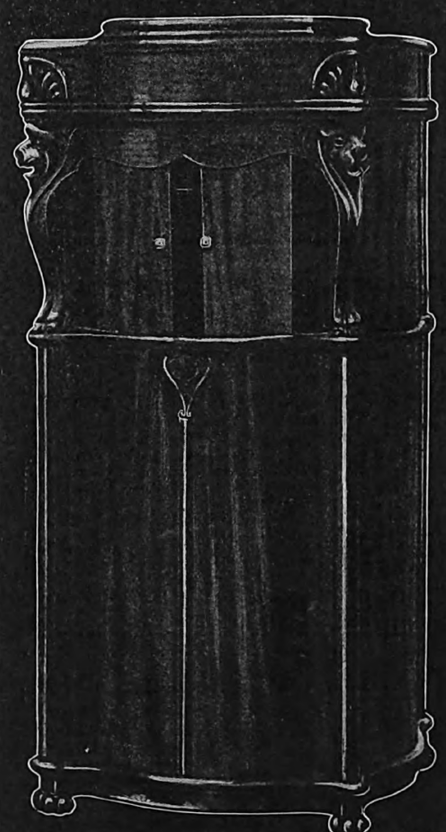
Fonotipia Series, 10¾-in. Double-Discs, $2.50. Symphony Series, 12-in. Double-Discs, $1.50 and $2.50; 10-in. Double-Discs, $1.00 and $1.50. Regular Series, 10-in. Double-Disc Records, 65c.—music on both sides—a different selection on each side.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L
Dept. T, Tribune Building, New York

Manufacturers of Disc and Cylinder Graphophones—Double-Disc and Indestructible Cylinder Records. Dealers in all principal cities.

Prices in Canada plus duty. Headquarters for Canada—338 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

DEALERS WANTED—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented.



The COLUMBIA
Grafonola
DE LUXE $200.
(With Regina Attachment $225.)

Digitized by Google

The Advice of a Noted Specialist—*Free*

To you, who are in ill health—to you, who are suffering from any ailment—we offer the unlimited advice of the famous Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell—*absolutely free.*

No matter what your trouble is, Dr. Tyrrell's advice will be of the utmost benefit to you. For he is one of the world's greatest authorities on hygiene.

If he is unable to aid you, he will promptly tell you why. And if he can help you back to health, he will *freely* tell you what methods to follow.

A Wonderful Record

Yet you are sure to receive helpful advice. For in his 25 years' experience, Dr. Tyrrell has met with but few cases that he could not aid. It is a matter of fact that over 90 per cent of human ailments are due, directly or indirectly, to constipation.

And here you have no more dependable advice than Dr. Tyrrell's. For it was he who invented the famous

"J. B. L. Cascade"

The only existing means of curing constipation without Drugs

You can readily realize the dangers of constipation when you know that every drop of your blood passes through your intestines twice a day.

And when the waste products are not promptly removed, the blood re-absorbs the deadly poisons and carries them back into the vital organs.

This is the cause of indigestion, headaches, palpitation, sallowness, dizziness and the listless, tired feeling that makes life seem hardly worth living. While it is positively the direct and immediate cause of appendicitis.

Yet the indirect results of constipation are even more dangerous. For in weakens the organs. And thus, you are exposed to the insidious attacks of countless other diseases. Consumption, pneumonia, rheumatism, typhoid fever and many other troubles have been traced to the lowered vitality resulting from constipation.

Used the World Over

The only way now known to physicians to cure constipation, without the use of racking drugs, is the "J. B. L. Cascade." Thousands of physicians, here and abroad, use it and prescribe it daily.

And conservatively estimated, more than half a million people are now using this marvelous appliance. For it requires no drugs. It can be safely used at home by anyone. And the results are sure.

Yet to make the treatment more effective, we offer to all owners of the Cascade, the privilege of consulting Dr. Tyrrell at any time—free of cost.

Ask For Our Book

Write today for information about the Cascade. Let us tell you how to attain the perfect health that makes life a joy.

Read the letters we have to send you—all unsolicited. Read Dr. Tyrrell's remarkable book on hygiene and the curing of constipation. Ask for Dr. Tyrrell's unlimited advice. It is free to any owner of the Cascade. Write today to Dept. 130 A.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE
134 West 65th Street New York City

CORTINAPHONE

"The Original Phonographic Method"

Awarded Medals—Chicago 1893, Buffalo 1901

ENGLISH - GERMAN - FRENCH
ITALIAN - SPANISH

It enables anyone to learn any language in the easiest, simplest, most natural way. The Cortinaphone Method makes language study a pleasure and at the same time gives you a practical speaking knowledge.



IDEAL HOME STUDY METHOD

Our free booklet tells all about the Cortinaphone Method and the Cortina courses, also our easy payment plan.

Write for it to-day

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
Established 1882
CORTINAPHONE 251A Cortina Bldg. 44 W. 34 St. N. Y.

PORTABLE VACUUM CLEANER



"BEST BY EVERY TEST"

The THURMAN PORTABLE ELECTRIC Cleans everything in the home.

YOU NEED IT NOW.

Made by the pioneer manufacturers of all kind of vacuum cleaning machines, including Portable Wagons, Stationary Plants, and Hand Power Machines.

We are the oldest and largest Company of its kind in the World. Write for particulars.

General Compressed Air & Vacuum Mach'y Co.
Dept. 118. 519 NO. TAYLOR AVE., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



The American Woman's Responsibility Toward the Immigrant Girl

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

IN MEMORY I go back, decades back it seems to me, to a play called "The White Slave." I remember nothing of its plot or story; it was simply a melodramatic horror. The title has recently been revived by magazines, which brand our land of liberty as guilty of the crime of white slavery—the terrible, debasing slavery of women. Such revelations have so seized upon the curiosity, interest or imagination of the public that one publication, having taken up the question, jumped in a year from a circulation of almost nothing to two millions. When a magazine announces a "White Slave Trade" article it disappears from the news-stands in a day or two. The title has an unpleasant sound, and the story is worse than the title, for every word is unpleasant reading. If the facts are true—and there is little doubt of their authenticity—it is a fearful blot upon American civilization. No worse conditions existed in any Old World nation at its most profligate and decadent period. The hardiest optimist, looking at our country as it is to-day, has to confess that there are few cities untainted by political rottenness, and to politics is largely laid the blame and stigma of the White Slave trade.

▲ ▲

HIGH-MINDED, honest men are fighting the evil to-day with every weapon they can bring to bear upon it. The churches are being called upon to aid. Until churches centralize their efforts and work hand in hand, giving practical, unselfish, sympathetic help, they can never reach the root of the evil. If half the money and energy spent on foreign missions were kept at home and directed to the uplifting of our own nation, it would furnish aid worth while to the toilers for clean politics, if placed in the hands of workers who have real charity, a large understanding of human nature, and what is vigorously called "horse sense."

▲ ▲

MEN, who for years have been making an exhaustive study of the situation, tell us the majority of "White Slaves" hail from the emigrant class. If you have ever crossed the Atlantic, observing, day after day, the voyagers in the steerage, you have realized that even among our most abject poor we have nothing to compare with the squalid misery which drifts to our shores from Europe. Zangwill pictures America as a great melting pot, into which is flung the ambition, hopefulness, energy, heroism and genius of the mother countries. True, that from the strange crucible come thousands upon thousands that are adding brain and brawn to a nation, but, besides the solid metal, into the same furnace go the very sweepings of European slums. We look aghast at the refuse humanity that gathers. They are the menace of a nation; they help to fill our hospitals, prisons, houses of ill-fame, lunatic asylums, penitentiaries and almshouses. America is only beginning to wake up to the gravity of the situation. It is among one class of these emigrants, the daughters of the poor, that the "White Slave" condition exists. For decades women utterly ignorant of our language and ways of living have been coming to us by the million. From a recent government bulletin we learn that among the entire number of New York courtesans two-thirds are women of foreign birth. The statistics of every American city prove that the house of ill-fame recruits largely from our kitchens.

▲ ▲

LISTEN to what George Kibbe Turner says in *McClure's Magazine.* For years he has delved to get at the basic facts of the "White Slave" situation. "From 1850 to the present time the poorest and most unprotected class has been the newest European immigrants. The most exposed and unprotected girls are those in domestic service. For over half a century this class of population has been called upon to furnish the great bulk of the supplies of girls in our large cities and this class of employment more than any other. The amusement of the poor girl of New York, especially the very poor girl, is dancing. The reason for this is simple; dancing is the one real amusement within the working girl's means. For five cents the cheap dancing academies of the East Side give a whole evening's pleasure. For the domestic servant there is practically no option, if she is to have any enjoyment of her youth. The new immigrant girl, having found a job, is led by her sister domestics to take her first steps in the intricacies of American life. She can not yet talk the language, but rigid social custom demands that she be able to dance. She arrives, pays her nickel piece and sits, a big, dazed, awkward child, upon one of the wooden benches along the wall. A strident, two-piece orchestra blasts big, soul-satisfying pieces of noise out of the surrounding atmosphere, and finally a delightful young man with plastered hair, a pasty face, and most finished and ingratiating manners, desires to teach her to dance. Her education in American life has begun. These lonely and poverty-stricken girls, ignorant and dazed by the strange conditions of an unknown country, are very easily secured by promise of marriage or even partnership."

▲ ▲

THIS vivid but saddening picture is the story of a girl's first "night off," hours when you are in total ignorance of her whereabouts. The mistress queries, "What can I do?" First, try to remember that you are made of the same clay; show a little motherly kindness, take some interest in her associates, her clothes, her health. Realize what you would wish done for your own child if she were similarly situated. This alien girl is somebody's daughter—common, rough, illiterate, perhaps—but mother love is the same all the world over. Take a little pains to find, among the servants of your friends, a girl or two who will befriend and help her. Learn where she spends her weekly afternoons and evenings off. It will be worth your while to expend a little time and money in seeing that she has a bit of amusement. You know yourself how it lightens labor. Even if you should look at it in a selfish light, you know that the girl who dances till midnight is in no condition to get up next morning and do a day's washing. Statistics give us something to think about if they suggest to us that by their dreariness our kitchens drive girls to a life of shame.

There are other figures among these statistics that touch us even more closely. Among seven hundred and sixty-two American girls who had sunk to the lowest depths in a great city, four hundred and ninety-nine came straight from homes. They belonged to no outcast or foreign element like the others in the list. One-third of them were between the ages of fifteen and twenty. The question asked, I imagine, by every mother who reads this will be one I have heard before: "How did they take the first step?" Who can answer? It has always seemed to me that it would be impossible for the girl in a happy home, with a mother who loves and understands and "companions" her, to drift into the outer darkness. Even should there be one misstep, the mother heart, anxious and aching, waits to take the child back to her arms. Strange, it is always the mother heart!

▲ ▲

ALAS, there are other types of motherhood! I think of one now who was so different, and there are many like her. One morning, on his way from home, our old doctor stopped for a minute.

"There's another baby at the Flint house," he announced, curtly—"the ninth. Every time one arrives I have my own opinion of the Almighty for sending children to a woman like that, while real mothers are left childless."

I thought of his words years later, when two young daughters from that home went utterly to ruin. They were not bad children; they were simply high-spirited, merry girls, full of the joy of youth. The mother tried to crush it out of them. She succeeded with the weaker children. The two girls broke away angrily from the homelessness of home and turned recklessly to a strange world. The same fate befalls thousands of boys and girls. Judge De Lacy, of Washington, who is known all over America as one of the wisest, kindest and most broadminded men on the bench, pictures Mrs. Flint's home when he says:

"Such home conditions give rise to much juvenile delinquency. Often these children find in the tumult of the street, where no one nags them, surcease from the bickerings of the home. The street becomes their most prized *rendezvou.*, to be preferred to the discipline of the school, and hence arises much of the so-called *wanderlust*, to be preferred to the quarrelsome home."

Digitized by Google

The Power Behind the Republic

[*Continued from page 19*]

have labored for it with the fire and devotion of the early Christian zealots; more than one man has given up his life to it. In 1882, 1884, 1886 and 1890 we carried national elections on it, repeatedly electing Houses of Representatives pledged to tariff reduction and finally winning the Senate. In 1892 we swept the country again and came into power with President, Senate and House all in favor of tariff reduction, all elected on that issue, all with a mandate most emphatic and unmistakable.

The Mysterious Hand that Holds Up Duties

Was the tariff reduced?

Not so that you could notice it. Every time a reduction was proposed and formulated, a mysterious, secret, irresistible power stretched forth an invisible hand and destroyed the proposition overnight. Again and again the thing was tried in months of fierce fighting. Always the result was exactly the same. No skill in maneuvering, no courage of assault was of the least avail. Majorities were nothing, the will of leaders was nothing, the expressed determination of the people was less than nothing. The strongest men battered and raved in vain, and I have always thought that it was this maddening sense of impotency against a secret force that killed William L. Wilson. There was something uncanny about the situation. By all reason, all the rules of representative government and the law of majorities, that tariff ought to have been reduced, and yet no power was able to make an impression upon it. The country wished to have the tariff reduced; Business wished not to have it reduced. Against the wishes of Business, the real ruler, the wish of the nation was literally nothing. Business sits upon the throne and decides what it will have, and against its decisions ballots are like the idle wind. The fact is repulsive to us, because it subverts our cherished traditions, and of all the people on earth we are the hottest for tradition. Yet who can deny that under all the fol-de-rol of pretense this is the real situation?

Sometimes Business proceeds in one way, sometimes in another, to win its ends. It is at present the only true wisdom because it is a collective wisdom moving toward absolutely necessary ends and with means untrammeled by any traditions. In 1892-1894 it was engaged in a grapple with the nation's will; ten years before it had defeated the nation's will by indirection. The first national election in which the reduction of the tariff was the issue was in 1882 and the victory of tariff reduction was great and astounding. Not one of us who had fought for it had foreseen the extent of the nation's response. Business must have been somewhat taken aback. To nullify the popular verdict it resorted to one of the most useful of all devices. It secured the appointment of a commission to investigate the whole tariff question. This adroitly gummed the game. The commission, being appointed entirely by Business, took up a year in futile and fantastic inquiry and then brought in a bill that elaborately split the hair of technicality between North and Northwest. Of course a grand word tournament began over this work of art, in the progress of which the public was supposed to lose all interest in the subject and to devote itself exclusively to the baseball bulletins.

But rather curiously, the public did not wholly forget on this occasion. It returned to the charge in the next few years. To block it the argument was used that the new hair-splitting commission tariff must have a fair chance to be tried. When this would no longer work, and the great majority of the country demanded with a bang that something be done, Business defeated the demand with the cunningly devised Gorman bill.

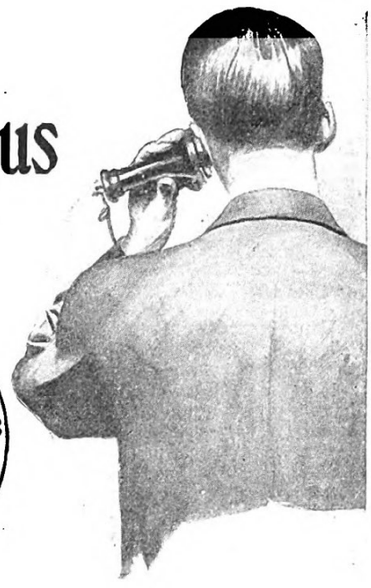
Why We Can Not Regulate Railroad Rates

So it is now, so it will be. Whatever Business wants it will have, not through the superior or malign wit of any man or any set of men, and not through conscious planning, but because, in the present condition of society, the very first necessity overtopping all else, the first of all considerations and purposes, is that Business shall go on. It must go on; a great, primal, blind, resistless, universal necessity keeps driving it on. It must not be interfered with, stopped, hindered or questioned. It will trample over whatever is in its way as a great herd of buffalo on the plains used to trample over a wayfarer—without the least ill-will, unconsciously, unintentionally and merely because it must go on. Nothing must be allowed to stop it; under present conditions it is the nation's heart.

The story of the attempts in the face of Business to reduce the tariff is but an example of all attempts to do anything whatsoever, great or small, in opposition to the will of Business. Exactly the same fate has attended every such attempt, no matter where made or by whom or when or how or for what purpose. See if I am not right. Who, for example, can, without laughter, contemplate the attempts of the last thirty years to regulate railroad rates and to restrain the corporations? I mean when we come to regard these attempts as they really are, freed from subterfuge and hypocrisy. The Regan bill is succeeded by the Cullum bill, the Cullum bill by the



The Instantaneous Answer



AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM

Sending a message is only half of the transaction. The other, and equally important, half consists in *getting back the answer.*

Sometimes this is a reply to a question, or the acceptance or rejection of a proposal. Sometimes it is simply an acknowledgment that the message has been received.

The value of the message depends upon getting an answer.

When a general manager sends word to a representative in a distant city, he wants to know that his man is *there,* that he *receives the message,* and that he will act.

If the answer is not final, but raises another question, there is no delay. The other question can be settled at once. It is possible, in one telephone interview, to come to a decision which could not have been reached without the instantaneous answer.

Each answer is made *instantaneous* by the Bell telephone service.

The Bell system, with its ten million miles of wire, provides the instantaneous answer for anybody, anywhere, at any time.

Increased use of the Long Distance Telephone means greater results in every line of human endeavor. Telephone efficiency means One Policy, One System, Universal Service. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

A natural spring water bottled at the springs. It has been before the public for thirty-five years and is offered upon its record of results accomplished. To those who have tested it there is no need to speak; to those who have not we would like to send medical testimony as to its merits in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Inflammation of the Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles. There is no "Tablet" or other concentrated form of this water—it is sold as it flows from the earth only. Like every article of merit, this water is counterfeited. Buy only of dealers who are above suspicion.

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Digitized by Google



Vapo Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough Croup, Sore Throat Coughs, Bronchitis Colds, Diphtheria Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.



IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to a happy, successful life has been collected in "SEXOLOGY."

A Book for Every Home
(Illustrated)
By William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.

It contains in one volume:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed, and is in the libraries of the heads of our government, and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume. Illustrated, $2 postpaid
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., 726 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see them—they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right." The

MORLEY PHONE

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 708, Perry Bldg., Phila.

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented. Profits $10 to over $100 per night. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.
AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 823 Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SUCCESS

WHAT'S YOUR OCCUPATION?

THE GRADEN SYSTEM makes successful railroad men by equipping its students for good paying positions in railroad station work and Guarantee Employment to all Graduates. Railroads today are seeking men trained by this system. *Write for Book. "What It Does."*
THE GRADEN SYSTEM OF RAILROAD TRAINING
522 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, O.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT
Handy, Automatic
HAME FASTENER



Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents.
F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 870 Wayne Street, Dayton, Ohio

Elkins bill, the Elkins bill by the Hepburn bill, and how futile, absurd and comic looks the whole procession! Not one of them achieving one result beyond negligible oratory and jobs for the deserving. After it all American railroad rates remain unregulated and also remain the most arbitrary, unreasonable, illogical rates in the world. Business is opposed to rate regulation; hence there is none. Rave on, good orator; it is so and will be so for all your mighty eloquence.

Comic Opera by the Northern Securities Company

So, too, with all efforts to curb all other corporations. Whenever under some moth-eaten statute, regulation has seemed to win a victory, men see in a few months that the victory was but in name and the original condition persists unchanged. Take for a perfect example of all these matters the campaign waged to so spectacular a finish against the Northern Securities Company. Mr. Hill had formed this company partly to facilitate his amalgamation (quite illegal) of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, partly to cover the cutting of a gigantic "melon" among his fortunate stockholders. What profound issue was at stake no one could tell, since to the masses of the people it could make not the slightest difference whether Mr. Hill cut melons under one name or one thousand; and, for the matter of that, scores of institutions exactly like the Northern Securities Company flourished unmolested in our happy land. But it happened that one end of Business was just then in a fierce struggle with another end of Business; the end opposed to Mr. Hill's end roared mightily about his new company; and for reasons of publicity it was led to the altar and amid loud acclaim and fervent rejoicings sacrificed there, a burnt offering meet for the sins of somebody unknown—possibly Mr. Hill.

But the atonement, whatever its origin, certainly must have been vicarious. It never made the least essential difference to Mr. Hill. He merely closed one set of books and opened another. The amalgamation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific went on unchecked and as for the melon, why that, luscious and hothouse grown, came duly to table under another name. What is nomenclature to a hardy horticulturist like Mr. Hill? A melon by any other name will taste as sweet.

So it has been always. No man can lay a finger on one case where the reform movement, however augustly engineered, had succeeded in regulating, checking or restraining the corporation end of Business. Try it and see. Run over the long list of regulative activities and if you can mention one that has effected any essential change or been other than flat failure I will award you a prize. Do you select the fines lately levied with much *éclat* upon the railroads for debating and the like? Dear unsophisticated soul, those fines were never paid by the railroad companies; they were paid by you and me. As for rebating, that goes on its sweet, simple way as of yore. Or do you think of meat inspection? That is a jest. Or of the pure food law? I know a man who is writing a comic opera about that.

The fact is, the reformers can not induce Government to control Business because Government is not Government but only Business. Government is Business and Business is the Government and a Government can not very well proceed against itself. We hate to acknowledge the truth about the situation; the contrary pretense is so pleasing and titillating, but consider impartially the facts here set forth, and if one flaw can be discovered in the conclusion that Business is the real Government, please kindly call attention thereto. Business is the sole power, national, state and local. Whatever attempt may be made to proceed independently of or adversely to Business is merely illusion for effect upon the public. Business still finds it well or thinks it well to continue the shell of another form of Government; as to what is under the shell you need but one look to be convinced.

Sometimes the pretense is comic, as when the European banking interests manipulated the Hague Conference to collect their debts; sometimes it is tragic as when the railroad government of California culminated in two attempts to kill Francis J. Heney; sometimes it is placidly dull, as in the Pennsylvania Railroad's government of its State. But it is always there.

The Railroad Government of Pennsylvania

I like the Pennsylvania story, dull as it is, because it is so perfect and typical and seems in a way to offer support to my contention that what we want now is frank acknowledgment of the existing facts and certain formal changes to meet them. For almost forty years there has been no government of Pennsylvania, outside of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The matchless organization of that great institution has supplied every form of government necessary to the conduct of the material essentials of modern society. It has not merely controlled the Government—it has been the Government and all branches thereof. It once carried its performance of governmental functions so far that its leading spirits sat as the State Legislature and balloted for United States Senator. A very superficial but common view of these matters ascribes the railroad's possession of sovereign powers to the evil designs of the men in control of the railroad, and by the few persons who object to corporation government such men are much condemned. In point of fact they are not really blameworthy for what has happened. With any other men in control, I care not who, reformers, lion-shooters, strenuous regulators, or what not, the result would have been identical. The Pennsylvania Railroad seized the Government of Pennsylvania not because the managers of the railroad were bad men but because the necessities of Business imperatively demanded such seizure. That was all. No choice was allowed. The development of the railroad property took certain lines. No one selected those lines for it. Conditions and circumstances of Business drove it along. These conditions imperatively demanded control of the State Government. Thereupon the control followed, and it would have followed if all the strenuous gentlemen between here and South Africa had roared and protested against it.

As to the results upon the State and the people, there seem to be two opinions. If we choose we may ask who are the best judges? Everybody in Pennsylvania knows that there is no Government there except that of the railroad. Years ago the people abdicated and laid down their sovereignty. Do you hear any complaint from them? Not a word. They are perfectly satisfied with conditions; they want no change. Ample trial has been made of the system with little or no concealment, and they have no fault to find with it; the people know their Government and so far as an outsider can judge they like it; there is less social unrest and discontent in Pennylvania than in almost any other State, and there is less hypocrisy and pretense about the real nature of the Government. Before these facts criticism seems dumb.

Californians Have Learned Their Lesson Thoroughly

Even in the example of California, though sadly marred by the excesses before mentioned, there is ample ground for like comment. Everybody in California knows that the Southern Pacific is the State Government; also the county, city, township, and ward government, the school-board and the constable. If you meet any citizen of the State he will tell you so, and probably add with amusement an account of some futile revolt raised against the Government. Yet observe these Californians, how happy and contented they are! I think no happier people dwell anywhere. With minds unvexed by political cares they are free to attend to their own affairs in their own way. No questions pursue them as to who shall be Governor or Senator or who shall sit in the Legislature; they know that in its own good time the Southern Pacific will dispose of all these matters. It must be a great relief. Those attempts to kill Mr. Heney looked ugly. Yes, but here again you notice that the Californians do not seem to care very much. They must regard these manifestations as of less moment than some excellence, not generally known, of their government by the Southern Pacific. Therefore, one may reasonably argue that this government has been good since it has had the approval of the people. If it were not good they would not like it; I think that proposition can not be gainsaid.

Similar observations apply to other States, though not always with the same force. In Rhode Island, of course, the control of these things is shared between the cotton mill interests and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, an arrangement to which we are indebted for the public services of Senator Aldrich, the popular hero of the hour. From casual observation in this State, I should say that the results were not so satisfying as in Pennsylvania; due possibly to want of frankness in the conduct of affairs, some persons being still unaware of the nature of their Government. But observe, on the contrary, how well everything goes in New Hampshire! Everybody knows that the Boston and Maine owns the State, and everybody is perfectly contented.

We Must Not Blame Individuals

To bring against any man or any class of men any measure of reproach because of conditions widespread and evolutionary seems the last achievement of folly. No man and no men can help these things; no man and no men are justly to be held in the least disesteem because of them. Talk about the dominance of materialism and the dollar hunt in America as if these resulted from individual delinquency is the veriest bosh and we have had enough of it with overmeasure. Certain conditions produce certain results. The whole thing is evolutionary. At the present stage of evolution Business, not represented by any group of men or by all men in business, but being a vast incalculable force, requires certain things. It is irresistible; therefore it has what it needs. Individuals have nothing to do with it; no man could have accelerated or retarted the development of this situation any more than he could accelerate or retard a glacier. Let us be fair. The so-called "malefactors of great wealth" are no more responsible for existing conditions than they are for the Lower Silurian. Why fulminate against evolution?

Take any phase even of what are called stock-jobbing methods and see. Take what is known as the crying evil of stock-watering. It is at all times well we should have shown to us the burden this practise inflicts upon the public, but to condemn the men who engage in it is very idle. They can't avoid it. Here is a railroad capitalized at $39,000,000. It is capable of being capitalized at $100,000,000. How on earth in existing conditions can its owners get its value out of it unless they increase its capitalization? When they increase

Digitized by Google



See The Point!

A pen that will make a mark from a fine hair-line to heavy shading has a wide range of possibilities. All pens will not do this. They haven't the *Spencerian* elasticity.

SPENCERIAN
Steel Pens

do this and don't lose their elasticity doing it. Each individual pen is carefully finished, tempered and polished. All styles—one quality.

Sample card of 12 all different, sent for 6c. postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway,
N. Y.

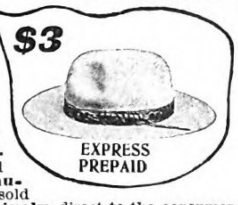
SUNNY FLORIDA
Where FRUIT Crops Net $1,000 per acre

You could become independent on a small fruit and vegetable farm. The climate is healthy and delightful, no long winters or severe droughts. Convenient markets, good schools and churches.

Write for booklet written by a western man, giving full information, and special home-seeker's rates.

J. W. WHITE, Gen'l Industrial Agent,
Seaboard Air Line, NORFOLK, VA.

Rope a Broncho Hat—*From Texas*, the kind our cowboys wear. Suitable for all weathers, **manufactured** and sold by us **exclusively**, direct to the consumer.



$3
EXPRESS PREPAID

Description—Fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band, "never flop" brim, made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches; a regular five dollar hat, sent express prepaid, special price **$3.**

State size. Order today. Your money refunded if you aren't satisfied. Address Dept. A.,

HOUSTON HAT CO., Houston, Texas.

THE "BEST" LIGHT



Gives 500 candle power. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease. Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
76 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

You often would read



your paper or a book lying in bed if you could be comfortable. You can be. Our mattress supporter lifts your head and shoulders to any angle. The greatest convenience imaginable. Simple and out of the way.

Illustrated booklet N on request

LEVINGER MFG. CO.
231 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting



THE KEY TO SUCCESS

MEMORY the BASIS of All KNOWLEDGE

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book, "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Sent absolutely free—Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 796 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent for life: **Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater** than any other trade. You need no previous experience. Our practical methods enable you in a few months to hold position as skilled plumber or conduct your own business. Catalog sent free.

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS

St. Louis Trades School
4443 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

EVERYBODY HAS WANTED IT for years; now it's here. A kerosene burner using a mantle, with light like city gas. Sample prepaid. Send stamp for circular and trial offer.
HEATING & LIGHTING CO., Rome, N. Y.

its capitalization they must also increase its charges to support its capitalization, but that does not alter the fact that to increase the capitalization is the only conceivable way to get its value. Then to issue the new capital is not volitional with them; they have no choice; they absolutely must do it to realize the value. The outcry of the half-baked editorial mind against Harriman's Alton deal was almost sickening. When the man died the same critics took it up again and howled anew. Not one of them suggested what else he should have done with the property but to capitalize it, and not one of them pointed out that exactly what he did is the thing that is done every day because it is a requisite of Business as Business is now situated. Heaven forbid that I should appear as an apologist for E. H. Harriman, but why not be fair and acknowledge the facts? These men do not what they devise but what they absolutely must do in existing conditions. If we want to scarify something, let us go out with our ready hammers and scarify the responsible conditions.

The Reformers Have Put Us On the Right Road of Thought

Men begin now to say that the prominent exponents of Business, the Rockefellers, Morgans, Harrimans, the directors of the Sugar Trust and the Beef Trust are above the law. Right! Assuredly under present conditions they are, and so far as one can now see they must be; not because of their personal traits, but because most of their criticized and injurious acts are performed under the stress of a business necessity stronger than all law. For a long time it was much the fashion to berate Mr. John D. Rockefeller. As a scapegoat he had his day and was succeeded by Messrs. H. H. Rogers, Harriman, Morgan, Morse, the Havemeyers and so on in a curious procession, each bearing for a time the sins of his class and fading from bad eminence to neglect and then again to respectable obscurity. Some persons high in authority have desired the condign punishment of these. How foolish that seems! They are no more responsible for facts than are you and I. They did not put Business in control of things, nor originate the system that has had this result. Yet so maudlin a project as the visiting of social ostracism upon their heads has had the unctuous support of the president of Yale University. Is it strange the rest of us go astray when Gravity thus plays at cherry-pit with Nonsense?

In good sooth, friends and brethren, the sum total achieved by all the reformers of this generation and by all the reform work is no more than this—that they have made us think. Before they began, we accepted as irremediable certain obvious conditions; now we are not so sure they are eternal. Believe me, in all seriousness, and without the least exaggeration, that is all. No one can show any other result. Let us tilt never so valorously against the windmill sails, to this hard fact shall we come at last.

Business rules us, not because of the will of any man, nor of all men, but because it must rule or cease to supply man with his necessities. Business is not evil nor good, cruel nor pitying, harsh nor kind; it is simply Business. We must do certain things and must have a certain basis, then Business can go on.

But clearly enough the course of wisdom is to recognize the facts and cease to palter with them. No fruits of hypocrisy and fraud can possibly be anything but evil. Business rules; then let us not pretend anything else.

Champ Clark's View of Discipline

WHEN Champ Clark inherited the troubles of John Sharp Williams as minority leader in the House of Representatives he was told that Speaker Cannon had a rod in pickle for him. "So Uncle Joe's gwine to dis-cip-line me, is he?" he queried. "Well, I reckon after a feller's been brought up on the brand o' chastisin' they deal out down in ole Missouri he won't even shy at Cannon crackers. It reminds me uh ole Noah an' th' feller 't got left out o' th' Ark. Ole Noah had been exhortin' an' a-pirootin' 'round till th' hull kit an' kaboodle was plumb sick o' him. By and by th' flood came, right on schedule, an' th' ungainly ole Ark went a-sailin' down th' stream on th' topmost crest o' th' rise. Goin' 'long one day he spies one uh th' ole onregenerates thet he kinda' hed it in f'r who hed clim' high up in th' tallest tree in them parts.

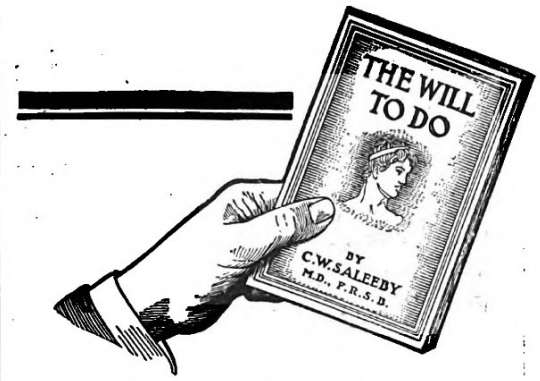
"'Well, ye ole hard-shell,' Noah yells to him, 'what do you think now?'

"'Aw,' sputters th' ole codger up th' tree, 'this here ain't nary a flood. Down in th' parts where I come from th' folks wouldn't think this here little sprinkle more 'n a spring shower.'"

New Light on Holmes

TWO old ladies wandering about the Public Library Building in Boston the other day entered Bates Hall and gazed interestedly at a bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes in black bronze.

"Well," one old lady remarked very audibly to the other one, "I never knew before that Doctor Holmes was a negro."—J. L. FRENCH.



Let Us Send You Dr. C. W. Saleeby's Book FREE

We want you to read this latest book by the noted physician-author, Dr. C. W. Saleeby. In it he makes many new and interesting statements about your nervous system that are surprising. How it controls your success—your health—and that without nervous activity you would be but a "locomotive vegetable." He also tells some mighty interesting things about

Sanatogen
THE FOOD-TONIC

He tells you that Sanatogen is composed of Albumen, the nutritive part of Nature's only true food—milk, and Sodium Glycero-phosphate, the great brain and nerve builder. He tells how Sanatogen builds up the worn-down body—revitalizes the overworked nervous system—restores one to general healthy body and brain activity.

In it he has lost none of his noted interesting style and it is sure to prove a profitable as well as a pleasing half hour's reading.

We will gladly send you a copy with our compliments upon request. Fill in the coupon *now*.

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—
if not obtainable from him, write

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY
The Everett Chambers Union Square New York

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me a free copy of Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "The Will To Do

Name .....
Address .....
Druggist .....
Address .....



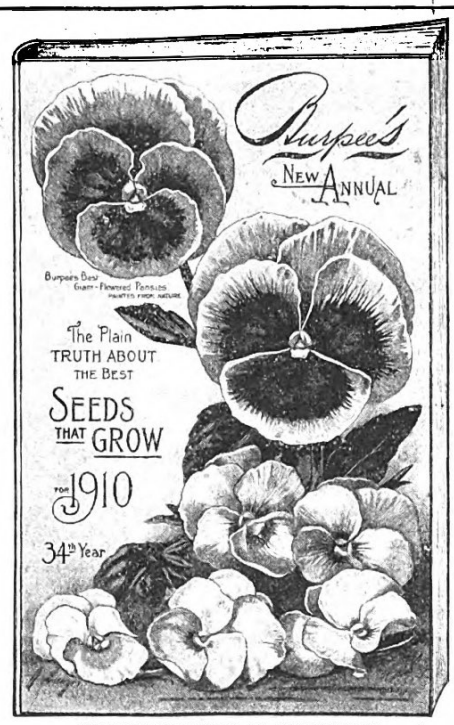
Oh! How handy! This well-known glue at last is yours for the asking in non-leakable tube form. Of course your dealer has it, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price — 10c. — by

RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Gloucester, Mass.

Also sold in a patented cap bottle form — 10c.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Digitized by Google



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF FRONT COVER

Burpee's

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1910!

AN ELEGANT BOOK OF 178 PAGES,—it is "THE SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade. It tells the *plain truth* about the Best Seeds that can be grown,—as proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the largest, most complete Trial Grounds in America. Handsomely bound with covers lithographed in nine colors it shows, with the six colored plates, Nine Novelties and Specialties in unequaled Vegetables, and five of the finest Beautiful New Flowers, including two superb "Gold Medal" Spencer Sweet Peas.

With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions it is a SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds, whether for pleasure or profit. While too costly a book to send unsolicited (except to our regular customers), we are pleased to mail it **FREE to every one** who *has a garden* and can appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail YOU a copy? If so, kindly *name this paper* and write TO-DAY!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Building, Philadelphia

Floor Polish of Quality



If you have never used

Butcher's Boston Polish

on your floors, you do not know what it is to have a perfectly finished floor. There are imitations, but none of equal excellence.

It is the STANDARD in the different trades throughout the UNITED STATES and CANADA.

When finishing your floors use BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH and be convinced of its merits

Send for our free booklet

THE BUTCHER POLISH COMPANY
356 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.



HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

SQUEAKS

Stopped; "3-in-One" oils everything right, locks, clocks hinges, sewing machines, typewriters; generous free sample, sent by **Three In One Oil Co., 67 Broadway, New York.**

THE UNJUST JUDGE

[*Continued from page 17*]

heard; which you will not let go to the jury. I have been so mad, so proud of having at last in my hands the means of crushing out this Barlow Gang, that I have made a case which is without possibility of answer or defense. If I open this case I shall convict your son."

"Have you any more reason to be scrupulous in this case than has his father?"

"God help me, no! I must go on. But I call your attention to the fact, that, like yourself in another case not untangled from this one, I am going to do more than my duty. I set out to make glory out of the crushing of the Barlow Gang. To insure my reelection I am about to destroy your son and bring down your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. So be it."

He turned to the clerk.

"Call a jury," he directed.

The judge nodded casually, as one who should say, "that is right." But while the jury was assembling in the box he asked the district attorney quite as casually: "How many bills of indictment did you say you have there?"

The district attorney held them up.

"Twenty-seven," he said, briefly, shutting his teeth. "Once more, sir, before this jury is sworn and it is too late, shall I *nolle pros* them? All, all of them?"

"Your reputation would be ruined, Mr. District Attorney," smiled the judge. "You could never again be elected. I think the issue of your campaign was your declaration that you would clear out the Barlow Gang or quit. Will you quit?"

"Shall I *nolle pros* these bills? I have the right to do it with your permission."

"You heard what I said," cried the judge, irritably. "Your place depends upon the crushing out of the Barlow Gang."

"I am not thinking of my place to-day," answered the officer of the law, "but of something much more momentous. I stand ready to *nolle pros* these bills and regain my office honestly, or go into exile. What say you, Judge Grinder? The onus is on you."

"Are you going to try me?" asked the boy, innocently.

"Yes, my boy," answered the officer of the law, huskily.

"Why, I have done nothing!" he cried. "Dad! Don't you hear? I have done nothing, nothing at all."

His father looked straight at him and answered nothing.

"The boy has been a captive!" cried the law officer. "Let us pity him and help him."

In the silent moment which followed wonders happened in the minds of this father and this son. The father's heart was hardened beyond softening. The son became the judge of the father. And his decree was in the few words which followed.

"Well, you're a nice father, you are! This is about the last I want of you."

And through the air of the court-room swept a rustle which echoed the last of the boy's words—the judgment of the sovereign people.

"The last I want of you."

To the district attorney the father said:

"Go on."

"Boy," said that person, "in this business we prepare cases to win, not to lose. We forget plain justice. I believe you absolutely innocent. I am about to prove you absolutely guilty. I ask your forgiveness in advance."

"All right," said the boy, stoically.

"What will you do?" asked the district attorney.

"Go back to Barlow," shrugged the boy, "with my father's brand upon me. They'll take me in with them then. When you see me again—take hold of me—if you can. You'll have something to try me for then. What's the use!"

There were no challenges, and the clerk had begun to drone the oath to the jury:

"You, and each of you, do solemnly swear that you will well and truly try and a true deliverance make between the Commonwealth and the prisoner at the bar, Frank Grinder, whom you will have in charge, and a true and righteous verdict render, according to the evidence, unless discharged by the court—"

"What is the maximum penalty upon the bills?" asked the judge

The district attorney calculated rapidly.

"One hundred and twenty years," he said.

The eyes of the maximum judge narrowed, his nostrils dilated, his lips pressed themselves into a bloodless line athwart his face.

"Let us do our duty, Mr. District Attorney," he said. "Proceed with the first bill. Then the rest in due order."

"My God!" breathed the district attorney, "a brute come to judgment!" and called the first witness.

The judge fixed his son with an eye which would be stern in death.

"Proceed with the first bill," he repeated, savagely.

VII

WORK IS THE ONLY HONEST OCCUPATION

THE district attorney proceeded. It was the usual positive evidence which police officers give after an arrest they have themselves made. There was not a doubt at any point upon which to hang a hope. The district attorney had, indeed, prepared his case too well to miss. Each officer knew what was expected of him and did it cheerfully. Those whose duty it had been, did their duty over well.

Such an old story was it to the judge that he was glad when a note was handed to him as he sat on the bench; it might relieve the tedium of the procedure. A card fell from it.

"FREDERIC FENTON BARLOW."

Even this did not shock him now.

Above the name was written:

"With kindest compliments and considerations."

The judge turned the note over and read it as calmly as he had read other communications passed to him by the law officer during the lull of a trial. So far as an onlooker could see it caused no emotion in face or feature, save possibly a sterner setting of the thin lips, and a gloomier light in the dead eyes.

"By the time you receive this, my dear old fool," the note proceeded, "Frank will have returned to you; better, more capable of fighting out his life than when I took him. No thanks, please, the pleasure is all mine. I like him and have been glad of his companionship. Do you still make silly jokes on the bench? Are you still so very, very funny? If so, you will be able to take the situation which I have here made for you with humor. Now, to the matter in hand, as you are used to saying.

"Yes, I am sending Frank home. Don't treat him as you did me. He deserves it as little. Poor chap! He got none of our 'ill-gotten gains.' He has seen the seamy side, however, and is willing now to settle down to whatever you have in store for him. The joke of it is that he has a fine scheme for caring for your declining years! I have let him see you a number of times, recently, and he pities you! Ha, ha! He has had nothing to do with our robberies; knew nothing of them in any way. We really kidnapped him and kept him captive. I have made him work; and honestly work. With him it has been a case of high thinking and low living. After all, work (work with one's hands, like the primitive man) is the only 'honest' occupation. It is only that which actually produces things—wealth, power, entertainment. In that light, you and I are both criminals, the honors being with you.

"As for me, I am worth some seven or eight hundred thousand dollars (could buy a pardon if I wanted one) and am really tired of the life of crime you so kindly put me in the way of. Besides, further 'work' is unnecessary. I am going to be good and live happy ever after. I could do you a fine turn now, if you would let me, but I don't think you will, though you look damnably as if you needed it. I suppose you still administer that queer and criminal thing you call law, in your queer and criminal way. Observe that I practise justice, with mercy (I believe now, that we are quits, a trifle on my side). I feel no longer any resentment toward you, poor old mistaken fool! You probably never knew that if you had turned me loose on the world that day there would have been another poet whose verses you might have had to read. You have cured me of that, and made a judge of me; your judge, too! Strange? I'll explain. I have taken nothing from anybody which was not taken from somebody else. See? In other words, I have done my best to level the thieving millionaire to the standing of thieving you and me. Of course it was too much for one man to accomplish in so short a time, by theft from thieves to reduce the great thieves to the level of the small ones. But I have done my 'duty' as fearlessly as you have done yours and I have shown, as you have, what terrible things might be done if many of us acted in concert; and how fortunate that it is otherwise!

"You will notice that I just escape being a millionaire myself, so that I can hereafter say that I have nothing in common with small thieves. I shall take care that I get no richer. Anyhow, I have enough. It was rather a shame to break your things and make you poor once a year, but that was only to vex you a bit and teach you how impotent you really are. I might have done worse. Twice I have had my hands on your throat while you were in the chloroform. But you looked so old and silly that it was n't worth while, and I wondered if you really ever meant those foolish things you said to me; if God or man really ever intrusted such a thing as you with the awful power you wield so clumsily. I decided that it is only vanity. Idiocy! It always made me laugh and I could n't choke you. Besides, my torture was n't complete. However, you're pretty low down now, by the look of you, and I sha'n't have to wait long to see you go to judgment, I fancy, and, dear old fool, if you don't get it harder than you ever gave it when God gets hold of you, I miss my guess. What an old rat you are! And what a lot of spirit hands are waiting to clutch you and drag you down to hell!—unless you take this nice boy to your heart and live with and for him. There is that one chance for you. I think that might really make amends for some of your rottenness. I shall know if you do, and if you don't. In the latter case things will happen. You will need to look always behind you and never sleep. Oh, not kill you! Simply kick you around the block now and then—with the compliments of Barlow. You see, I am the judge, now,

Digitized by Google

Superb Christmas Gifts

"Peace, Power and Plenty"

DR. MARDEN'S GREATEST BOOK

Published only this year, twelve editions have already been printed in this country, and it has been republished in England and Germany.

UNDOUBTEDLY the best book that has yet been published along the NEW THOUGHT line—the line of the *new gospel of optimism and love, the philosophy of sweetness and light.*

This book teaches that the cure for poverty ill health and unhappiness, lies in bringing oneself, through scientific thinking, into conscious union with the Great Source of Infinite Life.

"Peace, Power and Plenty" eclipses all of Dr. Marden's previous works.—EDWIN MARKHAM.

I thank you for "Why Grow Old?" (a chapter in "Peace, Power and Plenty").—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

I am reading a chapter or two in "Peace, Power and Plenty," each evening. You preach a sound, vigorous, wholesome doctrine.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

I find it very stimulating and interesting.—A. CONAN DOYLE (Sherlock Holmes).

The chapter on "Health Through Right Thinking" alone is worth five hundred dollars.—SAMUEL BRILL, head of the firm of Brill Brothers, New York.

Other inspiring chapters are: "Poverty a Mental Disability," "The Law of Opulence," "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," "Affirmation and Audible Suggestion," "Worry, the Disease of the Age," "Fear the Curse of the Race," "Why Grow Old?" "The Power of the Mind to Compel the Body," "Destructive and Constructive Suggestion," "Good Cheer, God's Medicine," etc.

It is undoubtedly the most helpful and inspiring book the author has ever published. Beautifully printed, price, cloth, $1.10; pocket edition, leather, $1.50; silk, $1.25 postpaid.

"He Can Who Thinks He Can"

Men in every walk of life from Theodore Roosevelt down to the young clerk starting out in the world, have testified to the splendid inspiration, the practical help and uplift of the *encouraging and optimistic* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *editorials collected between the covers of this book*, in response to hundreds of requests.

Ex-President Roosevelt, writing to Dr. Marden, said: "I am so deeply touched and pleased by your editorial (a chapter in 'He Can Who Thinks He Can') that I must write and tell you so."

Handsomely bound in cloth, price $1.10 postpaid.

The Marden Inspirational Books

Thousands of Dr. Marden's books are given as presents every year to young and old. A great many employers are giving copies to their employees. *One wealthy man has bought and given away five hundred during the last ten months. He says he knows of no other way of doing so much for the young men and women of America.*

Some of the recipients write us that they have received more benefit from those great inspirational books than they would have from a present of $1,000 in cash.

Thousands have attributed their success in life to the reading of Dr. Marden's books.

Are you puzzled as to what you shall give some friend at Christmas? Why not give something which will be a perpetual inspiration? One of Dr. Marden's books would make a splendid gift to a friend and *might make all the difference to him between success and failure. The reading of a Marden inspirational book has been the turning point in thousands of careers.*

Circulars of all of The Marden Inspirational Books sent on application.

We are always glad to send books on approval.

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Book Dept., Success Magazine Bldg., 29-31 East 22d St., New York.



COPY THIS SKETCH and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c. in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1431 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

myself, and you are the prisoner at the bar. You've got to do as I wish. And the joke of it is, that you can't get away from your punishment, as I did from mine, even by killing a man. Nothing you can do will relieve you from it.

"Do not look for me. I assure you, as I did on the day of my trial, that crime, when pursued intelligently, is as safe as 'business' and quite as honest—more honest than 'judging.' I have constantly been amazed at the ease with which robbery can be accomplished. In future, it might be well for you to consider whether it is well or ill to make criminals out of men of fair intelligence. If all crooks had my style of mind the detectives might close up. Millionaires might as well leave their safes open—as a compliment to Barlow. So might you, my beloved old fool? You are lucky in having to deal with the other sort.

"I trust that you will not be sorry to hear me repeat once more that I was quite innocent of that robbery; indeed, that up to that time I had been quite innocent of any crime.

"My wife and my son (now about Frank's age then) send regards. They go with me to where we will live happy ever after, thanks to you. They, of course, know nothing of the life of crime you planned for me, since they are not in a way to hear of crime, and never read about it. There *are* such people. They will never know any better. Or, if they do, it is safe to bet that they will see it all, and you, as I do. The most they know is that I have been on a journey."

VIII

WHEN THE BLOND JUROR LAUGHED AT THE JUDGE

WHILE he read, the trial had begun and ended.

For he scanned Barlow's note not once but four times, each time more slowly and carefully than the last, so that nothing in it might be missed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the district attorney was saying, when he finally looked up, "you heard what I said to the court before I opened this case. Personally, I believe the prisoner at the bar to be entirely innocent. Legally I have proved him guilty beyond a possible doubt. My personal beliefs have, unfortunately, nothing to do with the case. That is to be decided upon the evidence. But, that—the evidence—was prepared in my office, as is all evidence, with a view to winning this case, without entire regard to truth, law or justice. So far as I am concerned, I do not believe a word of it. These officers are swearing to what they believe myself and the Commonwealth *wish* them to swear to. And I have made them tell their stories to me so often that they believe every word they say. I have cunningly given them to understand, perhaps without a word on the subject, what I wished. They have given it to me. I have drilled them so well that they have told their stories in spite of me. And, God help us, there is no counsel for the prisoner to cross-examine them. I have nothing more to say by way of excuse, except that I have done my duty as I saw it, and I saw it wrong, as all lawyers are taught to do. I have done my worst for this boy. I pray God that you may do better for him than I."

And the judge said to the jury.

"Gentlemen, I instruct you to find the prisoner guilty. The evidence is absolutely conclusive. There is nothing else to do."

Two of the men in the box nodded their acquiescence.

A blond man broke a laugh in two (as the judge frowned), but said, nevertheless, so that all in the room could hear:

"Hell! He never heard a dam' word of the evidence! He was reading a letter!"

But it was three days and three nights before the jury came, gray and gaunt and unshaven into court, and, being asked:

"How do you say, gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," whispered the foreman.

The judge started weakly forward, crawling and clutching across the bench like a mangled serpent whose prey was just beyond his reach. For, in those three days in which he had meant to close the doors of liberty upon his son, God had been slowly closing the doors of life upon him, and God, he always admitted, was a greater Judge than he, One from whom there was no appeal!

For a moment, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, Judge Grinder was deprived of the power of speech.

"Three days ago," cried he then, hoarsely, "I instructed you, *instructed you*, do you remember, to find the prisoner guilty. Is that not so?"

"Yes," answered a blond man, who stimulated some recollection as the judge looked at him. He said no more, but smiled coolly. He, too, was worn with the battle of those three days and nights. But there was still fight in him.

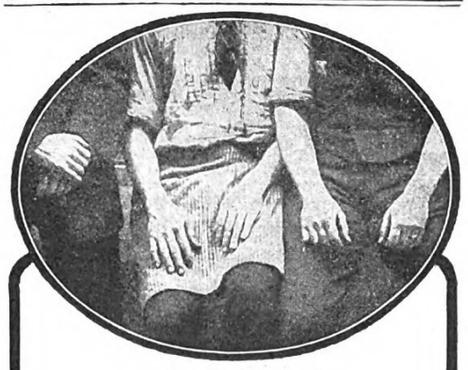
"Well, sir!" the judge demanded.

"We did n't do it," the same blond man responded.

"And, why, sir!"

"Because *you* had n't any business to instruct us in that there way. In the first place, you did n't hear a dam' word of the evidence. You was reading a letter. In the second place, you would n't have had any business to instruct us that there way even if you heard the evidence. The verdict is for us to find—not you. You don't ketch hell if it's wrong—nor get patted on the back if it's right. We do. See?"





Are YOU One of the Hands?

There are *two* classes of workers—head workers and hand workers.

The hands are paid for just so much work done. Come hard times they are laid off—steady times, they earn so much and no more—sickness, their earnings are suspended—old age, their earnings cease.

Only *special training* for the line of work you are best fitted for will put you in the "heads" class—the class that ever advances in position and salary. And you can acquire this training through the help of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton. To learn *how* you can do it mark and mail the attached coupon.

Don't imagine because you're one of the hands that there is no I. C. S. way to Success for YOU—*for there is.* It is for such men as you that the I. C. S. was established. On an average, 300 students, once in exactly your position, every month VOLUNTARILY report advancement due to I. C. S. training. During October the number was 308. If you can read and write *you* can be helped in like manner. Mark the coupon.

There is absolutely no barrier in the way, whether of age, occupation, address, lack of schooling, of means, or of spare time. No leaving home; no quitting work.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1172, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architec'l Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Banking
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS. SEE PAGE 3

Digitized by Google

What Do You Know About Wireless?

Almost everyone knows something about the **art** of wireless telegraphy through reading the scientific journals or through news articles in the daily papers. But how many persons know that the UNITED WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY has developed **commercial wireless** until it is now possible to transmit aerograms from 107 land stations to 215 steamships owned by 63 steamship companies, or from these ships to the shore stations, at any hour of the twenty-four?

From Galveston to Boston the United Wireless Telegraph Company owns and controls twenty-seven stations for handling messages passing between the shore and the many steamships plying along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

More than a score of stations extending along the Pacific Coast from Los Angeles, California, to Juneau, Alaska, handle hundreds of messages daily between the shore and the ships of the coast and transpacific fleet equipped with the United Company's system. All the principal Great Lakes ports, to the number of seventeen, are in constant communication with the steamships of the lake fleet through the stations owned by the United Wireless Company.

Overland wireless communication is now established on a commercial basis. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago and Erie, Pa., are among the larger inland cities now in touch with each other by aerogram.

Aerograms are transmitted with the same expedition as messages sent over wire lines. Passengers at sea may be in hourly communication with friends or business associates on shore by filing their messages with the wireless operator on board ship. Aerograms for persons at sea may be filed at any Western Union or Postal Telegraph office and will be promptly relayed to the nearest United Wireless station for transmission to destination.

Principal Commercial Stations:

ATLANTIC AND GULF-COAST STATIONS

Atlantic City, N. J.
Albany, N. Y.
(Ten Eyck Hotel.)
Boston, Mass. (2)
(Boston Herald Bldg.)
(Broad Exchange Bldg.)
Bridgeport, Conn.
Baltimore, Md.
(Balto. American Bldg.)
Cape Hatteras, N. C.
Charleston, S. C.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Fort Morgan, Ala.
Galilee, N. J.
Grand Island, La.
Galveston, Tex.
Havana, Cuba.
Key West, Fla.
Mount Beacon, N. Y.
(Beaconcrest Hotel.)
Mobile, Ala.
New York City.
42 Broadway,
(Manhattan Beach.)
(Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.)
Norfolk, Va.
(Law Bldg.)
New Orleans, La.
(Hotel Grunewald.)
Philadelphia, Pa.
(Bellevue-Stratford.)
Port Arthur, Tex.
Savannah, Ga.
Tampa, Fla.
Tangier Island, Va.
Washington, D. C.
(New Willard Hotel.)
Wilmington, Del.

GREAT LAKES STATIONS

Benton Harbor, Mich.
Buffalo, N. Y.
(Buffalo News.)
Calumet, Mich.
Chicago, Ill.
(Congress Hotel.)
Cleveland, Ohio.
Detroit, Mich.
(Wayne Hotel.)
Duluth, Minn.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Grand Rapids Press.)
Grand Haven, Mich.
Holland, Mich.
Ludington, Mich.
Mackinac Island, Mich.
Manitowoc, Wis.
(Wm. Rohr's Sons Malting Co.)
Milwaukee, Wis.
(Pabst Brewery.)
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
South Haven, Mich.
Toledo, Ohio.
(Hotel Secor.)

PACIFIC COAST STATIONS

Aberdeen, Wash.
Astoria, Ore.
Bellingham, Wash.
Chehalis, Wash.
Catalina Island, Cal.
Cordova, Alaska.
Eureka, Cal.
Eugene, Ore.
Everett, Wash.
Fort Bragg, Cal.
Friday Harbor, Wash.
Juneau, Alaska
Katella, Alaska
Ketchikan, Alaska.
Kalama, Wash.
Los Angeles, Cal. (2)
(Los Angeles, Examiner.)
Marshfield, Ore.
(Coos Bldg.)
Monterey, Cal.
Newport, Ore.
North Vancouver, B. C.
North Yakima, Wash.
Olympia, Wash.
Portland, Ore.
Port Townsend, Wash.
Roseburg, Ore.
San Diego, Cal
Santa Barbara, Cal.
(Hotel Potter.)
Pasadena, Cal.
(Hotel Green.)
San Francisco, Cal. (2)
(San Fran. Chronicle.)
San Pedro, Cal.
Sacramento, Cal.
(Capitol Hotel.)
San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Salem, Ore.
Seattle, Wash. (2)
(Perry Hotel.)
(University Grounds.)
Seward, Alaska.
Susitna, Alaska.
Tacoma, Wash.
(Tacoma Hotel.)
The Dalles, Ore.
Victoria, B. C.
Wenatchee, Wash.
West Port, Wash.

Rate for message from ship to shore or shore to ship, *$2 for ten words, and **10 cents** for each additional word, exclusive of address and signature. Regular land charges will be added where the point of delivery is not reached by wireless. Rates on land same as those of the wire companies.

*On steamers North Star, Hamilton, Jamestown, Jefferson, Monroe, Princess Anne, Manhattan, Yale and Harvard the rate is $1 for ten words and 7 cents for each additional word. On Great Lakes steamers, 50 cents for ten words.

United Wireless Telegraph Co.
No. 42 Broadway . . . New York City

Pacific Coast and Western Division, Seattle, Washington
Great Lakes and Northern Division, Chicago, Illinois

"Well, sir," gasped the judge, "in all my career on the bench I never heard such impudence. Yet, I have, I do, I shall encourage free speech. Go on, sir! And then I shall commit you for contempt."

"That's all I got to say," grinned the juror. "You can commit and be damned. I've heard that before from you and it did'nt happen. Anyhow, all the committing *you* can do won't change this verdict. It's out and it's done. You said so yourself. Put that in your dam' old pipe and smoke it! Now, go on with your committing, if you dare!"

Again the judge was shocked out of his speech. A juror undertook to comfort him.

"It was all his fault," said the foreman, venomously. "We was all for conviction but him on the first ballot."

"And you all yielded your wills to him?"

"Yes," said the foreman, "but not till ten minutes ago when we was all played out but him."

"How do you explain this?" said the judge sternly to the blond man.

"I don't explain it," said he. "If they had n't come my way they would be there yet. By God, they would be there ten years from now if they had n't."

"Sir," cried the judge.

"That's what he said, your honor," whined the foreman.

"I am amazed," said the judge, now, once more, in possession of his voice and faculties, "that twelve men of your evident intelligence should have so prostituted the law and your duty to—"

The blond man whistled, softly.

"Well, you see," he grinned, "we're the jury—you're the judge. Oh, I'm not easy scared. I'm a traveling salesman. Through with us?"

The judge pounded, impotently, upon the bench.

"What have you to say, sir, about disobeying my instructions?"

"Nothin'," said the blond man, impudently. "What did you want with us if we were only to say what you told us? Why did n't you say it yourself; try the case and render the verdict, handcuff the prisoner and walk him to jail and lock him up, too? You announced the last time I was here—"

"Oh," said the judge, with awakening recollection, "you were here before?"

"Barlow case," said the blond man. "Number nine, traveling salesman. Told you if I ever got on another jury—you told us then that you had nothing to do with the finding of facts. We had to do that, you did n't care how. That was our affair. See? You told us that verdicts were often found by coercion—of the sort I used in this case. And they were good ones. You told us that once the verdict was out of our mouths no one could monkey with it. Well, if that was good law then it is good law now, I suppose. If you did n't use your discretion then you can't consistently do so now. I was n't going to trust you to be easy with this boy. I made up my mind to get him away from you. See? I made a mess of it that time. I was n't going to do it this time. I suppose this chap is as guilty as that one was innocent. Don't know. Don't care. The one, maybe, cancels the other. That's *my* way of administering justice. If you don't like it don't send for me again. I'm dam' tired. And not in as good a humor as I was then. It's been a big fight. Seventy-two hours without a wink of sleep. Oh, the' was no games this time. I kep' 'em busy. Look out for me. I'm not pleasant when I'm tired."

"I shall imprison you for contempt," said the judge, weakly, in his throat.

"Sure!" answered the blond man. "You ask for the truth and when you get it you have n't got the nerve to stand the racket you've made. You plead the baby act. And because you have the open sesame to a jail you think you're God Almighty. Send me there and dam' you. You'll soon be answering questions before another Judge and in a Court, which, thank God, can't be as diabolical as this one. Excuse me, but it looks like you'd better be doing something about this time to square yourself there. You may think you're all right. But if any one up there thinks you are, I'll be surprised, that's all. Take your son home, and thank God that we was kinder to your own flesh and blood than you were. If you had your way he'd still be highway robbing. But you did n't get it this time thanks to the other time! Go on! I'm ready for any old thing you have up your sleeve!"

The judge forgot to commit the contumacious juror. Something he had put into his old head blotted out all else.

Answering questions before another Judge! Answering questions to another Judge! Well, what then? The thing he had called duty all his life seemed less like duty now and more like vanity.

IX

THE GHOSTS OF LIFE

Nobody had ever seen the Maximum Judge weaken. But now he dropped his head supinely upon the bench from which he had administered what he thought to be justice for many years.

The clerk dismissed the jury. The blond man remained a moment. He went over and touched the broken old man, with distaste, on the shoulder.

"Look here, don't be more of a fool than you must be. Get off this bench. You've got a fine boy there. Spend your time getting acquainted with him, and then in looking after him. Let him look after you."

"What?" questioned the judge, looking up and, pathetically, taking the hand of the salesman. His eyes were quite void of understanding.

"There's only one Almighty God," said the blond juror, "and He ain't you. He don't make no mistakes. That's all you do. He can read the heart. You can't even read the skin. You're not a judge, you're a mutt. Git off the bench, resign, git, quit, move, as fast as you can! And, remember, when you're glad you done it, that Albion P. Hussy told you to."

He waited a moment, looking down, with a grin, upon the stricken man, and then, laughing, said:

"Well, I expect you ain't going to commit me, no use waiting any longer for it—so I'll skippoo! So long!"

Then the blond man left, and all were gone but the boy. He stood there awkwardly a long time. Then he said with all the affection he could feel for such a parent:

"Come on, Dad, let's go home."

"Yes," said his father, rising unsteadily, "I think—I think I'll resign. I ought n't to be a judge any longer. Something—does seem—wrong—with me."

He rose and stood in that place, which, in his youth, had indeed been a temple to him. The shadows were gathering in the room whence he had sent so many souls to sorrow, some justly, some unjustly, all cruelly. Nothing—no one—responded. It was a cold, hard, cruel, sordid place. As he swayed there, those ghosts which Barlow had promised him came:

"Are they all—all the men and women—and even children—whom I have—I did'nt think there were so many! So very many!" he whispered.

"What?" asked Frank with awe, but no sympathy.

"Ghosts, shadows, of the people I have—there is Bingham. See! I know their faces now! But you—"

He was talking excitedly to one of them.

"But you—you *were* guilty. Why do you come here?"

"Come home, Dad; you're getting funny," said Frank impatiently, going slowly out at the door.

He was alone.

"Yes, as soon as—Frank, I did n't know there were so many, so very, very many!"

He glared about from side to side. Finally, he held up a finger, with something of his old authority.

"Rodgers!" he called. Some one seemed to come to him. "Now, then! Did n't you steal the—ha, ha!—sausages, did n't you? What a funny case it was! Yes, yes! Tell me. There is no one here—and I would like to know whether I *have* made so many, so very many mistakes!" He waited a moment. "Aha!" he broke out, then, triumphantly, "you did, you confess it. Frank! here is one—the very first one I have questioned—who confesses that I was right. Now you'll not think so harshly of me, and you, salesman, and even you, Barlow!" Again he listened. "Oh! You *did* steal them, but five years for a sausage to a starving man? But it is the law, no matter if you *were* starving. One may not steal merely because he starves. Yes, that is quite true. He must die, rather. Well, but the 'Digest'—here it is—" He leafed it rapidly, in the darkness, but as if he had it all in mind, did not look. "Purdon makes it from thirty days to five years for petit larceny. The maximum? Yes. I must admit that five years for the theft of a sausage by a starving man seems a bit severe—now. I thought as much. Forgive me, Rodgers. If one could know. And, was it my fault that you died, suffered, in prison? Well, perhaps, if I had not sent you there— Yes, it is too late to mend death and suffering, that has been—"

He suddenly dodged, as if some one had struck at him, then lay prone upon the bench, glancing out, under his hand.

"Yes, Garrow," he choked, "I have been on the bench forty-five years; yes, I must have tried sixty thousand cases—what an army! Are you all here? And what for? How sad your faces are! I never saw such sadness. No, no! I can not have caused it all. Some of the blame is against the ironclad law customs—precedents—fictions procedures!"

Again, for a long time, he lay supinely and watched the army of his convicts pass by. Suddenly he started away—then stood, as if held fast.

"Let go of me, Dare," he cried, in a great terror. "Could I help it that they had to hang you twice? It was the fault of the rope—breaking. Why do you drag that broken rope about your neck? Don't, don't!" he shrieked.

He tore madly at his collar, as if in a state of incipient suffocation, then struck out.

"There!" he ended, breathlessly, "I did n't mean to strike you, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and no precedents, custom procedure or fiction can alter that—thank God. Did I hurt you? Then keep off I'll kill you—again. And, why should you try to draw that rope about *my* neck? See! You have made a red mark there. Self-defense? Yes, that *is* self-preservation. Yes. He would have killed you if you had not killed him? I do not remember. But, I am very unlikely to admit the plea of self-defense. It is so easy to make and so hard for the Commonwealth to disprove!"

He stood aside suddenly.

"Who are you, woman? Of course I had, sometimes, to try women. *I* took you from your children—these? And they died. Oh, that is a pity. Come here, my pretty ones!"

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS. SEE PAGE 3

Digitized by Google

He reached, as if to caress a child, but started back.

"You are cold. I forgot that she said you died. No, no, no! I am not to blame for that!"

Then he lifted his head as if to listen above.

"For He knoweth our frame? He remembereth that we are dust? Though your sin be as scarlet, yet shall it be white as snow? Who says that?"

Then he seemed to see and bowed his head.

"Yes, you were a minister of God, they said. I remember! But, you should have lived above the law—but—what are you doing? Why do you all mass there, where the jury sits? Oh!"

He shuddered down, then rose, and took his seat in the judicial chair with a pathetic dignity.

"You mean that? That *I* am to be tried? Then I should be in the prisoner's dock!"

He rose as if in obedience to some command.

"Oh! I am to try myself? Why—that is hardly fair, gentlemen."

Then, after a moment, he sat down and bowed as if the point had been decided against him.

"Very well. There is some justice in your contention. A judge *is* a dual personality. Yes, I have always been able to separate the judge from the man in my many years on the bench. Whether I can do it now, that *I* am the prisoner—yes," he cried, to the dark, with sudden vigor, "I *will* judge myself as unsparingly as I have judged others. I have said so. I will keep my word. Gentlemen, if your verdict should be against me I shall see that it is executed!"

He bowed to something and again seated himself.

"Yes," he said, calmly, then, "it is quite right that I, who have tried so many should at last stand trial myself. Mr. District Attorney; no, minister of God, call a jury. Let them be sworn to well and truly try and a true deliverance make between—"

He bent his head and whispered into the dark.

"Who—who do you say? Gentlemen," he raised his voice, "who prosecutes here?"

Again he listened. Then he spoke once more to the minister.

"Between Judge Grinder and—the Lord God Almighty!"

His voice trailed off into a deathly whisper. Then he spoke again to the darkness.

"What, sir, is the charge? Read the indictment."

Again he listened.

"There is no such crime in the books," he said with dignity.

"Yes! That is correct. There *is* such a crime on the books of the Lord God Almighty, the plaintiff in this case." He turned to where the officer of the law ought to have been, and said: "Minister of God, the charge is Unjust Judge. If the jury of my peers is ready, let the trial proceed."

He sat there a long time, fascinated, while his own trial went on before himself. Finally he charged that jury who had come from their graves to try him:

"Gentlemen, what you have heard is called testimony. It is on that you must acquit or convict, on that alone. This cloud—this vast cloud of witnesses have testified entirely one way. There is not a dissenting voice. Perhaps I should instruct you to find a verdict of guilty. But the facts are for you. I prefer that you shall find them. The charge is Unjust Judge. Whether this has been made out beyond a reasonable doubt, is for you to say. If the evidence satisfies you that it has been, you must render your verdict—guilty—without thought of the consequences to the prisoner. If you do not find that the evidence supports the charge, then you will say so in your verdict by returning the prisoner not guilty. As I have said, this cloud of witnesses testify but one way—affirmatively. If they are to be believed, the prisoner at the bar has not only been proven an unjust judge, but has usurped the functions of the greatest of all judges. For the prisoner there is but one witness, himself. Without corroboration his testimony is worthless—not to be believed. You have heard and seen him through all his life. Your testimony shall stand alone. There is nothing more that he can say. Gentlemen, do your duty fearlessly. I am very tired."

The judge sank, gasping, back into the chair. He sat there staring before him for a long time.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said then, "how say you? Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty?"

"Prisoner—at—the—bar—stand up. Have—you—anything to say—why sentence—of the law—should—not—be—passed upon you? Nothing? I—sentence—you—to—"

A great stillness fell. The big clock struck hour after hour on an anvil. After it had struck three and the gray shadows of another day began to lighten the windows, Frank stalked noisily into the court-room. He had a lantern. Steadily he made his way to the bench.

"I thought so," he said. "I told them you'd fallen asleep on the old bench you were so fond of," he laughed, acidly. "Well, I'm glad there is *something* you like, Dad. You and I could hardly keep on living together. I'm going away. Come, Dad."

Slowly, gently, the boy lifted his father's face into the light of the lantern.

"I want to forget this day and you, Dad; want to forget you. And—please forget me! We'll disown each other. Come, Dad, this is our last night on earth together!"

It was indeed.



These specimens are full size letter-sheets with Printed, Lithographed and Die-Stamped headings, just as they are used by prominent firms throughout the country. They illustrate how other big business houses secure dignified, refined, productive business stationery.

You should have these letter-heads. Send for them. Compare them with your own. Note the beautiful printing and lithographing results here obtained, just as you may obtain them through the use of COUPON BOND; note the quite, impressive dignity and elegance of a COUPON BOND letter-sheet over that which any other letter-sheet makes possible.

If you want business stationery that is really productive—these samples show you how to get it. They point out in the most convincing way, how you too, may have business stationery that of itself does business.

Send for these samples today. They are free. With them we will also send you samples of Berkshire Text and Arrivé Half-tone paper; two of the best papers for Book or Booklet work.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO., 17 Main St., HOLYOKE, MASS.

Largest Mfrs. of Writing, Book and Cover, and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.

"California Now or Never!"

"The Kuhn California Project" will irrigate 250,000 acres in the famous Sacramento Valley. The land is ready! The water is ready! Are you ready? The sale of these rich valley lands has just begun in tracts of ten to eighty acres. Small payment down, then ten annual payments.

The valley is garden soil, fifty feet deep, yielding immense crops of fruit, alfalfa, sugar beets, and all the famous products of California. Mature orange groves on these lands have yielded as high as $1,000 per acre yearly. If you are going to have a farm why not have the best? The Kuhns are always looking for the best and their experts tell them in this enterprise they have found it. They are putting millions of dollars into improvements to make it still better. The land is close to big markets and will pay for itself.



You take no chance in buying land under the Kuhn projects. The Kuhn interests are irrigating 400,000 acres in the Twin Falls Country, Idaho. Their great Sacramento Valley project offers a frostless winter and a still wider range of crops. Organize a California Colony in your own city or town. Take your neighbors with you.

There is in press a very choice book of 48 pages, "California—Now or Never." It is by far the handsomest California book ever issued and will show you at a glance whether you want a home ranch in California. To insure a select distribution, it is priced at ten cents. All other publications which are fully descriptive are free. Fill out the coupon below and mail. If you want the new book, enclose ten cents for each copy.

H. L. Hollister, 205 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free information about Sacramento Valley Irrigated Lands to the following addresses.

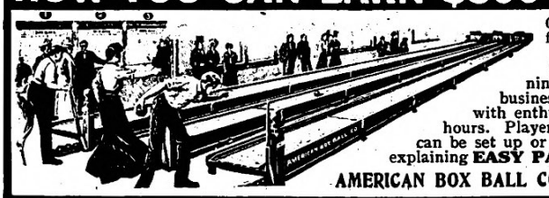
_____

_____

_____

_____

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH



One box ball alley costing $150, took in $513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $365, took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $840, took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm: bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining **EASY PAYMENT PLAN.** Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 506 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Success Magazine carefully edits its advertising columns

Digitized by Google



Fine-Form
TRADE MARK.
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S.Pat. Office
of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.—**Always drapes evenly in front and back**—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting.—**Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"**—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts**—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—**same guarantee**—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. D Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

10 PENNIES LEAD
10 MEN TO
MAKE $32,034.81



See the fortunes made with **Strange Invention.** Of this sum **Korstad** (Farmer) made **$2,212.13 in 2 weeks; Zimmerman** (Farmer) **$3,856 in 39 days; Stoneman** (Artist) **$2,481.68 in 60 days.** No wonder Cashman says:—"A man who can't sell your goods, couldn't sell bread in a famine." But listen! **Rasp** (Agent) made **$1,685 in 73 days; Juell** (Clerk) **$6,800; Oviatt** (Minister) **$4,000; Cook** (Solicitor) **$4,000; Rogers** (Surveyor) **$2,800; Hoard** (Doctor) **$2,200; Hart $2,000.** This wonderful opportunity heretofore enjoyed by only a limited number **now open to all. Hurrah!** Hundreds already getting rich. **You** can too, why not. **Experience don't matter.** Allen's Bath Apparatus gives every home **a bath-room for $6.** Think of it! Energizes water, cleanses almost automatically, no plumbing. Could anything be more popular? It's irresistible. **Reese** saw 60 people **—sold 55,** result **$320.** "Sell 8 out of 10 houses" writes **Maroney. LET US START YOU** as agent, salesman, manager, **cash or credit** plan, all or spare time. **Caution**—This ad. may not appear again. Territory going fast. **Risk 1 cent now—a postal—for free book, proofs, and remarkable offer.**

THE ALLEN MFG. CO. 1591 Allen Bldg. Toledo, O.

"Lucky I answered your ad."—A. P. Lodewick, Me.

Casey and Todd's Little Girl

[Continued from page 21]

PART TWO

For half a day after the two men had gone, little Elmira Oneida cried bitterly from the depths of childhood's depthless sorrow. But then she became interested in the litter of tiny, scrambling pigs that swarmed over the side of their fat, stertorous mother in the leaf-filled sty; and in the Jersey cow that eyed her with round, placid eyes, and that, with one of the children holding to either hand, she was at last emboldened to approach, tiny heart fluttering in trepidational daring; and in the ragged collection of disreputable dolls that were scattered over the sitting-room floor; and in the hole in the haystack that had been excavated by childish hands unfearing; and in the thousand and one new things to amuse, and interest, and entertain, and excite, and allure that her new home afforded.

Her new mother put her in a tub and scrubbed her thoroughly, paying particular attention to behind the ears and between the fingers, and to other places that men never think of looking for dirt concealed. Some of the soap got in her mouth, and some in her eyes; but she rather liked her new mother in spite of it all, for though brusk, it was plain to be seen that she meant well, and that her over-fussiness was the result of good intent rather than ill.

When, arrayed in clean, if patched garments that did not fit her any too well, and placed before a great bowl of bread and milk, she heard her new mother say, "Poor little mite! She looks like she never had a good wash—and you can count every one of her ribs. It's a good thing that fool brother o' mine had sense enough to bring her here when he did," she rather resented it; and yet that night, tucked between clean sheets, with her head on a pillow that was really soft and that smelled "good," and with her little stomach full to repletion with more bread and additional milk, she rather lost her resentment and to herself admitted that there might be some truth in what her new mother had said.

And yet she cried a little, too.

And now the story must speed more quickly.

Came a day when oil was discovered upon the farm adjoining that of Casey's sister. Whereat Casey's sister's husband proceeded to rent his out for a ten thousand dollar advance and a ten per cent. royalty on all that was pumped, or gushed from the surface of his earth.

Came then a radical change in the lives of Casey's sister, Casey's brother-in-law, their children, and, as well, of little Elmira Oneida, then grown to the mature age of eighteen years.

In the letter to Casey that announced the glad tidings was also an offer to take little Elmira Oneida to Chicago and there continue her education in manner befitting. Todd accepted the offer by telegraph while Casey was thinking it over; and so it came about.

Thus, while Casey and Todd were playing "three a day" in a far Western circuit, little Elmira Oneida was attending a fashionable finishing school on the Lake Shore Drive or the Jackson Boulevard—it makes little difference which, for either was equally fashionable and equally finishy.

It had been three years now since Casey and Todd had seen their daughter—three long, lean and lonely years—for they were old men now, and old men need their children—need them sorely.

Of an afternoon, early, Todd came puffing excitedly up the three narrow flights to the dressing-room where Casey already was. In one hand was an envelope, torn raggedly across. In the other was a wide-spread letter. In his eyes was excitement, and from his lips the words poured in an unintelligible, asthmatic flow.

"We-we-g-g-g-got the Chicago week!" he wheezed. "A-a-a-ain't that g-g-great! We got the Chicago week! An' we can see our little 'Mira!" And he folded fat arms about Casey, amazed, and executed one of the new steps that they had learned in eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

Then they both tried to sit down on the same trunk, and both talked at once, excitedly, until the stage manager, calling up the stairs, requested them to "cut it out," as the "orchester" was beginning to "hit up" the "overchewer."

Whereat, forgetful that they were to "open the bill," they both, without their hats, went out to send a telegram.

A Sunday night performance at a "tank town" in Michigan so delayed them that they arrived in Chicago only in bare time to reach the little moving-picture house on Clark Street and to get their make-up on ere they had to go on and open the bill. But again matters were settled with an expensive but unregretted telegram; and though to them must be denied the joy of seeing little Elmira Oneida before the "show," they knew that she would be "in front," watching them.

They "played" that afternoon, did Casey and Todd—they really "played." With shining eyes and feet surprisingly nimble for men of their age, they rattled off the patter with even more unintelligibility than at any time within the past decade. The scarcely subtle points of their parody they rolled upon their tongues as gourmands exulting in delicate morsels of rare viands; and the unction with which Casey, at its close, struck Todd on the head with the bladder could not have been exceeded by man whatever his time, place and condition.

It was with infinite gusto that they gave question and answer anent the mouse, and as to the identity of the certain lady with whom the one had seen the other coming down the street, and all the rest of their thirty-year-old repertory. All the "snap," all the "life," all the "go" that was in them did these two old men put into their "work;" for they were playing for little 'Mira—for their little 'Mira, who had not seen them in three years—who had not seen their "act" in fivefold that time.

So, proud, perspiring, hopeful, happy, confident, contented, the two fond, fatuous old men skipped and sang and clogged and beat one another with slap-stick and bladder, and "sprung" their ancient "gags" and in the intervals between endeavors found time to wink at one another slyly, with infinite satisfaction, and to murmur, the one to the other, "We're goin' good to-day, all right. Yes? No?" or, "I bet our 'Mira'll like that some, eh?"

At length they finished. Bowing low, they retreated to the wings. And then—

Metropolitan audiences are not those of the "road," you know. That which finds favor with the populace of Haverhill, Massachusetts, or Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, may not always achieve the unqualified approbation of sophisticated and world-worn centers like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. And so—

Casey and Todd again faced the Spirit of Seventy-six—the spirit that primarily had been responsible for their promotion from the front of the house to the back. Again they were a joke.

The gallery hooted. The balcony helped. And the orchestra grinned merciless appreciation.

But Casey and Todd were old men. Also they were, as they had always been, dense; and as in the beginning their self-confidence had borne them high above the despair of self-admitted non-excellence, and had kept them on the stage rather than returned them to the floor, so now did that same self-confidence lift them above the shame and chagrin that might have been theirs.

Hesitant, helpless, undecided, angry, they stood in the wings, gazing at one another with wide-open eyes; and with wide-open ears listening to shouts of "Rotten!" "The limit!" "Get the hook!" "Where'd yer ever dig up them two old guys!" and other similar expressions of unqualified disapprobation that the house was tumbling upon them.

Casey groaned to Todd, "We might 'a' knowed it."

Todd moaned to Casey, "Jes' what I expected."

Of a sudden a soft, round arm fell about the neck of each; a pair of soft, moist lips touched the grease-paint on the cheek of each—lips belonging to a lithe, slender, beautiful girl whom they did not recognize—that is, at first.

Todd turned swiftly, eyes astare.

"Gosh all fishhooks!" he cried, in awed, husky tones, *you* ain't our 'Mira—our little 'Mira!"

But he waited for no answer; and, being short of stature, he was able to get in under her hat. Casey, tall, enfolded them both, vaguely, in long, lean arms, the while gazing up at the flies with an expression that would have made the cherubs of Raphael look peevish and misanthropic.

* * * * * * *

Seated between a cab driver and an expressman, little Elmira Oneida loosened her blue-fox stole and broadcloth coat and dipped a spoon that had once been nickel-plated into a bowl of stew with one oyster in it. Across from her, Casey and Todd, too excited to eat, were both explaining at the same time the untoward circumstances attending their metropolitan début. Said they, alternately:

"The other performers has been knockin' us, an'—"

"—the managers knows that if we ever gets a show we'll—"

—"boost our sal'ries on 'em, an' so—"

"—it was all just a conspiracy to crab our act, an'—"

The girl, small white fingers crumbling a cracker in the bowl before her, nodded deeply, soberly.

"I know," she said, very gently, very softly. "I understand—I understand everything. You must n't think that what—what happened makes any difference to me, for it does n't. I know."

Casey gazed proudly, contentedly, even ecstatically at Todd; and similarly did Todd gaze at Casey.

And Todd said, "See? I told yer. Our little 'Mira knows. They can't fool her, you bet!"

And Casey, gazing with great, wondering, unbelieving pride at that before him, which was his, nodded happily.

And at length he said, slowly, "You betcher life. Our little 'Mira knows!"

Which was true—very true. She did.

Digitized by Google

The Sky Man

[*Continued from page 27*]

A sharp sense of his own delinquency in having left her to her own resources for so long, when she had so few resources to draw upon, increased to a sudden alarm for her safety, when he made out the black mouth of the tunnel and saw that there was no light at the further end of it. She could n't have been waiting all this time out in the cold; and yet his eyes, as he hovered, seeking the exact spot to alight, certainly made out a dark object lying there upon the snow. His heart felt like lead as he dropped close beside it, and scrambled clear of his wings.

It was Jeanne; and for a moment he thought she was dead. She seemed as white and cold as the snow itself. And yet she was not dead; not even frozen. The hands he chafed so frantically were inert, but not rigid; and as he drew her up in his arms and pressed his head down against her breast, he could hear, very faintly and slowly, the beating of her heart.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her into the pilot-house. The air here was still warmer than that out-of-doors, but it was no longer exhausted and poisonous.

He laid her down for long enough to light the lamp, to throw off his stiff leather jacket and to get a little brandy out of the keg. This he mixed with a little water and, with the aid of a small ivory spoon, he succeeded in getting a little of it between her lips.

He took off her heavy seal coat, and the woolen jacket she wore under it, and, as well as he could, loosened the other clothing about her waist. Last of all, he gathered her up in his arms again, wrapped the great sheep-skin bag about them both and, with brandy and water within arm's reach, settled down to attempt to get some of the warmth and vitality of his own body into hers.

She was not fully unconscious now, for the next time he offered her brandy she swallowed it. Her eyelids were fluttering a little, too, and presently she sighed.

He was thrilling all over with a tremendous sense of power. He felt he could have brought her back from the very dead. His arteries seemed to be running with electricity, not blood.

Her lips were moving now, and he bent close to catch the whisper that barely succeeded in passing them.

"Don't—bring—me—back—Philip. It's—so—much—easier—to—go—this way."

His only reply to that was to hold her a little closer.

She did not resist when he held the drink to her lips again; but, after she had taken two or three sips of it, she said:

"I sha'n't need any more. I'm getting quite beautifully warm again."

He knew it was true. She no longer felt lifeless in his arms, though she still lay quite relaxed. He knew he could let her go now, safely enough, and yet he held her fast.

"I thought you were dead when I saw you lying there on the snow," he said, at last, not very steadily. "If you had been, it would have been my own doing."

She contradicted him with a sharp negative gesture:

"You left me well enough wrapped up to have resisted the cold for any length of time. Besides if I'd wanted to I could have come back in here. But—but, Philip— Oh, it seems a dreadful thing to confess now that you are here with me—I did n't want to. I just lay down on the snow, thinking I could go to sleep and—and that would be the end—such an easy end!"

She felt his shudder as she said it, and she clasped his shoulders and held them tight.

"Did you mean to do that. Was that why you asked me to fly away for a while?"

"No! No! It was something I saw while you were gone, something that terrified me. Philip, do you remember how many of the people of the *Phœnix* died of what father called the ice madness?"

He nodded gravely.

"Well, what I saw made me think that I was going that way, too. Philip, I was watching the moon go down, and gradually it spread out into three, quite far apart, then they changed into strange colors, and stranger shapes, and began to dance like witches."

He laughed, but the laugh had something very like a sob mixed up in it.

"You poor child! No wonder it frightened you. But that 's the orthodox way for the moon to set in the Arctic. It 's part of the same refraction that plays such strange tricks with the daylight colors. No, you're a long way from the ice madness, Jeanne."

"But that was n't all I saw, Philip. It was n't the worst. I saw a ship against the moon, only it seemed too high above the horizon, somehow. That 's the crowning impossibility. And then the moon began to dance, that wicked, witchlike dance of mockery, so I lay down in the snow and hid my face in my arms to—to go to sleep. It seemed so easy and, somehow, seemed right too; not wicked, anyway."

She felt him shuddering again, and his clasping arms strained her so close they almost hurt.

"Thank God, I came in time!" she heard him whisper.

"But you did come in time," she reminded him, for



IN THE MORNING
ON ARISING TAKE ½ GLASS OF
Hunyadi János
THE BEST NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER
A bottle of HUNYADI JANOS should be in every bathroom, ready for use when needed. It is the most perfect Natural Laxative known—biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache and similar disorders are strangers to those who use it.

THIS PROPERTY FOR SALE APPLY TO JOHN BROWN

$3000 TO $10,000 A YEAR
IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS



We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business, and appoint you
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE
of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making $3,000 to $10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-opeative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. Get your name on your own Real Estate Signs — big money in it. **A Thorough Commercial Law Course FREE to Each Representative.** Write for 62-page book, Free.
THE CROSS COMPANY, 3456 Reaper Block, Chicago



GRAND PRIZE CONTEST
Can you copy this drawing? Then win a valuable prize! Do you want the only magazine published entirely devoted to Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning? Each edition costs ten thousand dollars to produce. Simply make a freehand drawing of this picture with pen or pencil and mail it to us, stating your age. **COPY HANS, IT'S REAL FUN.**
If your drawing is at least 40 per cent. as good as the original we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the handsomest and most fascinating Art Journal in existence. The first issue alone has 125 PICTURES by WORLD-FAMOUS ILLUSTRATORS
COPY THIS PICTURE AND GET A MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION FREE
Hundreds have talent for drawing but do not know it; this contest will please thousands and stimulate an interest in Illustrating. Merely an hour copying Hans may win this splendid Art magazine. It's worth trying for. Send in your sketch; it costs you nothing. **TRY TONIGHT.**
Copy the little man, you'll get lots of fun out of it.
Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 169, Scranton, Pa.

Big Money and Independence with Nothing to Sell



Every ambitious man cannot become a salesman, yet without capital to invest, no other road to financial success seems open. Selling goods may or may not pay you, but why risk the uncertainty?
I HAVE A NEW BUSINESS FOR YOU
If you would establish yourself in a highly profitable, dignified and growing Collection business, without risking either capital or your present employment, ask for my new plan. I will tell you how to start earning in your spare time. I will send you "Pointers on the Collection Business" with a wealth of evidence from those I have helped to build their own businesses. WRITE ME TODAY.
W. A. SHRYER, President. 49 STATE STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE
in your own Home for **Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing or Mandolin.** One lesson weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. Your only expense is for postage and music, which averages about 2 cents a day. Established 1898. Thousands of pupils all over the world write: "Wish I had known of you before." Booklet and free tuition offer sent free. Address, **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 4, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.** *Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.*



300% Profit Made
Growing Mushrooms
Markets waiting for all you can raise. No capital or special place necessary. Grown in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Write for big illustrated free booklet showing our beds and farm and learn how to start this easy business. **National Spawn and Mushroom CO., Dept. 28, Boston, Mass.**

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE
of pure bred poultry, for 1910, 200 pages, handsomely illustrated, 150 engravings, photos, 30 fine colored plates, describes 65 leading varieties of land and water fowls, gives low prices of stock, eggs, incubators, poultry supplies, etc. Calendar for each month. How to care for poultry and all details. Only 10 cents. Send to-day.
B. H. GREIDER, Box 81, Rheems, Pa.



AGENTS $3 to $10 A DAY
Selling these Patented Scissors. Can't be bought in stores. Every pair guaranteed. Replaced if not perfectly satisfactory. 2000 other fast sellers. No experience needed. We teach you. Proof furnished of big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. FREE OUTFIT—represent the biggest Agency House in the Business.



THOMAS MFG. CO., 1270 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., No. 53 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

15 CENTS 13 WEEKS In this illustrated national weekly all the important news of the world is stated clearly, fairly, briefly, for busy readers. Unique foreign summary, popular novels condensed, odd sketches, home diversions—many original features of rare interest. It is reliable, entertaining—THE paper for the home. Takes place of $3 to $4 papers. Send 15c now for 13 weeks to Pathfinder, Wash., D. C.
The Pathfinder



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR
PROMOTES A LUXURIANT GROWTH
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color
Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists



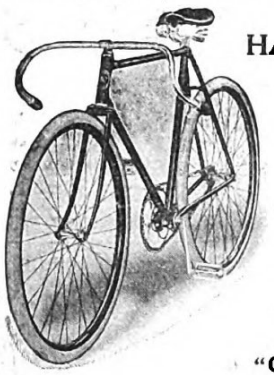
TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
All the Standard machines SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE at ⅓ to ½ MFR'S PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for illustrated Catalog F.
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO

U.S. METAL POLISH
Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893.
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

AGENTS Wanted everywhere to sell the new metallic letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Merchants buy on sight. Big profits. Write today for a free sample and full particulars.
METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO. 404 N. Clark St., Chicago

Digitized by Google

YALE and SNELL BICYCLES
are the only ones fitted with the
"CONSOLIDATED" HANGER
Its true alignment makes them the easiest running bicycles in the world.



HUSSEY HANDLE BARS
are furnished on all Men's models —45 distinct positions possible.

Our factory—the largest in the United States—has been building bicycles of the highest grade for nearly a quarter of a century, and

EXCLUSIVE "CONSOLIDATED" FEATURES
have kept these bicycles in the lead for years.

Write for (free) booklet describing 1910 models of Men's, Women's, and Juvenile Yales and Snells. It also tells of the **"Consolidated" Package Car,** which has revolutionized delivery methods.

We Build the famous Yale Motorcycles.
Don't buy till you have read our descriptive matter.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1740 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.



DINGEE Roses
are more beautiful and varied than ever before. They are positively the best grown. Always sold on their own roots and warranted to grow. Plants sent to any point in United States or Canada. Safe arrival guaranteed.
Write for the
"Dingee Guide to Rose Culture"
for 1910—the leading rose catalogue of America. 120 pages. Mailed free. Describes over 1,000 varieties. Tells them how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. We also sell the best flower and vegetable seeds. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses, large acreage of the finest rose land in the country.
The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 18, West Grove, Pa.



$20.00 A DAY PROFIT
Wonderful Invention!
"Canchester" Incandescent Kerosene Lamp
Burns with or without mantle. Ten times brighter than electricity, gas or acetylene at one-tenth the cost. Burner fits all standard lamps. Saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks—no generating. Everybody buys—showing means selling. Agents coining money. Beware of imitations. Write now for exclusive territory. Act quick. Address
CANCHESTER LIGHT CO., Dept. S. CHICAGO, ILL.

Government Positions
45,837 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1,500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

ELECTRICITY PRACTICALLY AND INDIVIDUALLY TAUGHT
Through the medium of tools and machinery. You are qualified in a few months under the guidance of skilled instructors in the largest and best equipped electrical school in the U. S. to occupy a responsible position in the electrical field or to enter into an electrical contracting business of your own. Write or call for Prospectus.
NEW YORK ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
31 West 17th Street, New York City



UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU
for the Census Office, Postal, Railway Mail, Internal Revenue, Customs or Departmental Service. 40,000 appointments made yearly. Full particulars FREE concerning positions, salaries, examinations (to be held soon in every state). Sample questions previously used, etc. Address the *originators.*
NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
18-40 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

GRAYMOTORS



6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE $89.50 IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 30 Horse Power
Price—$80 and upwards. Write for color catalog today—with beautiful color prints of yacht Grayling—fastest cruising motor boat of its length and beam in the world—most complete marine catalog ever published. **Gray Motor Co., 9 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.**

Establish a Permanent Agency in Your Locality
for the most attractive and comfortable men's and women's shoe ever offered the public. **KUSHION KOMFORT SHOE CO., 3 B South Street, Boston.**

she could still feel him shuddering with the horror of the thing. "You brought me back, and I 'm not even afraid any more." She paused, and there was a little silence. Then she added, "And I'm quite warm now."

His arms slackened for a moment, and then once more they clasped her close.

"I—I—don't want to let you go," he said, and his voice had a note in it which she had never heard before. "Jeanne—Jeanne, dear, can you forgive me—forgive me that it is true? Forgive me for telling you? I have the whole world in my arms when I hold you like this. And life and death and promises and past deeds and right and wrong are all swallowed up, just in the love of you. God forgive me, Jeanne, it's true!" Then he unclasped his arms. Can you forgive me, too?"

She caught her breath in a great sob. Turning a little, she clasped her young arms around his neck and held him tight.

It was a long time after that before either of them spoke. Finally Jeanne asked a question:

"But why—" her voice broke in an unsteady little laugh—"but why do you ask me to forgive you? You told me the very first day, the day we found the yacht had gone, that you—loved me. That's why I allowed you to stay."

"Yes, but there's an infinity of ways of loving, Jeanne, dear. I had a right to love the soul of you, for that was what had given me my own soul back and my power of loving. But we set out to live through this winter in the hope of a rescue, the hope that when another day came it would bring a ship to take you back into your own real world. I could n't go back with you, you know—I, a man with a stain upon him. Since that was so, I had n't any right to love you this —other way. I wonder if you understand, even now. I love all of you; from the crown of glory you wear down to the print your boot has left in the snow. I love your lashes, your wistful lips. The touch of anything that is warm with your hands can thrill me. And as for the hands themselves—oh, I can't make you understand."

"Yes," she said, very softly, "I understand, now."

"And yet," he began, after a while, "I have n't any right, when I must give you up some day—"

She laid her fingers on his lips.

"We 'll not talk of rights," she said. "Not now, not to-night. But there 's something more to say. Philip, it was n't the sight of the ship there against the moon that made me think I wanted it all to end. That was the excuse I made to myself, but it was only an excuse. The real despair came when I saw you flying, saw how gloriously free you were up there, and thought it was n't love that kept you here beside me, but only pity. Well, a sort of love, perhaps, but not what I wanted, not what I felt for you. I 'd seen you draw away when I touched you."

She heard a sound at his throat that might have been a sob, though it seemed meant for a laugh, and she felt his arms tighten about her with a sudden passion that almost hurt. So she said no more—just kissed him and lay still.

It was a good while after that that she made a move to release herself.

"Let me go, now," she said, "and I 'll get you some supper, or breakfast, or whatever we decide to call it—only you 'll have to go down into the ice cave to get some supplies. We have nothing much left up here."

There were a dozen small employments she might have availed herself of while he was gone, but she found it hard to fix her mind upon any of them. Somehow, in the immensity of that moment, the details of life were hardly important enough to engage her interest.

She dropped down on a heap of bearskins before the open door and sat gazing at the black, velvety patch of sky which capped the snow tunnel. Even when she heard Cayley coming back up the icy chimney, she did not immediately turn to look at him. It was, in a way, a sort of luxury not to; to think that if she waited she would presently hear his step come nearer, and feel his hands upon her shoulders.

CHAPTER XX

A SORTIE

But that did not happen, and a sudden instinct that something must have gone wrong reached her with almost the force of a spoken word.

"What is it? What 's happened, Philip?" she asked, as she turned.

He did not answer at once. He was bending over the hole formed by the top of the ice chimney and rather deliberately replacing the wooden cover upon it. When he did straighten up at last, and she saw his face, she knew her instinct had not lied to her.

"It 's rather a queer thing for us to have forgotten," he said, "after all those weeks when we lived in terror of him, and after the last thing he did to us. But we had forgotten him—Roscoe, you know—and now he has stolen a march on us."

She looked at him in a sort of wonder.

"It is true," she said, "we had forgotten. Those days when we lived in the hut seemed almost as far away from us up here as the rest of the world seemed then—" She made a little pause there, then roused herself. "What is it that he has done, Philip?"

[*Continued on page 53*]

Is President Taft Leader or Follower in His Party?

[*Continued from page 31*]

home feeling in answer to these three questions on the record in Congress of each Representative, and the results proved to be most interesting and significant, showing as they do how thoroughly aroused are the people over the situation in Congress and how carefully they are watching their Congressmen.

The Republican Insurgents against Cannonism are being, to a man, enthusiastically supported by their neighbors except in the few cases where their original insurgency has been modified by later indecision. A few examples will show how strong this local feeling is.

In the supposedly rock-ribbed Protectionist State of Massachusetts, there were only two Insurgents last spring —Representatives Gardner and Lovering. Mr. Gardner's Republican constituents approve his course 22 to 0, and Representative Lovering's 18 to 3. Mr. Gardner's neighbors would vote for him again 20 to 2, and Mr. Lovering's 19 to 3. In both districts there is found but one Republican who desires support of Mr. Cannon.

In New Jersey, Representative Fowler, the only Insurgent Republican, is supported by his party 26 to 1 on both questions.

In Maryland, Representative Pearre, one of the "Cold Feet Insurgents," who was taken into camp by the Cannonites, is condemned by his Republican Constituents 21 to 2, and 14 out of 19 would vote for a reputable Democrat instead of Mr. Pearre.

In Ohio, Representatives Johnson and Hollingsworth who were partially Insurgents are supported by their districts 14 to 2 in the one case, and 13 to 1 in the other, and but two of their constituents desire them to support Cannonism.

Illinois, the Speaker's own State, is anti-Cannon to a degree, only 13 out of 363 Republicans being in his favor.

In Wisconsin, nine Insurgent Representatives are all given virtually unanimous votes of approval, there being in their districts only 10 requests that they support Cannonism out of 226 votes cast. The only regular Republican Representative in Wisconsin, Mr. Stafford, is almost unanimously condemned by his district, 19 of his constituents stating that they would prefer to vote for a Democrat were he renominated, as against 1 only who would vote for him.

In Iowa the conditions are the same. The six Insurgent Republicans have nearly unanimous support, while the four regulars will have trouble in securing reelection.

In Minnesota, Insurgent Representatives Davis and Volstead are approved almost unanimously, and Representative Lindbergh quite so, while Representative Steenerson, who was only partially Insurgent, is approved by a vote of 11 to 8. Representative Tawney, one of the leaders of the House, is unanimously disapproved by a vote of 20 to 0, although 5 out of 16 Republican votes would be cast for him as against a Democrat, if he should be renominated.

In North Dakota, Insurgent Republican Representative Gronna is approved 51 to 25, and regular Republican Representative Hanna is disapproved 79 to 15. 22 only out of 97 Republican votes would be given Mr. Hanna again as against a reputable Democrat.

In Nebraska, the solid Insurgent Republican delegation of three is almost unanimously approved.

In Kansas, Representatives Madison and Murdock, the two Insurgent Republicans, are approved 38 to 5 and 44 to 4 respectively, while the other six Representatives would unitedly receive only 53 Republican votes for reelection as against 162, if reputable Democrats were nominated in opposition. Representative Scott, a "Cold Feet Insurgent," is disapproved, 45 to 7; Representative Anthony, another, 30 to 4, and Representative Campbell, a third, 24 to 9.

On the Pacific Coast, Insurgent Republican Representative Poindexter of Washington is approved, 102 to 3, and but one vote would be cast against him out of 107 were he to be renominated; while his regular colleague, Representative Humphrey, is disapproved 49 to 6.

In Oregon, 42 out of 62 Republicans will vote against Representative Hawley and 25 out of 35 against Representative Ellis, both regular Republicans.

In California, the seven regular Republican Representatives would receive but 56 Republican votes for reelection, while 188 would be cast against them. On the other hand, Representative Hayes, the only Insurgent, would receive 20 out of 27 Republican votes.

The Democratic Representatives in the South who voted for Mr. Cannon will have a hard time satisfying their Democratic constituents, if the votes which we have received from their districts are any criterion, for their course is disapproved by large majorities in their own party. The six Republicans in Georgia are condemned by their Democratic constituents, 51 to 12. In Florida, Representative Sparkman is condemned, 22 to 10.

The limitations of space make it impossible for us to give further examples in Success Magazine, but to those students of our political conditions who may desire to examine the vote of our Life Subscribers in detail by States and by Congressional districts we shall be pleased to send copies of the complete tables showing this vote, on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Inquiries should be addressed to Success Magazine. Dept. A. E. B.

Digitized by Google



Brown Your Hair

With Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain, Absolutely Safe and Harmless

It cannot stain the scalp, does not soil the hands or your linen. Will not give an unnatural shade to your hair.

Send For Trial Package.

Apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain once a month with your comb. Stains only the hair, won't rub off. Guaranteed to be free from all poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. $1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send your name and address, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1064 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Price $12.00 AT FACTORY



SAVE ROOM

Most convenient and practical low-priced Typewriter Stand on the market. Made of selected Oak, fine golden finish, 44 in. long, 24 in. wide; Pedestal 30 in. high; 3 drawers and extension slide; Paper Cabinet with shelves 14x8x1½ in.; Cabinet has roll curtain front and copy holder. Order from dealer if he has it or will get it; otherwise from us. Do not accept a substitute; no other Typewriter Stand is "just as good."

We also make School, Church and Opera Seats, Lodge Furniture

Ask for Catalog by Number only.

Quality Excellent

No. 210—Office Desks, Chairs, Files, Book Cases, etc.
No. 410—Mission Furniture, Rockers, Davenports, Couches, Settees.

E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., 242 Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL.

I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL



I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal. C. W. RANSOM, 233 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo



Hair Like This

FREE Let me send you a remarkable treatment for Baldness, Dandruff, Gray Hair, etc., at my own expense. It will surprise and delight you. Write to-day to

WM. CHAS. KEENE, President. LORRIMER INSTITUTE, Dept. 2708, Baltimore, Md.



Make $1 An Hour Selling This New Invention

Delicious healthful coffee—no grounds—no waste—soon saves double its cost. Neat, simple, solid aluminum—rustless, everlasting. Ambitious men and women coin money fast. Retails 50c, sample postpaid 20c. 100 other quick sellers. Write today for new sales plan.

Toledo Cooker Co., Box 19, Toledo, O.

SQUAB Mated pair kissing—Eggs to squabs in 4 weeks



1910 BOOK FREE

Write for handsome **1910 Free Book**, how to make money breeding squabs. Cloth-bound book now **303** pages, 114 illus. **It's great.** We take subscriptions for the new splendid *National Squab Magazine* (monthly). Price one dollar a year. Specimen copy **10c.**

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 147 Howard St., MELROSE, MASS.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a Word We sell stories and book Manuscripts on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit;" tells how. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 69 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Orange Land $3 Per Acre Monthly in Southern California's sunniest climate. Your first opportunity to purchase a small piece of choice frostless fruitland in beautiful El Cajon Valley on long-time terms. Near schools. A good living in five acres. Special introductory prices. Write to-day for illustrated booklet.

J. FRANK CULLEN, San Diego, Cal.

AGENTS MAKING LESS THAN $5.00 DAILY

Write for our guaranteed hosiery proposition. Everybody wears and buys hosiery. Permanent business.

FORSHEE MFG. CO. B. 1148 DAYTON, OHIO

AGENTS GREATEST MONEYMAKER, WOMEN OR MEN. $150.00 MONTHLY. SAMPLE FREE. **C. I. Horner Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.**

"He has found our stores down below here. He has taken everything—made a perfectly clean sweep."

There was a little silence after that. Before she spoke again she came over to him and kissed him. There was a grave sort of smile on her face when she said:

"Well, is there anything we must do?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "That move of his doesn't end the game. It only begins a new one. Really, I think the odds are more in our favor this time than they were before, only this time we shall have to move quickly. I would have followed him up at once, without coming back here, only I didn't have—" He stopped rather short.

"Of course," she said, "you hadn't the revolver."

"That wasn't what I wanted; I wanted my wings. Now I've got back to them I must start at once."

She uttered a little cry of protest at that.

"Can't you—can't you wait a little—a few hours? Life has only just begun for me—for us—with what you told me just now."

He let a moment go in thoughtful silence, before he answered.

"No," he said, at last, "it's got to be settled now, before another moonrise. The light is all in his favor, the darkness in mine. If I can find him now, I think I can kill him. Now I think it over, it seems to me likely he doesn't suspect we are alive at all. The *Walrus* people never discovered the ice-chimney nor the pilot-house. That's perfectly clear. If they had they would have rifled it long ago.

"When Roscoe got about after the storm and came to explore the ruins of the hut he found no signs of human habitation at all. He doesn't know of any other shelter for us, so he must certainly think of us as frozen to death in a snowdrift somewhere. He won't be on his guard at all. So you see you are not to be afraid for me. He has probably got a fire, and, of course, that'll help me. I shall have the dark sky for a background and he the white snow."

"Yes," she said, breathlessly, "I can see that."

"You are to be the garrison of the fort," he went on. "Until I come back you must keep watch every moment. I don't think he knows about the ice-chimney or the pilot-house, but he may, and we must not run any chances. You must be alert every second. If he comes up here you will be able to see him before he sees you, and you must shoot him with no more compunction than you would if he were a bear or any other monster. As I say, I don't think he'll come.

"When I—finish, I'll come back to you. I don't think I shall be gone very long. You are not to be afraid for me, and you can trust me to be careful. I know I have your life in my hands as well as my own. Your part is harder than mine; I quite understand that. You must be keeping watch every second. If he eludes me and comes here, you must shoot him without word or warning. Shoot to kill."

"But I sha'n't have the revolver!"

There was an electric moment of silence between them, while she gazed into his face, horrified at the meaning she read there.

"You didn't mean that, Philip; you *can't* mean that. And leave you to face that monster unarmed."

"I shall have the only weapon that will be of any service to me—my knife. It's got to be done at close quarters. I couldn't possibly shoot him from the air. But if I can alight near him and come up within striking distance, he will have no chance with me—not with all his strength."

"No," she said, resolutely, "I won't let you go; not that way."

"Listen, Jeanne. If I can find him I can kill him. Do you know what the movements of ordinary men, even unusually quick men, look like to me? Like the motions of marionettes. The only chance Roscoe has against me is of picking me off at long range with his rifle. He could do that whether I had the revolver or not. And if he did—if he killed me and I had the revolver—well, then he would come here and find you—defenseless. Don't you see? I couldn't take the revolver. I should be unnerved with terror from the moment I left you."

With a sob she clasped her arms about his neck and held him tight. Then, in tragic submission, they dropped away.

Without saying anything more, Cayley blew out the candle, opened the door into the tunnel and took up his furled wings. With trembling hands she helped him spread them and draw them taut.

As he adjusted the straps across his shoulders he felt her hands again, upon his head—felt them clasp behind his neck.

"Good-by," she said.

He was trembling all over, as her hands were, but it was not with fear.

"I shall come back safe," he said. "Nothing can harm me to-night."

He pulled her up close in his enfolding arms and kissed her mouth. In an instant he turned and dived off the cliff head into the night.

[*Continued in the February number*]

"No business transaction is honest," says Lyman Abbott, "unless it has for its object the well-being of both parties."

For Those Who Prefer a Highly Scented Toilet Powder

There is no secret about Mennen's Borated Sen Yang Toilet Powder. It is simply Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder delicately scented with an Oriental Odor. Its perfume is lasting and distinctive.

Look for the Mennen's head on the back of the can, to make sure of the genuine. Put up in the "Box that Lox."

Sample box for 2c. stamp to cover postage.

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen Company under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial 1542.

GERHARD MENNEN CO. - Newark, N. J.



MENNEN'S BORATED SEN-YANG TOILET POWDER

YOU CANNOT GIVE THE BOY YOU LOVE a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to

The Boys' Magazine

Each issue contains two fine serials, eight to ten clever short stories and numerous special articles. Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios. A big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP, director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true manly sportsmanship. 36 large pages (11 in. x 15 in.) and a new handsome cover design in colors each month. The magazine is beautifully illustrated throughout. Send $1.00 for a whole year's subscription. (Money cheerfully refunded if THE BOYS' MAGAZINE does not more than come up to your expectations.) Three Months' Trial Subscription only 25 cents. For sale on all news-stands at 10 cents a copy.



A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOYS' MAGAZINE

The Scott F. Redfield Company, 656 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Subscription agents and magazine canvassers should write us for our liberal offer. Subscriptions easy to sell.

WHITNEY LAW CORPORATION
Largest Clearing House for Bad Bills in America



MARK HANNA Said:—

"Some men would not know a business proposition should it walk down Main Street, with hand extended."

"Mark" Grasped Opportunities

Get in his class. Write for free pointers of how to become independent for life without capital in our business of Mercantile Collections, to

L. D. WHITNEY
112 William St., New Bedford, Mass.

Earn $60 to $140 Month



Hundreds of positions open for steam railway **Firemen** and **Brakemen**, and electric railway **Motormen** and **Conductors**. Experience unnecessary. Write immediately for full particulars stating position desired.

RAILWAY ASSOCIATION,
210 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Mo.



4 H.P. STATIONARY GASOLINE ENGINE COMPLETE $69.00

10 H. P. Complete, $160

For Farmwork, Irrigation or Pumping, Electric Lighting or Factory use

Perfectly governed, full power, guaranteed by a responsible concern.

Write for full description of 3,4,6&10 H. Stationary P. Engines

GRAY MOTOR CO., 110 Leib St., DETROIT, MICH.

Don't Throw it Away



USE Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak? MENDETS A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 113, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Success Magazine carefully edits its advertising columns

Digitized by Google

In January dividends are paid and incomes from various investments give many people opportunity for new investments.

Many naturally turn to a consideration of bonds and many bonds offer an interesting yield of from four to five and one half per cent. This is most satisfactory if you can be sure that the resources back of the bonds are perfectly sound.

Can you command the channels necessary to such assurance and would you have the time for such investigation if you could?

The nature of our business makes it possible for us to do all this and the dependence placed upon us by our clients makes it necessary that we should.

It is our business to help you select bonds, or to pass judgement on what you are considering.

Whether you are in the market for a single bond or have an amount of capital to invest that would mean the purchase of a large block our facilities and experience are at your disposal.

Write for Circular G-40

N. W. Halsey & Co.

Bankers

NEW YORK: 49 Wall St. PHILADELPHIA: 1429 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO: 152 Monroe St. SAN FRANCISCO: 424 California St.

Irrigation Bonds

¶ We believe that an income of from five and one-half to six per cent. may be obtained with safety from selected issues of Irrigation Bonds, and recommend them to those desiring to reinvest their money so as to obtain a better interest return. This class of bonds is especially well adapted to the requirements of the average private investor, as they usually mature serially, so that a long or short time investment may be made as desired, and they are obtainable in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000.

¶ We have prepared a booklet on Irrigation Bonds as an Investment and would be pleased to send it to banks and individual investors on request.

Send for Booklet No. S. 6

Alfred Mestre & Co.
BANKERS
Members New York Stock Exchange
52 Broadway New York

The Functions of the Investment Banker

By Montgomery Rollins

We must trace history as far back as 1171 in seeking the date and cause of the first issue of bonds. On March 7th of that year the Emperor of Constantinople struck an unexpected blow at Venice by issuing an edict that all the two hundred thousand or more Venetians within his domains should have their property confiscated and be thrown into prison. When the news of this act reached Venice the citizens demanded vengeance, and a great armada was rapidly equipped with which to descend upon the Eastern emperor. More money was needed by the Government for this equipment than could be obtained by taxation, and this led to an issue of four per cent. interest-bearing bonds, the first funded debt in all Europe. In the short space of one hundred days, one hundred and twenty ships, with many transports, sailed down the Adriatic, manned by crews "full of hope and rage."

The Beginnings of the Investment Banker

In considering this in the light of present-day events, it seems strange that four per cent., which has probably been in recent years the most common rate for bond issues, should have been the rate in such early days. Especially does one give this matter thought when comparing the rate of this first issue with the prevailing rate upon interest-bearing securities for the last few years. The selling, in the twelfth century, of a four per cent. issue of bonds for war purposes contrasts strangely with such an occurrence in the twentieth century as the placing of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company's fifty-year sixes for the peaceful purpose of improvements.

It appears clear that the Venetian bonds occasioned the first entrée into finance of the investment banker, for 1171 is given as the date of the establishment of the first bank in Venice, accurately coinciding with the date of the first bond issue (some writers date the creation of this bank as early as 1157, but it is usually associated with the funded debt). That institution, and similar ones formed later, are known to have handled the obligations of the nation. In fact, their functions were little more than managing the loans of the Government, and to-day our own banks, especially the larger ones, are more and more taking up the specializing business of the bond house.

The first indebtedness of the United States was due to our Revolutionary War, and truly patriotic Americans should never lose sight of nor fail to give thanks for the fact that, owing to the far-sightedness of Alexander Hamilton, this debt was financed in a most masterly way and never repudiated. At the close of that war the infant Government was loaded down with a total debt of $72,775,895, which was practically extinguished by 1833.

Banks Play an Important Part in Warfare

The functions of the investment banker must hinge largely upon the idea of interest return for the use of money.

This lending of money at interest—the desire for all possible return for its use consistent with—and often inconsistent with—safety, is the touchstone which has made possible world-wide development. Kings could not have carried on their conquests, even in comparatively early times, without recourse to bankers for the financial sinews of war. Modern conflict would be absolutely prohibitive if the borrowing ability of nations should be withdrawn.

An excellent illustration of this was exhibited during the recent Russo-Japanese conflict. In 1905 the latter Government felt the need of additional funds for the continuance of the war, and so arranged for an offering of its bonds in London and New York. The European and American newspapers had been teeming with press despatches indicative of an early peace, from which the average investor inferred that the Japanese bonds would prove an advantageous purchase at the issue price. The loan was very much over-subscribed; peace news immediately ceased; in fact, within twenty-four hours all indications of a cessation of hostilities were authoritatively denied by both Japan and Russia. Japan obtained the money through the bankers, and war continued.

A Factor in the World's Progress

There is need for laying further emphasis upon the value of the banker in the developing of the world and its resources. Practically every new country or new section must ultimately depend upon borrowed money for any comprehensive advancement. Just so soon as the pioneers have settled down into anything like law, order and self-government, money is sought for State, municipal and corporation improvements, and the banker is relied upon, and almost invariably sought, to find the funds necessary to finance each enterprise. His value in finding investors to place their savings in remote parts of the world or country for creative purposes must be recognized by all. Imagine, for a moment, the vast sums of money which England has sent to North America, India and elsewhere for investment. Probably the world is more obligated to the people of the British Isles for its progressive upbuilding than to any other single nation. Russia, with a population so overburdened with taxes as to provide no material savings for home investment, is obliged to seek the rich hoards of the French peasantry to meet the expenses of government. And all these vast moneyed achievements are effected through the investment banker.

But all this stops far short of his accomplishments—some of them truly beneficent.

A few instances of what he has done in this country will be illustrative of that statement. Thirty-odd years ago, or even in more recent times, very few of the States and Territories had even passably good laws under which municipal bonds could be easily, simply and safely issued. For the most part they were complex and not well framed for the protection of the holder. To the bond houses is largely due the correction of these faults. Within the last twenty years the laws throughout the land have, to a great extent, been remodeled—almost entirely through the efforts of investment bankers—in reference to the creation of indebtedness. Again, their activities have been extended to the amendment of the laws restricting the investments of the savings banks of the different States. As a whole, depositors have greatly benefited by these changes, the influences of which have been felt particularly among the Western and Southern municipalities, in their efforts to keep their financial showing within the limits prescribed by the savings banks laws of the large Eastern States, in order that their bond issues might benefit by market prices consistent with availability for the investment of the bank funds in those States.

The Banker's Vigilance is a Public Protection

Not all of these amendments have been to a good end, however. Occasionally some change in the savings bank limitation of investment has been brought about, the ultimate motive for which did not appear at the time. But as a general proposition the bond men do not wish any unwise "letting down of the bars" in such matters, and are watchful of all bills presented in the several legislatures in relation to the investment of bank funds, and have thus prevented the enactment of many injurious laws.

In spite of many losses which the public has experienced, in spite of many bankers who have disgraced their profession through bucket-shop methods and the like, it must be plain that, with our present knowledge of finance, the ordinary investor is not able to ferret out the weak points in an issue of securities, nor would he know how to proceed to hedge about a probably good issue with the safeguards which any banker of reasonable experience always exercises in his own practise. The ability to make a searching investigation comes from long training and experience, and the readiness with which a banker often detects pitfalls in a proposition astonishes his client.

The minute investigation of the legality of an issue, the drawing, where necessary, of a proper mortgage safeguarding the bondholder during the life of his security, the obtaining of able auditors to verify accounts, the employment of engineers of widely known reputation to pass upon the physical conditions, are but a few of the many details in the preparation of an issue of bonds before it is ready for public distribution. The expense of any one of these details would be prohibitive to the average investor, on account of the necessity for spreading this expense over the total issue to reduce the charge per bond. But few investors realize that these necessarily expensive acts may be carried nearly to their fruition and then some fatal "out" discovered, demanding a total elimination of the issue from further consideration. It is fair to assume that about two issues out of three are declined by bankers after a more or less expensive examination, all of which must be chargeable to their expense account, and for which they must recoup themselves in the profits of a successful issue. The investor, therefore, must consider, when he is purchasing a security, that whereas at times the profit on that particular one may seem to him unreasonable, it is his proportion of the average total expense of maintaining an efficient and experienced organization that he is paying. In other words, in the purchasing of every security through the typical investment banker, a small fee is unconsciously paid for insurance.

The banker always assumes the risk of market conditions in buying an issue outright. Interest charges may run against him, so that, for the time he holds the bonds, he may experience an actual loss in the interest account, though during easy money market conditions this same account may prove profitable. But he is a

Digitized by Google

Security and Liberal Income Guaranteed

Customary Security. Each Water Works or Irrigation Bond we offer is secured by a mortgage on a particular plant or enterprise, the real value of the property being much greater than its bonded indebtedness. Such a mortgage is the only security usually offered on bonds of this class issued by a reputable company, and is generally considered sufficient.

Are Additionally Guaranteed. In addition to such mortgages, however, the bonds we offer bear the absolute guarantee of the American Water Works & Guarantee Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., capital and surplus, $4,500,000, as to prompt payment of both principal and interest. These bonds are *doubly* secured.

No delay in payment of Principal or Interest. This company controls and operates forty successful water works plants and four prosperous irrigation enterprises in different parts of the United States. It guarantees only the securities of properties it investigates and constructs with its own engineers, and controls and operates with its own organization. During its twenty-seven years of business *there has never been a single day's delay in the payment of either principal or interest on any bond it has guaranteed.*

Strength of Guarantee Constantly Increasing. With each new issue the additional assets acquired by this constructing, operating, and guaranteeing company are always greater than the contingent liability assumed. The strength of its guarantee continually increases as its business extends.

We Are Selling the Securities of the Two Largest Irrigation Enterprises, Public or Private, in the United States

J. S. & W. S. Kuhn, Inc.

Investment Bankers,

Bank for Savings Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chicago. Philadelphia.

Guaranteed Irrigation Bonds. Public Utility Bonds.

Guaranteed Water Works Bonds. Municipal Bonds.

Circulars and full descriptive matter will be mailed upon request to Department A.



THE question with many investors who bought securities when prices were much lower is WHEN TO SELL AND WHAT TO DO WITH THE PROCEEDS.

The advice of experienced bankers should be of assistance.

A conservative and comprehensive consideration of the general situation as it bears upon the price of securities is given each week in

The Weekly Financial Review

which is published and mailed weekly, without charge, to investors interested, by

J. S. BACHE & COMPANY
(Members New York Stock Exchange)
Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York
Advice by correspondence to individual investors

large borrower, and assumes, always, more or less risk in that capacity. The investor should bear this fact in mind and understand that the borrowing of millions of dollars with which to finance a proposition during the distribution of its securities is a matter for the banker and impossible to the ordinary mortal.

Competition as a Factor in Development

There is one fundamental change which has been going on for years, but is more and more apparent of late. Formerly the middleman, promoter or what you may choose to call the investment broker—for he fulfils these and many other vocations—largely watched the advertisements of impending issues or discovered them in one way or another, or they were directly brought to him by others. The competition among bankers themselves for good propositions has now become so great that this waiting, as it were, for the proposition to come to them has been giving way to an actual seeking of the opportunity and the development and building up of the enterprise. This is demonstrated by the hydro-electric issues, which are becoming more and more popular in the investment field. The banker may, to-day, actually search the country over for a good water-power possibility, and adjacent to a desirable market for its electrical output. Then he may obtain all the rights for construction and flowage, employ engineers for the building of the works, sell the securities and manage the plant afterwards. This is a pretty good safeguard for the investor, because in no way heretofore has the banker become so personally identified with the interests of his clients as is the growing custom of the times.

We think of the railroads as being managed by their presidents, boards of directors, etc., but this is far from the truth. The railroads are largely the creation of the banking interests, and it may be said that the transportation lines of this and other countries are, to a tremendous extent, conducted indirectly, and sometimes almost directly, from the banking offices. This does not end with the transportation companies, but extensively applies to industrial and public service corporations. The far-reaching influence of the investment banker in the affairs of everyday life is something scarcely appreciated by those who have not given it mature thought.

Banking is, and should be, a dignified profession, requiring capital, brains and integrity. But when we find, as is often the case, almost any person, with or without office equipment or tangible capital, establishing himself in a financial community by nothing more than the rental of desk room in an office, advertising himself as an investment banker and inviting subscriptions to supposedly attractive investments which are afterwards proven to be nothing more than wildcat speculations in which the aforesaid banker's only investment has been, perhaps, the desk, the rental of its room, and the advertising account, it does detract from the dignity of the business and gives false impressions. Yet how often the public is taken in by just this sort of man, who floods the market with attractive and alluring advertisements of bonds and stocks in which he probably has no vested interest, but only a contingent interest, to be received in case of effecting sales. Frequently when the securities which he is trying to market have been disposed of he sells his desk and, like the "hordes of Allah," silently steals away. If trouble afterwards follows in his track, the unsuspecting investors have no knowledge of his whereabouts.

The real, bona-fide investment banker is one with a bank account, unquestioned credit and established clientele, who actually purchases the bonds after very careful investigation by his well made machinery which he offers, and, in turn, sells them to his customers. Or he may be an agent or representative in some smaller town or city of bankers of high standing elsewhere who fulfil all these requirements. The investment banker which the investor should seek is the one who has the virtues just outlined, or is the accredited agent of some concern which has. There are enough such well organized houses in our country to take care of all the money offered for investment, and they are easy to find.

Banking in Ancient Days

Throughout the world to-day banking is one of the most honorable of the professions, which makes it seem strange that in the Middle Ages the taking of interest for the use of money was thought wholly wrong, and that the Jews, who did so much of the banking in England during the thirteenth century, brought that profession into ill repute. History tells us that Xenophon, feeling the need of public improvements, brought forward the first plan for the creation, through subscription, of a joint-stock bank. He supposed that it would induce the Athenians to borrow money for internal improvements, which would, in turn, be productive of greater public revenues. With these he proposed to improve the port of Athens, build wharves, docks, warehouses, etc. His plan was to make the whole Athenian people one great banking company.

The banking idea was not always based upon creating an interest return, for in the times of the Romans Augustus Cæsar created a fund from the confiscated property of criminals, which he loaned to such citizens as could pledge security double in value the amount of the loan.

How Can I Increase My Income?

We are a saving people. The average American is constantly putting something away for a rainy day. These savings are apt to be deposited where they pay from **3½%** to **4%**, or invested in government or municipal bonds, where they net from **2%** to **4½%**.

In days gone by the income from such investments was satisfactory, but within a few years the cost of living has enormously increased and people who considered themselves comfortably well off are finding it hard to pay their bills. The natural tendency of such people is to look about to see how they can increase their income. As a rule they cannot increase their salaries and must look to their invested funds for an increase in income and many of them are turning to **first mortgage public utility bonds** which net a higher rate of interest and, if carefully selected, are among the safest investments for this purpose. We believe these bonds rank next to municipal bonds as safe investments, and it is possible to buy well secured public utility bonds to-day netting from 5% to 5½%. The additional income produced from such an investment goes a long way in taking care of the increased cost of living.

We have bonds of this character which we have thoroughly investigated and which we can place the intending investor in a way to investigate himself. We should be very glad to forward upon application, free of cost, our booklet describing such bonds in general, and also circulars making special offerings.

Write for our Public Utility book, also for Circular No. 77-A.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO DENVER

Booklet for Investors

Our Booklet **No. 78** treats the subject of investment in simple phraseology. It explains the function of the investment banker, the different forms of bonds, sinking funds, how bonds are paid for and delivered, how the interest coupons are cashed, etc.

5 Per Cent. Bonds

Our Circular **No. 74** describes a carefully selected list of bonds yielding about 5%. **In these days, investors should exercise the utmost discrimination in the selection of bonds.**

Railroad Bonds

Our Circular **No. 75** describes over **40 issues** of Railroad Bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. We classify the bonds as High-Grade Investments, Conservative Investments, and Semi-Speculative Investments.

Spencer Trask & Co.
Investment Bankers
William and Pine Streets, New York
Branch Offices: Albany, N. Y.—Boston, Mass.—Chicago, Ill.
Members New York Stock Exchange

JACKSONVILLE—The New York of the South
now being reconstructed by "Commercial Democrats" and Chicago Ozone. Wide-open city—it's the limit. Don't scatter in wild southern fend towns. Our Tell-the-Truth booklet free. Write Half Million Club.

Digitized by Google

A BOOK OF ABSORBING INTEREST TO INVESTORS

Your copy of this most interesting authority is just off the press. You will find between the covers of this investment manual the answer to many questions that you as an investor would want to ask.

This book was written by Walter L. Williamson, who has been a close student of investment for the past 27 years.

He has told the cold, unbiased facts about North Dakota and that most admirable class of securities, the North Dakota Farm Mortgage.

One chapter is devoted to the discussion of

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON'S SERVICE TO INVESTORS

In this chapter is explained the infinite care with which a mortgage is selected before it can be known as a Williamson Farm Mortgage.

Whether you buy Farm Mortgages of Walter L. Williamson or not you will find this manual very interesting and of great practical value to you as an investor. Send the coupon today. [7]

Walter L. Williamson, 214
Lisbon, N. Dak.

Please send me a copy of your new book, "Investment Facts."

214

WHY NOT BUY

6%

Irrigation Bonds

Farson, Son & Co. are the Oldest and Largest Banking House in the United States specializing in Irrigation Bonds. In this connection the intending purchaser should consider the following facts:

1—In all our thirty years experience there has never been a DEFAULT IN THE INTEREST OR PRINCIPAL PAYMENTS of bonds of this description sold by us.

2—Owing to the long establishment of this house, practically all irrigation projects of the entire country are submitted to us FIRST. Our offerings, therefore, contain ONLY THE BEST OF THESE ISSUES.

3—WE BUY ALL OUR BONDS OUTRIGHT

4—We are associated with the leading irrigation engineers, and have our own engineering corps, which reports exhaustively upon all offerings before the Bonds are bought by us.

5—The recommendation of a house of our character, with facilities and experience, is invaluable to purchasers of these securities.

6—We have sold Municipal Irrigation Bonds to Savings Banks, National Banks, Trust Companies, Insurance Companies and Private Investors throughout the country.

We invite your correspondence. Fill out coupon below and mail immediately to

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange

Over thirty years' experience.

New York — 21 Broad Street
Chicago — First Nat'l Bank Bldg.

DEAR SIRS: Please send me Circular 10210, "Municipal Irrigation Bonds."

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

725

The Negro's Idea of Marriage

[*Continued from page 14*]

She was head leader in her s'ciety, an' wanted to have a stylish weddin'. Nuthin' would suit Beulah 'cept for me to go to the cote-house an' buy a pair o' licenses, an' have a yaller preacher from town. I jes' done it to pacify her, but I could n't git along wid dat woman, an' last fall I married Tildy."

"That will be all right," suggested Murdock; "I 'll send for Beulah and fix it up with her."

Scipio shook his head. "'Taint no use tryin'. Nobody could n't persuade Beulah to go no other way. She 's got a prejudy, Mister Robert. Last Sunday Tildy went over to Lake One to a baptizin'. Her an' Beulah bofe got religion. Beulah shouted an' shouted till her wig drapped off. Tildy could n't help laughin' at dat nappy-headed nigger. At de same time Beulah, she war makin' eyes at a railroad nigger, an' when she seen Tildy laughin' at her she got riled. Den the scan'el-mongers went travelin' back an' fo'th. Dey toted de news to Beulah dat Tildy said she war n't no more 'n a kinky-headed baboon what I ketched in de woods up a tree, wid her tail hooked around a limb. Dat 's calkerlated to make a woman feel bad, Mister Robert." Scipio smiled. "You know how foolish nigger women is. Tildy is bright-colored an' got tolerable straight hair; she don't have to wear no wig; dat 's what made Beulah mad. Beulah never took on none when I married Sarah Jane—"

"Sarah Jane? Who 's Sarah Jane?"

"She 's de wife I had jes' befo' Tildy; but she's black, like Beulah, an' Beulah did n't worry none 'bout her."

"Good heavens! Scipio, how many wives did you have?"

"That 's about all. I had n't married nobody for a long time."

"Did you get a divorce from Sarah Jane?"

"No, suh. Sarah Jane divo'ced herself. She was a mighty pious woman, an' she 'lowed dat Elder Swint was a heap mo' piouser dan me, so she packed herself off to Openwood Plantation."

Bigamy No Hindrance to Church Activities

Murdock listened without a smile. He felt the pity of it in such a negro, but had no time for moralizing.

"Scipio," he said, "this is a serious matter. If Beulah is determined to prosecute, she 'll land you in the penitentiary."

"Pentenchery! Lord God, Mister Robert, dey can't send niggers to the pentenchery for dat?"

"Yes, ten years in the penitentiary."

Scipio's face turned ashen; he staggered to his feet, then dropped limply into his chair again. "Pentenchery—ten years. My God! I thought maybe it would be 'bout a dollar an' costs."

How did Murdock get him out of it? Easy enough. He investigated Beulah's matrimonial record and found three living husbands. When Beulah was informed that bigamy applied to women as well as to men she got scared, crossed the river into Louisiana and never appeared to prosecute.

This vindicated Uncle Scipio, and he branded the whole affair as a "passel o' nigger news."

Being excessively married did not interfere with Uncle Scipio's deaconship. Quite the contrary. The story runs that a highly colored brother being taxed with eccentricities of this kind, drew back upon his dignity and demanded, "What I deacon fer?"

There is no "double standard"—one for the man and another for the woman. This rule works both ways.

June was well named; she stacked up as near to Juno as her blackness would permit. Tall, statuesque, and powerfully built, she led the "s'ciety ladies" around like a flock of sheep. June had an air about her.

"'Mawnin', Miss Julia. I 'se gwine to git married."

Mrs. Bradfield gasped at the sudden calamity. She could n't lose a good cook, and hated to think of feeding a worthless man out of her kitchen. The coupling-up of a cook meant one or the other.

In a vague sort of way Mrs. Bradford had supposed June to be married, but asked no questions. Two little girls, one jetty black and the other dark tan, gave color to the supposition.

"Yas'm, Miss Julia, I ain't never seen de man yit what I 'se willin' to marry; an' bein' as dis is de fust time, we 'se gwine to hab de biggest sort o' weddin'. I bound you, I 'll show dese niggers a weddin' what is a weddin'—jes' like white folks. You see, Miss Julia, I 'se de Mos' Noble P'tector o' de Sisters o' Sarah, an' dey 'll hatter turn out. De Household o' Sheba, dey 'll turn out, 'cause I 'se de Worthy Guardeen. Dey stands on bofe sides o' de ile an' we marches through. I 'se gwine to wear a long white veil, an' white flowers an' white dress, white stockin's an' white slippers. My two chillen dey 's gwine to be all dressed up in white, wid red ribbons; dey 's de flower gals—dey marches along behine an' holds up my veil. It 's gwine to be gran', Miss Julia—jes' like white folks."

June saw no incongruity in the two unauthenticated children of different colors. The societies saw none, the church saw none, Mrs. Bradford saw none—for it was the negro's idea of marriage.

YOUR SAVINGS

Should Be Invested Through

Experienced Investment Bankers

Whose reputation is their most valuable asset. They not only are able to select securities more wisely than the individual, but know market conditions and have opportunities for favorable purchases.

Our wide acquaintance with men and conditions

In the Heart of the Great Central West

combined with our enormous distributing power to customers in forty states in the Union, enable us to offer you exceptional facilities for the investment of your means.

If you desire bonds of the great cities or of towns, counties, school districts of lesser importance, we have some thirty issues from which to select. If you prefer the utmost earning capacity commensurate with abundant security, we can offer you a few issues, purchased after the most searching investigation, netting from 5% to 6%. In this class we recommend

Long Bell Lumber Company,	6% (Sinking Fund) Bonds
San Benito, (Texas)	6% Gold Bonds
Idaho Irrigation Company,	6% (U. S. Cary Act) Bonds
Rogers. (Arkansas)	6% (Sewer) Bonds
Jefferson County (Arkansas)	6% (Levee) Bonds
Kossuth County (Iowa)	6% (Drain) Bonds

Our reputation of twenty years without a single loss is back of every bond we sell.

We want your inquiry whether for a small bond or many thousands. The fullest information, circulars, etc., furnished on application.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
Laclede Bldg.,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.
205 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

6% VERSUS 4%

Holders of early maturing bonds, or other securities paying 4%, or thereabouts, are advised to improve the present opportunity to exchange these securities for well-secured bonds that will

NET 6% INCOME

at present prices and will share in the general advance in market values due to the steady improvement in trade and finance. Market conditions make the present an advantageous time to make such a change in your investments.

We will quote you the best prices on any securities you may wish to dispose of for reinvestment, —and also the present prices of high-grade bonds that will yield **6% if promptly secured.**

OUR BOOKLET about Bonds will be mailed upon request. Write us to-day.

LAWRENCE BARNUM & CO.
Bankers
27 Pine Street
Washington — New York — Philadelphia



Let Us Send You This Free Book

"Bonds and How To Buy Them," written by one of the best authorities on investments in this country. It is full of information of the greatest value to every one who wants to invest money safely, either in small or large amounts. You ought to read it.

BANKS BUY BONDS BECAUSE THEY ARE SAFE.

You should be as careful about investing your own money as bankers are in investing their funds. Municipal and Corporation Bonds earning 4 to 6 per cent interest with absolute security of the principal, are safe investments. We own and offer for sale carefully selected, gilt-edged Municipal and Corporation Bonds in denominations of $100 upwards. Write for our booklet and list of bonds we offer for sale.

OTIS AND HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
300 Cuyahoga Bldg. CLEVELAND, OHIO

Digitized by Google

The End of Cannonism

[*Continued from page 8*]

Whether the revolution comes off during the present Congress, or whether Cannon and his rules continue to reign till the end of this session, is comparatively unimportant. The real point is that the end is at hand; the writing is on the wall; even the most loyal of Cannon's creatures have reluctantly recognized the inevitable.

Once rid of this fine old Tory obstructionist as a boss of the "representative"—save the mark!—branch of Congress, we shall be very busy taking up the slack that has got into the line since he stopped the wheels of progress. There will be work to do, a-plenty. If you want to achieve a concrete realization of the blight that Cannon and Cannonism have laid upon our national program, just list up a few of the things that other countries have done while we have conversed about them.

The Things We Might Have Done

Look at the splendid internal waterways of Europe, carrying a third of the traffic of the Continent on streams that we call creeks, while our imperial system of rivers goes neglected and the railroads are permitted to drive traffic away from them.

Consider the reforestation of Germany, wrought while only the process of deforestation was afoot here. And then give thought to the fact that Cannon got his judiciary committee to deliver the sapient opinion that the creation of the White Mountain and South Appalachian forest reserves would be unconstitutional!

Or turn to the compulsory arbitration laws, the old age pension enactments, the systematized and scientific employers' liability codes which progressive nations have put in force, while the Cannon ferocity against "these labor skates" has been gratifying itself with the systematic asphyxiation of all efforts at like enlightened legislation in this country.

Or contemplate the spectacle of Great Britain, where every railroad rate in the kingdom is made by the Railway and Canal Commission, while we Americans are still waiting for a case to come down from the Supreme Court which will determine whether any Federal authority may interfere in the fixing of a rate!

Or compare the scandalous spectacle of our recent tariff trickery with the conditions in countries where the tariff is forever out of politics and in the control of competent, patriotic, earnest commissions clothed with full power to adjust duties to national and world conditions rather than to the comparative deserts of varying campaign contributors.

Or ask yourself what would happen in England if Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were Englishmen, sentenced to jail without the right of jury trial. For years and years Cannonism has blocked the way of legislation to limit and define judiciary powers in contempt cases.

These are some of the differences between the progress of other countries and the stagnation of our own, and if you would have the answer, it is in one word:

Cannonism!

Do you know that under some recent legislation in Germany no privately owned coal mine may be opened in the empire? Compare that with the reckless waste and monopolization of our remaining coal deposits. Consider the abject failures which overtook the efforts of Roosevelt and La Follette to establish control and regulation of the coal, oil and asphalt deposits within the public domain, and ask 'yourself whether we are really entitled to list ourselves as an enlightened people.

The Nation Cries for Riddance From Cannon

The income tax is established as a basic feature in almost every nation's fiscal scheme. We are just setting about on the probably futile effort to amend our constitution so that we may establish that tax.

Everybody agrees that our money system needs thorough overhauling and modernizing. The greatest and richest country on earth, we have a currency system that is a standing menace to the financial stability of the whole commercial world, and yet we are afraid to permit an attempt to improve it, because we see prospect that the work would be dominated by Aldrich and Cannon, and nobody is willing to trust the patriotism of the one or the intelligence of the other in such a vital work.

Stock-watering goes on without let or hindrance in these United States; capitalization is piled on monopolized resources and public service facilities; yet Cannonism—Toryism—Reactionism—prevents our moving to end the crime against society.

The postal telegraph, the postal savings bank, parcels post—these are so well-nigh universal in progressive countries that our failure to grasp their benefits marks us as lacking in intelligence or else as dominated by a sentiment of hopeless, unseeing conservatism—which is Cannonism.

But why enumerate further? These things and the others which will suggest themselves represent the failures of our Government to keep step with the movement of intelligent progress. The grip of Cannonism has held us back.

Shake off that grip and we will go forward fast enough to "take up the slack." We will manage, in a decade or two, if we have luck and don't presently fall

An Exceptional Issue of 6% Bonds Secured by a Thousand Farms

Here are brief facts about one current issue of Irrigation Bonds. They will illustrate what ideal security lies back of such bonds when the issues are rightly selected.

The Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co. owns one of the largest irrigated fruit land projects in the world. The Company is composed of well known men who are wealthy, experienced and capable. The land to be watered consists of about 40,000 acres in the heart of our greatest fruit belt in the famous apple region of the Pacific Northwest.

A large part of the valley has been under irrigation for many years, so the possibilties of the land have been demonstrated. Fruit land in the valley has lately sold as high as $1,000 per acre.

The water rights are unassailable, and the total water supply is more than sufficient for all needs. For the irrigable land is distinctly limited by the mountainous bounds of the valley.

$2,500,000 Invested

The Irrigation Company has invested in the project about $2,500,000, or about twice the total bond issue. And the bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns.

The bonds are additionally secured by first liens on the lands and the orchards watered. These liens are given by individual land owners in payment for the land and the water rights. Forty per cent of the price is paid down, and the balance, secured by the liens, is payable in annual installments.

To secure each $1,000 bond there are deposited with a Trust Company as trustee $1,400 of these first liens on farm land.

The average price at which this land has been sold is about $200 per acre. The minimum price at present is $250 per acre. Yet the bond issue is limited to $30 per acre, or to less than one-sixth the average selling price of the land.

Double Security

Thus the bonds have double security. The first is a mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns, and the Company's investment is nearly twice the whole bond issue. The second security is these first liens on farm land—on land which is worth more than six times the amount of the bonds which it secures.

One can hardly conceive of more ample security. Yet these bonds pay six per cent interest because the demand for irrigated land is so great that the projects are very profitable.

Part of these bonds mature each year from 1914 to 1919. One may have his choice of maturities.

Ask for the Facts

In the past 15 years we have purchased 75 separate issues of Reclamation Bonds—Drainage and Irrigation. All have been secured by first liens on good farm land, and not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

Irrigation bonds have now become the most popular bonds that we handle. No other large class of bonds offering equal seeurity now pays six per cent.

We have issued a book on Irrigation Bonds, based on all this experience. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. Please write for the book to-day. Cut out this coupon so you won't forget.

B R

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

First National Bank Building, Chicago
50 Congress St., Boston 111 Broadway, New York
First National Bank Building, San Francisco

Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds and list of other securities.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*Name of my bank*_____ 745

First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

50 Congress St., Boston
111 Broadway, New York
First Nat'l Bank Bldg., San Francisco

A Good New Year's Investment

WITH the opening of the New Year, you usually consider most carefully how to invest your surplus money. It is hard to find a small investment that will pay a good rate of interest and yet is absolutely safe. Our mortgage certificates based on selected first mortgages on New York City real estate solve this problem for you. The interest is 4½% and the certificates are in amounts of $200, $500, $1,000 and $5,000.

The $200 certificate will be sold if desired on the instalment plan at $10 per month.

These certificates have all the advantages of the guaranteed mortgages. The payment of the principal and interest is guaranteed absolutely by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its Capital and Surplus of $7,500,000. We stake our own reputation on the satisfactory character of these mortgage certificates. Our capital and surplus amount to $14,000,000.

These certificates do not pay six per cent. Bonds that do are not first mortgage bonds but represent money borrowed for speculation in real estate and risked on the speculation. They should not be called bonds at all.

Our security is a first mortgage security such as the law favors for savings banks, life insurance companies and all conservative trust investments. Start the year right by investing some of your surplus in this way.

Write us for our booklet "The Safe Use For Savings."

TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST Co

176 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 175 REMSEN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



Invest Your Savings at 6%

Here are a few things you ought to know about your investment of January *dividends* or January *savings*.

Can you get 6% interest? Is the investment free from all fluctuation and speculative risk? Can you easily convert your investment into cash? Have you tangible, visible proof that there is adequate security behind the investment that assures the safety of your principal? Has the Company an absolutely clean record of meeting all obligations promptly during a long period of years?

A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds answer every one of these requirements. Issued in either of two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds
For those who wish to invest $100 or more.

6% Accumulative Bonds
For those who wish to save $25 or more a year.

Interesting literature and map of New York City on request.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888
Assets, $11,851,866.07 Capital and Surplus, $1,753,111.16
518 Night & Day Bank Bldg. 527 Fifth Ave., New York

5% ON YOUR SAVINGS

Deposited with our Company they are free from speculation while bearing earnings consistent with safe and tried methods. The security back of them is of the very best—selected mortgages upon New York and Suburban Real Estate.

Our Business is Conducted Under New York Banking Department Supervision

and our record of 17 YEARS is in their files open to public examination. Start an account at any time—withdrawals at your pleasure—subject only to customary 60 days' notice. No loss of earnings—5% per annum paid for every day your money is left with us, on accounts of $25 to $3,000. Earnings are remitted by check quarterly, semi-annually or compounded if desired.

ASSETS over $2,000,000
SURPLUS and PROFITS . $150,000

Write to-day for booklet.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS and LOAN CO.
3 Times Bldg., Broadway and 42d St. New York City

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

With what's left of your share of the January Disbursements after providing for your current requirements?

Last January some used it as initial payment on another bond or a few stocks on our NON-FORFEITURE MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN, finished paying in 11 months out of regular income (protected in meantime against market fluctuations) and this January have another security in the safe deposit box that otherwise would not be there. *Write for Booklet 11 B.* It tells how.

FLEMING & CO.,
INVESTMENT BANKERS
Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

6% Your surplus money can be made to earn you 6% and be secure. 6%

JEFFERSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION SHARES

Pay 3% July and January on money secured by mortgage on improved Birmingham, Ala., real estate.

$50.00 Shares withdrawable on demand with Interest to date. *Write for Circular.* 217 N. 21st Street,
F. M. JACKSON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.

RULES OF INVESTMENT PROFIT FOR INVESTORS

ARE YOU SURE

you can accurately judge mining, public service, railroad, industrial or irrigation securities? Our system, comprising some 100,000 words, is of a character equivalent to actual experience enabling men to do so.

You get "inner knowledge." You can apply it. Why not know? Don't depend wholly on others. *System is guaranteed.* An educational work.

You can make money, feel sure, and make profits when versed in determining values. Get "The Data"—is full of facts—is interesting. Sent gratis.

E. G. DENTON & CO., 42 Wall Street, New York

7 1/5% *The Smallest Interest Paid*

on time deposits in 18 years, many of the best businesses men in this country are placing their savings with us. They would not do so unless the security was the best. We are the oldest Savings Association in this State. Send for booklet and references.

$5 saved monthly, $1,000 at maturity
$10 saved monthly, $2,000 at maturity
$15 saved monthly, $3,000 at maturity

L. B. BROMFIELD, Mgr., 21 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

CAPITAL REQUIRED

A splendid opportunity to share in a thoroughly developed manufacturing enterprise. The finished product is quoted in every market of the world. The company is in control of an unlimited raw material supply. It is now operating on a large profit basis. More capital is needed for a greater development. Closest investigation invited. For further particulars address

H. C. McDANIEL, ORLANDO, FLORIDA.

back into the old ruts with a new Cannon to boss us, to become almost a modern nation; at least we will escape from the medieval classification which now claims us.

The End is in Sight

And we are in sight of the end of our bondage. The revolt against Cannonism is now nation-wide. None dares speak a word for him in public. Even the Congressmen who, if returned, intend to support him for reelection are compelled to deny their fealty pending the nomination and election. Of these the numbers are all too great; but by their records in the past they must be judged, and on those records they must be dealt with by their constituencies.

There is just one safe course, and that is to retire every member who has been part of the Cannon organization, and put in his place a man pledged not only to vote against Cannon, but to support some good, honest, reliable Insurgent. There are plenty of good men among these with whom no mistake could be made. Murdock of Kansas, Hubbard of Iowa, Norris of Nebraska, Cooper of Wisconsin, are tried veterans of this warfare; any one of them would make an able, fair and absolutely true Speaker.

If you seek an experienced parliamentarian, look up the record of Lenroot of Wisconsin, who was Speaker of the Wisconsin House when La Follette was Governor, and who helped in a thousand ways to write the La Follette reform statutes in the books of the Badger State. Or consider the claims of the brilliant and eloquent Kendall of Iowa, who was Speaker of the Iowa House when Governor Cummins was making the fight against the railroads for his program of progressive laws. If geographical considerations make it necessary to look eastward, there are Gardner of Massachusetts, Fowler of New Jersey, and Parsons of New York. Timber in plenty, sound, sturdy and seasoned. It is n't so important which Insurgent is elected; but one of them should be.

And when the fight is won, when the House has resumed its representative character, when its committees are once more named with the view to facilitate rather than to smother business, when the Committee on Rules shall administer the rules rather than the garrote, when Cannonism and Toryism have been routed and progress and enlightenment shall hold sway—then the country will go back to that imposing list of the things left undone when they ought to have been done, and there will be such progress as will restore confidence in our institutions and put an end to the joyous croakings of extremists who want to see affairs get as bad as possible in the belief that they must be vastly worse before they can be bettered.

Mr. Welliver's article reached us early in November, and expressed his analysis of conditions as viewed from his own sources of information at Washington. It is a significant and interesting fact that the vote of SUCCESS MAGAZINE'S Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers, which was taken in the last twenty days of November, and a synopsis of which is given on page 31 of this issue, completely verifies, as an entirely independent investigation, Mr. Welliver's conclusions.—*The Editors.*

The Shears of Destiny

[*Continued from page 30*]

Drexel's eyes were ever covertly watching Sonya—thrilled with the sense that he alone of all here knew the double part she played.

In the evening, when they were all in the music room, the countess surprised one of these surreptitious glances. "You seem to think, with the rest of the men, that there is only one woman present, the princess," she whispered.

"I had heard so much of her that I was curious," Drexel returned.

"Allow the elderly widow to tell you that attention paid the princess is attention wasted. She will smile on nothing less than royal blood.

Her voice sank to a bare whisper. "And of course you know she has no sympathy with our movement to gain freedom. She believes in the divine right of the high born; that they are superior and should rule and have the earth, and that the many should be their footstool."

He saw it was her wish to draw him into some retired spot and continue the conversation of the train, but this was not permitted her, for just then the debonair young colonel of the Czar's Guards, who had been tripping airily among the perfumed heights of tenor arias from the Italian opera, left the piano, and there arose a demand that she should sing. In rebuke to these sweet soulless intricacies, so it seemed to Drexel, she sang several of the folk-songs of Little Russia; simple, plaintive airs that were the voice of a people's heart speaking its joys and woes and aspirations, and sang them in a rich and soft contralto charged with feeling.

Drexel, stirred by her voice, felt his heart pulsing in warm sympathy with the beat of the song. The applauding guests thought she was moved by mere artistic sentiment; he knew better, and when he had a moment alone with her, when she had finished, he told her how truly splendid had been her singing.

She caught the sympathy in his voice and flashed at him a quick, bright look. "We shall have you yet!" she whispered.

Prince Berloff, coming up, reminded her that he had promised to show her some new etchings and he led her off to the library.

The countess bestowed herself in a corner of a great leather divan, leaning back in luxurious grace, her cheek in one finely modeled hand. The prince closed the door and drew a chair up in front of her. There was controlled eagerness in his pale face.

"Well?" he asked, in his low voice. "You have definitely involved him in some plan?"

"Not yet. I'm leading him gently toward one, but he is ready. He said as much to-night."

"Good! And what plan?"

"I thought the one uppermost in the revolutionists' minds would be the best—the freeing of Borodin."

"You must use haste. Drexel is to be in Russia less than two weeks longer. When are you going to lead him definitely into the thing?"

"That depends," she answered, "upon the reply you make to two requests."

"And what are they?"

"When you arranged with me to take this matter, you merely ordered me to lead Mr. Drexel into some revolutionary plot. You did not tell me why you wanted him to be involved in a plot, and I did not ask. But I ask now."

The prince's white brows drew together. "Countess, you are going too far!"

But the menace of his looks did not even ripple the countess's repose.

"Then you refuse?" he said, his eyes ablaze.

"Most emphatically!"

"Well, this first request was of minor importance," she said, easily. "And besides, for that matter, I know my question's answer."

He gave a slight start, then his face was again a cold mask.

"Indeed," he said, calmly. "And my purpose?"

"To get Mr. Drexel out of the way."

"Well?"

"And get him out of the way so that no suspicion or blame could attach to you," she went on. "Get him involved in some revolutionary plot you were watching, have the gendarmes break in upon the plotters and kill Mr. Drexel in the struggle, or have him immediately executed with the others before his identity should be learned. You could be very sympathetic with his family, and they would never guess that you were responsible. Very safe, Prince—and very, very clever!"

The prince's face was still a cold, impenetrable mask.

"You spoke of a second request."

"Yes. The important one. If I am to go ahead, you must pay me more."

"Pay you more! I've offered you ten thousand rubles for this above your regular salary!"

"I know. I must have fifty thousand."

"Your demand is absurd!" he said.

"Then I'll go no further with Mr. Drexel. Let us return to the others."

"Wait, sit down," he said, sharply. "Tell me why you are just as well pleased with my refusal?"

"Perhaps," said she, calmly, "it may be in my mind that by breaking with you I may get something I prefer to your fifty thousand. If I have so infatuated Mr. Drexel that I can lead him into a plot that will make him your victim, why should I not—"

"You mean marry him?"

"Yes. I rather like him. Why not?"

"Why not?" cried the prince in a low, harsh voice, leaning tensely toward her. "Because I will not have my plans interfered with! Because I will not have you for a relative!"

"Thanks for the compliment, Prince," she said, dryly. "But how will you prevent it?"

"By telling him what you are—the cleverest, keenest, most heartless woman spy in Russia!"

"I might tell Miss Howard who you are—the ruthless, secret—"

He rose and stood above her, his eyes flashing.

"Be careful, Countess," he said, slowly, ominously. "You yourself have said that I would hesitate at nothing. Well, be warned by your own words!"

Her daring had carried her too far. She knew this man, and knew that if he but willed it she would mysteriously disappear never to be seen again. Her face kept its calm, but inwardly she could but flinch before the dark menace of his look.

After a moment she spoke again.

"I think we'll both go further, Prince, if we go together and in harmony. Come, which is it to be—fifty thousand?—or am I to withdraw from the affair?"

Berloff hesitated; then he said:

"Fifty thousand."

"So be it," said she.

"But you must finish this at once."

"I'll claim the money within three days." She rose. "Come, let us go back to the others."

Two minutes later she was again with Drexel, trying to win his sympathy for her cause.

[*To be continued in February*]

Digitized by Google

Be Good to Yourself

[*Continued from page 38*]

vocation and activities. Yet, notwithstanding the simple demands of nature, how complicated our living has become!

If we would only study the needs of our bodies as we study the needs of the plants in our gardens, and give them the proper amount and variety of food, with plenty of water, fresh air and sunshine, we would not be troubled with disordered stomachs, indigestion, biliousness, headache, or any other kind of pain or ache.

If we used common sense in our diet, lived a plain, sane, simple life, we would never need to take medicine. But the way many of us live is a crime against nature, against manhood, against our possibilities.

It is amazing that otherwise shrewd, sensible men can deceive themselves into practising petty economies which are in reality ruinous extravagances.

No good mechanic would for a moment think of using tools that are out of order. Think of a barber trying to run a first-class shop with dull razors! Think of a carpenter or cabinet-maker attempting to turn out finished work with dull chisels, saws, planes or other tools!

The man who wants to do a fine piece of work, whether it be the painting of a picture or the building of a house, must have everything with which he works in the best possible condition, otherwise the quality of his work will suffer.

The great thing in life is *efficiency*. If you amount to anything in the world, your time is valuable, your energy precious. They are your success capital and you cannot afford to throw them away or trifle with them.

Whatever else you do, husband your strength, save your vitality, hang on to it with the determination with which a drowning man seizes and clings to a bit of log at sea. Store up every bit of your physical force, for it is your achievement material, your manhood timber. The man who has no money is rich compared with the man who has squandered his vitality, thrown away his precious life energy. Gold is but dross compared with this, diamonds but rubbish, houses and lands are contemptible beside it.

Dissipators of precious vitality are the wickedest kind of spendthrifts; they are worse than money spendthrifts; they are suicides, for they are killing their very chance in life.

Of what use is ability if you cannot use it, of forces that are demoralized, weakened by petty, false economies; what use is great brain power, even genius, if you are physically weak, if your vitality is so reduced either by vicious living or lack of proper care, that your energy becomes exhausted with the very least effort?

To be confronted by a great opportunity of which you are powerless to take advantage, because you have let your energy leak away in useless, vicious ways, or to feel that you can only take hold of your great chance tremblingly, weakly, with doubt instead of assurance and a consciousness of vigor, is one of the most disheartening experiences that can ever come to a human being.

If you would make the most of yourself, cut away all of your vitality sappers, get rid of everything which hampers you and holds you back, everything which wastes your energy, cuts down your working capital. Get freedom at any cost. Do not drag about with you a body that is half dead through vicious habits, which sap your vitality and drain off your life forces. Do not do anything or touch anything which will lower your vitality or lessen your chances of advancement. Always ask yourself, "What is there in this thing I am going to do which will add to my life-work, increase my power, keep me in superb condition to do the best thing possible to me?"

Much precious energy is wasted in fretting, worrying, grumbling, fault-finding, in the little frictions and annoyances that accomplish nothing, but merely make you irritable, cripple and exhaust you. Just look back over yesterday and see where your energy went to. See how much of it leaked away in trifles and in vicious practises. You may have lost more brain and nerve force in a burst of passion, a fit of hot temper, than in doing your normal work in an entire day.

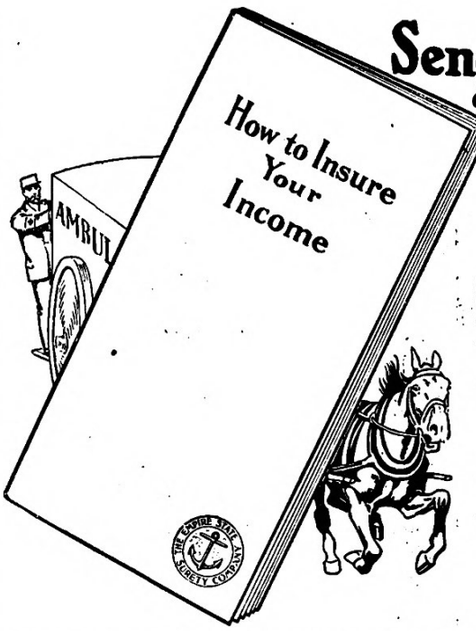
Some people are very careful to keep the pianos in their homes in tune, but they never trouble themselves about the human instruments which are out of tune most of the time. They try to play the great life symphonies on a living instrument that is jangled and out of tune, and then wonder why they produce discord instead of harmony.

The great aim of your life should be to keep your powers up to the highest possible standard, to so conserve your energies, guard your health, that you can make every occasion a great occasion.

The trouble with most of us is that we do not half appreciate the marvelousness of the human mechanism, nor the divinity of the man that dwells in it.

"Man is an infinite little copy of God," says Victor Hugo. "That is glory enough for man. . . . Little as I am, I feel the God in me."

Unfortunately most of us do not feel the God in us, we do not realize our powers and possibilities. We lose sight of our divinity. We live in our animal senses instead of rising into the godlike faculties. We crawl when we might fly.



Send Now For Our New Book: "How to Insure Your Income"

THIS is the name of an interesting new book we have prepared for free distribution. Its principal purpose is to explain the Income Insurance policies of the Empire State Surety Company.

Everybody is liable to have hard luck in the form of bodily accident or illness. Your turn may come to-morrow. If it did, would your income go on just the same as if you were able to stay at your work right through the year.

The Empire Income Policy assures you the continuance of a regular and ample income during the time you are unable to work.

If you are without such protection, don't put off the matter by saying, "Oh, I've got along all right all these years without any accident or illness insurance. I guess I don't need it now."

Isn't your peace of mind worth something to you?

Being insured against accident or illness, with consequent uninterruption of income, would relieve you of worry about the present and anxiety for the future.

You would be enabled to give your whole attention and best efforts to your work. Under those circumstances, you would do better work and more of it.

And besides all that, remember the loved ones dependent upon you. Do you not owe it to them to safeguard your earning capacity in this way?

Take the first step now by sending at once for our valuable free book "How to Insure Your Income." It will give you full information concerning premium rates and indemnities provided for by the popular policies of this old and reliable institution. A postal card will bring it promptly.

Address Department B

Empire State Surety Company

84 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

Offices in all important cities

WINSLOW'S Skates

The World's Standard—Choice of Champion Skaters for over 50 years.



ALL STYLES ALL PRICES ALL DEALERS

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Easiest to adjust—Smoothest running and the fastest and the finest skates that skill and science can produce.
Please send for our new illustrated catalogues. They are free.
Kindly state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

84-86 Chambers Street, New York. 8 Long Lane, E. C., London.
No. 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee, Paris. Potsdamer Strasse, 4, W. 9, Berlin.

Winslow's skates stay sharp longest.

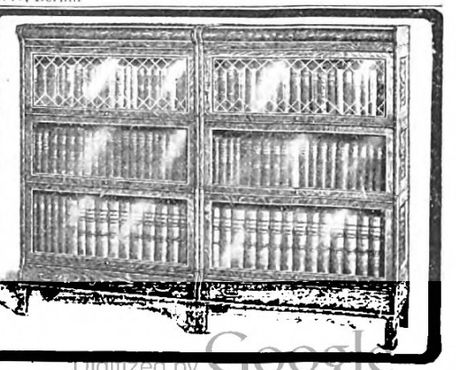
CENTURY SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

SOLD ON APPROVAL DIRECT TO THE USER
COVERED BY OUR FIVE YEAR GUARANTY
PRICES RANGING FROM $1.00 PER SECTION UPWARDS FREIGHT PAID

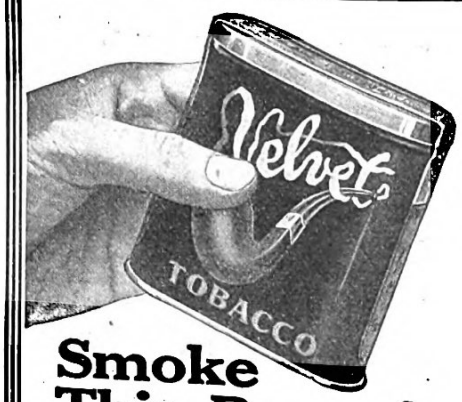
CENTURY Bookcases lead in Quality, Refinement and Durability. The Doors are equipped with Steel Roller bearings, are noiseless in operation, dust proof when closed and instantly removable for cleaning. The CENTURY has many points of real merit which makes it the most economical to buy and the most satisfactory to use.

OUR LATEST CATALOGUE IS NO. 19 SEND FOR IT.

CENTURY CABINET COMPANY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASES AND FILING CABINETS. 49 Willet St. FORT PLAIN, N. Y.



Digitized by Google



Smoke This Box of Velvet FREE

Nothing gives quite so much satisfaction as a pipeful of good tobacco —a pipeful of Velvet.

You are the man we want to convince—you are the man we want to smoke Velvet, and we want you to begin at our expense.

To prove to you that Velvet is the smoothest, cleanest, coolest smoke that ever pleased a particular palate, we want to send you one of our regular size 10c boxes *free*.

We know so well the result of this trial—that you will be convinced that there is no other tobacco as satisfying as Velvet and become a steady consumer,—that we are willing to send you the first box *free*.

Fill in the attached coupon and mail to us today with 5c. in stamps to partially cover the cost of mailing, and we will send you *anywhere in the U. S.* a regular 10c. box of Velvet, the best smoke you ever had, by return mail. This is an opportunity you cannot miss. So send the coupon now.

SPAULDING & MERRICK, Dept. F, Chicago, Ill.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Dept. F, CHICAGO, ILL.

Enclosed find 5 cents in stamps to partially cover cost of mailing complimentary box of "Velvet" *anywhere in the U. S.* **Good only 'till Feb. 1, 1910**

MY NAME _____

MY ADDRESS _____

MY DEALER _____

HIS ADDRESS _____

You Ought to Have Your Hide Tanned

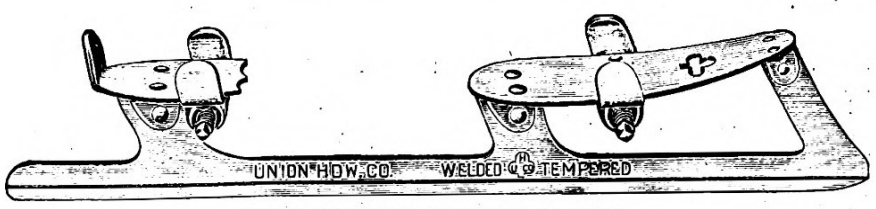


and head mounted. It will not cost you any more—if as much—to have your work done in the largest establishment of the kind in the world and with our equipment and experience you should get best results here.

We tan deer skins with hair on for rugs or trophies, or dress them into buckskin glove leather. Bear, dog, calf, cow, horse or any other kind of hide or skin tanned with the hair or fur on, and finished soft, light, odorless, mothproof and made up into rugs, gloves, caps, men's and women's garments when so ordered.

Taxidermy and head mounting are among our particular specialties. We also make fur coats to sell, fur outside and fur lined, robes and gloves. Send for our illustrated catalog.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
577 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



"ALL CLAMP" HOCKEY SKATES

BOYS!

DO YOU SKATE?

A pair of magnificent

"All Clamp" Hockey Skates

FREE! For getting only seven subscriptions to

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

The speediest and most graceful skaters in the country use the flat runner "All Clamp" Hockey Skate, which shows that it is the skate for you.

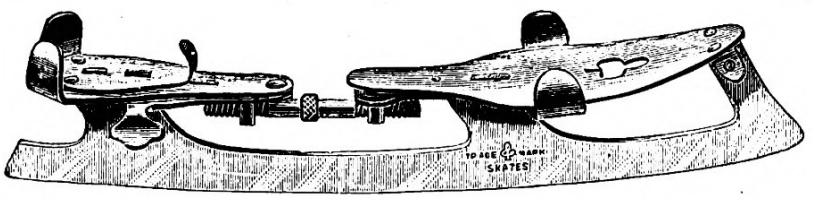
OR

If you choose, spend 2 hours' time and send us only two (2) subscriptions to Success Magazine and a pair of our beautiful, curved runner "Club" Skates, pictured below, is yours.

Write Now—this very minute—for our supplies and circulars giving a complete description of both skates.

REWARD DEPT., SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING, - - NEW YORK



"CLUB" SKATES

Digitized by Google



Success Magazine

Founded by Orison Swett Marden

Contents for February

Cover by C. D. WILLIAMS

Frontispiece: Illustration for "The Things He Wrote to Her," painted by W. B. KING

The Things He Wrote to Her . . Richard Wightman 77

Through the Spirit of Iapi (*A Story*) . . Hamlin Garland 80
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

Literature in Our Village . . . . Joseph C. Lincoln 83
Illustrations by Horace Taylor

The Birthday of Lincoln (*Verse*) . . . Robert Whitaker 85

The Power Behind the Republic Charles Edward Russell 86
Third Article: Where Business, Which Rules Us All, Is Not Quite Wise—as yet

Hauntings (*Verse*) . . . . . Charles Buxton Going 88

The Daguerreotype (*A Story*) . . . . Elizabeth Payne 89
Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

Our Chance in China . . . . . Louis Brownlow 91

The Treasure-Seekers (*Verse*) . . John Kendrick Bangs 92

Enlightened Selfishness . . E. A. Van Valkenburg 93
As a Saving Force in American Life

The Shears of Destiny (*Serial Story*) . . . Leroy Scott 95
Illustrations by Alexander Popini

The Pleasure and Profit of Reading . Orison Swett Marden 98

The Sky Man (*Serial Story*) . . Henry Kitchell Webster 99
Illustrations by Dan Smith

The Engineer's Report from the Investor's Standpoint Montgomery Rollins 122

DEPARTMENTS

Point and Pleasantry (*10-Cent-a-Word Department*) 101

The World in a Nutshell 102

Editorial Chat . . . . . 102 H

Pin Money Papers (*Contributed by Our Women Readers*) . . . . . 102 J

Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner . . . . . Isabel Gordon Curtis 102 L

Sermons in Stones 104

Uncle Bob's Talks with Boys 105

Copyright, 1910, by THE SUCCESS COMPANY. Entered as second-class mail matter, Dec. 14, 1905, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

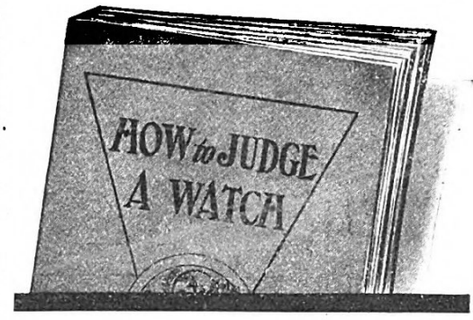
Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that *mention of* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *is made when ordering*. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, *your subscription expires with this* (*February*) *issue*; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (*March*) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by February 15; to begin with March should be received by March 15. Subscription price: $1 a year; in Canada $1.50; foreign countries, $2 a year; all invariably in advance.



The Best Book on Watches Ever Written FREE on Request

Everyone who intends buying a watch or already owns one should send for this booklet without delay and read it carefully. It contains information you ought to know. It explains clearly and simply just how high-grade watches are made; why the prices of most watches are excessively high in proportion to their real value; etc.

When you have read this booklet, a watch will no longer be a "mystery" to you. You will understand perfectly just how it works. You will be able to purchase a watch intelligently—to tell whether you are getting a high grade movement or a poor one—to judge whether the price asked is fair or excessive.

This booklet also explains the revolution in high-grade watch-making accomplished by the production of the

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7-Jewel Watch

$5 in solid nickel case **$7** in 10-year gold-filled cases **$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

The Ingersoll-Trenton is the competitor of all other fine watches. It has a strictly high-grade movement, but without unnecessary jewels. It contains 7 ruby, sapphire and garnet jewels protecting the points of principal wear, and will give 20 years of service.

Its movement is of the bridge-model construction found only in the very finest of other makes. It embodies every essential feature that are found exclusively in the most expensive American movements.

Only Responsible Jewelers Sell the "I-T"

Go to any responsible jewelers and examine the "I-T" side by side with other good watches. It is sold only by dealers competent to repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. If not locally obtainable, sent prepaid by us.

Write today for the FREE booklet "How to Judge a Watch."

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

30 FRANKEL BLDG.
NEW YORK CITY



Digitized by Google

A Wonderful Business Story

We have told in a book—which we ask you to send for—one of the greatest business stories ever told. A story of how John N. Willys stepped in two years to the topmost place in motordom. Of how *Overland* automobiles rose in 24 months to this year's sale of $24,000.000. How a factory has grown like magic to a payroll of 4,000 men—to a daily output of 30 carloads of automobiles. And how a large part of the demand of the country has been centered around one remarkable car.

The Discovery

Here is an outline of the story—just enough to make you want it all.

Two years ago, Mr. John N. Willys was a dealer in automobiles. There came to him one day a remarkable car—evidently the creation of a mechanical genius. The simplest, sturdiest, smoothest-running car that anyone around there had seen.

The name of the car was the Overland. And the price—then $1,250—was as amazing as the car itself.

The sale of this car spread like wildfire. Each car sold brought a call for twenty others like it. Old and new motor car owners came by the score to deposit advance money—attracted by the Overland's matchless simplicity.

But the cars did not come. And when Mr. Willys went to the makers he found them on the verge of receivership.

The genius which had created this marvelous car could not finance the making, in the face of the 1907 panic.

The New Start

Mr. Willys in some way met the overdue pay roll—took over the plant—and contrived to fill his customers' orders.

Then the cry came for more cars from every place where an Overland had been sold. As the new cars went out the demand became overwhelming. The factory capacity was outgrown in short order. Then tents were erected.

Another factory was acquired, then another; but the demand soon outgrew all three.

During the next fiscal year these factories sent out 4,075 Overland cars. Yet the demand was not half supplied.

Dealers fairly fought for preference. Buyers paid premiums. None could be content with a lesser car when he once saw the Overland.

All this without advertising. About the only advertising the car ever had was what users told others.

The Pope-Toledo Plant

Mr. Willys' next step was to buy the Pope-Toledo factory—one of the greatest automobile plants in the country. This gave him four well-equipped factories—just 16 months from his start.

But the Toledo plant wasn't sufficient. So he gave his builders just 40 days to complete an addition larger than the original factory.

Then he equipped these buildings with the most modern machinery—with every conceivable help and convenience—so that cars could be built here for less than anywhere else.

Now 4,000 men work on Overland cars. The output is valued at $140,000 per day. The contracts from dealers for this season's delivery call for 20,000 cars.

Now this man has acquired 23 acres around his Toledo plant. And his purpose is to see—from this time on—that those who want Overlands get them.

Marvelous Sales

Dealers had odered 16,000 of the 1910 Overland models before the first car was delivered. That means that each Overland sold the previous year had sold four others like it.

And without any advertising.

This year's Overland sales will exceed $24,000,000. Yet the Overland is but two years old.

The $1,000 Overland

This year an Overland—better than last year's $1,250 car—is being sold for $1,000. That is because the tremendous production has cut the cost 20 per cent.

A 25 horsepower car, capable of 50 miles an hour, for $1,000, complete with lamps and magneto. Never did a maker give nearly so much for the money.

There are higher powered Overlands for $1,250—$1,400—$1,500. They are just as cheap in comparison as the $1,000 model.

The Overlands are unique in simplicity. They operate by pedal control. A ten-year old child can master the car in a moment.

They are made in the same factory, and by the same men as made the Pope-Toledo—a $4,250 car. The reason for the price lies in the production of 125 cars per day.

Get the Whole Story

Send me this coupon to get the whole story, told in a fascinating book. Learn about the car which in two years captured so large a share of the whole trade of the country. See what has done this—what there is in the Overland to make it the most desired car in existence. Please cut out this coupon now.

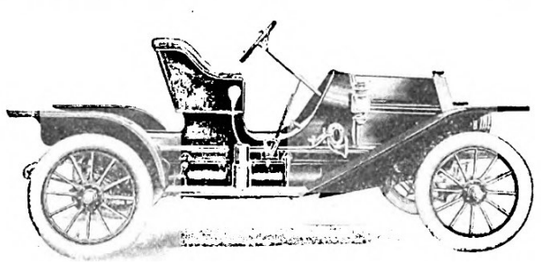
33

F. A. Barker, Sales Manager,
The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Please send me the book.

_____

_____



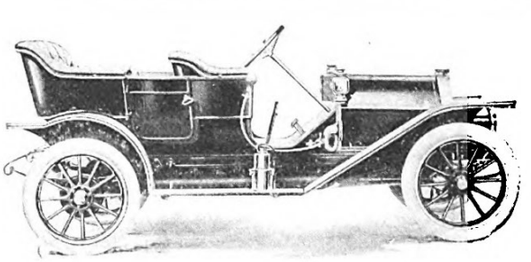
Overland Model 38—Price $1,000. 25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. Made also with single rumble seat, double rumble seat and Toy Tonneau at slightly additional cost.

The Overland

Two of the many Overland Models

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment

Members of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, Licensed Under Selden Patent.



Overland Model 41—Price $1,400. 40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base—5 passengers. Five lamps and Magneto included.

Digitized by Google