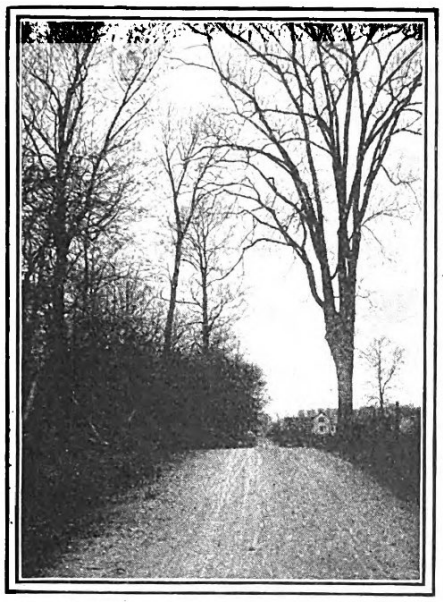


SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Cover by JOHN CECIL CLAY

Frontispiece, WILL HE GO INTO THE OVEN? by HENRY J. PECK

The Congressional Election . . Edward E. Higgins 712
Our Preliminary Forecast

The Story of Wendell Phillips . Charles Edward Russell 717
1. A Young Man's Sacrifice to an Ideal
Illustrated with Portraits by John Cecil Clay

A Second-Hand Tombstone (*A Story*) . . . George Fitch 720
Illustrations by O. E. Cesare

Open Trail (*Another "'Average' Jones" Story*) Samuel Hopkins Adams 722
Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

The Sanity of Paris . . . . . F. Berkeley Smith 725

Lure O' Dreams (*Verse*) . . . . Richard Wightman 726

The Mercy of the Lord (*A Story*) . . Mary Heaton Vorse 727
Illustrations by George W. Woltz

Are You Afraid of Cats? . Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D. 729
Illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

The Great Wish Syndicate (*Another Wall Street Fairy Story*)
John Kendrick Bangs 731
Illustrations by Albert Levering

Marriage in America . . . Robert Haven Schauffler 734
The Professional Girl's Ideals
Illustrations by Maud Tousey

Mid-Autumn (*Verse*) . . . Charles Nevers Holmes 737

Success and Happiness Are For You Orison Swett Marden 738

Gloomy on the Gridiron (*A Story*) . Wilbur Daniel Steele 739
Illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

When the World was Young (*Verse*) . . . Tudor Jenks 768

William James (*Verse*) . . . . . Joel Benton 769

DEPARTMENTS

Point and Pleasantry (*10-Cent-a-Word Department*) 741
The Pulse of the World 742
Editorial Chat 756
Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner . . . . Isabel Gordon Curtis 758
The Individual Investor . . . . . Montgomery Rollins 760

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* (*November*) *issue*; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (*December*) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by November 15; to begin with December, should be received by December 15. Subscription price: $1 a year; in Canada $1.50; foreign countries, $2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 15c. a copy.

A Quality Watch

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

$5 to $15

The Watch Beautiful
The Watch Accurate
The Watch of Long Service.

Here is the one watch selling at a moderate price which will satisfy the requirements of the man who demands *unusual* accuracy. Each of these time-keepers is tested and regulated to the second in its individual case at the factory. By all who know it the I-T is regarded as an extraordinary production for the money.

It will give a generation of service and is as beautiful to look at as any watch made.

The $5 watch has 7 jewels and is in a solid nickel case.

The $15 watch has 15 jewels and is in a 25 year guaranteed gold-filled case of the highest quality.

Equally accurate models in a variety of cases at $7, $8, $9, $10 and $12.

There is more watch-value for each dollar invested than you have ever seen before.

You can buy an Ingersoll-Trenton only from responsible jewelers who buy direct from the factory. 8000 jewelers sell it and usually display it in their windows.

We have the most informing watch book ever published. Write for a copy of "How to Judge a Watch."

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.,
30 Frankel Bldg., New York

Digitized by Google

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION

Our Preliminary Forecast

By Edward E. Higgins

THE next House of Representatives will be almost exactly in even balance. The probabilities are slightly in favor of a Republican majority of two or three, but it is impossible to predict with certainty at this writing (October 8) which of the two parties will organize the House.

There will be a large increase in the Democratic membership, but there will be no Democratic "landslide."

The explanation of this rather unexpected result appears to be that the Progressive wing of the Republican party has come into power at the primaries in a very large proportion of the Republican districts, while in many of the districts where the stand-pat element retains control of the Republican machine, the normal Republican pluralities are so large that the stand-pat candidates are likely to succeed, although by greatly reduced majorities. Both wings of the party are now diligently engaged in their historic occupation of "burying the hatchet."

In other words, the heretofore generally expected Democratic success in the closer districts of the country has been put in jeopardy by the nomination of more or less popular Insurgent Republican candidates, and information received by us indicates that there will be little Republican bolting in such districts.

* * * *

This, in brief, is the result of the exhaustive investigation of local political conditions just made by SUCCESS MAGAZINE among the membership of its Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers. Nearly fifteen thousand out of the twenty-five thousand members have instantly responded to our requests for this information in a clear, specific, frank and most interesting manner, and it is impossible to doubt the conclusions reached.

The detailed forecast by States appears on the opposite page.

The extraordinary closeness of this coming contest is shown by our prediction that 168 districts will *certainly* be represented by Democrats, and 21 more will *probably* be Democratic, giving a total reasonably sure Democratic membership of 189; while the Republican party will *certainly* elect 160 members and will *probably* elect 29 more, giving a reasonably sure total of 189—*exactly the same number!*

There are thirteen districts in the country in which there is so even a balance of probabilities that we can not possibly predict the result, without resorting to mere guesswork. These thirteen districts, in which the balance of power of the next House will probably be settled, are the following:

The 10th (Boston) District of Massachusetts, now represented by a Democrat (O'Connell), who won the last election by 4 votes only out of 35,000 cast.

The 23rd (Albany) District of New York, now represented by a Republican (Southwick), who won the last election by 585 votes out of 63,000 cast.

The 2nd New Jersey District, now represented by a Republican (Gardner), who won the last election by 3,400 votes out of 45,000 cast.

The 6th Indiana District, now represented by a Republican (Barnard), who won the last election by 1,100 votes out of 55,000 cast.

The 7th Indiana District, now represented by a Democrat (Korbly), who won the last election by only 683 votes out of the 70,000 cast.

The 9th Indiana District, now represented by a Democrat (Morrison), who won the last election by 1,100 votes out of 56,000 cast.

The 11th Indiana District, now represented by a Democrat (Rauch), who won the last election by 1,200 votes out of 53,000 cast.

The 1st Michigan District, now represented by a Republican (Denby), who won the last election by 9,000 votes out of 54,000 cast, but who will have a very hard fight for re-election.

The 1st Iowa District, now represented by a Republican (Kennedy), who won the last election by 1,600 votes out of 36,000 cast.

The 2nd Iowa District, now represented by a Republican (Dawson), who won the last election by 1,900 votes out of 45,000 cast.

The 6th Iowa District, now represented by a Republican (Kendall), who won the last election by less than 300 votes out of 49,000 cast.

The 5th North Carolina District, now represented by a Republican (Morehead), who won the last election by less than 200 votes out of 38,000 cast.

The 8th North Carolina District, now represented by a Republican (Cowles), who won the last election by 1,400 votes out of 32,000 cast.

It will thus be seen that of these thirteen doubtful districts four are now represented by Democrats and nine by Republicans. The successful party will have to win seven of the thirteen in order to control the House, assuming that our forecast in all other respects is correct. The fact that the Republicans now have nine of the thirteen doubtful districts is the sole justification for our statement that the probabilities are slightly in favor of a Republican majority of two or three.

The extraordinarily close balancing of power between the two great parties of the country, as indicated by this, our preliminary forecast, can hardly fail, it would seem, to be of good cheer to both—to the Democratic party because after many years it now has power almost within its grasp, and to the Republican party because it is evident that the conditions are not so bad as has been generally believed.

A brief survey of the entire country and of the important battle grounds in the coming contest will be of interest.

In New England, the Republicans have already lost (by the early election) two members in Maine. Representative Sulloway's New Hampshire District is in doubt, and the 10th Massachusetts District, now represented by a Democrat, is also in doubt, as previously noted. In Rhode Island, Representative Sheffield will probably fail of reelection. In Connecticut, there is a strong Democratic wave of revolt, but the Republican majorities in all districts are large, and except for the 2nd (Representative Sperry's) District, there is little chance of Democratic success.

New York is now represented by twenty-six Republicans and eleven Democrats. The districts of Representatives Foelker, Calder, Olcott, Southwick, Millington, Perkins and Fassett are doubtful, with probabilities, however, favoring the Republicans in all except the 23rd (Albany) District, where there is a strong and growing feeling against the rule of "Boss Barnes." Representatives Malby, Dwight, Payne, Fassett and Vreeland, who are strong among the stand-pat Republicans, and Representative Fitzgerald, who led the Tammany forces supporting Cannon, are virtually certain of re-election, but by materially reduced majorities. In the 13th District, now represented by Herbert Parsons, the contest will be especially close, with probabilities favoring Democratic success.

In New Jersey, the nomination by the Democrats of Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton College, is popular with both parties, and it is believed that he will sweep the State and possibly carry with him a number of Democratic candidates for Congress. The State is now represented by seven Republicans and three Democrats, and, as will be seen from our table, we find that in but two districts is Republican success quite certain. The Republican majorities in many of the other districts are, however, so large, that in spite of the dissatisfaction with ring rule in New Jersey, the probabilities favor Republican success in three out of eight remaining districts. The one really doubtful district is that of Representative Gardner, and Representative Loudenslager will also have a hard fight for re-election in spite of his ten thousand majority at the last election.

Pennsylvania shows little signs of Democratic or Republican-Insurgent success, the standpatters being too strongly entrenched in power. The State is at present represented by 27 Republicans and 5 Democrats, and this representation is not likely to be changed. In the 30th District, represented by John Dalzell, there are strong evidences of the bitter factional fight preceding his nomination, but it is locally believed that he will be elected, though by a greatly reduced plurality.

In Maryland, the contest will be, as usual, exceedingly close. The Republicans are expressing high hopes of general success throughout the State, but our own information indicates that these hopes are not fully justified and that the probabilities are that the three present Democratic districts will return Democrats again, while the 3rd and 6th Districts, which are now Republican by majorities of less than 1,000, will return Democrats. The 5th District will probably still be Republican by a ...ow margin.

No changes are likely in the representations of Virginia, West Virginia, or in the almost solid South, although the Republicans have strong hopes of capturing one more representative in Oklahoma, and the Democrats of sending a complete Democratic delegation from South Carolina.

In Ohio, the Republicans are likely to lose

Digitized by Google

Probable Election Results by States

STATES	*Republican*	*Democratic*	*Probably Republican*	*Probably Democratic*	*Doubtful*
New England States					
Maine	2e	2e			
New Hampshire	1		1		
Vermont	2e				
Massachusetts	11	1		1	1
Rhode Island	1	1			
Connecticut	4		1		
Total	21	4	2	1	1
Middle Atlantic States					
New York	18	11	6	1	1
New Jersey	2	3	3	1	1
Pennsylvania	23	4	4	1	
Delaware		1			
Maryland		3	1	2	
Virginia		8	1	1	
West Virginia	2		3		
Total	45	30	18	6	2
Central Eastern States					
Ohio	9	8	1	3	
Indiana	1	8			4
Illinois	18	6	1		
Kentucky	1	8		2	
Michigan	11				1
Wisconsin	9	1	1		
Total	49	31	3	5	5
Central Western States					
Minnesota	7		1	1	
Iowa	7		1		3
Missouri	1	13		2	
North Dakota	2				
South Dakota	2				
Nebraska	1	1	1	3	
Kansas	8				
Montana				1	
Wyoming	1				
Colorado		3			
Total	29	17	3	7	3
Southern States					
North Carolina		7		1	2
South Carolina		7			
Georgia		11			
Florida		3			
Alabama		9			
Mississippi		8			
Tennessee	2	8			
Arkansas		7			
Louisiana		7			
Oklahoma		2	3		
Texas		16			
Total	2	85	3	1	2
Pacific States					
Washington	3				
Oregon	2				
California	7			1	
Idaho	1				
Nevada		1			
Utah	1				
Total	14	1		1	
Grand Total	160	168	29	21	13

e—Already elected.

three members. General Keifer in the 7th District will have a struggle for re-election, but probabilities are in his favor.

Political conditions in Indiana are pretty chaotic. Senator Beveridge will have a strong support among the Democrats. Representatives Barnard, Korbly, Morrison and Rauch will have very hard fights for re-election. Representative Crumpacker will almost undoubtedly be re-elected.

In Kentucky, two or three districts which are at present Republican are likely to go Democratic. Caleb Powers will probably be elected in the 11th District, as the normal Republican majority is very large.

In Wisconsin, no changes are probable, although Representative Cary will have a somewhat hard fight for re-election, with the chances in his favor.

In Minnesota, Sidney Anderson, who defeated Representative Tawney at the primaries, may have some difficulty in securing the "stand-pat" vote, and there is a little doubt of the re-election of Representative Hammond (Democrat) in the 2nd District; otherwise, the State delegation is not likely to be changed.

In Iowa, the result is doubtful in the 1st and 2nd Districts, represented at present by stand-pat Republicans, and in Representative Kendall's District, the 6th. In the 8th District, a Republican will quite surely take the place of Representative Jamieson (Democrat) and Representative Smith will have a hard fight for re-election in spite of a considerable normal Republican majority.

In Missouri, the present Republican representatives in the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Districts are likely to be replaced by Democrats.

In Nebraska, a Democrat will probably succeed Representative Hinshaw in the 4th District. Representative Norris, who won his election two years ago by only 22 votes plurality, is strongly supported by both Republicans and Democrats and will almost surely be re-elected.

In Montana, the probabilities favor the return of a Democrat in place of Representative Pray (Republican).

The Pacific States (except Nevada) are almost solidly Republican, as usual, except that in California the election of a Democrat in the 4th District, to replace Representative Kahn, is probable.

One of the most interesting phenomena disclosed by our investigation is the large number of stalwart Cannon Republicans who have "seen a great light," and are either openly or surreptitiously announcing to their constituents that they will never again vote for "the old man." Of course, nothing in politics is more certain than that Speaker Cannon will never again secure any considerable measure of party support for a renomination to the Speakership, and, knowing this, many of his present supporters undoubtedly feel that they are entirely safe in giving this pledge.

In conclusion, it should be understood that this forecast is preliminary only, and is a result of the expression of public opinion in the last ten days of September and the first four or five days of October. For a Congressional election, this is early to obtain such an opinion, especially as in several of the States—notably New York and Massachusetts—many of the nominations at the primaries were not made until October, and in almost all the States active campaigning does not begin until the middle of October.

It is more than possible, therefore, that the local campaigns, as they develop, will change the results in some of the districts in a way that can not possibly be foretold at the time when this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE goes to press (October 8).

Our final forecast will be issued to the press of the country on the last day of October, and will contain the results of all of the additional information received by us up to that time.

Digitized by Google

COMPARING THE CITIES

"a little treatise on the law of location."

WHETHER a city or town is the right place for your factory, branch plant or distribution base, or NOT, may be a mighty close question.

How do *you* tackle this question? How do you differentiate between rival cities, resolve conflicting claims and boil down the facts?

You can write all the chambers of commerce in the country and pile up literature and statistics till your head aches and still be as bad off as ever, or worse.

There is just one practical solution of the vexed question, and that is the "demonstration series" of Manufacturers' and Distributors' Maps published by the city of

MEMPHIS

TWENTY cities are compared and contrasted. There's no advertising in these documents, except where facts constitute publicity. They give you comparative freight rates, comparative advantage-zones, comparative differentials, etc. You get in a nutshell exactly the information you want, the strategy and tactics of manufacture.

There's not a line or a syllable of exaggeration or over-statement in this literature. Every figure has been checked and-rechecked; every statement verified.

YOU'LL have use for this matter sooner or later, and now is the time to secure it. Send to the Memphis Commission and procure a file of these documents.

Up-to-date manufacturers are keeping in close touch with this subject: the swift shifting of conditions and re-adjustment of economic production, and the Maps, Advantage-Zones, Contrast Tables, etc., will be of real service and help to you.

Copies are waiting for you FREE. Address,

James S. Warren, Commissioner,

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Digitized by Google

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NOV. 1910
VOL. XIII
NO. 199

Published monthly by The Success Company, Success Magazine Building, 29-31 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Branch Offices: Danville, Ill.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Petersburgh, N.Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; San Jose, Cal.; Toledo, O.

Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett Marden, Vice-President and Editor in Chief; Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; H. A. Lewis, Treasurer; Howard Brubaker, Editor; William E. Prickett, Art Manager.

In the Editor's Confidence

THE CONSERVATION OF BEVERIDGE

INDIANA has a duty to perform in the coming election—a duty to itself and to the Republic.

Out of a confusion of perplexing local problems, of fading party lines and meaningless party platforms, one fact stands out clear and unmistakable. The issue in Indiana is the conservation of Beveridge. Indiana will do the Progressive movement a serious injury if it fails to insure the return of Albert Jeremiah Beveridge to the United States Senate.

"This battle," says Senator Beveridge, "is not so much between political parties as such, as between the rights of the people and the powers of pillage." These words are the honest expression of Beveridge's idea of public service, borne out by the record of his official career. We shall try to show that they interpret accurately the spirit of the present conflict in Indiana.

As the Indiana Senator says, this is not a conflict between parties. Beveridge has, it is true, received the endorsement of the Republican State convention and the Democrats have indicated John W. Kern as their choice for the office. It is also true that Kern was chosen for this office by Thomas Taggart, boss of the State machine, and foisted upon the Democracy of the State by means of a palpable political trick; that the Taggart-Kern combination is receiving aid and comfort from the discredited Tory Republican leaders, Fairbanks, Hemenway and Watson. The powers that feed on special privileges, full of resentment toward Beveridge, have turned with hope toward the Democratic party.

Probably no Senator in recent years has exposed himself more constantly to the hostility of powerful corporations than has Albert J. Beveridge. Consider for a moment the list of his more conspicuous public acts.

He is the man who wrote the meat inspection bill and who led and won the fight over the bitter opposition of the packing interests. It was he who introduced the anti-child labor bill, which did much to focus public sentiment upon one of our gravest evils.

He attacked the Tobacco Trust, disclosed the viciousness of the legislation which it has secured from Congress since the Spanish War, and exposed a trick by which it was systematically robbing the people.

As chairman of the Committee on Territories, he championed the idea of admitting the Territories as fast as they were ready for Statehood — and no faster — and under his chairmanship, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico have been admitted to the Union.

Not a bad record, this, for twelve years of service, but it does not take account of Beveridge's most notable service. He introduced the idea of a tariff commission into the United States Senate. Not only did he work—and vote—side by side with Dolliver, La Follette and all that faithful band of Insurgents in opposition to the more shameless schedules of the tariff bill, and against the bill as a whole, but in pursuance of the commission idea which he had advocated for months, he forced into the Payne-Aldrich bill, on amendment, a tariff board provision. Though robbed by emasculation of much of its effectiveness, this is the one permanent, statesmanlike item in the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. This tariff board will inevitably grow into a thorough, scientific, nonpartisan tariff commission. The credit belongs to Albert J. Beveridge.

In all of these reforms throughout his service, the Indiana Senator has met with the bitter opposition of the reactionaries of both parties. He refused from the beginning to fall into the easy ways of Regularity; he was an Insurgent before the word was invented. Powerful financial and political interests have made repeated efforts to undermine his influence and destroy his usefulness. He was saved only by admiration of the Indianians for this energetic, obstreperous young statesman who could n't be bought and would n't stay hitched. We are trusting in the patriotism of the people of Indiana to stand by him again.

Why should this magazine—and other progressive publications of a national character—devote so much space to urging the re-election of Albert J. Beveridge? Why should Cummins, Dolliver, La Follette, Borah and other Progressives of both Houses, as well as Theodore Roosevelt, express their willingness to aid in his campaign? It is because he represents, in a remarkably graphic way, the immediate phases of the fight of the common democracy against the big, sinister forces of Privilege. The powers of pillage will stop at no falsehood, will spare no expense to bring about Beveridge's defeat. It is not impossible that, even though he is supported at the polls, they may go into the Legislature as they did in Illinois and set aside the verdict of the people.

There is little doubt that if the people of Indiana, disregarding party affiliations, should vote according to their personal convictions, Beveridge would be triumphantly re-elected. But Indiana is a doubtful State and this is a Democratic year. Indiana feels little cause for gratitude toward the administration which it helped to elect; it refuses to accept the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill as a fulfillment of solemn pledges. In all consistency it should support the man who took those pledges seriously, at the cost of the administration's disfavor and of political and social ostracism, and who refused to be a party to the betrayal of the people. Albert J. Beveridge is a clean, capable, progressive American, with a constantly broadening vision upon our national problems.

The eyes of the nation are upon Indiana; the cause of Beveridge is the cause of the people.

DECEMBER—

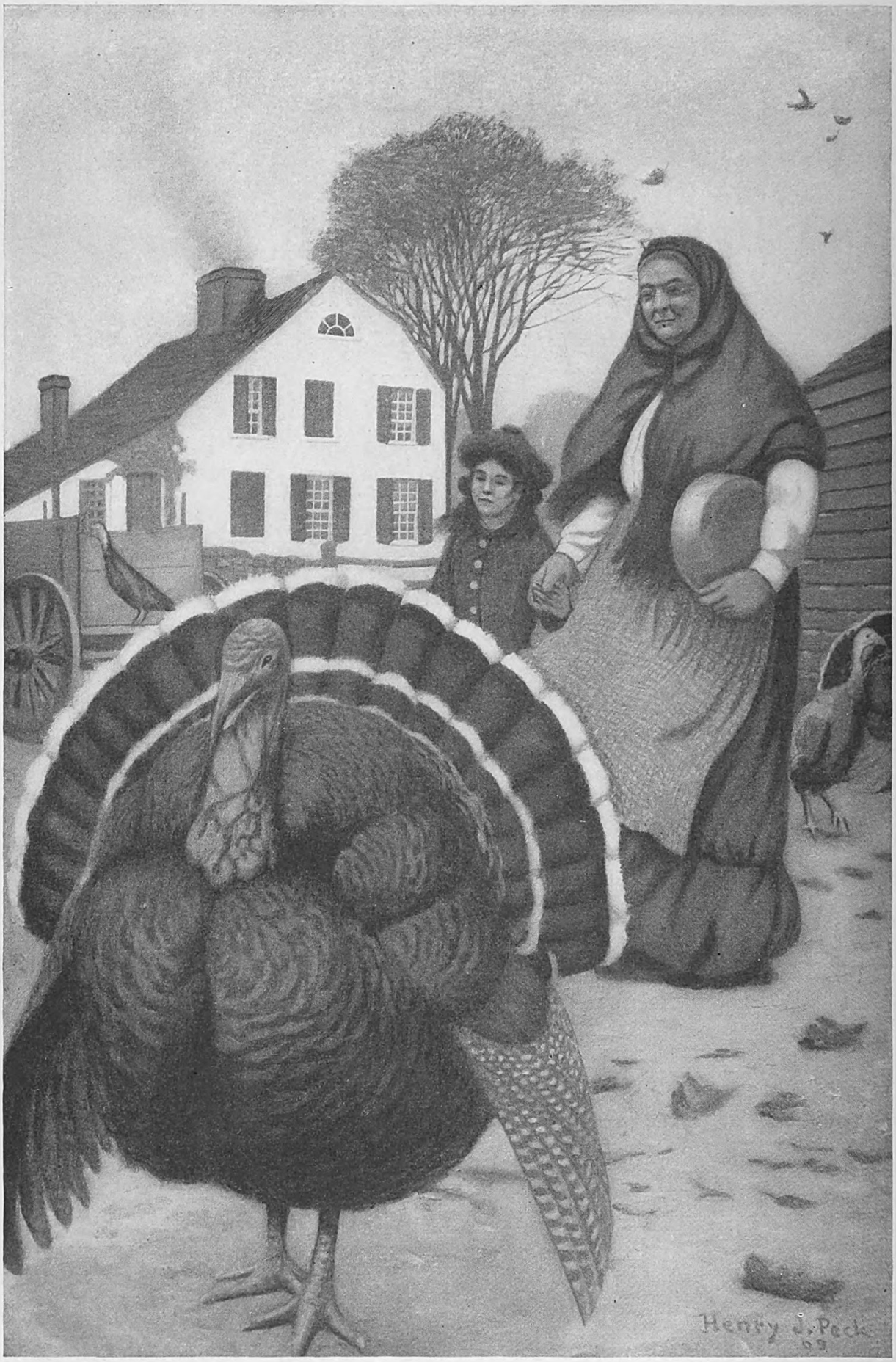
The Big Fiction Number of the Year

Stories by

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT
KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
SEUMAS MacMANUS
RUPERT HUGHES
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Also a full complement of articles, editorials and departments

Digitized by Google

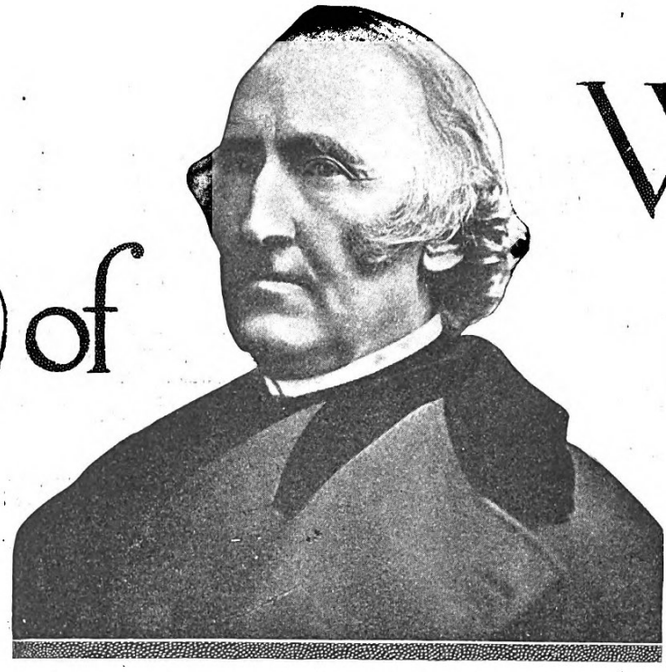


WILL HE GO INTO THE OVEN?

Painted by Henry J. Peck

Digitized by Google

The Story of Wendell Phillips



by Charles Edward Russell
Author of "The Break-Up of the Parties," "The Power Behind the Republic," etc.

1. A Young Man's Sacrifice to an Ideal

THE series of articles of which this is the first is neither history nor biography. It is the story of a superb, life-long sacrifice to the cause of human freedom; of an eloquent voice raised everywhere, always, against greed, injustice and oppression. Next year, America will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wendell Phillips. It is a fitting time to gather together the facts of his inspiring career, to pay a tribute to his ideals, to testify to the vitality of his vision.—*The Editors.*

FIFTY or sixty years ago in the United States of America this was a common spectacle:

A public hall crowded to its limits with shouting, gesticulating men and women, most of them passionately angry. On the platform, a tall, grave, handsome man, patiently waiting for a chance to be heard; without bravado and without concern he stands and waits. Part of the audience desires to hear him; part desires to drown his voice with clamor; and part threatens his life.

He waits. Presently, a lull comes in the rioting storm of noise. Instantly he shoots into the opening a shining arrow of a sentence, compact, barbed and singing as it flies. At the sound of it, uproar redoubles. He waits, standing like an archer with bow drawn. At the next lull, almost before the crowd is aware, he has loosened two of his burning shafts; at the next, three; at the next, the clamor dies away and friends and foes stand under the charm of a silver voice that rings forth one fascinating period after another. Hostile forces cease to contend on the floor. After a moment or two comes an involuntary ripple of applause. Before long the whole rapt audience is cheering. At the end of two hours it thinks the man may have been speaking ten minutes. He bows and leaves the platform amid thundering cheers, and sown behind him are conviction and unperishing seeds of thought.

The Purest and Finest Oratory of the Century

No such triumphs of oratory are recorded of any other man that ever lived. Audiences the most bitterly hostile seem unable to withstand his peculiar eloquence; the beautiful bell-like voice is wings to lofty thought, invincible logic and soul-searching words; minds fortified against reason learn from his lips. Yet, in his long life of ceaseless activities, he debated for no crown, argued for no fees, strove for no reward, sought no place nor any fame, cared for no achievement for its own sake, and used his unequaled gifts only for some cause of justice or righteousness, in which he could earn nothing but obloquy, hatred and isolation.

This is the career of Wendell Phillips, the most marvelous and the most inspiring in history. Here was a man endowed with every conceivable advantage for the winning of what we call success: a brilliant and powerful mind trained in the best schools; a gift of extemporaneous and moving eloquence, an attractive presence, great personal magnetism, wealth, a famous lineage, social standing and prestige; entered upon a profession he loved and for which he had every qualification, with hosts of powerful friends, a taste for public affairs, readiness in debate; a young man with every avenue of preferment and distinction open to him. He deliberately abandoned them all, and like a religious enthusiast made of his life one long, unbroken sacrifice on the altars of righteousness.

Deserted by His Friends and by His Own Family

No man ever gave up more for the sake of his faith. All his brilliant career was wrecked in one instant. His friends and his family deserted and repudiated him. Some of his relatives declared that he was insane and planned to have him confined in an asylum. His mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached, condemned his cause. The press covered him with ridicule and abuse; he became a social pariah. For more than twenty years he lived in daily danger of his life, with a price on his head. Innumerable times he faced mobs that thirsted to kill him. At old Faneuil Hall in Boston men will show you now the little back staircase down which he was whisked to safety after his speeches, while the street in front was filled with those that waited to lynch him. So late as January, 1861, after preaching in Theodore Parker's church, bodyguards of young men were necessary to protect him to his house.

Through all this, as I hope to show, he walked with a beautiful serenity, at peace with God and his own conscience. Without a word of complaint he accepted the place he had made for himself, shut up his law office, closed the door upon his profession, took full in the face whatever blows passionate hatred could give him. I think he even knew that the malice he aroused in his later years would pursue him after death; that it would deny him his place among the world's orators and belittle his achievements. Yet his philosophy of conscience never failed him, and to the end of his life he never ceased from the task he had laid upon himself.

When a cause was won, and in the natural revulsion of popular feeling men sought to make him its hero, he put aside their tributes and demanded their attention to the next reform.

Compared with such a career, the stories of the men that on grounds of material triumph have won places in the world's regard seem but poor indeed. They toiled for themselves, or for the glory of achievement, or for party, faction or country, or at best for what is called national success. This man's single and unselfish purpose was to win better conditions for the unfortunate, wherever they might be, to strive against injustice, to further brotherhood, to spread liberty. As ardently as other men sought wealth or power he sought the Common Good. When to this singular and noble aspiration we add a life so pure that he seemed to his contemporaries to be without a human weakness, surely we have an incomparable figure. In a few months will occur the centenary of his birth. The moral of such a life seems in these times too significant to be ignored. I shall try here to review its story, that we may see how great a power for good is one man standing alone, if he be consecrated to a worthy cause and without selfish aim.

Phillips Was Born An Aristocrat

Mr. Phillips was by faith and conviction the most ardent of Democrats, but his lineage and all his antecedents were aristocratic. His family was, in the snobbish phrase, one of the best in New England; certainly it was one of the most distinguished. It dated back in America to 1630, when the Rev. George Phillips, who had been rector of Buxted, England, left his charge on some issue of faith and conscience and settled at Watertown, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. From him Wendell was in the seventh generation of descent. All the men between had been eminent in colonial or early American affairs, being noted patriots, clergymen, lawyers, orators or public servants. One was lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, one was a colonel, one a member of the governor's council, two founded the famous Phillips Academies at Exeter and Andover and a chair of theology at Dartmouth College. Wendell's father, John Phillips, was a graduate of Harvard, a leader of the bar and in the legislature, the first mayor of Boston, and held by the community in profound and deserved respect. He lived on the aristocratic Beacon Hill, where Wendell, a fifth son, was born November 29, 1811, and where he was reared in an atmosphere of decorum, culture and as much luxury as seemed consistent with the strict piety of his parents.

Digitized by Google



LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Author and philanthropist; associated with Mrs. Wendell Phillips and other noted women in the anti-slavery movement.

The Puritan household was serious but kindly; the children were early trained to be self-respecting, self-reliant and faithful to certain rather lofty conceptions of duty and conduct. One of the rules in John Phillips's family was "never ask another to do for you what you can do for yourself, and never ask another to do for you what you would not do for yourself if you could." The father was never so much of an aristocrat that he did not believe in working with the hands; each of the boys must learn the use of tools; and under this tuition Wendell became something of a carpenter, a craft for which he never quite lost his preference. His near neighbor and playmate in those days was a boy named John Lothrop Mottey, also destined in after years to a distinguished career, and the greatest fun they knew was to get into the Phillips' attic, dress themselves in the discarded finery of another generation and enact scenes from dramas of their own and other contriving. Even then Phillips had a taste for declamation, and, it is said, a noticeably fine voice. When he was five years old he was wont to play church, with chairs for auditors and himself in an extemporized pulpit as the preacher. When his father asked him if he did not get tired of preaching (his harangues being apparently of a great length), he said:

"No, I don't get tired, but it 's rather hard on the chairs."

His Brilliant Success as a College Student

He was fitted at the famous Boston Latin School—where one of his chums and dearest friends was Charles Sumner—and went thence to Harvard. In college he was distinguished as the most brilliant man in his class and the leader of the aristocratic set. The position and fame of his family gave him a certain prestige, but his wit and talent would have made him conspicuous anywhere. He was a noted athlete; in college, the champion boxer, oarsman, fencer and horseman of his time. He loved these things for their own sake and had pursued them under difficulties, for in those days the Boston schools sternly discouraged athletics. All through his college course men prophesied great things of his after career. Every good gift of nature seemed to be his: a powerful frame, perfect health, a winning presence, a capacious mind and a natural disposition toward things clean and good. His habits were always right; he went through college without a smirch.

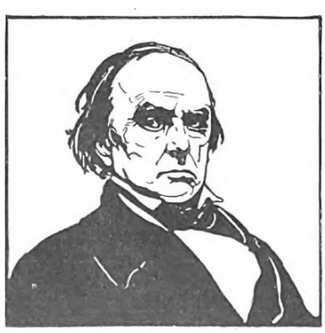


THEODORE PARKER

A noted clergyman of Boston who preached peace, temperance, education, abolition and the rights of the workingman.

When he had been graduated he entered the law school under Judge Story, who seems to have been greatly taken with his pupil and predicted for him an extraordinary career at the bar. From Judge Story's tutelage he entered a law office in Lowell, where he spent six months and first met Benjamin F. Butler, then an errand boy in another office. Thence he returned to Boston, opened an office of his own in Court Street and began at once to have a large and profitable practise. He was already noted equally for his eloquence and his learning; his friends clearly foresaw that there was no high place in the nation to which he might not reach.

At that time—1833—the abolition of negro slavery in the United States was an issue only lately revived; it had, in fact, been forced upon the public's reluctant attention by the ceaseless agitation of one remarkable man. William Lloyd Garrison had begun life as an obscure printer, penniless and without advantages of education, and, by dint of repeating his own passionate protest against slavery, had drawn about him a small following of men and women, universally deemed to be crazy. After the passage of the Missouri Compromise in 1820, anti-slavery agitation had been supposed to be silenced. Garrison made himself intensely hated by reopening it.



DANIEL WEBSTER

His Presidential ambitions led him to support the Fugitive Slave law, but this compromise proved his undoing.

All the better elements at the North sympathized with the South about slavery. Leaders of Northern capital and wealth ardently championed slavery as an institution necessary to the general prosperity; Northern commercial classes were united in its support; Northern pulpits found that it was specially ordered and commanded in the Bible and to oppose it was a form of blasphemy; Northern politicians contended in subserviency to the slave-owning power; all the power of Northern society was exerted in its defense, it being definitely and forever settled that to own slaves was good form, and to object to slave-owning was to read oneself out of the social register. Beyond these were classes that tried to prove by excess of devotion to the slave-owners' cause the certainty of their own social eminence; classes that violently aped their superiors and classes that did not care. These latter were generally of an ardent profession of patriotism. Slavery did not concern them; what they wanted was to be left alone and to contemplate undisturbed the surpassing grandeur and greatness of their country, knowing quite well that whatever it did was right.

The Anomaly of the Slave Holding Power

Nothing else in history is so extraordinary as the one fact that all of this condition of moral turpitude, and all of the succeeding turmoil that ended in an appalling war, were based upon the profits of an inconsiderable number of persons.

In 1855, when the total population of the United States was about 30,000,000, the number of persons that owned slaves was 348,214. Only two persons owned so many as a thousand slaves each; and nine owned each between five hundred and a thousand. The average annual profit on a slave's labor was estimated at about thirty-five per cent., and it was for the sake of this thirty-five per cent. profit of 348,214 persons that the country came to civil war after years of practical anarchy. Contemplating this stupendous fact, it is evident that we ought to learn history over again; certainly nothing in the existing method of instruction will avail to explain such an anomaly.

That the North should have joined the South in championing the 348,214 and their thirty-five per cent. profit will seem on reflection to be a thing almost equally opaque. Capital and money sympathized with the South because slaves were property, and when slavery was attacked all property was thought to be attacked; also, because all about the world, capital stands together. The commercial classes sympathized because the Northern mills lived on Southern cotton and Southern cotton was grown by slave labor; therefore, to attack slavery was commercial high treason; it was bad for business. The pulpit naturally followed the lure of the big pew rents. The politicians naturally followed the political sutlers' wagons; they always do. These affinities are in a way understandable, however grotesque and silly. But the weirdest thing was the attitude of what is called Society; the weirdest and the most pernicious. Society set the example and pace for all the other elements, far exceeded them in bitterness, inspired them with murderous hatred, applauded the mobs when it did not actually lead them, filled the press with fury, ringed the noses of the clergy and dragged them behind, indurated the public conscience, blasted any agitator with the damnation of its disapproval and instigated its millions of bourgeois imitators to amazing acts of violence. And the sweet and adequate reason that animated Society was that the South had all the social prestige and was the social dictator. Do you know why? It was furthest removed from damning labor, always the badge of social degradation. The South was more idle than the North; and although slavery made it more idle, it was by virtue of its superior idleness our hereditary and highest aristocracy. Northern Society looked upon Southern Society with such awe-struck reverence as that wherewith all our Society now regards the English nobility. To be in touch with Southern social leaders was the certificate of gentility; the more you hated the negro, the more vehemently you defended the institution of slavery, and the more laboriously you toiled for the 348,214 and their thirty-five per cent. profit, the brighter shone your certificate.

Pro-Slavery Hysteria Was a National Sickness

At the other end of the scale, labor, which suffered in a very material way from the competition of the slaves, was often singularly blind to its injury. Not always, for among the strongest opponents of slavery came many from this class; but still the spectacle was sometimes witnessed of working people violently attacking men that were only striving to end a condition inimical to labor. This is not quite the anomaly it seems. We are to remember that the whole subject was most ably and persistently befogged or distorted by practically the entire press, so that the very name of anti-slavery agitation became invested in the public mind with merely hateful and grotesque significance. To be an anti-slavery agitator was to be a pestilent demagogue, an enemy of peace and prosperity, and a traitor to the proud American nation.

Under the stress of this hysteria very strange things were said and done. Public men of eminence seemed to be always on their knees to the 348,214 slave owners. Northern governors like Edward Everett professed pride and pleasure in the capture of runaway slaves fleeing toward Canada and freedom. The Rev. Dr. Dewey, a prominent Unitarian clergyman, declared that he would return his own mother to slavery if to do so would help to preserve the Union. All about the North, known Abolitionists were assaulted, driven from their homes, hunted, tarred and feathered, stripped, beaten, shot at, and sometimes killed. The Governor of South Carolina declared slavery to be the corner-stone of the Republic and demanded that laws should be passed to punish with

Digitized by Google

death any interference with or discussion of it. Edward Everett wished Massachusetts to make a penal offense of any spoken or printed utterance against slavery. Four Southern legislatures demanded of the Southern States that all Abolition societies should be suppressed. The State of Georgia kept a standing reward of five thousand dollars for the kidnaping of William Lloyd Garrison. A wealthy planter circulated a handbill offering rewards for the killing of anti-slavery leaders, the prices varying according to the prominence of the man designated. The Congress of the United States, with the aid of Northern votes, passed a law forbidding the offering of petitions to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia or elsewhere.

All for the sake of the thirty-five per cent. profits of the 348,241 persons that held slaves!

Looking back now from this distance, the passion all dead and the view become philosophical, the excesses of this period seem like the height of human folly. It is part of the burden of each age that it can see more readily the foolishness of its predecessor than its own. Whether Society has undergone since that day a conspicuous advance toward wisdom may possibly be more apparent before we reach the end of the narrative.

The Historic Meeting of Phillips and Garrison

Against this iron-clad fortress of prejudice Garrison began to hammer with his bare hands. At first nobody heeded him. Then the commercial gentlemen looked down the wall side, saw him at work all alone and laughed. Then he began to annoy their fat souls by disturbing their quiet, so they undertook to kill him. It was one of their genial attempts in this direction that started Wendell Phillips upon the work of his life. In Washington Street, Boston, a mob of "gentlemen of standing and property," a broadcloth mob of the leaders and saviors of society, was dragging Garrison along to hang him. In Boston; cradle of liberty and that sort of thing; in Boston, on October 21, 1835. Garrison had been saying in Boston a few words in favor of human freedom, and so a mob of gentlemen had a rope around him and was dragging him along Washington Street to hang him. He had said his few words to a company of about thirty women that sat in a hall they had hired and paid for to hear him, and the mayor of Boston had burst into the room and had driven the women into the street; whereupon the mob of gentlemen seized Garrison, and was dragging him along with the rope around him to hang him for talking in favor of human liberty. In Boston!

Phillips was sitting in his office nearby and heard the uproar the gentlemen made, for of course they were very angry. He went forth to learn the occasion. There was Garrison with the rope around him being dragged down the street. Phillips looked attentively upon his face, for he had never seen the like before. It was very pale, but calm and sweet, and held upright as if the man were sustained to his death by some very noble and lofty passion, like that of a Christian martyr. The lips uttered no protest and the hands were not lifted against the rope; the man strode along, resolute and self-contained.

"Who is that?" he said to another spectator of this scene.

"Why that's Garrison—the damned Abolitionist, and they're going to hang him."

The mob and the violence shocked and appalled the fastidious sense of Phillips. He thought that the Boston regiment, a famous militia band of which he was an officer, ought to be called out to preserve order. His colonel pointed out to him that the regiment was in the mob.

He went back to his office and began to think profoundly about "the damned Abolitionist" and his cause. He had never before paid much attention to the slavery issue; in a general way he was opposed to slavery, but, like all other young men in his station, he deemed it settled by the Missouri Compromise and not a vital question of the day. But Phillips was one on whom the story of the American Revolution had made a deep and abiding impression; its chief lesson, that men shall not be coerced, had laid hold of him in a way he never forgot. All the characters in the drama were very real to him, but his favorite hero was James Otis defying the king and risking his life to uphold the principle of free speech. Free speech had always seemed to Phillips the most important of human rights, for it was the right by which man defended the others. But, seventy years after the heroic achievement of James Otis, a mob takes the place of a king and denies the same right that Otis upheld. Neither the king nor the mob could possibly be right; Garrison was a still more heroic figure than Otis. As to the cause that he spoke for, how could human slavery be defended or even excused?

His Courtship, Marriage and Conversion to the Cause

Not long afterward, he and Sumner were invited to join a coaching party to Greenfield and meet a very charming, talented, brilliant young woman named Ann Terry Greene. The morning dawned cold and stormy, and Sumner refused to go on the ground that no young woman was worth going into a storm to meet. Phillips went. Ann Terry Greene proved to be one of the thirty women that the mayor of Boston had driven from their hall on the day that Garrison so narrowly escaped lynching. She was a fervent Abolitionist; she talked abolition to Phillips all the way to Greenfield and back. He became fully converted to the cause, fell in love with his instructress, married her October 12, 1837, and took into his life one of its most powerful influences.

As a rule, a man that does anything unusual in this world does it under the inspiration of some woman. Whether what he does makes for good or ill commonly depends upon the woman's nature. It happened that Ann Terry Greene was one of the most extraordinary women of her times. She was a natural insurgent and natural reformer. To some women the world is a mere parade ground for dress patterns. To her it was a battlefield resounding with ceaseless conflict. All about her she saw wrong and injustice; she yearned and burned to have every wrong abolished and every injustice corrected. Hers was no limited field of vision; any kind of injustice, anywhere, was enough to stir her resentment. By some irony of fate, being a soul so combative, she was, or thought she was, a helpless invalid, so that her part in the conflict must be exerted through others. She made of her husband her capable soldier and he testified that all his life she went before him into every cause he espoused.



EDWARD EVERETT
A Governor of Massachusetts whose pro-slavery sympathies aroused the indignation of Wendell Phillips and his followers

Society Took His Desertion Very Hard

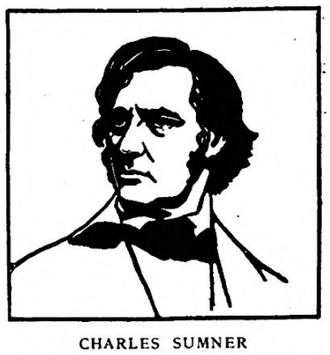
At the house of Miss Greene's uncle, Henry G. Chapman, not long after the coaching party, he made the acquaintance of Garrison. The two were irresistibly drawn to each other. Phillips perceived that here was a prophet bearing the fire of a great cause. The conviction settled upon him that his place was at the side of this pure-souled apostle of righteousness; that in such an issue he could not palter with his conscience, nor refuse to be honest with himself, nor count the cost of being honest. Deliberately he came to this decision; having reached it, weighing all together, he gave himself up to follow it without reservation. On June 14, 1837, he attended the quarterly meeting at Lynn of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, where he made his first Abolitionist speech.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON
The cowardly and brutal attempt of the mob upon Garrison's life brought Wendell Phillips into the abolition movement.

Aristocratic Boston could hardly believe the news. Nothing in its history had so shaken its moldy foundations. Wendell Phillips was its pet, its pride, the example of heredity and caste to which it pointed, the brilliant son of its first family. He might have rolled drunken in the gutter, or wasted himself in dissipation, or committed crimes, and held his caste unimpeached. But to attack existing conditions and to range himself with the victims of those conditions was to be beyond hope. The doors slammed in the face of the pariah and outcast. His family writhed in the agony of an ineffable shame. If he had only died, said his relatives; the grave had no pang like this. At this distance there appears a certain element not far from comic in their distress, but it was to them very real and tragic. Some of them tried to parry the blow by saying he had gone suddenly insane; you can not blame us for the acts of a madman. In the house of Worldly Wiseman the puzzle was unreadable. That a young man with every advantage and every chance of success should cast away his life was inconceivable folly. Some persons commented on the fortunate fact that his poor, dear father had not lived to see this day. All the cost of his education wasted, all the traditions of his family dishonored, a young life already in ruins—how melancholy was this spectacle! But such were the fruits of the spirit of social unrest abroad in the land, and thus was youth misled by pestilent agitators. Upon the young man thus sadly gone astray these comments fell without visible effect. Having determined which way his duty led, there he went rejoicing. He faced the storm with the same composure with which he faced mobs; no one ever saw that under that faultless bearing he was hurt; but beyond doubt he paid the price, full measure. He loved friendship, he was among the most companionable of men, he valued highly the approval of his family; it was not without a wrench that he took himself outside of his caste. For almost fifty years there poured upon his head a ceaseless flood of hatred, ridicule and misrepresentation; no

[*Continued on page 776*]



CHARLES SUMNER
United States Senator from Massachusetts. Eloquent leader and supporter of the abolition cause and enemy of compromise.

Digitized by Google



A Second-Hand Tombstone

And Certain Other Tribulations of an Arizona Editor

by George Fitch

Illustrations by O.E.CESARE

TO TRAVEL across Arizona, you climb aboard a transcontinental train somewhere East, laden with three furlongs of ticket, out of which regiments of conductors take bites between division points with their voracious punches. The train climbs over the mountain passes into New Mexico, slides down the map into Albuquerque, where girls on ponies come down to see the tourists, and then rumbles into the night. When you awake the next morning you are in Arizona.

Being in Arizona is being somewhere worth looking at. It is a strange, unreasonable land. The deserts are painted in ballroom colors. The rivers wear their bottoms on top and the dust from Arizona's noblest streams is often exceedingly annoying. An all-wise Providence, which works in a mysterious way, carefully levels off the tops of the huge, unclimbable mesas and scatters the débris about the rich valley land, where the patient farmer guides his plow around boulders as large as small sky-scrapers.

It is a land of stone trees and of painted stone; of bad water and of air that would make an Egyptian mummy gasp and stretch with returning life; of solitary mountain peaks and parklike pine forests; a land of rattlesnakes, wildcats, tarantulas and big red apples; of salmon sunsets and cactus wildernesses, over which government engineers wave a transit level, say "abracadabra," or words to that effect, and turn them into fields of grain; and, lastly, it is a land into whose ribs a river has burrowed six thousand feet and has produced a cañon into which most of the vaunted scenery of Europe could be dumped and lost beyond recovery.

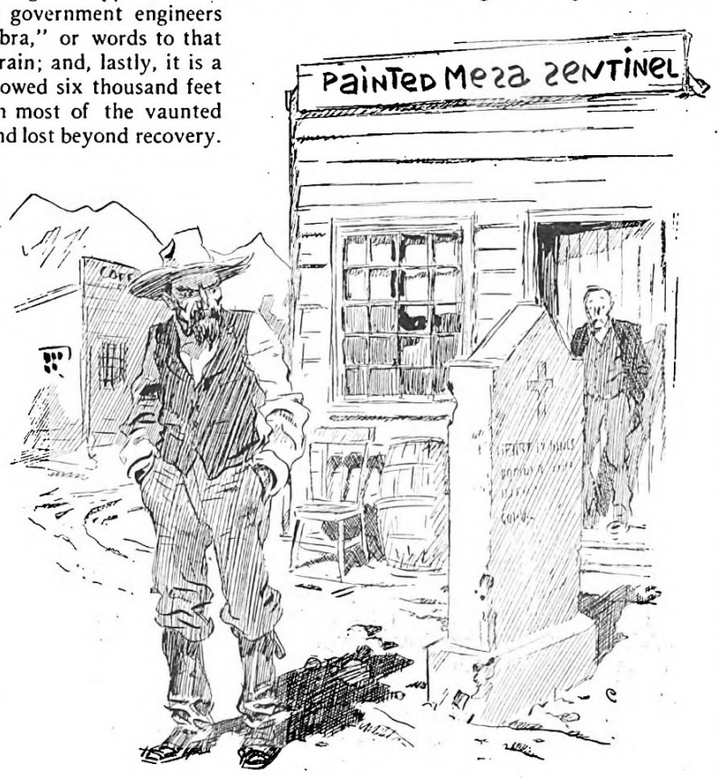
I traveled across Arizona one hot and weary day. We began at the top of the time-table and wore our way six inches or more down the page by night-time. There are towns on the time-table, but it was hard to find them on the landscape. "Town" in Arizona is purely a figurative word. Class A places have neat stations, board stores and adobe dog-houses to one side for the use of the Mexicans. Class B towns are merely stations or water-tanks, while the Class C towns are only sign-boards. The biggest Class C town we passed was Aguas Calientes. It consisted of six syllables and had, besides, a citizen. He was a greaser who sat in the shade of his huge Popocatapetl-shaped hat and watched us, cigarettefully, while we waited an hour for the same reason that a hen crosses the road—which is all the reason a train needs to wait.

As we rumbled across the State, people detached themselves from the landscape at various places and traveled with us—hatchet-faced people with coughs, ordinary folks in 1910 model clothes, brick-colored sheep men in hats of extensive acreage. They got on at nowhere and departed confidently at points of equal invisibility. Along in the afternoon a citizen of unusually interesting appearance came in and sat with me, the car being crowded. He was a tall, warped man with ponderous mustaches and clothes built exclusively for wear. His eyebrows overhung his face like cornices and his hair looked as if he trimmed it at rare intervals by backing up to a hungry goat. He was a quiet, restful man in actions, but something about him suggested a quiet, restful volcano which had had a past. I determined to probe it.

Some conversationalists, like some wine, merely need uncorking. They will do the rest. It was so with the proprietor of the whiskers. I asked him if he lived in Arizona. He turned a placid orb my way and without further ado began as follows:

"I reside in Arizona and I have done so for twenty-five years. Down my way there is some little question as to which got there first, me or Arizona, me being the oldest citizen in our parts. For twenty-five years I've run the Painted Mesa *Sentinel*. Twenty-five years I've been an editor. I came out here to Painted Mesa with all my worldly goods, except my press, on the back of a mule. I couldn't take my property out of Arizona on that mule to-day. 'Cause why? He's dead."

The man with the hanging gardens on his face gave a queer, dry chuckle. "I might say me and Arizona has grown up together," he mused. "And we've both changed a lot; especially Arizona. It's an orderly territory now and full of automobiles and land agents and moving-picture theaters. Even in Painted Mesa styles have changed. Nowadays in Painted Mesa, we die of rheumatism and old age and indigestion and Bright's patent disease of the kidneys. We die in beds, and some of them are brass beds, too. But Lord, man, that was n't the old way. Time was when the regular program of our undertaker was to pull off his customer's boots fust and close his eyes next. Nowadays people from Eastern States come to our town because the air is so healthy, but it was n't healthy twenty-five years ago. It was full of lead and things that were n't intended to be breathed. Many a citizen has died of breathing lead, and not through his windpipe, either. We were a young and impetuous settlement then—jest like other Western towns—and we did our repartee with our trigger fingers—though personally I shoot just as well with the middle finger of ei her hand. That's a gift, though. It ain't acquired. Folks has to be born with it.



"Beats all how you can get to hate a poor dumb thing like a tombstone"

"When I came to Painted Mesa I was young and ambitious. I wanted to be an editor and I knowed I could be one. 'Cause why? I had a printing press. Some people learns to write things first and then waits all their lives to get a printing press. I went at things different. I got my press fust. Cost me all I had to team it from Kansas City, but when I got it, all I had to do was to learn to edit. More people 'ud succeed in the newspaper business if they went at things right end fust."

The successful editor mused a minute. "Not that I did n't have a gosh-almighty time a-getting started," he continued. "Them was n't what you might call lit'ry days in Painted Mesa. When I struck the town, she did n't have no use for a newspaper 'tall. 'Cause why? She had only two hundred citizens, all men, and most of them had been satisfied with their eddication when they'd learned to read the spots on a deck of cards. As much as four weeks straight I run the same type in the *Sentinel* that fust year and no one noticed it, no one being able to read it. That was some their fault and some the *Sentinel's*. You ain't no idea, mister, how many things has to be jest so to make a newspaper that can be read. When you've got plenty of ink and paper, the fool type gets off its feet and jest makes black marks. When the type looks up nice and even, you ain't got no ink. When you've got ink, Greaser Pete is drunk and you have to wait two days for him to sober up and yank the press, you having rheumatiz. And when everything else is all right and running lovely, you ain't got no time to set up the paper or to write anything to set up, or else some tramp print has stole all the 'e's' out of your news case and has gone off to Tucson to trade 'em for whoopwater. I tell you it was plumb discouraging a whole lot of the time in those days.

"But Lord, stranger, these times ain't to compare with them days for real downright sassiness of life. Nowadays things are smooth and easy. The *Sentinel* comes out every week, right on time. I always pay my

Digitized by Google

bills and nobody gets mad enough at what I say to come around and cuss even. Painted Mesa is so infernal respectable that there ain't nothing worth printing. It's enough to make a fellow pessimistic. Thirty years ago there was a forty-four-caliber obituary every week of the year, to say nothing of the lucky strikes, the hoss elopements, the hemp sociables and the big hands in the poker game at the Catamount House. The *Sentinel* was chock full of real news and there was n't anybody to read it. Nowadays, we've got a school and a bridge whist club, and everybody takes magazines and waits all week for the *Sentinel*, and, honest, when it comes out, I'm ashamed to go down the street. Chicken-pie sociables and greaser weddings and funerals, where the late lamented ain't even scratched—what sort of fodder is that for an editor who remembers when he used to take a proof of an obituary and a bill for subscription and invite a customer to take his choice? Sometimes I think I 'll sell out and go sheep-ranching. It would be more exciting.

"No doubt about it, though, runnin' the *Sentinel* thirty years ago was sure some job. It was n't fillin' no long-felt want. It was a long-felt want all by itself. It wanted everything from ink to fodder. As I said, stranger, the men of Painted Mesa had an idea they did n't need no newspaper in these diggin's, words of one syllable being as easy for them to get over as high board fences. I had to solicit a lot to get a subscription list, but bein' a fust rate natural solicitor, me shooting with both hands, as I remarked, I got along better than some would. By the end of the year every greaser within ten miles of the diggin's was signed up for a couple of years, and by watching the boys when they had been lucky holding up cards or had got color in a new claim, I had roped most of 'em in. But it would have graveled you to see what they did with the paper when they got it. Nebraska Samuelson wore the *Sentinel* for underclothes regular all one winter. Table-cloths came into style in Painted Mesa because of using the *Sentinel* that-a-way. The Chink laundryman bought *Sentinels* up cheap, second-hand, for wrapping-paper. More 'n one poor devil has gone down in the ground with *Sentinels* round him, wood being too scarce to use for planting gents that was careless about riding other gents' hosses. Lonesome Bill always used his for a dish-towel—washed his dishes once a week when the *Sentinel* came out. Limpy Ryerson claimed that he pulled his burro through a hard winter on *Sentinels*. If I do say it, my paper was a household convenience in Painted Mesa and besides that I had some subscribers who read it regular.

"Most anything was legal tender around Painted Mesa them days, but I will say that the *Sentinel* took more kinds of money for subscriptions and advertising than any paper I've ever heard of. Poker chips was common pay. Gold dust was n't so common by a durn sight, but I got a little now and then. Many 's the mess of tortillas and frijoles I 've taken from some more-or-less Mexican gent, who wanted the paper because it made people think he could read. I 've took axle grease and rattlesnake oil and lariats. One dry summer I got two barrels of water in two weeks on subscriptions. I 've took sombreros and Navajo blankets, beans and corn bread, singletrees, cartridges, sage hens' eggs, woolen shirts and coyote skins. Once't I took a tombstone on account."

The old man stopped and let himself slide back into the lap of the past for a minute. Then he started in again, gently, like an automobile gathering itself together for a leap across a crowded crossing.



"With his last words he gave us his will"

"I ain't saying there has n't been stranger things took on subscriptions; but, mister, did you ever try to get rid of a second-hand tombstone?"

I expressed the belief that second-hand tombstones, unlike second-hand wives, were a drug on the market.

"So they be, friend, so they be," said the narrator. "I got this one from an Eastern chap who came out to Painted Mesa to start a tombstone store. He was a scheming young cuss, who 'lowed that, because we were so fatal to each other in those days, we 'd be good customers. But he 'lowed wrong. He did n't pick out the right crop. There was a Mexican string band down the valley twenty miles, at Scorpion, and whenever a deceased left enough money for a funeral the boys naturally laid it out in hiring the band. Bands sound better than tombstones and give some tone to a funeral. So there just naturally was n't any business for the stranger and he faded away. Owed me quite a chunk for subscription, and when he came to leave he did n't have anything to pay it with, 'cepting one second-hand tombstone, built to fit a man named Henry M. Jones. There it was all carved on the stone:

HENRY M. JONES. BORN 1849. DIED ——
"Gone [illegible]"

Big letters and handsome. It was a swell stone, but it never was delivered. 'Cause why? Henry M. Jones did n't die. A man named Lefty Sommers concluded that he ought to die and had the stone carved, leaving the date blank, for he could n't rightly calculate just when he would find Jones with his back turned. He wanted that hand pointed down, but when he come to read proof, the stone chopper had made it pointing up and would n't change it. Said he 'd never sent any man to hell on a tombstone and would n't start then; and, besides, nobody believed what was put on a tombstone anyway; which made Lefty so mad he would n't take the stone, but it did n't make any difference because he never got a chance to use it. The corpse-elect seen him first and, being quick on the draw, blowed him half way to Jericho first shot—after which Henry M. Jones went away, leaving a perfectly good tombstone with his name on it and nothing to put it over.

"I took the stone, not carin' specially for it, but just because I was used to takin' anything that came along, and the young Eastern fellow lit out for home—long walk, too. I advertised the tombstone liberal in the paper for a while, but nothin' came of it. Beats all how particular a man is to have his own name on a tombstone he is buyin'. There was a beautiful work of art, fourteen hands high, sorrel and mouse colored, quiet in disposition and big enough to hold down the liveliest corpse that was ever planted—going dirt cheap—regular slaughter sale price. 'Take it along for $11.98' was the way I offered it, and not a pie-eyed pick swinger would look at it. That's the way with men, anyway. They 'll go from fall to spring without a bath, but when it comes to wearing another man's shoes or trousers or tombstone, they kick like a gray mule in fly time. The way some people is fastidious in spots makes me plumb exhausted.



"I went out and shot at a poor, dumb Chink cook"

[*Continued on page 764*]

Digitized by Google

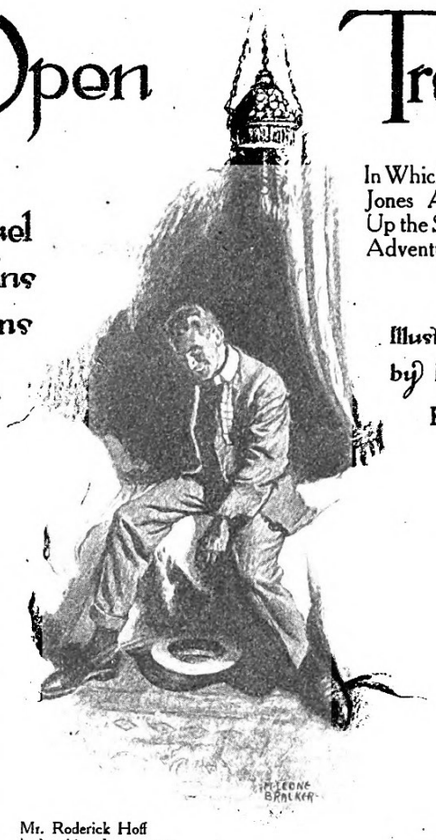
Open Trail

In Which "Average" Jones Again Takes Up the Search for the Adventure of Life

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "Red Dot," "Pin Pricks," etc.

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER



Mr. Roderick Hoff had achieved a career

AT twenty-four Mr. Roderick Hoff had achieved a career. Emerging by the propulsive method from college, in the first term of his freshman year, he had taken a post-graduate course in the cigarette ward of a polite sanatorium for nervous wrecks. He had subsequently endured two suits for breach of promise, had broken the State automobile record for number of speed-violation arrests, had been buncoed, badgered, panelled, blackmailed and short-carded out of sums varying between one hundred and five thousand dollars, and now, in the year of grace, 1910, was the horror of the pulpit and the delight of the press of his native town, Toledo, Ohio.

Others reckoned Mr. Roderick Hoff rich. But the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness, and the young man often melted with self-pity over the problem of proper maintenance upon his niggardly allowance of $50,000 per year, derived from his father, the eminent and highly honored quack proprietor of Dr. Hoff's Catarrh-Killer. For the rest, young Roderick was a large, mild, good-humored, pulpy individual with a fixed delusion that the human organism can absorb a quart of alcoholic miscellany per day without untoward effect. The major premise of his proposition was perfectly correct. He proved it every day. The minor premise was an error. Bets were even in the Toledo clubs as to whether delirium tremens or paresis would win the event around young Mr. Hoff's kite-shaped race-track of a brain.

On January 1 Dr. Conrad Hoff and his son held high debate upon a New Year's resolution offered by the latter:

"*Resolved*, That I want my allowance doubled."

The negative won, by the fiat process. Thereupon said young Mr. Hoff airily:

"Oh, very well, I 'll go and make it myself."

On January 2 he was observed to be very busy about town, in his motor car.

On January 3 he dropped off the earth.

By January 6, New York, Chicago, Washington, Pittsburg and other clearing-houses for the distribution of the unspent increment, were apprised, by a somewhat frantic expression of paternal solicitude, in the advertising columns of the daily papers, that the pride, hope and sole scion of the house of Hoff was lost, just exactly five thousand dollars' worth to finder.

Average Jones, looking over the morning's grist of strange advertisements as they were brought into his Fifth Avenue eyrie, culled therefrom half a dozen specimens of Dr. Hoff's far-flung appeal. He shook his head over them.

"I doubt if that young gentleman is worth the retrieving," he remarked, "in spite of the reward."

For the financial emoluments of his unique profession of Ad-Visor, while important and, indeed, large, were still a secondary consideration to Average Jones. In order to set his keen and wide-ranging mind upon a trail, it was essential that his interest be enlisted by some problem far out of the ordinary. Tracing a truant of the lost child variety did n't appeal to him at all. Consequently, he had put the advertisements aside for filing, and returned to a consideration of the case in hand—the plaint of a mining magnate haunted by disembodied voices—when his confidential clerk entered.



DR. HOFF

"You saw those clippings about young Hoff, Mr. Jones."

"Yes. You may have them filed, Simmons."

"Very well, sir. But Dr. Hoff is outside. Says he was recommended to you by a former client."

Following the word, there burst into Average Jones's private sanctum a gross old man, silk-hatted and bediamonded, whose side-whiskers bristled whitely with perturbed self-importance. In his hand was a patchy bundle.

"They tried to stop me!" he sputtered. "Me! I'm worth ten million dollars, an' a ten-dollar-a-week office toad tries to hold me up, when I come here myself, person'ly, from Toledo to see you."

Analysis of advertising in all its forms had inspired Average Jones with a profound contempt and dislike for the cruelest of all forms of swindling, medical quackery. And this swollen, smug-faced intruder looked a particularly offensive specimen of his kind. Therefore the Ad-Visor said curtly:

"I can't take your case. Good-day."

"Not take it! Did you read the reward?"

"Yes. It is interesting as showing the patent medicine faker's touching confidence in the power of advertising. Otherwise it does n't interest me. Get some one else to find your young hopeful."

"It ain't no case of findin' now. The boy's dead." His strident voice quavered and broke, but rose again to a snarl. "And, by G—d, I 'll spend a million to get the dogs that murdered him."

At the word "murdered" Average Jones's clean-cut, agreeable, but rather stolidly neutral face underwent a subtle transformation. Another personality looked out from the deep-set, somnolent gray eyes; a personality resolute, forceful and quietly alert. It was apparently belied by the hesitant drawl, which, as all who had ever seen the Ad-Visor at his chosen pursuits well knew, signified awakened or intensified interest in the matter in hand.

"Where—er—is—the—er—body?"

"I don't know. It ain't been found?"

"Then how do you know he 's dead?"

The other tore open the bundle he carried, and spread before Average Jones a white silk shirt stained with ominous brown splotches.

"It 's his shirt. There 's the initials. Mailed to my house and got there just after I left. My seccattery brought it on, with the note that come pinned to it. Here it is."

He produced a bit of coarse wrapping-paper upon which was this message in rough capital letters:

TWO DAGOES SHOT HIM DASSENT SAY NO MORE FROM A FRIEND IN CINCINNATI

Average Jones examined the wrapper. It was postmarked Cincinnati. He next smoothed out the creased silk and studied minutely the blotches, which were heaviest about the left breast and shoulder.

To the surprise of Dr. Hoff, the young man's glance roved the big desk before him, settling with satisfaction upon a sponge-cup for moistening stamps. Applying this to one of the spots on the shirt, he rubbed the wetted portion vigorously on a sheet of paper which lay at hand. His lips pursed. He whistled very softly and meditatively. He scratched his chin with a slow movement.

"Is that all?" he shot out suddenly at the older man.

"All! Ain't it enough? He 's been murdered; murdered, I tell you, an' you set there an' whistle!"

Average Jones directed a dreamy smile toward a far corner of the room.

"I don't see anything so far," he observed, "to indicate that your son is not alive and well at this moment."

Dr. Hoff struck his fist down heavily upon the desk. "What 's this you 're givin' me? Can't you read? Look at that note, there, an' the blood on the shirt."

"Would you mind moderating your voice? My outside office is full of more or less excitable clients," said the Ad-Visor, mildly. "Moreover, it's not blood, anyway."

"What is it, then?"

"That 's beside the question. Dried blood rubs off a faint buff color." He picked up the sheet of paper from his desk. A deep brownish streak showed where he had applied the moistened cloth. "It's the rawest kind of a blind. Why, the idiot who sent the shirt did n't even have the sense to fake the bullet holes. Enough to make one lose all interest in the case," he added, disgustedly.

Dr. Hoff began tugging at his side-whiskers. "Don't do nothing like that," he pleaded. "Come with me to Cincinnati. If he ain't dead they 've kidnaped him for a ransom."

"Then Cincinnati is the last place on the map to look, because there's

Digitized by Google

where they want you to think he is. But it does n't look like a case of ransom to me. Let 's see. Was he particularly drunk the day before he disappeared?"

"No. He was sober."

"Unusually sober, maybe?" suggested the other.

"Yes; he was. Been sober for a week. An' he was studyin', too."

"Ah! Studying what?"

"Spanish."

"Spanish, eh? Ever exhibit any interest in foreign tongues before?"

"Not enough to get him through one term in college," returned the other, grimly.

"How did you know about his studying?"

"Seen the perfessor in the house."

"Some one you knew?"

"No. I asked him. Roddy was sore because I found out what he was up to."

Upon that point Average Jones meditated a moment.

"Did you see this Spanish professor again?" he inquired, presently.

"Now that you speak of it, I did n't see him but the once."

"Can you leave for Toledo on to-night's train?"

"You 're goin' to take the case then?" The quack clawed nervously at his professional white whiskers. "What's your terms?" he demanded.

"That I 'm to have full control and that you 're to take orders and not give them."

Dr. Hoff swallowed that with a gulp. "You 're on," he said finally.

On the train, Dr. Hoff regaled his companion with a strictly paternal view of his son's character and pursuits as he knew them. This served, at least, to enlarge his auditor's ideas as to the average American father's vast and profound ignorance of the life, habits, manners and customs of that common but variable species, the Offspring. Beyond this it had little value. Average Jones gave its author a few specific instructions as to minor home investigation, and retired to map out a tentative campaign.

His first call, on arriving at Toledo, was at the business office of the *Daily Saw*, in which he inserted the following paragraph on a repeat-until-stopped order.

Wanted—Instructor in Spanish. One with recent experience preferred. Apply between 9 and 10 A. M. Dr. Hoff, 360 Fairfield Ave.

Thence he climbed the stairs to the den of the city editor, to whom he stated his errand openly, being too wise in his day and generation to attempt concealment or evasion with a newspaper man from whom he wanted information. The city editor obligingly furnished a character sketch of "Rickey" Hoff, as he called the young man, which, while differing in important respects from Dr. Hoff's, bore the ear-marks of superior accuracy.

"The worst of it is," said the newspaper man, "that there are elements of decency about the young cub, if he 'd keep sober. He won't go into the old boy's business, because he hates it. Says it 's all rot and lies. He 's dead right, of course. But there 's nothing else for him to do, so he just fights booze. Better make a few inquiries at Silent Charley's."

"What 's that?"

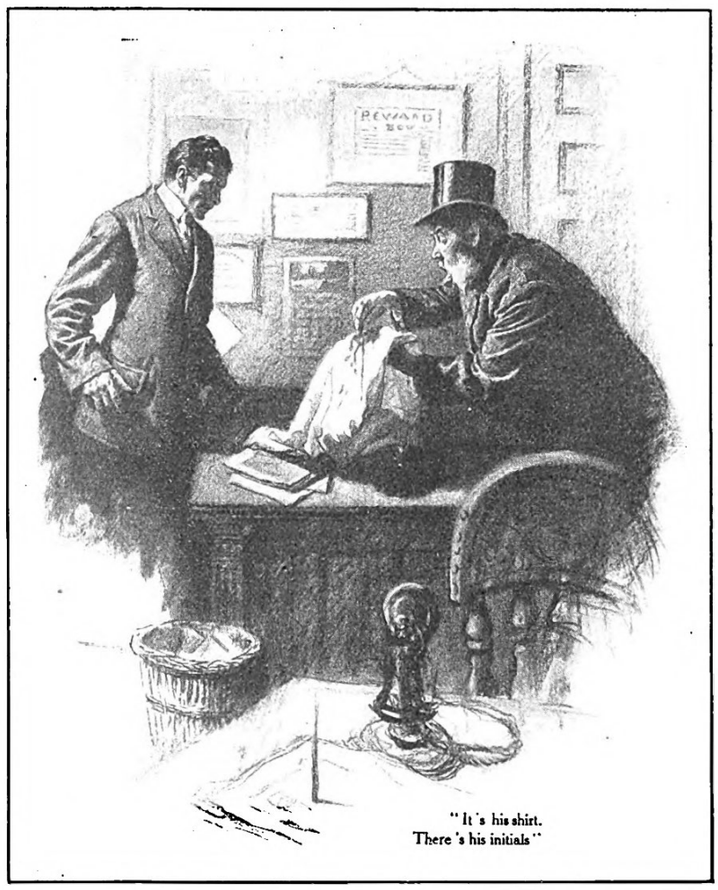
"Quiet little bar kept by a talkative Swede. 'Rickey' Hoff hung out there a lot. Charley even had a room fixed up for him to lay off in when he was too pickled to go home."

"Would—er—young Hoff—er—perhaps keep a few—er—extra clothes there?" asked Average Jones, seemingly struggling with a yawn.

The city editor stared. "Oh, I daresay. He used to end his sprees pretty much mussed up."

"That would perhaps explain where the shirt came from," murmured the Ad-Visor. "Much obliged for the suggestion. I 'll just step around."

"Silent Charley" he found ready, even eager to talk. Yes; "Rickey" Hoff had been in his place right along. Drunk? No; not even drinking much lately. Two other gentlemen had met him there quite often. They sat in the back room and talked. No, neither of them was Spanish. One was big and clean-shaven and wore a silk hat. They called him "Colonel." A swell dresser. The other man drank gin and a lot of it. His name was Fred. He was very tanned. One day there had been a hot discussion over a sheet of paper that lay on the table in front of the three men in the back room. "Rickey" had called a messenger boy and sent him out for a geography. "I told you there was n't any such thing there," the saloonkeeper heard him say, triumphantly, when the geography arrived. Then Fred replied: "I tell you, I've waded across it." The colonel smoothed things over and it ended in a magnum of champagne being ordered.



"It 's his shirt. There 's his initials"

"For which the colonel paid?" asked Average Jones.

"Why, yes, he did," assented the saloon man. "He said, 'Well, it 's a go, then. Here 's luck to us.' He was a good spender, the colonel."

"And you have n't seen any of them since, I suppose."

"Nary a one."

On his return to the Hoff mansion, the investigator found the head thereof in a state of great excitement.

"Say, I 've found out something," he cried. "Roddy 's gone to Yurrup."

"Where did you find that out?" asked Average Jones with a smile.

"I been going through his papers like you told me. He 's been outfitting for a trip. Bought lots of truck the last few days and I found the duplicate sale-checks that come in the packages. There 's stubs for a steamer rug and for a dope for seasickness and for a compass," he concluded triumphantly.

"Compass, eh?" observed Average Jones thoughtfully. "Ship's compass is good enough for most of us going to Europe. Anything else?"

"Lot of clothes."

"What kind of clothes?"

"Cheap stuff mostly. Khaki riding-pants, neglyjee shirts and suchlike."

"Not much suggestion of Europe there. What more?"

Dr. Hoff consulted a list. "Colored glasses."

"That looks like desert travel."

"Aneroid barometer."

"Mountain climbing."

"Permanganate of potash outfit."

"Snake country," commented the other.

"Patent water-still."

Average Jones leaned forward. "How big?"

"Don't know. Cost twenty dollars."

"Little one, then. That means about three people. Taken with the compass it means a small-boat trip on salt water."

"Small boat nothin'!" retorted the other. "His doctor met me this morning an' told me Roddy had sent for him an' ast him a lot of questions about eatin' aboard ship and which way to have his berth made up, and all that."

"A small-boat trip following a sea trip, then. What else have you found?"

"Nothin' much. Mosquito nettin', pills, surgeon's plaster and odds and ends of drugs."

"Let me see the drug list."

He ran his eye down the paper. Then he looked at Dr. Hoff with a half smile.

"You did n't notice anything peculiar about this list?"

"Don't know as I did."

"Not the—er—nitric acid, for instance?"

"Nope. What of it?"

"Mr. Hoff, your son has been caught by one of the oldest tricks in the whole bunco list—the lost Spanish mine swindle. That acid, together with the rest of the outfit, means a gold-hunt as plain as if it were spelled out. And the Spanish professor was sent for, not to give lessons, but to translate the fake letter. Where does your son bank?"

"Fifth National."

"Telephone there and find out how much he drew."

Dr. Hoff sat down at the 'phone. "Five hundred dollars," he said presently.

"Is that all?" asked the other, disappointed.

"Yes. Wait. He had six checks certified aggregating ten thousand dollars."

Digitized by Google

"Then it is n't South America or the West Indies. He 'd want a letter of credit there. Must be some part of the United States, or just across the border. Well, we 've done a good day's work, and I 've got a hard evening's thinking before me. We might be able to head off the 'Colonel's' personally conducted expedition yet, if we could locate it."

The evening's thinking formulated itself into a telegram to Average Jones's club, the Cosmic. It was one among the many distinctions of the modest little club in Gramercy Park, that its membership pretty well comprised the range of available information on any topic. Under the "favored applications clause," a person whose knowledge of any particular subject was unique and authoritative, whether the topic were Esperanto or fistiana, went to the head of the waiting-list automatically and had his initiation fee remitted. Hence, Average Jones was confident of a helpful reply to his message of inquiry, which summed up his conclusions and surmises thus far:

"*Cosmic Club, New York City:*

"Refer following to geographical expert: Where is large, shallow, unmapped body of salt water in United States or near border, surrounded by hot, snake-infested desert and mountainous country, reputed to contain gold? Spanish associations indicated. Wire details and name of best guide, if obtainable. A. JONES."

The reply was disappointing.

"Cyrus C. Allen absent from town. Will forward your wire.

"COSMIC CLUB."

Well poised as Average Jones normally was, he chafed over the ensuing delay of four days, each of which gave the colonel's expedition just so much start upon its unknown course. The only relief was a call from the Spanish instructor who answered Jones's advertisement. He was the same who had served young Hoff. As the Ad-Visor surmised, his former employment had been merely the translation of a letter. The letter was in base Spanish, he said. He did n't remember much of it, but there was something about a lost gold mine. Yes; there was reference to a map. No; no geographical names were mentioned, but in several places the capital letters B. C. seemed to indicate a locality. He had n't noted the date or the signature. That was all he could tell.

Dr. Hoff, who had been ramping with impatience over the man's lack of definite memory, now rushed to the atlas and began to study the maps.

"You need n't trouble," said Average Jones, coolly. "You won't find it there."

"I 'll find that B. C. if I have to go over every map in the geography."

"Then you 'll have to get a Spanish edition. For a guess, B. C. is Baja California, the Mexican peninsula of California."

He sent a supplementary wire to this effect to Cyrus C. Allen, of the Cosmic Club, and within a few hours received a reply from that eminent cartographer, who had been located in a remote part of Connecticut:

"Probably Laguna Salada, not on map. Seventy miles long; four to eight wide. Between Cocopah and Sierra Gigantica ranges. Country very wild and arid. Can be reached by water from Yuma, or pack train from Calexico. White, who has hunted there, says Captain Funcke, Calexico, best guide. ALLEN."

Average Jones tossed this over to the father.

"As I figure it," he said, "your son's two friends had this all figured out beforehand for him. One went West direct. He was the imbecile who stopped in Cincinnati and mailed you the bloody shirt to throw you off the scent. Meantime the colonel took Roderick around by a sea route, probably New York and New Orleans."

"That 'd explain the steamer rug and the seasickness," admitted Dr. Hoff; "but I don't know what he 'd want to go that long way for."

"Simple enough, when you reckon with this colonel person as having brains in his head. He would foresee a hue and cry as soon as the young man disappeared. So he cooks up this trip to keep his prey out of touch with the newspapers for the few days when the news of the disappearance would be fresh enough to be spread abroad in the Associated Press despatches. From New Orleans they 'd go on West by train."

"What I don't see is how they caught Roddy on such an old game. He 's easy, but I did n't s'pose he was that easy."

"To do him justice he is n't—quite. They put it up on him rather cleverly. In the period of waiting to hear from the geographical expert I 've put in some fairly hard work, going over your son's effects. And, in the room over Silent Charley's bar, I found a newspaper with this in it."

He handed to Dr. Hoff a thin clipping, marked "*Daily Saw,* December 14":

LOST—Spanish letter and map. Of no value except to owner. Return to No. 16, this office, and receive heartfelt thanks.

"Well," said Dr. Hoff, after reading it over twice, "that don't tell me nothing."

"No? Yet it 's pretty plain. The two crooks 'planted' the letter and map on your son. Probably slipped them into a pocket of his coat while he was drunk. Then they inserted their little ad., waited until he had time to find the letter, and casually called the advertisement to his attention. The rest would be easy. But I 'll have something to say to my clerk, who failed to clip that ad."

"You 're workin' for *me,* now," half blustered, half whined the old quack. "Whatche goin' to do next?"

"Pack for the night train."

"Where to?"

"Yuma or Calexico. Don't know which till I get a reply to two telegrams. I 'll need five hundred dollars expense money."

"Say, you don't want much, do ye?" snarled the quack, his avaricious soul in revolt at the prospect of immediate outlay. "When I hire a man I expect him to pay his own expenses and send me the bill."

"Quite so," agreed the other blandly. "But, you see, you are n't hiring me. I 'm doing this on spec. And I don't propose to invest anything in a dubious proposition, myself. It is n't too late to call it off, you know."

"No, I do' wanta do that," said the other with contorted face. "I 'll get the five hundred here for you in an hour."

"And about the five thousand dollars reward? I think I 'd better have a word of writing on that."

"You mean you don't trust me?" snapped the other. "I 'm good for five million dollars to-morrow in this town."

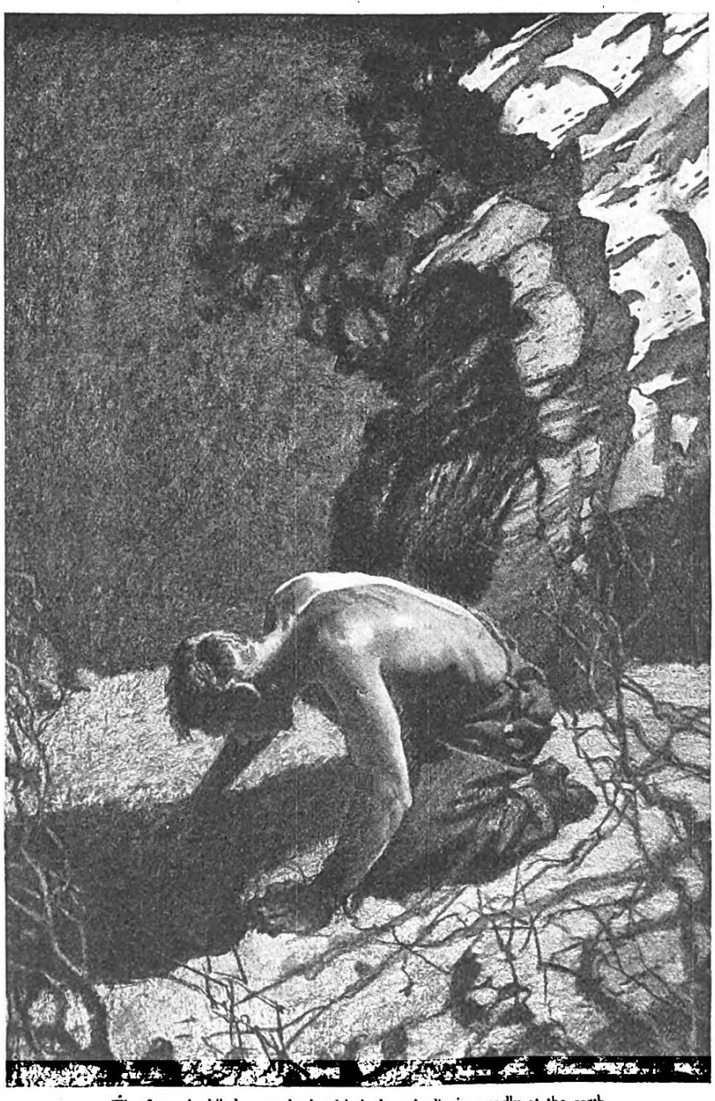
"I know you are—in writing," agreed the other, equably. "That 's why I want your valued signature. You see, to be quite frank, I have n't the fullest confidence in gentlemen in your line of business."

"I 'll have my lawyer draw up a form of contract and mail it after you to-morrow," promised the quack, with a crafty look.

"No, you wo—" began Average Jones; but he broke off with a smile. "Very well," he amended. "If things work out as I figure them, that will do. And," he added, suddenly dropping into his significant drawl and looking the quack flatly in the eye, "don't you—er—bank on my—er—not understanding your offer—and—er—you."

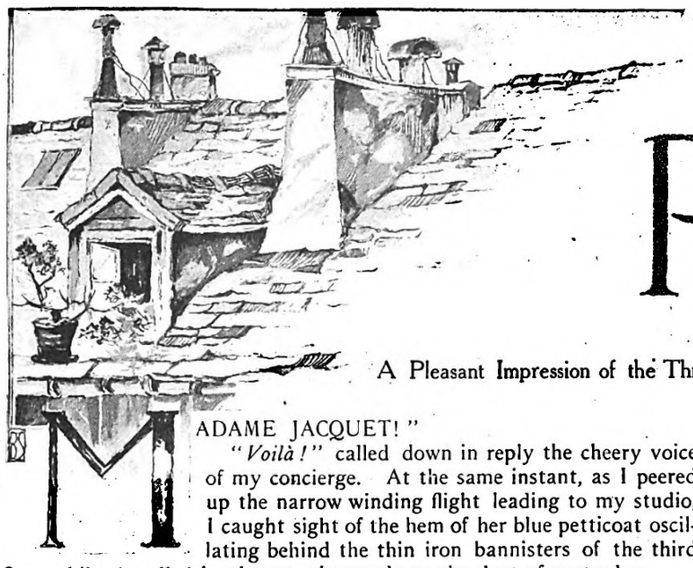
Uncomfortably pondering this reply, Dr. Hoff set about the matter of the expense money. Meantime a telegram came which settled the matter of immediate destination. It apprised Average

[*Continued on page 771*]



The figure huddled upon the hard-baked mud, digging madly at the earth

Digitized by Google



The Sanity of Paris

by F. Berkeley Smith

Author of "The Real Latin Quarter," "A Village of Vagabonds," etc.

A Pleasant Impression of the Thrift, Order and Kindliness Found in the Most Widely Libeled City in the World

"MADAME JACQUET!"

"*Voilà!*" called down in reply the cheery voice of my concierge. At the same instant, as I peered up the narrow winding flight leading to my studio, I caught sight of the hem of her blue petticoat oscillating behind the thin iron bannisters of the third floor while she plied her broom vigorously to the dust of yesterday.

"Eh! Madame Jacquet!" I shouted back. "The door of your lodge is locked. Where are my keys?"

She caught sight of me now as I sprang up the spiral stairs.

"*Ah! bon Dieu! c'est vous, Monsieur Smeet!*"

Short and fat is she with a crease for a waist and a pair of merry eyes that see everything that passes her lodge—eyes that beamed a welcome upon me as I grasped her hand heartily.

"And so monsieur has returned—" her free hand was on my arm now, patting me in a motherly way. "I might have guessed it," and her voice faded to a wheezy whisper. "It was only last night that I dreamed of ships—ah! what a voyage monsieur has made!" she exclaimed as we descended the stairs together.

"What a winter! If monsieur had been here! Ah, *là! là!*" she continued garrulously. "For five months the good God drenched us—day and night—monsieur could not imagine it." She thrust her big key into the lock of the door of her snug lodge and turned it with a creak.

I stood and watched her in her dark, overcrowded little room as she searched for my keys, which, after much pulling out of drawers and poking under the mattress of her ancient bed with its high feather quilt, she finally discovered tucked beneath a pile of sheets on the top shelf of her cupboard, for Madame Jacquet believes everything she reads in *Le Parisien* and has an awesome dread of thieves in consequence.

Paris is Always the Same—Yesterday, To-day and Forever

My key secured, I retraced my way up the winding flights until they ceased going skyward, and, unlocking a narrow brown door of my own, stood once again safe and sound in my domain beneath the zinc roof and its mushroom growth of hooded chimney pipes.

It was all precisely as I had left it half a year ago, this workshop abode of mine, save that since good Madame Jacquet had hidden my keys, the dust lay thick over the friendly lot of trash which serves to furnish my modest studio, the snug bedroom and the tiny kitchen adjoining, through whose tobacco-box lid of a window one may gaze down upon the passing life of the lazy little street below, and up from which this balmy spring morning echoed the cries of the market women trundling their push-carts on their way up to the highways and byways of Montmartre.

Here it was, I say, just as I had left it, for Paris does not change, and it is this fact that I wish first to accentuate apropos of the sanity and charm of this most serious and fascinating pleasure ground—a city whose magnetism and beauty has drawn the whole world within its gates and which has been maligned by those who do not know it, as being decadent, unmoral and superficial.

As I threw open my studio window, a desultory puff of smoke, stirred by the breeze, drifted down into the courtyard below. I saw, too, as I glanced across to a gabled window opposite my own, that the little modiste had just finished tidying up her room and now sat sewing as usual and humming softly to herself, for would not Jacques arrive at noon as he always did, and she would then spread upon her work-table a clean cloth and place upon it the cheese and wine and the good sausage from Arles, and the canary in his green cage just above her fair little blonde head began to sing with all his might as the sun crept round the weather-stained wall of the old courtyard.

I, too, was happy as I sank into my dusty armchair and lighted my pipe, while she, whose name I do not know, and the little bird she calls "cri-ki," sang to me, and while the hooded chimney pipes creaked and turned in the capricious breeze—a gentle breeze as soft as a caress. How restful it all was! As I sat there dreaming, I recalled the land I had left, and the sharp memory of voices from afar jarred in my ear.

"Going up! Down! Step lively! Say, there's your party . . . ring off River . . . All right, 'phone me at six-twenty—got to jump to Toledo—back Chicago flyer Wednesday."

I recalled, too, the noise of the elevated railway whose curves graze the third floor fronts, and the shove, slam, clang of the strenuous subway; the millionaire choking down his sandwich at noon; the telephone shrilling its devilish summons—in a land where real-estate is rated by square inches, and there is no time for anything but business. A land of thrilling dramatic progress in all things; big money and big deals and cost and extravagance and waste, the like of which the Old World never knew. It is one thing to build a city and another thing to live in it, is it not? It is this sane art of living that Parisians know so well.

Jacques Is Well Content With His Lot in Life

It is noon and Jacques has just entered the nest beneath the weather-stained gable opposite and kissed the little modiste on both cheeks—cheeks all the rosier now as she lifts their litre of red wine from its resting place on the cool, tiled floor and arranges neatly the cheese and the sausage from Arles, while she tells him all that has happened during her uneventful morning. Then they breakfast leisurely and after it is over read *Le Parisien* (the daily oracle they share with Madame Jacquet) until it is time for Jacques to return to his work-bench in a big atelier in the Rue Henri Monnier—a work-shop gleaming with keen-edged chisels and pungent with antique stains. Here Jacques is noted as a skilled artisan on Gothic woodwork—sober, honest and proud of his chosen profession. Some day he will have a shop of his own and a clientele. He has no desire to gamble in other ventures, for only in very rare exceptions does the Parisian change his vocation in life. That constant jumping from one calling to another, so characteristic of our own civilization, does not exist in France. It is much too difficult to change when you consider that neither in the government administration nor among the various commercial enterprises is an employee admitted after the age of thirty.

So Jacques chose to be a sculptor in wood for commerce, just as his brother Emile chose to be a waiter like his father, and his cousin Paul became a post-office employee.

How contented they are, these neighbors of mine!

Monsieur Toupin has just appeared on his narrow balcony. Monsieur Toupin in his silk cap and his worn, velvet smoking-jacket—the Toupins never dress—Madame Toupin's red wrapper seems as fresh as it did three years ago. Both are on the balcony now. They have come out, this good old bourgeois couple, with a plate of bread, the contents of which it is Monsieur Toupin's duty to pour carefully, without spilling a crumb, on the small shelf Monsieur Toupin built and Madame Toupin painted; and now they hide like children back of their half-open window and watch three little sparrows and a fat pigeon at breakfast.

Long ago the Toupins retired from business with their modest fortune. Weather permitting, they dine on their balcony; when it rains, they sit close to the open window, for, like all Parisians, they like as much as possible to be in the open air.

To the French, France Is All Sufficient

There is another nest close to the Toupins's, a short semicircular balcony on the corner; the nest of the bluebird. Chic and blonde is the bluebird and never, to my knowledge, has she missed waving *au revoir* to her mate, who takes the omnibus that passes the corner at seven-thirty in the morning. The bluebird is clothed in a turquoise-silk negligée and her hair has that sheen about it of pure gold—as golden as the bluebird's heart. Even under a driving rain she is faithful to her post, the turquoise negligée protected under an umbrella. Often she stands there ten, twenty minutes when the omnibus is late, until at last he disappears within the lumbering vehicle, and with a final flutter of her shapely little hand the bluebird retires indoors.

The French live within their means, and by a sense of economy wholly unknown to us, manage to save and retire to enjoy whatever fortune has stored up for them. To them France is sufficient; they voyage rarely and gamble less. The spendthrift or the man who plunges on the Bourse, the races and the gaming-table is regarded by the masses in the light of a rogue and a fool.

The Parisians work hard enough for their leisure but they never eliminate it nor allow their work to encroach upon their traditional daily vacations, as luncheon, the *apéritif* hour, dinner and *fête* days. They work, not to amass millions and die in harness but to save enough to give their daughter her dot, without which she may never marry; start their son in his chosen trade and have enough income left to retire be-

Digitized by Google

fore they are too old to enjoy their freedom. It is no easy matter to be married in France. One great thing in favor of so sacred a ceremony is that it can not be hastily performed. It is an event requiring months of preparation, of the signing of endless papers, the certificates of birth and the consent of parents, until at last the wedding day, which has been arranged for to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned, including the legal authorities, arrives. If marriage is difficult, divorce is even more so. There are no such romantic and youthful adventures as eloping on a twelve-dollar capital—handing ten to the accommodating parson and wiring for forgiveness with the change.

Life to the Parisian Is Meant to Live and to Enjoy

The universal spirit of democracy and the absolute freedom of the individual simplify life. That subtle censor, other people's opinion, has such slight effect that it is dismissed with a shrug. Paris is free to all and one never thinks of turning one's head to bother about other people's affairs. The result is that the intricate life of this vast city runs as smoothly as a well-greased machine. It is a big institution, governed by laws that can not be "fixed," "pulled" or evaded, and aided by a universal sense of discretion and politeness to one's neighbor.

Both the discretion and the politeness play an important part in the running of this great municipal machine—a compound lubricant, if you will, since from the lowest to the highest class the small courtesies are never forgotten. It may be only the passing touch of an elbow or the awkward opening of an umbrella in a crowd, and, possibly, your fault; instantly the Parisian begs your pardon; he will even retrace his steps to do it, for he could not go his way contentedly lest you should doubt his politeness. This is true with few exceptions, from the rough workman in his baggy corduroy trousers to the nobleman. It is true, too, from the little loiterer of the street, with her rouged lips and her thumb thrust in the ring of her night-key, to the fine lady. It is a quality characteristic of Parisians to which I take off my hat, just as I bow to their quick understanding in many things and their kindness of heart. It is that spirit of democratic *camaraderie* which is the keynote of their character. I am not alluding to that class by itself—the boor, the egoist, or the snob, but to the masses at large—and to get at the true atmosphere of a city one must know its masses; one must indeed live among them for many years. Only when you have been ill and poor among them will you know their worth. These, then, are a race which the passing stranger from America, and the stranger who has not even passed, criticizes as decadent, unmoral and artificial.

The dinner-pail is not popular in France. Even the poorest laborer goes at midday to his favorite restaurant, which may sell wood and coal along one of its walls, and possess a modest zinc bar and three rough tables laid with coarse clean cloths, opposite the wood and coal, but here he finds his place among his comrades at table; in a chair, before a clean plate, a clean napkin, a knife, fork and glass, pure wine and wholesome food cooked to his liking for a few sous. He is in no hurry, either, this fellow with his brawny arms and his baggy corduroy trousers. There is plenty of time to joke with his comrades; often the crowded little place is in an uproar of good humor. Not until he has leisurely finished his coffee and cognac, his cigarette and his last word does he go back to work. Later you may see him grinding a wooden windlass and slowly bringing up a bucket of dirt from some new excavation for the "metro," or he may be at work erecting a pole and roped scaffold after the manner of the ancients.

Despite their old-fashioned methods of construction and the lack of haste, they build in France with the utmost care; moreover, they build to last, and so solidly that destructive fires rarely occur save beyond the fortifications of Paris, in some isolated factory of inflammable materials.

Most of the little fires in Paris are politely put out. I say "politely," for the one to which I was chief eyewitness occurred in my own small apartment in the Latin Quarter a few years ago and was caused by that careless vagabond of a painter, Desmoulins, dumping the contents of his lighted pipe among the cushions of my divan. The first lodger that this smouldering smudge awakened, long after Desmoulins had gone, was a nervous young clerk who lived above me and who aroused me as he dashed down six flights of stairs and rang the alarm.

In the dark those smouldering cushions looked as ugly as a livid hole of fire in the wall. Then I struck a match and saw what had happened. Up came the chief and brave fellows in brass helmets.

"Enter, gentlemen," I cried, "the affair is over." The chief noticed the half empty water pitcher in my hand and my soaked pajamas.

"You will pardon me, monsieur," he returned graciously, as his sturdy brigade entered respectfully, "but may I ask you to be amiable enough to let me see the extent of the damage? This must be stated." And stated it was minutely in a little book, while the crowd gathered in the street below my balcony.

"It is not necessary," he said, as I offered my card. He even seemed amused at my frankness in disclosing my identity. Then he gave a sharp order to his men. More salutes from the brass helmeted company, a pressing invitation from me to partake of a glass of wine, which was politely refused, it being against the rules, and the brigade, headed by their chief filed out with a "*bonsoir, monsieur*" and congratulations that the little affair was not more serious.

To Live on Parisian Wages Requires Good Management

To earn one's living in Paris is not an easy task. It means hard work at wages so infinitely small compared with our own standard that one wonders how both ends ever meet—they would not were it not for the Parisian's gift of economy. Even the best skill and brains receive but a modest remuneration. It is an erroneous impression that living is cheap, though a modest suite of three rooms like my own beneath the roofs can be had for eighty dollars a year, and a crisp salad costs but four cents—twice the price of the fattest artichoke. On the other hand, meat is fifty cents a pound. One buys strictly according to one's needs, since nothing goes to waste. The chicken that costs on an average one dollar and a half can be purchased, roasted piecemeal, even to a leg or a wing. But for this system, the small *ménages* like the little modiste's beneath the gable opposite could not exist.

In our own country, fabulous wages are paid to servants who do little or nothing in return. Some of them can no longer be called servants. Let us be truthful and say that they are middle-class young women of foreign extraction, who select your domicile in which to live, exacting from you twenty-five dollars a month and more for their presence, and for which they do as little as possible, buy picture hats, go to the theater and Swedish balls when they like.

In Paris twelve dollars a month is a good price for the best of cooks. My own Juliette was one of these—Juliette who for four years took entire charge of my small apartment, was cook, waitress, valet and parlor maid in one, and whose culinary education had been perfected by no less an expert than a celebrated chef who is now cooking for His Majesty the Czar. Juliette is now cooking for her husband, and I envy this honest postman when I recall her sole smothered in a sauce of mushrooms and crevettes, her civet of hare and her frozen tomatoes served with a certain spiced mayonnaise.

Parisian luxury is quite another story—one must then cease counting one's silver and fill one's pocket with gold. Neither

[Continued on page 767]

Lure o' Dreams

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

"WHERE do you keep your dreams, my boy?
Your face is lit, and for very joy
Your feet are swift in the vale and lea—
Tell me, pray, where your dreams may be."

"THEY are wonderful dreams," he made reply,
"And I share them not with the passer-by.
Here in my heart I have hid them deep;
They bless my waking and thread my sleep
With golden strands—but I must not tell—
They are wonderful dreams and serve me well!"

"WHERE are your dreams?" His face was tense
With the toil of years, and the wage-man's pence
Was hung where the weary day grew dim;
"Where are your dreams?" I asked of him.

HE raised his face in the late sun's glare
And took his cap from the graying hair.
"They were wonderful dreams," he made reply,
"And I shared them not with the passer-by.
Here in my heart I hid them deep
As men hide rubies, but, oh, the steep,
Rough way and the hunger keen,
And the dry brook-bed where the willows lean
Their dead trunks vainly!"

He drove his spade
Deep where the line of the trench was laid,
And from the swamp, across the hill,
Came the sad, far cry of the whip-poor-will.

Digitized by Google

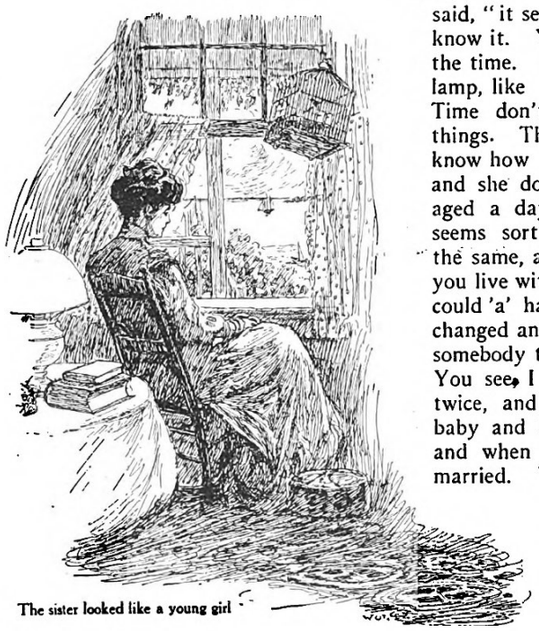
The Mercy of the Lord

by Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrations by GEORGE W. WOLTZ

WHEN we first went to live in her house we called her "The Stone Age." She and her sister, both of them widows, lived in a square, wainscotted house squatted close the water-front, with a wide back porch that gave on the harbor. All the back part of the house was at our disposal, the porch included. The two ladies occupied rooms which looked over the street—a peculiarity of theirs that caused us to smile a bit pharisaically, I am afraid, feeling that we were rather the finer, since we preferred the beauties of nature to the white ribbon of a street and its chattering passers-by.

At first sight the sister looked like a young girl. She had such freshness of complexion and such a birdlike innocence in her pretty blue eyes that I had taken them first for mother and daughter. Later I learned that she was the "widow woman" we had been told of who was not "quite right in her head." Her being, as the neighbors called it, "a little touched," showed itself only in a smiling taciturnity and a vague, aloof little air, as though the spectacle of life went on before unseeing eyes. They had told us when they sent us to this house that her "being touched" would be nothing that we could mind. And so it proved; we might have been there days without finding it out, I think. Indeed, the personality of the older sister absorbed our attention.



The sister looked like a young girl

She was an impassive woman, "The Stone Age." Her face, a curious gray brown, looked as if the winds of the sea had tanned it and then it had bleached from inside through years of indoor living. She was wide-shouldered, full bosomed, ample, and yet, in spite of her weight, almost angular, and her face matched her body. A massive forehead, a strong, fine nose, cut as though hewn from granite. Everything about her was big and gray and silent and dour. We joked among ourselves at her large impassiveness, and mentioned, too, I believe, that she was hard and uncommunicative, after the manner of New England women. There was something absurd in seeing her busied about small feminine tasks. If she sewed, there was a weighty dignity in the way she clipped every thread. I think, even in appearance, before one knew anything of her, she was one of the least trivial women that I have ever known.

Until that afternoon of which I am going to tell you, our conversation had been entirely businesslike. We were a gay household of young people, and all of us had our little joke at "The Stone Age," who performed the work of her household as imperturbably as though she were some force of nature. Then came the afternoon that Eleanor was so worried because the boys did n't come back in the sailboat at the time appointed.

Outside, the little blue waves of the bay skipped as if glad they were alive. Tall fishing boats rode at anchor; tiny sailing dories, sailed by small boys perched perilously on the leeward sides of the boats, scurried up and down.

Eleanor fixed herself on the piazza and began fussing about her boys, as mothers will. "The Stone Age" came into our sitting-room bearing the lamp in her hands; she caught sight of Eleanor's face through the window and came to the door.

"I see her through the winder," she explained, "and I knew she was worrin' about the boys. There's a look on a woman's face when she's watching for a boy to come in that you get to know, and I knew what ailed her as soon as I saw her.

"Come in off that porch," she said to Eleanor. "I don't like to see women sittin' watchin' for boys." She spoke without emotion.

Eleanor, who wanted to watch each moving sail, temporized. "It's very beautiful out there, don't you think, Mrs. Swift?"

"I don't like its looks," she answered simply. "I don't like to watch the ships goin' out. I don't like to think of all the men that 's out afloat in them. I don't ever look at it now. It's all right for you summer folks—you jest see the play side of it!"

Eleanor still gazed anxiously.

"Come in," she urged. "I don't want *her* to see you. There ain't anything upsets her much now except when she sees someone watchin' out for boats to come in. Seein' women wait for boats to come in kinder makes her"—she nodded toward the rooms—"remember something. That's the only thing that does. You see she's waited so long herself, though it seems to her that she 's waited jest a day."

"Did he never come back?" I asked.

We had all three gone into the little sitting-room that faced the bay. Mrs. Swift seated herself in a chair, her large hands folded in her lap.

"Don't you know about it?" she asked. We shook our heads. From her manner one would have supposed that she was speaking of some very recent tragedy.

"'Tis because I know it so well," she said, "it seems to me as though every one else must know it. You see I live with it, you might say, all the time. Goin' down there every night to light the lamp, like I do, I can't some way seem to forget. Time don't wipe it out for me like it does most things. Then seein' her keeps it fresh. Do you know how old she is? She's forty-five years old, and she don't look much more 'n twenty. She ain't aged a day in her body sence then; jest lately she seems sort o' dwindled. She 's jest always stayed the same, and there 's something awful about it when you live with it—awful for *me*—it 's the kindest thing could 'a' happened to *her*—and yet I dunno. She 's changed and she ain't changed. It 's so queer to see somebody turn into some one else overnight like that. You see, I 'm a lot older than she. Father married twice, and his second wife died when she was the baby and I brought her up almost like her mother, and when I married, she lived with me until she married. You know there 's some people that everything seems to happen all right to—well, that's the way it seemed as if she was. She was lucky in big things and little. Wherever she went folks liked her. She'd more friends then anybody—even children and dogs run after her. I was proud of her. Did n't use to seem to me as if we could be sisters, and she always acted jest 's if she was as proud of me! She was so good and gentle, and I kept all care and worry from her. It seems queer, don't it, to think that a gale of wind can undo for a whole life-time all the happiness you put in a person! Jest the wind blows, and laughs go out and folk's happiness goes out like you blow a candle. It 's awful strange!

"She married happy jest like you 'd suppose she would. Well, from the time she was married, she was awful uneasy whenever he was off at sea. She acted like she was a woman from inland. Our folks have always fished, and father was a whaler, and when you 've always, from the time you 're little, seen the boats go out and come back and your men go away on long voyages, I suppose you kinder get used to it. You notice it when you get a woman from inland who don't know anything about the sea. The first three or four long voyages her husband goes on she cries when she says good-by to him. Folks like us who 've always lived here don't cry. Sometimes now I think she knew something was goin' to happen, 'cause 't was n't natural for anyone brought up like she 's been to feel the way she did. She 'd laugh at herself.

"'What do you think it is that makes you so uneasy, Ruth?' I asked her once, and she said:

"'I suppose it 's 'cause I 'm afraid I 'm too happy.'

"I thought maybe after the baby come that it 'd kinder take her mind from the sea, but it never did. She 'd set here at this very winder lookin' off down the bay and watchin' the topsails of boats comin' round the point. Oh, there 's many women set at this winder watchin' for boats to come home. My mother's sister she sot here, and her son never come back any more; and my oldest brother, he was lost too when he was a little chap. He was on a banker, one of the little fellows that fills the men's pipes when their hands is too covered with fish and wet. He was swep' away. I was too little then to remember very much except mother's settin' here.

"This room, I guess, has been prayed in more 'n most churches. My grandfather built this house, and we 've always lived here, and now we 're the last. Our men are dead and others own the wharves where our ships used to lay, and the wharves themselves is rotted away most to high water mark."

She spoke in her usual even tone, without even sadness or regret in her voice. It was merely the statement of a simple fact. There was nothing about her that suggested tragedy or pathos. So strong and

Digitized by Google

self-contained she was that you could imagine the tempests of life roaring past her without shaking her more than they would a great, rock. She looked out at the tumbling sea and white curtsying boats.

"It's strange for me to think of people goin' pleasure boating," she took up. "I can't get it through my head. But then the folks that does it have n't rightly seen what the sea 's like—like 'twas that time in December—twenty years the seventeenth of next December! They used to call it the December gale round here. It had n't been bad weather before that—quite a pleasant fall—but she'd been worse'n ever before when he said good-by. I remember I said:

"'Oh, ain't you 'shamed to act like that and make it hard for him? He 'll dread to come back 'cause he 'll know he 's got to go 'way again.'

"'I don't know what makes me so silly,' she answered. 'I get impatient of myself. I don't know what ails me.'

"And she stood there watchin' and watchin', the baby in her arms, lookin' out of that winder; and then the gale come. The gale come in full daylight—full daylight 't was at its height—but from dawn boats had been goin' ashore. In this sheltered harbor, twenty-three boats, large and small, come ashore; the sea broke in and piled up and up, and it did n't seem as if anything afloat could live, and there was lots that did n't. The surf piled up over here as if 't was on the outside. Roarin' and thunderin' the surf come in, the wind pushin' behind it so when you went out of the house it hit you in the face as if a fist had struck you.

"Most everybody went down to the beach—the whole town full of us was there. Oh, 't was bitter cold. The wind blew the spray and the spray froze on the men's oilskins, and it froze their hair and it froze their beards and it froze on the shawls that we had round us, and we stood there, us women, all muffled up, a bringin' coffee to the men that was workin' tryin' to save the boats that come ashore.

"And oh, the awful strength of the sea! I remember I see a little dory come ridin' wild just like 't was frightened, and a wave took it broadside and threw it like with hands on the wharf, and you would n't 'a' known that it had been a boat, hardly. Our harbor was full of strange fishin' craft that had come in, and the town was full of strange men, for when it began breezin' up like it did, most everyone come ashore, and they was helpin' us with our boats. The news come from the life savin' stations askin' for volunteers; three wrecks they had to the bar in that mornin' and night.

"They call the coast from Mononomoy to Race Point 'the graveyard of the Atlantic,' and that night's work alone could 'a' give it that name. That whole coast was loaded with the wreckage that had been boats—wreckage of steamers and barks and schooners; wreckage from craft from all the world; and the sea run higher and higher, and the noise of the wind and of the sea was so great that no one could hear the words that anyone spoke. The wind blew them out of our mouths, and we made signs to each other like deaf people, and no one noticed how queer it was, for the men was workin' and the women was helpin'.

"And then around the Point I seen something stir like the masts of a schooner with tops'l set, and I looked again and I pointed and tried to say, 'there 's a boat,' but the wind blew the words from my mouth. And others saw it, and we all were lookin' and pointin' to that little flyin' speck comin' around the Point. It was a queer sight, seein' those masts runnin' along and the wind and the waves a tearin' like a wolf; and we saw it had rounded the Point, and I felt a hand on my arm and there *she* was—she 'd come down from the house and she was pointin' at the boat, and I saw her lips—I could n't hear her—sayin' over and over: 'Poor men! Poor men!'

"I did n't like the look in her face 'cause I knew she was thinkin' about this awful storm and about the boats out in it. I knew she was thinkin' and wonderin' where *his* boat was. I knew she was thinkin' that, though we had n't spoken of him that day, for when there was a storm we would n't speak of him, we 'd just go on and do our work and look at the baby; and when she spoke to me her eye would n't meet mine. We 'd pretend that there was nuthin' to worry about—you know how women do. But feelin' her waitin' like, she 'd make me get to waitin' for him, too.

"When that schooner rounded the Point, she lifted her hands to her head and gave a cry. I was n't more 'n a yard away, but I could n't hear it 'cause o' bein' stark deaf with the noise of the wind and the waves—and I saw that schooner was settlin'. It must a been driv' on to a bar and lifted off again, and they 'd made for the harbor. And then all of a sudden, it seemed to me as though I could never move no more. I could n't stir hand nor foot. I could n't look right nor left. I just looked at that boat, for when she come laborin' under that little rag of sail and her free board settlin' every minute, I saw 't was the *Mary Lane*, *his* boat. The *Mary Lane* comin' into our harbor with her bottom stove in! And at the same time others recognized it and a shout went up and down that was higher than the wind and the waves—oh, a blessed sound, a noise of them cryin', and I looked at Ruth and she held her arms hugged tight as if she was holdin' the baby to her, and she stood with her arms that way all the time through what happened.

"In the harbor they came to anchor, and we could see they was in awful shape. Their boats was gone, she was swep' from stem to stern, but she came to anchor and then before our eyes she settled. She settled and she went down, and the masts of her stuck up above the water, and the men climbed into the riggin'.

"On the shore we got boats ready to launch, and every time they put a boat out the waves would bring it back in—and our men was up there in the riggin' in the terrible cold in view of all that loved 'em."

She paused and when she spoke again her voice had no trace of emotion nor did her face quiver, but tears—difficult, painful tears—coursed down her worn cheeks.

"They launched boats and launched boats, and when one crew was exhausted another took its place, but the sea was too high. The boats was dashed back and the crew of the *Mary Lane* were froze to death before our eyes in their own harbor—froze to death in their riggin' with all that loved 'em tryin' to help. The sea and the wind was too strong.

"We tried to get her to go home, but she would n't move; she stood there as if she was holdin' the baby; stood there and watched. And now she did n't cry. Others did, though, men and women as they watched her, and I think I prayed to myself all the time—'O God, help her, God help her!' Perhaps He did; perhaps what happened was kindness. We never know those things.

"I don't know how long we stood there, but the wind went down some though the sea was still runnin' high and thunderin' and roarin' up the beach and breakin' the wrecks of the boats that had gone ashore into kindlin' wood, and at last we went home, and as we got near the house we heard cryin'. 'Twas the voice of the baby we 'd forgot in those awful hours. She looked at me and looked down at her arms as if she thought she had him there all the time, and then we hurried on together. And when she saw him and lifted him in her arms, she gave me a look that was like the look of an angel, and she said: 'I 've got him left, and she gave him the breast. 'Twas the last time, you may say, I saw her like she really was.

"In a few hours the baby was dead, killed by the milk she gave him."

Then she paused, the slow tears still flowing down her face, which did not quiver.

"I 'm glad there wa'n't much time when she knew enough to suffer. She was hoverin' between life and death for a while, and when she come back I saw how 'twas goin' to be



"I saw her lips—I could n't hear her—sayin' over and over: 'Poor men! Poor men!'"

[Continued on page 769]

Digitized by Google

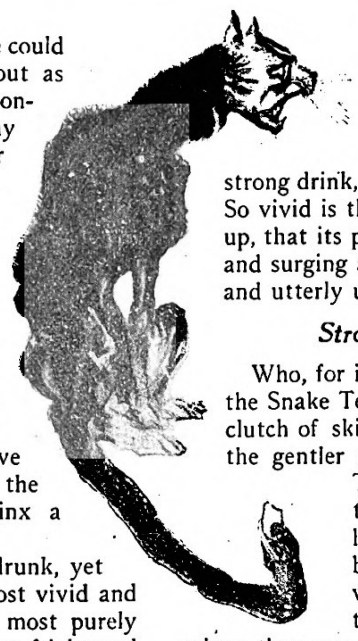
Are You Afraid of Cats?

The Unreasoning, Instinctive Fear of Harmless Animals and Reptiles

by Woods Hutchinson A.M.M.D.

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

WE PLUME ourselves above everything upon being rational beings, living in an age of pure reason. Prejudice or mere impulse, emotionalism of any sort, plays no part in determining our actions. We are guided by the white light of reason alone. But if this be true, why do we jump straight up into the air and viciously reach for a club or scream for help, according to sex, whenever we happen to light upon a little, harmless, fourteen-inch snake which we could crush with one finger and whose bite we know to be about as severe as that of a canary bird, and not a whit more poisonous? Why do we faint when we see or smell blood? Why do we clutch our skirts and leap frantically upon chair or table when a wee gray mouse comes stealing toward us over the floor? Why do we lie awake in the dead of night imagining every rattle of wind-shaken windows or creak of the stairs to be made by burglars who never come? To all of which, religion replies only by homilies upon the sin of unprofitable curiosity, and science, after the fashion of the sage old Hawaiian Mother in Israel who, when consulted about the strange behavior of the missionary's cork leg in the cooking-pot, said: "Some pork always *will* bile that way."



These strange, instinctive antipathies of human nature have all the ear-marks of antiquity; an antiquity so remote that the pyramids are art nouveau by comparison, and the sphinx a suffragette.

They are as utterly unreasonable as skirts, or getting drunk, yet everybody has at least one of them. Moreover, they are most vivid and powerful in the more primitive half of the race and in the most purely elemental states and frames of mind in both sexes, *viz.*, when frightened or alone in the bleak dead of night—the times when we have visions and see things and when new religions are revealed.

The Snake Dread Was Handed Down to Us from Eve

The origin of all these dreads is hidden in the fogs that shroud the dawn of history. But a few struggling Darwinian rays are beginning to break through the cloudy curtain.

Take for instance the Snake Dread; that great elemental terror of all the ages, from the Garden of Eden down, which still holds us shuddering in its grip.

Not for five and probably not for ten thousand years has any ancestor of ours lived in a country or zone which was inhabited by a single dangerous, venomous serpent or a snake of any kind big enough to kill a jack-rabbit, yet the dread of serpents is as vivid as it was in the days of the Garden of Eden. Their baleful, unwinking eyes, their strangling coils, the ghastly sinuousness of their movements, the noiselessness of their approach, the agony and deadliness of their sting, throb and echo like a Wagnerian *Leit-motif* through all literature and legend; are bitten and branded into our deepest consciousness as if by fire. An imitation of their hiss has become the expression of our deepest contempt and loathing. A hiss is understood in every language under heaven, and every three-year-old, to express derision and dislike, thrusts out his little pink tongue and with it imitates the flickering movements of the serpent's tongue.

The aversion to snakes has no appreciable present utility, for the risk of any modern American or European being killed by snake-bite, even in the most rattlesnake-infested and prohibition-ridden community, is about one-thirty-fifth that of death by lightning stroke. It must date back to at least the cradle of the race in the tropics, but even here its distribution is a singular one. Of all animals above the size of a squirrel, only two display it in any vivid or paralyzing form. It is an echo of the days when our common ancestor, "tailed, covered with hair and probably arboreal in its habits," swung and rollicked in the tree-tops. Plunge into the gloom of the jungle and gaze steadily up into the branches overhead. There in the green, steamy half-light can be dimly seen gliding through the branches, "the old serpent, the pestilence that crawleth in darkness," the things that writhe their sinuous way into our bedrooms when the windows are left open at night, in the bodily shape of the mottled tree-python. In the fallen leaves below, coiled like some ghastly alarm clock whose spring uncoils but once and then strikes the end of time, lurks the "hooded death," the "fiery serpent," the "snake in the grass," the cobra.

These are the things that our bodies are afraid of with a vivid, sickening fear, while what we are pleased to term our minds have forgotten their very existence until we see them in picture books. Such as these are the images that rise unbidden before us of snakes and crawling things, when our nerve-coils are tortured beyond endurance by the poison of strong drink, which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." So vivid is this Serpent Dread, so far-reaching the vibrations it sets up, that its plunging surf breaks clear over the reef and goes flooding and surging across quiet lagoons of the human soul, often far remote and utterly unconnected.

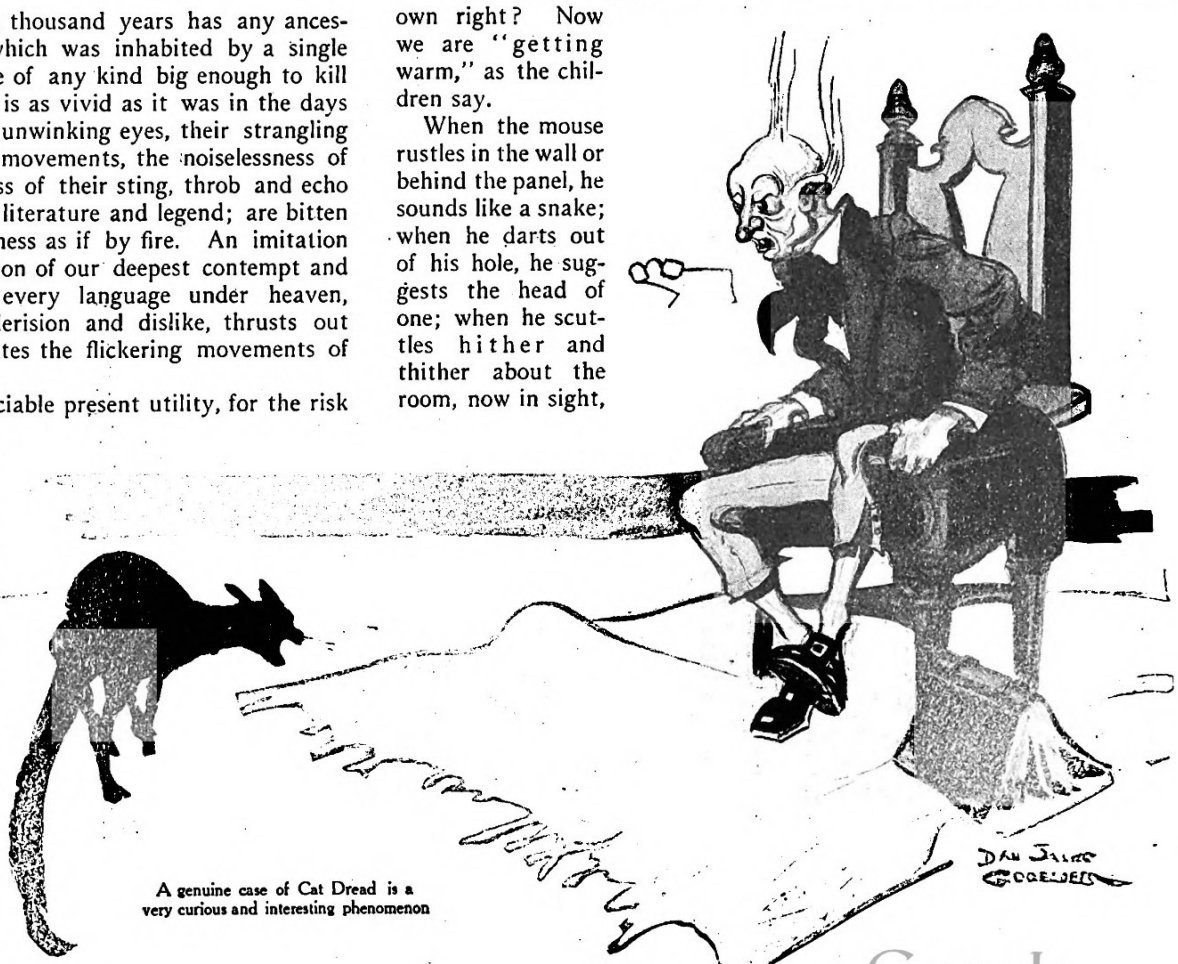
Strong Women Quail Before This Tiny Monster

Who, for instance, would dream, at first sight, of connecting with the Snake Terror, in even the remotest way, the wild shriek, the mad clutch of skirts and frenzied leap on to chair or table executed by the gentler sex when confronted by a horrid, nasty little mouse? The only character they have in common appears to be their absurdity. It is idle to ascribe the reflex to fear lest the mouse should bite the ankles or run up on to the body, as the fear is equally strikingly manifested by women in China, where men and women wear exactly the same style of nether garments, and in Central Africa where they wear none at all worth mentioning.

In fact, a chair or stool, the world over, is almost as much a thing for a woman to jump upon as for a man to sit on. A woman will jump when she sees a mouse, as universally and almost as certainly as she will look in a glass when she comes near one. It is one of the great universal feminine instincts. She knows perfectly well that the tiny rodent has not the slightest desire to bite her, and could not hurt her more than a pin-prick if it did—but she screams and jumps just the same.

The mouse has not a spark of dangerousness about it or connected with it, and never has had at any stage of our ancestral history, however remote. But does it resemble or suggest anything that *is* a Terror in its own right? Now we are "getting warm," as the children say.

When the mouse rustles in the wall or behind the panel, he sounds like a snake; when he darts out of his hole, he suggests the head of one; when he scuttles hither and thither about the room, now in sight,



A genuine case of Cat Dread is a very curious and interesting phenomenon

Digitized by Google

now out of sight, with that eerie, gliding, legless movement of his, he is reminiscential of a snake gliding and darting through the grass. The hint is enough; the slumbering Terror awakes and—all is over but the screaming.

There are certain of these instinctive dislikes or *phobias*, as they are technically termed, which may be regarded as almost standard human characteristics, affecting a large majority of the race. But there are others, as purely causeless and irrational, which affect only a few individuals here and there and form most interesting curiosities. One of these is the Cat Dread—that curious, instinctive aversion to and fear of cats, which renders many otherwise perfectly reasonable and courageous people miserable whenever they happen to come into the house of a lover of cats.



"The Harmless Necessary Cat" Is n't Always Appreciated

A genuine case of Cat Dread is a very curious and interesting phenomenon. The mere sight of the unpopular animal will elicit the liveliest manifestations of annoyance and loathing, deepening to positive fear. If the cat is walking down the sidewalk, the cat dreader promptly crosses over to the other side of the street, and should the beast show any signs of following, beats a hasty retreat with every appearance of terror. If the fiend in feline form suddenly appears or is discovered in a room, the victim of this fear leaves the room in frantic haste, sometimes without waiting to choose very particularly between the door and the window. If he be prevented from escaping, the disturbance becomes unmistakably physical, even though some of its manifestations may still be controlled by a violent effort of the will. He becomes deathly pale, he gasps for breath, his muscles are set rigid in a spasm, he may twitch or shudder as in an ague fit. If a woman, she may faint; if a man, he may actually become nauseated to the verge of vomiting. The famous neurologist and author, Weir Mitchell, some years ago made a study of this curious aversion, mainly from the point of endeavoring to determine whether these cat dreaders, or as he termed them, "*Ailurophobes*" (from two Greek words meaning "Cat-Haters"), were able to detect the presence of a cat in their immediate neighborhood without either seeing or hearing the creature. Here is a typical case, reported to him by a physician of distinction:

"My wife lives in horror of cats. It is more than fright, and it makes no difference whether it be a tiny kitten or the most tiger-like tomcat. I have seen her absolutely prostrated by terror after an unexpected meeting with a cat although she is not in the least hysterically inclined, nor is she afraid of other animals.

"She has never as a child been frightened by a cat, but has always had this fear. She can usually detect a cat's presence by its smell when it is unseen and when others can not smell it. Her father, a brother and two sisters have the cat fear, and her maternal grandmother can also 'smell out' a cat, the rest of a large family being indifferent to the animal."

A peculiarly interesting case occurred in a member of Dr. Mitchell's own family, which started him in the direction of this investigation. He says:

"In my own family an uncle was the subject. My father, having placed a small cat in a closet, with a saucer of cream, asked Mr. H. to come into the room and look at some old books in which he would be interested. He sat down, but in a few minutes grew pale, shivered and said: 'There is a cat in the room.' My father replied: 'Look about you. There is no cat in the room. Do you hear one outside?' 'No,' he answered, 'but there is a cat.' He became faint and complaining of nausea, left the room and promptly recovered."

Some Great Men Have Been Ailurophobes

The cat dread is not by any means a recent development, nor one of our modern whims or fancies. It dates back to a most respectable antiquity and a number of noted persons have been victims of it. It is not confined to either sex; indeed some of its most notorious sufferers have been men. There are many references to it in literature, the most famous being the well known speech of *Shylock*, when declining to relinquish one jot or tittle of his claim upon *Antonio's* blood.

"What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat!

"As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he can not abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
Why he, a woolen bagpipe . . ." etc.

In other words, he explains that he has a violent antipathy to *Antonio* which he is not compelled to justify.



Oddly enough, the most striking instances of the cat dread in individuals of historic importance have been among great soldiers. The list is headed by Napoleon, followed by his rival and conqueror, Wellington, and represented in our own time by England's greatest living general, Lord Roberts of Candahar, the "*Little Bobs*," or "*Bob's Bahadur*" of "Soldiers Three." There is a dim legend of doubtful authenticity that the great Cæsar had a weakness of this description, and one of greater positiveness and authenticity that the famous Marshal Turenne confessed to this foible. Weir Mitchell reports that General Roberdeau suffered severely from it.

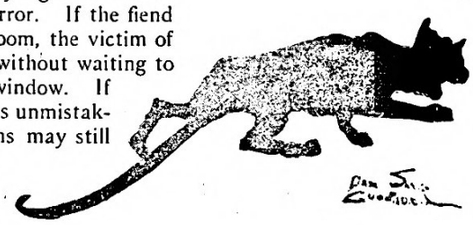
All of these are reported to have had the cat dread in marked degree, to such an extent that they would not, if they knew it, stay in the same room with one, or even in the same house.

When Tabby Raises Her Battle Cry



Despite of the cat's softness, laziness, fluffiness and purring amiability, her piercing war cry in the night startles and exasperates us beyond all bearing—not by its loudness but by a certain vicious, weird, half-terrifying, half-infuriating note in it that makes us spring to arms with the bootjack, or other substitute for the boomerang, as the war-whoop of our tribal enemies did a century or centuries ago.

One of Mark Twain's wise old frontiersmen had caught this note when he explained to the tenderfoot that animal speech had rules of composition and grammar, just like human speech, and that "the reason a cat riles ye so ain't on account of the noise she makes, but on account of the sickenin' bad grammar she uses." And he was right, for the grammar of scalp-lifting and the whole alphabet of battle, murder and sudden death tingles and screams in the rasping cry. Nothing makes a man quite so furiously angry and ready to throw things as to find himself frightened without reason.



We all remember grotesque and ghastly stories, vividly related and eagerly swallowed, about cats killing babies by "sucking their breaths." The sole basis for the belief appears to be a few scattered instances of children having been found dead in bed with a cat in the room. Inasmuch as there are several rare conditions which may produce sudden death in young children, without previous warning, notably swellings of the thymus gland, and a cat is as much a part of the ordinary furniture of most houses as a chair, the relation between the death of a child and the presence of a cat is obviously no more than could be accounted for as a coincidence. Cats, like "Misther Casey," are "epicures in schlapin'" and very fond of soft, warm beds, and this may lead them to curl up in a baby's cradle. If the baby happens to be very young or weak, or the cat unusually heavy, and it should curl up on the baby's chest, the child's respiration might be seriously interfered with. But unless the cat lay right over its mouth and the baby was so feeble, or so swathed and bound down that it could neither cry out nor get its arms loose, it is almost inconceivable that any serious, let alone fatal, suffocation could occur.



An Odd Coincidence

The two great aversions, the Snake Dread and the Cat Dread, seldom seem to exist side by side in the same individual. They seem to be equivalents, one of the other; and where one is present, the other is absent or very much diminished in intensity. Not only so, but in one or two families of cat-haters which have come under my observation, one generation would have the Snake Dread in most vivid form, while the next would show little sign of the Snake Dread but a very high degree of Cat Dread. More curious yet, several individuals both of cat-dreading and of normal families show a similar antipathy to birds or feathers. This was so strikingly marked in one member of a cat-hating family that when, as a little girl, she was sent out to feed the chickens, she would climb up on a high board fence before beginning to call them or to scatter their food. Another member of a cat-dreading family had no special aversion to living birds, but could not bear the touch of plumes or feathers if her fingers came into contact with them unexpectedly in a drawer or box. In other instances, one member of the family would have the Snake Dread, another the Mouse Dread in high degree, and still another the Hen Dread. Why these three dreads should be related or connected in any way is a puzzle. The only conceivable connection between the Cat-Dread and the feather-dread is one of similarity of feeling between fur and feathers.

Digitized by Google

The Great Wish Syndicate

(Another Wall Street Fairy Story)

by John Kendrick Bangs

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING

THE farm had gone to ruin. On every side the pastures were filled with a rank growth of thistles and other thorn-bearing flora. The farm buildings had fallen into a condition of hopeless disrepair, and the old house, the ancestral home of the Wilbrahams, had become a place of appalling desolation. The roof had been patched and repatched for decades, and now fulfilled none of the ideals of its roofhood save that of antiquity. There was not, as far as the eye could see, a single whole pane of glass in any one of the many windows of the mansion, and there were not wanting those in the community who were willing to prophesy that in a stiff gale—such as used to be prevalent in that section of the world, and within the recollection of some of the old settlers too—the chimneys, once the pride of the county, would totter and fall, bringing the whole mansion down into chaos and ruin. In short, the one-time model farm of the Wilbrahams had become a by-word and a jest and, as some said, of no earthly use save for the particular purposes of the eccentric artist in search of picturesque subject matter for his studies in oil.



Subject matter for his studies in oil

It was a wild night, and within the ancient house sat the owner, Richard Wilbraham, his wife not far away, trying to find room upon her husband's last remaining pair of socks to darn them. Wilbraham gazed silently into the glowing embers on the hearth before them, the stillness of the evening broken only by the hissing of the logs on the andirons and an occasional sigh from one of the watchers.

Finally the woman spoke.

"When does the mortgage fall due, Richard?" she asked, moving uneasily in her chair.

"To-morrow," gulped the man, the word seeming to catch in his throat and choke him.

"And you—you are sure Colonel Digby will not renew it?" she queried.

"He even declines to discuss the matter," said Wilbraham. "He contents himself with shaking it in my face every time I approach his office, while he tells his office-boy to escort me to the door. I don't believe in signs, Ethelinda, but I do believe that that is an omen that if the money is not forthcoming at noon to-morrow, you and I will be roofless by this time to-morrow night."

The woman shuddered.

"But Richard," she protested, "you—you had put by the money to pay it long ago. What has become of it?"

"Gone, Ethelinda—gone in that ill-advised egg deal I tried to put through two years ago," sighed Wilbraham, as he buried his face in his hands to hide his grief and mortification. "I sold eggs short," he added. "You remember when that first batch of incubator hens began laying so prolifically—it seemed to me as though Fortune stared me in the face—nay, held out her hands to me and bade me welcome to a share in her vast estates. There was a great shortage of eggs in the market that year, and I went to New York and sold them by the dozens—hundreds of dozens—thousands of dozens—"

He rose up from his chair and paced the floor in an ecstasy of agitation. "I sold eggs by the million, Ethelinda," he went on, by a great effort regaining control of himself. "Eggs to be laid by hens whose great-great-great-grandmothers had yet to be hatched from eggs yet unlaid by unborn chickens."

Wilbraham's voice sank to a hoarse, guttural whisper.

"And the deliveries have bankrupted me," he muttered. "The price of eggs has risen steadily for the past eighteen months, and yesterday a hundred thousand of January, strictly fresh, that I had to buy in the open market in order to fill my contracts, cost me not only my last penny, but were in part paid for with a sixty-day note that I can not hope to meet. In other words, Ethelinda, we are ruined."

The woman made a brave struggle to be strong, but the strain was too much for her tired nerves and she broke down and wept bitterly.

"We have but four hens left," Wilbraham went on, speaking in a hollow voice. "At most, working them to their full capacity, in thirty days from now we shall have only ten dozen eggs added to our present store, and upon that date I have promised to deliver to the International Cold Storage Company one thousand dozen at twenty-two and a half cents a dozen. Even with the mortgage out of the way we should still be securely bound in the clutch of bankruptcy." A long silence ensued. The clock out in the hall ticked loudly, each clicking sound falling upon Wilbraham's ears like a sledge-hammer blow in a forge, welding link by link a chain of ruin that should forever bind him in the shackles of misery. Unbroken save by the banging now and then of a shutter in the howling wind without, the silence continued for nearly an hour, when the nerve-killing monotony of the ceaseless "tick-tock, tick-tock" of the clock was varied by a resounding hammering upon the door.

"It is very late," said the woman. "Who do you suppose can be calling at this hour—be careful when you open the door—it may be a highwayman."

"I should welcome a highwayman if he could help me to find anything in the house worth stealing," said Wilbraham, as he rose from his chair and started for the door. "Whoever it may be, it is a wild night, and despite our poverty we can still keep open house for the stranger on the moor."



Within the ancient house sat the owner, Richard Wilbraham

He hastened to the door and flung it wide.

"Who's there?" he cried, gazing out into the blackness of the storm.

A heavy gust of wind, icy cold, blew out his candle, and a great mass of sleet coming in with it fell with a dull sodden thud on the floor at his feet, and some of it cut his cheek.

"I am a wanderer," came a faint voice from without, "frozen and starved. In the name of humanity I beg you to take me in, lest I faint and perish."

"Come in, come in," cried Wilbraham. "Whoever you are, you are more than welcome to that which is left us; little enough in all conscience."

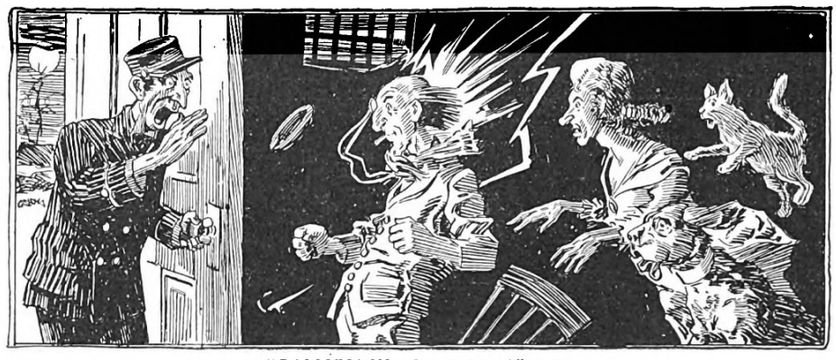
An aged man, bent and weary, staggered in through the door. Wilbraham sprang toward him and caught his fainting form in his strong arms. Tenderly he led him

Digitized by Google

to his own abandoned chair by the fireside, where he and his faithful wife chafed the old fellow's hands until warmth had returned to them.

"A cup of tea, my dear," said Wilbraham. "It will set him up."

"And a morsel to eat, I implore you," pleaded the stranger, in a weak, tremulous voice. "The merest trifle, good sir, even if it be only an egg!"



"BALLYHACK! Last station—All out!"

The woman grew rigid at the suggestion. "An egg? At this time when eggs are—" she began.

"There, there, Ethelinda," interrupted Wilbraham, gently. "We have two left in the ice-box—your breakfast and mine. Rather than see this good old man suffer longer, I will gladly go without mine. The fact is, eggs have sort of disagreed with me latterly anyhow, and—"

"It is as you say, Richard," said the woman meekly, as with a hopeless sigh she turned toward the kitchen, whence in a short time she returned, bearing a steaming creation of her own make; a lustrous, golden egg, poached, and lying invitingly upon the crisp bosom of a piece of toast. It was a sight of beauty and Wilbraham's mouth watered as he gazed hungrily upon it.

And then the unexpected happened. The aged stranger, instead of voraciously devouring the proffered meal, with a kindly glance upon his host, raised his withered hands aloft as though to pronounce a benediction upon him, and in a chanting tone droned forth the lines:

> Who eats this egg and toast delicious
> Receives the gift of three full wishes—
> Thus do the fairy folk reward
> The sacrifices of this board.

A low, rumbling peal of thunder and a blinding flash as of the lightning followed, and when the brilliant illumination of the latter had died away the stranger had vanished.

Wilbraham looked at his wife, dumb with amazement, and she, tottering backward into her chair, gazed back, her eyes distended with fear.

"Have I—have I been dreaming?" he gasped, recovering his speech in a moment. "Or have we really had a visitor?"

"I was going to ask you the same question, Richard," she replied. "It really was so very extraordinary, I can hardly believe—"

And then their eyes fell upon the steaming egg, still lying like a beautiful sunset on a background of toast upon the table.

"The egg!" she cried, hoarsely. "It must have been true."

"Will you eat it?" asked Wilbraham, politely extending the platter in her direction.

"Never!" she cried, shuddering. "I should not dare. It is too uncanny."

"Then I will," said Wilbraham. "If the old man spoke the truth—"

He swallowed the egg at a single gulp.

"Fine!" he murmured, in an ecstasy of gastronomic pleasure. "I wish there were two more just like it!"

No sooner had he spoken these words than two more poached eggs, even as he had wished, appeared upon the platter.

"Great Heavens, Ethelinda," he cried. "The wishes come true! I wish to goodness I knew who that old duffer was."

The words had scarcely fallen from his lips when a card fluttered down from the ceiling. Wilbraham sprang forward excitedly and caught it as it fell. It read:

> HENRY W. OBERON
>
> Secretary, The United States Fairy Co.,
>
> 3007 Wall St.

"Henry W. Oberon, United States Fairy Company, Wall Street, eh?" he muttered. "By Jove I wish I knew—"

"Stop!" cried his wife, seizing him by the arm, imploringly. "Do stop, Richard. You have used up two of your wishes already. Think what you need most before you waste the third."

"Wise Ethelinda," he murmured, patting her gently on the hand. "Very, very wise, and I will be careful. Let me see now. . . . . I wish I had . . . . . I wish I had . . . . ."

He paused for a long time, and then his face fairly beamed with a great light of joy.

"I wish I had three more wishes!" he cried.

Another crash of thunder shook the house to its very foundations, and a lightning flash turned the darkness of the interior of the dwelling into a vivid golden yellow that dazzled them, and then all went dusk again.

"Mercy!" shuddered the goodwife. "I hope that was an answer to your wish."

"It won't take long to find out," said Wilbraham. "I'll tackle a few more natural desires right here and now, and if they come true I'll know that that thunderbolt was a rush message from the United States Fairy Company telling me to draw on them at sight."

"Well, don't be extravagant," his wife cautioned him.

"I'll be as extravagant as I please," he retorted. "If my fourth wish works, Ethelinda, my address from this hour on will be Easy Street and Treasury Avenue. I wish first then that this old farm was in Ballyhack!"

"Ballyhack! Last station—All out!" cried a hoarse voice at the door.

Wilbraham rushed to the window and peered out into what had been the night, but had now become a picture of something worse. Great clouds of impenetrable smoke hung over the grim stretches of a dismal looking country in which there seemed to be nothing but charred remnants of ruined trees and blackened rocks, over which, in an endless line, a weary mass of struggling plodders, men and women, toiled onward through the grime of a hopeless environment.

"Great Scott!" he cried in dismay, as the squalid misery of the prospect smote upon his vision. "This is worse than Diggville. I wish to heaven we were back again."

"Diggville! Change cars for Easy Street and Fortune Square!" cried the hoarse voice at the door, and Wilbraham looking out through the window again was rejoiced to find himself back amid familiar scenes.

"They 're working all right," he said gleefully.

"Yes," said his wife. "They seem to be, and you seem to be speculating as usual upon a narrow margin. Again you have only one wish left, having squandered four out of the five already used."

"And why not, my dear?" smiled Wilbraham, amiably, "when my next wish is to be for six spandy new wishes straight from the factory?"

Mrs. Wilbraham's face cleared.

"Oh splendid!" she cried, joyously. "Wish it—wish it—do hurry before you forget."

"I do wish it—six more wishes on the half shell!" roared Wilbraham.



The wish brought about most astonishing results

As before came the thunder and the lightning.

"Thank you," said Wilbraham. "These fairies are mighty prompt correspondents. I am beginning to see my way out of our difficulties, Ethelinda," he proceeded, rubbing his hands together unctuously. "Instead of dreading to-morrow and the maturity of that beastly old mortgage, I wish to thunder it were here, and that the confounded thing were paid off."

The wish, expressed impulsively, brought about the most astonishing results. The hall clock began instantly to whirr and to wheeze, its hands whizzing about as though upon a well-oiled pivot. The sun shot up out of the eastern horizon as though fired from a cannon, and before the amazed couple could realize what was going on, the village clock struck the hour of noon, and they found themselves bowing old Colonel Digby, the mortgage holder, out of the house, while Wilbraham himself held in his right hand a complete satisfaction of that depressing document.

"Now," said Wilbraham, "I feel like celebrating. What would you say to a nice little luncheon, my dear. Something simple, but good—say some Russian caviare, Lynnhaven Bay oysters, real turtle soup, terrapin, canvas-back duck, alligator pear salad, and an orange *brulot* for two, eh?"

"It would be fine, Richard," replied the lady, her eyes flashing with joy, "but I don't know where we could get such a feast here. The Diggville markets are—"

"Markets?" cried Wilbraham, contemptuously. "What have we to do with markets from this time on? Markets are nothing to me. I merely wish that we had that repast right here and now, ready to—"

"Luncheon is served, sir," said a tall, majestic looking stranger, entering from the dining-room.

"Ah! Really?" said Wilbraham. "And who the dickens are you?"

Digitized by Google

"I am the head butler of the Fairies' Union assigned to your service, sir," replied the stranger, civilly, making a low bow to Mrs. Wilbraham.

There is no use of describing the meal. It was all there as foreshadowed in Wilbraham's gastronomically inspired menu, and having had nothing to eat since the night before, the fortunate couple did full justice to it.

"Before we go any further, Richard," said Mrs. Wilbraham, after the duck had been served, "do you happen to remember how many of your last six wishes are left?"

"No I don't," said Wilbraham.

"Then you had better order a few more lest by the end of this charming repast you forget," said the thoughtful woman.

"Good scheme, Ethelinda," said Wilbraham. "I'll put in a bid for a gross right away. There is no use in piking along in small orders when you can do a land office business without lifting your little finger."

"And don't you think too, dear," the woman continued, "that it would be well for us to open a set of books—a sort of General Wish Account—so that we shall not at any time by some unfortunate mistake overdraw our balance?"

"Ethelinda," cried Wilbraham, his face glowing with enthusiastic admiration, "you have, without any exception, the best business head that ever wore a pompadour!"

Thus it began. A cash-book was purchased and in its columns, like so many entries of mere dollars, Wilbraham entered his income in wishes, faithfully recording on the opposite page his expenditures in the same. The first entry of one gross was made that very night.

March 16, 19—, Sight Draft on U. S. Fairy Co. . . . 144

Before long others followed and were used to such an effect that at the end of the year, by a careful manipulation of his resources, carefully husbanding the possibilities of that original third wish, Wilbraham found that he had expressed and had had gratified over ten thousand wishes, all of such a nature that the one-time decrepit farm had now become one of the handsomest estates in the country. A chateau stood on the site of the old mansion. Where the barns had been in danger of falling of their own weight were now to be found rows of well-stocked cattle houses and dairies of splendor. The decaying stables had become garages of unusual magnificence, wherein cars of all horse-powers and models panted, eager to be chugging over the roads of Diggville which by a single wish expressed by Wilbraham had become wondrously paved boulevards. And in the chicken-yards that had taken the place of the discouraging coops of other days, thousands of hens laid their daily quota of prosperity for their owner in the plush-upholstered nests provided for their comfort by Wilbraham, the Egg King, for that was what he had now become. In all parts of the world his fame was heralded, and hosts of sight-seers came daily to see the wonderful acres of this lordly master of the world's egg supply. And best of all, there was still a balance of forty-three hundred and eighty-seven wishes to his credit!

The leading financiers of the world now began to take notice of this new figure in the realm of effort, for they soon found their most treasured and surest schemes going awry in a most unaccountable manner. No matter how much they tried to depress or to stimulate the market, some new and strange factor seemed to be at work bringing their calculations to naught, and when it became known to them that the mere expression of a wish on the part of Wilbraham would send stocks kiting into the air or crashing into the depths, no matter what they might do, they began to worry.

"To-morrow," said John W. Midas, as he talked to Wilbraham and his friends one evening at the club, "International Gold Brick Common will fall off thirty-seven points."

"Not so, Colonel," Wilbraham had retorted. "It will rise seventy points."

"Oh, it will, will it? How do you know that?" demanded Midas.

"Because I wish it," said Wilbraham.

And on the morrow, International Gold Brick, opening at 96⅝, lo and behold, closed at 166⅝, and the friends of Midas who had laughed at Wilbraham and sold short went to the wall. A half-dozen experiences of a similar nature showed the former rulers of the financial world that Wilbraham had how become a force to be reckoned with, and for their own protection, the more eminent among them called a meeting at the home of Mr. Andrew Rockernegie to consider the situation. There was too much power in the hands of one man, they thought, although that idea had never occurred to any of them before. The result of the meeting was that Colonel Midas was appointed a Committee of One to call upon Wilbraham and see what could be done.

"You may not be aware of it, Mr. Wilbraham," said the colonel, "but by your occasional intrusions into our lines of work you are making finance an inexact science. Now what will you take to keep your hands off the market altogether? Twenty millions?"

Wilbraham laughed.

"Really, Colonel Midas," he replied, "I had no idea that you ever did business on a corner-grocery basis like that. You ought to run a vacuum cleaner over your brow. I think there are cobwebs in your gray matter. Why, my dear sir, I can capitalize this gift of mine at a billion, and pay ten per cent. on every dollar of it every year, with a little melon to be cut up annually by the stockholders of one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. Why then should I sell out at twenty millions?"

"Oh, I suppose you can have the earth, if you want it," retorted Midas, ruefully. "But all the same—"

"No, I don't want the earth," said Wilbraham. "If I had wanted it I should have had it long ago. I'd only have to pay taxes on it, and it would be a nuisance looking after the property."

"On what basis will you sell out?" demanded Midas.

"Well, we might incorporate my gift," said Wilbraham. "What would you say to a United States Wish Syndicate, formed to produce and sell wishes to the public by the can—POTTED WISHES: ONE HUNDRED NON-CUMULATIVE WISHES FOR A DOLLAR. Eh?"

Midas paced the floor in his enthusiasm.

"Magnificent," he cried. "We'll underwrite the whole thing in my office; bonds, stock, both common and preferred, for say—ahem—how much did you say?"

"Oh, I guess I can pull along on a billion," said Wilbraham. "Cash."

Midas scratched his head. A glitter came into his eye.

"You wish to give up control of your gift?" he asked.

"You are a clever man, Colonel Midas," grinned Wilbraham. "If I had said 'yes' to that question I'd have lost my power. But I'm too old a bird to be caught that way. You go ahead and form your company, and sell your securities to the public at par, pay me my billion, and I'll transfer the business to you, C. O. D."

"Done!" said Midas, and he returned to his fellow Captains on the Street.

Wilbraham was felicitating himself upon a wondrously good stroke of business when another caller entered his room, this time unannounced.

"How do you do, Mr. Wilbraham," said the stranger, as he mysteriously materialized before Wilbraham's desk.

"How are you?" said Wilbraham. "Your face is familiar to me, but I can't just recall where I have met you."

"My name is Oberon, sir," said the stranger. "I am the secretary of the United States Fairy Company. There is a little trouble over your account, and I have called to see if we can't—"

Wilbraham's heart sank within him.

"It—it isn't overdrawn, is it?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"No, it isn't," said the secretary.

"By Jove," cried Wilbraham, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and springing to his feet, grasping Oberon by both hands. "Sit down, sit down. You have been a benefactor to me, sir."

"I am glad you realize that fact, Mr. Wilbraham," said the fairy, somewhat coldly. "It makes it easier for me to say what I have come here to say. We did not realize, Mr. Wilbraham," he went on, "when we awarded you the three original wishes that you would be clever enough to work the wish business up into an industry. If we had we should have made the wishes non-cumulative. We were perfectly willing to permit a reasonable overdraft also, but we didn't expect you to pyramid your holdings the way you have done until you have practically secured a corner in the market."

Wilbraham grinned broadly.

"I have been going some," he said.

[*Continued on page 770*]



Wilbraham paid before leaving the court-room

Digitized by Google

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA

The Professional Girl's Ideals

by Robert Haven Schauffler

Author of "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal," "To Happiness by Trolley," etc.

Illustrations by MAUD TOUSEY



THIS is the last of Mr. Schauffler's articles upon the attitude of America's young women toward the institution of marriage. As was the case with the previous articles, it is based upon the answers to questions propounded to a large number of young women in all parts of the country and in various economic conditions. We believe our readers will join us in the opinion that the series of articles which concludes with this number constitutes a most valuable study of an important phase of modern life.—*The Editors.*

THE sculptor, Miss Marian Morse, absent-mindedly flooded her statue with spray from a rubber bulb. And while it was drying a little she freed her mind.

"Yes," she said, "like most of the others, I entered my profession in a blind spurt of enthusiasm. Now here I am, just between youth and middle age, as disillusioned as a duck that 's hatched a chicken. All in a flash I discover that I 've been devoting every ounce of energy to the wrong sort of preparation for life. In other words, I 've discovered that nothing else really counts for a woman besides the great opportunity to become a wife and mother. The trouble with most professional girls is that, like me, they find this thing out too late. That accounts for the unhappiness of most of the older professional women. I shall never forget a sight I once had of Rosa Bonheur, who was at that time the greatest woman painter in Europe. I was allowed to peep through a chink at her, as she stood on the balcony of her villa in Fontainebleau Forest, looking toward the court-yard where men were exercising her horse models. She did not know that any one was watching her, and I have never seen such a look of utter tragic misery on any other human face as upon that poor old woman's. A friend of mine is one of the leading women artists of America and, though she has had almost everything possible in the way of international honors, she has missed the chief thing in life and is a very wretched woman. Men could hardly credit the things that women say to each other in confidence about these matters. The overwhelming weight of their opinion is that no amount of professional success or gratified ambition can atone for a woman's missing wifehood and motherhood."

Intellectual Women Are Not Popular With Men

The sculptor started up and began remodelling a swirling volute of drapery as she talked on. "But the woman's side is only half. There are lots of professional girls, friends of mine—charming, magnetic, beautiful, brilliant, womanly—who can't imagine why they are so unpopular with men. I know why. The men are jealous of ability in a woman. They hate her economic independence. They want the privilege of despising her. There 's an old saying that goes something like this: 'He is doubly a fool who does not marry a fool.' Well, that 's gospel to most of the men. Pleasant outlook for the nation, is n't it?" she went on, "when the ablest stock—provided it runs to women—pays the death penalty as the price of its ability?

"Would I give up my profession for the right kind of marriage?" Marian Morse turned and echoed the question thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose I would, though I 'm devoted to sculpture. But what chance has a girl who models all day in an attic studio of meeting her ideal man in her own tiny sphere? You must realize that the professional girls who use their own bodies as instruments—singers and actresses—have better marriage opportunities than the rest of us. And I believe that men resent least the practise of those professions that join on most neatly to the old idea of 'female accomplishments,' piano-playing and painting for instance, and art needlework. Lots of them shy at a good vigorous profession like mine."

The sculptor threw down a lump of clay with a decisive squ-ush and squared her shoulders. "As it is, I 'm often too tired for sociability when my work is done. And the few eligibles I do meet at friends' houses are chiefly fat old business men with double necks and sandstone souls."

The Requirements of this Professional Girl Are High

"Some way, I don't think I could ever marry any successful business man; for by the time a man in business can force himself down to the fearful, degenerating methods by which alone success can be won to-day, he has necessarily deadened his nature on its finer side. I believe that the future of this great republic rests with those few of us who can keep their windows 'open toward Jerusalem'; who can keep themselves uncalloused, unbrutalized, and are willing to get along with very little, provided only they can keep alight their ideals. If they give way, good gracious, what are we coming to?

"My own ideal of a husband? Oh, the intellectual type of professional man, kindly, with something of the eternal boy about him; that is, he must have a whimsical vein and be able to lend himself to all sorts of delicious make-believe and child's play. Then, he must have an understanding and love of the beautiful. For instance, I could n't bear to have him come away from the 'Pathetique' Symphony and remark, 'It was very good,' or, 'Rather crudely performed, don't you think?' That 's the sort of man who regards statues as so many bronze or marble dolls. Of course I know that ideals, like these of mine, narrow one's choice terribly. But then, I believe we professional girls more seldom choose wrong when we *do* choose.

"Well, to continue, he must have a sturdy character and a clean bill of health. I demand of my husband the same purity that he expects from me. The great trouble with marriage to-day is that it is regarded so flippantly. Women should have higher standards for men's morals. The attitude of the average woman toward the question of masculine wild oats is simply deplorable, and it's largely responsible for present conditions, too. But I 'm forgetting my catalogue. In the next place he must be of good family—I don't mean socially, but eugenically. I think the subject of heredity should loom up as about the largest thing on the horizon of any woman who wants to be a mother."

A Man Who Is Young in Spirit

"Age? Why, he must n't be much older than I am, but I don't care how much younger he is. Oh, don't take me so literally! I don't mean in *years*. Actual years do not count. Many men are as old as they 're ever going to be when they get to be thirty, and some are just the dearest bratlings at sixty. But the typical business man—" Here the sculptor made a wry face—"lots of them begin to ossify in their twenties.

"As for his education, I prefer a self-made man, provided he 's of the high-minded, cultivated type. What they call 'the higher education' sometimes spoils a man. Last of all, this man of mine must have an infinite capacity for comradeship."

The question of love came up and Marian Morse modelled for a long time rapidly, silently, with frequent turns of the revolving stand.

"Of course," she said, finally, "I 'd have to love him. Think of the misery, to say nothing of the criminality, of bearing children to a man you did n't love! As for children, I long for them above everything else in the world; lots of 'em. Do you know, I can't imagine a great spirit wanting to come into the world, and having some puny little human consideration of economy or inconvenience step in and bar the way, and say: 'No, you can't come.' Why just think, he might be a George Washington or a Shakespeare!

"I consider wifehood and motherhood the most serious, momentous and glorious of all the professions, and the fact that I may miss the possibility of it, is a thing that is beginning to overshadow my whole

Digitized by Google

life. If I entered that profession, I would expect to be on the job all the time. No vicarious motherhood for me!

"Rather conservative views, you think, for a believer in woman's suffrage? You forget that I'm a rather conservative believer. I think that since woman has been forced into the marketplace to compete economically with man, she should, in common decency, have the vote. If they will send women out in the rain, they must give them rubbers."

Work Does Not Hurt a Girl's Social Position

How far are the views of this young sculptor representative of the views of professional girls in general? Completely representative they certainly are not. For Marian Morse would not be the real person she is if she did not differ radically on certain points from the "average" professional girl; a personage, by the way, "that never was on land or sea." These points of difference will be developed in what follows.

First of all, what are we to understand when we speak of the professional girl? This part of the investigation has been arbitrarily limited to girls who have deliberately undergone an elaborate special preparation in order to become doctors, lawyers, college professors, editors, advertisers, artists, etc. She must be marriageable and not more than thirty-five years old. Compared with the factory girl's age-limit of twenty-five this may seem a strange disparity. But to those familiar with both classes, it is clear that, spiritually, if not physically, the professional girl at thirty-five is as young as factory girls ten years her junior.



The middle-aged man who is concerned only with business detail does not interest her

The studies for this article were much easier to make than for any of the preceding ones, because professional girls, as distinguished from factory, business or society girls or college undergraduates, proved more sympathetic, were more deeply interested in the sociological aims of the series, knew their own ideals better, and were able to give them more complete expression.

Only one-seventh of the girls feel that their work has in any way lowered their social position. Curiously enough, a large proportion of these are painters, and they are inclined to express themselves very much like the Illinois artist, who states: "Work has lowered my caste with the idle, well-to-do people among whom I was bred and who disgust me, and raised it with people of ability who attract and satisfy me."

The overwhelming majority feel that work has failed to lower their caste, and half of them feel that it has helped their social position. "My literary success," declares a Western writer, "has won me admission to charmed circles I would never otherwise have known."

Professional Women Must Not Expect to be Popular with Men

But let no one rashly conclude from this that professional life is apt to win masculine approval for girls. In America to-day man has small voice in matters of caste. It is woman who wields, practically alone, the potent forces of social favor and disfavor, and when one turns to consider the attitude of men toward professional life for girls, the contrast is so abrupt that one can not help wondering whether a triumphant instinct of sex-rivalry, gratified and relenting, has not done something to mould the society woman's benignant attitude toward the professional girl.

For only one-half of these girls believe that men look with sympathetic eyes upon their vocations, while the other half declare that men regard their professions with eyes of jealousy, suspicion or frank amusement.

Lawyers particularly are apt to regard their learned opponents in petticoats with an indifference bordering on aversion. A New York girl says of them: "Most women lawyers are taken as a joke. That is the greatest handicap we have to overcome. As soon as a woman attorney walks into a court she is greeted by the sinister smile of the judge and her fellow attorneys."

A Kentucky professor admits: "Many of the gentlemen I know seem to be afraid that I am very learned. They suggest that they will study the dictionary a bit before calling on me. Some of them think that a woman would not be attracted to professional life unless she were indifferent to men and to domestic life." "If a professional woman attracts a man," says a Far-Western lawyer, "it is in spite of, and not because of mental gifts."

A Texas artist finds one cause of man's jealousy in his realization that "a man has to treat a wife with more consideration if he knows she can leave him at any time and earn her own living." But there is for her this compensation: "A girl who can and does earn a good salary is apt to make a wiser marriage choice and to be happier than a girl who is dependent."

Perhaps the reader has recalled the words of Marian Morse on this subject, and has wondered whether her theory of "female accomplishments" has been justified by the investigation. Let us consider the following table:

ATTITUDE OF MEN TOWARD FEMININE PROFESSIONS	
Men regard sympathetically the following professions, which are given in the order of their popularity:	
1. Painting.	7. Social work.
2. Trained nursing.	8. Advertising.
3. Music.	9. Librarianship.
4. Sculpture	10. Editorial work.
5. Medicine.	11. Professorial work.
6. Literature.	12. Law.

From this showing it appears that more painter-girls found men sympathetic toward their profession than any others; an eloquent coincidence, surely, when one remembers that these very painters confessed themselves less popular with women than any other class! Reckoning the ratios, one finds that three-fifths of all the popularity is carried off by the fine arts and trained nursing; while the learned professions and librarianship come in for the least masculine approval. This unpopularity is the price that women to-day are paying for liberty. "The pioneers are penalized, their successors rewarded," as Lucy M. Saunders has well said: "They must pay the piper that their successors may dance!"

A French proverb intimates that "a deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple." Perhaps, the men, with wise prevision, feel the advantages of wifely blindness, while uncomfortably aware of how the learned professions are sharpening girlish eyesight.

That professional life *does* help the vision is a proposition which the girls themselves would be the last to deny. In the course of the investigation they were each asked: "How far has professional life changed your attitude toward marriage and the future?" Now just how far the "professional" part is responsible for what follows, and how far the "life" part, pure and simple, is responsible, must remain an open question. But only one-seventh of the girls felt that their work had left their attitude quite unchanged.

To more than a quarter of them it had made marriage seem less important. "I've tasted the sweets of independence," said a Western trained nurse, "and would not give them up too readily. I've also heard skeletons rattling in many a closet, and that has made me wary." A Southwesterner found that three years of professional life absolutely



The professional girl prefers the man who is self-made, and big in stature and outlook on life

Digitized by Google

changes a girl's point of view. "You just let a girl find out that she can do a thing well; that for good work she is going to be paid well; that she can not only live herself but help others to live; then there is but one thing that will induce her to marry and that is—love. I tell you we are discovering the men and it 's mighty interesting. Most girls are brought up for the trade of marriage and as soon as they discover that they, the girls, have a commercial value, they look at men very differently. It is no longer necessary to please them."

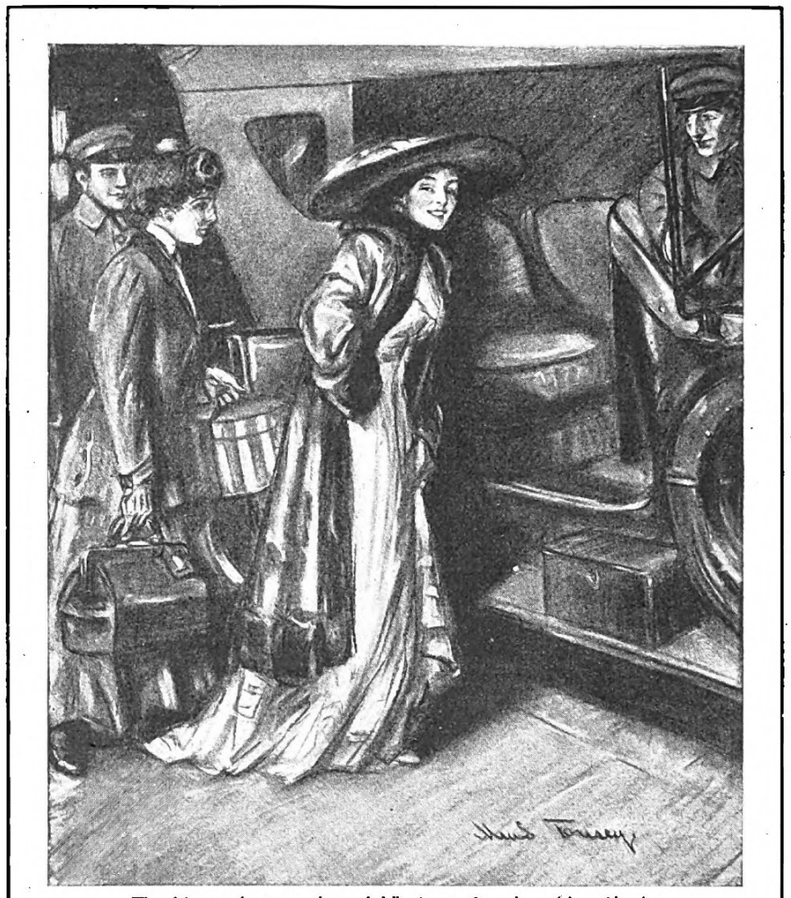
The following is from a good-looking and successful Southern advertiser of twenty-six: "As a young girl I used to make an effort to entertain any tiresome young man who happened along because it was thought right and proper for a girl to have a 'beau.' Now I make no effort to entertain a man unless he interests me. The old idea, of course, was for a girl to try to like the man who liked her, regarding him as a possible husband. Now I can earn a good living and need not be governed by expediency."

In the next place, almost one-quarter of the girls have become more discriminating about men since entering their professions. One of the investigators wrote of a Louisiana vocalist:

"When she first began to sing in public she wanted attention from society men only. She spoke with great contempt of slow-coaches and was often rude to men if she thought them not in the swim. When they took her out to dinner or supper, she would ask for champagne, and judged a man by the wine he ordered. Now she hates men who drink too much and often refuses to let them order even a glass of sherry. She says she likes those who are steady and who do things. Her ideas as to what are the important things in life have changed absolutely."

"Once I would have been won," confesses a Northwestern painter, "by the romantic fact of being loved. Now I 'd consider his actual qualifications as a lifelong companion."

Professional life has broadened the girls. It has made them more charitable toward human frailty. An Alabama journalist has become more tolerant of man's failure to come up to a romantic ideal. "Working side by side with men," she says, "makes one realize their struggles and difficulties, and a girl learns to judge them as men judge them."



The giving-up of a twenty-thousand dollar income demands careful consideration

Romantic Love Is Not Enough

Professional life has emphasized for them the importance of hygienic marriages. It has led to more radical ideas of the institution. It has made girls decide to continue their callings after marriage. Next, it has raised their ideas of men. It has made marriage seem more important than ever. And, finally, it has developed in some of the girls luxurious habits. An opera star who makes $20,000 a year declares that "the taste of success, while it has taught me that success does not satisfy, has developed my liking for the comforts of life. I 'd think many times before deciding to forego them."

From all this it is evident that professional life tends to make marriage in itself a less important consideration to a girl, and the *quality* of the marriage a more important consideration. But we should not therefore leap to the rash conclusion that professional life tends to persuade girls away from marriage. For they are not willingly following old Saint Jerome's advice to "cut down with the ax of virginity the wood of marriage."

If it came to choosing between their work and marriage, seven-tenths of the girls in this investigation would actually give up the work. Most of those who refuse are artists, and they consider that any man would be unreasonable and unregenerate who insisted on the incompatibility of art and marriage.

So it is plain that even the refusal to relinquish a career for marriage does not necessarily imply that the girl in question is not eager to marry under favorable conditions. As a matter of fact, it was found that almost every girl in this investigation hoped to marry some day. And this result is confirmed by many who are in close touch with the professional girl to-day. Not long ago one of the leading woman lawyers and suffragists of New York told me her conviction that "there is not one unmarried professional girl alive who would not rather be in her own home."

To ask a girl whether she would be willing to give up her profession after marriage is quite a different thing from asking her whether she would like to. On this question the girls are almost evenly divided: those who would like to give up their work being in a slight minority.

Of those who would prefer to keep on with it, there is one group that "could hardly exist without it" and another group feels that "earning one 's living spoils a woman for begging for money." The largest class, however, would like to continue their work after marriage without pay, like the professor of physical culture, who would prefer, after marriage, to teach sex hygiene in the night schools of a great city, and the doctor who proposes to take charity cases from the overburdened shoulders of other doctors.

It is something more than a coincidence that fifty-two per cent. would prefer to continue their work after marriage, and that fifty-five per cent., or practically the same number, favor the Woman's Emancipation movement.

The professional girl, in considering marriage possibilities, is most interested in the man with professional talent who is intellectual, ambitious, of strong character, energetic, yet kindly, and with something of the eternal boy about him. "A man who would stand up for his rights with some spirit and imagination." Many add to some of the above qualifications that he be cultured, with artistic tastes and appreciations and wistfully desire a sense of humor. There is a distinct group of professional girls who emphatically cross the business man off their lists. One says: "I could n't stand him! He is generally brutalized by the business struggle;" another prays: "God save me from a practical business man!" Still others expressly stipulate that he possess no artistic temperament, for, as one girl says, "I enjoy the society of artistic men just as I enjoy a trip to Florida, but I would n't want to live in Florida." Now and then one finds among the professional class a woman who desires the less sturdy type—a "Septimus." "The other day I referred to the siege of Troy and the man I was talking to said: 'Troy, what on earth is that?' And I had the rapture of explaining to him something he did n't know. That 's the sort of man for me!"

She Is In No Uncertainty About Necessary Amount of Income

But there are certain subjects on which the ideas of the girls are rather more definite and harmonious. Six-sevenths of them, for example, have exact ideas as to what the minimum size of their future husband's income should be. The average professional girl fixes this amount at about three thousand a year. She spends about four hundred dollars annually on clothes. This is thirteen per cent. of what she expects as her future husband's income, and is a happy medium between the business girl's corresponding ratio of ten per cent. and the college girl's sixteen per cent.

The professional girl's stipulations about income, however, are not ironclad. Almost three-fifths would be willing to marry a struggler and work by his side for a time, if convinced that he had ability. Only one-eighth would definitely refuse a struggler. The small remainder would prefer to wait till he had "arrived."

The question of his appearance does not loom up as one of particular importance. Few insist on good looks. Many are afraid of the conceit of handsome men and their "flirtatiousness." This fact, taken with the consensus of feeling in all classes except the business girl's, strongly negatives Anna A. Rogers's assertion in the *Atlantic* that the average American maiden "demands a god physically" as a *sine qua non*. A number of the professional girls, however, are strenuously opposed to "the man with the stomach." Many emphasize cleanliness. "I do not care about looks as long as he looks well tubbed."

In the matter of education, only two-fifths stipulate that he be a

Digitized by Google

college man; while more than a quarter are quite indifferent to the form of his education, provided only that he has somehow secured its substance. Our plutocratic operatic star insists only that he have "finely developed appreciations." A well-known author would be satisfied with "any type that had the broadest interests, the keenest zest for life's loveliness, the tenderest sympathy for its pain."

A full third however—and this is most significant—insist that he be a self-made man, "because," as a New York lawyer remarked, "he knows what it is to struggle and can meet emergencies with greater strength than the college graduate." According to a very successful, creative young woman of affairs in the East: "A self-made man always has an intellect of his own, while hard thinking comes hard to a college man." An Arkansas sculptor declares: "He has created his career and his personality, and naturally sympathizes with the creative work of the artist."

To the great majority of the girls a capacity for comradeship is a supreme qualification in a man. To be "good pals" is the ideal of a Middle-Western journalist. A Northern artist distinguishes between comradeship of tastes and comradeship of character, which latter she thinks is the great essential of married happiness. "Difference in tastes, to a degree, may make excellently for the growth of both parties; but there should be a plane of equality in character."

The Subject of Health, Both Physical and Moral

According to a musician from Mississippi, "if husband and wife are real comrades, they should have as much to talk about when they have been married thirty years as they did at first; his jokes should still seem funny to her and her opinions wise to him. The one essential thing in a happy marriage is for each to give up one-half of him or herself, their individualities and wishes, and do it cheerfully."

Finally, there is the Chicago librarian with a desire for "a man who, in the phrase of Stevenson's fable, 'has heard the same bird sing that I have heard.'"

A very successful Southern lawyer voices as follows the opinion of a large number of girls on the question of moral health. Is she right?

"Until people cease marrying for homes and for social and financial considerations there will be as much immorality—union without noble love—in marriage, as outside of it. Women will earn more money and will become more capable of using money wisely, and this will lessen the immorality in the world. As women become more independent financially, more capable mentally, they will demand more purity in men. Business and professional earnings and mental occupation, both before and after marriage, will protect women from temptations, and when women of every class set a higher standard of morality, men will measure up to it."

This opinion is borne out by the present investigation. With the possible exception of the South, where the various influences that, consciously or unconsciously, make for woman's emancipation have as yet been least felt, and where woman is more passive than elsewhere—with this possible exception, American professional girls everywhere are developing a strong sentiment against masculine "wild oats," as well as against the too frequent consequences thereof. A Far-Western artist had always considered "wild oats" as "things which every man sows in youth and the best men leave safely behind." But now she is "beginning to hear things about the man who reaps the whirlwind," and is appalled. A surgical nurse in Indiana has "seen too much of the effect of wild oats, and especially of the ways women and little children 'pay up' for them." An Eastern decorator demands "a clean bill of health and the same purity from him that he expects from me." This last statement is typical of the professional girl's attitude. A Missouri dentist says: "The man who is having an aftermath from sowing wild oats often shows in the dentist's chair how completely his manhood is undermined. He is nervous and timid and his word is not to be depended upon."

A successful Middle-Western doctor, a specialist in social hygiene, has lost nearly all of her desire for marriage through a knowledge of men's immoralities. "I would not marry a man who dallied with vice, so my chances of finding a husband are few. If I did marry I would demand a clean bill of health *given by an examining physician of my own choosing, for, to-day, many prominent doctors are giving spurious certificates of health to diseased men.*" And an Eastern advertiser quoted Marion Harland's strong words: "I often wonder what a good, pure woman promises herself when she proposes to entwine her clean life with one that is scarred, seamed and blackened."

The professional class, however, is as yet the only one to have developed such a strong feeling for the single moral standard. It is the only class which can justify for America the hopeful words of a writer in the *Westminster Review* fifteen years ago, who declared that "Feminine laxity concerning masculine morality may be considered as a fault on the wane."

All in all, the professional girl—to paraphrase a Gaelic proverb—is inclined to choose her husband as she would wish her children to be. She strongly holds the truth that Yves Delage, in his continental fashion, has so well put; that "the opprobrium of *mesalliance* should fall, not on the union of the noble with the plebeian, nor of the rich with the poor, but on the mating of physical, intellectual and moral qualities with the defects of these."

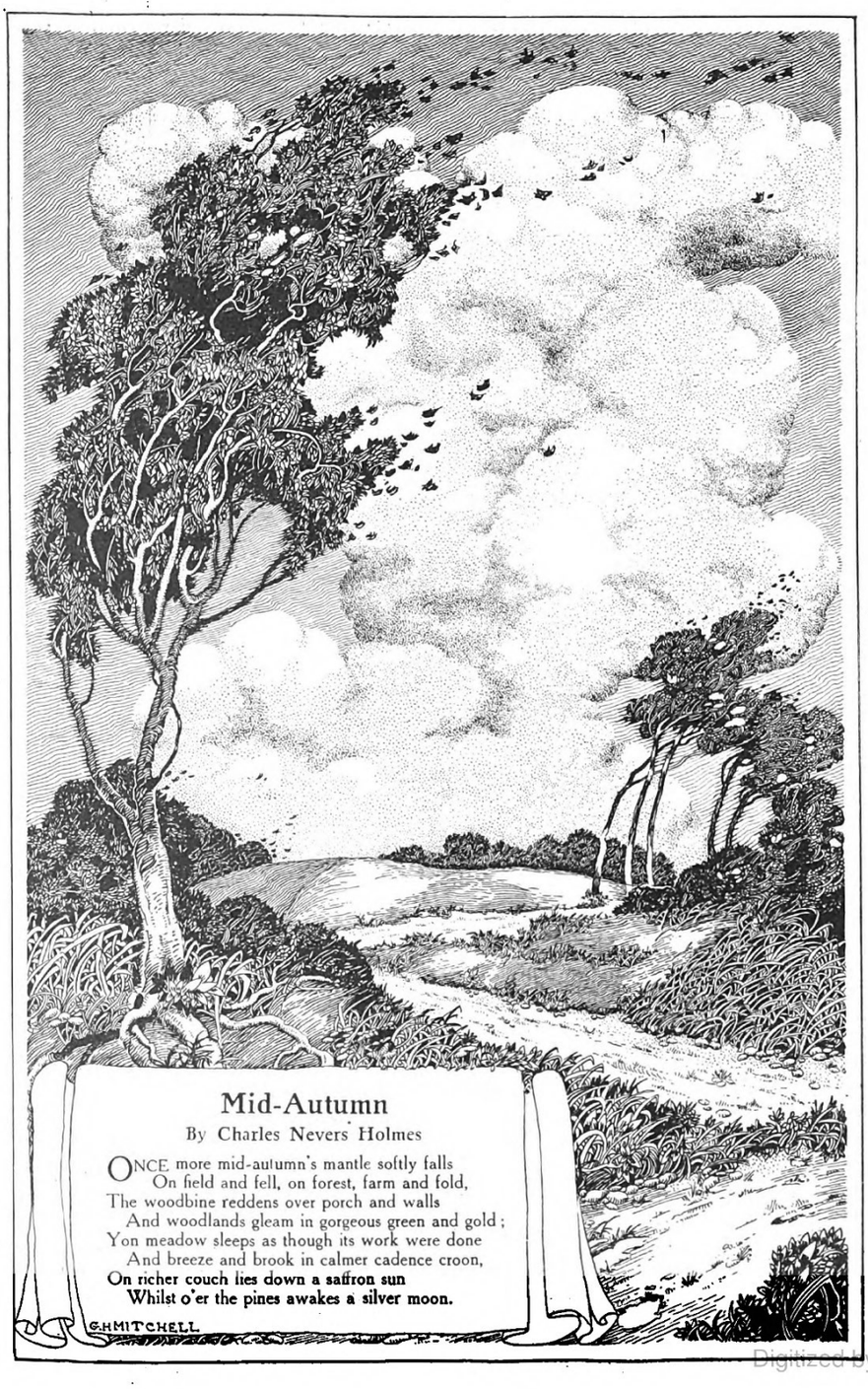
On the question of love or materialism the professional girl feels practically as the college girl feels. It is a remarkable thing to find that no two corresponding groups of the two classes in question differ by more than one per cent., although a good proportion of these professional girls have never been to college. To those already familiar with the high quality of collegiate ideals this correspondence will be the equivalent of a eulogy.

The typical, average attitude of the professional girl on this subject is that of the Chicago sculptor who hopes that her heart will "be deeply involved, but that it will not run away with all reason. I despise women who marry without love. They are as low as women who love without marrying."

Only one-sixth of the girls would prefer marrying without love to remaining single. One-eleventh "fear to face the dilemma at all." But a full three-quarters have had the courage to decide this terrific question in the negative.

On the question of motherhood, the parallel

[*Continued on page 779*]



Digitized by Google

Success and Happiness are for You

by Orison Swett Marden

NO man has a right, unless he can not help himself, to remain where he will be constantly subjected to the cramping, ambition-blighting influences and the great temptations of poverty. His self-respect demands that he should get out of it. It is his duty to put himself in a position of dignity and independence, where he will not be liable, at any moment, to be a burden to his friends in case of sickness or other emergencies, or where those depending on him may suffer.

There are plenty of evidences in man's construction and environment that he was made for infinitely grander and more superb things than even the most fortunate of men now possess and enjoy. There is plenty of evidence that we should *all* be happier than the happiest of us is now. Want, lack and unhappiness do not fit man's divine nature. The trouble with us is that we do not have half faith enough in the good things that were intended for us. We do not dare to fling out our whole soul's desire, to follow the leading of our divine hunger, and ask without stint for the abundance that is our birthright. We ask for little things, and we expect little things, pinching our desires and limiting our supply. Not daring to ask to the full of our soul's desire, we do not open our minds sufficiently to allow an abundant inflow of good things. Our mentality is so restricted, our self-expression so repressed, that we think in terms of stinginess and limitation. We do not desire with that abundant faith which trusts implicitly and which receives accordingly.

We are not dealing with a Creator who is impoverished by granting our requests. It is His nature to give, to flood us with our hearts' desires. He does not have less because we ask much. The candle loses nothing of its light by lighting other candles. The rose does not ask the sun for only a tiny bit of its light and heat, for it is the sun's nature to throw it out to everything which will absorb it and drink it in.

One of the great secrets of life is to learn how to transfer the full current of possible divine force to ourselves and how to use this force effectively. If man can find this law of divine transference, he will multiply his efficiency a millionfold, because he will then be a cooperator with divinity on a scale of which he has never before dreamed.

When we recognize that everything comes from the great Infinite supply and that it flows to us freely, when we get into perfect tune with the Infinite, when the brute has been educated out of us, and the dross of dishonesty, selfishness, impurity burned out of us, we shall see God (good) without the scales which make us blind to good, for only the pure in heart *can* see God.

Do not be forever apologizing for your lack of this or of that. Every time you say that you have nothing fit to wear, that you never have things that other people have, that you never go anywhere or do things that other people do, you are simply etching the black picture deeper and deeper into your consciousness. As long as you recite these unfortunate details and dwell upon your disagreeable experiences, your mentality will not attract the thing you are after; will not bring that which will remedy your hard conditions.

The mental attitude, the mental picturing has to correspond with the reality we seek. The vision is comparable to the architect's plans which must precede the building.

Prosperity begins in the mind, and is impossible with a mental attitude which is hostile to it. We cannot attract opulence mentally by a poverty-stricken attitude which is driving away what we long for. *It is fatal to work for one thing and to expect something else.* No matter how much one may long for prosperity, a miserable, poverty-stricken mental attitude will close all the avenues to it. The weaving of the web must follow the pattern. Opulence and prosperity can not come in through poverty-thought and failure-thought channels. They must be created mentally first. We must think prosperity before we can come to it.

How many take it for granted that there are plenty of good things in this world for others, but not for them—the comforts, the luxuries, the fine houses, the good clothes, the opportunity for travel, leisure. They settle down into the conviction that these things do not belong to them; that they are in a different class from the fortunate ones.

But why are they in a different class? Simply because they think themselves into another class; because they think themselves into inferiority; because they place limits for themselves. They cut off abundance, make the law of supply inoperative by shutting their minds to it. They work for one thing but really expect something else. *And by what law can they expect to get what they believe they can not get? By what philosophy can they obtain the good things of the world when they are thoroughly convinced that these things are not for them?*

One of the greatest curses of the world is to believe in the necessity of poverty. Most people have a strong conviction that many must necessarily be poor; that they were made to be poor. But there was no poverty, no want, no lack, in the Creator's plan for man. There need not be a poor person on the planet. The earth is full of resources which we have scarcely yet touched. We have been poor in the very midst of abundance, simply because of our own blighting, limiting thought.

We are discovering that thoughts are things, that they are incorporated into the life and become part of the character, and that if we harbor the fear-thought, the lack-thought; if we are always afraid of poverty, of coming to want, this poverty-thought, fear-thought, incorporates itself in the very life texture and makes us the magnet to attract more poverty like itself.

It was not intended that we should have such a hard time getting a living; that we should just manage to squeeze along to get together a few comforts; to spend about all of our time making a living instead of making a life. The life *abundant*—full, free, beautiful—was intended for us.

If we were absolutely normal, our living-getting would be a mere incident to our life-making. The great ambition of the race would be man-making, man-building, instead of dollar-making as now; to develop a superb type of manhood; a beautiful, magnificent womanhood.

Resolve that you will turn your back on the poverty idea, that you will vigorously *expect* prosperity, that you will hold tenaciously the thought of abundance, the opulent ideal, which is befitting your nature; that you will try to live in the realization of plenty; to actually feel rich, opulent. This will help you to attain what you long for. There is a creative force in intense desire.

PROSPERITY begins in the mind and is impossible while the mental attitude is hostile to it. It is fatal to work for one thing and to expect something else, because everything must be created mentally first and is bound to follow its mental pattern.

No one can become prosperous while he really expects or half expects to remain poor. We tend to get what we expect, and to expect nothing is to get nothing.

When every step you take is on the road to failure, how can you hope to arrive at the success goal?

The fact is, we live in our own worlds; we are the creations of our own thought. Each builds his own world by his thought habit. He can surround himself with an environment of abundance, or of lack—of plenty or of want.

God's children were made, not to grovel, but to aspire; to look up, not down. They were not made to pinch along in poverty, but for larger, grander things. *Nothing is too good for the children of the Prince of Peace; nothing too beautiful for human beings; nothing too grand, too sublime for us to enjoy.* It is the poverty attitude, the narrowness of our thought that has limited us. If we had larger and grander conceptions of life, of our birthright; if, instead of whining, crawling, grumbling, sneaking or apologizing, we were to stand erect and claim our kingship, demand our rich inheritance, the inheritance which is an abundance of all that is good and beautiful and true, we should live infinitely grander, fuller, more complete lives.

Why should we not expect great, grand things. If we are made in God's image, we are gods ourselves and heirs of all that is His; all that is beautiful and opulent in the universe. The very holding of the mind open toward all the good things of the world and expecting them, appreciating them, will open up the sources of supply and have everything to do with our obtaining them.

There is something wrong, when multitudes of the sons and daughters of the King of kings, who have inherited all the good things of the universe, starve on the very shores of the stream of plenty, of opulence unspeakable, which flows past our very doors, carrying infinite supply.

Our circumstances in life, our financial condition, our poverty or our wealth, our friends or lack of them, our condition of harmony or discord, are all very largely the offspring of our thought. If our mental attitude has been one of want, if we have dwelt much upon lack, our environment will correspond. If our thinking has been open, generous and broad, if we have thought in terms of abundance, prosperity, and have made a corresponding effort to realize these conditions, our environment will tend to correspond. Everything we get in life comes through the gateway of our thought and must correspond with its quality. If that is pinched, narrow, stingy, mean, what flows to us will be like it.

If you are dissatisfied with your condition, if you feel that life has been hard and fate cruel, if you are a complainer of your lot, you will probably find that what you have managed to get together in your home, your business, and your condition of happiness or wretchedness, *are the legitimate offspring of your own thought, your own ideals, your own efforts.*

Right thinking will produce right living; clean thinking a clean life, and a prosperous, generous thought followed up by corresponding intelligent endeavor to make your thoughts and your ideals real will produce corresponding results.

If we learn to trust implicitly the Great Dispenser of All Good, the source of Infinite Supply, in the Power which brings seed time

[Continued on page 766]

Digitized by Google

Gloomy On The Gridiron

by Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

ACROSS the street from my hotel window lay the "campus" of the college, scantily stocked with two or three extremely new brick buildings, numerous plots of well-intentioned grass, and, here and there, scattered groups of rural youths but lately passed into a condition of speckled socks and educational hat-bands.

Most of my information had been had of the barber, who held forth on the ground floor of the "hotel block." The college was now entering on its second and most successful year. Its fame had spread throughout three counties, and it was possessed of a healthful moral atmosphere, probably bequeathed, along with its comfortable endowment, by the late Reverend Maker, under whose name the institution thus flourished. The instructors were likewise godly men.

It seemed highly possible that I should become bored with this place before fate and business cares allowed me to pass on my way. Thus I meditated, as I gazed with some pensiveness from my window.

At this juncture, I became aware of another head, gazing from another window—the one directly below me. There was a certain something about this head that lead me to withdraw my own, pass out from my door, down the stairs, and enter boldly the room beneath.

"What are *you* doing here?" I demanded, with a certain dashing gaiety which I have been at some pains to cultivate.

The Apostle—I had never known him by any other name—turned with considerable trepidation. When he fairly saw me, however, his expansive, open face and charitable brow were suffused with a kindly radiance. He waved his hand in a large sweep of welcome and goodwill.

"Howdy do?" he purred, ignoring my question. He seemed to be in a much happier state of mind than my last impression of him recalled, what time he and a certain massive coworker of his had been coming forward as heirs to an ill-starred estate in a New England fishing town. I remembered how grievously the fates had conspired against the pair on that occasion.

"What are *you* doing here?" I repeated my question.

"I—ah—am engaged in—original—ah—" he patted his white tie blandly—"ah—research."

"Who told you that?" I was afraid I had offended him, as he did not answer. After a moment of silence, he began a careful investigation of his pockets, bringing to light vast quantities of matches. I submitted, open-eyed, and parted with a valuable "city cigar," thereafter fixing him with a magnetic regard which I have also cultivated to an extent. He succumbed.

"You ain't changed a bit, have you? You always get it out of me some way. It's like this: I and Gloomy (the massive coworker mentioned above)—I and Gloomy's training the rural youth like the ancient intellectual Greeks that ran naked in the games, as the Sunday papers say every fall. Gloomy's on the Greek job and I'm running the intellectual game. Maybe this 'll bring some light." He produced a much-thumbed letter and handed it to me.

The missive turned out to be an offer to one Matthew Dogan of the position of coach to the football team of Maker College. The writer went on to state that the game was being introduced in that institution for the first time, and mentioned an attractive salary. I was still misty.

"Where did *you* get hold of this?" I asked.

"Where did *we* get a hold of it? Ain't the name plain enough? Maybe you never knew it, but them's certainly the first and last correct names of our mutual friend, Gloomy. I guess I know how it come about, too. It was all along of a husky gent down to the fair at Ponola, Kansas, where I and Gloomy was introducing our 'Lodestone Liniment.' This party come in for about four cases of the dope, which, he said, was useful in his business. He was kind of violent for a while after he found out what the stuff really was, but then he come around, peaceful to beat the band. Specially after I happened to mention Gloomy's rightful name. It seemed to put him in mind of something, and after that he could n't be good enough to us. He made out like Gloomy's a famous college lad, and went on a lot about this nice, quiet place up here where they had more money'n they knew what to do with. Then he lets out a Rah-Rah and goes away. Little later, comes this letter. That's the kind of spirit I like."

I had seen that kind of spirit at work before and I was not over enthusiastic. "I suppose our friend Gloomy is familiar with the game?" I remarked with studied irony.

"Never saw one, but heck!—" he brought his useful hand into requisition once more to brush aside a world of trivialities. Then, as though that had been sufficient, he proceeded: "I and Gloomy ain't going to let this little salary thing lie idle, either. Not on your life. You see, they only got one game up here this year, and that's with a backwoods bunch from Ioway. But there's dead certain to be one or more of them that's anxious to venture a little something in the name of dear old Ioway, and I and Gloomy 'll live happy ever after; amen."

"It just happens," I remarked, rather irrelevantly, "that there was an A 1 Western tackle last year by the name of Mat Dogan. I was just wondering whether this communication was intended for him." The Apostle pondered a moment.

"I ain't ever been in the habit of looking the gifts of Providence in the mouth—" he was beginning, when a clamor of boots on the stair outside brought a furtive shadow over his face. He retreated discreetly behind the bed and assumed an air of thoughtfulness.

"You might tell him how good he's looking," he suggested. "You know Gloomy is apt to be—ah—emotional under excitement. He's been out at practise all afternoon. Practise is hard on Gloomy."

I recognized the figure which now entered the room by two points of identification—the peculiar brilliance of the hair, and the surprising way in which the room shrank and became quite crowded with him. The garments, or rather ex-garments, were significant of his calling as football coach. His face had retired behind a redoubt of yellow earth, over which his eyes burned with a baleful gleam. He stood in the middle of the floor and regarded the gentleman behind the bed. That gentleman endeavored, by an extraordinarily careless wave of the hand, to shift the center of interest in my favor. In this he failed.

The mind of the Greek was obviously in a state of congestion and unable to clear itself through the channels of speech. Words always were difficult for Gloomy.

"I suppose you had 'em fall on you this afternoon, according to program?" The Apostle's voice was at once cheery and soothing. A series of ominous sounds began to escape from behind the yellow redoubt, and I judged that the program had been followed out.

Finding that lingual relief was impossible, the athlete turned and began to remove the remains of his "togs." This accomplished, he cast them out of the window.

"That's right," encouraged his genial confederate. "They ain't what they once was. We 'll get a new outfit to-morrow morning—"

At this point, a period was put to the dumbness of Gloomy. He raised up his voice and spoke. I will not attempt to transcribe his remarks verbatim, as they were somewhat lengthy and involved. They had to do, however, with a fervent appeal to the powers above that the speaker's imperishable soul might be permanently relegated to regions which he described in full, if he (the speaker) were to be found in the present locality after the succeeding dawn.



Regarded the gentleman behind the bed

Digitized by Google

"Yeah?" the Apostle ventured in mild ridicule, meanwhile crossing the bed like an overfed spider and taking up a position near the door; "you ain't content to play around and amuse yourself for a bunch of money, are you? Think of the people that have to *work* for a living, Gloomy."

The Greek rose painfully and glared at the speaker. Hurriedly, in the interests of peace, I dangled one of those "city cigars" in front of the staring eyes. Almost immediately they began to lose their preternatural gaze. Then a voice of warning croaked from the doorway.

"Remember, you're in training, Gloomy."

Here I retired, being naturally of a shrinking disposition where violence is concerned. The Apostle ushered me out with shaky optimism. "He always gets better after a little," he whispered.

It was somewhat later in the evening when I ventured once more into my friends' company. I found Gloomy in a precarious state of resignation. The Apostle was hard at work on tactics. He motioned me to a seat without interrupting the flow of his thoughts.

"Now the third play's like this," he went on. "You have this half-back party over here about twenty yards, and his pal sticks around in this locality. Then when the center guy throws the ball, this here gang lets out a holler and moves in circles. Put that down and learn it." Gloomy stared at the paper profoundly. "Wait—let's see?" The tactician examined the pages of a rule book. "Yeah—that looks constitutional, all right. Favors this picture some, don't it?" He held up a sporting-page cut. It was a good picture, but I was appalled to find that it represented a team lined up to receive a kick-off and had nothing to do with the subject in hand. He seemed satisfied however, and it was none of my affair. That night I dreamed of vast, tattered processions, moving over limitless space, bearing aloft a gigantic spheroid and chanting in solemn unison.

The weeks of early autumn slipped by. Each afternoon found the mauled and battered Gloomy nearer and nearer the brink of armed rebellion.

The first actual outbreak, however, occurred on the day when the "coach" was expected to address the students at chapel. On that morning, Gloomy awoke to find himself in the throes of a probably fatal illness. This unfortunate state precluded all thoughts of public speaking. He was as immovable as the key to the Mediterranean. He even went so far as to assert that he should probably be unfit for exercise in the open for days to come; perhaps months. The Apostle was tragic in his despair until, early in the afternoon, after a protracted session at the telephone, he announced that the devout president was about to call at the bed-side of his worthy colaborer. The soothing touch of impending sympathy worked immediate marvels with the wasted and fevered tissues of the invalid, and that afternoon at the "stadium" will long be remembered as a second Thermopylae.

After this crisis came a change for the better. It was as if a vague idea of what football was like had penetrated to the sensitive portion of his skull. A new light came into his eyes, infinitely more Grecian than the one of former days. His speech became, if not less profane, at least more dignified, as befitting one with a mission in life. A silver scarf-pin, representing a miniature football, and presented to him by the ladies of the school on the day of his arrival, appeared one day in his button-hole, and marked the final stage of his development.



"You take that, Gloomy; I'll walk"

Gloomy's increase of enthusiasm wrought fearful carnage among his followers. That the consequences of his zeal were in no case fatal was due to the natural hardihood of the race, rather than to any lack of application on his part. I often wished, as I watched the practise of an afternoon, that old Mr. Darwin might have been there to observe the "fittest" in the act of "surviving." The soul of an old college man within me groaned at the sight of the husky dozen that did survive, wasting their valuable energies in the most spectacularly hopeless series of maneuvers that a disordered imagination ever conceived. It was the slaughter, however, that alarmed the Apostle.

"Hi, you wild Hindoo," he remonstrated one day, "can't you see you ain't going to have anybody left for substitutes? Remember, we got to have a game. You've got a great head, you have."

His coworker looked down upon him from a great height and suggested that the Apostle kindly go to highly colored blazes? At this the Apostle demurred, substituting therefor the barber-shop.

He and the barber were great cronies by this time. The barber had been decided upon, some time before, as the logical agent through whom to wager the salary which was to be paid to Gloomy on the day before the game. To the surprise of the conspirators, however, it was the barber himself who first broached the subject. It happened that he had an acquaintance also seeking investment for certain moneys. Strangely enough, these moneys corresponded exactly with the salary of the coach at Maker College. Wonder of wonders, the friend of the barber wished (so said the barber) to back the team from "Ioway." This speech confirmed an awful suspicion that had been growing in my mind. The Apostle was preparing, unbeknown to Gloomy, to stake the latter's entire salary as coach on the impending conflict, *and to bet it upon the team from Iowa.*

The Apostle carried on the negotiations with the utmost secrecy and mystery. He informed us impressively that he wanted no one, not even the barber, to know that Gloomy was connected with the affair. I am afraid that I allowed a look of pity to show on my face, for the Apostle took me aside anxiously.

"You just wait," he said. "I ain't any fool. Don't you reckon I know what chance Gloomy has with them fellows? I'm over seven years old."

As the day of the first great game came on, the little city took on an air of expectant festivity. On the eve of the event, I sat with the two friends in their hotel room. From the campus across the street came a racket of college yells, for the most part "adapted" from older colleges. The Greek burned with an inward fire of exaltation. That day he had put the finishing touches on his stalwart phalanx and had received a notable roll of bank-notes which had immediately passed into the hands of his colleague. For reasons best known to the latter, he had not as yet transferred them to the barber. Although outwardly cheerful, it seemed to me that something weighed on his mind. He arose hastily as the barber entered the room.

"It's all right," began that worthy, oblivious to certain demonstrations on the part of the Apostle. "He says any old side is the same to—"

"H'm!" the Apostle broke in. "We might go down stairs and talk that over—me and you." He grasped the fortune-broker firmly by the elbow and moved out of the room. When he returned, his face had resumed its accustomed serenity. The deal was closed, he reported. Now he unfolded his plans for the morrow—and Gloomy. These were, in brief, that, to avoid all chance of trouble, the Greek should pack up his goods and gods in the early morning and leave for Kansas City, where he should await the news of the almost certain victory of his protégés. A little later he would be joined by his faithful mate with the bag of gold, and the two would buy government bonds or real-estate at their leisure.



"Did you win somethin', too?"

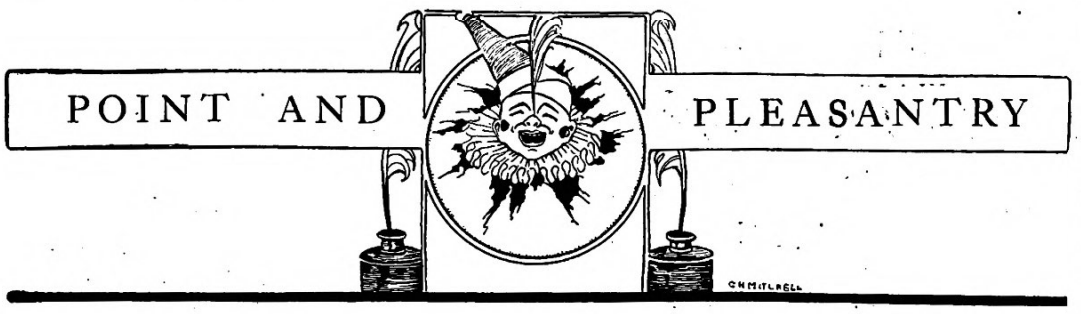
It was evident to me that the Apostle wished Gloomy far away when the time came for the division of the spoils.

"Let's see;" he fumbled through his pockets. "We only got enough for one fare. *You* take that, Gloomy. If anything *should* happen—well—*I'll* walk, Gloomy." There was a running tremor of conscious heroism under this that would have done credit to a third act of a one-night stand, but he tossed it off lightly, a little anxious perhaps lest his coworker's nobility of nature should not allow him to accept the sacrifice.

His fears were well grounded. The Greek neither moved nor

[Continued on page 762]

Digitized by Google



WE WANT NEW STORIES FOR THIS PAGE—crisp, amusing stories that have not been printed in other publications. If we judge a contribution to be good enough for our "Point and Pleasantry" column, we will pay ten cents a word for each story as published, reserving the right to change the wording as may seem necessary.

If we consider a contribution to be not quite up to the standard of this column, but still available for our pages, we will retain it for another department at our current rates.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

The Villain Still Pursued Her

CHANNING POLLOCK cites a certain melodrama, produced a few years ago on Fourteenth Street, as containing the busiest and most inconsistent villain ever created.

In the first act, he tied the beautiful heroine to a railroad track just as the limited was due. In the second, he lured her into an old house, locked her in an upper room and set the place on fire. In the third, he strapped her under a buzz saw and set the machinery in motion. In the fourth, he tore the planking out of Brooklyn bridge, so that her automobile plunged through to the raging flood below.

In the fifth act he started to make love to her. She shrank from him.

"Why do you fear me, Nellie?" he asked.—WILL IRWIN.

▲ ▲

Easy After That

"I SAY, old fellow," confided the bachelor to his friend. "I'm going to be married, and for the life of me I don't know what to call my wife's mother. 'Mother-in-law' is too big a mouthful, and 'mother' would be too ridiculous. Tell me, what did you do?"

"I almost forget. Oh, yes; I think I mostly called her 'Say,' the first year."

"Well, and after that?"

"Oh, after that it was easy—we both called her grandmamma."

▲ ▲

Standing Room Only

THE regular umpire was sick and a kind old gentleman from the country agreed to do the best he knew how. All went well until the fifth inning when, with the bases full, the pitcher got wabbly and put over four wide ones and the batter started to take his base. "What will we do with the young feller," asked the old man of the pitcher. "We ain't got no place to put him."—E. E. YOUNG.

▲ ▲

A Hurry Call

THE political boss of a small Western city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of an election.

"Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son, "git down in the fourth ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please!"

▲ ▲

How to Eat Waffles

THE Republican nominee for Governor of Ohio is very fond of waffles.

"I have a regular formula for eating waffles," said Mr. Harding to a friend, "and I recommend it to every one. You eat the first fourteen waffles without syrup, but with lots of butter. Then you put syrup on the next nine, and the last half dozen you eat just simply swimming in syrup. Eaten that way waffles never hurt anybody."—H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

▲ ▲

A Large Calibred President

PRESIDENT TAFT attended the recent aero meet, at which Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston made a trip with Grahame-White. After the flight, the plane was landed near the automobile occupied by the President, who congratulated Mr. Fitzgerald on his coolness and nerve, and asked:

"Are you not afraid to go up in such a flighty machine?"

"There is only one machine that I am at all afraid of," was the smiling reply of "Honey Fitz," "and that is the Republican machine."

The President, composing himself with an effort, inquired: "And could you see people on earth very plainly while you were away up in the air?"

"Well," replied "Honey Fitz," a droll twinkle in his eye, "I could see *you* without any difficulty."—R. M. WINANS.

No Trick at All for Him

JUST before the boat left on its return trip, a big, rosy German came straggling down the pier to the ticket gate.

"Ticket, please," said the keeper.

"I don't got a teckit—I'm der drummer mit der band," replied the German.

"But you must have a ticket."

"Vell, I hat one but I loose him."

"You must have it, I tell you," persisted the gatekeeper; "you could n't lose it."

"Vat!" shouted the bandman, "I could n't loose dat little teckit? Mein Gott! I haf loose my bass-drum!"

▲ ▲

A Dubious Treat

IN HONOR of the eventful day of graduation from a cooking-school, she got up a little spread.

"Yes, I've got the loveliest diploma!" cried the fair graduate. "It's on sheepskin parchment, with a big, gold seal. I cooked that dish you are eating. Now just guess what it is."

"Is it—er—" the young cynic paused impressively, "is it the diploma, Peggie?"

▲ ▲

The Rime of the Ancient Politish

IT WAS an Ancient Politish,
That grabbed me by the sleeve,
And told the gruesome tale to me
Without a by-your-leave.

Says he, "The ship were sailin' free,
'Twere back in Nineteen Nine,
We 'd scraped her bottom good and clean
Of barnacles and Bryan.

"An' she were reelin' off the knots
An' slidin' like a snake,
When this here Tariff Bill riz up
A bobbin' in her wake.

"An' day an' night it tagged along
Till all me mates was blue,
Fer fear 'at it would work 'em ill,
An' what wuz they t' do?

"Says I, 'Me merry mates, belay!'
An' then I up an' roared,
An' grabbed that bloomin' Tariff Bill
An' yanked it right aboard.

"Says they t' me, 'Y' elephant!
Y' want t' wreck the ship?
Leggo that bloomin' Tariff Bill!'
An' smote me on the hip.

"An' then they throws me on the deck,
Ez cruel ez kin be,
An' ties the Bill around me neck,
An' drops me in the sea!

"An' ever sense that orful day
I never finds no rest,
With that same bloomin' Tariff Bill
A' hangin' on me chest."

—CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.

▲ ▲

Hard on the Mare

TWICE, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time they demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "doan't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure Oi'm desavin th' crayture? Everry toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks wan o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort a' raises her sperrits."

The Lather's the Thing



JOHNSON'S
Shaving Cream Soap

THE MOST RATIONAL FORM OF SHAVING SOAP

It makes a quicker lather,
It makes a thicker lather,
And a more lasting lather
Than any other kind of Soap.
Softens the Toughest Beard,
Soothes the Tenderest Skin.

EVERY DRUGGIST SELLS IT.

150 Shaves, price 25c

A Twenty Shave Trial Tube Sent by Us for 2 Cents.

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 9-K New Brunswick, N. J.

"The Standard for 60 Years"

POND'S EXTRACT

The test of time has only served to strengthen confidence in the efficacy of Pond's Extract.

Soothing Refreshing and Healing

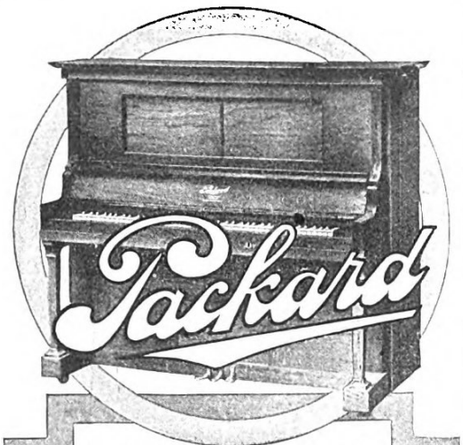
The Most Useful Household Remedy

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
NEW YORK



IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS. SEE PAGE 711

Digitized by Google



Style DD ready to play by hand

Let your soul soar!

PLAY your favorites as you *feel* them —untrammeled with technic, unchecked with mechanical devices. In other words, play that instrument of exquisitely beautiful tone and marvelously precise action, the Packard,

The Player-Piano for the Home

It is as responsive to your *pedaling* as when a master plays it by *hand*. You wield the baton as the spirit moves—pianissimo, forte, adagio, allegro—and it expresses what your soul demands.

You make the Packard tone *sing* in all its sweetness. You miss not a single note. You suffer no restraint from mechanical aids to expression. In short, you use your musical feeling with *this* player-piano. But remember, too, that for those who want an instrument to take care of expression as well as technic the Packard provides wonderfully ingenious aids to natural, artistic playing.

Try the Packard before you buy a piano or player-piano. Wherever you live you can do so without expense or obligation. Write today for full particulars, our new catalog showing the Packard styles in their natural colors and our easy payment plan. Ask for our new book, "The Complete Pianist."

The Packard Company
Dept. W. Ft. Wayne, Ind.



"I can make YOU a confident, convincing Public Speaker!"

at DINNERS and all SOCIAL GATHERINGS in POLITICS in BUSINESS *ANYWHERE*

When the toastmaster arises, looks over the expanse of tables, and says, "We have with us to-night"—how would you feel if he means *you*?

Grenville Kleiser's Personal Mail Course in Public Speaking takes only fifteen minutes of your time daily in your home or office. It makes men easy, forceful speakers on all occasions—it develops mental power and personality, and increases your earning capacity. The cost is *very* reasonable.

"I consider your Course as worth its weight in gold. I have spent some time and money with vocal teachers, but I regard your lessons as the most helpful, the most economical, of any I have ever taken."—*Arthur J. Whiddon*, Waterville, Wash. (Aug. 31, 1910.)

Write to-day for full particulars of Course

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 88 NEW YORK

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely free. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1611, Detroit, Mich.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



The Month in America

THE Old Guard did n't surrender, but when called upon to die it did its duty publicly and spectacularly. It is not impossible that the roll-call that proclaimed Theodore Roosevelt temporary chairman of the Republican State Convention, victorious over Vice-President Sherman, marked the end of the sinister domination of the Barnes-Woodruff group over New York politics. Sherman, who had been the choice of these near-statesmen for the chairmanship, was defeated by Roosevelt by a vote of five hundred and sixty-seven to four hundred and forty-three, whereupon the former President carried through a platform containing a direct nominations plank along the lines advocated by Governor Hughes, selected Henry L. Stimson as the party's candidate for Governor and appointed a new central committee with a Progressive majority.

Roosevelt Victorious

Although the platform endorses the Taft administration and the Payne tariff law, it is otherwise a Progressive pronouncement. The candidate for Governor, Henry L. Stimson, has a reputation for ability and progressiveness, as the result of his prosecution of the Sugar Trust in the customs fraud cases. The Roosevelt victory over the Old Guard, the direct nominations plank and the nomination of Stimson, combined with developments in the Democratic convention, make the Republican situation in New York appear more hopeful than it has in some months.

THE Democratic convention at Rochester opened in deep confusion, caused by the refusal of Mayor Gaynor to accept the nomination for Governor. It is evident that Gaynor's action resulted from the victory of the Roosevelt forces in the Republican convention, combined with hostile demonstrations on the part of William Randolph Hearst. Charles F. Murphy, after considerable casting about, settled upon John A. Dix as Democratic standard bearer. Candidate Dix is believed to be honest and able, though he has yet to demonstrate whether he is in step with the Progressive movements of the day. His campaign will be made chiefly upon the anti-tariff issue, and if he wins it will be because of the popular condemnation of the Payne-Aldrich measure.

Democrats Name Dix

WHILE the present New York situation does not justify expressions of wild enthusiasm, recent developments there represent a real gain to the people. The demand for direct nominations in some form is incorporated in both platforms; it will be impossible for the bi-partisan New York machine any longer to refuse legislation along the line that so many of our States have followed so successfully. Direct nominations do not represent the sum total of all progress, but they are an entering wedge which will eventually bring down the boss system. The bitterness with which the Old Guard opposed this measure should be proof of its importance. The result in New York is significant, not only because of the importance of the State's influence at Washington, but because it was one of the last great citadels to fall. The need of the reform in New York is illustrated by the fact that both the recent conventions were boss-ridden and that the people have to-day no opportunity to say who shall represent them in the Senate as successor to Chauncey M. Depew, no matter which party is victorious.

The Twilight of the Bosses

WHILE the despised Insurgents of a few months ago are being renominated or promoted to the Senate, the men who made up the cabinet of Cannon are receiving a startling proportion of invitations to private life. The stalwart Lacey of Iowa, chairman of the Public Lands Committee, was dropped out four years ago. Two years ago that peculiarly devout Bourbon, Jenkins of Wisconsin, fell from his chairmanship of the great Judiciary Committee, defeated for renomination. This year we have seen John Dalzell, boss of the Rules Committee, renominated by injunction. Hull of Iowa, longtime chairman of the Military Committee, was overwhelmingly defeated, and Smith of Iowa, a Cannon lieutenant in both the Rules and Appropriations Committees, had a hair-breadth escape. Scott of Kansas, chairman of Agriculture, was wiped out when the new broom swept across the Sunflower State, and Tawney of Minnesota, chairman of the puissant Appropriations Committee, went down to defeat in his district primary by two thousand majority. Henry Sherman Boutell of Chicago, one of the Speaker's most trusted lieutenants, was beaten for renomination, and McKinlay of California, another of the same clan, lost his home district while he was himself doing stand-pat spell-binding stunts in other States. George E. Foss of Illinois, chairman of the Naval Committee, just escaped with his life. Stafford of Wisconsin did n't get away. Other names could be mentioned. The Ancient and Honorable Society of Lame Ducks will be a peculiarly distinguished organization this coming winter.

Carnage Among the Cannonites

WASHINGTON and Wisconsin ran a close race for the banner of insurgency. Congressman Miles Poindexter, extreme Insurgent, running for the nomination for Senator to succeed Senator Piles, carried every county in Washington and had such a majority that there was report that the duodecimal system of numeration might be adopted, instead of the decimal, in order to provide figures enough to express it adequately. Along with him, the Republicans nominated two Insurgents to succeed Regulars in the House.

Two Insurgent Triumphs

If Senator La Follette had n't been a sick man and unable to take any active part in his own campaign for renomination in Wisconsin, there is no telling what might have happened. As it was, the Senator swept the State, getting a big majority over the combined vote of the Democrats and the stalwart Republicans. For a time there were serious doubts as to whether the Democrats had polled the twenty per cent. of the total vote which in Wisconsin is necessary to secure a place on the ballot for a party ticket. The La Follette sweep was so strong that there is no question about nearly all the Republicans in the next Legislature being La Follette Republicans, and practically no question that La Follette will have an overwhelming majority both in the Republican caucus and in the Legislature.

IN a letter addressed by Charles D. Norton, Secretary to the President, to an Iowa Insurgent Republican, it is announced that the administration will no longer withhold from any Republican members of Congress the privilege of controlling patronage distribution concerning their constituencies.

Opening the Pie Case

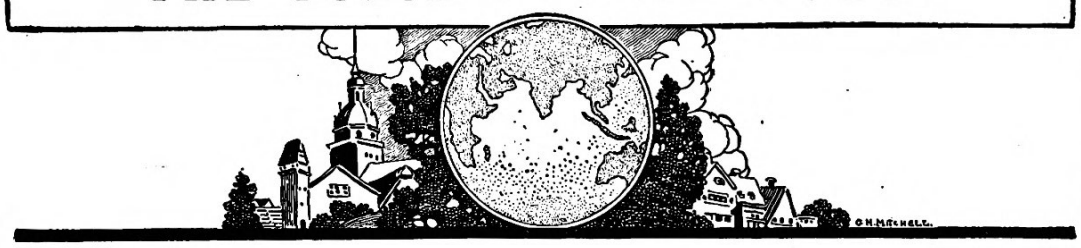
Immediately following issuance of this letter, a number of appointments were made at the instance of Insurgent Senators and Congressmen, some of which had been held up for many months.

Much wonderment has been expressed at the President's admission that he had tried to suppress Insurgency by withholding from Insurgents their participation in the appointing power. Probably a large majority of people had never been quite convinced, until the President acknowledged it, that the administration had been deliberately pursuing such a short-sighted policy. Secretary Norton's letter, with a touch of what might be considered pathos, observed that the President does n't think the patronage privilege amounts to much, anyhow, and indicates that the President suspects that the withdrawal of the patronage did the Insurgents more good than harm. Considering how uniformly Insurgent Congressmen have been renominated for their seats in the House or designated for promotion to the Senate, and in how very many cases "regular" Republicans have been defeated, it is n't surprising that Mr. Taft should feel this way about it.

As a means to placating Insurgency, the President's change of front, after his policy had proved hopelessly ineffectual, has hardly had the desired effect.

Digitized by Google

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



THE State of Maine at its September election chose a Democratic Governor, Frederick W. Plaisted, by 8,732 plurality. Two of the four Congressmen of the State were captured by the Democrats, and the Legislature is given to the Democrats, with a good working majority in each branch. The result suggests the astuteness which dictated Senator Hale's course when some months ago he decided that his health was not such as to warrant his being a candidate for re-election. His seat will go to a Democrat.

Trying to Explain Maine

The Maine result proved very easy of explanation by the Democrats, who said it represented protest against Republicanism in general and the tariff in particular. Some ingenious explanations came from stand-pat Republican sources. Most obvious of these was, of course, that Maine was displeased with the renewed efforts of the Republicans to make prohibition effective, and had revolted on the State issue. A good deal more subtle was the idea put out with much rhetoric and insistence in some quarters, that what Maine was mad about was not the tariff or its toddy, but those awfully radical speeches that Theodore Roosevelt had been making in Kansas about the new nationalism! The best testimony from Maine is that the State was just naturally full of suppressed Insurgency, and that it blew up. So far as Roosevelt's speeches were concerned with the result, the Maine Insurgents appear to have had an idea that they were boosting rather than knocking the Roosevelt program by smashing up the old Hale machine.

THE nomination of Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, is significant of a tendency toward a superior type of man for public office. Dr. Wilson has long been held in great respect, not only in the educational world, but also in the realm of political thought. His record is unassailable and, while not a pronounced radical, he represents a desire for progress and for honesty in the conduct of political affairs. His position in the Democratic ranks is comparable to that of Charles E. Hughes among Republicans.

Woodrow Wilson

His chances of election seem at this time hopeful. In the nomination of Vivian Lewis for the governorship, the indorsement of the Fort administration, and the insertion of a public service commission plank in the platform, the Republicans have attempted to placate both the stand-pat and Insurgent elements in the party, with the apparent result that they have antagonized both. Dr. Wilson has made his campaign upon the alliance of the Republican party with special interests and upon the principle that corporation guilt is personal and should be dealt with personally. His prestige and the disaffection in his opponent's ranks may enable him to upset the unspeakable New Jersey Republican machine and may make him a formidable candidate for the Presidency two years hence.

THE Census bureau continues to give out its population returns on the instalment plan, but already the figures for the country's principal cities are at hand. While New York's growth exceeded all expectations, that of Chicago was something of a disappointment to its optimistic citizens. Interest is centered in the fact that St. Louis maintains its position as our fourth city, beating Boston again by a narrow margin. The sixty-three per cent. growth of Detroit illustrates the importance of the automobile industry, while Cleveland's phenomenal growth puts that city above Pittsburgh and Baltimore. Here are the figures for the first ten cities:

More Census Figures

New York,	4,766,883	Cleveland,	560,663
Chicago,	2,185,283	Baltimore,	558,485
Philadelphia,	1,549,008	Pittsburgh,	533,905
St. Louis,	687,029	Detroit,	465,766
Boston,	670,585	Buffalo,	423,715

The remarkable growth of Greater New York consists more in increases in its outlying boroughs than in that of Manhattan. In fact, were Brooklyn to be reckoned independently of the greater city, she would rank third largest city in the country.

The bureau has also issued figures bearing on immigration, 9,771,512 aliens having arrived here since 1901. Southern Italians lead with 1,761,948, Jews follow with 976,263 and Poles come third with 873,660.

HAVING incurred the displeasure of the young gentlemen in attendance at West Point by questioning the word of one of them, Captain Rufus E. Longan was recently subjected to the silence treatment. The ill-fated captain was officer in charge of the mess hall and soon discovered that he was being treated to a remarkable absence of conversation, and that the cadets were refraining also from the use of food. This condition of affairs continued throughout the meal—Captain Longan's meal. As a West Point cadet's language resembles bad Choctaw in collusion with pidgin English, the deprivation was not serious, but the act was one of insubordination and the entire West Point academy was promptly placed under arrest. The boys kept up the silence treatment until hunger compelled them to give in. Meanwhile, the authorities of the National Military Academy and the War Department at Washington were conferring feverishly over this new form of insubordination.

West Point Silenced

THE September election in Arkansas was notable because the State carried, by some twenty-five thousand majority, an amendment to the constitution establishing the initiative, referendum and recall. The movement for direct legislation and the recall of officials whose service is unsatisfactory is gaining strength all over the country. Arizona and New Mexico recently chose delegates to their constitutional conventions. In each Territory there was a sharp contest over the question whether the constitution should include these progressive provisions. The old organization in New Mexico elected a comfortable majority of Republicans and at once proclaimed that the initiative and referendum were defeated. In Arizona there was not so much confidence. After the returns were all in and had been analyzed, the advocates of the progressive measures declared that without regard to politics they had a comfortable majority in both the conventions in favor of the initiative and referendum. The enabling act for the two Territories reserves to the Federal authority the right to veto any constitution that does not look good at Washington. There is thus prospect that a highly embarrassing situation may be presented when the question is put up to Washington of admitting or keeping out a State because it applies for admittance with a too radical constitution.

Direct Legislation Progress

DOUBT exists in the medical profession as to the effect of bovine tuberculosis upon human beings. Indiana's State veterinarian proposes to solve the question by calling for volunteers among the life convicts in the penitentiary, offering them pardons if they are willing to be inoculated with the blood or to eat the meat of the diseased cattle. It is argued that many life convicts will be glad to take the chance, as there is a strong probability either that the treatment may prove harmless or that the physicians might conquer the disease in its earliest and most hopeful stages. Thousands of cattle are being slaughtered annually on the assumption that tuberculosis is transmissible from cow to man. It is time we knew whether or not this waste is necessary. It seems not unreasonable that a man who has committed a crime against society should be allowed to atone for it by doing society a service.

Inoculation of Life Convicts

THE succulent American clam is growing scarce; everybody eats him; nobody conserves him at all. State and national governments guard the fish from extinction; the lobster industry is protected as if it were a tender, helpless steel trust; the oyster is personally conducted through a perilous infancy; but there is nothing to stand between the clam and the ultimate consumer. From Maine to Carolina comes the sad news that the noble race of clams is facing extinction. Constant attendance at shore dinners has brought their downfall.

The Conservation of the Clam

Something will have to be done in a national, constructive, statesmanlike way if we would save our grandchildren from clamlessness. Unless we institute a closed season and prohibit free clamming, another generation will not know the delights of the little neck in the half shell, the chowder, the baked, fried and steamed clam.

Fidgety Folks Feel Fine

when they quit drinking the morning beverage that all too often is the hidden source of the "Fidgets."

Don't get cross with the victims—induce them to drop the old morning drink and use well-made

POSTUM

Many folks have mistaken the delicious flavour of well-boiled Postum for that of mild, high-grade Java coffee. The change is easy, and free of all feeling of self-denial.

Then comes the sound, restful sleep from which one awakens with clear head and steady nerves—ready for business or frolic.

Postum, made of clean, hard wheat, carries real support and invigoration—the nerve-building food elements of the field grain which rebuild the nerve cells (that make or upset one's disposition), soothing and sustaining in a way as pleasing as it is natural.

Many a person after using Postum, say ten days, in place of the usual hot mealtime drink, feels like a "different person."

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville" in packages.

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

Digitized by Google

MANIFOLD ADVANTAGES

are enjoyed by the operators of the typewriter that gives clean, sharp impressions on the carbon copies handling the greatest number without wrinkles or smuts.

That is what the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter actually does by aid of devices employed on this machine exclusively.

Its *self-adjusting paper feed* is so elastic that loose-leaf work, tapering from many thicknesses to a single sheet, is fed with exact uniformity.

That *quick, clean stroke and getaway* so essential to satisfactory carbon impressions is insured by use of the Gardner *ball-bearing typebar joint.*

The firm, absolutely rigid, *carriage* (ball-bearing and free-running) *is not shifted* to write capitals, therefore cannot be jiggled up and down, making a perfectly stable-printing point.

The *simplest means of employing* at will *a hard platen* for extra heavy manifold work is provided. Just lift the ordinary service platen and drop the hard one in its place.

These requisities of superior manifold work are combined in no writing machine except the

L. C. SMITH & BROS., TYPEWRITER

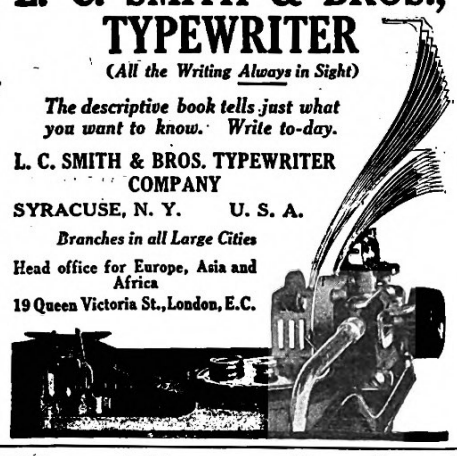
(All the Writing Always in Sight)

The descriptive book tells just what you want to know. Write to-day.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y. U. S. A.

Branches in all Large Cities

Head office for Europe, Asia and Africa
19 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.



The Very Latest

THE ONLY HISTORICAL WORK BROUGHT DOWN TO 1910

A NEW SEVEN VOLUME EDITION OF THE STANDARD

LARNED'S HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE

is now ready. Gleaning in every field and department of History, political, social, economic, religious, educational, from great historians and special students, quoting exactly from more then 2000 writers, on more than 23,000 subjects, alphabetically and chronologically arranged, with an interwoven index, Mr. Larned has compiled a work that is unique in kind and quality, as it is in interest and usefulness. Complete texts of national Constitutions and of over 200 great basic documents of history, with many historical maps, are features of important value. Hundreds of eminent Statesmen, Jurists, Divines, Teachers and others have volunteered warm words in praise of the work.

The new volume gives latest and full information of all the great movements of the day, concerning Trusts, Railway Regulation, Tariff and Currency Reform, Municipal Reform, Labor Movements, Peace Movements, Conservation, etc.

AGENTS WANTED

Write for specimen pages, prices and terms to

C. A. NICHOLS CO., Publishers

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



MEN AND WOMEN

write today for our new big 32-page free booklet showing our beds and farm, and learn how to grow mushrooms for big profits in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Surprising returns from small space with little expense. Markets waiting for all you can raise. Previous experience unnecessary. We were first, make and sell the best spawn and teach you our methods free.

We have had 25 years' experience growing Mushrooms

National Spawn & Mushroom Co. Dept. 28, Hyde Park, Mass.

The Pulse of the World

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has been hearing testimony of railroad men and shippers, for and against the advance in freight rates initiated last spring, but withdrawn temporarily when the Government instituted injunction proceedings.

Important Rate Developments

The Commission is trying to find out whether a sufficient business reason exists to justify the increase. Under the new law rates may not be advanced till the Commission shall have given authority. The present inquiry thus represents the first employment of the most sweeping authority ever vested in the Commission. It is practically the authority to decide what the railroads are entitled to earn and what rate of dividend railroad investors may expect.

It has been shown that in making the increases the railroads apparently favored the trusts. In many cases trust products were not subjected to higher rates, while other products were advanced an average of something like sixteen per cent. on some important railroad systems.

When counsel for the shippers attempted to bring out testimony from railroad authorities as to the actual investment in and valuation of their property, the railroad people were persistently reticent, insisting that such testimony was immaterial. The Commission and the shippers have not been able fully to agree with the railroads in this regard. The Commission believes it now has authority to make valuation of railroads, and it seems probable that this episode of very extensive increases in rates will bring early decision as to whether a valuation is to be made and whether it shall be a large factor in determining rates. The increases now under consideration are said to aggregate five hundred million dollars a year east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac. The railroad people insist that higher wages and increased cost of material make larger revenues necessary. The facts developed concerning their finances generally are not taken by the shippers to indicate any such critical demand for larger revenues, as the railroads declare exists.

THE Conservation Congress at St. Paul brought together the most prominent figures in this movement and gave it increased momentum. The primary interest, however, centered in the difference in opinion between Taft and Roosevelt on a question of tactics, though each credited the other with valuable service to the cause. It was on the question of Government or State action that the President and the ex-President differed, President Taft inclining toward the limitation rather than the expansion of the Government's powers, while Roosevelt declared that we can not depend upon State action to deal with those who would take away the people's water-power and coal sites.

Taft and Roosevelt Disagree

Popular opinion will incline toward Mr. Roosevelt's view that the forces which are trying to wrest from us our natural resources must be met by our united strength; that the corporations are always the first to raise the State's Rights cry when they are attacked. This view was supported at the Congress by Pinchot and by Beveridge.

JUST after William S. Kenyon was appointed assistant to the Attorney-General, in charge of trust-busting, we predicted that Mr. Kenyon, despite his antecedents as a railroad lawyer, would prove a real "buster." We now humbly call attention to the fact that after a long grand jury investigation directed by Mr. Kenyon, ten men—count 'em—ten—every one of them a first-class millionaire in the packing business, were indicted by the Federal grand jury at Chicago. They are J. Ogden Armour, Edward Morris, Edward Tilden, Edward F. Swift, Charles H. Swift, Edward Meeker, Francis A. Fowler, Louis H. Heyman, Louis F. Swift and Thomas J. Connors.

Getting the Beef Trust

For years the Government has been after the beef trust principals, and it has never been so close to them as now. The individuals indicted confront, if convicted, both fine and imprisonment. A great trial is ahead, which will critically test the anti-trust laws. The packers insist that the "trust" controls only one-third of the meat business; that its profits, in proportion to gross business, can be shown to be very small, instead of heavy; that their combination has actually benefitted the consumer.

The packers were indicted after a most exhaustive investigation, in which the trust's methods of suppressing competition, after the well-known Standard Oil methods of underselling competition, cutting off its credit, etc., were thoroughly brought out. The Government is confident, as almost never before, that it is going to lock up some gentlemen who will be found to be malefactors.

NO DOUBT motion pictures will always be exhibited to a great extent for entertainment purposes, but recent developments along more serious lines are interesting.

One film recently exhibited under the auspices of the American Civic Association was entitled "The Filthy Fly," and showed graphically the unsanitary habits of that insect. A wonderful new machine, by the way, taking two thousand pictures a second, has greatly facilitated the photographing of insects on the wing. It is hoped that there will be new light on the problem of flight as a result of the new device.

Moving Picture Progress

Moving pictures as a means of propaganda are suggested in the fact that films are being prepared showing the dangers of unhygienic dairy farms and teaching the value of clean milk. Pathe Frères, the well-known French film manufacturers, are now producing a sort of picture newspaper, setting forth current events in pictorial form. Thus far, it is said, these moving picture papers carry no advertising.

Of very great importance is the successful series of experiments in Munich, in which X-ray motion pictures of the internal organs of the human body were obtained. By the new device, digestion, for example, can be studied actually in process. The discovery promises to add greatly to the sum of our knowledge of physiology and disease.

IF YOU have not heard anything lately about Secretary MacVeagh's currency laundry, it is because the busy Treasury man has thought of something better he can do to the Government paper money. His latest proposal is to trim the bills down from their present size of seven and one-quarter by three inches to that of six inches by two and a half. He argues that the change would save six hundred thousand dollars a year, that the new bills would be easier to handle than the old, that we could improve the design of the bills at the time of the change, and finally (an unanswerable argument), that we would then have money the same size as the Filipinos have. He might have added that the change would be quite in keeping with the diminishing purchasing power of the dollar. Bankers do not favor the project vociferously because it means trouble for a time in handling two sizes of bills. The plan has met with approval, however, from those who are not familiar enough with the old currency to get a profound shock from the change and who are not likely, in the near future to be burdened with either kind.

Shortening the Long Green

MANHATTAN ISLAND is rapidly losing its insular character; the completion of the Pennsylvania Railroad's new tunnels under the East and North Rivers marks the beginning of the end of its pretensions in this respect. The Pennsylvania's Long Island tunnel, now open to traffic, and the New Jersey tube due to open on January 1 are expected to handle together one thousand trains a day. There is no use trying to be an island under these discouraging circumstances.

New Tunnels to New York

The Pennsylvania improvements now nearing completion constitute a stupendous achievement. We are told that the two tunnels and the new station in the heart of the city represent an expenditure of one hundred and fifty million dollars, the greatest ever incurred by a private corporation for a single undertaking. The station itself is the finest building in New York and one of the most notable in the world. The people, who, in the end, pay for all this improvement, will get their reward in increased leisure and in the ability to live comfortably in the less congested suburbs. It seems to be the worthy ambition of the tunnel builders to make it unnecessary some day for people to live in New York at all.

PRESIDENT TAFT, having declared in favor of revising the tariff, a schedule at a time, so as to avoid combinations of interests and assure something like honest revision, brought forth immediate retort from Mr. Bryan that this was Republican acceptance of "popgun revision," a Democratic proposal made when he was in Congress. Of course. When Democrats proposed revision on the basis of a bill for every schedule, stand-patters opposed. They still do. The only difference is that there were more stand-patters then than now, and less understanding of the tariff. The Republicans are getting some mighty good tariff ideas nowadays from the Democrats of twenty years ago. Likewise, the Democrats nowadays are accepting some excellent notions about State rights and such things from the Republicans of Civil War times and subsequently. No use being disagreeable when the other fellow learns something from you. You ought to congratulate him in all sincerity—and look around for something you can learn from him.

Popgun Revision

Digitized by Google

The Pulse of the World

The Month Abroad

AT THE time this is written, a revolutionary war is being waged in Portugal; Lisbon is in the hands of the Republicans; a provisional government has been formed with Theophile Braga as President, and young King Manuel is in hiding. What changes may have taken place in the situation before this reaches our readers it is impossible to prophesy. It seems not unlikely that the new government will have to face armed resistance on the part of the Royalists or that England may interfere, at least covertly, on behalf of her protégé, young Manuel. Whatever turn affairs may take, it is apparent that the young republic of Portugal has set out upon a stormy sea.

Revolution in Portugal

Of course, Portugal is an insignificant country, scarcely larger than New York City in population, and for the most part poor and ignorant. At the same time, one can not repress a feeling of elation whenever another country joins the ranks of the republics. Republican ideas are contagious, too, and there is a chance that the movement will spread from Portugal to other and more important European monarchies. Portugal's capacity to conduct an orderly republican government is yet to be proved, but the republic of Portugal can scarcely be a more complete failure than the kingdom of Portugal has been.

NINETEEN hundred delegates attended the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, among them thirty from America. One of the stirring contests of the convention was over the question whether the Socialist Labor party of the United States should be recognized, given representation, and otherwise treated as the Socialist party is. A very similar division among the German Socialists also developed, the uncompromising Socialists bitterly objecting in some cases to affiliations with those more practical and less academic people who have been disposed to ally themselves with the regular political parties in the hope of accomplishing as much progress as possible, even if they could not hope through such instrumentalities to secure acceptance of the entire Socialist program. The controversy is the old one between opportunism and absolutism, and, of course, was not finally settled, because that controversy never can be. The Congress determined generally to push the Socialist propaganda in all parts of the world, and particularly to urge disarmament and international arbitration. A resolution also demands the establishment of a system of universal and compulsory insurance against unemployment, the cost to be borne by the owners of the means of production. The American, French and British delegates declined to support the resolution on the ground that it was not good Socialism. They insisted that any recognition of the right of capitalists to own the means of production was unjustifiable from the standpoint of real Socialism.

An International Party

REPORT is that Chile, Brazil and the Argentine Republic are moving toward a triple alliance to police South America, sustain their mutual interests, preserve peace and do away with occasions for outside interference. The three powers named could accomplish a vast deal toward making South America a sort of continental autonomy. Working in accord with Washington, such an alliance would find itself entrusted with the business of protecting South American interests. This country, far from wanting to interfere in Latin-American affairs, would be too glad to let the countries to the south attend to their own business, provided always they should display as much intelligent concern for the independence of all America as Americans of the northern division believe desirable.

South America Policing Itself

With Japan watching for opportunities on its western coast and Germany alive to all possibilities in Brazil, South America may yet become a field of complicating international relations. To be quite candid, reports of this government's own designs to annex Panama suggest a variation of the same theme. It is perfectly plain that Uncle Sam ought to own the little Panama republic—better for Panama—safer for our canal. But how will Latin-America view it if we move in and take possession? Will we look less the aggressor than Japan would establishing a colony in Peru, or Germany trying to manipulate itself into control in Sao Paulo?

THE problem of increasing cost of living is by no means confined to the United States. James J. Dunning, American consul at Havre, in a report, discusses the increasing complaint which the French people are indulging because the means of subsistence continue more and more expensive while incomes are by no means making a corresponding advance. The French view of the future is pessimistic, for it sees prospects of a steady continuance of the upward movement in prices.

France Has It, Too

Mr. Dunning, after an investigation, reports these percentages of price increase in the last five years in France: Bread, 15; beef, 22; veal, 14; mutton, 25; butter, 14; cheese, 25; fish, 50; fresh vegetables, 15; condiments, 25; petroleum, 10; coal, 34; coffee, 25. Mr. Dunning calculates that the average increase on necessaries of life is twenty-five per cent.

PROBABLY the modern world knows no more impressive religious demonstration than the Eucharistic Congress, whose twentieth annual gathering has recently closed in Montreal. The idea of an Eucharistic Congress originated in a lay mind; the mind of an humble woman who, a devout Catholic, carried it to her spiritual advisers. They developed it into a splendid annual gathering of prelates, clergy and laity from all the world, with the purpose of furthering every plan for making the eucharist, or holy communion, a more effective symbol and instrument for carrying forward the purposes of the church.

Great Gathering of Catholics

To the Montreal congress came Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, envoy extraordinary of Pope Pius, two other cardinals, one hundred and twenty bishops from all over the world, thousands of clergymen and tens of thousands of the laity. The congress has never been held in a city which did not immediately afterward experience an access of effective religious fervor, reaching out to the social, economic and even political interests of the whole people. In the language of Protestantism, it might be called a magnificent revival gathering. On the last day of the recent congress in Montreal, one hundred thousand people were in the procession led by the papal legate, and half a million viewed the great pageant.

UNCLE SAM has been invited, tentatively, at least, to become financial adviser to the ancient monarchy of Persia. Persia is in a bad way politically and financially, with all kinds of revolutionary troubles and internal disorders. A foreign loan must be floated and it seems that the Persian government has so little confidence in the intentions of European countries that it prefers not to mortgage the farm in favor of any one of them, lest they get excited and foreclose. So the Teheran Government wants a commission of American financial advisers to handle its fiscal concerns, and would awfully like to borrow a few million dollars in the United States. A certain willingness of the European powers to let America enjoy this pleasant distinction has led to some suspicion that European financiers look upon an investment in Persian consols as likely to be uncomfortably permanent.

Everybody is Willing

THE Hague International Court of Arbitration, after tedious arguments, decided the Newfoundland fisheries controversy between the United States and Great Britain in a fashion that ought to be convincing as to the impartiality of the tribunal, at least. Both Britain and America have insisted that they won, though consideration in detail of the verdict seems to justify the Britishers in their feeling that, winning only two points out of five, they won the most important.

A Hollow Victory

The treaty of 1818 gave our fishermen rights outside the "three mile limit." Three miles from what? From the coast, at any point, American fishers insisted. From a line drawn from headland to headland, the Britishers declared. And the Hague tribunal held in favor of the Englishmen on this latter point.

We are sustained in contending that reasonable regulations must be made to govern our fishermen in the waters to which we are admitted.

"ITHACA" HALL CLOCK



¶Made in our own works (est. 1865) and sold direct from factory to home. ¶Our modern methods of selling direct to you enables us to offer our product at a large saving in cost to the purchaser. ¶Special inducement: We offer this beautiful HALL CLOCK, like illustration, for $32.00, less 10% cash with order, or $28.80; and, as a special proposition, cash with order, we put your monogram, tastefully designed, on dial of clock, without charge. ¶This clock is a thoroughly reliable timepiece and fully warranted and guaranteed to keep perfect time for 10 Years. ¶SHIPPED ANYWHERE ON APPROVAL, FREIGHT PREPAID. ¶Satisfaction guaranteed—or return at our expense and money cheerfully refunded. ¶The cabinet work is splendid workmanship, a most attractive ornament, adds charm to the hall or room. ¶The movement is of our standard construction, of selected material and technically correct in all respects. ¶Kindly give the names of two business houses or banks as reference, if CREDIT is desired. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ¶DESCRIPTION—Size: 7½ ft.; weight, 150 lbs. Ornaments: Top ornaments brass polished and lacquered. Both doors French crystals. Dial: 12½ inches square, black Arabic figures. Movement: Eight day. Visible pendulum. Strikes hours and ½ hours on soft-toned gong. Guaranteed to keep perfect time. State if oak or mahogonized cherry is wanted. We refer to any com. agency. ITHACA CAL. CLOCK CO., 900 Dey St., Ithaca, N. Y. The Largest Manufacturers of Hall Clocks in the World. Place orders early.

$28.80 FREIGHT PREPAID



Do You Want A Better Position?

Yes—do you want a better position—do you want to earn more—do you want to get out of the long-hour, short-pay crowd—in short, do you wish to win success in *your chosen line of work?*

The International Correspondence Schools can help you—for *the Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries.* In 1909, 3882 I. C. S. students of all occupations, of all ages, in all parts of the world *VOLUNTARILY* reported salaries raised through I. C. S. help. In August, the number was 307. Add to these the number of others who had their salaries raised, but who were *not* heard from, and you have some idea of the ability of the I. C. S. to better *your* position, to raise *your* salary.

Finding out *how* the I. C. S. can help you costs you nothing and places you under no obligation. Simply mark and mail the attached coupon to-day. *You* are the one to decide if you want a better position. The I. C. S. is the one institution that will help you—no matter who you are or where you live. *Mark the coupon.*

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1172 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages—French, German, Italian, Spanish
Concrete Construction	Banking
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Digitized by Google



Does Coffee Keep You Awake Nights?

The *occasion* of coffee restlessness may be the cup or two at dinner. But the *real cause* is the month-after-month drinking of ordinary coffee.

Try Bakerized Coffee!

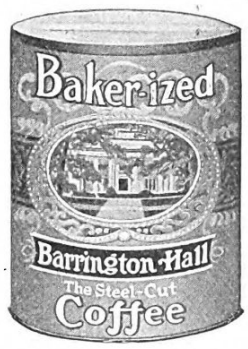
Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First—the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any other coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Second—the coffee passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.



Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

TRIAL CAN FREE

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness. Try it yourself! A trial can *free*. A pound at your grocer's at 35 to 40 cents according to locality.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
125 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send as advertised, a free sample can, enough to make 6 cups Barrington Hall Coffee, also booklet "The Coffee without a Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name.....

Address.....

Make Your Own Table Syrup With

Mapleine

Granulated Sugar and Water

Here is the recipe:

Two cups of boiling water, four cups of granulated sugar and one heaping teaspoonful of Mapleine.

Thoroughly dissolve the sugar in the water, stir in the Mapleine and strain through a damp cloth.

This makes one quart of delicious table syrup, which is ready for use as soon as cold.

It is difficult for us to see how any manufactured product can possess superior qualities to the natural product with which it is compared. To say that Mapleine is better than Maple would not perhaps carry conviction to all readers of a magazine like Success. Therefore a demonstration is required. We ask *you* to be the judge—obtain a bottle from your grocer, and remember that we sell Mapleine on the complete understanding that if it is not perfectly satisfactory, or better still, completely to your liking, if made according to directions, it can be returned at *our* expense and your money will be refunded.



A 2-oz. bottle costs 35c and makes two gallons of syrup. If your grocer cannot supply you, write to

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.
Sole Manufacturers
319 Occidental Ave. SEATTLE, U. S. A.

The Pulse of the World

Women Everywhere

"WHERE can I find the work I am best fitted for?" is a serious question which confronts thousands upon thousands of young girls every year in their initial endeavor to earn a living. "Where can I find the right girl?" is a question which is continually worrying thousands of employers.

The Right Work for the Right Girl

Boston is trying hard to answer these questions through its new organization, "The Girls' Trade Educational League," and incidentally to help do away with the heart-rending experience of "looking for a job." Miss Florence Marshall, who is at the head of the League, has been investigating industrial conditions both abroad and in this country, and is largely responsible for launching this experiment.

"I find," says Miss Marshall, "that the need is the same everywhere, and that is to guide the girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen into the industries for which they are fitted.

"The purpose of the Girls' Trade Educational League, which is to open this fall, is to study the needs of all girls as they leave the public schools. We have already made a study of all occupations into which girls go—the conditions, wages, ability needed and opportunities.

"The idea is to lessen the number of useless people and misfits in the world. The average girl has no way of knowing what she is fitted for and she drifts into any employment she sees advertised or that her neighbor is employed at. She may make cigars, for instance, and perhaps she is not physically adapted to that and is too slow. That same girl may have a genius for dressmaking. Much good, serviceable material is thus entirely wasted.

"What we want is to have every girl who leaves school directed to us. We can make a study of the individual girl and do our best with the comprehensive material we have collected to guide that girl into the work she is fitted for. Perhaps she is not strong enough to stand all day at a loom and yet she may be able to sew on buttons very nicely. Many dressmakers start to learn the trade by the humble beginning of sewing buttons. We hope to make this work so valuable that the city will see the need of it and eventually carry it on."

IN ALL the recent battles waged against the white slave traffic, few may be compared in effectiveness to the campaign that is now being carried on by the American Purity Federation. A delegation of over a score of men and women, the majority of whom have had wide experience in checking vice in that particular form, and all of whom have participated in social reform work of some nature, left Chicago September 30 in a special car to tour western United States and Canada, where a series of conventions and lectures will be held in the principal cities during the entire month of October.

Crusade Against Vice

The program will consist of lectures given by physicians, nurses, teachers, ministers and editors on sex hygiene and the relation of economics to the moral life of the people; it is also planned to have special meetings for mothers, where the lecturers will deal largely with the rights of children to a knowledge of sex and with the best methods of imparting that information. This latter subject will be considered from the standpoint of parent, teacher, physician and pastor.

B. S. Steadwell, president of the American Purity Federation, who has a world-wide reputation as a preacher of the gospel of purity, is in large measure responsible for this tremendous undertaking.

ABANDONMENT cases have become so overwhelming in number that New York City has been forced to open a court to deal only with that sort of procedure. In every case the main object of the judge will be to bring about a reconciliation, and where that can not be done the court will see that proper provision is made for the deserted family.

New Courts for Women

The other is a night court for women, especially adapted to the trial of female delinquents. A physician and nurse accompany the judge. All of these midnight offenders are compelled to undergo an arbitrary physical examination. This phase of the court's work has been strenuously opposed by many women's clubs as an unnecessarily hard and brutal measure. The jurisdiction of this latter court corresponds to that of the familiar magistrate's court.

DR. MARY EDDY, of American parentage and raised in Syria, has the distinction of being the only woman physician in the Ottoman Empire.

Armed with diplomas from three medical colleges, she appealed several years ago to Alexander W. Terrell, then American minister to Turkey, to help her get the governmental license to practise. It was no easy task. The Sultan's consent had to be obtained first, and after that ordeal was over, Dr. Eddy had to face an examination of a score of the most distinguished physicians of the Empire. Mr. Terrell, in describing the incident in *The Interior*, says: "The first question was in French and uttered in a contemptuous tone: 'Who are you?' To their astonishment, she answered in the Arabic language: 'I am of you and from among you.'"

The Only Woman Doctor in Turkey

She was examined without intermission for six hours. Tired with receiving correct answers, one of the inquisitors, in the hope of intimidating her, called out: "That answer is wrong." She asked for certain medical books and with striking calmness said: "If all these authors do not sustain my answer, I will withdraw my application to practise medicine." Her American pluck won her the day and she was given the long-desired privilege.

She is now devoting her life to the curing of blindness, a disease to which the Moslems fall easy prey, on account of the shifting sands lifted and blown easily about by the winds. Her services during the Armenian massacres have given her a place in the hearts of the natives second only to that of their prophet, Mohammed.

WHILE the hobble skirt was merely a tendency and really never taken seriously, it had its influence for good. It brought the long-denied bread and butter to many a starving cartoonist, while in a still greater number of doctors and ambulance-drivers it revived a quickly-dying enthusiasm in life. Even our henpecked legislators, in the last throes of defeat, found in it an implement with which to fight suffrage demands and, with a sneer of final victory, gave loud voice to the impracticability of hobbling to the polls.

The Hobble Skirt Requiem

The amusing show is about to be over, and it is with a heart heavy with foreboding that women are watching the last act. After the clown has hobbled her last dance, what new creation will the freak emporium offer to amuse our mankind?—and amused they must be at all hazards! What if from lack of more serious preoccupation our husbands should turn their criticism on the wife, home and child, or worse still, on their breakfast coffee?

A LONG-FELT need of the New York working girl is about to be answered in a proposed new hotel that will be free from the stigma of charity or the interference of religious prejudice. According to the promoters, there will be no more restrictions than in any good family hotel, and they hope to make this new hotel mean to the working girl what the Mills Hotels mean to working men. It will be situated within easy reach of the work districts, and the rates, including three meals a day, will range from $3.50 to $6.00 per week. Among the financial backers are Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Henry Ollesheimer and Miss Virginia Potter.

A Hotel for Girls

If this hotel will help bring within the reach of the working girl a better home and a more wholesome environment than the average cheap boarding house affords, the women who are to give this project their support will never before have participated in a more worthy enterprise.

IF GIRLS keep on fostering the modern ambition to be bachelor maidens, more mothers and fathers will have to resort to Mrs. Henrietta Friend's method. This good woman left a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars to her foster daughter, provided the young lady marries. If her daughter should take it into her head that single blessedness is preferable to the paltry sum of one hundred thousand dollars she must satisfy herself with only the income from that amount.

Discouraging Maiden Bachelorhood

Digitized by Google

Persons of the Moment

HARRY GRANT, driving a 120 horse-power Alco, won the Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island this year. Four people were killed and a score injured during this contest, and it is believed that this event will never be held again.

THE elevation of Charles E. Hughes to the Supreme Court leaves Horace White Governor of New York State. Governor White is forty-five years old and a graduate of Cornell University and the Columbia Law School.

IT IS said that Rear Admiral Corwin P. Rhees, who has just retired from active service, fought in more battles than any other living person. He started in the battle business at sixteen during the Civil War, and has worked at it off and on ever since.

A THRILLING feat with a tragic sequel was the flight of George Chavez, the Peruvian aviator, over the Alps. Starting from Brig, Switzerland, he crossed the Simplon Pass successfully at a height of seven thousand feet, but when almost at his landing place on the Italian side he fell rom a height of thirty feet. Chavez afterward died from the results of his injuries.

THE destruction of the plant of the Los Angeles *Times* by means of an infernal machine, and the fire that followed, resulted in the loss of nineteen lives. General Harrison Grey Otis, the publisher of the paper, charges the disaster to union labor sources, but the labor leaders have indignantly denied the charge and have offered all aid in the effort to detect the culprits.

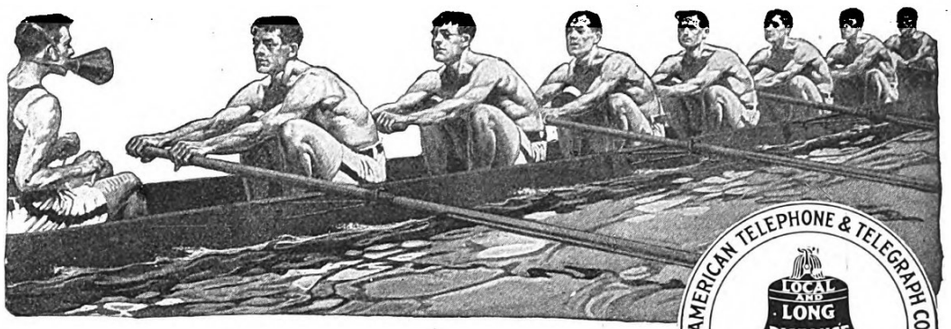
DURING the illness of Mayor Gaynor, following his attempted assassination, New York was officially conducted by John Purroy Mitchell, whose regular job is that of President of the Board of Aldermen. Acting Mayor Mitchell set such a hot pace in the good government line, especially in his attacks upon the Police Department for their failure to stop gambling and vice, that Mayor Gaynor will have to hurry to live up to the new traditions of his office.

FORMER Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia, having been nominated by the Democrats for Governor to succeed Joseph M. Brown, who two years ago wrested the Governorship from Smith, a considerable movement among the Southern Democracy is organizing to press Smith for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912. Governor Smith's followers urge him as a Democratic representative of the same progressive ideas for which the Republican Insurgents stand.

DESPITE her twenty-one years, Miss Emily T. Willard has become so skilled in the handling of a biplane that she is quickly gaining a foothold among the celebrities of aviation. Together with her brother, Charles F. Willard, one of our most daring man-birds, she has been studying for the last four years under Glenn H. Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York. Miss Willard sees no reason why women should be excluded from competing with men in mastering the science of air navigation, and "anyhow," she says, "girls come nearer being birds than men."

PRESIDENT TAFT has named Joseph Austin Holmes to be chief of the new Bureau of Mines. Dr. Holmes is the man, more than any other, responsible for the long agitation to establish the bureau. He fought for it through years and years of discouragement, as Dr. Wiley fought for a pure food law. Then, when the bill passed, the Ballinger forces in the Interior Department bitterly opposed Holmes for chief. However, the Ballinger forces lost, Holmes was named, and the selection is widely construed as intimation to Secretary Ballinger that his advice is not regarded as necessarily the best.

LLOYD WHEATON BOWERS, Solicitor-General of the United States, died very suddenly in Boston. His death removed a man who was universally looked upon as slated for a place on the Supreme Bench of the nation before the close of the Taft administration. He had been general counsel of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad before entering Federal service. The story—probably apocryphal—is told that when he entered a Yale fraternity of which an older student named William Howard Taft was a member, Taft, in the course of the ritual, asked: "What is your aim in life?" and young Bowers replied, "To be a member of the United States Supreme Court." The student, Taft, replied: "If it is in my power, I will make you one."



AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Work that Counts

There is no wasted energy, no lost motion in the work of the 'Varsity Crew. Perfect team work, co-operative effort and uniform action are strikingly exemplified.

The same principle of intelligent co-operation exists in telephone communication in its broadest application.

In handling the talk of the nation the Bell operators respond to millions of different calls from millions of different people, twenty million communications being made every day.

Ten million miles of wire, five million telephones and thousands of switchboards are used to handle this vast traffic.

More than a hundred thousand employees, pulling together, keep the entire system attuned. Unity is the keynote. Without this harmony of co-operation such service as is demanded would be impossible.

One policy, broad and general, in which uniformity of method and co-operation are the underlying principles, results in universal service for nearly a hundred million people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"One Policy, One System, Universal Service"

Best by Test
Chemically Practically



TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET

Why Buy Wash Water?

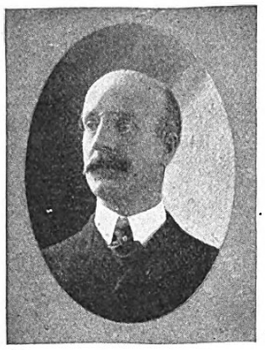
¶ It requires two or more tablespoonfuls of the Big Packages of Fluffy Soap Powder to do the work of one tablespoonful of PEARLINE

WHY?

¶ Dry the powders by spreading them thinly in the sun or in a warm spot—leave for 24 hours—then weigh them—you'll find the difference is in the bulk, not the weight.

¶ PEARLINE IS CONCENTRATED SOAP POWDER—THESE BIG PACKAGES ARE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS. PEARLINE IS BEST AND CHEAPEST

Digitized by Google



H. B. Tronson



APPLE KING OF THE WORLD

Offers you a Chance To Become a Part Owner in a Famous Rogue River Valley Orchard.

THIS is probably the first opportunity you have ever had of learning the *truth* about the wonderful fruit industry of the Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon.

The President of this company, Mr. H. B. Tronson, is the foremost apple grower in the world today. He won the title of Apple King at the National Apple Show, where a carload of Spitzenberg apples from his Eagle Point orchard were awarded the Grand Sweepstakes prize.

Statements from a man of Mr. Tronson's standing may be absolutely relied upon.

Every intelligent American realizes that the far West offers today extraordinary opportunities for capital and brains.

Most people, however, make the mistake of thinking they have to go West with their money. This is absolutely wrong, and Mr. Tronson will tell you why. Stay where you are—go on working and make good among the friends and conditions you understand, but send your money West to grow up with the country. It will grow up, all right, if it is well placed.

Your money is going there now, only you do not know it. Every shrewd banker keeps an eye on the West, and sends your money there to earn 7%, 8%, and even more, which explains how he can pay you 3% or 4% on your savings and still declare 20% dividends on the stock of his own bank.

Fruit growers in the Rogue River Valley net 50% to 100% on their money each year. Last year five acres of apples paid Mr. Tronson $8650. We will prove this to you.

Mr. Tronson has written a booklet which he has called The Apple King. It is probably the most interesting little story you have ever read, and we want to send you a copy of this book absolutely free. The only thing we ask you to do is to fill out the coupon below and mail it to us today.

Send For This Free Book Today



Rogue River Commercial Orchard Co.
Dept. 10, Medford, Ore.

Please send me free booklet, "The Apple King," written by H. B. Tronson.

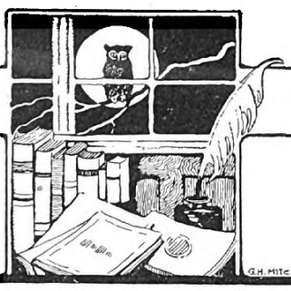
Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Send this coupon either to the Home Office, Medford Ore., or to the Eastern Office, 726 Missouri Trust Bldg, St. Louis, Mo.

EDITORIAL CHAT



Unconscious Lowering of Standards

THE most difficult problem that any human being has to solve is the prevention of the insidious lowering of his standards.

Did you ever stop on a busy street in a large city and watch the different types of people who pass? Did you ever think that many of those hard, tough-looking characters, with slovenly, threadbare dress—people who seldom get a bath—were once neat, careful and proud?

How is it that they have come into their present condition? By a process so insidious, so imperceptible at the time, that they were totally unconscious of it. If you should show one of these demoralized beings a photograph of himself to-day, and another taken when he was a proud youth primping before the glass, he would not believe that they were pictures of the same person, and you probably could not make him understand the process of his deterioration.

Habit is such a tyrant that every time we do a thing, whether well or ill, we tend to do it the same way as we did it the last time.

It seems a very harmless thing to go away from home in the morning without being properly dressed, with unblacked boots, without brushing our clothes, or without spotless linen; it does not seem a very serious matter to postpone the bath a bit if we do not happen to feel like taking it, or to neglect the care of our hair, teeth, nails (these are such trifles!) but that inflexible law of habit is getting us firmer and firmer into its grip every time we commit the sin of careless neglect, for it *is* a sin.

We know people who commit the most offensive sins against cleanliness and neatness, but who would think it a terrible thing to smoke or to drink a glass of beer.

"Order is Heaven's first law." We find ourselves breaking it constantly, and yet we wonder why we deteriorate. We were once so fastidious, so careful, so painstaking about every little detail regarding our personal appearance, but now we find it so easy to go out with a number of little things neglected. It would have pained us once to have appeared on the street in such an unkempt manner—we should have blushed to have done it—but now, perhaps, we can appear before strangers with less disturbance than we once could have appeared before our servants in our own home.

It is the insidiousness of this lowering of our standards and ideals that I wish to emphasize. The great danger lies in that the dropping is so gradual, so imperceptible that we can not appreciate it.

I know bright, promising young men who have gone down to the depths of degradation through dissipation; and who, if you were to ask them, would tell you that they were totally unconscious of the deterioration while it was taking place.

No one who does not rigidly, persistently keep his ideals before him and force himself to keep up his standards of conduct by eternal vigilance, can possibly make the most of himself. This is the only price. At the very outset of your career, resolve that you will not allow yourself to fall into loose, lax, slovenly personal habits.

No matter how hard it is at the time, or how much it incommodes you or pains you, force yourself right up to the mark, and keep your standards up, at any cost.

It is comparatively easy for young persons to do this, because of their natural pride and vanity, especially during their most attractive years; but after they are married, or have become established in business—especially after they have acquired some reputation—there is not the same motive for keeping up appearances and there is a temptation to take things easy and to let down standards.

Do not expect that you will excel in your work when you are careless and indifferent about your dress and person. We are all of a piece, and we can not keep standards up in one place when they are down in another. We are tied together so closely, and everything about us is so interrelated that what affects one part of us, affects all.

No artist can have quite as delicate an appreciation of lights and shades, of form and color, when he is conscious that he has neglected his bath and is wearing soiled linen. Slovenliness in his personal appearance will mar his self-respect, and when the self-respect standard is down, the executive faculty, and, in fact, all the faculties, relax from sympathy.

The first signs of deterioration in young people can often be detected in the carelessness of personal appearance; in the slovenly dress; and one of the worst phases of this carelessness is that it affects the ambition as well as the quality of the life work.

When you sometimes feel indifferent, languid, lazy, stop work, take a bath, dress up in your best clothes, groom yourself to the last detail and then resume work. You will respect yourself more and have more ambition. You will feel like a new man.

There is nothing more deceptive than the gradual decline of the ideal, the insidious lowering in later life of the standards which we set up for ourselves in our youth.

One of the most amazing things in human experience is the fact that so many people who started out with bright prospects and high ideals—promising youths who were scrupulous about every detail of their personal appearance and who were ambitious to succeed—are seen later in life, shabby, shiftless, and indifferent, slovenly in their habits, yet totally unconscious of this tremendous drop in their standards, this lowering of ideals, because the deterioration has been so gradual as to make them blind to their condition.

The "Dangerous" Student

WHEN Garfield was at Williams College he noticed that his class rival sat up late at night; for himself, he determined to keep his light burning a little longer and work a little harder; then through his persistence he began to get ahead.

In college the students who are working for class honors, for leadership, always keep their eyes upon the "dangerous" man. This is not the student who makes a brilliant show at recitation, nor the best talker, nor the most popular man socially. It is not the fellow who makes a brilliant speech in college debates or who takes a prize in oratory. It is the "plugger," the fellow who keeps everlastingly at it, grinding away when the others are asleep or at play. It is not the man who makes the ten-talent impression, but the fellow who does not show any special ability except the gift of hanging on; of continuous persistency. It is the fellow who does a little better this term than he did last, who is always trying to better his best. It is the man who has the staying power which enables him to come up on the last heat. The star graduate is often the last man of his class who would have been selected for class honors during his freshman year.

I have in mind a young man who was regarded as such a genius and who was so very much more brilliant than any one else in his class during his freshman year that if a prediction vote had been taken as to what man would be likely to lead his class he would probably have been a unanimous choice, but, as a matter of fact, he did not take a single class honor. He was like a meteor flashed up in the clouds, eclipsing for a time all other stars, but he lacked the gift of continuity. He thought that he was so far ahead of his class that he did not need to study much; that he could get off and have a good time whenever he felt like it; could stay away from lectures and recitations a great deal of the time, and still pass brilliant examinations. He very soon found, however, that the tortoises in his class were gaining on the hare. The result was that many of the men whom he looked down upon with disdain as freshmen were way ahead of him on graduation; in fact, he came very near losing his diploma.

It is the man who has the staying power, the pluck, persistency and grit which never lets go, which keeps eternally at it, who wins in the end. As a rule, meteoric men have very brief and disappointing careers.

Do not be discouraged because there are other men around you so much more brilliant than yourself. *Brilliancy has not accomplished half as much in the world as mediocre ability with staying power, persistency, stick-to-it-iveness.*

Romance in Wedded Life

MANY practical people think that sentiment is a sign of weakness; that such things belong only to silly people. It is a sad day in any married woman's life when she can say: "Dear me, it is not half so much fun to be a wife as it was to be a sweetheart. I do not begin to get the presents, treats and little attentions I used to."

It is a great pity when a husband gradually ceases to be attentive in little things; when he neglects to bring home flowers or little gifts to his wife, as he did before marriage. It is a great shock in a woman's life when she begins to realize that romance is dying out; that

Digitized by Google

her husband is always too tired to go anywhere with her in the evening; too busy to take her for a little outing; that his mind is always on his business; that he who was once so generous with her, talks poverty, telling her that he can not afford this, or can not afford that.

It does not take a great deal to make the average young woman happy. It is not so much a question of the amount of money spent on her as the *little* attentions, the *little* courtesies that indicate thoughtfulness and affection. It is the idea that she is in her husband's mind; that he has taken pains to express his affection, to make her happy, that pleases and satisfies her.



The Good Time That Kills

I BELIEVE in fun and a lot of it. Nothing will take the place of innocent amusement in renewing the mind. A person will accomplish a great deal more by taking considerable time for wholesome, jolly, innocent fun than by working all the time.

Those who try to do without recreation pay the penalty in arrested development. They dry up. Their lives become juiceless and uninteresting. They do not get rid of the brain ash from one day to another, and the monotony of using the same faculties a great many hours each day without change or diversion will soon so deteriorate the mind that it will lose its elasticity, its power to rebound, and the brain will operate in a perfunctory manner, instead of with strong, vigorous action and will produce nothing original or great.

A multitude of people, however, lose the very good they are seeking in their recreation by indulging in pleasures which demoralize, weaken, and which, instead of making them fresher and stronger for their next day's work, leave a demoralizing reaction and exhaust their vitality. Their "good time" does not accomplish the end sought, because they can not discriminate between innocent amusement, which sends a healthful glow all through the whole nature, rebuilds, rejuvenates, refreshens, restores all the life forces to their normal condition, and the pleasures which exhaust the vitality, deplete the life forces. Those people confuse fun with dissipation. Anything which lessens your self-respect, which you are ashamed to mention to your mother or sister, which makes you think a little less of yourself, is dissipation—not good, wholesome fun.

The most precious thing in the world to you is your self-respect. You can not afford to throw that away and be an enemy to yourself. Yet there are thousands of young men who *barter their self-respect for coarse pleasures* which they call fun, and go to their places of business in the morning jaded, exhausted, and in no condition to do a good, honest day's work. You see them on the cars and streets half asleep, with red eyes and sallow complexions, with dissipation written all over their faces. Many of them look as though they were disgusted with themselves for being so weak; for doing the things which lessened their self-respect and robbed them of vitality, strength and sleep.

Is there any sense in taking half or three-quarters of a day to get up steam for the day's run, just because of dissipation the night or the day before?

It does not matter how much money you have, my young friend, *you yourself are your best capital. No amount of money will take the place of a clear brain and a level head. You should begin every morning with all your faculties up to their highest standard, with all your physical energies intact, with everything in you ready for a superb day's work.* If you are going to be a success in life every day must be a victory, a supreme day in your life; a veritable "red letter" day.

Success that is worth anything is gained only by perfectly scientific methods. There is no guesswork about it.

A muddled, exhausted brain is incapable of good work, of thinking clearly, of planning effectively, vigorously, logically. It would be just as foolish to throw a lot of letters of the alphabet out of a window and expect them to form, in haphazard falling, an intelligent poem.

It is impossible to force jaded minds, brains that are exhausted by vicious living, by the lack of recreation and sleep, to do good work. Even the will of a Napoleon could not compensate for the deterioration of a brain fed by vitiated blood.

Spontaneity and buoyancy can not be forced. They are born of that freshness and vigor of mind and body which are absent in those who habitually dissipate.

The young man who wants to get the most out of his life should look upon himself as the only producer of the results toward which his ambition aims. He should regard himself as a powerhouse stored with precious energies which, if allowed to leak away, will impair by so much his great life output. He should make it the most important business of his life to keep himself at the top of his conditon so that he can make the best and get the most out of all his faculties and talents.

Be sure, therefore, that your good time is not suicidal upon faculty or possibility. Be sure that it renews instead of killing; that it increases vitality instead of draining it away. Be sure that it leaves you more hopeful, more ambitious, more determined; with renewed confidence and grander hopes.

Smith Premier Typewriter

MODEL 10 VISIBLE



has just been awarded the

Grand Prix

over all competitors at the

Brussels

International Exposition

The Smith Premier Typewriter Company, Syracuse, N.Y. Branches Everywhere



PERFECT stropping depends absolutely upon a stropper set to strop at THE IDENTICAL ANGLE AT WHICH THE BLADE WAS HONED. Perfect results CANNOT be obtained in any other way. THE "GRIFFON" AUTOMATIC STROPPER is made in three distinct models.

Model A—For Gem Jr., Ever-Ready, Keen Kutter, Enders, etc.
Model B—For Star, Gem, "Griffon", etc.
Model C—For Gillette Clark

Send us three of your discarded blades (any make) and two 2-cent stamps for postage—we will return the blades better than new, proving the delightfully keen edge this strop will put on old blades.

Simply push the handle to and fro; no matter how you use it, a perfect edge results.

Price $2.00 At your dealer's—or sent, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price by makers. Mention model wanted.

GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS
489 Broadway, New York

Send for this Prospectus today



Send for This Prospectus To-day.—It tells How to Add to Your Earning Capacity

YOU ought to know what sort of service the Universal Business Institute renders. You ought to find out how easy it will be for you to develop your ability. You ought to learn about the practical courses in business training this institution teaches by mail. You ought to know how, by expenditure of a very small sum of money, you can add to your fund of practical information—knowledge that you can use in your every day business—knowledge that will make your pay envelope fatter and make your position in life more important.

You ought to know the practical men who comprise the faculty of the Universal Business Institute.

COURSES TAUGHT BY THE UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE:

Commercial Law, Corporate Organization and Administration, Certified Public Accountant, Corporation Finance, Advertising, Brokerage, Accounting, Cost Accounting, Practical Banking, Real Estate, Insurance, Salesmanship, Investments, Business Organization, Credits, and Private Finance. Each course complete in itself.

Learn at the earliest possible moment how opportunity is knocking at your door. If you want all this valuable information, send for prospectus C to-day.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. C.
Fifth Avenue, Cor. 23rd Street New York City

Digitized by Google

Best & Co.



Children's and Infants' OUTFITTING

We originate, manufacture and *retail* wear that is stylish, dainty, durable, and economical.

In addition to all the usual dress requirements of children, we offer widest assortment of distinctive and exclusive novelties and innovations, impossible to find outside of this specialized store.

The Newest Fashions

in Children's and Infants' Dresses, Hats, Shoes, Hosiery, Gloves and Accessories, are pictured, described and priced in our new Fall Catalogue, which is ready to be mailed to any address, free, upon request. This booklet is a style authority on all matters of Junior Dress, and lists a large and attractive variety of every article needed for the complete outfitting of the young.

Expert Mail Order Service

maintained for the convenience of our out-of-town patrons, places the facilities and advantages of this great establishment, at the command of every home within reach of a post-office. An experienced woman house shopper selects every article ordered by letter. All purchases carry our guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Please address Dept. 27,

Fifth Ave. and 35th St., New York

Manning-Bowman

ALCOHOL Gas Stoves

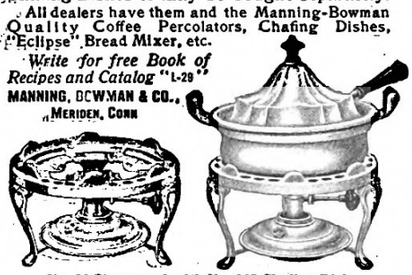
The Alcolite Wick-Feed Burner burns denatured alcohol

Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stoves can be used interchangeably with Chafing Dish or Coffee Pot Style Percolator and in addition will take any cooking utensil and cook as complete a meal as can be done on a kitchen range. These stoves are supplied with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes or may be bought separately.

All dealers have them and the Manning-Bowman Quality Coffee Percolators, Chafing Dishes, "Eclipse" Bread Mixer, etc.

Write for free Book of Recipes and Catalog "L-29"

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., MERIDEN, CONN



No. 84 Stove used with No. 315 Chafing Dish.



MRS. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

By Isabel Gordon Curtis



The Most Popular Girl in Town

One night I attended a church sociable where a voting contest for the most popular girl in town was in progress. I believe when she had been elected by vote she received a piano. It was not wholly a pleasant affair. For one thing, it was a horribly sordid method of raising money for church purposes. Girlish charm and beauty were put up at auction, as it were, and who can wonder, as these charms were exploited, that youthful bloom and sweetness were brushed rudely away. The girls themselves solicited votes, each one with a coterie of young men trailing after her, dinning silly adulation into her ears and holding up every passer-by in highwayman fashion. People bought votes, not because they wanted to or believed in the ridiculous scheme, but because they did not have the courage to refuse.

As I left the hall I passed a man who was being importuned for a fifty cent vote. "I have voted now for thirteen different girls whom I never saw before. My private opinion is that the most popular girl in town is at home to-night with her mother, safely away from this debasing affair. It is debasing, although the minister sanctifies it with his presence. If I found my daughter here I would walk her home in a hurry."

▲ ▲

His words of contempt still linger in my memory. They were so true. Each girl in the scramble at the church fair, trying to prove herself popular, was a fake. A score of different types were there and each type was a horrid contrast to the sort of girl you want for your sister or daughter or sweetheart. There was the "loud-mouthed," flippant, silly, empty-headed, giggling, vain girl; the over-dressed girl with a brilliance of coloring which nature had not given her. There was the selfish, idle girl, the girl with no heart, and the girl whose attractions were simply veneer. There were pretty girls and graceful ones; some who were clever and a few who had showy, superficial talents; but, as the man said, the really popular girl, the one who is growing up to a lovable, useful womanhood, was safe and happy at home. She would have fled had she entered that hall and found her name on the bulletin.

Then I asked myself: Who is really the most popular girl in town? To my memory came throngs of girls, each one lovable and loyal and honored. It was hard to pick out one and set her on a pinnacle by herself, and it was surprising to consider the qualities that made them beloved and admired. Not one girl on my list is a downright beauty. There is not a genius among them so far as I know. Only one is wealthy. None is prominent in church or club circles. Still their friends are legion and the friendship they receive is almost devotion.

▲ ▲

One day a girl neighbor of mine ran in for a call as another girl whom she knew slightly was leaving. They greeted each other and then my neighbor dropped into a chair and began to talk. "I can not for the life of me understand what folks see about Julia T." she grumbled. "I heard a man say last night that she is the most popular girl in town. I wonder why? She is not pretty nor clever. She does not dress finely, even if she has plenty of money. She does not entertain as well as lots of girls I know; still, when her name is mentioned, somebody bobs up to say some lovely things about her. It shows how easy it is for a rich girl to be popular. If I had her swell little runabout and a father who could indulge every whim and servants at my beck and call and two lovely homes and influential relatives, I might be as popular as she."

"No," I said, "you could not—not if you lived to be a hundred."

"Why?" she asked. There was no offense in her tone; simply perplexity.

"Because it is not in you. I will tell you what brought Julia here now. She called yesterday when I had just got rid of a sewing-woman who had utterly ruined the children's clothes. I was in despair. We are going away in three weeks. I have a pile of sewing to do and I could n't find a competent seamstress anywhere. I happened to tell Julia. Her aunt who lives out in the country keeps a seamstress all the time. She is just leaving for Europe. Julia thought she might get the woman to help me out. When she left here yesterday she went straight to her aunt, in case the woman might accept some other engagement. She came now to tell me that I might have her to-morrow. Would you have thought of doing that?"

"I did not happen to come in when she did. Besides I do not know of any seamstress. It was almost an accident."

"No, it was not an accident. It is the sort of thing Julia is doing all the time for somebody. You talk about her runabout. You do not know the good times that runabout gives to people for whom driving is a luxury. In our apartment lives an old lady who lost her only boy in the Spanish War. She is too feeble to walk from the car to the cemetery. Once a week Julia takes her to leave flowers on the boy's grave. She is not an interesting nor cheerful old lady, and I don't think it gives Julia any great pleasure except the pleasure she finds in being kind to everybody. That old lady would assure you that Julia is the most popular girl in town.

"Last year during the D. A. R. convention, Julia had a house party. Each one of her guests came from the chapter to which her mother belonged. There were eight of them. For a week Julia slept in the linen closet and gave up her room to the guests. I happen to know that three of these old ladies could not have afforded the journey from Massachusetts. Their tickets were Julia's gift. You say she does not entertain lavishly. That week there were no more charming affairs in Washington than some little parties given by the girl hostess for her mother's friends. Did you ever hear of the picnics she gives at her country home? It is not society somebodies who are invited and the affairs do not get into the social columns with her permission. There are groups of girls from the telephone office, from department stores and the Y. W. C. A. guests, the Old Ladies Home, the Foundling Hospital, or the Working Boys Home. Sometimes they are Sunday parties, for it is the only day in the week that certain of her guests are free. I call it about as good an observance of the Sabbath as any one could wish."

▲ ▲

It does not take money, however, to become the most popular girl in town. Another girl friend lives in a little town and is employed as stenographer in the county clerk's office. The salary she earns is not a large one and it has to provide for three people; still she is always doing something for somebody. Last summer she visited us in the middle of the preserving season. I was reminded of that by a little parcel which arrived this spring just about the time I was looking over fruit jars and jam pots. A note came with the package. It read:

Dear Lady:—Strawberries are in the market and I suppose it is almost time for that preserving kettle of yours to come off the top shelf. There are a few necessities you can not buy, and you are such a busy housewife I have made them for you. With love and kindliest salutations.

She sent an envelope filled with gummed labels on which she had typed all the things that fill a preserve closet, from strawberry jam to grape jelly; also a dozen tiny spice bags made from double cheese-cloth. Each one was to be filled with cinnamon, cloves and mace when spiced fruit had its turn. Bless the girl, she had spent an hour or two on that inexpensive little gift, but the thoughtfulness of it I will never forget!

▲ ▲

The tactful girl is due sooner or later to become the most popular girl in town. She may not be so very clever or deep, but she has that innate knowledge of what is the right thing to say and when to say it. Some one has said that you can educate a child in tactfulness. To a certain extent you may, but not wholly. It is a gift that is born in one. I have seen little children who would pause in the middle of a sentence because it might hurt the feelings of a playmate. Consider the girl who is not tactful. I know a young woman in Washington society who makes most tactless, most unkind speeches. A morning paper announced that a widely known American girl was about to become the morganatic wife of a foreign prince. That afternoon amid a crush of people she congratulated the young lady with: "My dear, I suppose when you are a morganatic duchess you will never see poor little me." "I shall not wait till that happens," was the crushing reply. "I think it is an excellent arrangement to begin now." That is only one of her breaks. At a dinner party one night she retailed a story which was funny enough, but a disgraceful gibe at the Catholic religion. The gentleman who took her to dinner did not even smile. She remembered a second later that he was one of the most devout Catholics in Washington society. She apologized but she did not realize that the apology made the situation slightly worse. There are girls of her sort everywhere, and they wonder why they are not popular.

Digitized by Google

A YOUNG man I know went home to tell his mother of his engagement. He was enthusiastic. "Mother, I assure you I have made no mistake; she is the most popular girl in town." "Why?" asked the mother. "Oh, there are all sorts of reasons. Wait till you know her." "Is she beautiful?" "No, I do not believe she is so very beautiful, but you will surely love her." The girl went West to visit the stately old lady who was to be her mother-in-law. A few days later the mother had a heart-to-heart talk with her son. "I could not have chosen a wife for you so well as you have done for yourself," she said, heartily. "She deserves to be the most popular girl in town." "What is it you like about her?" asked the boy, gratefully. "Of course I know what she is to me, but why is it that everybody loves her?" "Simply," said the mother gravely, "because she is so lovable. I have watched her closely. I had an ideal of the wife I wanted for my boy and she fills it—perfectly. She is sweet and unselfish. You see it in little things, and she does these little things as she has been doing them all her life. They are second nature to her. She sees to it that everybody who is older or frailer than she is has the most comfortable chair before she takes a seat. Children snuggle up to her; they know what that smile of hers means. She says 'Thank you' to everybody when they do her the slightest sort of favor, and she asks a servant for a service as politely as she would request it of me. Invariably she says 'Please' and 'Thank you' over the phone. When I step off or on a car it is always ahead of her and her strong young hand is at my elbow. All day long she is saving me steps in a kindly, unobtrusive way." The young fellow's face shone with happiness. "Mother," he confessed, "I guess I must be blind; I have scarcely noticed one of these things. All I have felt is her general lovableness." "These, my boy, are the sum total of her lovableness, and the reason why she is the most popular girl in town."

▲ ▲

I WAS at a house one day when the phone rang repeatedly. The daughter answered it three or four times. Each time I heard her say pleasantly, "No, I am sorry, you have the wrong number." She went a fifth time. I could not help hearing her conversation. "No," she said courteously, "this is North 1765 again. Evidently Central does not understand. Can I help you? Wait; I will find the number in a second. Hold the line till I find it, please." She paused and glanced hurriedly through the telephone book. "Here it is; North 1263. No indeed, you are very welcome. It was no trouble. Good-by." When she came back to us she explained: "Poor old lady, she must have had a perplexing time. She said she was alone, and had lost her glasses and the figures were joggly. She had been trying for fifteen minutes to find a doctor's number and Central was not a bit obliging."

▲ ▲

SOMETIMES the most popular girl in town is lucky enough to be discovered by some man worthy of her. Occasionally she stays single and becomes auntie to the next generation, who love her and value her as she deserves. Once in a while she becomes the heroine in a real romance.

In a little New England village the pretty young daughter of the richest man in town was beloved by every soul in the place. She had all sorts of qualities that make a girl beloved, but older folks used to say she knew more than many a woman. One night when she was eighteen she was awakened by a terrible crash, which was followed by shouts and screams from a railroad track near the house. An accident had occurred and one man was terribly hurt. The nearest hospital was seven miles distant. When the girl reached the scene she found a makeshift ambulance in which they were planning to take the man to town. "Don't," cried the girl. "Bring him to our house." "Your father and mother are away," objected somebody. "That does not matter. We can care for him. The man will die if you move him a mile." She phoned to the nearest doctor and then flew back to the house to prepare a room. All night long she worked with a doctor and nurse doing anything and everything from carrying water up-stairs to assisting at a hurried operation. The man lived. The doctor told him he had the girl to thank for it.

Five years later she was teaching to keep a roof over her parents' heads, for disaster had come. One day a young man appeared with an introduction from a man they had almost forgotten—the victim of the wreck. A year later there was a wedding. The young husband was wealthy, but better than that, possessed sterling qualities which have made him one of the foremost men in our country. He was telling his romance once. "My father came home after that accident," he said, "with an idea which was almost an obsession—that when the time came for me to choose a wife, he knew where she was. I came on here and found that the old gentleman knew his business."

Raising the Temperature

FRANK had been sent to the hardware store for a thermometer.

"Did mother say what size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh," answered Frank, "Gimme the biggest one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom with."

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
"The World's Best"

Something You Should Know

For 38 years GARLAND Stoves and Ranges have had the greatest sale of any stoves and ranges in the world. The line comprises Stoves and Ranges, Furnaces, Gas Ranges and Appliances. The GARLAND costs you no more than stoves and ranges of inferior grade. Secure the World's Best.

Write us for Free book and choice recipes which will be mailed to you on receipt of your request. Ask your dealer to show you

GARLAND Stoves and Ranges

BAKE WELL! COOK WELL! HEAT WELL! THEREFORE, ALL'S WELL!

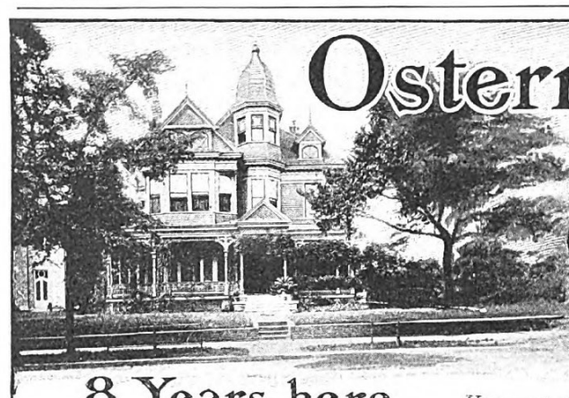
Furnaces, Gas Ranges and Appliances

Sold by Leading Dealers All Over the World

The Michigan Stove Company

Detroit — *Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World* — Chicago

Ostermoor $15.



MONTGOMERY, ALA., June 24, 1910.
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.
I have been sleeping on the celebrated Ostermoor Mattress for the past eight years, and am so very much pleased I would certainly not have anything else but Ostermoor in my house.
Yours very truly,
H. C. DAVIDSON.

8 Years here

You must get below the surface to discover mattress quality; you must go farther back than mere claims to learn mattress service. Imitations of the Ostermoor Mattress resemble the original in appearance; that and cheapness (which means inferiority *inside*) are their principal virtues. They are sold on mere *claim*—Ostermoor is sold on *proof of service*, and where a life time's bed-time comfort is involved, you cannot afford to buy on any other basis.

Over a million Ostermoors have gone into the best homes in America. The above letter (one of the thousands we have received) indicates the service they give. No other mattress can offer proof like this.

Mattresses Cost
Ex. Prepaid. Best blue and white ticking.
4'6" wide, 45 lbs., $15.
In two parts 50c extra.
Dust-proof, satin finish ticking $1.50 more.
French mercerized Art Twills, $3 more.

144-Page Book with Samples, FREE



The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us and we'll give you his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, when we have no dealer in your town or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it. Be sure of the genuine Ostermoor by seeing the trade-mark label, also the name Ostermoor woven continuously in the binding.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 134 Elizabeth St., New York Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE 10 YEARS FROM NOW?



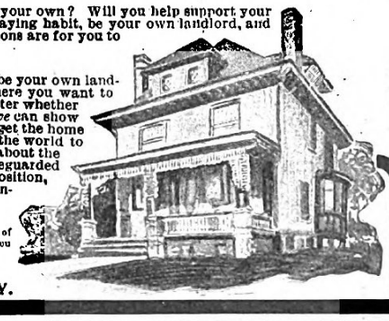
A bundle of rent receipts or a comfortable home of your own? Will you help support your landlord for 10 years or will you break the rent-paying habit, be your own landlord, and put the money in your own pocket? These questions are for you to answer—it is for you to decide.

You *Can* Own a Home

If you want to—you *can* stop paying rent—you *can* be your own landlord. No matter where you are or where you want to live, from Maine to California—no matter whether you have a single penny saved or not *we* can show you a practical, absolutely safe way to get the home—the easiest, most satisfactory way in the world to pay for it. There is nothing speculative about the plan—you take no risks—your money is safeguarded at every step. It is a simple business proposition, backed by influential business men and endorsed by the biggest bank in Rochester.

Write for Information Now

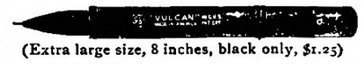
Let us tell you all the details of the plan, the reputation of the company and its officers. The information will cost you nothing.



SECURITY BUILDING CO.
1050 Insurance Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

"VULCAN" STYLOGRAPHIC PENS

In Two Sizes, 4½ and 5½ inches. Red or Black Rubber
$1.00



(Extra large size, 8 inches, black only, $1.25)

Unequaled for Fast Writing, Ruling and Manifolding

"VULCAN" SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

$2.00 with No. 2 Gold Pen
$2.50 with No. 4 Gold Pen



Fills and cleans itself with Simple Safety Device. Black Rubber, highly finished; fitted with 14-Karat Gold Pen.

J. U. ULLRICH & CO., 135 Greenwich Street, New York City

Digitized by Google

Four Essential Points of a Good Bond

The only kind of bond in which you should invest your money must be a bond that is perfectly safe, is marketable, returns a commensurate interest yield and is likely to appreciate in intrinsic value.

We now have and are offering for sale a bond which combines all of these essential points and to an unusual degree. This bond, the par value of which is $1,000, pays 5 per cent, but at the present low market price yields an income of about 5⅝ per cent. This is an unusually high rate for a bond so well secured.

The name of this bond is

California Gas & Electric Co. Unifying and Refunding Mortgage 5's

Due 1937. Denomination $1,000. Interest semi-annual. Coupon or Registered

Security: Direct lien on the property of a large Public Service Corporation serving a territory of 32,000 square miles including more than 100 cities and towns. Earnings are large and increasing at an average annual rate of $1,500,000. $5,000,000 from surplus earnings expended for improvements and extensions in last six years.

Equity: Nearly double total debt whether judged by appraised cash replacement value or market prices of junior securities.

Marketability: Issue has had wide distribution to investors. Listed on New York Stock Exchange. Commands ready loan and sale market.

Yield: A safe 5% bond of good market at a price to yield around 5⅛% is unusual and affords a superior investment opportunity.

Prices and complete description on application. Ask for descriptive circular G-51; also price list of other safe bonds.

N. W. Halsey & Co.

Bankers and Dealers in Government, Municipal, Railroad and Public Utility Bonds.

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	San Francisco
49 Wall St.	152 Monroe St.	1421 Chestnut St.	424 California St.

A Financial Courtship

A Plea for Conservative Investment

SEVENTH EDITION

We shall be pleased to forward a complimentary copy of the above to any investor, or to anyone contemplating an investment, who asks for circular 113 S.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

John Hancock Bldg., Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago Denver San Francisco

6% NET

For 35 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718.

$25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans

THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker—*Seventh Article*

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

THE two preceding articles in this department have briefly treated of municipal bonds. The word "briefly" is used advisedly and regretfully. But the disinclination of the average magazine reader—especially of the American type—to read exhaustively upon any subject, or to "wade," as such readers would probably term it, is so well understood by magazine men, that "touching the high places," if a bit of slang may be used as the more direct way of expressing the idea, is about the only course left open to writers of current literature of this type.

Various Forms of Corporation Bonds

An explanation of a corporation bond, and a definition of its obligation when put forth in the form of a bond, will be the subject of this article.

There are many reasons for the incorporated form, as opposed to the ordinary individual ownership or partnership plan. The first is that the liability of the shareholders is usually limited, either to the amount already invested in the stock, if fully paid, or to an added like amount, provided double liability exists, as is the case in some of our States. As an illustration, all the stockholders of our National Banks are subject to this double liability, and, in many States, so are those of other banking institutions.

The second reason is that every large enterprise, such as most of the public utility corporations as well as an immense number of our industrials, require such large amounts of capital, necessitating so many subscribers, that the partnership method would be unwieldy; and, owing also to the desire which would arise from the multiplicity of ownership for the transference or sale of the same to other parties. And it is worth considering that a corporation is more permanent in its character than a partnership or a business conducted by an individual.

There are many enterprises very largely of a public nature, such as gas, electric lighting, street railways, etc., which, oftentimes must be conducted by incorporated companies in order that they may be more or less under State control.

Although, formerly, corporations were mostly created to conduct only the larger enterprises, their present use has been extended to almost every conceivable business or industry.

The Joint-Stock Company Is an Exaggerated Form of Partnership

The majority of companies may incorporate under the laws of some other State, if so desired, than that in which the business is actually conducted (except in cases where certain privileges are derived from the State in which the business is carried on). If the former procedure is followed, they are known in the latter States as "foreign corporations." "Foreign" is very generally used, in legal parlance or legislative enactment, to refer to anything originating in another State, not meaning, necessarily, in a different country.

This has resulted, in almost countless instances, in the selection of that State which conveys the greatest privileges to the incorporator, and this will explain why so many of our companies are found chartered under the laws of States like New Jersey, West Virginia and Maine, as they, perhaps, are most liberal in the scope of the privileges granted. This plan, by which corporations obtain the right to do things in other States—things forbidden by the laws of those States—is a questionable procedure which is open to criticism, and is one of the sources of the antagonistic attitude of the public toward the much-complained-of corporations.

Before a company may begin business, a charter must be obtained from the Legislature of some State, or from such officers as may be authorized to act in its stead—or even, under certain conditions, directly from Congress. This charter is an instrument which states the privileges, etc., which a body incorporated thereunder enjoys.

There is one form of ownership which should be clearly understood as distinguished from the ordinary corporation; namely, the joint-stock company. This term is much more common in Great Britain than in America, and is subject to two interpretations. In some instances, the ordinary corporation is referred to as a joint-stock company; in fact, in the General Incorporation Laws of West Virginia, we find:

"The words 'joint-stock company' include every corporation having a joint stock, or capital divided into shares."

But the particular kind of a joint-stock company to which reference is here made is really an exaggerated form of partnership, the participants in which do not own shares of stock, but certificates showing their joint interest in the concern. Owners of these certificates are personally liable for the debts of the company, as if it were a partnership. The death of one of the members of such a partnership does not, therefore, terminate it, nor has each certificate owner the right to transact business for the concern, as in the ordinary partnership. It is probable that very few of the small stockholders in our large express companies, such as the Adams, the American and the United States, which are organized under a New York law, realize that they do not hold ordinary shares of stock, but that their certificates subject them to liability for the debts of the company, the same as if it were a partnership. These express company certificates of ownership are simply transferable shares representing beneficial interests in the companies. Companies of this peculiar nature are rare, but investors in such should clearly understand the purport of their ownership.

The Writer's Definition of a Corporation Bond

A concise interpretation of a corporation bond, the same as of a municipal obligation, is largely one of opinion; and scarcely two financiers would be found who would write alike upon the subject. The following is what the writer has customarily used: A bond issued by an incorporated company, the ownership of which is represented by shares of stock. Bonds issued by Governments, States, or any territorial subdivision thereof, although corporation bonds, in one sense, are not so known in the banking world. An exception is sometimes made, as "corporation stock of the city of New York," meaning New York City bonds, but adopted in order to distinguish the long-term indebtedness of that municipality from its short-term obligations, which are usually known as "revenue bonds," maturing within two or three years, and "assessment bonds," falling due in about ten years from date of issue.

Corporation bonds are usually secured by a mortgage upon all or a portion of the property by which they are issued, and then can be issued only by the permission and under the direction of the company's shareholders. It is customary to protect the rights of the bondholders by selecting some trustee—usually a trust company—to hold the mortgage against the property, and to carry out certain acts necessary to the issue.

A bond of this nature states upon its face many of the rights of the holder, as well as those reserved to itself, and, in addition, refers to the Deed of Trust in further accordance with which the issue is created.

The next logical thing to consider is the trustee. When a corporation borrows money by the issue of bonds, or by issuing any obligation which has a security other than the company's simple promise to pay, there must be some party to act in the common interest of both the lender and the borrower. Trust companies are becoming the most common class of trustees, and buyers of bonds now-a-days prefer to have some such institution rather than an individual act in this capacity. A permanent organization, such as a trust company, is infinitely more to be desired for such purposes than the elusive individual.

The Trust Company as Trustee for a Bond Issue

Most trust companies investigate with more or less care all the legal documents relating to an issue of bonds, by which it is to be understood that they often investigate the legality of the franchise, ascertain that the mortgage is properly drawn, that it covers the property indicated and that the many other legal requirements are duly complied with. But it must not be supposed for a moment that they, in any way, certify, either directly or by implication, that such an issue is a good investment. The most wild-cat mining venture on earth might secure a very reputable trust company—one of high standing and credit—to act as trustee for its bond issue. The activities of the trust company, up to the time of the bond issue, would be merely to ascertain that details such as those above mentioned had been properly followed out. Yet not all such institutions go that far. The investor often gives too much weight to the mere fact that a trust company of good name is the trustee of the issue under consideration. The investment banker well understands this human

Digitized by Google

7% CUMULATIVE PREFERRED AT PAR

For the purpose of increasing their facilities, the Sealshipt Oyster System, of South Norwalk, Conn.—a consolidation of highly successful oyster companies—offers an exceptional investment with 10% bonus of common stock.

Registrar: Guaranty Trust Co., N. Y. Transfer Agents: Bankers Trust Co., N. Y.

The Sealshipt Oyster System owns practically all the Blue Point Oyster Lands; and is the largest producer and shipper of bulk oysters in the world.

Excess of assets over liabilities $2,370,248.87, equal to more than the par value of the issued preferred and common stock.

Therefore, the security offered on the issued preferred stock is about three dollars for every one dollar.

The sources of income are (1) Royalties from Sealshiptors. (2) Royalties from Sealshipticases. (3) Profits from sale of paper oyster pails. (4) Profits from the manufacture of packages. (5) Profits from rentals of oyster lands. (6) Profits from the sale of oysters.

The net earnings on the issued preferred stock last year were 15.21%. Equivalent to 7% on preferred and 4 1-2% on common.

Because of the progressive character of the directors, the great security offered, together with the practically unlimited possibilities of growth of this enterprise we feel we can recommend this investment to you. **The unification of valuable properties and their successful managements, together with their combined earning power, should benefit every stockholder.**

Our complete circular is interesting and reveals the full and true status of the company.

Send for "The Facts"—sent gratis.

FULLER & CO., 40 Wall Street NEW YORK

George H. Burr & Co. do a general banking business, specializing in Commercial Paper and Investment Securities of the highest grade. They have branch offices in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Kansas City, San Francisco, St. Louis, and are known to banks and investors throughout the United States.

Preferred Stocks Of Proven Merit Yield 7% with Safety

You can share in the profits of a well established, prosperous and carefully managed corporation by investing in the 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock of the

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY

This Company in 1908 took over the well known and successful houses of

Chickering & Sons	Est.	1823
Wm. Knabe & Co.	"	1837
Haines Bros.	"	1851
Marshall-Wendell	"	1853
Foster & Armstrong	"	1895

This Company, the recognized leader in its field, does an international business, has a cash surplus of $303,495, net working capital of $2,223,586, and no mortgage or bonded indebtedness. The several plants, valued at $1,938,508 and equipped for economical operation, are well located and in excellent condition. We are offering this 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock at par—$100 per share accompanied by a Common Stock bonus of 25%. Earnings on this common stock increased from 4.65% in 1908 to 6.32% in 1909. As Bankers and Fiscal Agents of the American Piano Company since its inception, we are thoroughly familiar with every detail of its affairs. Years of intimate business relations have given us a personal knowledge of the integrity and ability of the management. Such first hand knowledge is of inestimable value to our customers. Send for circular B 111

GEORGE H. BURR & CO.

BANKERS

37 WALL STREET NEW YORK

Municipal Bonds

GOOD ASSETS FOR BANKS

We specialize in **Tax Bonds,** that is, obligations of counties, cities, villages, school and drainage districts.

Insurance Companies, Banks, Trustees and Individuals in almost every State buy of us. Our record of twenty-one years' business appeals to many in placing their orders.

We own bonds of large cities—St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee—and those of lesser communities, equally safe.

Unusual interest returns can now be obtained.

We are now offering our customers many attractive issues

Yielding 4 1-2% to 6%

The Market for **Tax Bonds** is constantly broadening. Banks find it desirable to increase their holdings for uses under the new Postal Savings Act.

Ask for circular on Scott County, Missouri, 6% Bonds.

Is your name on our mailing list? Most large buyers are.
Get Our Circulars and Prices.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

2411 Merchants-Laclede Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO. 3411 Home Insurance Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

weakness, and has been known to play upon it further than he should. Not all newspaper writers fully discriminate in this direction, and the columns of the daily press have frequently been used to exploit the fact that an issue of bonds of a little-known corporation has procured the services of a large trust company in its official capacity. This is free advertising and is supposed to help to introduce the issue favorably to the public.

Previous to the bonds being delivered as fully and properly executed, the trustee certifies to the regularity of the issue, and each bond bears the trust company's certificate in some form, indicating that the bond has been issued under its authority.

Should a default in either principal or interest occur, or the promises of the corporation which borrowed the money not be fulfilled, then, under certain conditions, it is the trustee's duty to enforce these promises or take possession of the property, and act for the interests of bondholders, all in accordance with the terms of the trust deed.

We seem to have taken it for granted that this last mentioned document, the trust deed, is well understood, and yet there may be a few investors who do not comprehend the term. It is a written or printed instrument which conveys the title to the property to some party, to be held in trust for others. In other words, it is an instrument which provides for the duties of the trustee of a mortgage and sets forth the rights of both the borrower and the lender. We are using "trust deed" in an investment sense only.

Beware of Bonds Sold at Discount

Bonds are issued by corporations when sufficient money for their capital can not be raised by the sale of additional stock at satisfactory prices, or when, perhaps, the legal limit of a stock issue has already been reached. But that, by no means, fully answers the inquiry. Imagine a corporation to be enjoying very good profits, earning and paying, for example, ten per cent. in dividends. Money is urgently needed for further development, or, perhaps, for added capital to carry on its growing business. Under such circumstances, the issuing of more stock would be equivalent to borrowing money at the high rate of ten per cent. interest, for that is what is being paid upon the outstanding stock. The company finds it possible to sell five per cent. bonds, and it is expected that the money so derived will return earnings to the corporation not less than that already invested, *viz.*, ten per cent. Consequently, by selling five per cent. bonds, the difference between that rate and the expected earning capacity of the new capital, or another five per cent., would accrue to the benefit of the present stockholders, and so increase the rate of dividends upon their stock.

Within the last decade bond issues have been accomplished with more than the usual difficulty, or, at least, the insatiate demands of our constantly growing corporations have been with difficulty satisfied by the ordinary bond-borrowing methods. The why and wherefore of all this is too devious and far-reaching to enter into here, but that the truth has just been stated is not likely to be gainsaid by those who manage our corporate affairs. It has been one reason why the convertible bond with its alluring speculative attachment has been resorted to by even our best conducted companies. The reader is referred to an earlier number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for a special article devoted to convertible securities.

Of more recent date, even the convertible feature has failed to attract the public sufficiently, and companies have been hard put to it to secure needed funds, either by borrowing in the form of notes or bonds, the latter with or without the convertible privilege. We thus seem to have retrograded in our form of corporate finance, for even companies paying dividends far above the average interest returned from bonds have been obliged to obtain their ready money for capital purposes by increasing their already large stock issues. For instance, no lesser railroad than that near pinnacle of financial credit, the Chicago and Northwestern, paying seven per cent. upon stock which has recently been quoted in the market at not far from two hundred dollars a share, has sopped its stockholders by offering them the privilege of subscribing to new shares at the low price of par, in order to replenish its treasury. This, however, in the minds of some financiers, is a doubtful expedient. The laws of Massachusetts, which provide that the selling price of such stocks shall first be determined by the Railroad Commission, is a wise one.

In any bond issue, a matter of great importance is that of price, and the investor, but more particularly the banker handling the issue, should not lose track of what a heavy discount means. A bond is not cheap just because it sells below par.

If a company sells an issue of five per cent. bonds having twenty years to run, and receives but eighty cents on the dollar for the same, the purchaser immediately jumps to the conclusion that the net earnings need to provide for only five per cent. upon the par value. Twenty years afterward, when these bonds mature, they must be paid off at par, or at twenty per cent. in excess of the original selling price; therefore, it would be better if the purchaser spread this liberal discount over the time which the loan has to run, estimating the issue, roughly, as bearing a six per cent. rather than a five per cent. rate. On the whole, it is better financiering to issue bonds bearing an interest rate which will warrant their selling in close proximity to par.

We Own and Offer

6% and 7%

MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT BONDS

Acceptable by the State of Washington as security for the deposit of State, County and City funds.

$37,000 Seattle 5 year 6%, District No. 2159, Date, Oct. 3, 1910. Issued for grading Western Avenue.
$16,000 Seattle 5 year 7%, District No. 2178, Date, May 20, 1910. Issued for sewers to Jackson Street et al.
$30,000 Seattle 5 year 7%, District No. 1976, Date, May 2, 1910. Issued for grading 18th Avenue et al.
$35,000 Seattle 5 year 7%, District No. 1924, Date, Dec. 20, 1909. Issued for grading E. Howell et al.
$20,000 Seattle 5 year 7%, District No. 2023, Date, Oct. 3, 1909. Issued for grading 21st Avenue, So. et al.

Price, 101 and Accrued Interest.

$25,000

LOWER YAKIMA IRRIGATION COMPANY FIRST MORTGAGE 7% GOLD BONDS

Date, January 15, 1910. Denomination $1,000
Total issue, $350,000. Maturing 1919-1920

Actual value of the property, $1,500,000 in excess of the bond issue. Success fully established; land sold; farmers on the ground producing; all speculative features eliminated.

Write for Special Circular.

Price, Par and Accrued Interest.

We make all collections and remit in New York Exchange, free to all customers.

CARSTENS & EARLES, Incorporated
Investment Bankers,
Lowman Building, Seattle
CAPITAL and SURPLUS $600,000.
Specializing in the public securities of the Pacific North-West.

Our Great Railroad Systems

Good transportation facilities are essential to the prosperity of the manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer, and also to the convenience of the traveling public. Therefore, our great railroad systems must be at all times in a position to furnish adequate service, which makes it imperative that liberal expenditures be made for improvements and betterments, and the properties maintained on the highest standard of efficiency. This is also necessary from the standpoint of economical and profitable operation, all of which contributes to the steadily enhancing value of the properties.

When we consider these facts, it is not surprising that good railroad bonds are recognized as being permanently safe investments, and when it is possible to obtain them at such relatively low prices as those now ruling, it becomes obvious that they present an unusual opportunity for the employment of surplus funds.

Our Circular **No. 936** describes 58 issues of well-known Railroad Bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. We send copies to banks, institutions and individual investors, upon application.

Spencer Trask & Co.
43 Exchange Place, New York
Albany, N. Y. Boston, Mass. Chicago, Ill.
Members New York Stock Exchange

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

We are now offering a *municipal bond* **in denominations of $100 and $500** yielding the high interest rate of 6%. Seldom is it possible to get a municipal bond offering such a liberal return on the investment.

Write now for descriptive circular No. 216

RUDOLPH KLEYBOLTE COMPANY, Inc.,
Investment Bonds

184 La Salle St. CHICAGO 115 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY 18 East 4th St., CINCINNATI

Digitized by Google

BONDS

MUNICIPAL and Corporation Bonds earn 4% to 6%—the highest rate of interest you can possibly obtain with safety, and both interest and principal are promptly paid when due.

Do not invest in doubtful securities. When investing money the safety of the principal should be the first consideration

Our Free Booklets

"Bonds and How to Buy Them" and "How to Buy Bonds on the Installment Plan," also list of high grade bonds we offer for sale, will be sent on request.

OTIS & HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
800 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

SAFE 6% SOUND

SECURITY

$2,900,000.00 of Realty Assets in and adjacent to New York City are safeguarding the New York Central Realty Company Bondholder.

And he is privileged to withdraw his entire investment, with interest, after two years.

If you wish your work to make Capital, buy an Accumulative Bond. If you wish to make your Capital work, buy a Coupon Bond.

Write to-day for samples of our two forms of bonds. Read them over carefully and make your investment in proportion to your means.

New York Central Realty Co.
Suite 1179, 1328 Broadway, New York

6% Guaranteed

6% FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS in denominations of $50, $100 and $1,000 secured by New York Property worth three times amount of loan and constantly increasing in value. Bonds maturing 1914, interest payable semi-annually, at Lincoln Trust Co., N. Y.

We Guarantee the Payment

Write for interesting particulars
NICHOLLS-RITTER
REALTY & FINANCIAL CO.
405-08 Flatiron Bldg. NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1885
REFERENCES: Dun and Bradstreet

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.

Gloomy on the Gridiron

[*Continued from page 740*]

spoke. But there was something in his attitude signifying that he was to see that game if it took his favorite leg, the apple of his eye, or any other invaluable asset. This attitude remained unchanged after an hour of one-sided argument. The Apostle was obviously at a loss. They both stayed to see it out.

The momentous day dawned misty and cold. As the appointed hour approached, I watched from my window the throngs of be-sweatered collegians and be-familied citizens streaming across the campus, all, with one accord, high in faith. The Greek came out of the door below me and stalked off toward the field amidst the silence of awe.

I joined him a little later, along with the Apostle. The home team had just left the field after preliminary practise and the visitors were running on. My worst fears were realized. There were at least fifteen young mountains in the squad and a score or more of foothills; substitutes, probably, of the second degree. They trotted across the gridiron with the perfect order of trained athletes. I turned to my companions. Gloomy was watching the invaders with lofty indifference, but a look of ill-concealed satisfaction which I surprised on the face of the Apostle plunged me into the darkness of doubt.

The hostile army had stopped and gathered about a figure at the other side of the field.

"Hey, Gloomy!" the Apostle nudged the Greek. "Get wise to their coach; the gent in the green sweater." Gloomy stared blankly. "If that ain't our friend of Ponola, Kansas, I'll eat my necktie," bargained the Apostle.

At this moment, the visiting team detached itself from the main body of the hostile squad, and our stock of wonder was exhausted. Each and every one of the fifteen young Iowa mountains still crouched on the side-lines and each and every one of them was making a face indicative of extreme disgust. The eleven that came to the line to play, looked like conscientious students and faithful consumers of the midnight oil. To cover my bewilderment, I turned to a pink-shirted enthusiast who had followed the star of victory across two States.

"Is this an oratorical contest?" I inquired.

He regarded me with infinite pity and scorn.

"We place our reliance in speed," he vouchsafed. "Our coach told us so last night." He turned away with an expression that said as clearly as words: "And our coach knows best."

Suddenly another great light dawned upon me. I remembered the fragmentary remark of the barber the night before, "He says any old side is the same—"

The coach of the Iowa team had taken the Apostle's bet against his own team. And to insure the unsuccess of his team he had put on the side lines a collection of the solidest corn huskers in Iowa, and put in their places this group of flat-chested, spindle-legged philosophers. I felt that I was about to be present at a great tragedy.

A description of the game which now commenced is little fitting to these sober pages. It might better be left to a master of the weird and grotesque. At the first blast of the whistle, the imported officials went up in the air and remained there, vainly endeavoring from that point of vantage to analyze the phantasmagoric upheaval of all gridiron conventions.

The toss gave the kick-off to the visitors. The ball soared into the air, and the devoted crew from "Ioway" charged valiantly down the field, only to find the sturdy sons of the Kansan soil performing a species of war-dance which was distinctly not on the books. The frail warriors from out-State were willing and anxious to take this in hand but found to their chagrin that no place to take hold of had been provided. Gloomy's shouting parade marched up the field irresistibly, going about its business with stolid unconcern for the mist of opponents hanging feebly on its flanks, and not in the least understanding that it was doing anything out of the way. The ball was placed with care between the goal-posts, and one of the number was despatched to the coach for further orders.

The stands were wild with incoherent enthusiasm. The "adapted" yells went by the board, and each one voiced his soul in his own language. Gloomy burned with a high internal fire—with the twofold glow of present triumph and future opulence.

The ball was brought back again, and again it was booted skyward. The invading scholars clutched vaguely at gigantic forms drifting through the mist. Touch-down followed touch-down. Under the exultant eye of Gloomy, the Apostle enthused conscientiously and perspired freely until, an opportunity occurring toward the close of the second half, he faded from public sight. I stayed with Gloomy till the triumphant end. Nobody will ever know how many points the home team made that day. I lost count after seventy.

It was some half hour later when I entered the hotel office. Gloomy occupied the room—that is, he stood in the center of the floor and regarded the ceiling steadfastly, while into his soul sank the plaudits of the multitude outside. The "day of life" had come to the

6% GOLD BONDS

Based on New York Real Estate

These Figures Tell Our Story:

New York City	1900	1910	Gain
Population	3,437,202	4,766,883	38.7%
Real Estate	$2,960,653,529	6,600,187,322	122.0%

¶ In ten years New York's population increased 1,329,681, and the value of its real estate $3,639,533,793. The performance of the past is the promise of the future. New York's continued growth is certain, and the lines of growth clearly marked. The successful business of the American Real Estate Company is the ownership of New York real estate based on the growth of the City in the line of its constantly advancing population; its field for safe and profitable investment is almost unlimited.

¶ In the further extension of our business we offer our 6% Bonds in these 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.

Write for information, map of New York City, views, etc.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888 :: Assets, $15,536,199.47
Capital and Surplus - - $1,851,154.38
Room 518 527 Fifth Avenue, New York

5% **BOTH SECURITY AND PROFIT**

are absolutely assured when you invest idle money of your savings with us.

We pay 5%. Have done so for 15 years. Dividend checks are mailed every six months.

Your money isn't tied up. Every cent you leave in our hands is payable on demand without loss of dividends.

Write to-day for booklet giving full information.

THE CALVERT MORTGAGE & DEPOSIT CO.,
1042 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

A Safe INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS and LOAN Co. NEW YORK CITY 5%

For over 17 years our depositors

have received a safe 5 per cent on their savings—safe because their principal was absolutely secure—invested in high class mortgages on New York and Suburban Real Estate.

CONDUCTED UNDER SUPERVISION OF
NEW YORK BANKING DEPARTMENT

and regularly examined by same. Deposits are accepted and withdrawals allowed *upon any date*, with full earnings paid for every day money is in our care.

Absolute safety, quick availability and highest earnings consistent with a conservative investment is what we offer.

ASSETS $2,250,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS $175,000

Write for booklet

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.
3 Times Building, Broadway and 42nd St., New York

"The Bache Review" as it is known throughout the West and South, is THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW published by

J. S. BACHE & CO., Bankers
42 Broadway, New York City
and it will be sent without charge to investors interested

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Safest investments known. Yielding from 4% to 6% Write for Circular.

ULEN, SUTHERLIN & CO.
BANKERS CHICAGO

JACKSONVIL, FLA.—THE NEW YORK OF THE SOUTH. Reconstructed by Commercial Democrats and Chicago Ozone. Wide-open city. Don't scatter in wild southern feud towns. Lands and Lots with free water front: $10 down $5 monthly. Our Tell-the-Truth booklet free. Write Half Million Club.

Digitized by Google

fuliginous spirit of the Greek. Gloomy was happy. Through the open door of his place of business, I perceived the barber. I also perceived the "gent in the green sweater" party of Ponola, Kansas; coach of the "bunch from Ioway," and, of course, visibly prostrated by the outcome of the day. At the moment I saw him, he was concealing his trouble with phenomenal fortitude, the while he acted the part of receiver for vast sums of money which the barber was counting out.

But, to Gloomy, only the glory of the triumphant ceiling was visible. At the approach of his rival, he conducted himself as a gentlemanly victor. He magnanimously refrained from any remarks on the late contest or as to the relative abilities of the several coaches. He merely looked ponderous and self-contained. The "gent in the green" evidently took this appearance to be the result of suppressed mental anguish. He laid a hand on Gloomy's arm.

"Hard luck, college chum!" he commiserated. "You couldn't get away from it, could you? Them farmer boys are pretty dogawn husky and they won't always stay tied—Hey?" Here I thought to see his life abruptly closed, but Gloomy chose to overlook the playful nudge administered to his ribs. The party of Ponola, Kansas, spoke very softly—"May be you had some special extraordinary kind of liniment—hey?" He accompanied this with a wink at the barber. The latter, being a property owner, seemed a little uneasy, merely muttering about the relative merits of "honor" on the one hand, and "a little money" on the other.

The brow of the Greek was contorted with the travail of unaccustomed thought. He looked from one to the other mistily.

"What money?" he rumbled.

The pockets of the ex-tackle sent out a suggestive jingle by way of answer.

"Did you win somethin', too?" inquired Gloomy.

"*Too!*—Say—" the gentleman in green turned to the tonsorial artist and tapped his forehead significantly—"I've heard of them being turned by things like that before."

"Just who did you figure your friend was placing his money on, anyway?" asked the barber soothingly of Gloomy.

Up to this particular second, Gloomy had done no "figuring"; he had *known*. The Pole Star was a wandering and unreliable comet in comparison with the fixity of his ideas on the subject; two and two might have suddenly decided to make five, but never at any time could he have wagered money on any team but his own. Something in the tone of the barber's voice, however, seemed to strike at the foundation of his world of faith.

Then, slowly, it all dawned upon him. The perfidious partner had bet the money, *his* money, on the other team. In his ignorant zeal he, Gloomy, had beaten that Iowa aggregation to within an inch of its life. At that moment he and the said perfidious partner together owned and controlled about forty-seven cents of America's resources.

"Where's Lemuel?" he asked huskily.

"Meaning your fleshy friend?" offered the ex-tackle. "I *had* thought up to this moment that Lemuel was gone from our midst, but now it seems to me I observe a familiar eye and carpet-bag on the staircase over yonder."

Gloomy did not wait to hear more. Raising his voice in a bellow that would have done credit to a wounded bull, he gave chase. The door behind us closed with a bang, and we heard the retreat of two heavy bodies up the stairs.

⚜ ⚜

Cheap Board

NEW ARRIVAL (at breakfast in his boarding house): "Will one of you gentlemen tell me how much it costs to board an automobile here?"

GENTLEMAN at his left: "About thirty dollars, I think."

CURATE: "But you can board a horse for twenty-five."

PROFESSOR of mathematics: "And you can board a trolley for five cents."

▲ ▲

Intended to Pay

A BASHFUL young lover walked into the house of his sweetheart bearing a large box with the name of a prominent florist written on the cover.

"How sweet and fresh they are!" cried the young lady, opening the box. "I believe there is a little dew on them yet."

"Why—er—yes," admitted the young man in great confusion, "but it's just a little, and I'll pay it tomorrow."

▲ ▲

His New Job

A SAN FRANCISCO conductor who recently embraced religion, was called upon to take up the Sunday morning offering. He did very well until he came to a boy. "Young man," he said, sternly, "you will have to pay half fare.

▲ ▲

The Anti-Conservationist's "America"

"'I LOVE thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills.' In fact, I need them in my business."

WE invite the attention of conservative investors to two especially attractive issues of First Mortgage Bonds, secured by two Electric Railway Systems, the successful operation of each of which has been fully demonstrated:—

$350,000
West Penn Traction Company
First Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Dated June 1, 1910 **Due June 1, 1960** **Denominations $1000 and $500**
Principal registerable

This company operates over 157 miles of traction property, and has the exclusive lighting and power business in fifty Municipalities in the Connellsville Coke Region, in Western Pennsylvania.

The gross earnings for the year 1909 were at the rate of $8,428 per mile of track operated, which compares favorably with the gross earnings of all the steam railroads in the United States, which were about $10,500 per mile for the same year.

$2,000,000
Western New York and Pennsylvania Traction Company
First and Refunding Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Dated December 1, 1906 **Denomination $1000** **Due January 1, 1957**
Callable at 105 and prior to January 1, 1912:
Thereafter at 110 and interest.

These bonds, issued with the approval and consent of the New York State Board of Railroad Commissioners are a first mortgage (subject to only $300,000 divisional liens) on about 98 miles of traction property, connecting Bolivar, Olean and Salamanca, N. Y., and Bradford, Pa.

The bonded debt is less than $24,000 per mile. Approximately $1,000,000 over and above the proceeds of this issue has been invested in this property by the stockholders, affording a wide margin of equity to the bond holders.

Further details on the above offerings will be furnished upon request. We shall be pleased also to mail our general circular, describing other issues of Municipal and Public Service Securities, also our recent publications, "The $100 Bond", and "Quick Assets for Business Firms".

Address Department A.

J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.

Bank for Savings Building, PITTSBURG, PA.

CHICAGO	NEW YORK	PHILADELPHIA	BOSTON
First National Bank Bldg.	37 Wall Street	Real Estate Trust Bldg.	Kuhn, Fisher & Co., Inc., 15 Congress St.

Give me Your Judgment On This 6% Investment

I WANT to get in touch with people everywhere who have from $1,000 up to invest, and who want the very best possible return on the money, but yet want to know all the time that their funds are absolutely safe. To such people I can present *facts*—not theories or hopes, but rock-bottom facts—that will interest them.

And from such people I will welcome the most thorough investigation they can make, for only in that way can real confidence be established.

I don't pretend to know about all kinds of investments. But I do know one kind thoroughly. For I've devoted 28 of the best years of my life to studying it.

That kind is 6% mortgages, secured by triple value in the best farm land in North Dakota—and that means the best anywhere. For these people don't borrow to pay debts, but because they're growing so fast they need money for expansion. I've seen these farms increase five-fold in value. I see them increasing in value right along.

And I know that in loaning *not more than 40% of a conservative valuation* on the richest farm land in the richest country on earth, I'm making the safest possible investment.

I've invested a lot of my own money in these mortgages. I've invested $1,575,000 for other people. And I've never lost a dollar of principal or interest, for myself or anyone else, in 28 years. Many of my first clients—or their children—are with me still.

I issue a very interesting book, fully descriptive of these mortgages and the security back of them. If you have funds to invest you cannot afford to miss reading it.

To prospective investors it is free, with all the other information and opportunity for investigation that I can give you. Write me today.

Walter L. Williamson, Lisbon, N. D.
6% Farm Mortgages **Box 291** **Established 1882**

Digitized by Google

IF YOU LIKE HUNTING, FISHING, CAMPING,

Agents Wanted everywhere. Full particulars sent when you answer this advertisement.



You will like the

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

This magazine contains 160 pages or more; crammed from cover to cover with photos from life, stories of hunting, fishing, camping and tramping which will thrill and interest you. This monthly visitor will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of Field, Wood and Stream. Single copies 15c. Yearly subscription with watch fob $1.00.

Special Trial Offer

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for 3 months, also one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Also a copy of our new 32 page illustrated premium list.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 31 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

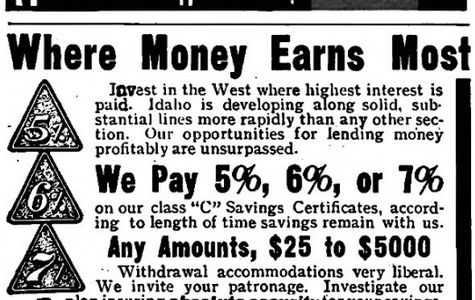
LOOKING FOR A GOOD BUSINESS LOCATION?

I can put you in touch with the *right* place. The territory traversed by the Frisco Lines in Ill., Ind., Tex., Okla., Ark., La., Mo., Kans., Tenn., Miss. and Ala., includes some of the most rapidly growing sections of the country. Taken generally it would be difficult to find a territory where capital *counts* so much. *Over 452 factories found profitable locations along the Frisco Lines last year.* There are *equally good* locations for as *many* more.



Allow me to send you our very complete data on business openings along the Frisco—it would undoubtedly awaken your interest. Should you care to negotiate with any particular point, we will gladly handle the matter for you. Please write to-day.

FRANK ANDERSON
Industrial Commissioner Frisco Lines
585 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



Where Money Earns Most

Invest in the West where highest interest is paid. Idaho is developing along solid, substantial lines more rapidly than any other section. Our opportunities for lending money profitably are unsurpassed.

We Pay 5%, 6%, or 7%

on our class "C" Savings Certificates, according to length of time savings remain with us.

Any Amounts, $25 to $5000

Withdrawal accommodations very liberal. We invite your patronage. Investigate our plan insuring ***absolute security*** for your savings. Address inquiry today. (1)

Union Savings Building & Trust Co.
Department C 1107 Main St., Boise, Idaho



WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions.

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Superior equipment. Expert Instructors. Eleven years' successful teaching. Financial returns guaranteed.

Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book. **FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT** of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1899)
A 18 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

Do You Keep a Cash Account?

Woolson's Expense Books for personal and household accounts, costing from 25c to $3.50 each, furnish a complete analysis of expenses by days, weeks, months and years. Interesting descriptive circular free.
GEORGE H. WOOLSON & CO.
29 Elm Street, New Haven, Conn.

HIGH COST OF LIVING SOLVED

By the use of Natural Foods, full of vitality, possessing great remedial qualities and are cheap. If properly combined, they produce a maximum of vitality, health and longevity. Write for a free copy of magazine "FOOD DOCTOR", edited by the Food Expert, Dr. Julian P. Thomas, Dept. R. 522 West 37th Street, New York.

A Second-Hand Tombstone

[*Continued from page 721*]

"I reckon I would have stowed that tombstone away and forgot it right there if it had n't been for a smart foreman I had picked up some time before. Perkins was his name. He came from Massachusetts originally and he was keen; safety razors was round-edged beside that fellow. All science he was, and when he see me throwin' up my hands on that leftover sign post, he butts right in and offered to help sell it.

"'The trouble is,' says Perkins, 'you ain't gone at it methodical. People wants their tombstones with their names, jest like their calling cards and their pay checks.' Jest so. No use arguing that. 'Let 's find a feller by the name of Jones and sell him this here tombstone. We got all Arizona to prospect in and she 's some rich in Joneses, I reckon.'

"Not bein' rushed just then, we begins spottin' Joneses all over the territory. Must have found twenty of 'em, big and little, old and young, but what good did it do? Our luck was plumb ridiculous. Them Joneses was shyer 'n coyotes. Made 'em nervous to talk tombstone to 'em; and particular—you never saw such a particular gang. Wanted their initials right. Wanted white marble instead of sorrel. Was n't going to die right then anyhow and needed the money for groceries. Kicked because the age was 'nt right. Name was Henry, but kicked on the M. They were a pesky triflin' lot, those Joneses, and did n't know a bargain when they seen it right under their noses.

"Got so we kept tab on all the Joneses, and when one of them climbed over the divide we would haul that tombstone over and try to work it off. Looked like a cinch, but we generally got there too late. When a deceased leaves $11.98, or thereabouts, it ain't generally put out at interest. Time you 've bought him a new pair of boots to be buried in and has set 'em up three or four times around, like he would do if he was alive, there generally ain't anything left for tombstones. We wore ruts most all over Arizona chasin' departed Joneses with that stone. Oncet we found a Jones who had died with $6,000 in his pocket and I judged we had landed a customer at last. That was one of our wust disappointments. The man that owned the money took it off the deceased before we could.

"That would have discouraged most men. It did me; but it did n't even worry Perkins. He was sure ingenious, that man was. The way he worked on that tombstone was wonderful, considerin' that I was paying him for setting type. He got up a raffle. In Painted Mesa the boys will take a chance on anything, but they backed away from the raffle. Seemed like as if the feller that won it was jest inviting some one to plug him, they said, and they 'lowed they would n't come in. Then he up and sells it to three greasers, one after another. Greasers was awful short lived in Painted Mesa anyway, and not being able to read and none of their relatives being able to read, it did n't make no difference what was on the stone. But pshaw! all he got out of them three sales was a trifle of Mexican money, worth a dollar a peck. Three dollars in all, U. S., he got from the three, and each time he had to yank it out of the cemetery for non-payment of dues, the owner being under it and exceedingly slow pay. The last time the greaser's priest comes along and wants to carve some Latin on the stone, and we had a howling big time getting it away from him, the deceased having paid only thirty-five cents American on it. That got me sore and I shut down on them greasers. If we 'd let that Latin go on, next thing we 'd be cutting down the stone to suit the taste of some buyer, and when you once begin to make over a tombstone, you 've as good as spoilt it.

"Well, sir, at the end of two years, there we was eleven dollars behind expense and the tombstone still on my hands, a worse hoodoo than a salted mine with water in it. Beats all how you can get to hate a poor dumb thing like a tombstone. I used to look at it standing in front of the *Sentinel* office where we used it some for a hitching post, and cuss at it so deep and fervent and whole-hearted you would have thought it was a mule. But just as I was about to heave it over into the gulch out of my sight, Perkins comes into the office all lit up with excitement. There was a Henry M. Jones in Painted Mesa that minute, says he.

"Perkins was right, too. It looked like Providence to us. There was a Henry M. Jones at the boarding house, sure enough. He had come out to Arizona for his health, which was foolishness, for any one could see at a glance he did n't have no health at all to worry about. Anyhow, there he was, and when Perkins sees him again, wearing his name around the town, jest like it was an ordinary thing, he looks at him in regular bliss. 'If I can't sell a Henry M. Jones tombstone to a Henry M. Jones,' says he, 'then throw me out and set me to hauling water; that 's all I 'm fit for.'

"Henry M. Jones fitted that stone as if he had been measured for it. His middle name was right. His age was thirty-eight instead of thirty-nine, but you can easy make an eight out of a nine. Anybody could. He was bound the way the stone says, too—good man through and through. Did n't even take a smile occasionally with the boys. But we very soon saw that he was a going to shy clean over the San Francisco peak at the mention of tombstones in a commercial way. There was nothing to do but wait and endeavor to win his young affections, and we started in strong on both.

"Did you ever make up to a dropsical relative with eleven thousand acres of good farm land? Well, that was the way Perkins and me made up with Henry M. Jones. We cultivated him like some people would cultivate an orchid. Nothing was too good for Henry M. We saddled his cayuse for him; we shot his greasers for him. We quit poker for six months because Henry M. did n't just approve of lending a man his own boots to go home in after he 'd had too much faith in three of a kind. He liked the lending of them all right, that is, but he did n't like the taking away of them to lend. We chaperoned Henry M. as careful as if he was a violet in a foot-ball game—which was about what he was, too, in Painted Mesa. We read proof on the *Sentinel* for the first time, just because it annoyed him to read things upside down or left out. We were a heap sight better than brothers to Henry M. We were as good as if we was politicians and he had forty votes to cast next day. That 's as good as mortal can be, I guess.

"Arizona air was good for Henry M. Jones and he perked up amazing. But that did n't discourage us. We was playing a long game, we was. We 'd been two years selling that tombstone and we was going to take ten more if necessary. The weller Henry M. grew the better we was to him. We built him a shack; we got him a good job clerking in the only store in Painted Mesa that was n't a saloon; we handed him over a couple of mining claims we 'd picked up cheap. Ain't no trick to pick up mining claims cheap, but it takes art, sonny, to let go of 'em without it costing you anything. Henry M. and us was thicker 'n glue; we was his best friends. He said so himself. He often wondered, he said, why we loved him so. Then he 'd take us over to Pete Norboom's scales and show us how he 'd put on two more pounds, and we 'd act as pleased as if it had been two pounds of gold nuggets, and maybe we was. Henry M. was a good feller and so long as we did n't beat him over the divide, what was the hurry? That stone was as good as sold anyway.

"Two years after Jones come to Painted Mesa he was elected town clerk. We done it for him. Beats all how much of a friend you have to be for a feller after you get started. I 'd been laying for that office five years, and there I was whoopin' it up for Henry M. Jones and debatin' his fitness for office with everything from fists to cartridges. Cost us money, Perkins and me, but we elected him and Henry M. was grateful too; anybody could see that. He called us his best friends. Jest to prove it, he organized a leetle company to work one of them ex-mines we 'd give him, and he sold us a wad of stock on the ground floor. Let us in cheap. We felt cheap enough, but what could we do? We were friends of Henry M.'s and anyway we give him the mine ourselves. You got to show faith in your mines, so we jest natch'rully forked over for the stock and looked happy. Be careful what you give away, my friend.

"A couple more years rolled along, us getting friendlier with Henry M. every minute. Reckon I bought enough drinks, makin' friends for him, to float this here new *Lusitania* over the Mojave desert. Twicet I licked personal friends of mine for being rude and unneighborly with him—lost a subscriber both times and part of a finger once. Oncet I traded hosses with him; let him skin me blind and me knowin' it all the time. He got the best mule west of Albuquerque and I got a wall-eyed skeleton that was warped so many ways he had to turn his back around to see which way he was trotting. That almost kerflumixed me on the whole deal. I was for booting Henry M. down the gulch, but Perkins would n't have it. 'Steady,' says he, 'he 's hooked good and plenty. That tombstone's as good as over him now.'

"As a matter of fact, by that time Henry M. was getting thinner every day. Arizona air had sort of wore out for him, I guess; did n't take no kind of eye to see that he was n't any more than a transient in this vale of tears, with his grip already packed for the next stop. It was n't more than a week afterward that he called both Perkins and me over to his cabin.

"'Boys,' said he, in that hoarse voice of his, 'you 've been all-fired good to me. Blame me if I know why a couple of fellers like you should take up with an old crowbait like me on his last legs.'

"We could have told him, but we did n't.

"'I ain't long for this world,' he went on; 'might as well die right here, too. I ain't got a relative in the world. You two is the best friends I 've got; I want you two to be my executors. I want you to see that I get a good funeral, boys, when I do go, and I want you to settle up my estate. It 's yours, pals, over and above the funeral expenses. I 've made a will and you 'll read it one of these days.'

"'Course, Perkins and me told him there was no hurry at all and to shut his fool head. But when we got home, we was some elated, jest the same, in a solemn, respectable way. It pays to be friendly; we seen it plainly then. Jones lingered along all that summer and we was more friendly to him than ever, though I swear he most broke our backs. Got awful religious along toward the end, he did; insisted on us going to a little church a Gospel prospector had got up

Digitized by Google

with him. Made us wade right in deep, too. I used to look at Perkins passing the collection plate and he used to look at me making all-fired funny noises in the choir, and I reckon no two men was ever more disgusted with themselves or each other. But Henry M. liked it; he fairly beamed when he saw us perform. Oh, he was living up to his tombstone all right. He was a good man, was Henry M. Did you ever take pace from a real good man for five years, friend, when you had n't never trotted on that pike before? It's an awful job.

"Along in the fall, Henry M. got very sick and weak and one night he up and died—five years behind schedule time. We was with him, me and Perkins. With his last words he give us his will. 'It's got funeral directions and all in it,' he said. 'I wished I had more to give you two good old pals, but what I've got is all yours,' and with that he turned over and passed in his counters. Good old Henry M.! He was n't much of a fighter, being somewhat thinner than a pane of glass, but he stood off death for five years, and that was going some.

"Me and Perkins was as useful as we could be and then we took that will and went down to the *Sentinel* office and read it. After we'd read the first paragraph, Perkins give a low yell and began kicking daylight out of a pine type rack and I went out and shot at a poor dumb Chink cook till I was out of ammunition. Mister, if ever two fellows were buncoed in the course of human events, we were them two fellows. This is the way that will started:

"'I desire that my two dear friends, Eben Perkins and Sam Alsop, shall have my body cremated and shall give my ashes a place in the office of the *Sentinel*.'

"There it was, sworn and signed to, and us the executors. We like to exploded altogether, carrying out that will, and when we got home from Denver, with a nice little box full of Henry M., we'd used up all the money the deceased had, and was twenty-five dollars in the hole ourselves. The rest of the estate consisted of what stock was left in the two mines we'd given him. We divided it equal—share for share—and I used mine to wrap up the *Sentinel* for two weeks."

"And have you still got the tombstone?" I asked.

"Yep," said the editor, "but I ain't looking for Henry M. Joneses any more. I jest changed my name after that fiasco to Henry Montmorency Jones, and that stone is awaiting my pleasure. I'm going to use it myself, but I ain't no way in a hurry."

I was so impressed with the ex-Mr. Alsop's tale that I invited him to dine with me, and listened for an hour while he unrolled the glories of his State. Later that evening, when he had left the train, the porter told me that Painted Mesa was only five years old, having been built when the branch line was constructed. Why should a man take a pleasure in lying to a perfect stranger who had never done him any harm? I'm not sure which man I mean, either.



The Bank

High glass partitions, facing all ways, behind which solemn men write in dingy silence.

An open space, with long, low railings of mahogany, or black walnut, garrisoned by imposing gentlemen in somber clothes.

A subtle sense of power everywhere—power that has translated the atmosphere into an awe-inspiring fluid, and creeps into every nook and cranny.

Money—all kinds. Money in heaps of banknotes—tens of it, twenties of it, hundreds of it. Money in paper rolls, and in piles of careless silver that lie waiting to be sent off to the ends of the earth.

Gold. Gold in bags, tied with heavy twine. Loose gold, yellow and clinky. Gold in tiny disks hidden away in a safe corner to give to little children for their birthday. Yellowboys of five and ten, and golden eagles in great groups on inner tables.

Paper. Checks of all colors—green, blue, black, yellow—cash checks and order checks. Little impertinent checks, strutting to the front with blatant typographical faces; large, unobtrusive-looking checks, heavy with power, seeming to be all signature. Drafts being thrust in at windows. Notes being signed. Securities, with a deep sea-green look about them, being passed along the counters and checked up. Soiled bonds, reeking with authority, lording it over shame-faced promissory notes; bills of exchange jostling shabby leases.

Outside of the partitions people are being dealt with. Lines of them stand in front of tellers' windows. Single parties whisper things to loan clerks. Brisk people, heavy people, tired people, worried people—women of affairs and without any; stylish ladies and ladies with pasts; angular old maids and pushing business ladies. Bank clerks, messenger boys, clearing-house agents, detectives and customers; customers with bulging pass-books, filled with the proceeds of the morning mail; timid customers gingerly fingering diminutive checks, hurried customers shifting their feet impatiently, customers with bags for the week's pay-roll.

Greeds. Little lively greeds jumping in among the greenbacks; big, insensate greeds, sitting disconsolately on pillars looking down on bags of gold; staid old greeds and baby greeds playing with the thought of what may be theirs some day.

Some day! Who knows?

One Dollar

Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in Your Home



One Dollar puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in your home.

One Dollar forever frees you from brooms, mops and dusters—and the backaches and drudgery they bring.

One Dollor forever stops the expense and the nuisance of Spring and Fall house cleaning.

One Dollar enables you to do, *easily*, by electricity, the worst work a woman has to do.

And one Dollar is the only cash outlay.

It will bring you the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner complete—ready for instant use.

The balance you pay for month by month out *of the actual money you save.*

For Vacuum Cleaning is the greatest of all household economies.

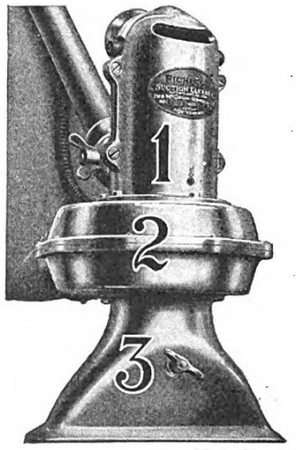
You are paying the price of a suction cleaner, *right now*—whether you have one or not.

You are paying its price out in twice-a-year house cleaning alone—for a "RICHMOND" makes house-cleaning needless.

You are paying its price out—many times over—in the hard labor of sweeping and dusting which the "RICHMOND" makes unnecessary.

You are paying its price out again and again in the damage which dust does to your furniture, to your carpets, to your hangings, to your clothing—to YOU.

You are paying the price of a "RICHMOND" when a single dollar would save the waste.



You see here the lightest and simplest suction cleaner *ever* designed.

1.—is the motor—not a "stock" motor, but one built expressly to operate the powerful suction fan to which it is directly connected, under

2.—a suction fan which embodies the best of all that was learned in two years of steady, scientific experiment.

3.—is the suction nozzle which is pushed over the surface to be cleaned—or to which can be attached a twelve foot hose for high wall, drapery and upholstery cleaning.

Nothing to Wear Out

There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to wear or to jiggle loose.

The complete machine weighs but ten pounds.

All that any vacuum cleaner or suction cleaner can do, this one does. And it does, besides, some things which no other machine can do.

You can, for example, use this "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner either *with or without the hose.*

For use with the hose, we furnish special tools for cleaning portieres, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats.

For Hair Drying

Also a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

The hose attachment slides on and off with the same ease that your foot slides into an easy slipper.

Slip on the hose and the ten pound "RICHMOND" rivals any machine—no matter how much it weighs or how much it costs.

Slip off the hose, and you have a floor machine which compares favorably in weight with the ordinary carpet sweeper—which sweeps on both forward and backward strokes and glides over the floor without pressure.

Advantage of Light Weight

The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner enables you, now for the first time, to clean by electricity without lugging a sixty to eighty pound machine from room to room—upstairs and down.

It represents as great an advance over heavyweight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms and carpet sweepers.

But light weight and easy operation are but two of the "RICHMOND"'s exclusive superiorities. There are many more.

The Vibrating Brush

There is, for example, the vibrating brush, *which you find in no other machine.*

This brush fits in the floor nozzle of the "RICHMOND". It vibrates at the rate of 10,000 times a minute. Not a rotary motion to wear the carpet, but a light up-and-down *tapping* motion.

Taps Out The Dirt

The vibrating brush taps the caked dirt out of the carpets and fabrics which no other machine could clean.

The brush slips in or out, without the use of tools. It is but the work of ten seconds to take it out or put it in.

And without the brush the "RICHMOND" will do all that any machine—vacuum or suction—can possibly do without working injury to even the finest fabric.

Simplest Construction

We could multiply comparisons endlessly.

But without saying more, you can judge our confidence in the "RICHMOND" by the fact that we do not only cover it with the broadest possible guarantee, but we give you besides a full year to pay for it.

Saves Its Own Cost

If convenience and perfect cleanliness were worth *nothing;* if it were worth nothing to put an end to the backaches of sweeping; to the drudgery of dusting; to the bugbear of annual housecleaning—if all these were worth *nothing*, remember this: The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner will pay its own cost and *Earn you a Profit* **besides** from the actual month-to-month money it saves.

Guaranteed One Year

Surely you must see that the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner *must* give perfect service, perfect satisfaction, day after day, month after month, else we could not afford this offer. Snip out the dollar coupon and send today to

RICHMOND SALES COMPANY 160 Broadway, New York

Manufactured Exclusively for the RICHMOND SALES CO. by the **THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.** Park Avenue and 41st Street NEW YORK

Manufacturers of "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators, "RICHMOND" Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories, "RICHMOND" Suds Makers, "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts, and "RICHMOND" Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems.

Five Factories {Two at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.—One at Racine, Wis.—One at Chicago, Ill.

Inquiries regarding built-in-the-house Vacuum Cleaning systems should be addressed to The McCrum-Howell Co., New York and Chicago.

Limited Offer The Dollar Offer is limited. It is made to show our un-bounded confidence in the "RICHMOND". ¶ But by its very liberality, it is bound to swamp the factory. And when the limit of factory output is reached, the offer must be withdrawn. So send the coupon to-day while the opportunity is still yours! Don't wait. Do it NOW.

DOLLAR COUPON

THE RICHMOND SALES CO.,
Dept. 60. 160 Broadway, New York City

I hereby order one "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner, complete with the following attachments:

1 Hose Attachment Shoe. 1 10-inch Drapery Tool. 1 Adjustable Wall Brush.
1 15-ft. covered Suction Hose. 1 3-in. Suction Tool. 1 30 ft. Electrical Cord.
1 Book and Wall Brush. 1 Felt-faced Floor Tool. 1 Complete Hair Drying Attachment.

—for which I agree to pay to your order, $1.00 herewith, and $5.00 on the first day of each of the next twelve consecutive months. Title to be given me when full amount is paid.

Name_____

Address_____

Digitized by Google

Why Work for Little or Nothing?

when the same effort put forth in another direction will make you independent? **Why work for others** when you can find congenial, profitable employment, and own a farm in one of the richest sections of the country, close to good markets and having the best transportation facilities?

East Mobile Farms

—just across the bay from Mobile, Alabama, are now for sale at special low prices, on extremely easy terms of ***$1 per acre cash*** and ***$1 per month.*** East Mobile Farms are located in Baldwin County, Alabama. The land in this section has lain dormant since the close of the civil war. During all this period it has increased in richness and fertility until today **East Mobile Farms** are equal to the richest lands for fruit growing and truck farming in this country. They will grow profitably any crop which can be grown anywhere in the U. S.

Any man who will place his savings or a part of them in one of these fertile East Mobile Farms can speedily become independent, for on this land can be raised large crops of strawberries, cabbage, Irish potatoes, corn, sweet potatoes, onions, cotton and fruit of all kinds. The following is a reasonable estimate of the value of the crops that can be grown on an acre in East Mobile Farms:



Irish Potatoes,	$100 to $250	Water Melons,	$100 to $300
Sweet Potatoes,	$125 to $300	Canteloupes,	$100 to $300
Tomatoes,	$150 to $500	Strawberries,	$300 to $800
Cucumbers,	$200 to $500	Figs,	$200 to $400
Celery,	$200 to $800	Pecans,	$200 to $300
Onions,	$150 to $500	Catsuma Oranges,	
Lettuce,	$250 to $500		$125 to $300
	Corn, $25 to $75		

The vegetables and other crops which grow on East Mobile Farms are produced at a time of the year when highest market prices prevail, so the above figures are conservative. From this you can see that a 10-acre tract in East Mobile Farms will return from ***$1,500 to $3,000 per year.***

Are you doing as well as this now in the city or on the land you are farming? If you are making an income of this amount now, what do you save out of it? Do you put away anything for old age? It costs very little to live on East Mobile Farms, as the finest of everything is raised on your own land.

Mr. A. J. Mathes, of Stapleton, Alabama, writes:

"On my place I raise two to three large crops a year. First, Irish potatoes, which never bring me less than $150 to $200 per acre. Then I follow this with either corn, cotton or sweet potatoes, and always secure from 200 to 400 bushels of the latter. Then I plant oats which grow in the winter."



How to Secure One of these Farms

This choice land is offered to you at a very low price and easy terms of ***$1 per acre cash and $1 per acre per month.*** If you wish to examine the land before purchasing, we will make arrangements for a visit and allow you to select your own farm. If you can not go now, we will select a farm for you and give you sixty days in which to examine the property, which if not satisfactory, we will refund every cent you have paid. At this low price and these terms, the lands comprising East Mobile Farms are rapidly settling up. If you want to secure one of these tracts, you must act at once.

Use the coupon margin of this advertisement as a reminder to write to me to-day for one of our handsomely illustrated books "East Mobile Farms" and full information regarding crops, roads, schools, churches, climate and every other matter of interest to the man who wants to improve his condition and see his family happy and contented.

Sibley Land Co.
1474 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago



The material for this house cost $1000.

F. A. Wheelihan, President, Sibley Land Co., 1474 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Please send me your book, maps and full description of "East Mobile Farms."

Name.....

City.....*State*.....

A Home Law Course That Fits for the Bar

Not a "short cut." Not a makeshift. Not a condensed summary.

A complete, thorough College Law Course, covering every form of legal procedure and document.

Prepared and taught by expert attorneys. Books, lessons, side helps, lectures, illustrative cases, examinations, suggestions, encouragement and counsel.

This school, founded 20 years ago, has graduates who have passed bar examinations in every state in the Union, many of them with averages far above applicants from resident law colleges. Its course is endorsed by bench, bar and business men.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Here is an unequalled opportunity for the employed young man of ambition and purpose to study law under competent guidance, during spare time, at reasonable expense, and prepare himself for a successful career at the Bar or in Business. The demand for such men is great.

By all means send for the catalogue and "evidence," whether you have decided to become a lawyer or not.

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW,
106 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

Where Real Estate Values double in a few years, and fortunes are made from small investments. Beautifully illustrated Booklet, giving facts and figures—together with large double Map of city and vicinity—mailed upon receipt of 10 cents (stamps or silver).

McClung & McClure Realty Co.,
Exchange Building, Los Angeles, California.

Success and Happiness Are for You

[Continued from page 738]

and harvests, the power which feeds, which supplies, which bids us take no thought for the morrow but consider the lilies how they grow, and do our level best to better our condition, we shall never know what want is.

There is nothing which the human race lacks so much as unquestioned, implicit confidence in the divine source of all supply. We ought to stand in the same relation to the Infinite Source as the child does to its parents. The child does not say: "I do not dare to eat this food for fear I may not get any more." It takes everything it wants with absolute confidence that all its needs will be supplied; that there is plenty more where these things came from.

We do not expect half enough of ourselves; we do not demand the abundance which belongs to us; hence the leanness, the lack of fulness, the incompleteness of our lives. We are content with too little of the things worth while. It was intended that we should have plenty of everything that is good for us. No one was meant to live in poverty and wretchedness. *The lack of anything that is desirable does not fit the constitution of any human being.*

Hold the thought that you are one with what you want; that you are in tune with it, and will attract it; keep your mind concentrated upon it vigorously; never doubt your ability to get what you are after, and you will be far more likely to get it.

There is a saying that every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful of hay. Every time you allow yourself to complain of your lot, to say: "I am poor; I can never do what others do; I shall never be successful; I have not the ability that others have; I am a failure; luck is against me," you are laying up so much more trouble for yourself, making it all the more difficult to get rid of these enemies of your peace and happiness, because every time you think of them or worry about them they will go a little deeper into your consciousness; for thoughts are living things—real, creative forces.

Poverty is a mental disease. If you are suffering from it, if you are a victim of it, you will be surprised to see how quickly your condition will improve when you change your mental attitude, and, instead of holding that miserable, shriveled, limited poverty image, turn about and face toward abundance and plenty; toward freedom and happiness.

Success comes through a perfectly scientific mental process. The young man who becomes prosperous *believes* that he is going to be prosperous. He has faith in his ability to make money. He does not start out with his mind filled with doubts and fears, and all the time talk poverty and think poverty, walk like a pauper and dress like a pauper. He turns his face toward the thing he is trying for and is bound to get, and will not admit its opposite picture in his mind.

There are multitudes of poor people in this country who are half satisfied to remain in poverty and who have ceased to make a desperate struggle to rise out of it. They may work hard, but they have lost the hope, the *expectation* of getting an independence.

Did you ever think that your terror of poverty, your constant worry about making both ends meet, your fear of that awful "rainy day" not only make you unhappy, but actually disqualify you from putting yourself in a better financial condition? You are thus simply adding to a load which is already too heavy for you.

No matter how black the outlook or how iron your environment, positively refuse to see anything that is unfavorable to you; any condition which tends to enslave you and to keep you from expressing the best that is in you.

Instead of wondering whether you have as much ability as other people, instead of waiting around for something to turn up, just say to yourself: "Destiny has her eye on me. There is a superb place waiting for me somewhere and I am going to find it, prepare for it, and fill it royally. There is a great work waiting for me, and I am going to do it like a man."

Supposing a boy should try to become a lawyer without expecting or believing that he would ever amount to anything as a lawyer. We tend to get what we expect, and if, therefore, we expect nothing we get nothing. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain-head; no one can become prosperous when he expects, or half-expects, to remain poor.

By what philosophy can you expect poverty thoughts—thoughts of lack and want—to produce prosperity? Your condition will correspond to your attitude and ideals. These form the patterns which are woven into the life web. If they are slovenly, poverty-stricken, your life conditions will correspond; your ideal, your mental attitude will be built into your life.

The man who is bound to win *believes* he is going to be prosperous; he starts out with the understanding with himself that he is going to be a successful man; a winner and not a loser. He does not say to himself all the time: "What's the use? The great business combinations are swallowing up the chances. Before long the multitude will have to work for the few. I do not believe I shall ever do anything more than make just a plain living in a very humble way. I shall never have a home and the things that other people have. I am destined to be poor and be a nobody." A man will never get anywhere with such ideals.

Every achievement has its origin in the mind, every structure is first a mental structure. The building is first completed in the architect's mind in all its details. The contractor merely puts the stones, the brick and other material around the idea. We are all architects. Everything we do in life is preceded by some sort of a plan.

So the man who expects prosperity is constantly creating prosperous conditions, building his financial structure mentally. There must be a mental picture of the prosperity first; the building around it is comparatively easy. It does not take as great a man to place the material around the idea, as to create the mental picture. This is not idle dreaming; it is brain building, mental planning, mental construction. Imagination is one of the most practical of faculties; the true dreamer is the believer, the achiever.

Let us put up a new image, a new ideal of plenty, of abundance. Have we not worshiped the god of poverty, of lack, of want, about long enough? Let us hold the thought that God is our great supply, that if we can keep in tune, in close touch with Him, so that we can feel our at-one-ment with Him, the great source of all supply, abundance will flow to us and we shall never know want again.

When unfairness and all desire to take advantage of our brothers and sisters is removed from our lives, we shall get so close to God (good) that all of the desirable things in the universe will flow to us spontaneously. The trouble is that we restrict the inflow by a wrong mental attitude. Every wrong thought, every vicious deed is an opaque veil, another film over our eyes so that we can not see God. Every wrong step separates us from Him.

When we learn the art of seeing opulently, instead of stingily, when we learn to think without limits, how not to cramp ourselves by our limiting thought, we shall find that the thing we are seeking is seeking us, and that it will meet us half way.

The limitation is in ourselves and not in the Creator, who wants His children to have all the good things of the universe, because He has fashioned them for His own. If we do not take them, it is because we limit ourselves. Some people would like to make money; but they keep their minds so pinched, that they are not in a condition to receive the prosperity which they seek.

The poor man is not always the one who has little or no property, but the one who is poverty-stricken in his ideas, in his sympathies, in his power of appreciation, in sentiment; poverty-stricken in his opinion of himself, his own destiny and his ability to reach up; the man who commits the crime of self-depreciation.

It is *mental* penury that makes a man poor.

How few people realize the possibility of mental achievement, the fact that everything is created by the mind first, before it becomes a material reality! If we were better mental builders we should be infinitely better material builders.

A Morgan or a Rockefeller mentally creates conditions which make prosperity flow to him. The great achievers do comparatively little with their hands; they build with their thoughts. They are practical dreamers; their minds reach out into the infinite energy ocean and produce and create what the ideal, the ambition calls for, just as intelligence reproduces the tree plan coiled up within itself.

To be prosperous, we must put ourselves in a prosperous attitude. We must think opulently, we must feel opulent in thought; we must exhale confidence and assurance in our very bearing and manner. Our mental attitude toward the thing we are striving for, with the intelligent effort to realize it, will measure our attainment. *Everything must be created mentally first, and the thing created must follow its mental pattern.*

Parsimonious saving by cheese-paring efforts does not compare in effectiveness with the results of obeying the laws of opulence. We go in the direction of our concentration. If we concentrate upon poverty, if want and lack predominate in our thought, poverty-stricken conditions must result. There is no philosophy or science which will give us prosperity as the harvest of such mental sowings.

Poverty-stricken ideas keep us in touch with poverty-producing conditions. We must conquer inward poverty before we can conquer outward poverty.

It is very narrow and unworthy to confine the opulent thought to material things. Opulence, in the larger sense in which we use it, is everything that is good for us; abundance of all that is beautiful in life, uplifting, inspiring; abundance of all that is sublime, beautiful and magnificent; is everything that will enrich the personality, the life, the experience. This is what is meant by holding the opulent thought.

Real prosperity comes from the consciousness of being in tune with the Infinite; in touch with the infinite supply. We can not conceive of a greedy, selfish man, no matter how much money he may have, being prosperous in the highest sense of the term. True prosperity is the inward consciousness of spiritual opulence, wholeness, completeness; the consciousness of oneness with the infinite life, the very source of all supply, of possessing an abundance of all that is good for us, a wealth of personality of character that no disaster on land or sea could destroy.

Digitized by Google

The Sanity of Paris

[*Continued from page 726*]

the princess with the jeweled purse nor her escort with his monocle will ever be burdened with much change in return. Extravagance is not a matter of necessity but of choice, for you may sit for as many hours as you like over a single glass at six sous, and the waiter who has served you would not insult you; he would regard it as beneath the dignity of his profession to suggest a second order.

And how temperate they are, these Parisians, diluting even their claret with water, for the days of heavy burgundies and chablis are over save at banquets, while that wholesale consumption of the traditional and deadly absinthe which figures so frequently in translations of Parisian melodrama is also grossly exaggerated. The Parisian has a horror of ruining his appetite or losing his senses of enjoyment, and it is a fact that to-day the largest share of the profits from the cellars of the best restaurants is derived from the sale of mineral waters.

Again let me refer to the idea of the stranger who has not even passed, that all Parisians are excitable. He has gauged the race in general by that stereotyped Parisian, found only on the English-speaking stage. You know him, of course, with his narrow-brimmed top hat and his moustache waxed to needle points. You recall, too, this cross between a lady's hairdresser and an escaped lunatic with his dancing step and his extravagant gestures. Never have I seen him in Paris and I have searched hard for him for years in the passing throng.

Many of these Parisians are big, strong, hearty men; some are even phlegmatic. There is that deliberate, hard-headed Frenchman, the man of affairs; the quiet savant and the blasé man of the world, full of tact and good breeding and as calm as an Englishman. It is generally I who am the more excitable, when I endeavor to surprise him with a bit of news which he invariably receives with a half interested "ah!" Nothing ever surprises him; he has seen too much. Pick out another from the passing throng—that genial type of good fellow, generous to a fault, who, being a philosopher, is always in a good humor, and the French sportsman who has proved his courage at a breakneck speed, whether it chanced to be at the wheel of a racing automobile or the levers of an aeroplane. As for their gestures, they are as much a part of their language as the words themselves. Indeed, many of their words would be meaningless without the gesture.

Take for instance the French stage. Nowhere else, I believe, is repose and naturalness in acting brought to such perfection. Far from being artificial, these Parisian players strive above all things to be *real*—to depict in the serious social drama, Parisian life as it really is, whether the play deals with the demi-monde or the domestic life of the Parisian home—a home which of all others is the most carefully guarded and into which it is most difficult for a stranger to be received. A home in which the parents are revered and obeyed by their children, for the French child is rarely spoiled. They are as a rule content with what they have, however little it may be, and as a result they are happy children, to whom even so small an event as being taken to a restaurant to dine is regarded as a long looked-forward-to fête. I have known an American baby to change the entire plans of a family for the day by simply insisting. When this baby grew to be a girl of seventeen, the family had ceased to make suggestions. Her wishes controlled them. On our stage we have the inevitable scene at Maxim's—enter the excitable Parisian police! Now the patience and common sense of the police of Paris is a thing to marvel at.

Only the day before yesterday, I entered my favorite café at the very moment a slim brunette, insane with jealousy, was vainly endeavoring to plunge a hat pin in the eyes of her rival, a blonde. The attack was swift, vicious and terrible. Screaming with rage and hysteria, and with the tenacity of an enraged cat, the aggressor was gently but firmly withdrawn from the object of her wrath and conducted by the waiters out of the café door to the crowded terrace, where a policeman promptly received her with open arms, for her own went about his neck, while she told him between her hysterical sobs much of her past life and some of the present. The crowd mounted the café chairs to see the better, and there he stood, this sturdy servant of the law, patting her in a fatherly way on the back. "My parasol! My parasol!" screamed mademoiselle in a fresh paroxysm of grief. Evidently that parasol was important, for with a good-natured shrug the guardian of the peace thrust her into the arms of another policeman and went in search of it himself. On the terrace he discovered one with a gilt handle and green polka dots.

"Here, mademoiselle," he cried, thrusting it before her tearful eyes, as if he had brought a doll to quiet a screaming infant.

"It is not mine!" wailed the unfortunate.

Ah! The gentleman in the Panama hat has found it close to the seat of war. Cheers from the crowd, while the gentleman with the pointed beard, who had been the cause of it all, expostulated with the proprietor and gave first aid to the happily uninjured rival



"SEND A NIGHT LETTER"

The Western Union's "Night Letter" service to those whose duties take them from home, and to those left at home, is a great comfort.

The absent one is enabled to keep in intimate touch with home affairs, letters by wire reaching him anywhere overnight—or sent by him with equal dispatch.

Abbreviation is unnecessary, the new "Night Letter" permitting the sending of fifty words at the rate of a ten-word day message.

"Night Letters" may be sent or telephoned to the nearest Western Union office any time of the day until midnight.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
—"And Gas Stoves Too"

Send Your Name for This BIG Stove Book Giving Factory Prices



This Oven Thermometer Saves Fuel and Makes Baking Easy.

SPEND 1 cent for a postal, just send name and address and you can better save $5 to $40 than not, on any Kalamazoo Stove or Range, including gas stoves too. Why pay dealers' profits? Our plan satisfies you better, too.

We pay the postage on our **Big Free Kalamazoo Book** to you—over 100 pages—almost as big as a geography—fully illustrated—gives wholesale prices—explains our plan—our higher Kalamazoo quality—our liberal dealings with our customers—how we have satisfied over 140,000 customers in over 21,000 towns—probably many people near you to refer to.

Every Kalamazoo sent ready to use—handsomely finished and blacked—safe delivery guaranteed—with $100,000 bank bond guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



Save $5 to $40

Freight Prepaid
—On 30 Days' Free Trial
—On 360 Days' Approval Test

Thousands of Farmers and town and city people everywhere are our regular customers on this plan. Every Kalamazoo in each neighborhood sells from one to several more. You are absolutely protected and safe in ordering a famous Kalamazoo from us for

Cash or Credit

We trust responsible people—give you time, easy payments. In fact we do everything to make it easiest and most satisfactory to you. Just write and investigate. Ask for **Catalog No. 151.**

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Mfrs., KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

BARNEY & BERRY
ROLLER
ICE
SKATES

B. & B. Skates are leading the procession just as they have been every winter for forty-five years. Designed by authorities on skating, made by master workmen, sold with a guarantee that means something—you will make no mistake in buying

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES



We make skates for boys and girls, men and women. All grades at all prices, either Ice or Roller. This time have a pair of the kind B. & B. make.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

Ask us for an Illustrated Catalog

BARNEY & BERRY

Makers of Ice and Roller Skates

92 Broad Street

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS
HAND-SEWED PROCESS **SHOES**

MEN'S $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 & $5.00
WOMEN'S $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4.00
BOYS' $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00



THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. *Fast Color Eyelets.*

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 160 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

MANATEE-FLORIDA

Where fortunes are made on small farms growing Oranges, Grape Fruit and Vegetables. Cheap lands now available. Quick transportation—low freight rates to Eastern and Northern markets via S. A. L. Ry. Two and three crops a year, net $500 to $1500 per acre. Ideal climate year round—no freezes—no extreme heat. Write for illustrated booklet—it's free—

Address

J. W. WHITE, Gen'l Industrial Agt.
SEABOARD AIR LINE RY.
NORFOLK, VA. DEPT. O

THE STEPPING-STONE TO WEALTH



is the systematic saving of money. You and members of your family can easily cultivate this admirable habit by putting a dime in

Grab's Keyless Basket Bank

every day. You'll be surprised to see how fast the money accumulates. Deposit of each coin registered automatically. Capacity, $30. Bank opens when $5 or multiple thereof has been deposited. Cannot be opened otherwise. Made of solid steel, oxidized copper finish. Size 2½ x 3½ inches. Price, $1.00, prepaid in U. S. **Money back** if not satisfactory. Order NOW.

VICTOR M. GRAB & CO., 814 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.



DR. STALL

STALL'S BOOKS

8 Pure Books on Avoided Subjects

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know
What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

8 Books, $1. each, post free Table of contents free

Vir Publishing Co. 815 Church Bldg. 15th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sweetest Music in the World



You can play any number of different tunes, popular songs, old time melodies and hymns on the wonderful self-playing

MIRA MUSIC BOX. 10 days Free Trial

in your own home. Sent anywhere. Write for **Free Trial Offer** and Catalog

JACOT MUSIC BOX CO.,
32 West 35th St., New York City.

who had fainted. In five minutes the affair was over and the offending lady was in a fiacre on her way to her domicile. Jealousy in France is an attack of nerves to be reasoned with—not clubbed into submission.

Time and again I have witnessed the patience of the Paris police. For ten days and nights once in the Latin Quarter some fifty of them followed like nurse maids at the heels of a big crowd of manifesting students who turned the Boulevard St. Michel into bedlam. The police kept them slowly moving and barred them from the side streets until the students grew tired of the game and dispersed in good humor. I saw only one arrest—that of a pickpocket. Again at the climax of a most serious students' manifestation, the chief of police, that tactful, quiet little man, Monsieur Lépine, suddenly appeared before a big mass-meeting of students in a hall on the Boulevard St. Germain. He talked to them severely and to the point and told them what they might expect if they persisted—but, he continued in a paternal way: "Have I ever meddled, gentlemen, in your pleasures? Have I not always given you every freedom possible in your life as long as you did not disturb the peace?" It was a shot that told. They carried him out on their shoulders. They cheered him uutil they were hoarse.

And if this spirit of sanity characterizes the lighter side of Parisian life, their seriousness of purpose is not lacking in the graver side. In science and education there is much earnest work accomplished. You have only to go to the Sorbonne to find how deep the note is sounded, how eager the French student is to learn a thing fundamentally, and how many and difficult are the tasks imposed upon him while under the free tuition of the best brains obtainable in France.

And so I say there is much that is sane in this great Paris; much that we ourselves might learn and profit by apropos of the pleasant art of living while alive.

⚜ ⚜

When the World Was Young

By TUDOR JENKS

What we call civilization is rather nice, no doubt,
It's nice to have a roof o'erhead instead of sleeping out,
To have your meals come at fixed times, to own a stylish car,
To telephone and telegraph, to hear news from afar,
To fly aloft. Yet—there were joys once dear to savage men
Which now are in the *Ewigkeit*, nomore to come again.

When Jones says something cutting in his cold, sarcastic way,
One has a maddening moment while thinking what to say,
And often fails to find it—at least, it's so with me,
(I'm not so glib as Jones is, or quick at repartee).
I long, then, for the good old times when even the well-bred
Might grab a handy hunk of flint and pound wags o'er the head.

Then, at some toothsome banquet, I find it such a bore
To wave away the food I'd like with "Thank you!—nothing more."
I wish that thing called "hygiene" had never been found out—
Digestion is a ghastly thing for one to fuss about.
Give me the happy careless days when all the world might stuff
In happiness complete (if brief) and no one cried, "Enough!"

Ah, once no one had watches to know when you came late;
There were no rules of etiquette, immutable as fate;
You didn't have to go to church or make a dinner-call;
The bearskin worn in summer was still in style next fall!
What pleased the eye you straightway seized, and kept it if you could.
There weren't any morals, and nobody was "good."

Society was primitive; but no one cared for that—
It didn't take a week's hard work to buy a woman's hat.
And courtship was so simple. You saw a girl you liked,
You stunned her with a war-club, and for your den you hiked.
If once you made a safe home-run, the girl was apt to stay,
Unless she gnawed her tether, and so could get away.

I will not say there are no points about our present scheme
To call for praise and gratitude; but still I often dream
That there were certain ancient joys, some oft forgotten things
Which have been lost amid the change that growing culture brings.
So while the bards who sing our age may make the louder noise
I've dared to pipe a minor key to hint at these last joys.

The True Measure Of Value

You bestow your patronage, in so far as it is possible to do so, upon the merchants of your town whom you know and respect. It gives you pleasure to buy of the man who is a good citizen, an honest merchant, and a force for good in the community. You do this because such a man deserves your business and because you feel a sense of perfect security in buying from him.

In other words, the influence of the man—the manner in which the good in him appeals to the good in you—constitutes the reason why you desire to do business with him.

What is true of men you know personally is true of men you meet through advertising. These you cannot judge face to face; hence you judge them—unconsciously, perhaps—by the influence upon you of the periodical in which you see their advertising.

The influence of a magazine on its readers is the true measure of its value to the advertiser.

The influence of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is not only good, but strong. Its unique editorials have taught people how to live—something far different from interesting or entertaining them, or even instructing them along more material lines. The active part it has played in various important public affairs has bound it to its readers by strong and permanent ties. They believe in the magazine, and are in the most hearty and cordial sympathy with its aims and acts.

It is with this subtle but powerful influence upon them that they read the announcements of our advertisers.

We are sure that if our readers could write to our advertisers frankly and freely as they write to us, those who use the advertising columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE would be impressed by the confidence displayed in them and their wares. This confidence in unknown persons is based upon an unbounded confidence in SUCCESS MAGAZINE and the moral, social and business ideals for which it stands and which it ceaselessly advocates.

We desire our readers to feel that we welcome an expression from them as to the value of our advertising columns just as heartily as we welcome criticism or approval of our editorial policy or of our story pages. It would give us pleasure at this time particularly, to have the personal assurance of our readers that the guaranteed advertisements that appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE create a confidence in the advertisers which is in harmony with the confidence in the policy and practice of the magazine itself. Indeed we cordially invite comment and criticism from any view point that may bring us closer to our advertisement readers and enable us to better serve them.

ADVERTISING EDITOR

Digitized by Google

William James

By JOEL BENTON

DISMISSING doubt, with vision clear,
Went forth our many-sided Seer—
To find, with new anointed eyes,
The shining hills of Paradise.

NOT groping now with "premises,"
The truth he does not guess—but sees
And grasps at last the missing clue
That, even here, he half-way knew.

TRUTH came to him intuitive;
He felt that life was meant to live;
That nothing born with soul and breath
Should go the dusty road to Death.

"MORE things there are for us to know"
(As Hamlet told Horatio)—
He thought—and kept an open door
To all that lies our path before.

BUT who shall now his dreams pursue,
Discov'ring what is false, what true,
And give as lucidly as he
The riches of Philosophy?

LIKE that which fitted Genelas
His robe shall to no other pass,
But send its influence sublime
Down the long corridors of Time!

⚜ ⚜

The Mercy of the Lord

[*Continued from page 728*]

with her. The first thing she says showed me how 'twas.

"'We must go,' says she, 'and fix the house.'

"They had their own house down the street, and when he went on a cruise she came up and stayed with me, but every night she'd go down and light a light in the winder. So I almost carried her to her house with my own arms, and she lit the light and took comfort out of it. And we go there now every night; every night that lamp burns for him, and the days go past and she don't remember."

The sunset flush was already across the face of the waters. A faint air, soft and fresh, fanned our cheeks gently through the open window. The bay was dotted with small homing pleasure craft, bringing back parties of laughing young people who had been out to play with the sea. There was so little wind that inshore the surface of the waters was as smooth as some marvelous fabric woven of a tissue indescribably soft and yielding. The high tide, almost under our windows, kissed the shore so gently that it was the very whisper of a sound; a little boat made her mooring with precision, and Eleanor and I, with the same impulse, turned our faces sharply away, as though it were indecent that our own should come home safely on a smooth summer sea, in the face of the living mask of grief that sat there immovable before us, with yet a few difficult, slow tears coursing unnoticed down her impassive face.

So we sat in silence a little while, and then a rustle in the room behind made us turn our heads. It was the sister. She stood there, smiling like a girl, waiting so that together they might make their pilgrimage to light the lamp.

76 Magazines For 3 Dollars

No two magazines can so completely supply the whole family as

The Ladies' Home Journal, 24 numbers
(A complete magazine every two weeks)

The Saturday Evening Post, 52 numbers
(A complete magazine every week)

76 numbers

THE JOURNAL for the child, girl and woman; THE POST for the young man and man. And you have the best—the undisputed leader in each field, of which over nine million copies are sold each month.

Can you do more with your Christmas money?

Send three dollars now, for a full year of 76 complete magazines, to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Digitized by Google

Wanamaker's

Wants Your Address

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

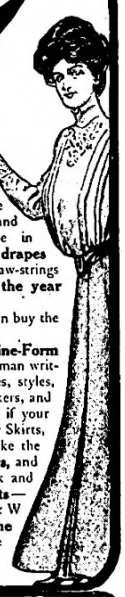
Just write us to-day on a postcard: "Send Catalog No. 17. Our New York Fall and Winter General Catalog will go to you, next mail, FREE.

Our Catalog of Gifts and Toys will also be sent, in plenty of time for Christmas shopping.

We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of $5.00 or more. See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms throughout the United States.

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK

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.

Peckham's Make
Willow Ostrich Plumes

From Your Old Feathers Write for Prices



Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnificent Willow Plume, faultlessly curled and dyed your favorite shade — guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and color; and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at three or four times the cost. If prices are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. References: Dun's, Bradstreet's or Central National Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling departments cannot be equaled. Write for prices.

Peckham's, 688 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unequaled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:
Stewart Hartshorn

I TRUST YOU Get the best agents' specialties direct from the manufacturer. Lighting Systems. Smokeless and Odorless Frying Pans. Concentrated Extracts. **HEATING & LIGHTING CO., ROME, N. Y.**

The Great Wish Syndicate

[*Concluded from page 733*]

"Rather," said Oberon. "Your original three wishes have been watered until we found in going over our books for the second year that they reach the sum total of 3,569,437, and that you still have an unexpended balance on hand of 497,374 wishes. The situation is just this," he continued. "Our company has been kept so busy honoring your drafts that we are threatened with a general strike. We did n't mind building you a chateau and furbishing up your old chicken-farm, and setting you up for life, but when you enter into negotiations with old John W. Midas to incorporate yourself into a Wish Trust, we feel that the time has come to call a halt. The fairies are honest, and no obligation of theirs will ever be repudiated, but we think that a man who tries to build up a billion-dollar corporation to deal in wishes on an investment of one poached egg is just a leetle unreasonable. Even Rockernegie had a trifle more than a paper of tacks when he founded the Iron Trust."

"By ginger, Oberon," said Wilbraham "you are right! I *have* rather put it on to you people and I 'm sorry. I would n't embarrass you good fairies for anything in the world."

"Good!" cried Oberon, overjoyed. "I thought you would feel that way. Just think for one moment what it would mean for us if the Great Wish Syndicate were started as a going concern, with a board of directors made up of men like John W. Midas, Rockernegie, and old Bondifeller running things. Why, there are n't fairies enough in the world to keep up with those men, and the whole business world would come down with a crash. Their wish would elect a whole Congress. If they wished the Senate out of Washington and located on Wall Street, you 'd soon find it so, and, by thunder, Wilbraham, every four years they 'd wish somebody in the White House with a great capacity for taking orders and not enough spine to fill an umbrella cover, and the public would be powerless."

Wilbraham gazed thoughtfully out of the window. A dazzling prospect of imperial proportions loomed up before his vision, and the temptation was terrible, but in the end common sense came to the rescue.

"It would be a terrible nuisance," he muttered to himself, and then turning calmly to Oberon, he asked: "What is your proposition?"

"A compromise," said the fairy. "If you 'll give up your right to further wishes on our account, we will place you in a position, where, for the rest of your natural life, you will always have four dollars more than you need, and in addition to that, as a compliment to Mrs. Wilbraham, she can have everything she wants."

"Ha!" said Wilbraham dubiously. "I—I don't think I 'd like that exactly. She might want something I did n't want her to have."

"Very well then," said the fairy with a broad smile. "We 'll make you the flat proposition—you give us a quit-claim deed to all your future right, title and interest in our wishes and we will guarantee that as long as you live you will, upon every occasion, find in your pocket five dollars more than you need."

"Make it seven and I 'll go you!" cried Wilbraham, really enthusiastic over the suggestion.

"Sure!" returned Oberon with a deep sigh of relief.

* * * * * * *

"Well, dearest," said Wilbraham that night as he sat down at his onyx dinner-table, "I 've gone out of the wish business."

His wife's eyes lit up with a glow of happiness.

"You have?" she cried, delightedly.

"Yes," said Wilbraham; and then he told her of Oberon's call, and the new arrangement, and was rejoiced beyond measure to receive her approval of it.

"I am so glad, Richard," she murmured, with a sigh of content. "I have been kept so busy for two years trying to think of new things to wish for that I have had no time to enjoy all the beautiful things we have."

"And it is n't bad to have seven dollars more than you need whenever you need it, is it, dearest?"

"Bad, Richard?" she returned. "Bad? I should say not, my beloved. To have seven dollars more than you need at all times is, to my mind, the height of an ideal prosperity. I need five thousand dollars at this very minute to pay my milliner's bill."

"And here it is," said her husband, taking five crisp one-thousand dollar bills from his vest-pocket and handing them to her. "And here are seven brand new ones besides. The fairies are true to their bargain."

And they lived affluently forever afterward, although Midas and his confreres did sue Wilbraham for a hundred million dollars for breach of contract, securing judgment for twenty-nine million dollars, the which Wilbraham paid before leaving the court-room.

And that is why, my dear children, when you see the Wilbraham motor chugging along the highway, if you look closely you will see painted on the door of the car a simple crest, a poached egg *dormant* upon a piece of toast *couchant*, and underneath it, in golden letters on a scroll, the family motto, "*Hic semper septimus.*"

Superb Gifts

"Peace Power and Plenty"

DR. MARDEN'S GREATEST BOOK

Nineteen thousand copies have already been printed in America, it has been republished in England and Germany, and is being republished in France.

"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 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.

This is undoubtedly the most helpful and inspiring book the author has ever published. Beautifully printed, price, cloth, $1.10; pocket edition, leather, $1.58; silk, $1.33, all postpaid.

"He Can Who Thinks He Can"

MEN in every walk of life 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."

Prices: cloth $1.10 postpaid; pocket edition, leather, $1.58; silk, $1.33, all postpaid.

Two Splendid New Marden Books

Just from the press

"GETTING ON"

and

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF"

Handsomely bound in cloth, each $1.10, postpaid.

The Marden Inspirational Books

Thousands of these 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 over six hundred. He says he knows of no other way of doing so much for the young men and women of America.*

Thousands have attributed their success in life to the reading of a Marden Inspirational book.

Are you puzzled as to what present you shall give some friend? Why not give something which will be a perpetual inspiration? One of Dr. Marden's books would make a splendid gift and *might make all the difference to him between success and failure.*

Pushing to the Front; (Cloth, $1.25). The Young Man Entering Business; (Cloth, $1.40 net). Every Man a King; (Cloth, $1.10 net, pocket edition, leather, $1.58; silk, $1.33). The Optimistic Life; (Cloth, $1.40 net). Rising in the World; (Cloth, $1.25). The Secret of Achievement; (Cloth, $1.25). Success Nuggets; (Cloth, 55 cents, net). All postpaid.

We will gladly send any of these books on approval, without your being under the slightest obligation to purchase.

Circulars of all sent on application.

Booklets Do It To a Finish; Not the Salary But the Opportunity; Why Grow Old?; Character; Cheerfulness; Economy; The Power of Personality; Good Manners and Success; The Hour of Opportunity. An Iron Will, each postpaid. . . **35 Cents**

Book Dept., Success Bldg., 29-31 E. 22d St., New York

Digitized by Google

Open Trail

[*Continued from page 724*]

Jones that, a fortnight previous, this paragraph had appeared in the paid columns of the Yuma *Yucca:*

> WANTED—Small, flat-bottomed sailboat. Center-board type preferred. Hasty, care this office.

Average Jones bought a ticket for Yuma.

II

DISEMBARKING at the Yuma station, Average Jones blinked in the harsh sunlight at a small, compactly built, keen-eyed man, roughly dressed for the trail.

"I'm Captain Funcke," said the stranger. His speech was gentle, slow, even hesitant; but there was something competent and reliable in his bearing which satisfied the shrewd young reader of men's chaaacters from the outset. "Your wire got me two days since and I came right up."

"Any trace?"

"Left here two days ago."

"Three of them?"

"Yes. Flat-bottomed, narrow-beamed boat, sloop-rigged, pretty light."

"Know anything of the men?"

"Only the big one. Calls himself Colonel Richford. Had a fake copper outfit in the mountains east of Alamo."

"Where do you think they're headed for?"

"Probably the wildest country they can find, if they want to get rid of young Hoff," said the other, who had been apprised of the main points of the situation. "That would likely be the Pinto range, to the southwest of the Laguna. Richford knows that country a little. He was in there two years ago."

"They would probably want to get rid of him without actual murder," said Average Jones. "You see, his money is in certified checks which they'd have to get cashed. If some one should find his body with a bullet-hole in it, they'd have some explaining to do."

"Nobody'd be likely to find it. Only about two parties a year get down there. Still, somebody might trail him. And I guess old Richford is too foxy to do any killing when he turns the trick just as well without it."

"Suppose it's the Pintos, then. How do we get there?"

"Hard-ash breeze," returned the other, succinctly. "Our rowboat is outfitted and waiting."

"Good work!" said Jones, heartily. "How far is it?"

"Sixty miles to the turn of the Laguna. There's a four-mile current to help. They've a scant two days' start, and we'll catch up some for their boat is heavier and their sail is no good with the wind in this direction. If we don't catch up some," he added, grimly, "I would n't want to insure our young friend's life. So it's all aboard, if you're ready."

For the first time since embarking upon the strange seas of advertising in his quest of the Adventure of Life, Average Jones now met the experience of grilling physical toil. All that day and all the night the two men swung at the oars; swung until every muscle in the young Easterner's back had turned to live nerve-fiber, and the flesh had begun to strip from the palms of his hands. Even so, the hardy captain had done most of the work. Aided by the current, they turned the shoulder of the Cocopah range as the dawn shone lurid in the east, and the captain swung the boat's head to the southern shore of the lake. Meantime, between spells at the oars, Average Jones had outlined the case in full to the captain. He could have found no better coadjutor.

By nature and equipment every really expert hunter and tracker is a detective. The subtleties of the trail sharpen both physical and mental sensibilities. Captain Funcke was, by instinct, a student of that continuous logic which constitutes the science of the chase, whether the prize of pursuit be a mountain sheep's horns or the scholar's meed of praise for the interpreting of some half-obliterated inscription on a pre-Hittite tomb. After long and silent consideration the captain gave his views.

"It isn't bunco. It's a hold-up. If Richford had wanted to stick young Hoff, he'd never have brought him here. There isn't 'color' enough within eighty miles to gild a cigar band. It looks to me like the scheme is this: They get him off in the mountains, out of sight of the lake, so he'll have no landmark to go by. Then they scare him into signing co-partnership papers, and make him turn over those certified checks to them. With the papers to show for it, they go out by Calexico and cash the checks in Los Angeles. They could put up the bluff that their partner was guarding the mine while they bought machinery and outfitted. That'd be good enough to cash certified checks by."

"Yes; that's about the way I figure it out. You spoke of Richford's being able to get rid of young Hoff effectually, without actual murder."

"All he'd have to do would be to quit the boy while he was asleep. A tenderfoot would die of thirst over there in a short time."

"Is there no water?"



A



B

"POMPEIAN BEAUTY"
By G. WARDE THAYER

"Love at First Sight"

(Pictures Ready For Delivery)

"Why so much frowning?" asked a friend, as he paused at the door of the writer's office.

"Because I can't find the right words to tell the magazine reader how really beautiful and valuable are the 1911 'Pompeian Beauties' in colors. We are practically giving them away, charging only 15 cents apiece to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. Each 'Pompeian Beauty' is really worth $1.50 to $2.50," I replied.

"Oh I see," he laughed, 'can't make the public understand how you can give a $1.50 picture for 15 cents, eh? Well, charge 'em a dollar. May be that will make 'em sit up and observe. Let's see the pictures." I pointed to the wall behind him.

"Those! Those for 15 cents apiece?" His voice indicated his own unbelief."

"There you are!" I laughed. "Won't believe me yourself. Just 15 cents apiece. No more. But which is your choice?"

"That one for me! No, wait a moment. That one! No, I—I—say—I love 'em all! They're great! They're wonders! Just say in your ad that it's a case of *love at first sight* for every single one of them! They are all heartbreakers! If the public could only see them in their real sizes and colors you'd be swamped!"

Yes, it is a case of "love at first sight" for those who see them in their true and exquisite colors. Now you say: "Which 'Pompeian Beauty' would I rather have on my walls?" Any one is worthy of a fine frame. Yes, you may order several if you can't decide on one. You run no risk. Read our "money back" guarantee.

Why $1.50 is not charged. The manufacturers of Pompeian Massage Cream want to make you so delighted with each picture you get that you can never forget who gave it to you, for each picture is practically a gift, the 15 cents being charged to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. We get our reward through years to come, and from the good will and confidence thus established. *You* get *your* reward at once.

Canadian Customers!

We are now making Pompeian in Canada, as well as in Cleveland, Ohio. This relieves our Canadian customers from paying duty, when they buy from their regular dealers. However, all letters should be addressed to Cleveland, Ohio, as usual. Goods sold by all dealers.

D





POMPEIAN

Massage Cream

WHAT TIMES & WHO FOR LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

All Dealers, 50c, 75c and $1

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian, and have one."

This is the advice of men and women (in a million homes) that use Pompeian Massage Cream. You yourself will never know the reasons for Pompeian popularity—how clean you can be and look—how refreshed, healthy and wholesome in appearance—until you test Pompeian.

Glance at your mirror after a refreshing Pompeian Massage. The old sallow "dead skin" appearance has gone and in place is a skin with the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." **Trial Jar** sent for 6 cents (stamps or coin). You may order pictures, trial jar or both.

Our 1911 Pictures

Each "Pompeian Beauty" is *in colors* and by a high priced artist, and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, clear, healthy complexion.

Our Guarantee. If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual art store value of $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

C



Note.—The handsome frames are only printed (but in colors) on pictures A and B. Each of 4 pictures has hanger for use if picture is not to be framed.

Pompeian Beauty (A) Size 17 inches by 12 in.—(B) size 19 in by 12 in.—(C) size 32 in by 8 in.—(D) size 35 in. by 7 in.

Note.—Pompeian Beauty D is already in a quarter of a million homes, and the demand for it is still heavy.

Final Instructions

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together, don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.

40 Prospect Street **Cleveland, Ohio**

Gentlemen: Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the four "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

Pictures	A	B	C	D
Quantity				

P. S. I shall place a mark (x) in the square below, if I enclose 6 cents extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian.

Write *very* carefully, on coupon only.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Digitized by Google



Fun-making Games for Winter Evenings

Here is the Game Board that will satisfy every boy's love of sport and fun during the long winter evenings and rainy Saturdays. Carroms, **25 other games** and *real base ball,* all played on the

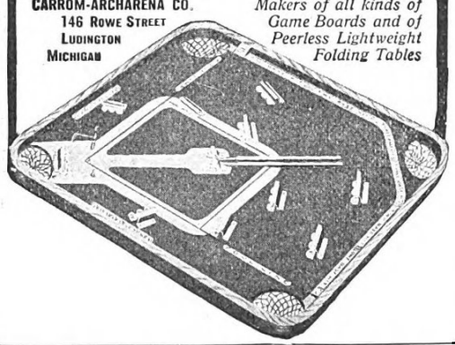
Ideal Baseball Combination Game Board

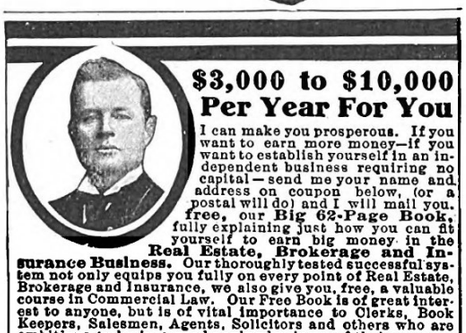
Carroms and 25 other games on one side—base ball on the other. From two to eighteen can play base ball at once. The ball is pitched with in or outshoot, fast or slow. Fielding and base running as in outdoor game. The score depends on skill—not on luck.

Get one of these Boards for your youngster and give him the treat of his boyhood. For sale at dealers, or, if you cannot find it, write to us. Full description on request.

CARROM-ARCHARENA CO.
146 Rowe Street
Ludington
Michigan

Makers of all kinds of Game Boards and of Peerless Lightweight Folding Tables





$3,000 to $10,000 Per Year For You

I can make you prosperous. If you want to earn more money—if you want to establish yourself in an independent business requiring no capital—send me your name and address on coupon below, (or a postal will do) and I will mail you, **free,** our **Big 62-Page Book,** fully explaining just how you can fit yourself to earn big money in the **Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business.** Our thoroughly tested successful system not only equips you fully on every point of Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance, we also give you, free, a valuable course in Commercial Law. Our Free Book is of great interest to anyone, but is of vital importance to Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others who are ambitious to be in a good paying business of their own.

International Realty Corp., 4458 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago
Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co.

This Book Shows You How to Succeed in Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance

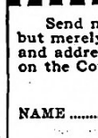
This 62 Page Book FREE

Send no money, but merely your name and address on a postal or on the Coupon below.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Old Appliance



LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet.

Our Appliance



HENRY G. LOTZ, 313 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK

"There's a tenaja they're depending on. But I doubt if they find any water there now. It's been an extra dry season."

"A tenaja?" queried the Ad-Visor.

"Rock-basin holding rainwater," explained the hunter. "There's been no rainfall since July. If they find the tenaja empty they'll have barely enough in the canteens they pack to get them to the next water, the Tenaja Poquita, around behind the mountains and across the desert into the next range."

"What's the next water to that?"

"The Stream of Palms. That's a day and a half on foot."

For the space of a hundred oar-strokes, Average Jones ruminated.

"Suppose—er—they didn't—er—find any water in the Tenaja Poquita, either?" he drawled.

"Then they *would* be up against it."

"And there's no other water in the Pintos?"

"Yes, there is," said the captain. "There's a tenaja that's so high up and so hidden that it's only known to one other man besides me, and he's an Indian. It's less than an hour from the tenaja that Richford will take his party to. And we're sure of finding water there. It never dries up."

"Get me to young Hoff, then, captain. You're in command from the moment we land."

It was broad day when the keel pushed softly into the muddy bottom of a long, shallow arm of the lake. Captain Funcke rose, stretched the kinks out of his back and jumped ashore.

"You say I'm in command?" he inquired.

"Absolute."

"Then you roll up under that mesquite and fall asleep. I'm going to cast about for their trail."

To the worn-out oarsman, it seemed only a few moments later that an insistent grip on his shoulder aroused him. But the overhead sun, whose direct rays were fairly boiling the sweat out of him, harshly corrected this impression.

"I've found their boat," said Captain Funcke. "The trail heads for the Pintos. They're traveling heavy. I don't believe they're twenty-four hours ahead of us."

Average Jones stumbled to his feet. "I'm ready," he said.

"It's a case of travel light." The hunter handed over a small bag of food and a large canteen full of water. He himself packed a much larger load, including two canteens and a powerful field-glass. Taking a shotgun from the boat, he shouldered it, and set out at a long, easy stride.

To Average Jones the memory of that day has never been wholly clear. Sodden with weariness, dazzled and muddled by the savage sun-glare, he followed, with eyes fixed, the rhythmically, monotonously moving feet of his leader, through an interminable desert of soft, clogging sand; a desert which dropped away into parched arroyos, and rose to scorched mesas whereon fierce cacti thrust at him with thorns and spikes; a desert dead and mummified in the dreadful heat; a lifeless Inferno wherein moved neither beast, bird nor insect. He remembers, dimly, lying as he fell, when the indefatigable captain called a halt, and being wakened in the chill breeze of evening, to see a wall of mountains blocking the advance. Food brought him to his normal self again, and in the crisp air of night he set his face to the task of climbing. Severe as this was upon his unaccustomed muscles, the firm rocks were still a welcome relief after the racking looseness of sand that interminably sunk away from foothold. At midnight the wearied pursuers dropped down from a high plateau to a narrow arroyo. Here again was sand. Fortunately, this time, for in it footprints stood out clear, illuminated by the white moonlight. They led direct to a side barranca. There the pursuers found the camp. It was deserted.

Like a hound on the trail, Captain Funcke cast about him.

"Here's where they came in. No—yes—this is it. Confound the cross-tracks! . . . . Here one of them cuts across the ridge to the tenaja for water . . . . . Wait! . . . . What's this? Coyote trail? Yes, but . . . . . Trail brushed over, by thunder! They didn't do it carefully enough . . . . . Straight for the rocky mesa. . . . That's it! They made their sneak while Hoff was asleep, probably covering trail behind them, and struck out for the inside desert route to the Tenaja Poquita." He took a quick look about the camp and picked up an empty canteen. "Of course they wouldn't leave him any water."

"Then he's gone to hunt it," suggested Average Jones. "Which way?"

"You can't tell which way a tenderfoot will go," said the hunter, philosophically. "If he had any savvy at all he'd follow the old beaten track around by the arroyo to the water-hole. We'll try it."

On the way, Average Jones noticed his companion stop frequently to examine the sand for something which he evidently didn't find.

"These are fresh footsteps we're following, aren't they?" he asked.

"Yes. It isn't that. He went this way all right. But the tenaja's gone dry."

"How can you tell that?"

"No fresh sign of animals going this way. Must have been dry for weeks. Our mining friends have



Shaving doesn't make your razor dull half as fast as rust does. Rust, caused by moisture from lather, forms on the microscopic teeth of the edge. This makes the blade pull and scrape.

You can't wipe the blade so dry that rust won't form between the microscopic teeth. The sharper the edge and thinner the steel, the greater the rust. That's a scientific fact!

To keep a sharp blade *always* keen and clean (ordinary or safety razor) simply do this: Rub a few drops of 3-in-One well into your razor strop. Draw the razor blade between your thumb and first finger, moistened with 3-in-One. Then strop as usual. You'll be surprised at the improvement. Always wipe blade dry and apply a little 3-in-One after shaving.

Don't take our word for this. Simply test it. Do it at our expense.

FREE SAMPLE and special scientific circular—both free! Sold at all stores—8-oz. bottle, 50 cts; 3-oz., 25 cts; trial size, 10 cts.

3-in-One Oil Co., 67 Broadway, New York

"You'll Find Me At"

The GRUNEWALD

Newest and Largest Hotel

Cost $2,500,000

MODERN in every respect. Telephones in all rooms. 750 rooms. European plan. Superb service. Cafe famous for game and sea foods. Full information regarding rates, etc., etc., upon request.

THE GRUNEWALD, New Orleans, La.

"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 th y are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The **Morley Phone** for the

DEAF

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.



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 most any 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.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL



I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. 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 Ransomarian Journal. C. W. RANSOM, 723 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

For CONSTIPATION Try

Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

Digitized by Google

taken what little water there was and left young Hoff to die of thirst," said the other, grimly. "Well, that explains the empty canteens all right."

He turned and renewed his quick progress, leaping from boulder to boulder, between narrowing walls of gray-white rock. Just as Average Jones was spent and ready to collapse the leader checked.

"Hark!" he whispered.

Above the beating of the blood in his ears, Jones heard an irregular, insistent scuffling sound. He sat tight while the captain crept up to a ledge and cautiously peered over, then went forward in response to the other's urgent beckoning. They looked down into a rock-basin of wild and curious beauty. To this day Average Jones remembers the luminous grace and splendor of a Matilija poppy, which, rooted between two boulders, swayed gently in the white moonlight above a figure of dread. The figure, naked from the waist up, huddled upon the hard-baked mud, digging madly at the earth. A sharp exclamation broke from Average Jones. The digger half-rose, turned, collapsed to his knees, and pointed with bleeding fingers to his open mouth in which the tongue showed black and swollen.

They went down to him.

An hour later, "Rickey" Hoff was sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion in camp. Average Jones felt amply qualified to join him. But it was not in the Ad-Visor's character to quit an enterprise before it was wholly completed. So long as the two bandits were on their way to cash the young spendthrift's checks—Jones had heard from the victim a brief account of the extortion—success was not fully won.

"We've got to get that money back," he said to Captain Funcke with conviction.

The hunter made no reply in words. He merely leaned his shotgun against his thigh, reached around beneath his coat and produced a forty-five caliber revolver. This he held out toward Jones.

"Good thing to have," conceded the other. "But—well, no; not in this case. They got the booty with a show of legality, since Hoff signed the copartnership agreement and turned over the checks. It was under duress and threats, it's true, but who's to prove that, they being two to one, and this being Mexico? No; they're within the law, and I've a notion that we can get the swag back by straight sale and barter. Provided, always, we can catch them in time."

"They'll want to make pretty good time to the Tenaja Poquita," pointed out the captain. "They're shy on water."

"On wind, too. They've traveled hard, and they can't be in the pink of condition. According to Hoff, they deserted him while he was taking a nap, about four o'clock in the afternoon. It's a fair bet they'd camp for the night, as you say it's an eight-hour hike to the tenaja."

"Eight, the way they'd go."

"Then—er—there's a—er—shorter way?" drawled Average Jones, removing some sand from a wrinkle in his scarified and soiled trousers as carefully as if that were the one immediate and important consideration in life.

"Yes. Across the Padre Cliffs. It cuts off about four hours, and it takes us almost to the secret tenaja I spoke of. We can fill up there. But it's not what you'd call safe, even in daylight."

"But to a hunter, would n't it be worth the risk for a record pair of horns—even if they were only tin horns?" queried Average Jones, suggestively.

Captain Funcke relaxed into a grin. He nodded.

"What'll we do with *him?*" he asked, jerking his head toward the sleeper.

"Leave him water, food and a note. Now, about this Tenaja Poquita we're headed for. How much water do you think there is in it?"

"If there's a hundred gallons it's doing well, this dry season."

Average Jones got painfully to his feet. Looking carefully over the scattered camp outfit, he selected from it a collapsible pail. Captain Funcke glanced at it with curiosity, but characteristically forebore to ask any questions. He himself shouldered the largest canteen.

"This'll be enough for both until we reach the supply," he said. "Don't need so much water at night."

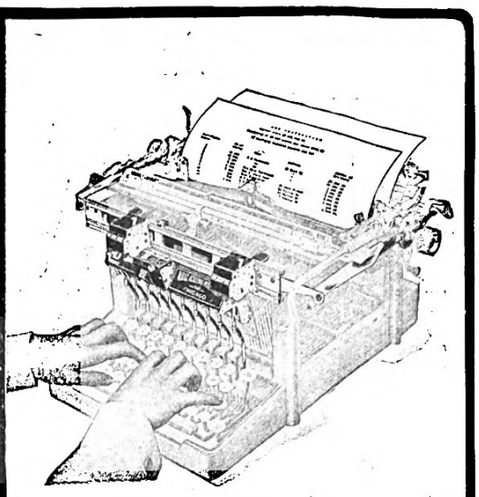
But the tenderfoot hung upon his own shoulder, not only the smallest of their three canteens, but also the empty one which they had found in the camp. Their own third tin, almost full, they left beside Hoff, with a note.

"I've a notion," said Jones, "that I'll need all these receptacles for water in my own peculiar business."

"All right," assented the other, patiently. He took one of them and the pail from Jones and skilfully disposed them on his own back. "Ready? Hike, then."

Two hours of the roughest kind of climbing brought them to a landslide. These sudden shiftings of the slopes are a frequent feature of travel in the Lower California mountains, often obliterating trails and costing the wayfarer painful and perilous search for a new path. On the Padre Cliffs, however, had occurred that rare phenomenon, a benevolent avalanche, piling up a safe and feasible embankment around the angle of an impracticable precipice, and thus saving an hour of the most ticklish going of the journey. Thanks to this dispensation, the two men reached the Tenaja Poquita before dawn. Scouting ahead, the captain reported no





30 Years ago

we said:

"You cannot afford to **Write** in the old way."

To-Day

we say:

"You cannot afford to **Add** in the old way."

NEW conditions create new needs. When writing was limited the pen would do it. When adding was limited the head would do it. But thirty years ago the Remington Typewriter removed all limitations from writing. As the world's writing grew its adding grew, for writing created more business and business created more adding. Thus when we solved the writing problem, we created the adding problem. Now we have solved the new problem of our own creation.

For thirty years we have sold you writing machines to build your business. Now we sell you combined writing *and adding* machines which build your business and at the same time *record* your business.

We will gladly send you on request a copy of an illustrated booklet which tells you all about the **Model 11**

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
Address 325-327 Broadway, New York or Any City on Earth

Remington Typewriter with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

MEDICAL OPINIONS OF

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

Thirty-nine Years Before the Public and Offered Upon Its Record of Results Accomplished.

L. H. Warner, Ph. G., M. D., *Brooklyn, N. Y:* "Experience fully demonstrates the value of Buffalo Lithia Water as a solvent of Uric Acid, and a valuable therapeutic agent in the treatment of Gout."

"THE MOST RELIABLE SOLVENT IN CHRONIC INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND RENAL CALCULI"

Louis C. Horn, M. D., Ph. D., *Professor of Diseases of Children and Dermatology in Baltimore University,* writes: "Having used Buffalo Lithia Water in my practice in the past eight or nine years, I find it the most pleasant and **most reliable solvent in Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder and Renal Calculi;** also in **Gouty and Rheumatic** conditions. **It is a remedy of great potency."**

"UNDER A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO THIS MOST EXCELLENT WATER FOR WONDERFUL RELIEF"

Wm. C. Wile, A. M. D., LL. D., *of Danbury, Conn.,* reports the following (*New England Medical Monthly,* December 15, 1888): "In a recent outbreak of **Nephritic Colic** in our own person, the attack, under the Buffalo Lithia Water, **was speedily cut short, the stones quickly passed,** and the debris which followed showed a thorough cleansing of the kidneys and bladder of all foreign substances. All of the reflex symptoms and sequelæ were promptly relieved, and we feel under a debt of gratitude to this most excellent water for wonderful relief."

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER Co. **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA**

An Offering of Fine Violins

THE greatest offering of Fine Violins in the history of the industry is now being made by Lyon & Healy. Over a year's preparation and search of out-of-the-way sources of supply in Europe are represented in this great sale. Masterpieces by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati and other masters are quoted at figures which are most reasonable. Fine old fiddles of a pure and carrying tone (authenticity fully guaranteed by Lyon & Healy), are offered from $100 upward. New Lyon & Healy Washburn Violins from $15 up; new Lyon & Healy Maestro Violins from $50 up; new Lyon & Healy Cremonatone Violins from $100 up. The foregoing instruments offer teachers and students the most remarkable values yet created in solo instruments.

Special Values—Write to us for the history and characteristics of the following fine old violins:

Carlo Tononi, Venice, 1739	$295
Tommasso Carcassi, Florence, 1751	268
Guisseppe Odardi, Venice, 1735	246
Joseph Kloz, Mittenwald, 1793	218
Camillus Camilli, Mantua, 1734	347
Old English, Duke	140
Pillement, Paris	110

Fine Violin Catalog

To anyone in the market for a violin, we will send our beautifully illustrated brochure, "Fine Old Violins." This is the standard work of the kind, and contains a vast amount of information upon violins and violin makers. Make a study of the subject before buying.

Monthly Payments

We accept a small cash payment and allow ample time on the balance, when desired. Enjoy your violin while you are paying for it.

Lyon & Healy

Dept. V-1528 Chicago

A Special Offer We will send several violins on approval and allow seven days' examination. Also we furnish photographs and data, including accurate measurements. We leave no stone unturned to satisfy the most exacting buyer. (82)

YOU can't escape responsibility by ignoring the matter of educating your children. You don't want to. You think too much of them—besides you owe them an education. If you have one yourself you know why; if you haven't you know why a good deal better—we value most the things we haven't got: health, education.

You can render no greater service to your children, yourself, or the world than to see to it that the world is made better by your having lived. You can't render a better service than by sending into the world educated men and women—your boys and girls.

We are teaching over nineteen, nearly twenty, thousand pupils: old men and women, men and women, young men and women and children; all by correspondence.

Over two hundred courses. You may want to brush up on some subject; mark it; we'll send full particulars, also bulletin of the most important educational movement of the day. But going back to your children: give us an idea of what they are most interested in; we'll suggest studies that under our masters will enable them to realize their ambition; our faculty is known all over the world. We pay tuition.

CUT HERE

THE PEOPLES UNIVERSITY,
P. O. Box 1524, University City,
St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, full information about how I can take up the study of the course I have marked below:

..Music	..Stenography
..Art	..Typewriting
..Journalism	..Bookkeeping
..Short Story Writing	..Penmanship
..Teachers' Courses	..College Preparatory
..Kindergarten	..Agriculture
..Domestic Science	..Horticulture
..Civil Service Preparation	..Veterinary Science
..Dressmaking	..Floriculture
..Auto Engineering	..Poultry Culture
..Elementary Subjects	..Bee Keeping

Name .....

St. and No .....

City .....

State .....

Catalogue free upon receipt of marked coupon. Now!

The Peoples University

P. O. Box 1524

University City, St. Louis, Mo.

fresh trail except coyotes and mule deer, and not more than seventy-five gallons of water in the basin. Of this they both drank deeply. Then after they had filled all the canteens, Average Jones unfolded his scheme to the captain.

"If anyone caught us at it," commented that experienced hunter, "we 'd be shot without warning. However, the water would be evaporated in a few days anyhow, and I 'll post notices at the next water-camps. I 'm with you."

Taking turn and turn about with the pail, they bailed out the rock-basin, scattering the water upon the greedy sand. What little moisture remained in the sticky mud at the bottom they blotted up with more sand. They then rolled in boulders. Average Jones looked down into the hollow with satisfaction, and moved his full canteens into a grotto.

"This company," he said, "is now open for business."

At eight o'clock there was a clatter of boots upon the rocks and two men came staggering up the defile. Colonel Richford and his partner did not look to be in good repair. The colonel's face was drawn and sun-blotched. His companion, the "Fred" of Silent Charley's bar, was bloated and shaken with liquor. Both panted with the hard, dry, open-lipped breath of the first stage of thirst-exhaustion. The colonel, who was in the lead, checked and started upon discovering upon a rock a pleasant-visaged young man of a familiar American type, whose appearance was in nowise remarkable except as to locality. With a grunt that might have been greeting, but was more probably surprise, the newcomer passed the seated man. Captain Funcke he did not see at all. That astute hunter had dropped behind a boulder.

At the brink of the tenaja the colonel stopped dead. Then with an outburst of flaming language, he leaped in, burrowing among the rocks.

"Dry!" he yelled, lifting a furious and appalled face to his companion.

Fred stood staring from Average Jones to his three canteens. There was a murderous look on his sinister face.

"Got water?" he growled.

"Yes," replied the young man.

"Here, colonel," said Fred. "Here's drink for us."

"For sale," added Average Jones, calmly.

"People don't *buy* water in this country."

"You 're not people," returned Average Jones cheerfully. "You're a corporation; a soulless corporation. The North Pinto Gold Mining Co."

"What's that!" cried the colonel, thickly. His hand flew back to his belt. Then it dropped, limp at his side, for he was looking at the two barrels of a shotgun, which, materializing over a rock, were pointing accurately and disconcertingly at the pit of his stomach. From behind the gun Captain Funcke's quiet voice remarked:

"I would n't, colonel. As for you," he added, turning to the other wayfarer, who carried a rifle, "you want to remember that a shotgun has two barrels, usually both loaded."

Stepping forward, Average Jones "lifted" the financier's weapon. Then he deprived Fred of his rifle amid a surprisingly brilliant outburst of verbal pyrotechnics.

"Now we can talk business comfortably," he observed.

"I can't talk at all pretty quick if I don't git a moistener," said Fred, piteously.

Pouring out a scant cupful of water into his hat, Average Jones handed it over. "Drink slowly," he advised. "You've got about a hundred dollars' worth there, at present quotations."

Colonel Richford's head went up with a jerk.

"Hundred dollars' worth!" he croaked, his eyes fiery with suspicion. "Are you going to hold up two men dying of thirst?"

"There's been only one man in danger of that death around here. His name is Hoff."

The redoubtable colonel gasped, and leaned back against a rock.

"You'll be relieved to learn that he's safe. Now, to answer your question: No, I don't propose to hold up two men for anything. I propose to deal with the president and treasurer of the North Pinto Gold Mining Co. As a practical mining man you will appreciate the absolute necessity of water in your operations. The nearest available supply is some ten hours distant. Before you could reach it I fear that—er—your company would—er—have gone out of existence. Therefore, I am fortunate in being able to offer you a small supply which I will put on the market at the low rate of $10,000. I may add that—er—certified checks will—er—be accepted."

For two hours the colonel, with the occasional objurgatory assistance of his partner, talked, begged, argued, threatened, and even wept. By the end of that time his tongue was making sounds like a muffled castanet, and his resolution was scorched out of him.

"You've got us," he croaked. "Here's your checks. Give me the water."

"In due and legal form, please," said Average Jones. He produced a contract and a fountain pen. The contract was duly signed and witnessed. It provided for the transfer of the water, in consideration of one revolver and $10,000 in checks. These checks were

Digitized by Google

endorsed over to A. V. R. E. Jones, whereupon he turned over the pail of water and the largest canteen to the parched miners. Then, sorting out the checks, he pocketed two aggregating $5,000, tore up three, and holding the other in his hand, turned to Captain Funcke.

"Will five hundred dollars pay you for keeping young Hoff down here a couple of months and making the beginning of a man of him?" he asked.

"Yes, and more," replied the captain.

"It's a go," said Average Jones. "I'd like to make the job complete."

Then, courteously bidding the North Pinto Gold Mining Co. farewell, the two water-dealers clambered up the rocks and disappeared beyond the abrupt skyline.

III

ONCE again Dr. Conrad Hoff sat in the private office of Average Jones, Ad-Visor. The young man was thinner, browner and harder of fiber than the Jones of two weeks previous. Dr. Hoff looked him over with shrewd eyes.

"Say, your trip ain't done you no harm, has it?" he exclaimed with a boisterous and false good nature. "You look like a fightin'-cock. Hope the boy comes out as good. You say he's all right?"

"You've got his letter, in which he says so for himself. That's enough proof, is n't it?"

"O, I've got the letter all right. An' it's enough as far as it goes. But it ain't proof; not the kind of proof a man pays out reward money on," he added, cunningly. "You say you left Roddy down there with that Funcke feller, hey?"

"Yes. It'll make a man of him, if anything will. I threw that in as an extra."

"Yes; but what about them two crooks that goldbricked him? What's become of them?"

"On their way to Alaska or Bolivia or Corea, or anywhere else for all I know—or care," said Average Jones, indifferently.

"Is *that* so?" The quack's voice had taken on a sneering intonation. "You come back here with your job not half done, with the guilty fellers loose an' runnin', an' you expect me to pay over the five thousand dollars to you. Huh!"

"No, I—er—don't expect—er—anything of the sort," said Average Jones, slowly.

Dr. Hoff's little, restless eyes puckered at the corners. He was puzzled. What did the young fellow mean?

"Don't, eh?" he said, groping in his mind for a solution.

"No. You forgot to send me that promised form of agreement, did n't you? Thought you'd fooled me, perhaps. Well, I would n't be so foolish as to expect anything in the way of fair and honorable dealing when I contract to do up a mining swindler with the only meaner creature on God's earth—a patent medicine poisoner. So I took precautions."

"Say, be careful of what you say, young man," blustered the quack.

"I am—quite particular. And, before you leave, would n't you like to hear about the five thousand dollars I got for my little job?"

Dr. Hoff blinked rapidly.

"What didje say?" he finally inquired.

"Five—er—thousand—er—dollars."

"You got it?"

"In the bank."

"Where-dje get it?"

"From you, through your son."

Dr. Hoff blinked more rapidly and moistened his lips with an effortful tongue.

"H-h-how-dje work it?" he asked in a die-away voice.

"By a forced sale of water rights to the North Pinto Gold Mining Co., dissolved, in which Mr. Roderick Hoff was vice-president and silent partner," replied Average Jones with an amiable smile, as he opened the door significantly.

'Round and 'Round

A VISITING friend had just given a penny to each of the children in the family and complimented them upon the vast wealth they had in their savings-bank.

"Oh, yes," chirped little Jessie. "Every time we take our castor oil without crying mamma gives us a penny."

"And what do you do with all the money?" the visitor wanted to know.

"Mamma buys more castor oil with it."

A New Job for Lincoln

FOR several weeks before the Lincoln centenary the pupils had been steeped in the history of the great President. But when ground-hog day intervened Tommy became hopelessly confused.

"To-day," he announced to his family, on the afternoon of the second, "Lincoln came out of his hole and saw his shadow, so he went back for six weeks."

Man; a Machine Clogged Up

If you had an automobile and never cleaned it internally, but allowed the oil, the residue from the fuel and the particles of waste which the machine itself produces to accumulate, you would not be surprised if it not only clogged up, but wore out.

If your watch is left to its own resources and not cleaned internally in the most thoro way, it will, even tho "dust-tight," gather to itself enough foreign matter to put it out of business.

And every day that an "unclean" watch, auto or any other machine is compelled to run wears seriously its vital parts and saps its vitality.

Just so is the human vitality sapped and the "works" of humans worn—not, mind you, if we lived strictly up to the simple, primitive, but rigorous laws of nature; but who does, and who can?

If we were all farmers and labored in the fields from morning till night, or lumbermen chopping trees the day long—if we were able to earn our salt in one of the few, the very few, occupations which call into play every muscle and joint which nature has supplied for the purpose of effectually throwing off the waste which our systems naturally create and accumulate——

If, in addition to this, we ate, drank and slept in strict accordance with exacting Mother Nature's demands, no one would have cause to say, "I have Spring Fever;" "I feel Yellow;" "I am Blue;" "I am Nervous"—but show me one who violates any of her laws who can truthfully say, "I am never afflicted with any of these."

Are you ever so afflicted?

The life we live is to a great extent artificial. Many of us endeavor in our spare time to satisfy Nature's requirement so far as possible by exercise, but does this suffice? Does this absolutely obviate for you all the mild and serious ailments to which you are subject? If it does not, as is doubtless the case, what further is required?

Man of to-day is as near a machine as he probably ever can become and still exist, and to keep him in perfect "running order" he has to be treated as such. Now, if your watch or auto were "clogged up" with foreign matter threatening its very existence unless removed, would you apply acid to rid it of this foreign matter? You could get an acid that would do it, but you know that it would also injure the mechanism.

So I don't think you would use it—you would cleanse with that which Nature has provided to make and keep it clean with no injury to the "works."

I wonder why everyone does not treat the most precious thing on earth to them, their physical bodies, in the same considerate fashion. Everyone knows that their internal organs make waste which is rank poison to the blood and the system, and, under our present mode of living, the functions ridding it of these are, without aid of some kind, unable to accomplish it.

Their first thought is of the drug-shop and medicine. Never a thought of whether nature can be assisted by her own provisions, but "Acid to the machine"—that's just what it means.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

The waste in the system can be effectually reached, and the intestines cleansed and kept pure by Nature's greatest cleanser and healer, Warm Water, which, if properly introduced, is the only rational, safe and sure way of purifying, sterilizing and keeping in perfect working order the internal organism.

No poison, no violence here. Just as sensible and sure a method as is external bathing certain to keep the pores open and the external organism sweet and clean.

That dangerous and incidentally very expensive disease, Appendicitis, is caused solely and directly by accumulated waste. Indirectly I would hesitate to name the complaints attributable to this same cause. It is a well known fact that the blood, in circulating, comes in contact with the contents of the colon twice in twenty-four hours, and, taking up by absorbtion the poisons they contain, distributes them throughout the entire system.

The system is gradually weakened until it is no longer able to fight successfully against the microbes which are taken into the body through the air and otherwise, and are continually struggling for the mastery—those germs which are dominant at the time inevitably gain the upper hand and the particular illness which they produce develops.

I would advise everyone who is interested in keeping as near a perfectly healthy condition as possible without racking the system by unnatural drugging, to write personally to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 Wesr 65th Street, New York, mentioning that they have read this in Success Magazine. He will be glad, under these conditions, to send, without cost, a treatise on Internal baths, called "The What, The Why, The Way."

It will be very interesting to everyone, as it shows clearly how rational is the system of Internal Bathing, and in what way it differs from and is superior to forcing and injuring the functions by drugs—much clearer and in greater detail than can be covered by this brief article.

—WALTER W. GRIFFITH.



$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days From an Investment of $150

Is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others cleared over $2000 00 first year. Four others over $1,200.00 in two months. Four others took in $3,200.00 in nine months. Go in this business yourself. You can start with $50.00. Nearly 7,000 alleys sold to date. More popular today than ever. These alleys pay from $30.00 to $75.00 each per week in any town. No gambling device, but the best thing on earth for clean amusement and physical exercise. Patronized by the best people, who form clubs and bring their friends. No expense to install or operate. No special floor required, no pin boy needed Receipts nearly all profit. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. Write today for booklet and easy payment plan.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO. 513 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Digitized by Google

LIFEBUOY

is a *pure* soap, and a powerful germicide and antiseptic.



Pretty soaps, the kind made to look at and to sell by smell have ordinarily the least cleansing value, and have no germicidal value whatever.

It is reasonable to prefer *Lifebuoy*, the "soap with that clean smell," that disinfects and cleanses at the same time. Its use is a guarantee of perfect cleansing and a protection against disease.

5C All Druggists and Grocers
LEVER BROS. COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

CORTINA-PHONE

"The Original Phonographic Method"
Awarded Medals—Chicago 1893, Buffalo 1901
ENGLISH - GERMAN - FRENCH
ITALIAN - SPANISH

It enables any one 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

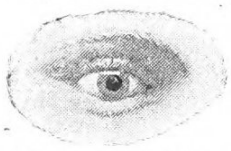
Our free booklet tells all about the Cortinaphone Method and the Cortina courses, also our easy payment plan.

Write for it to-day

CORTINA ACADEMY of LANGUAGES
Established 1882
354 Cortina Bldg., 44 W. 34th St., N. Y.

CORTINAPHONE

If your EYES are weak,



The Normal Eye.

we can make them strong—

And we will prove it without cost to you.

If you wear glasses—If your eyes smart or burn—If you suffer from headache—If your eyes are strained—If your eyes become dim—we will be glad to send you the **Ideal Sight Restorer** on ten days' trial. If you return it, there will be no charge whatever for its ten days' use:—that's how sure we are that it will benefit you quickly. It is perfectly safe, as it does not come in direct contact with the eyes, and five minutes manipulation at home, twice a day, is sufficient to counteract eyestrain and headache, and finally make eyeglasses useless. If you want to prove it at our expense, write to-day for instructive booklet No. 129 L testimonials, **and 10 days' test to**

THE IDEAL CO., 134 W. 65th St., New York.

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 Place, N. Y. City
ESTABLISHED 1885

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

WANTED
SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open, paying from $100 to $500 a month. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn while you are learning. Write today for our Free Book, "A KNIGHT OF THE GRIP," containing our special offer and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address (nearest office) Dept. 121.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.

U.S. METAL POLISH

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893.
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

The Story of Wendell Phillips

[*Continued from page 719*]

man heard him complain nor repine at his lot, and the bitterest personal attack seldom provoked any retort, even when he was outrageously lied about. All he took in silence, looking far ahead to the goal and thinking of himself as an instrument of reform; an instrument whose feelings and fame were of no importance. Silently he withdrew from the old scenes and the old circles and took for his new friends Garrison and the men and women that, like Garrison, held that in the face of monstrous injustice the just man has no right to a life of ease and pleasure. Other historic figures have enrolled themselves in unpopular causes, but usually, I think, for the sake of personal aim or a personal hate. Wendell Phillips remains the one conspicuous example of unstained purity of motive. From the causes he espoused he had nothing to gain but loneliness and disgrace.

His First Great Public Address

His real entrance as orator and agitator upon the turbulent stage of his day was made in dramatic fashion. On December 8, 1837, when he had just passed his twenty-sixth birthday, a mass meeting was called at Faneuil Hall to protest against the murder of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois; an event that was one of the turning-points in American history, though no one at the time so deemed it. Mr. Lovejoy, who was not an Abolitionist, by the way, had been the editor of a religious newspaper at St. Louis. A negro in St. Louis killed an officer that was trying to arrest him and a mob broke into the jail where the negro was confined and burned him alive. Lovejoy, in his journal, commented severely upon the farcical judicial proceedings that followed this event and the mob wrecked his printing office. He moved what was left of his enterprise to Alton, on what was called Free Soil, and where he believed he would be safe. Two presses that he landed were successively destroyed by mobs. He obtained a third and asked protection of the mayor. The mayor said he was unable to preserve order, but authorized Lovejoy to defend himself. A mob gathered, killed Lovejoy and threw his press into the river.

In Boston, the number of persons that desired to protest against this outrage was not large but was fairly courageous. To lessen the extreme likelihood of bloodshed the meeting was held in the morning. Faneuil Hall was filled, more than half of the audience being without sympathy with the purpose of the meeting and many disposed to make trouble if they could. William Ellery Channing and others spoke; resolutions were offered denouncing Lovejoy's murder; when James Tricothie Austin, attorney-general of Massachusetts, well known, able and popular, pushed his way to the edge of the gallery and delivered a skilful and bitter attack upon the resolutions and the previous speakers. He defended the mob at Alton, likening it to the men that threw the tea into Boston Harbor and to other patriots of the American Revolution. Lovejoy, he said, had brought his death upon himself and had died as the fool dieth, and he fiercely rebuked Dr. Channing, who was a clergyman, for taking part in the present meeting.

At Austin's first sentence, the pro-slavery element in the hall cheered vehemently, and as he proceeded it was evident that he was carrying with him the majority of his hearers. The defeat of the resolutions was imminent, as the contending factions on the floor roared and struggled. Phillips was standing among the spectators on the main floor, for in those days Faneuil Hall had no seats. As Austin ended amid tremendous cheering, Phillips unexpectedly leaped upon the platform and stood forth to answer him. The crowd saw before them a young man, tall, fair, with both face and form expressive of power and resolution, waiting to speak. Its sheer curiosity silenced it and, in a moment, out boomed, in that strange, melodious voice, the first piercing sentence. Clamor redoubled at once; there were cries of "Question!" "Go on!" "Hear him!" and so on. With the next lull in the storm came the next sentence; in another moment, the young orator was launched upon one of his most famous orations. It was a faultless specimen of his style; compact, restrained, direct, without a wasted word, and in spite of the restraint, burning with feeling. It contained some immortal sentences.

"Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to the portraits in the hall) would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead!"

The Depth and Breadth of His Democracy

In one passage he struck in this, his first great public address, a keynote to which in the closing years of his life he was often to return, and I think it is interesting that he had found so early a broad, sociological basis for his faith.

"Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before the age as to leave one



Every Photographer Needs this Book
And its free



It tells how every beginner, advanced amateur and professional can increase his efficiency, cut down his cost of working, and get the best results in whatever field he wishes to take up; gives a detailed synopsis of contents of

The Complete Self-Instructing LIBRARY OF PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Ten volumes of just the sort of information that every one who takes pictures is looking for; written by leading experts and demonstrators who give most valuable, money saving and money making information. The free book tells why others find the library indispensable, shows sample pages, etc. A postal brings the book and special introductory money saving offer.

American Photo. Text Book Co., 336 Adams Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

BEAUTIFUL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.
THE PERRY PICTURES



Reproductions of the World's Great Paintings. Awarded Four Gold Medals.
ONE CENT
each for 25 or more. Size 5½x8. (6 to 10 times the size of this Baby Stuart). Send 25c for 25 art subjects, or 25 for children or 25 Kittens or 25 Madonnas, or $1.00 for the 4 sets, or for Art Set of 100 pictures, or for 21 larger pictures, 10x12 in.
ORDER TO-DAY.
Beautiful Catalogue of 1,000 miniature illustrations and 2 pictures for 3 two-cent stamps.
THE PERRY PICTURES CO.,
Box 211. MALDEN, MASS.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE



to try for seven days in your own home. Incandescent. 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-sixth to one-tenth the cost. Eclipses all others.

Costs Only ONE CENT For Six Hours

Also take advantage of our special offer to one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers and thus get a Beacon Burner FREE. Write to-day. Agents Wanted.

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY,
220 K. C. Life Building. Kansas City, Mo.



"I MADE $2400.00

in about 2 months," writes one man a few months after becoming my representative in my big co-operative

Real Estate Business

No experience necessary; this man had none. I will teach you the business by mail and appoint you my special representative. I need you no matter where you are located. You can work all or part of the time. This is a splendid opportunity for men without capital to become independent. Let me send you my FREE BOOK.

D. D. HURD, Pres. GRAY REALTY CO., 964 Dwight Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Home Study Law Department
Intercontinental University



Hon. Martin A. Knapp

Preparation for bar examination of any State by mail. Personal instruction by Judge Wm. Macon Coleman, A. M., Ph.D., Dean. Courses also in Oratory and Argumentation. Founders of this National School include late David J. Brewer, U.S. Supreme Court; Senator Chauncey M. Depew; Edward Everett Hale; Judge Martin A. Knapp. Write for Catalogue.

I. C. U., 1406 H. St., Washington, D. C.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 10c. a Word

We sell stories and book Manuscripts on commission; we criticise 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

Digitized by Google

no right to make it because it displeases the community? Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise; the disputed right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which he died!"

At this, the audience, which had been hanging intent upon his words as they came flying forth without halt in the perfect mastery of his art, broke into a violent clamor of protest and the disorder began again. Possibly Phillips had stirred it for the express purpose of quelling it with one of his irresistible climaxes. At the first cessation of the noise he said:

"One word, gentlemen. As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his lips!"

That was the turning point of the battle. Thenceforward he carried his audience on the surge of his eloquence and when he made an end the resolutions were carried overwhelmingly.

The impressions made by this speech upon the persons who heard it seem to have been extraordinary. Dr. Channing frequently referred to it as an amazing flight of eloquence, the power of Phillips's voice over the angry crowd seeming to be almost inexplicable. Oliver Johnson, who was present that day, thought that the report of it was only a pale reflection of the lightning that came from the orator's lips. One effect of it was to put Phillips into a commanding position in the anti-slavery movement, and another was to accelerate the isolation that had been coming upon him from the time he announced his adhesion to Garrison's cause. His law practise was dwindling; a man cannot very well practise law in a community, part of which regards him as a lunatic and the rest as a dangerous firebrand. He had become the idol of the little band of Abolitionists, but he had the intense hatred of the aristocracy for he had committed what is in all ages the unpardonable crime. He had turned against his own caste.

The Final Parting of the Ways

In 1839 he took his wife abroad for her health and in London was the hero of a singular episode that I must tell later. In 1841 he returned to Boston. Soon afterward occurred there one of the first of the famous fugitive slave cases that were subsequently the occasion of some of his most searching eloquence. A Virginia negro named Latimer, having made his escape from his owner, was detected and arrested. An effort was made to prevent his return to slavery and a Boston judge ruled that the slave was property, the Constitution of the United States authorized the owner of slave property to seize it wherever he found it, and Latimer must be returned. The event struck deep at Phillips's basic faith. To his mind the people of Massachusetts were impelled by reverence for a piece of parchment to commit an act of abhorrent wrong and injustice, violating natural conscience and the rights that are above all constitutions. He vehemently protested at Faneuil Hall but he did more than protest. In accordance with his belief that a man's life should in every way square with his convictions, he closed his law office and abandoned his profession. A lawyer swears to uphold the Constitution of the United States. To Mr. Phillips, that Constitution, inasmuch as it recognized and defended man's ownership in a fellow man, was "a covenant with death and a league with hell." Therefore he could not consistently uphold it. He took a small house at No. 26 Essex Street, and thenceforth, isolated except for his fellow Abolitionists, he devoted all his life to battling for the reforms in which he believed.

One of these in which he was a conspicuous leader sought to improve the status of women. His mind was so constituted that against any condition of injustice, anywhere, in Ireland or Russia, in the attitude of men toward women, or of the State toward prisoners, it instinctively revolted. In the view of Mr. Phillips, as of Mr. Garrison, women were entitled to every right enjoyed by men, and the laws and customs based upon the alleged inferiority of women were fossils remaining from the barbarous ages. Many women were in the anti-slavery movement; indeed, its women were often abler than its men. Lydia Maria Child, Lucretia Mott, Sarah and Angelina Grimke, and Abby Kelly Foster were clearly the intellectual equals of any living men. But the custom was very rigid that women should take no part in public affairs; they could not vote and apparently it was held that they had properly no other rights. Garrison and Phillips strove to give them equal place with men in the Abolition movement, and it is a curious fact that this was the first rock upon which the anti-slavery movement split.

A Loyal Advocate in Woman's Cause

Those who believed woman's part in life to be silence and knitting withdrew and flocked by themselves. Presently they became involved in schemes of compromise and political action (to which Garrison and Phillips were opposed) and trickled into the short-lived and futile Liberty party, finally emerging from that barren waste to rejoin their former comrades with actual abolition in sight.

But the issue about women came sharply to a head

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.

COUPON BOND

The DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK WATER-MARK

A FIRST CLASS PAPER

Good Printing or Lithography.
A Letter-sheet or Check which rightly represents you—works for you
In short, Stationery which is really productive—
That is what you want—you need—in these modern business times.
But, Productive Stationery is only to be had by using a High Grade Bond Paper.

COUPON BOND

Fac Simile Water-Mark

Prints and lithographs perfectly—is refined, impressive and productive—and is universally used by business men who have learned through experience that High Grade Stationery is an asset—not an expense or luxury.

The "EAGLE A" Water-mark is the mark of quality. It appears in Bonds, Linens, Ledgers and Book Papers of 100% value. To shrewd buyers it is a guarantee of solid worth and complete paper satisfaction. There is an "EAGLE A" Paper best adapted to your use. In buying paper, look for the "EAGLE A" Water-mark, and see that you get it.

The Water-mark of Quality

Send for our new portfolio of COUPON BOND specimen business forms. It demonstrates the significance of this "EAGLE A" quality Water-marking.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY

17 Main Street Holyoke, Mass.

The Water-mark of Quality

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT



$11.45 Buys This 17-Jewel Elgin

in a Fine 20-Year Gold Filled Case

Sent Prepaid on FREE TRIAL at Our Bed Rock Wholesale Price.

BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

Only $1 a Month



Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, WE WILL TRUST YOU, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High-Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-Year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG. It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send Elgin 19-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit, Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 1407 MONADNOCK BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL. Or, 1407 WALNUT STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The House that Sells More Elgin Watches than Any Other Firm in the World.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE in your own Home for Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello. One lesson weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. Your only expense is for postage and music, which averages about two 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.*

$18 to $30 A WEEK SURE

Farmers' "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit Does It.



Agents going wild over results. M. Snyder made $46 in 2 hrs. Joseph Pine took 65 orders in two days. M. D. Finch sold 42 in 9 hrs. Had no experience. You can do it. To show it means a sale. FREE SAMLE to workers. FOOTE MFG CO., Dept. 717. Dayton, O.

BE CAREFUL

in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your *name* and *address plainly.* A little care in this will save all much trouble. Better mention Success Magazine, too.

Digitized by Google

Round Shoulders Make Weaklings
and Prevent Proper Breathing
Nulife
Straightens Round Shoulders Instantly
and Compels Deep Breathing

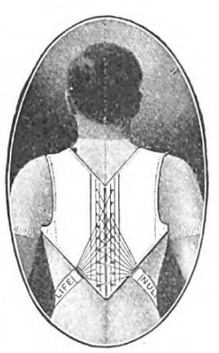


You can't buy a new body, but you can improve the one you have by wearing Nulife. —*Prof. Charles Munter*

Nulife makes every organ of the body do its work properly. For perfect health this is necessary. Nulife expands the chest from two to six inches, straightens round shoulders instantly, reduces the abdomen to symmetrical proportions and compels you to walk, stand and sit correctly all the time. You owe it to yourself to consider these facts.

The greatest vitality comes from the greatest chest expansion. Nulife expands the lungs to their fullest capacity and holds them open to receive all the air that continued deep breathing draws into them. You may realize the importance of deep breathing, but without Nulife you forget to breathe deeply when your mind becomes absorbed in other matters. With Nulife you will unconsciously breathe deeply and regularly all the time; that is the secret of the great success of Nulife. It acts like a watchman over your breathing organs.

You must use all of your lungs all the time if you wear Nulife, causing a continuous internal massage with nature's tonic, *fresh air*. This is a positive preventive of all throat, lung, nasal and many other internal disorders arising from improper breathing.





Prof. Charles Munter's
Nulife
For Man, Woman and Child
Trade **(PATENTED)** Mark

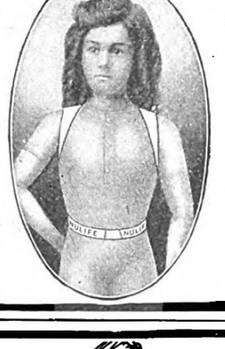
Nulife has displaced all other antiquated and useless braces and is the only scientific body support which rests the back and relieves fatigue.

Nulife is not made of steel, buckles and rubber—it is a light-weight, washable garment, so simple that any child can put it on. That buoyant spirit, so necessary to success in any calling, always comes after wearing Nulife. It holds the spine and head erect, inducing regular blood circulation and filling the brain cells with pure blood at every heart beat.



For growing boys and girls Nulife is invaluable. It holds them erect and gives every organ an opportunity to work. They grow into vigorous adults, able to resist the germs of disease. Many children are born frail, delicate and deformed, and with the least assistance during their childhood, become strong and healthy afterward. These children in their youth may have no visible deformity, but are continually ailing from some unknown cause. By Nulife all this is eradicated and prevented,—It compels the deepest breathing, the real vital force of life. Deformities and diseases disappear.

Women's physical beauty is impossible without physical perfection of form. With Nulife they get that grace, symmetry and poise which no steels can give, allowing the body to be flexible and comfortable and not restrained in the vise of metal supports, which most corsets contain. It is worn with or without a corset.



This Guarantee Goes With Every Nulife

I guarantee that Nulife will straighten round shoulders, expand your chest two to six inches, increase your height and compel free, regular, deep breathing as Nature wants you to do. **The price of Nulife is now $3.00.** Go to your furnisher, druggist or department store, and if they cannot supply the genuine **Nulife,** send direct to us and it will be sent prepaid to your address, and I know you will be well pleased and recommend Nulife to your friends after you receive and wear it. To order correctly give Chest Measure (close up under arm pits and completely around the body), with your Height, Weight and Waist Measure, and state whether for male or female.

Send Your Name For My **Illustrated Book** **FREE to You**

I will send you free the Nulife booklet which tells you all about Nulife, what it has done for others and will do for you. This booklet is filled with illustrations and reading matter that clearly describe the efficiency and benefits of this wonderful garment. You ought to know these facts whether you ever expect to purchase Nulife or not. Send your name and address, plainly written, to

Prof. Chas. Munter, No. 23 Nulife Building 13-15 W. 34th St. (near Fifth Ave.) **New York**



FOURTH ANNUAL

PRIZE CONTEST

For Men and Women Who Love to Draw

This cartoon was drawn by "Zim" the world's most famous cartoonist of "Judge." Can you make a copy of it? Try and see how easy it can be done. Draw this cartoon NOW, with either pen and ink or pencil, making it twice the size shown and send it today, stating your age, occupation and if you ever won a prize in our Contests.

COPY ME AND WIN A PRIZE

Our Board of Art Directors will carefully examine your sketch and if it is 60 per cent. as good as the original you will receive as a prize "The Home Educator" for 3 months. If you do not hear from us in ten days your drawing was rejected.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

"The Home Educator" is a very inspiring magazine for both men and women, it is fully illustrated by world-famous illustrators. There is positively no money consideration connected with this Prize Contest. Neither can you buy or subscribe for this magazine—it is awarded only to prize winners in our Contests. Copy this cartoon NOW and mail it to us this very day.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, DEPT. 82, SCRANTON, PA.

The Association of American Advertisers

has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 14 T. E. Bowman Secretary.



LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS Earn $25 to $100 a Week

We will teach you by correspondence the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's FREE.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL

Address Dept. 1121 Page Bldg., Chicago
other office Dept. 1121 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

while the Phillipses were in London. They had been appointed delegates to an international anti-slavery conference organized by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. In Great Britain the prejudice against admitting women to any share in public affairs was even stronger than in America, and woman's position in general was worse. The men in charge of the convention refused to allow Mrs. Phillips and the other American women delegates to be admitted. As soon as the deliberations were opened, Mr. Phillips sprang at the face of British conservatism with a resolution for the seating of all delegates with credentials from any anti-slavery society. British conservatism was painfully shocked. Mr. Phillips shocked it again by delivering, in the debate upon his resolution, a powerful argument in behalf of equality for women. It was heard far beyond the convention hall, for the press took up the issue it raised and a fierce discussion arose that can hardly be said to have ceased again until it came to flower in the British suffragette movement of this day.

But in the convention hall Mr. Phillips was defeated. The strength of British conservatism was too great. For no other reason than custom, the women delegates were not admitted to the floor of the convention but were herded into the gallery as spectators, where, when Garrison came, he insisted upon taking his place among them. He would not sit as a delegate in a convention that declared men to be better than women. Phillips continued to fight from the floor. He and Garrison became exceedingly unpopular in consequence and at the close of the conference were conspicuously slighted at the final meeting in Exeter Hall. Incidentally, the conference failed to be of any use to the anti-slavery movement, which it was intended to foster, but proved of much use to the woman suffrage movement, which it was intended to discourage—a pleasing illustration of the eternal futility of the reactionary mind.

It was when her husband left her to make his argument in behalf of women that Ann Terry Phillips addressed to him a remark that subsequently became very famous. She said:

"Wendell, don't shilly-shally."

The Cause of the Trouble

A MINISTER found at his door a needy looking knight of the cross-tie, who asked for a job that he might earn his breakfast.

The minister could think of no work he needed done, but he had a barrel of potatoes, some of which had become slightly decayed, so he told his guest that he might pay for his meal by sorting out the good potatoes.

Coming down from his study later, he found the stranger with his chin resting between his hands and a look of deep perplexity on his face.

"What's the trouble," he inquired, "is the work too hard for you?"

"No, the work's not so hard," was the dispirited reply, "but it's an awful strain on the judgment."

How She Knew

"JESSIE," Mabel began, hesitating with coy shyness.

"Yes, dear; what is it you have to tell me?" Jessie encouraged.

"Jessie—er—did—you—know—I—was—engaged?"

"No, dear; are you? How lovely!"

"Y-e-s. I'm—I'm—engaged; and—and—O-o-o! isn't it fine!"

"Well, I've never been, so I don't know. To whom are you engaged?"

"Why—I'm—I'm—engaged to—to Harold."

"What? My old chum Harold of public school days?"

"Yes—I'm—I'm—engaged to Harold—but, Jessie, I don't want you to think that I accepted him the first time that he proposed, dear. I wouldn't have you think that for the world."

"No, Mabel, dear," said Jessie, with her sweetest smile, "you couldn't have—you weren't there."

How Chanticleer Will Talk

ROSTAND'S new play, "*Chanticleer*," was being discussed by a number of theatrical managers. The characters are represented by various fowls and animals.

"What language will they speak?" asked one manager.

"Well, I don't know as to all of them," replied the wise Daniel Frohman, with a smile, "but, of course, the hero, *Chanticleer*, will talk Cockney."

The Important Parts

A REPORTER was sent around to make some inquiries concerning a new play that David Belasco was engaged in writing.

"Yes," said David, "I am writing a play. What do you want to know about it?"

"Anything you can tell me will be interesting," was the reply.

"Well," was Belasco's response, "it is to have four acts and three intermissions—and I've just finished the intermissions."

Digitized by Google



YOUNG MEN WANTED

EARN

$25.00 to $50.00 Weekly

IN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS

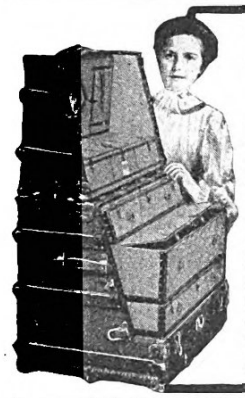
Chauffeurs, Automobile Salesmen and Repairmen get big pay for pleasant work because the **demand for trained men exceeds the supply.** We have taught hundreds (without mechanical ability), and we can teach **you** in ten weeks if you study a few hours a week. It is **interesting. Our** simple mail course guarantees thoro efficiency because **it's personal.** Free model of automobile. Ask our graduates who are earning $25.00 weekly or more in positions we obtained for them.

Send to-day for first lesson—it's free.

Chauffeurs and competent men supplied owners and garages.

Empire Auto. Institute, 199 EMPIRE BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Original Automobile School.



For Comfort, Convenience, Roominess and Durability Buy

"STRAIGHT BACK" DRESSER TRUNKS

Smooth sliding drawers—no trays. No rummaging. Holds as much as box trunks. A space for everything. Straight back allows placing close to wall—just like dresser. Saves space. Thousands use them instead of dressers.

Corner clasps, extra strong, finest quality, **hand riveted on—not nailed.** Workmanship and material very best throughout. Solidly, carefully built every inch of the way. All kinds trunks—Dresser, Ladies', Gents'. Suit Cases, Bags, etc. All guaranteed. Prices right. Don't buy until you investigate the "STRAIGHT BACK." Send for free catalog SS-10 and sample corner clamp. Complete descriptions and pictures. Selections easy. Write today.

STRAIGHT BACK TRUNK CO. Toledo, O.

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars.
School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 1121, Page Building, Chicago

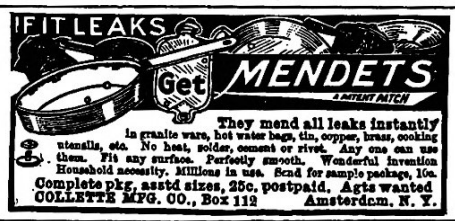
BE AN ILLUSTRATOR. Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog. School of Illustration, 21 Page Bldg. Chicago, Ill.



LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING

A high salaried and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by mail. We will teach the beginner better engraving than he can gain in years of rigid apprenticeship. We will also improve the skill of any engraver. Send for our catalog.
The Engraving School, 1121 Page Bldg., Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IF IT LEAKS Get MENDETS A PATENT PATCH



They mend all leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c.

Complete pkg, asstd sizes, 25c, postpaid. Agts wanted
COLLETTE MFG. CO., Box 112 Amsterdam, N. Y.



Grow Mushrooms

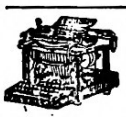
For Big and Quick Profits.

Ten years experience enables me to give practical instructions that will add $5 to $60 per week to your income without interfering with regular occupation. For full particulars and free book, address **JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 5850 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ills.**



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



REMINGTON, $18.75

Write at once for the most interesting proposition ever made to the typewriter purchaser.
STANDARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
23 Park Row, New York

GINSENG Culture is the "Only Way" to make Big Money on little Capital. One acre is worth $25,000, and yields more Revenue than a 100-acre farm with much less work and worry. Let me show you how to increase your annual income $500, to $5000, and live in Ease and Comfort. Write now. **T. H. SUTTON, 606 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.**

Before You Buy a Investigate **VACUUM CLEANER** **THE THURMAN** Booklet, "I Can Make Yours a Dustless Home" free upon request.

General Compressed Air & Vacuum Mach'y. Co. St. Louis U. S. A.

Marriage in America

[*Continued from page 737*]

with the college girl still holds. Here, as there, merely four per cent. would be unwilling to have children. The greater part of this four per cent. consists of artists who are living on their nervous capital and are inclined to be frail. The rest of the four per cent. are traveling musicians who are strongly inclined to be undomestic.

The Maternal Instinct Remains Strong

The average number of children desired by the professional girl is almost four. To be mathematical, it is 3.75 per cent. This number is somewhat less than the sum desired by the college girl; but I believe that this is due, not to any weakening of the maternal instinct, but to the fact that the professional girl, from her contact with the world, has come to realize most vividly the perils, responsibilities and costs of rearing children.

The small percentage, by and large, in every class dealt with in this series, of girls who shrink from motherhood, the eagerness of the rest, and the large number of babies desired by those who see any possibility of obtaining a proper environment for them, these things appear to refute Mrs. Atherton's recent unfounded assertion in *Harper's Bazar* that there is in our country to-day an "enormous percentage of non-maternal women." Now if non-maternal women exist anywhere in large numbers, one would naturally expect to find them in the professional class where women's interests are at their broadest and keenest. Yet in that very class Mrs. Atherton's "enormous percentage" dwindles to an actual four per cent. I am aware of Mrs. Atherton's contention that l..ge numbers of girls realize only after marriage that they belong to the non-maternal type. But this opinion may be met by the counter assertion that large numbers of girls who are apparently devoid of all maternal instinct, become, after marriage, devoted and happy mothers.

From this summary of the professional girl's ideals, the reader will doubtless conclude that these ideals are fully as lofty as those of the college girl, which they closely resemble in many important respects.

Considered from the standpoint of eugenics or race-improvement, they are even loftier, for they have undergone severer tests and more mature consideration than those younger ideals that have not yet had the sweet glamour of campus-land rubbed from them by the crude, vigorous, hard-hearted world.

I think the professional girl is more apt than any other to disregard non-essentials and to look far beneath the surface of a man's character and accomplishment.

Tendencies That Interfere With Marriage

But ideals, even of the loftiest, have small race-improvement value unless they actually win the opportunity, by their realization, to improve the race. Without marriage they are well nigh as good as useless; so their ultimate value must be discounted by whatever tendencies interfere with the marriage of those who hold them.

There are three such tendencies in the professional girl's case. One is the postponement of marriage until several years after the normal age, thus probably increasing the chances of childlessness, and certainly lessening the number of children per marriage and the number of generations per century.

Then, there is the danger—though a comparatively slight one—that certain professional girls may grow too luxurious or too absorbed in their work to marry; or that even if they do marry, this interest may lead them to neglect their children. I believe that these dangers are grossly exaggerated in the popular mind, although Sidney Smith did much to lay such spectres by talking solemnly of the woman who would forsake her infant for a quadratic equation. On the other hand, the benefits to the race of woman's professional life have been quite as grossly underestimated. How many, for instance, realize what valiant deeds she is performing in infecting man with her higher eugenic ideals, even in the one matter of social prophylaxis?

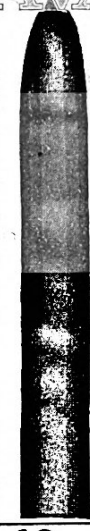
But the eugenic value of her ideals must chiefly be discounted by the existence of the following tragic deadlock: she demands as her husband a man who is at least her equal in almost every important respect; for she well knows that it takes two equally talented performers to play a passable life-duet. But on the other hand, the man of ability whom she desires; the strong, well-rounded American—big, courageous, original—is inclined to be afraid of the strong woman of independent bent and well-nurtured mind. "It's terribly galling," exclaimed an attractive little painter who had already earned a national reputation, "for a girl to be forced to wait for a man to take the initiative, especially if she happens to love him! The tragedy is that the sort of man she is attracted to generally prefers the clinging-vine type of woman."

It is a fact that the girls in this investigation, though no less attractive in any way than those of the other classes, appear to be having less attention from men than the others. A number express themselves somewhat like the Southern lawyer, who says:

"A woman practising a serious profession does not expect many beaux, and looking out from her busy life can cheerfully see the others carrying off most of them."

This masculine prejudice against the professional type has not escaped the attention of feminine writers.

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS



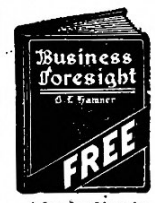
You'll find all the new scarf ideas for Fall and Winter in Cheney Silk Cravats at the Half Dollar price. These scarfs tie in the neat knot necessary for the proper set of the fashionable collar.

At your haberdashers—or 50c. (state color) postpaid. Ask to see the new Bengalines.

Scotch plaids, accordion plaits, cross bar stripes, black and white, etc., 26 variations; tubular, reversible, no padding. All our Cravats are marked CHENEY SILKS in the neckband.

Cheney Brothers
Silk Manufacturers
South Manchester Conn.

The Secret of Successful Men



A book of inspiration for the ambitious man, containing helpful ideas for a harder fight.

is told attractively in our free book called "Business Foresight." It throws the searchlight on yourself—it is an inspiration to men who have not sounded out their own depths.

It has given to the self-satisfied man new fighting blood for the business battle. Your place in the world is measured in part by the standard you set for yourself.

The Men Who Command

The enviable salaries are for those who know the rules of the business game. Those who are equipped to step into places of responsibility—men trained for the fight. The knowledge of the laws of business is invaluable. The world has a great need for such men today.

Government records show a loss of ten millions last year, through business inability alone.

How well is your business safeguarded?

Send today for this valuable free book—"Business Foresight." It will be an inspiration for a harder fight—a larger salary—a bigger self.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION
311 Curtice Building Kansas City, Mo.

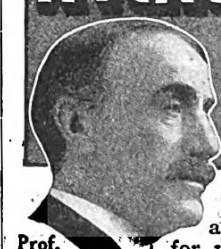


DAYLIGHT AT NIGHT
COSTS BUT 1¢ PER 8 HOURS
THE CANCHESTER KEROSENE INCANDESCENT LIGHT

BURNS AIR INSTEAD OF MONEY
Six times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, or common oil lamps, at 1-10th the cost. BURNS WITH OR WITHOUT MANTLE. No trimming wicks. Safe and odorless. AGENTS WANTED. Biggest money maker ever known. Showing means selling. Territory going fast. Write today for particulars and how to obtain handsome outfit FREE.
CANCHESTER LIGHT CO., Dept. S. 26 State St., Chicago

YOU CAN EARN choice thoroughbred fowls of almost any variety by taking a few subscriptions to our poultry magazine at 25c. per year. Write for offer. **POULTRY POST, Dept. 11, Goshen, Ind.**

A Perfect Memory The Key To Success



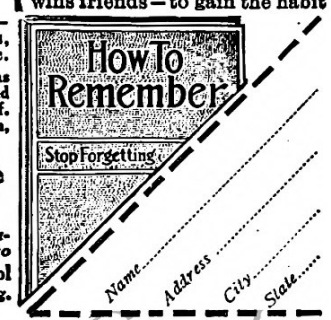
Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal, Dickson School of Memory, the Largest and Most Successful School of Mental Training in the World.

In business, political or social life. YOU can acquire a perfect memory. Send today for my FREE booklet that tells how my system will enable you to remember names, faces, facts, figures, anecdotes—to focus your mind instantly on the points of a business deal—to overcome bashfulness and self-consciousness—speak extemporaneously—converse in a natural, interesting way that wins friends—to gain the habit of logical thinking—to memorize studies, for examinations, etc.

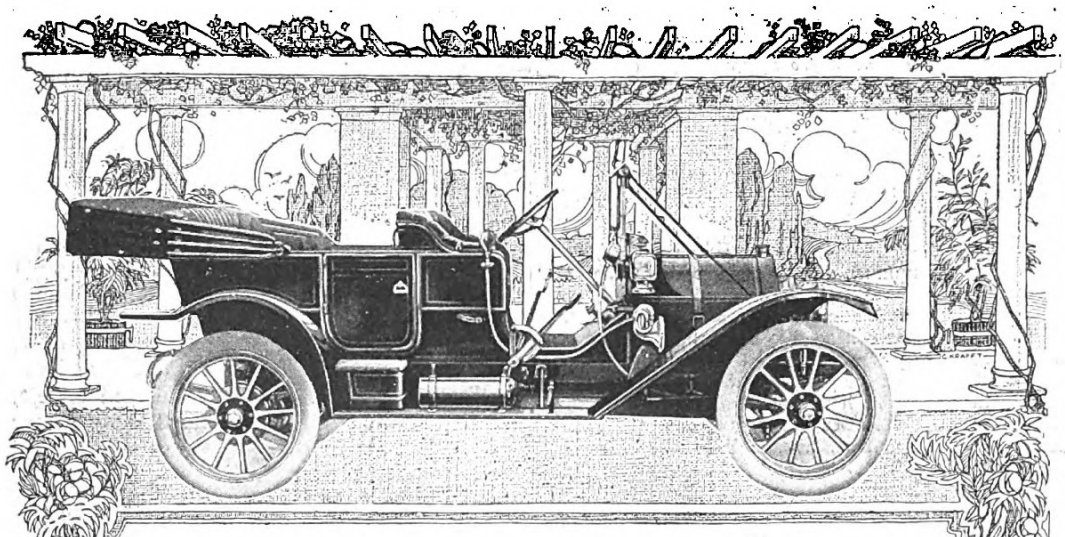
The Dickson Method has been highly recommended by Elbert Hubbard, Prof. David Swing, Dr. Latson, and thousands of others.

This Valuable Book FREE

Fill Out and Mail Coupon, or Send Postal to
Dickson Memory School
796 Auditorium Bldg.
CHICAGO



Digitized by Google



There are two classes of buyers who prefer

The Superb Haynes

To each of these classes this unusual car at $2000 is an ideal car. You probably belong to one of these classes.

The first class is represented by those who could easily pay *two or three times* two thousand dollars, and who are only concerned in getting a car of reputation, proven merit and refinement.

The Haynes gives to such buyers everything they could expect to get if they were asked to pay an exorbitant price *for the famous Haynes name.*

The other class of buyers are those who *prefer* to pay *less* than two thousand dollars, but who insist upon *economy of operation* and recognize the big saving involved in buying a car built as the Haynes is *known* to be built.

To such buyers the purchase of a Haynes is a hard-headed, long-headed business deal—a purchase for the future as well as for the present.

The Haynes Model 20 for 1911 is a car of beautiful lines, an abundance of power (35-40 H. P.), 114 inch wheel base, and plenty of tonneau room.

The price of $2000 includes *complete* equipment, of the best grade obtainable. For example, a big Type B Prest-o-lite tank is furnished instead of the customary small size, and the famous Warner Auto-Meter is put on *every* car. (Only a speed indicator of this quality is entitled to be used on a Haynes.)

In addition to this Model 20, we will also build for 1911 a limited number of big seven-passenger cars of 50-60 horsepower for those who prefer a car of this size.

Ask for literature regarding these cars before you commit yourself to *any other make.*

The Haynes name and reputation is your best possible safeguard in purchasing a car.

Haynes Automobile Company

Kokomo 210 Main Street Indiana

Licensed under Selden Patent

BOOKKEEPING TAUGHT BY MAIL at home—during spare time. Newsystem—very simple—anyone can learn. Few hours each week completes course. Diploma given. Knowledge of bookkeeping necessary to success. Bookkeepers get good pay—have short hours. Special offer to first student in each town. Send for free booklet, "Key to Success." Lincoln Commercial School, 619 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

SIDE LINE SALESMEN to sell high class article to Banks and Merchants as advertising souvenirs. Good men make $50.00 weekly in commission. Territory open. Sample FREE. C. ROPP & SONS, 556 Lakeside Building, Chicago.

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS ON CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY. As Low As $10 An Acre; rich soil; mild winters, nearby Eastern markets. Handsome illustrated booklet, "Country Life in Virginia" (100 pages), and low excursion rates. Address G. B. Wall, Real Estate Agt., C. & O. Ry., Box XM., Richmond, Va.



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

GINSENG $25,000 from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout U. S. and Canada. Our booklet A N tells particulars. Send 4c for postage. McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.

Advertisers Testify to RESULTS from "Success Magazine"

There's only one thing that makes advertising worth while—*business results.* ¶ The relative value of any medium depends on the quantity and quality of results which it gives to the advertiser. ¶ Advertisers place *Success Magazine* at the top of the list of definitely productive and profitable mediums.

Read this Strong Testimony

Results: REALTY Sept. 23d, 1910.

"Success Magazine" is one of our very best producers—one of the best if not the very best publications for advertisers we know of.

INTERNATIONAL REALTY CORPORATION
Manhattan Building, Chicago

Results: WATCHES Sept. 20th, 1910.

Of the magazines which we have used regularly throughout 1910, "Success Magazine" leads both in mail order results and booklet inquiries.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BROS.,
Manufacturers of Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton Watches

Watches, Motor Cars, Stoves, Realty, Fruit Lands, and any other legitimate business proposition will bring *results* when advertised in "*Success Magazine.*" We prove it through our advertisers.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Success Building, New York

"A smart man," said Mary Dean, "wants a wife warranted not to be smarter than he is, and a dull man wants a wife duller than a great thaw."

More recently, Cicely Hamilton, having sharpened her pen well, dipped it in vitriol and wrote as follows: "Since men were understood to dislike clever women, the girl who had brains, capacity, intellect, sought to conceal possession of them, so that her future husband might enjoy, unchallenged, the pleasurable conviction of her mental inferiority to himself. Of all the wrongs that have been inflicted upon woman there has been none like unto this—the enforced arrest of her mental growth. One wonders what it has meant for the race—this persistent desire of the man to despise his wife; this economic need of countless women to arrest their mental growth? It has amounted to this—that one of the principal qualifications for motherhood has been a low standard of intelligence."

Of these three tendencies that interfere with the right mating of the professional girl, the last mentioned is at once the most important to arrest and the most possible to change.

Marriage Standards of Men Will Have to Be Raised

Our men must be educated to take a broader, fairer, more modern attitude toward the question of woman's mental development. As Anglo-Saxons they should be piqued to bring their much vaunted "sporting instinct" to play on this matter, realizing that man's suspicion and dislike of mental development in woman is a vestige of the day—a day unfortunately none too dim with antiquity—when woman stupidly acquiesced in remaining a mere machine for her lord and master's gratification, for producing his children, and for performing the less agreeable part of his work. Man seldom consciously analyzes his prejudices. If he did, his present feelings on this subject would, in most cases, reveal themselves as resentment against the feminine mind and spirit for having emancipated themselves—despite inconceivable obstacles—from his own ancient tyranny, and for refusing to marry except on terms of genuine equality. This refusal, though found as yet only among the highest types of womanhood, stands to-day as the crowning achievement of the movement for Woman's Emancipation.

But though we lead the men to a larger view of the modern woman, we shall only have begun to solve this problem. What we most need is an earnest and persistent educational effort which will convince public opinion that marriage must be made more difficult. George E. Howard ends his new and monumental "History of Matrimonial Institutions" with an eloquent plea for this reform. "How ignorantly, with what utter levity are marriages often contracted; how many thousands of parents fail to give their children any serious warning against yielding to transient impulse in choosing a mate; how few have received any real training with respect to the duties and responsibilities of conjugal life! What proper check is society placing upon the marriage of the unfit?"

"As our laws stare us in the face," exclaims Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "there is no man so drunken, so immoral, so brutal, so cruel, that he may not take to himself the purest, the most refined, the most sensitive of women to wife, if he can get her. There is no woman so paltry, so petty, so vain, so inane, so enfeebled in body and mind by corsets or chloral, by flirtation or worse, that she may not become the wife of an intellectual, honorable man, and the mother of his doomed children."

When public sentiment is sufficiently advanced to enact and enforce wise laws making marriage more difficult, the fatal deadlock that is robbing so many professional girls of their birthright will be broken. Those forces will be checked which are providing many of our ablest men with wives from among the more empty-headed and vicious circles of "society," while condemning to racial extinction many of the very girls who represent the finest blossoming of our civilization, and who might otherwise become wives and mothers of the highest type.

The studies of American marriage ideals which are ended in this article all lead to one conclusion.

It appears that rational, wholesome work in a proper environment—whether in business, in college, or in professional life—tends to raise the eugenic quality of a girl's ideals. While any departure, either in the direction of too much or too little work, or of improper environment—either in the direction of the sweat-shop or the life of luxurious leisure—tends to lower the eugenic quality of a girl's ideals and to menace the future of the race.

The Woman's Emancipation Movement already represents the most important sociological change that has ever anywhere taken place within the limits of a single century. It is throwing its vast influence upon the side of education and economic independence for women. Its progress, therefore, is in the direction of those infant forces which are striving to replace the wholesale horrors of natural selection by the silent and beneficent workings of human selection; struggling to replace the carnage and famine and pestilence that have thus far cut down the unfit and rudely permitted the race to advance—to replace these atrocities of unconscious evolution by a conscious evolution which shall usher in the reign of wisdom, peace, power and plenty, by bearing no more children than can be reared properly, and these of only the highest quality.

Digitized by Google