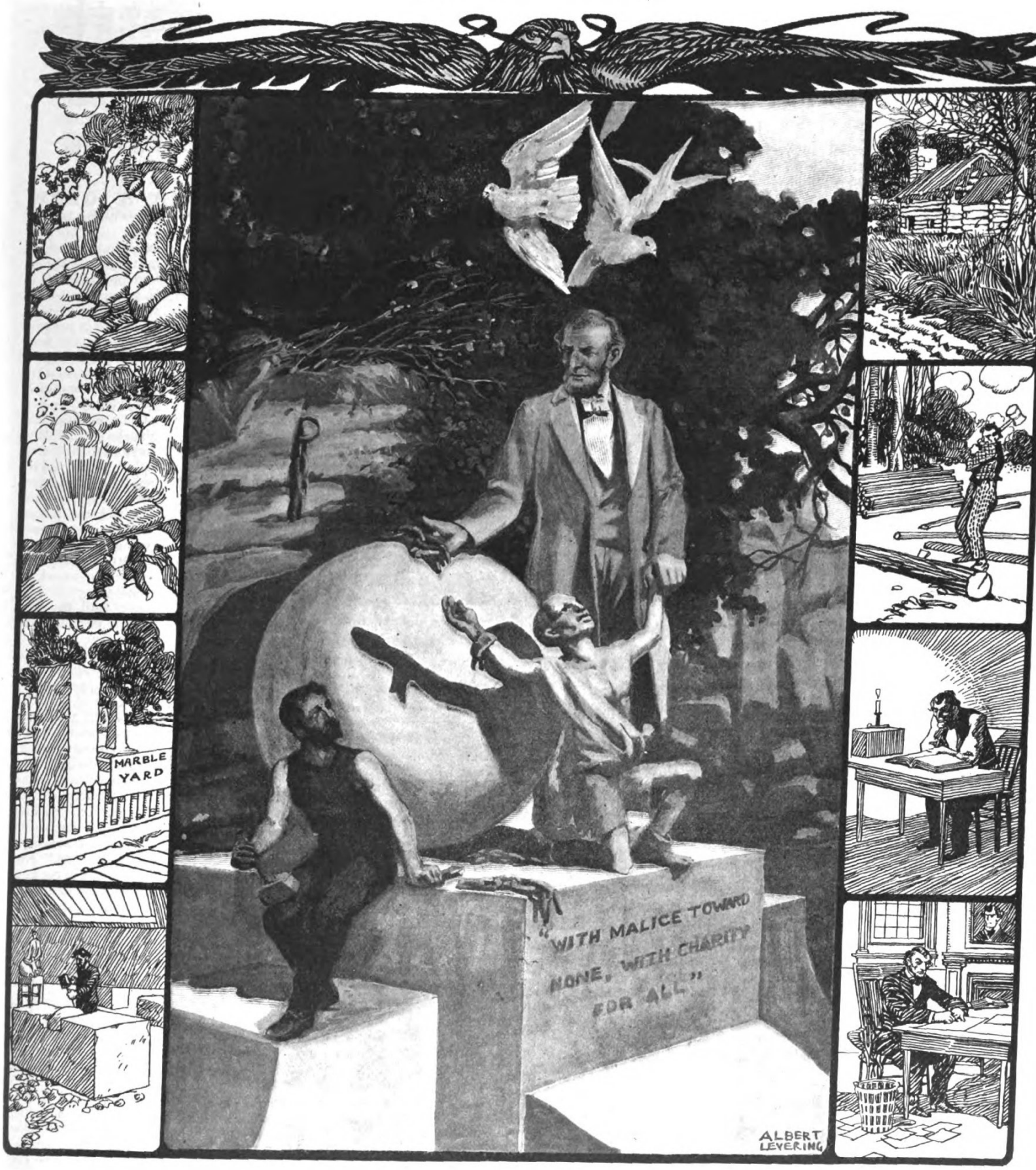
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S U C C E S S

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The Glory That Slumbered in the Granite Rock

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I.

A granite rock on the mountain side
Gazed on the world and was satisfied;
It watched the centuries come and go,—
It welcomed the sunlight, and loved the snow,
It grieved when the forest was forced to fall,
But smiled when the steeples rose, white and tall,
In the valley below it, and thrilled to hear
The voice of the great town roaring near.

II.

When the mountain stream from its idle play
Was caught by the mill wheel, and borne away
And trained to labor, the gray rock mused:
"Tree and verdure and stream are used
By man, the master, but I remain
Friend of the Mountain, and Star, and Plain;
Unchanged forever, by God's decree,
While passing centuries bow to me!"

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III.

Then, all unwarned, with a mighty shock,
Down from the mountain was wrenched the rock.
Bruised and battered and broken in heart,
It was carried away to a common mart.
Wrecked and ruined in peace and pride,
"Oh, God is cruel!" the granite cried;
"Comrade of Mountain, of Star the friend,—
By all deserted,—how sad my end!"

IV.

A dreaming sculptor, in passing by,
Gazed on the granite with thoughtful eye;
Then, stirred with a purpose supreme and grand,
He bade his dream in the rock expand,—
And lo! from the broken and shapeless mass,
That grieved and doubted, it came to pass
That a glorious statue, of infinite worth,—
A statue of LINCOLN,—adorned the earth.

The Humane Side *of* Abraham Lincoln -

GALUSHA A. GROW
[Speaker, House of Representatives, 1861-'63]



"I believe you to be honest and truthful, and you don't wear hoops: I will spare your brother"

NEARLY all of the waking hours of Abraham Lincoln, after the midsummer of 1861, were passed in his office. The west end of the second floor of the White House was used for residence, and the east end for business purposes. The President's office was a large room on the south side, which commanded a fair view of the Potomac River. "The furniture of this room," writes Isaac N. Arnold, "consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, extending north and south, and it was around this table that the cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table, and between the windows, was another table, on the west side of which the President sat, in a large armchair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk, with pigeonholes for papers, stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were a Bible, the statutes of the United States, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs, and two plain hair-covered sofas, and on the wall hung two or three military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. On the mantel was an old, discolored engraving of Andrew Jackson, and a later photograph of John Bright. Doors connected this room with the room of the secretary and an outside hall, running east and west across the house. A bell cord within reach of the President's hand extended to the secretary's office, and a messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, to take in the cards and names of visitors."

These visitors included all sorts and conditions of men, and women, too,—the place-hunters, whose numbers diminished as the offices were filled; politicians in congress and out; seekers after army contracts and commissions; officers anxious for promotion or desirable assignments; private soldiers, moved by childlike faith in the President's willing ability to grant the favors refused them elsewhere; parents, wives, and sweethearts asking help or mercy for loved ones, sick, wounded, or in trouble; and still another class, equally earnest and importunate, made up of those who had perfected devices for making war more deadly which they were eager to sell to the government. A man with a new weapon of any sort, who had been refused an audience by others in authority, was sure to find a patient and interested listener in Mr. Lincoln, who had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and who, more often than not, would personally test his gun. An inventor, with his active if not always well-balanced brain, was a source rather of amusement than annoyance, and the President was wont to quote, with peals of laughter, the solemn dictum of one rural visitor, that "a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyled at all, it ought to rekyle a little for'rud." Practical results issued, now and then, because of the time devoted by Mr. Lincoln to the testing of new weapons. One of these was the adoption of the *mitrailleuse*, and another the equipment with the breechloaders of the famous regiment of sharpshooters commanded by Colonel Hiram Berdan.

His Sympathy Went out spontaneously to All Who Were in Distress

Delegations without number sought audience with the President. Many went, in the early days of the Civil War, to urge, and, frequently, to demand, the immediate emancipation of the slaves. Thence arose more than one embarrassing situation, from which Mr. Lincoln was extricated only by quick wit, or by the recital of some amusing story which was also an apt illustration of the subject under discussion. A case in point was his answer to the Chicago ministers who called on him, in September, 1862, to demand of him a proclamation of emancipation. He heard them through, and then asked:—

"Now, gentlemen, if I cannot enforce the constitution in the South, how am I to enforce a mere presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the pope's bull against the comet?"

The ministers could not answer this question, but one of them said:—

"Mr. President, what we bring you is a message to you, from our Divine Master, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free. Yes, sir, this is a command from our Divine Master."

"That may be, sir," was the instant reply; "for I have studied this question, by night and by day, for weeks and for months; but, if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that He should send it by way of Chicago?"

The ministers went away, sorrowful, believing, in the face of this rejoinder, that the slave had little to hope for from Mr. Lincoln. Yet he had resolved months before on what they pleaded for, and the proclamation was issued within a fortnight. A knotty query and a jest were his means of concealing his purpose until the time should come to make it known.

Those seeking aid for themselves or for others made early discovery of Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart, and of the fact that his sympathy went out spontaneously to all in distress. The best-remembered appeals to his clemency were made in behalf of soldiers under sentence of death for desertion, and books, and newspapers, and living men as well, teem with anecdotes of offenders who owed their lives to his interposition. "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier who deserts," he wrote on one occasion, "while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?" It was almost impossible, during his first month in office, to secure his consent to an execution for desertion, and until the last he recoiled from taking the life of a very young soldier charged with this offense. "I wish to grant a pardon in this case," he endorsed on a set of papers now filed in the War Department, "and will be obliged to the judge advocate of the army if he will inform me as to the way in which it is to be done." No evident reason existing for a pardon, he frequently found one in the prisoner's youth. "His mother says he is but seventeen," was his excuse for suspending sentence in another case, and later he granted the lad a full pardon "on account of his tender age." The whereabouts of a condemned man being unknown, the President, in still another case, telegraphed to four commanders, ordering a suspension of sentence.

He Spared a Deserter, as His Sister Was Honest, Truthful,—and Hoopless

Humor and pathos were often blended in the President's exercise of the pardoning power. Lieutenant Governor Ford, of Ohio, on going to the White House on an autumn evening, in 1862, to keep an appointment with Mr. Lincoln, was accosted in the vestibule by a young woman, whose drawn face and swollen eyes bore witness to the fact that she was in sore trouble. Ford halted to listen to her story. It had to do with an orphaned brother and sister, who had come from Germany and settled in one of the Western States. The brother, when the war came, had entered the army, and, falling among evil associates, had been induced to desert, with the usual sequel,—capture, trial, and sentence to death. The sister, who was in domestic service, had borrowed the money for the journey to Washington to lay the case before the President. She had vainly sought for two days to secure an audience with him, and finally had been ordered away by the servants.

"Come with me," said Ford, when she had finished, "and I will see what can be done." So saying, he led her upstairs and into the presence of Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. President," said he, after greetings had been exchanged, "my business must wait until you have heard what this young woman has just told me."

Mr. Lincoln, seating himself at his desk, listened in silence to the girl's story, and then carefully examined the petition for a pardon which she handed him, which bore the signatures of a few persons who had formerly known her brother. This done, he studied her tear-stained face, and the threadbare garb which told of her poverty.

"My child," said he, kindly, "you have come here with no one to plead your cause. I believe you to be honest and truthful, and—" this with emphasis,—"you don't wear hoops: I will spare your brother."

Such was the trend of Lincoln's charity. He seemed to have a clear insight into human nature. He knew when a man or a woman was telling him the truth. He always longed to give charity when charity was necessary, and when its object deserved to be thought of. To him, a kind act was more than the high office that he had attained.

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The World's Best Shoes Are Made in America

ROBERT GRIEVE, [Secretary to Governor L. F. C. Garvin, of Rhode Island]



"Thou art a cobbler, art thou?"
"Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. . . . . I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes."—SHAKESPEARE: Julius Cæsar.

The shoemaker makes a good shoe because he makes nothing else.—EMERSON.

THE boots, shoes, and slippers made by machinery in the United States, every year, would provide a pair of some kind for more than one-seventh of the inhabitants of the earth. If they were arranged by pairs, heels and toes touching, they would make a belt that would encircle the globe, with enough to spare to stretch across the North American Continent from New York to San Francisco. Placed singly, heel and toe, they would go around the world two and one-half times. If placed on the tracks of our great trunk railroads, the rights on one rail and the lefts on the other, they would cover the irons, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of all the continental lines that now cross our country. The hides and skins used to form this immense quantity of shoes come from all over the world, but chiefly from the East Indies, South America, and Europe; and, if they were sewed together in one sheet, they would make a tent large enough to cover Manhattan Island.

It is only by comparisons such as these that the magnitude of the manufacture of shoes in the United States can be readily comprehended. The actual figures are, however, almost equally impressive. The following statistics, showing the condition of the industry, were furnished, in advance of their general publication, by S. N. D. North, chief statistician of the United States census for manufactures:—

Pairs of boots and shoes made, in 1900,—

For men, youths, and boys,	89,123,318
For women, misses, and children,	107,415,855
Slippers for men, etc.,	4,456,965
Slippers, Oxfords, and low-cuts for women,	12,655,876
All other kinds,	5,583,405
Total pairs,	219,235,419

Total value, wholesale,	$ 261,028,580.00
Cost of materials used,	$ 169,604,054.00
Capital invested,	$ 101,795,233.00
Wages paid,	$ 59,175,883.00
Average number of wage-earners employed,	142,922

The industry is largely concentrated in New England, chiefly in Massachusetts, where, in 1900, forty-five per cent. of the production was turned out, principally in Brockton, Lynn, and Haverhill, and the smaller places in their immediate neighborhood. The figures for Massachusetts are as follows:—

Value of product,	$117,115,243.00
Cost of materials used,	$75,751,964.00
Capital invested,	$37,577,630.00
Wages paid,	$27,745,820.00
Average number of wage-earners employed,	58,645

Since 1890, the production in the whole country has increased a little over eighteen per cent.; the cost of materials used, forty-two and eight-tenths per cent.; while the capitalization has only increased six and eight-tenths per cent., and the number of wage-earners, six and nine-tenths per cent. Ten years ago Massachusetts produced over fifty-two per cent. of the total; but, while she has made an absolute gain in the value of goods turned out, in 1900 she had less capital invested and fewer establishments engaged in the manufacture of shoes than in 1890. During the last decade the effectiveness of the machinery used in the manufacture has been greatly increased. This is made evident by the fact that, while the total product of Massachusetts has increased in value less than one per cent., this increase has been accomplished with a capital of seven million dollars less, and at the same time twelve million dollars' worth of materials had been added in 1900, as compared with 1890. New Hampshire had nearly doubled its production, in 1900, as compared with 1890, the figures being $11,986,003 and $23,405,558, respectively. Maine increased from $10,335,342 to $12,295,847, about twenty per cent.

Capital Invested in This Industry Is very Productive

The greatest gains, however, were made in the Central States, which had increased their production in 1900 over seventy-five per cent. above that of 1890, an actual gain of $22,669,345, and more than half of the total increase in the whole country, which was $40,382,622. Ohio leads with a production of $17,920,854, a gain of over fifty per cent.; then follow Illinois with $11,434,842, a gain of over thirty per cent., and Missouri with $11,253,202, a gain of over two hundred and thirty per cent. above her $4,841,004 in 1890, the largest increase in the country. New York comes next to Massachusetts in rank, but her production is only about one-fourth as much. Pennsylvania is fifth in rank, following Ohio and preceding Maine.

The efficiency of capital, in fact, is greater in the manufacture of boots and shoes than in any other industry, as is shown by the Massachusetts census returns, wherein, for 1900, the net product per thousand dollars of capital invested is shown to have been $1,805. This was twice as much as in any other industry, the next on the list being metals and metallic goods, in which the product per thousand dollars was $817.42.

When the village cobbler made the shoes for his neighbors, it was a proverb that his own children were poorly shod. The poor man was unable to keep up with the demands of his customers, and consequently had to neglect his immediate family. "Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?" is an old English question that was made pertinent by the experience of many generations. Since American ingenuity has developed the manufacture of shoes by machinery this slur at the shoemaker has lost its force. The production of shoes has been so great that even the shoemaking communities have indulged in fine footwear. To-day, the American people are the best shod on earth. For style, fit, and comfort, the shoes made in American factories are greatly superior to those turned out anywhere else in the world. This is not a spread-eagle boast, but is sober fact, and is everywhere acknowledged by those familiar with the conditions. An easy way of proving this fact is to observe a crowd of newly-arrived foreigners, whose footwear, whether they are immigrants or not, will be seen to be clumsy and ill-fitting.

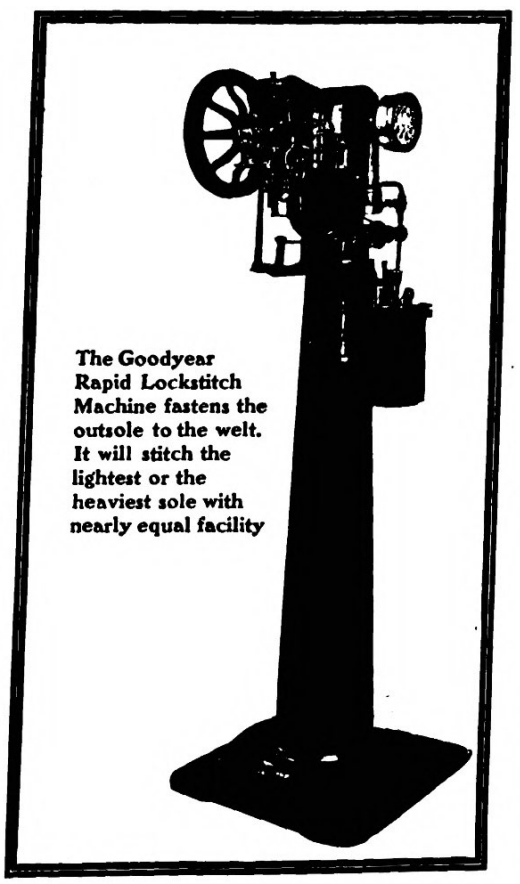
The manufacture of shoes by machinery originated in New England, two generations ago, and has since been developed to such perfection and on such a great scale that to-day the industry ranks among the first ten in the United States in capital invested and value of product. If the leather tanned, curried, and finished in this country, and most of which is used for making footwear, is included in the estimate, then the manufacture of coverings for the feet in the United States is only exceeded in importance by textiles, iron and steel, slaughtering and meat packing, lumber, and flour.

How Shoes Were Made One Hundred Years ago

Unlike the great textile and iron industries, the making of boots and shoes did not seem susceptible of being done by factory methods. Long after immense mills filled with automatic machinery were producing goods in many lines of work, shoes continued to be made largely by hand in small shops with only slight aids from improved tools and special machinery. The shoemaker was a handicraftsman, and not a machine operator. The special machinery that first came into use about forty years ago was so clumsy that it was used only on cheap work, so that then, and long afterwards, a hand-made shoe was supposed to insure good work and a good fit. The manufacturers of those days, and for a period of half a century preceding that time, had warerooms where the stock was cut and then given out to the shoemakers, who, in their own homes, or in small shops, put the shoes together. When finished, they were returned to the employer, who in reality was not a manufacturer in the sense in which that word is used to-day, but only a middleman who, by his capital and enterprise, was enabled to go between the workmen and their real customers. Many farmers were also



The Universal Double Clinch Machine is used to make a smooth, flexible outsole and insole. A steel wire is cut and bent to make the clinch



The Goodyear Rapid Lockstitch Machine fastens the outsole to the welt. It will stitch the lightest or the heaviest sole with nearly equal facility

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shoemakers, combining both occupations with American versatility, and there were likewise many village shoemakers who made shoes complete. Some of these men developed small shops in which a number of workmen were employed, and a few such shops were conducted in connection with tanneries. In the early years of the century, and indeed down to quite recent times, it was a common practice for a shoemaker to go from house to house to repair and make the family shoes. Tailors also followed this custom, which was sometimes called, in the racy idiom of New England, "skinning the cat."

Then Boys, and even Women, Were Shoemakers

This method of manufacturing boots and shoes was very early established in Massachusetts, in the town of Lynn, which was the original home in America of domestic shoemaking. In fact, it is claimed that many of the soldiers of the Revolutionary War were supplied with shoes from Lynn, and, after the war, the town sent out to neighboring states, in some years, over one hundred thousand pairs of women's shoes. The industry spread to adjoining places in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, but principally centered in Lynn and Haverhill and in the inland towns of Plymouth County south of Boston. In these localities the industry has continued through all its varied development, and here nearly half of the present total product is turned out.

From about 1825 to the time of the Civil War the domestic production of shoes was at its height. In the localities mentioned, nearly every man and boy was a shoemaker, while the young and unmarried women were employed on the lighter parts of the work. In some towns a small shop was attached to almost every house, and nearly every farmhouse had one, likewise. The town of Northwood, New Hampshire, in 1856, had one hundred such shops. This system of home work continued in vogue extensively until after the Civil War.

The introduction of the sewing machine, about 1850, and its adaptation to sewing the uppers of shoes, brought about some changes in shoe-production. The first improvement of importance, however, was the pegging machine, invented by Alpheus C. Gallahue, in 1851, but it did not come into general use until about 1860.

These Machines Changed the Market Conditions

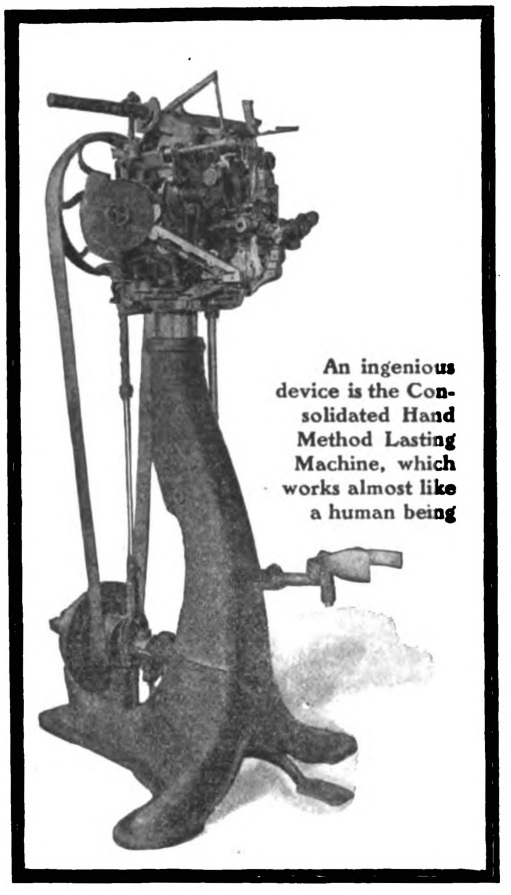
Pegs had been invented in 1818, and were used by shoemakers generally in making the cheaper grades of shoes. The first great invention which may be said to have made possible the production of shoes by factory methods was the so-called McKay Sole-sewing Machine, invented by Lyman R. Blake, in 1858, but perfected and introduced into use in this country by Gordon McKay, some years later. This machine revolutionized the industry, beginning about the year 1861, and during the next few years it was brought to a high degree of perfection through the labors of many inventors. The existing manufacturers soon began to utilize the McKay machine to put the soles and uppers together, instead of sending them out, as formerly, to the shoemakers, to be assembled. Gradually, a system of factory production was evolved, with this machine as a basis. Many other machines were, one by one, invented, the existing machines were constantly improved, and, through the exertions of a multitude of ingenious inventors, among whom Duncan Campbell and Elmer Townsend were notable, the industry was eventually specialized in all its departments.

The next great invention was the Goodyear welt-sewing machine, by means of which a shoe is produced that is superior for strength and finish to the hand-made sewed shoe. This machine was perfected as a result of the persistence of Charles Goodyear, Jr., the son of the indomitable inventor of the process of vulcanizing rubber. Mr. Goodyear was not the inventor of the machine, but he furnished the capital and was the directing spirit in its evolution. The machine was finally patented and brought into use in 1871, and its mechanical perfection was due to the labors of the inventors, Destouy, Stein, Hadley, Dancel, Andrew Eppler, Jr., and others. It was finally perfected in 1876, and after that time came into general use. The introduction of the Goodyear welt machine gave an immense impetus to the industry, as, by its means, a much finer grade of shoes could be manufactured than formerly, and at less expense. The radical difference between the McKay machine and the Goodyear is that the former sews shoes from the inside through the insole, upper, and the outer sole, while the latter sews a welt to the insole and upper from the outside, and then sews the outer sole to this welt, which gives the effect of a hand-made sewed shoe. To a large extent, the Goodyear machines and others of their type have supplanted the McKay device.

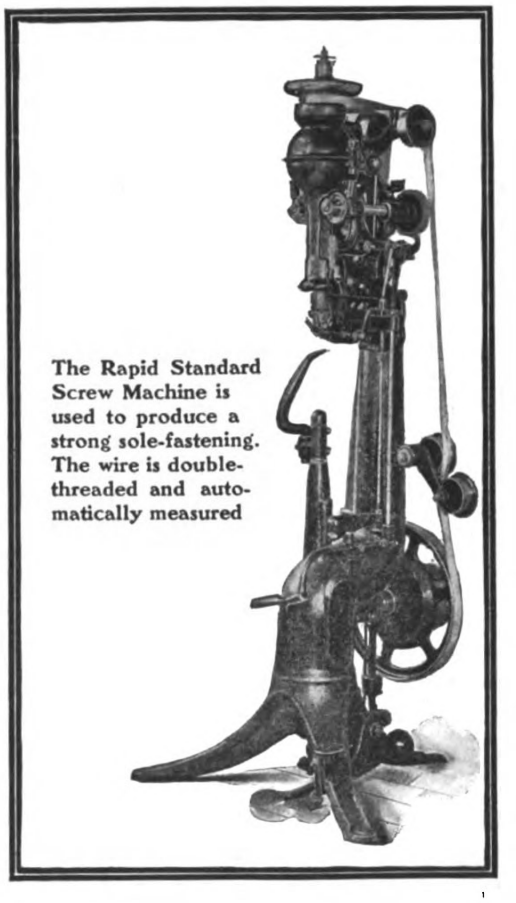
The most recent of the epoch-making inventions is the Consolidated Hand-method Lasting Machine, invented by J. E. Matzelier, and which, in effect, duplicates the motions of an expert workman in lasting a shoe. This machine was patented in 1882 and perfected in 1884, and was the forerunner of a number of very effective lasting machines which are now in use. The inventor was born in Dutch Guiana, in 1852, his father being a Hollander and his mother a native woman. Being swarthy of skin, his fellow workmen, with the American lack of discrimination in the matter of color, called him a "nigger," and the name was transferred to his invention, by which appellation it is still known among the older men.

Much Is Due to the Genius of American Workmen

For efficiency and excellence of system an American shoe factory cannot be surpassed. The results are obtained not only by means of the machinery, but also by the methods of administration, which, for perfection of organization, are equal in effect to mechanical improvements. It is in these particulars that American manufacturers surpass their foreign competitors, who can also secure American machinery to-day, but fail in adopting American methods. Because of this condition we are likely to continue in the lead in this great industry, notwithstanding the fact that any manufacturer on earth can now buy our machinery and engage in the manufacture. We also have another advantage in that American workmen are the most versatile on earth, and turn out the largest product. To their ingenuity is due a large part of the improvements in both machinery and methods that have made possible the present phenomenal development of the industry.



An ingenious device is the Consolidated Hand Method Lasting Machine, which works almost like a human being



The Rapid Standard Screw Machine is used to produce a strong sole-fastening. The wire is double-threaded and automatically measured

Fine Hand Work Has not yet Been Displaced

A visit to one of the large factories in any one of the shoe towns or cities is well worth the trouble. The strongest impression made on a visitor is that the results are due as much to the admirable methods as to the perfection of the machinery. Let us make the tour of a factory in such a manner as to watch operations from the cutting of the leather until it becomes a finished shoe, ready for shipment. Contrary to the general impression, the various parts of the uppers are cut by hand instead of by machinery. The cutter carefully smooths the leather and endeavors to utilize every portion, using different patterns or shapes as he proceeds in order to achieve this end. The expensive skins and hides could not be worked up to advantage in any other manner, as, by cutting them by hand, every portion is used to the best advantage. The dexterity and rapidity with which a cutter works is marvelous to a novice. The linings are made in a similar manner, but several thicknesses of cloth are cut at a time, and for some parts dies are used.

The Evolution of Modern Shoes from Raw Leather

The various portions of the uppers are then assembled, and sewed together on sewing machines of standard make, but of more than ordinary strength and size, and special machines are in use to turn, fold edges, bind, paste, perforate, etc. All these operations are performed by a regiment of girls and women, one taking up the work where another leaves it off, and each adding a part or a feature, until, at the end of the long line, the completed upper emerges ready to be united to the sole.

Soles and heels are cut out by machine dies. The soles are shaped by powerful presses, are channeled on the edges and on their inner surfaces by machines, in order that they may be sewed to the uppers, and are otherwise prepared to meet the requirements. The heels go through similar processes, among which are the nailing of different layers together at one operation by a powerful press.

The upper being formed and the sole and heel ready, then follows the work of assembling or "making" the shoe, and here comes into use the machinery which plays such an important part in the manufacture and has made the modern shoe factory possible. The processes already described are, with the exception of a few operations, only amplifications of old methods, but the machinery that from this point on is used is of very recent invention in its present perfected form. To describe this machinery in detail or in a technical manner would not be possible here. In effect, by its means the sole and the upper of a shoe are put together by a special series of sewing machines of peculiar construction, including the McKay, Goodyear, and Eppler patents, while other mechanical contrivances aid in the operations of nailing on the heels, lasting, and treeing, and in all the details of finishing.

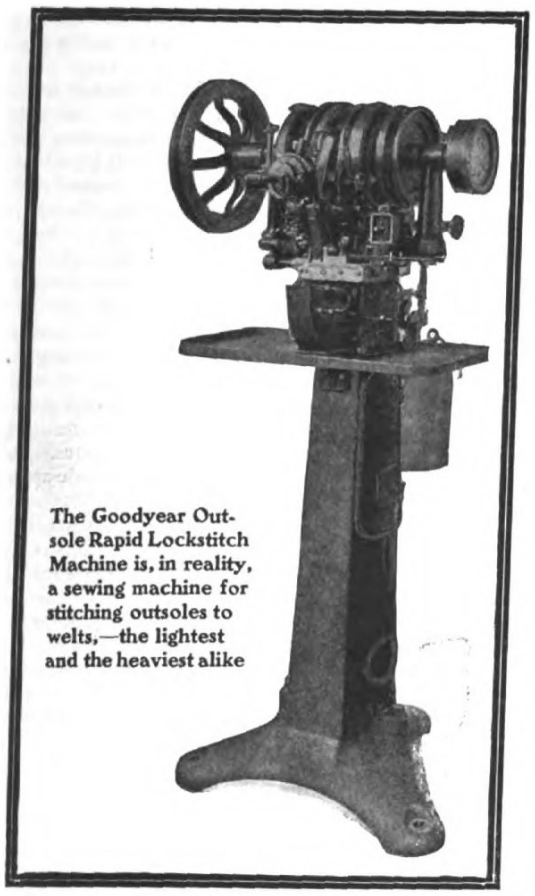
The first operation is the turning of the upper over the insole and the last. This is done by hand. The shoe then goes to the machine laster, which enables the operator, by the aid of the ingenious mechanism invented by Matzelier and others, to perform the work of shaping the upper

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into form quickly and effectively. It is then ready for the welt, which is sewed to the insole and the upper by a Goodyear Welt and Turn Shoe Machine. A layer of cement and powdered leather is then put on the insole and leveled up to the welt. The outer sole is then sewed to the welt by a Goodyear Outsole Rapid Lockstitch Machine, which has a straight needle, while the welt machine has a curved needle. The heel part of the sole is then nailed on by another machine, and finally the heel is nailed on at one operation, while the same machine, by another operation, puts on the upper lift of the heel over the nails and conceals them by so doing.

It Requires Several Machines to Make One Shoe

The operation of turning out shoes by the McKay machine is entirely different. The last is taken out of the shoe, and the insole and the upper and the outer sole are all sewed together by one process. The needle is carried into the inside of the shoe by a curved projection, known as the "horn," and by this means a direct through-stitch is secured. One of the chief objections to this method of making a shoe is that the stitches on the inside make a rough surface which interferes with the comfort of the wearer. The Goodyear welt entirely overcomes this objection, and makes a shoe as comfortable as a hand-sewed one.



The Goodyear Outsole Rapid Lockstitch Machine is, in reality, a sewing machine for stitching outsoles to welts,—the lightest and the heaviest alike



The Davey Pegging Machine has revolutionized the manufacture of pegged shoes, making new markets for them

The McKay machines are used at present to make the cheaper grades of shoes.

Turned shoes are those which are first made with the uppers reversed, and "turned," after the soles are attached, to the proper side. Shoes of the finest grade were formerly made in this manner, and some of the best shoes for men and women are still made thus. The Goodyear Welt and Turn Shoe Machine is used in their production.

Shoes for rough wear for farmers, laborers, iron workers, foresters, lumbermen, and boys are now usually made on pegging or metallic-fastening machines. The most effective pegging machine is the Davey. The Rapid Standard Screw Machine fastens the soles together by means of wire screws, and produces a combination that is substantially indestructible. The most recent device for metallic-fastening is the Double Clinch Machine, which, while making an exceedingly strong fastening, leaves the shoes thus treated much more flexible and durable than those sewed by a McKay machine.

A curious development of the shoe industry is that, in the larger American cities, shops may today be found where shoes are repaired by machinery,—stitchers, sewers, nailers, and finishers, such as are in operation in the factories, being used.

As has already been stated, the Goodyear Welt and Turn Shoe Machine was developed through the persistence of Charles Goodyear, Jr. Through his exertions, likewise, an entire system of shoe machinery was evolved, one machine supplementing the others, until a series was perfected that made the most effective factory production possible. This system included, besides the welter and the stitcher, machines which channeled and rounded the shoes, closed the channels, and leveled the shoes, and others which performed all the various operations, up to heeling, with great mechanical excellence. While the Goodyear Company had the most perfect series of machines, other companies and inventors had also placed similar devices in the shoe factories. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in devising, and in experimenting with shoe machinery; machines were tried, were partially successful, and were supplemented by more effective ones; and lawsuits over patents resulted in a constant warfare through which the manufacturers were the chief sufferers. This condition of affairs continued until 1899, when the leading interests were united.

Making Shoe Machinery Is, in Itself, an Industry

The shoe machinery is not owned, as a rule, by the shoe manufacturers. Since the invention of the McKay machine, most of the effective and special shoe machines have been leased to the manufacturers on royalties. As the machines have only been brought to their present perfection by the labors of many inventors, they are fully covered by patents, which, in the course of time, have been acquired by a few machinery manufacturers, most of them being now made by one firm.

Massachusetts, as has already been stated, has always been the leader in the manufacture of shoes. In 1900 nearly one-half of all factory products in this industry was turned out in her shoe shops. For a long period the city of Lynn was the principal center of the business, and her staple product was and is women's shoes; but at present Brockton leads, with a product, for 1900, of $19,844,397, and her specialty is men's shoes.

The Product Is of Great Value in Various Cities

Lynn's product was $16,830,733, and Haverhill followed closely, with $15,231,440. The fourth city in extent of shoe production is Cincinnati, Ohio, whose product, in 1900, was $8,788,424. St. Louis, Missouri, comes next, with $8,286,156, and is almost equaled by Rochester, New York, with $6,933,111. At present, in many localities in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, this manufacture is the chief industry on which the livelihood of the community depends.

This is true of the three cities mentioned, but in these places there are so many establishments that, in the event of dullness in the trade or failure of a particular business, no great hardship results. It is otherwise, however, in villages or small towns where the shoe manufactory is the chief mainstay of the population. When a large factory in such a place reduces its business, it is a very grave affair, not only for the workpeople, but also for the surrounding population. The most notable recent happening of this kind was the indefinite closing, by the E. and A. H. Batcheller Company, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, of their widely-known factory, which is the principal one in the town. An important branch of the industry is what is known as the "cut stock business," which consists of the manufacture of special parts of the shoes, such as heels, soles, taps, counters, etc.

Improved Methods Advanced Leather Finishing

In the Massachusetts shoe centers this business has grown to great proportions. Out of a total production of cut stock in the United States, in 1900, of $23,242,892, Massachusetts had $18,235,922, an increase of over two and one-half millions as compared with 1890. In fact, it is claimed that the decrease in capital, number of employees, and wages paid in Massachusetts, in the manufacture of shoes, is explained by the great increase in this special line.

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, in her recent novel, "The Portion of Labor," depicts the social conditions of the working people in a Massachusetts shoe-factory town. Strikes and lockouts figure in the narrative, and the conditions portrayed are somewhat sordid and depressing. The book has been criticised along these lines by some who are familiar with the lives of the shoemakers, and in their opinion the author has presented too somber a picture.

As a general presentation of the pessimistic view of factory life and conditions, no doubt Mrs. Freeman's book has many elements of accuracy, but it presents only one side of the problem, and it would apply with equal, or perhaps with greater, truth to some other forms of factory production.

To keep pace with the shoe industry, the tanning and finishing of leather have grown rapidly to great proportions in America. One of the most notable advances in this industry has resulted from the improvements in the methods of tanning by which the so-called chrome leather is made. Tan and russet effects were at first produced by this process, but highly finished black leathers are now made and are very largely used in fine shoes.

American Shoes Are Increasing in Favor Abroad

This industry tends to gravitate toward the West on account of the greater abundance of tan bark and other raw material in that section. The value of the leather tanned, curried, and finished in the United States in 1900 was $204,038,127. While the killing of cattle in the West furnishes hides as a by-product, the supply thereby secured goes but a little way to meet the demands of the manufacture. Accordingly, there is a very large importation of hides and skins, which are mostly worked up into American shoes. For the year ending June 30, 1902, we imported goat skins to the value of over twenty-five million dollars; hides of cattle, over seventeen million; and all other hides and skins, over fifteen million. More than a fourth of the goat skins came from the British East Indies, France furnishing one-eighth, and the United Kingdom, Russia and Mexico each sending over five million pounds, while Germany, Turkey in Europe, Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, Arabia, China, and Africa shipped large quantities to us. These skins were made into the best grades of footwear for both men and women. Hides of cattle came chiefly from the British East Indies, South America, and Mexico, although large quantities were imported from Canada and the northern countries of Europe, mainly from the United Kingdom, while considerable amounts came from Germany and France.

Within a few years attempts have been made to capture foreign markets for American shoes. These efforts were not made until about a decade ago, but already a very substantial trade has been developed. If American merchants had had any previous experience in foreign markets, the task of introducing the goods would have been much easier; but, as compared with their English, French, and German competitors, the Americans had to learn the business from the ground up. In spite of this great disadvantage, and also in face of strong prejudice against them in many countries, American machine-made shoes are gradually

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Charity that Availeth Not

ELLIOTT FLOWER



"There ought to be some limit to your absurd generosity"

THE girl stood near the theater-entrance, shivering. The night was not bitterly cold, but it was decidedly chilly, and she was not properly clad. Nevertheless, she stood there, as many another poor girl has done, temporarily entranced by the handsome gowns and wraps of the women who were passing out under the brilliant lights. A man jostled her to reach a carriage that stood near, but she was used to that, and simply drew back into the shadow. The young woman who was following stopped suddenly.

"Why, the poor thing is shivering!" she said.

"Probably to create sympathy," answered the man. Nevertheless, he turned and looked at the girl. "She does look cold," he admitted, and then he handed her a silver dollar.

She took it without question. She was not there to beg, but begging was far from being unknown in the locality in which she lived, and to accept charity when offered was the most natural thing in the world. She had done it before. Kindly disposed persons had given her old clothes, and her mother had occasionally received aid from the relief authorities. So there were no scruples to overcome when the dollar was tendered.

"But that won't keep her warm," urged the young woman.

"Better give her your cloak!" retorted the man, sarcastically. "Your impulsiveness has led you to do quite as foolish things before this."

"There is a wrap in the carriage that will do for me, going home," remarked the young woman, thoughtfully, "and a new cloak is ordered."

"Come," said the man, holding the carriage door open; "you do n't know the value of money, and, as long as everything you give away is replaced, you never will. But there ought to be some limit to your absurd generosity."

Without a word the young woman unhooked the loose circular cloak that she wore and tossed it to the girl. Then she entered the carriage. The man undertook to protest, but the driver was peremptorily ordered to make way for the next carriage, and in a moment the girl and the cloak were left behind.

The girl dodged into an alley and put on the garment. It was a handsome affair, light in color, trimmed with fur, with flowing sleeves,—something more than a theater-wrap and less than a cloak. But it was warm. It was too large, of course, reaching nearly to her feet, and hiding her hands well up in the flowing sleeves, but it was warm. That was the fact that most impressed her. To her mind no one could ever be cold in such a cloak as that. It was soft to the neck and gave a delicious feeling of comfort. It was luxurious. A sigh of pure contentment escaped her.

Emerging from the alley, she turned toward home, unmindful of the spectacle that she and the cloak presented. People turned and looked at her, and some of them laughed, but still she trudged along. What was it to her that she looked ridiculous, if only she was warm? What was it to the occasional pedestrians that the cloak apparently did not belong to her? To investigate the matter would be troublesome, and only the police should look for trouble.

"A little thief!" they commented, and went on,—that is, most of them did. The majority of men and women are easy-going in matters that do not directly concern them, but here and there one is found who feels the weight of responsibility in any matter that comes up. Such a one is impelled to set things right, and in the effort frequently makes them worse.

A large hand was suddenly laid on the girl's shoulder, and a voice inquired, sharply, "Where did you get that?"

She did n't have to ask to what the man referred; she knew.

"It's mine," she said, defiantly.

"Of course," was the sarcastic retort.

"A lady gave it to me," insisted the girl.

"Certainly," assented the man, with a scornful laugh. "It's a wonder she did n't give you a hat and a gown to go with it."

"It's true; honest, it is!" protested the girl, earnestly.

The man looked up and down the street.

"You 'd better walk along with me until we see a policeman," he said, at length; "I think likely the lady who gave it to you will be looking for it to-morrow."

She went along, without further protest, but that was because she knew protest would be unavailing. Appearances were against her. No policeman would believe her story; no judge would believe it; no one at all would believe it unless verified, and verification was impossible. She did not know the name or address of the woman.

At the corner of an alley she bolted. So tractable had she been that the man released his hold on her shoulder, and she took advantage of it. She was reasonably familiar with alleys, so she had little difficulty in making her escape, especially as the man hesitated before plunging into the forbidding darkness; and, when she emerged on another street, the cloak was folded and carried like a bundle.

"Seems funny a girl's got to be arrested jest 'cause she's warm," she commented, and began shivering again.

Fate seemed to mock her. She had been cold, and warmth had been given her when least expected. Now, with warmth in her possession, she was cold again, and she dared not avail herself of it. Surely something was wrong with a world that would not let her make the best of what she had, but forbade her comforts within her reach. Still, she never had been able to understand the inequalities of life, and this was only one more of the puzzles. Small wonder that she felt bitter!

A policeman appeared at the corner of a cross street just ahead and stood under the gaslight. The fur of the cloak she was carrying showed plainly. If he should see it, he would be suspicious. If she should turn back or cross to the other side of the street, he would be even more suspicious. So she went on, keeping the bundle on the side away from him and hoping it would escape his attention. Her previous experience had made her nervous and afraid.

"Hold on, there!" he called, just after she had passed; "let's see what you've got."

He took the cloak from her and shook it out.

"Where'd you get that?" he demanded.

"A lady gave it to me to take home," she answered, although she did n't expect him to believe it. She was about to add, "It's mine," but something prompted her to keep silent. He looked at the cloak again, and then at her, and shook his head.

"Why did n't she wrap it up?" he asked.

"She wanted me to wear it," she replied.

"Wear it!" he exclaimed; "come, now, do n't get gay with me!"

"She did," insisted the girl.

"Well, these swells have queer streaks," he commented; "but I never heard of one of them telling her sewing-woman's girl to do anything like that before."

The girl had no conscientious scruples against lying in a good cause; so, when she discovered what was in the policeman's mind, she made the most of it.

"My mother's going to fix it where it's torn a little," she said, "and I looked cold, so the lady told me to wear it home. She gave me a dollar to get a shawl to-morrow. See?"

She displayed the dollar, and the policeman returned the cloak, with the suggestion that she would better take the lady's advice and wear it. The silver dollar seemed to him good corroborative evidence. Still, he took down an address that she gave him at random. It was no trouble to her to give addresses.

She was fortunate after this. A stray newspaper enabled her to conceal the character of the bundle, and she reached home without further molestation. Then she put on the cloak again, and was warm. Her mother also tried it on, and sighed regretfully when she took it off.

"We'll sell it," said the mother; "what a grand lady she must be to give away such things!"

"And good!" added the girl.

The mother looked doubtful. She was not so

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sure about the goodness. It was her experience that the good are more methodical and less impulsive in their generosity; such whimsical lavishness is not characteristic of true and thoughtful womanhood. However, that was mere speculation, and unimportant.

The girl slept in the cloak. On the morrow it was to be sold, and she wanted to make the most of the warmth while it was hers. Besides, it was a precious thing to her, a link connecting her with that luxurious life of which she knew so little and longed to know so much. While it was hers, she could almost imagine herself a grand lady, for a waif is sometimes rich in imagination, and nothing else. If she could have worn it, she would have starved rather than give it up. That it was unsuitable and too big was nothing to her, but that it created suspicion was quite another matter, and put the possibility of wearing it entirely out of the question. To keep it for future use was a temptation, but she put it aside. It was a foregone conclusion that her mother would not consent to that, especially when there were so many things she needed.



"The coat was worn at breakfast"



"'Stolen,' said the pawnbroker"

So the girl slept in the cloak, and dreamed that she lived in an atmosphere of luxury, and woke up, and in the morning there were some tiny spots on the cloth.

"You've been crying," said the mother. "Were you cold?"

"No; I was n't cold," replied the girl. "How could I be with that over me?"

"I did n't know," returned the mother, carelessly. "The cold makes you cry sometimes, and those spots look like tears."

The girl made no answer. When one dreams of fairyland and wakes in a barren room, tears will sometimes come unbidden; but nothing is gained by talking of it.

Probably for the first time in its history, the cloak was worn at breakfast, and surely it never was present at a scantier meal. Afterwards, the girl pleaded for one more hour of luxury. It was so hard to give it up, and an hour is only a short time! The mother hesitated, but finally granted this favor, and the girl was on the street with it before the mother knew what had happened. That was unwise. The cloak might get dirty, and certainly would create a sensation, if not trouble. As a matter of fact, it did both. The girl was proud of her possession, her companions were envious and suspicious, and the policeman on the beat was puzzled. The girl paraded, her companions carried the news, and the policeman came.

"My mother's going to mend it for a lady," explained the girl. It is very easy to re-tell a successful lie.

"Well, your mother will get into trouble if she lets you wear it," returned the policeman.

"She does n't know it," said the girl, with unblushing effrontery, for the consciences of these waifs are not developed as they should be.

She promised to return home with it immediately, and she did. There was nothing else to do. It was hard that she could not wear her own garment, but it was evident that she could not. The kindness of the kind lady had made nothing but trouble for her.

It took the girl twenty minutes to do up the cloak in a newspaper. Perhaps it would be better to say that it took her twenty minutes to do it up finally, for twice she unwrapped it to take one more longing look. One does not say farewell to the most cherished possession without some hesitation. But finally it was done, and after some loitering the store was reached.

"We do n't buy second-hand goods," said the merchant.

"But this is almost new, and it's something fine," urged the girl; "you never had anything so fine in your store."

The merchant undid the package and spread the garment out on the counter.

"I should think not," he commented; "it's an opera wrap."

"I told you so," said the girl, with gratification; "how much is it worth?"

"Nothing to me," answered the merchant; "my customers do n't go to the opera, do they?"

"But maybe they would if they had a cloak like this," persisted the girl, anxiously, not losing hope. "Would n't it jest look fine in the window?"

"Well, I do n't want it, anyway," said the merchant, decisively; "I could n't sell it in a million years, and I would n't buy it from you if I could. I do n't know where you got it. Maybe I ought to call the police, anyhow."

The girl argued no more, and he let her go. He was suspicious, but it was less trouble to be suspicious than it was to verify or disprove his suspicions. Besides, it was no concern of his where she got the cloak.

With the pawnbroker in the next block it was different, however. He did n't want the cloak, but the recovery of stolen goods was more in his line. He was always ready to assist in returning to its rightful owner anything that could be easily traced; anything else he was quite as ready to buy or accept as collateral for a small loan.

"Stolen," said the pawnbroker, promptly.

"No, it is n't," replied the girl, indignantly.

"The police sent out a description of it this morning," asserted the pawnbroker.

"Naw, they did n't," retorted the girl. These waifs are very careless, abrupt, and inelegant in their conversation.

The cloak lay on the counter, the pawnbroker was behind it, and the girl was in front. If the pawnbroker had been wise, he would have made sure of the cloak first. As it was, he started for the girl, who grabbed the cloak and easily beat him to the door. Being alone in the shop, he dared not follow.

"I do n't see," said the girl, later, to her mother, "what's the use of a thing you can't wear and can't eat and can't sell."

The mother sighed and replied that there are many things in this world that it is difficult to understand. She might have added that the charity of unthinking people is prominent among these mysterious things, but she did not go deep enough for that. It was not her nature to give methodical consideration to a subject.

"Better walk with me until we see a policeman"



The girl made the best of the situation until one day she saw the generous young woman and followed her to her home. The next day she went back with a bundle.

"What do you want?" demanded the young woman, in surprise, as she noted the appearance of her caller.

"Please, ma'am," said the girl, "you gave me a fine coat one night, and—"

"Oh, you're the waif, are you?" interrupted the young woman. "And you've hunted me up and want something more? Well, I was a fool to give you the wrap, but—"

"I know it, ma'am," exclaimed the girl, with simple directness.

"Oh, you know it!"

"Yes, ma'am; so I've brought it back. I cannot keep it, so I've brought it back."

Amazement was pictured on the face of the young woman.

"Brought it back!" she repeated. "Of all things this is the most extraordinary."

The girl put the bundle on a table and spoke rapidly, almost passionately.

"I wanted to keep it," she said. "I jest loved it, and it was the warmest thing I ever had. But when I wore it they tried to arrest me, and when I tried to sell it they said I stole it. It's no use to me, and if it's really mine,—"

"Of course it's yours."

"—I'd like to sell it back to you for a dollar."

The young woman was looking at the girl thoughtfully, pityingly, but presently she turned her eyes to the wrap, which she had unrolled.

"I guess somebody must have worn it," she remarked, with a laugh; "it certainly has that appearance."

"I wore it nights," admitted the girl.

"When you went out after dark?"

"When I was in bed. It was warm and soft and I liked it, and I could n't wear it any other time. Is n't it worth a dollar to get it back? Seems like it ought to be worth something to somebody."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the young woman pushed the garment away and left the room.

"Mother," she said to the elderly woman she found in the library, "the waif, that I gave my old wrap to the night Harry made me so angry, is here."

"Well?" returned the elderly woman, inquiringly.

"I'm going to order the carriage and go to her home with her," asserted the young woman; "perhaps I can be of some real help."

"I should think you had given her enough already," suggested the elderly woman.

"I have given, as I always have given,—from my purse, but nothing from my time or my thoughts," was the reply. "I have given, but I have not helped. What I have done has been for my conscience rather than for the object of my charity, and something more than that is due. Oh, it's useless to argue! I'm going with the girl to see, not so much what I can give as what I can do."

Have Convictions and Stick to Them

MEN who do things, who achieve results, have strong convictions; they believe something in particular, and believe it without reservation. A man who is willing to fight for an idea, to sacrifice everything in order to develop it, has something definite in his life, a specific certainty that will bring him out somewhere in the neighborhood of success.

A man without a policy, without a definite purpose, without a strong conviction of any kind, who believes a little of everything and not much of anything, who is willing upon pressure to relinquish his opinion on any subject, to abandon any idea he has conceived, whether it be feasible or not, who does not hold on to any one thing tenaciously, will never accomplish much in this world.

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A Great Man Who Was Not Wholly Great

A study of the late Thomas Brackett Reed

VANCE THOMPSON



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THOMAS BRACKETT REED

IN writing of Thomas Brackett Reed, I think of him as a part of our political history,—as a statesman who did his day's work as well as was in him to do it. In the first place, it should be noted that, at birth, he had almost every advantage that an American boy could desire. He was born of good Yankee stock, and was born into poverty,—that hopeful poverty which means endeavor, and not despair. Like Lincoln, he heard prayers at the hearthstone. All about him, there was talk of books and learning. He was bred in the ideals of democracy and patriotism, and, as well, the strenuous New England theory of partisanship. This environment made him what he was. Years broadened him in many ways, but, to the end, Reed was a pure product of New England life and thought. Neighbors and church-folks recognized his intelligence, and contributed a fund that he might be sent to college and educated to be a clergyman. For two years, the young man went that way docilely. Then he made up his mind that he was not suited for the ministry. When he was graduated from the country college, he had already chosen his way. He aimed at political success and no other. To be sure, he took the usual course in law; but, even in his early days, the law was merely an incident in his career. It was, as it has been and will be, especially in country districts, a stepping-stone to public office. In his later years, after a splendid and useful public life, he returned to the law, but it was not because the law delighted him. He went to it as a broken-hearted girl, disappointed in love, enters a convent. He ended where he began,—a lawyer.

No Other Man of the Past Generation Had Better Prospects of Promotion

There are certain men who seem to be predestined to a kind of success which is, in its way, as disheartening as downright failure. No matter how hard they strive, they never quite reach the goal that they have set for themselves. They go halfway, they go two-thirds of the way; they almost attain the summit of their ambition; then, for some reason, they fall by the roadside. The highway of American politics is strewn with the bleached bones of these great men, who were not wholly great. Scores of them one can call to mind, from Benjamin Franklin to James G. Blaine, from Henry Clay to Thomas B. Reed.

Of Daniel Webster, who was one of those incomplete great men, a shrewd and witty man said: "His talent lacked silence." At first glance, this seems a mere casual jest. Webster was a great orator, was essentially an orator, and is it for his chief merit that he is to be condemned? And yet, why not? A specialist is never wholly great. The simple fact that one is a great orator twists his mind away from the normal point of view; the conchologist cannot understand the plain man who knows not the names of rare shells. It may be that we like the incomplete men better than those who round out their lives. Both you and I have a fondness for the splendid failures of history. We admire Thomas Jefferson, but our historical interest insistently centers about Aaron Burr. Of Reed, one can record neither success nor failure.

No man of the last two generations was better equipped to win,—not even Blaine, that deficient great man. Reed was extremely intelligent. His big brain was alert and far-seeing. He knew life, if not broadly, at least well. He had had a slight war experience, as assistant paymaster in the navy, during the latter hours of the Civil War. He practiced law for a while in California. He traveled and read. Without being a man of exceptional culture, he was well educated, and, in many respects, learned. He knew nothing of art, nothing of music, and but very little of *belles-lettres*, but he did know the world's history, and the work-a-day literature of the English-speaking world. Withal, he knew men.

Reed Was a Born Politician, and Knew instinctively how to Manage Men

Just at the present moment, there is a trifle too much adulation for the men who know finance,—the shrewd, forehanded men who juggle with millions as a kitten plays with a ball. That they deserve a certain measure of admiration is true. The power that does what it wills to do is always notable. Still, there are degrees. You cannot class him who aligns the counters of finance with him who marshals men. It is one thing to play with negligible buttons and another thing to play with living pawns. The broadest, the most alert intelligence is not found to-day among bankers and trust-lords, not among the matadores of finance. Go, rather, to your ward-leader, your state politician, your disregarded Devery, or Croker, or Quay. These are the men who know men. Under other circumstances they would have been your Cromwells or Richelieus.

Reed, who was a born politician, knew how to handle the thinking, voting units. In addition, he had the political prescience which discerns the common thought a little before it is apparent to the average man himself. To a large extent this explains why Reed, in his earlier career, was almost always right. He was a trifle ahead of his generation, but he was in touch with it. For thirty years he was, perhaps, the most typical representative of stalwart republicanism, and, if he did not lead his party, he was always among its leaders. The political faith he adopted in his youth remained with him to the end. He never swerved from it; indeed, though he may have questioned it, he never modified it to any appreciable extent. He was unflinchingly honest; he had brain, wit, capacity for work, judgment, and partisan enthusiasm. You would have said that this was a man whom his party would have delighted to honor, for, though there were forceful men about him, Reed out-gifted, out-impulsed, outdid them all. In the days when hard work was to be done he was not neglected.

He Was a Master of Unpitying, Cutting Sarcasm

The machine for carrying on the business of government was antiquated. It was hampered with old and outworn traditions. Reed, with a courage which even his enemies learned to admire, violated the rules of the house in order to establish new and workable rules. This, although it was done in the interest of a party, was well done. It established the right of the majority to rule; it repaired the governmental machine. Yet Reed never received due reward for his work. When the final summing-up came, when the palm was to be awarded, he was passed by as of no more importance than a casual lounger at some country grocery store of politics. Why was it?

Neither you nor I believes in the flattering old theory of "village Hampdens, or mute, inglorious Miltons." In our country, and in our day, at all events, the man "gets what is coming to him,"—his failure is due to himself, and his success is of his own making; in either case circumstances can but collaborate. When a largely-gifted and fitly-trained man fails, it is always worth while asking why.

In the first place, then, Reed was essentially narrow. The evil as well as the good of his Puritan ancestry came down to him, but it was a distinct evil that he could see only one side of a question. His famous statement that the worst possible Republican was better than the best imaginable Democrat was not lightly made. It was his creed. Now, as a creed it may be good or bad; the point is not there. The man who consciously limits his horizon is weak. It is all very well for a horse to wear blinders; he will trot along a crowded street quite undisturbed by sights to right and left; but the driver must be able to look about him. Reed was a wheel-horse of his party. The immense service he performed for his country was partisan service, in the first place, and national only in what the philosophers call the second intention. The politician in him outclassed the statesman. His cynical remark, that "a statesman is merely a dead politician," is an unconscious revelation of self.

When Reed was first talked of for the presidency, he was asked if he thought that the party would put him in nomination. His reply was:—

"They might do worse,—and I think they will."

He Made too Many Enemies to Retain the Confidence of His Associates

Perhaps his wit consoled him for his defeat. It is unquestionably true, however, that no political party of late years has chosen as its standard-bearer a great partisan leader like Reed. Always it has preferred the man, weaker, it may be, less loyal, perhaps, in whom has been found a larger adaptability to new ideas. Reed's inflexible loyalty to the political theories of his youth stood in the way of his public usefulness. He saw smaller and less sincere men go by him in the race for honor and position. In the years, this soured him. It made of him the Reed of the last decade,—the public scoffer and wit. His own theory was that the people object to wit and humor in a public man, that only a serious statesman is popular, and that solid merits are obscured by a reputation for being witty. The facts do not bear him out,—were one to instance only the case of Abraham Lincoln. There is, however, humor and humor. Reed's wit was swift and savage. His humor was that of a teamster cracking his whip around the bare legs of an unheeding urchin. To a member from Arkansas who remarked, innocently enough, "Mr. Speaker, I am a southern man and a Democrat," he replied: "That is a combination of unfortunate circumstances which a man ought to labor to conceal." This is wit of a certain sort, for it brings a ready laugh, but it is not of the best sort. In fact, Reed's wit always demanded a victim. There had always to be a bare-legged urchin around whom it could play. Nor did he care much whether his victims were of his own party or among his opponents. Blaine, Hayes, McKinley, Roosevelt,—all felt the lash of his sarcasm. In other words, Reed was an adept in the gentle art of making enemies. He could never resist the temptation to sacrifice a friend rather than a jest. In a word, Reed was a critic.

He was a critic of life, a critic of men and measures. His keen, analytic mind was essentially that of a man who takes things apart. In every man at whom he looked, he saw "the wheels go round,"—as a famous baby once saw them in a watch. Unquestionably his judgment of men was honest, but it was not impartial. There was in it too much contempt. It is an old but true statement that a critic is never a builder, a doer of things. The analyst in Reed was continually at war with his ambition to serve his country, and with his equally legitimate ambition to advance himself.

Reed, then, was a great man, but was not wholly great. Those who knew him best think that a valuable writer was lost to literature when Reed gave himself to politics. This is at once a compliment and a criticism. Surely, long before he has reached three-score, one must know what way in life he is fitted for best. It is as a statesman that Thomas B. Reed must be judged. He did well the work that lay at his hand.

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MY RISE FROM THE SLUMS TO MANHOOD

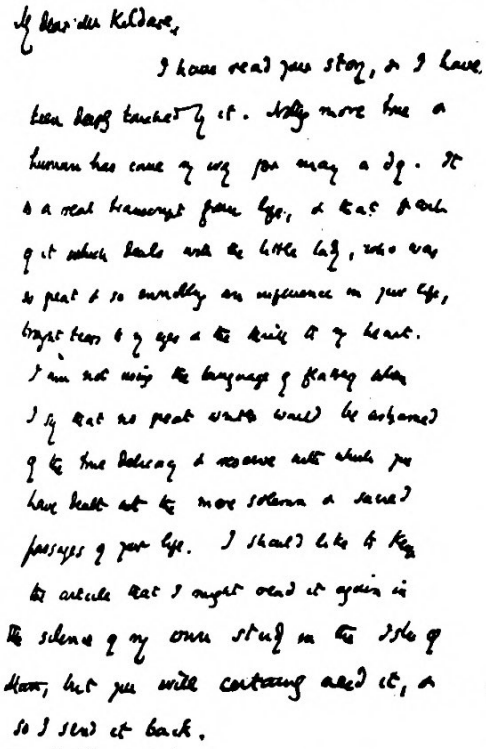
[A TRUE STORY] OWEN KILDARE



[Owen Kildare, whose life-story, written by himself, is published herewith, is thirty-eight years old. Eight years ago he could not read or write. To-day, he is the author of a number of clever short stories, although none of them is so interesting or gripping as is the story of his rise from a newsboy and tough to a recognized place in the ranks of manhood. How this wonderful transformation was accomplished by the love and devotion of a good woman, reads like a romance. Hall Caine, the noted novelist, read this story, and his views of it will be found below. Mr. Kildare promises to fill an important place in the world of letters, and his forthcoming book, "My Mamie-Rose," which will be published by Lothrop and Company, Boston, Massachusetts, is a study of the conditions existing on the East Side, New York, presented in a new way.—THE EDITOR]

Hall Caine's appreciation of Owen Kildare's story

[*Dated, Plaza Hotel, New York City, November, 1902*]



My dear Mr. Kildare:—

I have read your story, and I have been deeply touched by it. Nothing more true or human has come my way for many a day. It is a real transcript from life, and that part of it which deals with the little lady, who was so great and so ennobling an influence in your life, brought tears to my eyes and the thrill to my heart. I am not using the language of flattery when I say that no great writer would be ashamed of the true delicacy and reserve with which you have dealt with the more solemn and sacred passages of your life. I should like to keep the article, that I might read it again in the silence of my own study on the Isle of Man, but you will certainly need it, and so I send it back. It was a true pleasure to me to meet you personally, and no conversation I have had on this side of the ocean has moved me to more sympathy. I wish you every proper success, and I feel sure that such a life as yours has been, and such a memory as brightens and solemnizes your past, can only lead you from strength to strength, from good to better. That this may be so will be my earnest wish for you long after I have left your American shores. With kindest greetings,

HALL CAINE.

MOST of the years of my life were idly spent in and around the old Fourth Ward, in New York City, where there are plenty of opportunities, but I never felt the stirring impulse of ambition until man's estate was reached. Before beginning, however, the recital of how I found my ambition awakened, let me make my position unmistakably definite. I am not a self-made man, having only coöperated in the making. I cannot lay claim to the proud title, because, with the adjective, "self-made," there always goes a list of deeds accomplished, and such a list, in my case, is lacking. I am a man, re-born and re-made from a slimy moral condition into a life in which every atom has but the one message, "Strive, struggle, and believe," and I would be the sneakiest hypocrite were I to deny that I feel within me a satisfaction at being able to respond to the call with all the energies of soul and body. I have little use for a man who cloaks his ability with smirking mock modesty. Any thorough tradesman will estimate a job before him, and at once decide whether he can or cannot do the work. To do present work right brings opportunities for more important tasks. I feel that I am able to do my daily work well, and that, while doing it, my ambition is constantly kept awake for harder tasks and more glorious satisfaction. A man's conscience is the best barometer of his ability, and he who will pretend a disbelief in his ability is either untruthful or has an ulterior *motif*.

As yet, I have accomplished but little, but I have confidence in myself. I regret that, in the following lines, the first person singular will appear so frequently, but it cannot be otherwise. Each fact mentioned has been lived by me: the disgrace and the glory, the misery and the happiness are all part of my life, and I cannot separate them from myself. I know you will not disbelieve me, and I am willing to be confronted by your criticism.

Whatever knowledge I have of my parents is based on the legendary lore of neighborly gossip. From that dim source of information I have learned that my father was a typical son of the Green Isle. Rollicking, care-free, ever ready with song or story, he was a universal favorite during his sojourn in the ward where he had made a home for himself and his wife for the short time from his arrival in this country till his death. My mother was a French woman, who married my father shortly before departing for this country from France, where he had gone to study art. Not being amply provided with funds, my parents took an apartment in a tenement house on Catharine Street, where I was born. My mother died at my birth; my father had preceded her by three months.

Poverty is not devoid of selfishness, but it is acquired. Underneath it there is a strong current of genuine compassion, which is natural. It was this compassion, which found a shelter for the homeless, parentless babe with a kind-hearted, childless Irish couple, who had shared with my parents the floor of the tenement. There, in an old soap-box as my cradle, I was rocked, or, rather, bumped [The supports of my swaying bed were not the evenest.] into childhood.

Life in tenements is a particularly busy one of its kind. When all efforts are directed toward the one end of providing the wherewithal for food and rent, each meal and each rent-day is an epoch-making event. My foster-father was a 'longshoreman, earning fair wages when employed, but permitting himself many idle spells. My foster-mother found her best hold on her husband's affection by catering to his appetite, which was one of the marvels of the neighborhood. When working, he was very exacting in the choice of his food; so, when idle, his wife would strive still harder to cheer him into better humor by her culinary feats. As a consequence, the smell of stewing or frying always pervaded our two small rooms and told of my foster-mother's activity. Besides this promiscuous cooking, there were washing, mending, darning, and other housework to be looked after, and little time was left for sentiment toward me beyond an affectionate pat on my head. A child can do without coddling, but a child's heart, sensitive as no other, hungers for the wealth of affection.

In this way I grew up very much by myself. Even before it had become my duty—a very important one for tenement-house children,—to "go out for coal," I loved to take my basket and make my way to the river-front to pick up bits of coal dropped in unloading, or by too generously filled carts. No one minded me or censured me for my long absences from home, and there were times when bitter envy crept into my heart at seeing mothers soundly cuff their sons for having spent too many hours at the retail coal business. Even parental chastisement was denied me; my foster-parents were too indifferently good-natured to inflict it upon me,—a fact for which, according to popular reasoning, I should have been thankful.

Not until a few months before the capping climax of my childhood occurred did I learn of the relationship between my foster-parents and myself. Certain jibes and sneers of my playmates at my unshod condition screwed my courage to the point of asking my foster-father for a pair of shoes,—real, new shoes. I had not always been without shoes, having had the old shoes of "mom" to wear to the last shred; but you will easily believe me that my appearance in my cumbersome footgear never failed to make me a most inviting target for exceedingly plain comment, and I preferred to go barefooted, unless snow or sleet made that impracticable.

The moment for presenting my petition anent the new shoes was ill-chosen. My foster-father was experiencing a period of idleness and had reached that intense state of feeling which prompted him to declare with much banging on the table that "there was n't an honest day's work to be got no more at all by an honest, decent laboring man." His wife, as indicated before, was deeply engaged in the task of mollifying her husband's irascible condition by marvelous feats of cooking and was not at liberty to afford me the usual moral support. Small wonder, then, that my request was received in the most ominous and threatening manner. That which, perhaps, should have happened to me long before, was inflicted upon me that night. I was beaten.

Then I realized that I had a temper. From a safe distance I upbraided my foster-father for punishing me for demanding that which all children have a right to demand from parents. This incited his humor; but, after his laugh had ended, he told me in the most direct way of my status in their family, and also informed me that, if he felt like it, he could at any time kick me into the street, where I, by right, belonged. All this happened so long ago that it would hardly be safe for me to analyze my feelings at that moment. However, I remember distinctly that I did not feel great resentment toward either one of my foster-parents. If anything, I was puzzled and could not understand why they had put up with me for so long. But the street, "where I, by right, belonged," assumed a new aspect. Having

Photo by Marceau, New York



OWEN KILDARE

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had plenty of evidence of the impulsive spirit which ruled our household, something seemed to tell me that it was not improbable that the threat of my expulsion would be fulfilled, and I began to consider my ultimate fate from all sides. I fell into a preoccupied state of mind, which does not sit naturally on a child. I became very quiet, and, in the evening, from the wood-box behind the cooking range, watched our home proceedings. These were at times somewhat noisy, and my quietness seemed to grate on the ears of him whom I had ceased to call "father" and was then addressing more formally as "Mr. McShane," which also annoyed him.

You will have no difficulty in reading between the lines and understanding how a certain something became more and more stifled within me. Yes, I was unreasonable, perhaps lacking in gratitude, but I was a child and still hungered and hungered for that which, as yet, had not come into my share.

Happily, children's shoes do not involve enormous expenditure, and so, on a certain eventful day, "mom" made me the proud possessor of a pair of real, new shoes, which I was to pay for by increased collective ability in the coal business. Many *detours* had to be made that day, and so much time was wasted in exhibiting my shoes to the thrilling envy of my playmates that the accumulation of coal suffered in consequence. It required all my remaining buoyant spirits to nerve me for my reception at home, the coal-basket was so uncomfortably light.

Mr. McShane was enjoying another idle period, which did not preclude occasional credit from the neighboring saloon-keepers, and the crisis was at hand. My shoes, my real new shoes, were taken from my feet. Everything within me rebelled against that. Life without those shoes was not worth living, and I stormed myself into a frenzy, which did not vanish until I found myself on the floor of the dark hallway,—minus my shoes.

How long I had lain there or how long I eventually crouched there, I do not know. Once I heard pleading and emphatic denial within, and then all was still,—still for a long while. The crisis had come, and I began to think. I had thought myself prepared for such a moment, yet I found myself stunned and bewildered. Still, every sense was alert and, hearing a slight noise, I saw a tiny streak of light disappear as quickly as it had appeared, and I dragged myself to the door, behind which was what had long been my home. I found my shoes, my real, new shoes, and then I tried hard to cry, but could not; the crust had become too hardened.

So, at the age of seven, I stepped from my childhood into the street, where, by right, I belonged, and began the journey which, through many years in the valley, led me to the most glorious heights.

It was a night in December. Need I bring to your mind the picture of the boy who, with hands pushed into his pockets, was making his way—whither? In later years I have often wondered why I and all the other boys who comprised the newspaper-selling fraternity of that day, as soon as the little tragedy had happened to each one which made him a stray waif, always landed in Park Row, and in the midst of his future colleagues? It seemed to be our paradise.

I traveled along, frequently breaking into a run,—for it was fearfully cold,—until a gush of warm air called an unmistakable "Halt!" From the grating over a press-room came a continual, ink-permeated current of warmth; but, alas! I could not get as close as I desired, as every inch of the grating was covered with a huddled group of diminutive humanity. Only a few minutes of the cheery warmth was afforded to me, for, just as I was beginning to thaw out, the signal was given, "Cheese it, the cop!" and, like so many sprites, the boys scampered away, I bringing up the rear.

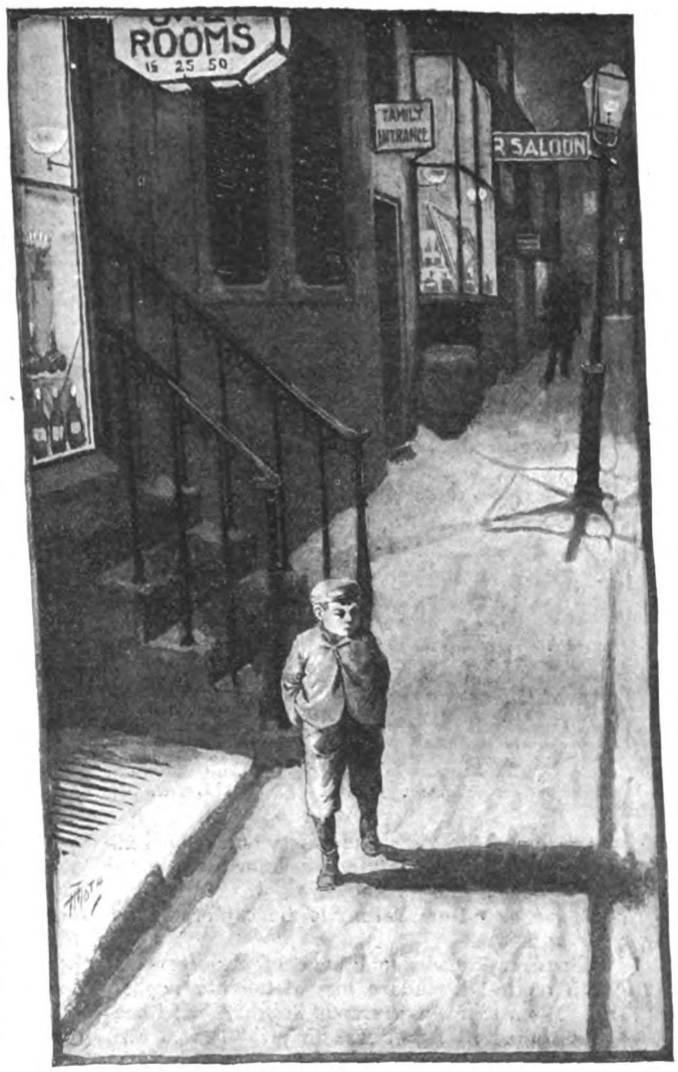
I followed them into a hallway on Frankfort Street, which, if not warm, at least protected one from the cutting blasts which played their stormy games of "hide-and-seek" around the blocks, and, cuddling in a corner, I tried to forget my troubles in sleep. Just dozing, preliminary to falling into sounder sleep, I was suddenly and swiftly roused by a grasp and a kick and informed that I had usurped a corner "belonging" to a *habitué* of the dismal hostelry.

"But say," compromised the disturber, "if you don't kick when you're asleep, I'll let you sit close beside me. It'll keep me warmer, anyway."

Most impressively did I assure him that my sleep was absolutely motionless, and from that night began a partnership and friendship, which lasted for many years.

On awakening, I faced my first great sorrow in my new and independent existence. I wish I could tell you that it was homesickness or a great longing for all I had left behind, but it was not. I missed my coffee, but that was enough to make me solemnly vow that with my first money I would buy the entire stock of a certain coffee and cake saloon, from which the odors of many savory things were wafted to us on the chilly morning air.

With five cents advanced to me by the partner of the night before, I was able to buy some newspapers, which I began to sell. I stuck to that business for over ten years. In the particular clique of boys of which I quickly became a leading member, there was none other so absolutely orphaned as myself. In odd, emotional moments, one or another would let his thoughts stray back to some still loved and revered father or mother, or would confess to having crept up to his former home, at some safe time, to have a peep at forfeited comforts. I used to like these references, but solely because they were utilized by me in inflicting my brutality on those who had uttered them.



With hands pushed into his pockets, making his way whither?

There is a question, a number of questions to be asked here. Why did I do this? Was it because I was naturally vicious, or because I wanted to stifle a certain gnawing in my heart by my ferociousness?

A strange reasoning, the last, perhaps; but in years I was still a child, and if a child has but little in his life to love, and that little is taken out of his life, that child can turn into a veritable little demon. It is always the mother who will start a fellow on the road to heaven, from which he may stumble, but on which he should progress.

In this way, my life as a newsboy continued. Sleeping,—in beds,—eating, and all the other minor considerations of life were indulged in if lucky; if not, there was enough callousness to bear it without a murmur. But I wanted to be a power among newsboys. I wanted to be respected or feared. As I did not care which, I succeeded in the latter at the expense of the former. In all those long years I cannot recall more than one incident which stirred the softer emotions of my heart.

A newcomer, a blue-eyed, light-haired little fellow, had come among us, and was immediately chosen by me as my favorite victim. He could not hide certain lingering traces of refinement, which gave me many excuses to hold him up to the ridicule of our choice gang of young ruffians. One day, I saw him standing at the corner of "the Row," offering his wares with the unprofessional cry, "Please won't you buy a paper?" It was a glorious chance to plant a kick on one of his shins, and, creeping up behind him, I arrived just in time to stand before two motherly-looking women, who had stopped to buy a paper from "the cherub." Wits are quickly sharpened in a life on the streets, and I had sufficient presence of mind to shove my bundle of papers in front of them with the customary and professional "Poipers, lady, poipers?"

But I was barely noticed. Instead, the cherub claimed all their attention.

"What a pretty boy!" exclaimed one. "Have you no home, no parents? Too bad, too bad!"

All this was noted and registered by me for a future reckoning with the cherub. My heart was shivering with acid bitterness. "Never me, never me!" and the misery of many loveless years rang as a wail from my soul.

Just after the woman who had spoken had handed a dime to my intended scapegoat, her companion happened to turn and see me.

"Oh, just look at the other poor fellow,"—my appearance justified the description, but my dilapidated clothes and my scratched face owed their pitiful condition to much "scrapping" and not to deprivations,—"here, poor boy, here is a penny for you."

With a light pat on my grimy cheek and one of the sunniest smiles ever shed on me, she was gone before I could realize what had happened. But the penny was still in my hand, and, forthwith, I determined to keep it forever, which proved to be exactly two hours. There I stood, dreaming and stroking the cheek she had touched, and asking myself why she had done so. Somehow, I felt that, were she to come back, I could just have said to her: "Say, lady, I ain't got much to give, but I'll give you all me poipers, and me pennies, and me knife, if you'll only say and do that over again." At any rate, I forgot to whip the cherub that night.

As with all other "business men," there is keen rivalry and competition among newsboys. The only difference is that, among the boys, the most primitive way is the most frequent one employed to settle disputes. Some men, after great sorrows or disappointments, seek forgetfulness in battle, being entirely indifferent to their ultimate fate, and they always make good fighters. My position was not altogether dissimilar from theirs. What little I had known of comfort and affection was behind me; my mode of life at that time had no particular attraction for me, and my only ambition was to conquer by fight, and, therefore, I made a good fighter.

Park Row was and is frequented by the lesser lights of the sporting world. Our boyish fights were not fought in seclusion, but anywhere. Being a constant participant in these "goes," as I was daily called upon to defend my sounding title of "Newsboy Champion of Park Row" against new aspirants for the honor, myself and my fighting "work" soon became familiar to the "sports," several of whom were never missing from the circle of spectators. I was of large frame, my face was of the bulldog type, my muscles were strong, my constitution hardened by my outdoor existence in all sorts of weather, and, without knowing it, my progress in the art of fisticuffs was eagerly watched with the hope of discovering in me new indications for the prize-ring.

In due time overtures were made to me. I was properly "tried out" on a third-rate boxer, and said good-by to the newsboy life to blossom as a

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full-fledged pugilist. Then I began to have *higher* ambitions. It was in the days of smaller purses and more fighting, and I determined to fight often to accumulate money quickly. Why I was so anxious to accumulate money was not quite clear to me. I simply wanted to have a lot of it, wanted to feel the sensation of possessing a roll of bills, and, this being the only road open to me toward that goal, I was eager to travel it. That was my ambition at an age when I should have been able to understand the true aims and duties of life.

Fighting with professionals was not so easy as fighting with newsboys. Another thing which often became the object of criticism by my pugilistic sponsors was my violent temper. In the midst of the fray I would frequently forget the rules of the prize ring, and simply "sail in" to defeat my opponent, only to be disqualified for my victory by the referee.

Is there not here something analogous to our methods in reaching success? It is grand to be enthusiastic and to be wanting to conquer at all hazards, but is success ever attained without self-control or by overriding the laws of God and man? A locomotive suddenly deprived of control will still keep going, but will probably run into a ditch.

But, if my impetuous ferocity prevented me from becoming a stellar phenomenon in the pugilistic firmament, it served me in another direction. The Bowery and its vicinity, at the time, were infested by a large number of so-called "sporting houses." In all these places boxing was the real or pretended attraction. On an elevated stage from three to six pairs of boxers furnished nightly entertainment for a roomful of foolish men, and, more's the pity!—women. The real purpose of these gatherings must remain nameless here, but this fact we must note, that all of these "sporting houses," these depths of blackest iniquity, were run by so-called statesmen, patriots, politicians, many of them lawmakers, or else by their figureheads.

My *début* in this environment was so successful that, very soon, I was promoted from being a boxer at two dollars a night to being "floor manager" at five dollars a night and "extras." Both the wages for my work and the "extras" were satisfactorily earned by me, a "floor manager" being nothing more or less than a "bouncer." I was splendidly equipped for the position, and my fame spread among that social shift until I enjoyed quite a reputation. Then I thought myself on the pinnacle of success!

I was feared because of my brutality; I was respected because of my "squareness," which had never been severely tempted; I had more money than ever before; I was wearing well-made, if flashy, clothes; the grumbling envy of my less fortunate fellow "sports" sang like a sweet refrain in my ears; I was strong, vicious, and healthy; why, why should n't I consider myself successful?

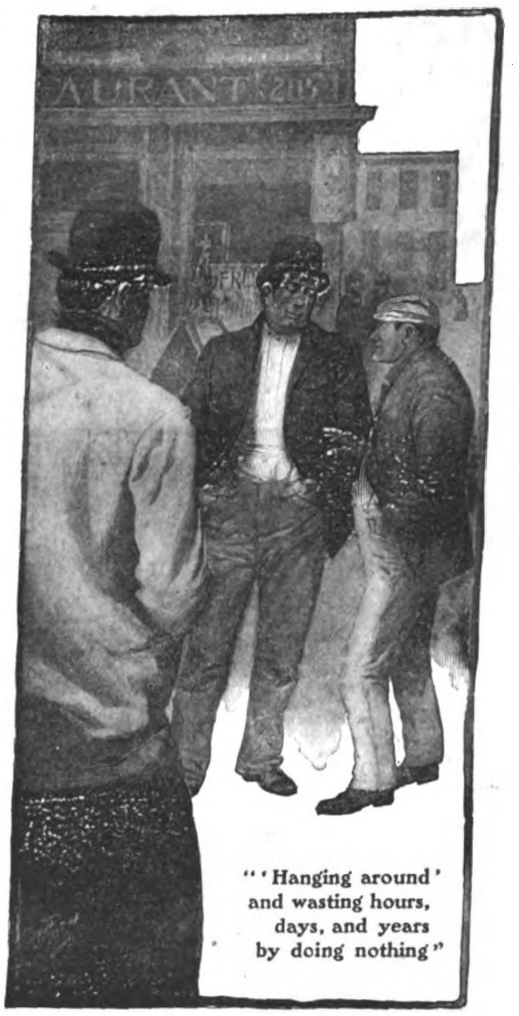


"It was the most efficient way to teach me"

Of course you will despise me for it, but put yourself in my place, and you will be less severe. There was something brewing and fermenting in me which had to assert itself. I wanted to be successful. Will you blame a blind man for choosing the wrong path at the crossroads? Will you not, instead, lead him in the right direction? Was I not blind when I stood on life's highway and could not see the pointed finger, which read: "To Decency, Usefulness, and Manhood?" There was no one to lead me.

The years went on monotonously, the days differing but slightly from one another in degrees of wickedness. It was a sickening existence, and, at odd intervals, one of our "set" would become disgusted with it and make a spurt for respectability. Some of them were fortunate, others felt themselves drawn back again, but I never thought seriously of a change in my life. To what could I change? And, as I had plenty of everything I wanted, why change?

There are, however, righteous as well as wicked people in New York City, and, horrified at the spread of vice, the legislature was petitioned by influential citizens to send a committee of investigation to the city. When a body is covered with a cancerous growth, the most dangerous ulcer is the first to receive the surgeon's attention. At the coming of the investigation committee, I was employed in the most notorious dive which ever disgraced a community. For that reason, it was the first to be attended to, was closed, and the nominal proprietor was sent to jail. A general cleansing process was begun, and, in a short time, the Bowery was full of a muttering crowd of able-bodied men, each one cheating the world out of an honest day's labor, all proclaiming loudly at the injustice which deprived them of their "living." Even the recollection is nauseating.



"'Hanging around' and wasting hours, days, and years by doing nothing"

In company with a number of fellows who, like me, were "thrown out of work" by this "uncalled-for interference," we established headquarters in a gin-mill owned by a legislator. As a matter of course, the "back room," seemingly a legislative annex, was very much in evidence. There we became just loafers, alternately decorating the exterior and the interior of the place with our ornamental presence.

There is no more pathetic sight than that of a crowd of young men, with brain cells as empty as their pockets, "hanging around" and wasting hours, days, and years, doing nothing. Along the curb in front of the saloon was always a row of empty kegs, which became our favorite lounging-place. The sidewalk was wide, the policemen (for reasons of their own,) were very friendly, and there was ample field for "sport." This "sport" consisted of insults of various kinds to pedestrians. Old people, but especially women, received the most of our playful attention. It brings a flush to my face when I think of our beastly cowardice. There is more manliness in one mongrel cur than there was in that whole gang of ours! And in that sport I was the acknowledged leader!

The probabilities of reopening the "sporting houses" grew more remote every day, so we considered ourselves forced to remain in idleness. What work could be had here and there all around us never bothered us. We simply grumbled at the awkwardness of things and indulged the more heartily in our pastime.

One day, "Skinny" McCarthy, by ways which would not bear close scrutiny, had secured some money, and the "gang," most genially, helped him to spend it at the bar. When the feast had run its course, we trailed back to our kegs at the curb. I was first, McCarthy following me. I was resuming my seat, when a stifled cry attracted my attention. Turning, I saw McCarthy in collision with a girl, and, as usual, I prepared to laugh at the gay spectacle. Before my facial muscles had time to shape themselves into a grin, the girl looked at McCarthy, at the others, and at me, in a way which said, as plainly as words: "And you are MEN!"

I could almost believe that I felt the physical sensation of something snapping within me, but I did not stop to explain it to myself. Instead, I rushed toward them, hit my fellow-brute under the ear, and cleared a passage for the young lady.

With the closing of the crowd behind us,—poor McCarthy, in his stunned condition, furnishing quite an interesting sight to the silly gapers,—the reign of the brute in me was ended and the man born.

As this was my first attempt at playing the chivalric knight, I found it impossible to fit myself to my new rôle. Somehow impelled, I walked beside the young lady, acknowledging her expressions of gratitude with deep-toned grunts. To explain matters, she told me she was a teacher in one of the near-by schools, and was compelled to pass our "hang-out" every day on her way to and from home. In exchange for her confidence I should have introduced myself, but, alas! a big, hulking oaf knows naught of politeness.

But the bonny little lass was a marvel of tact and diplomacy. She put me on the witness stand and cross-examined me, firing leading questions at me until I was really ashamed at having told her so much about myself. When we arrived at her door, the wise counselor began to sum up, closing with an eloquent appeal to my manhood.

She did not mince matters, but, one by one, reviewed the errors of my useless, sinful life, and, with scorn, referred to all the wasted years, until my head hung with shame. She was not bitter in her accusations. Had she been so, my temper would have helped me out of the predicament. In spite of her plain words, a note of sympathy, of pity, rang through it all. Then, before I had a chance to hide my embarrassment, she struck another key, and told me that beneath all my wickedness and brutality there was a soul, perhaps still sleeping, buried, yet there, nevertheless, and put there by a wise God.

I was not permitted to depart until I had promised to forego some of my habits. I tried to sneeringly laugh at this, but the laugh was rather forced. Instead of returning to the "hang-out," I went to City Hall Square and walked and walked,—and began to think. Could it be possible that all my life had been wasted? Did my notoriety, my reputation, amount to nothing? Could I be justly proud of myself? Had I ever done anything of benefit to others, or had I been always selfish and greedy in satisfying my material desires? Did I really have a soul?

That was my mental state for the night and the following day, and, as one cannot do much reflecting in a saloon, I kept away from there. I really do not know what prompted me to it, but I found myself in the neighborhood of the school as the classes were being dismissed. As I saw the little tots clinging to her skirts from very love of her, I seemed to hear a message whispered to me, and —I nailed my sailing flag to the mast of purity.

[*Concluded on pages 103 to 106*]

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MANNERS IN PUBLIC

M.E.W. SHERWOOD [*Author of "Manners and Social Usages"*]





Drawn by HERMANN HEYER

Don't comment aloud at a theater. Remember that others are equally interested in the play

ALL nations differ as to what is a "good manner" in a public place. The English are reserved and cautious, silent, and somewhat gruff. The French are vivacious and polite, as are the Latin races generally. The Germans are what we are, perhaps rudely, inclined to call brutal. The Russians and the Austrians, especially of the higher classes, are elegant, finished, and most agreeable.

All of them have a great regard for "*les convenances.*" Men, especially, are well-bred toward one another, touching their hats and resenting anything like crowding in a public place, or even a touch upon the arm. The dignity of the person is scrupulously observed, and a "dig in the ribs," considered in America as merely a proof of good-fellowship, would cause an old Austrian noble to faint. His ribs "to him a kingdom are," and he does not wish them ruthlessly handled. The women of these countries are quiet, elegant, and dignified, in public.

It Is the Higher Culture of the Heart and Mind That Makes Model Manners

Thus the rudeness and the "dancing hall" manners of a certain class in Paris take on an external decency in the Old World,—that external decency unluckily has not, as yet, traveled to the New World. Or, perhaps we ought to say that, during the last ten years, the once refined Puritan manner which, one hundred years ago, belonged to the American woman, has undergone a change. With the development of the new woman with what we might call the superior learning of the female colleges, and the advance of woman to the companionship of man in the professions; with her knowledge of typewriting and trades; with her very great success as a breadwinner; with her splendid display of industry and executive ability, all of which delight the philanthropic heart; with her success as a bicyclist or golfer; and with the better development of her figure, (a great advantage to the future mothers of men,) is it possible that the American woman is taking leave of her good manners in public?

It would seem so, if we can believe two caustic writers of the past summer, Henry Watterson and Julian Ralph, each of whom with the pen of a genius has scored what both have seen at Newport and Saratoga; also if we may believe our own eyes as we go into a fashionable hotel, or if we look out of a window at the evening exhibition, after a flower or a dog show, or if we listen to slang, and, perhaps, hear something worse fall from the lips of young girls, and see their gestures as they enter any public restaurant, as they throw their gloves from them and order "high balls," in loud and by no means feminine voices. There is no *rapport* between good morals and good manners. We know what were the morals of Lord Chesterfield, and what were his beautiful and polished manners. The most inferior mind can take a fine polish, and so, reasoning in an inverse manner, we must believe that the young girls of to-day may be, in spite of appearances to the contrary, quite as proper as their grandmothers, but the effect of bad manners in public is so painful that we may as well warn these young girls that they are throwing away the dignity of a nation. They are doing themselves and the public irreparable harm, if they condescend to show bad manners in public.

Well-educated girls remember the Italian word *educazione*, which signifies good manners, whilst the word *instruzione* means special knowledge only. The old sense remains clear in the fine old Italian society where the people have the best manners in all the world, both in public and private. We should reflect on a few things which this reveals, for "to educate" is to build up, to strengthen, and to develop the inner man, and so far to polish and perfect the outer one that the most casual intercourse with him reveals the gentleman. We can well see that instruction is a mere matter of business detail, and that the culture of the heart and mind which makes good manners is really the true education, and we may hope that it will reach back and improve the morals, never very bad, we believe, of young Americans, although in public places college boys do their best to appear rude by shouting inharmoniously their class battle cry. They do not hesitate to yell their incoherent cry in a room full of refined ladies, and also when returning from their outside amusements to destroy sleep, and make night hideous by their howls and groans. Is this the conduct of gentlemen and scholars? Is this *educazione?* No, it is far from being good manners in public.

They Are Posing for the Classic Vases of the Future

The great beauty of the young American girl, and her perfect taste in dress, have made her conspicuous everywhere. Men cannot but turn to look and admire, as that delicate beauty commands the situation. So much the more reason that her manner in public should be as refined as her person, and as delicate as her color. Such a dainty body should have nothing to do with slang, still less with profane expressions. "Punch" made an open charge against young English women, that they are returning to expletives used by Queen Bess.

We all may have heard of some such drinks as "high balls," alluded to and ordered, whilst the uninitiated may suppose that the speaker refers to the last contest between Yale and Harvard. Nothing else is so classic, so Greek, so fine as the sport which brings the athlete to the front, to be admired by the fair. It makes us think of that old Athenian world where Plato reigned over the intellectual, and Alexander the Great over the political bodies; where women in peplums stepped forever into the marble of Phidias, into the vases and statues we admire to-day. We cannot imagine a woman of this kind having a "rowdy manner in public," and yet the Greek maidens were not more beautiful than the young Americans who are unconsciously posing, to-day, for the classic vases of the future. The tendency toward social improvement in the sybarite arts of good living, which has reached a Julesburg or a Klondike miner who wishes his daughter to become a woman of fashion, and who sends her and his son to Newport for the finishing touches,—that tendency is a very respectable one, for fashion should set a good example. That it does not always do it, alas! we have before us many an exuberant example.

The consequences of a woman's adopting customs unbecoming to herself are manifold. In the first place, she strikes at the most sacred thing in the universe, man's love and reverence for women. She strikes at that primeval instinct, which is that the strong should protect the weak, that the lover should seek the maid, and that he should kiss whilst she holds the cheek. Who could in the fashionable circles of to-day have inspired Shakespeare to create Viola? or else have made fair Rosalind say, when fainting, "I have no doublet and hose in my disposition." A young girl of to-day would be apt to call for her sweater, and, alas! would bet in the race-course language of Saratoga, instead of saying, with Jessica, charming creature! "I am never merry, when I hear sweet music," or some such refined remark. It would seem sometimes as if that primeval Eve had been eradicated, and that Catherine of Russia, Nell Gwynne, and less illustrious examples had been installed in her place. A very clever literary artist of to-day, who has written in French of *Eve Victorieuse*, has painted, with most consummate skill, the beautiful young American woman in Paris, her who, partly spoiled by her indulgent and most chivalrous American husband, (who thinks whatever she does is right,) is not rightly comprehended in the Old World, where her mannerisms are misunderstood.

Even Sitting down gracefully May Take Long Study and Much Practice

True delicacy, that most beautiful heart-leaf of humanity, exhibits itself most significantly in little things; in the attitude, the way of standing and of sitting down. Watch a famous dancer, and see how well, how modestly she sits down. Fanny Ellsler said that she gave five years' study to the art of sitting down gracefully. It is a great thing to do a little thing well, and we may be sure that the art of taking a seat "like a lady" is not too much studied by women in public places. A young girl should remember, as she enters a crowded theater, that she should produce a murmur of satisfaction from her modest shrinking beauty, not a congratulatory gurgle of pleasure at her air of impudence and independence. "The nobler the blood, the less the pretense; the more honest the heart, the more modest the

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manner." What is it, alas!—that ferocious quotation, those four lines of condensed truth?—

"Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry, 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions."

Why would it be a greater crime for a young woman to affect modesty and embarrassment, if she feels it not, than it was for the poet's heroine "to wet her cheeks with artificial tears?" Perhaps it might have a better effect on manners in public, which are really of great importance to a young nation like ours,—a nation which has not the aristocracy of England, France, or Germany behind it, or the elegant grace of Italy, as an inheritance. She must create it all. The fashion, as such, is of very little matter in America, excepting that it holds the place of the man who sets the copybooks for the public schools. To his twist of the "y's" and the "g's" the whole handwriting of a nation is entrusted. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined" should read, "Just as the twig is inclined, the tree is bent."

Fashions Have much to Do with Public Manners

So these two head centers of so-called fashion, Newport, (which Mr. Watterson has scored in most vigorous English,) and Saratoga, (which Mr. Ralph has painted with a palette deeply charged, but with the talent of a Rembrandt or a Rubens,) will be properly blamed for their bad manners in public, and for the divorces and the bad morals of the nation in a generation. These places have much for which to answer.

We must remember, however, that much of good-doing is destroyed by lack of tact and manners. It was ever the gift of genius to build grandeur out of trifles. Cultivate good manners, dignified and lofty if you choose, but cultivate dignity and grace.

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

The fashions of dress have much to do with manners in public, and it is, for the young women of to-day, a great problem how they shall mold a bicycle skirt into graceful drapery, or fit a corset into a Greek peplum. It is not possible for one to sit down in either with the grace displayed by Psyche when she shook off the garments of earth and softly fled to Heaven in a cloud. The two mistakes of to-day are the long heavy cloth skirt which wipes up and takes home all the microbes, and the too short and too tight bicycle or walking skirt; both can be gracefully modified, however. All full and long draperies are most becoming to women. They have lent themselves to the most charming portraits and the most noble sculptures in all ages.

Imagine the Venus de Milo in a modern corset! Would she have merited the encomium which De Maurier pays her in "Trilby?" We live in a material age, and must dress ourselves for the "cars," (as we usually call our railway carriages,) for our dirty streets, for the high winds, and the rain, as well as for the yacht, the four-in-hand, and the dog show.



Isn't it pleasant to have a jovial friend slap you on the back, when you are out walking with your wife?

American Women Have the Gift of Taste in Dress

We have to combine the useful and the beautiful as no women ever before had to do. Anne of Austria, of whom a great cardinal said, "It would kill her to have to sleep in Holland sheets," was not a greater sybarite than the wife of an American millionaire, or than that humble American lady who can dress and walk in London so as to compel the admiration of a king, and can come home and earn her living in a newspaper office, in a tailor-made gown which is so neat and natty that it compels the man who sees her to raise his hat. American women have a gift of taste in dress that is most remarkable. Why, then, should one ever commit the folly of an immodest or an unseasonable dress?—still less of one which is undignified? Why, then, should she appear, either in private or in public, with bad habits? Good taste is what we want. Who has it? Where shall we find it? The opposite is too often seen, among men as well as women. Just picture the indignation of a man and his wife walking along the street, when the husband was slapped on the back by an enthusiastic friend!

Uncle Sam's Talks on Our Country

II.—Mixing Brains With the Soil

JOSIAH STRONG

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER advised every one to be born "in a little red farmhouse, with a stone wall around it." I should not be disposed to insist on the stone wall, and I could be happy if the house were not red; but, if I were going to enter the world again, and Providence permitted me to choose the place of my birth, I would say, "By all means, let me be born on a farm in the United States."

It is the farmers' boys who are most likely to succeed, whether in business or in professional life. Spending most of their time under the open sky, breathing fresh air, and eating simple food, they are more likely to have vigorous health and strong constitutions than are their city cousins. Brought into constant contact with nature, they absorb a great deal of useful knowledge, and acquire habits of observation. Then, too, the regular farm work, the "chores," and numberless other little things keep them well occupied, and enable them to feel that they are earning their way, thus giving to them a sense of independence and cultivating a spirit of self-reliance and manliness.

Hard Work Is Nine Tenths of Genius and Success

The performance of a deal of drudgery is an indispensable preparation for all real success in life, whatever the occupation. A boy who is afraid of work or of soiling his hands need not expect to accomplish much in the world. Country boys have their full share of fun, but there are many disagreeable duties on a farm which farmers' boys learn to accept as a matter of course. Edward Eggleston, speaking of the value of his farm training when a boy, once said to me: "I learned one thing of great value, and that was to do disagreeable things cheerfully."

Farmers' boys learn how to work, and hard work is nine tenths of genius. Turner, the great English artist, when asked the secret of his mastery, replied: "I have no secret but hard work."

But, notwithstanding all the marked advantages of birth and early training on the farm, a very large proportion of country boys give it the same doubtful compliment which Daniel Webster paid to his native state when he said that New Hampshire was "a good state to emigrate from." The stream of young life from country to city has caused much anxiety. The growth of the city's population has been much more rapid than that of the country. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, ninety-seven per cent. of our population lived in the country, while, at its end, less than seventy per cent. were outside the cities.

The Welfare of Cities Depends upon the Country

Agriculture has engaged a decreasing proportion of our population during the past one hundred years. The cities have grown at the expense of the country, and not a few country communities have been depleted. We hear of farms abandoned, schoolhouses closed, and churches given over to "bats and brickbats." All this is deemed ominous, for several reasons. Agriculture is not only the basis of our national prosperity, but the farming population is generally considered the backbone of a nation's moral character. Mr. Lecky says: "It would be difficult to overrate the influence of agriculture in forming temperate and virtuous habits among the people." Certain it is that the decline of Italian agriculture and the migration of population to ancient Rome accompanied the decay of Roman morals. It was when the "Eternal City" was being overcrowded that Virgil sang, "The plow is no longer honored; the husbandmen have been led away, and the fields are foul with weeds.'

The welfare of the city itself depends on that of the country, because the former draws its life from the latter. Students of society tell us that only the agricultural class possesses permanent vitality, and that the city population, if left to itself, would die out in a few generations.

The drift, therefore, from country to city, and the consequent decadence of many farming communities, have attracted much attention, and many different theories have been advanced to account for them. The farm is deserted, we are told, because it is socially dull, lacks all excitement, affords no prospect of promotion; because boys and girls are overworked, or because they inherit a dislike of the farm from their overworked mothers; or the apparent ease of city life as compared with country life attracts them; or they are ashamed of soiled clothes and dirty work; or the absence of good roads and the lack of steady employment drive the young people to the city. But none of these causes is the real one. It may be doubted whether, all together, they have perceptibly swollen the tide which is flowing toward the cities.

Comparatively few people in the world deliberately choose their occupation. Circumstances choose for them. Those who do elect their professions or trades are influenced less by their likes and dislikes than by their prospects of success. They take into consideration the demand for the kind of service they are contemplating, their ability to perform that service, and the rewards which it will probably command.

The Demand for Farmers Determines the Number

We must not suppose that there are one hundred and forty-three thousand men and boys in Pennsylvania who prefer to work underground rather than in the sunlight, who enjoy the damp darkness and grime of the anthracite coal mines, who like dripping walls and wet feet and the fumes of burnt powder, who are quite indifferent to accident and death, or who actually court danger.



Uncle Sam's endless grain train

If mining were made much less dangerous and much more agreeable, the number engaged in it would not materially increase. On the other hand, if mining should become far more dangerous and disagreeable, there would not be a great exodus from the mines. In the former case wages would

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probably fall somewhat, and in the latter they would rise, but the number of miners would remain substantially the same in either case, because it takes about so many to supply the demand for anthracite coal.

It is a sad fact that, no matter how distasteful or how dangerous to life, limb, or health an occupation may be, there can always be found persons enough to enter it. In the manufacture of cutlery, grinders rarely pass the age of forty; and a boy who begins polishing needles at seventeen practically accepts a death sentence to be executed within ten years. Young fellows do not do such work because they think it the most desirable in the world, or because they do not care to live more than ten years, but because it takes a given number to supply the demands of that trade; and, if one boy refuses so undesirable a job, another, driven by necessity, accepts it.



Division of the Food Supply

In like manner, and in obedience to the same economic law, the proportion of the population engaged in agriculture is not determined by likes and dislikes, but by the demand for farm produce and by the number it takes to supply that demand.

The Movement from Farms cityward Is Increasing

The attractiveness or unattractiveness of a given kind of work will determine the class, but not the number, of people who will undertake it.

If, now, we remember that the amount of food which the nation or the world can consume is necessarily limited, it becomes evident that the application of machinery to agriculture, which enabled one man to do the work of two or three, of necessity forced many from the farm to the city.

It should also be remembered that the number of manufactured articles which can be used is not naturally and necessarily limited. We use five or perhaps ten times as many as our grandfathers did. Supply creates demand. Thus the introduction of machinery has produced exactly opposite effects on agriculture and manufactures. It has reduced the proportion of the population engaged in the former, and increased the proportion engaged in the latter. In 1840, nearly twenty-two per cent. of the population were employed in agriculture; in 1900, less than fourteen per cent. On the other hand, fifty years ago, only a little more than four per cent. were engaged in manufactures and the mechanical arts, and in 1900, upward of nine per cent.,—all of which necessarily means a movement from the farms to the cities.

If the nation were ten times as rich as it is, it could not eat ten times as much, but it might easily spend ten times as much on public buildings and parks, on houses and grounds, on furniture and equipage, on paintings and statuary. It is evident, therefore, that, as the nation grows richer, an increasing proportion of the population will gain its livelihood by the mechanical and fine arts, and a decreasing proportion will live by agriculture, though at present farmers are more numerous than those engaged in any other occupation.

No one can understand the problems and possibilities of American agriculture who does not appreciate the change which took place when farming became a part of the organized industry of the world.

Up to that time, in the age of homespun, the farm was a little industrial world which revolved on its own axis. The farmer and his wife produced with their own hands pretty much everything which they deemed necessary for themselves and their household. They had little money and needed little; they were independent. My father and mother could have raised a family in comfort if they had been cast away on Robinson Crusoe's Island. In that day as many people could live on farms as could be provided with land.

But during the nineteenth century a profound change came. The age of the factory brought the age of homespun to an end. Raw materials came into demand for manufactures, and the farmer found that, by producing for the market, he could, with the money which he thus earned, buy many more and much better articles of convenience than he and his wife could make by hand. Thus agriculture became a part of organized industry, and, as such, it became subject to the economic law of supply and demand. The farmer, like everyone else who has anything to sell, is now competing for the market; and the number who can prosper by farming is limited to those who can find a market for their products.

If the market is overstocked with food, the effect is precisely the same as when it is overstocked with pig iron or cotton cloth,—prices fall.

In 1888, American farmers glutted the market. They cultivated twenty-five million acres more than in 1880, and their total cereal product was four hundred and ninety-one million bushels greater; but they received for it forty-one million dollars less than they were paid for the smaller crops of 1880; that is, for all the work and expense involved in sowing, harvesting, and marketing the crops of twenty-five million acres, they received no return, and, in fact, forty-one million dollars less than nothing.

If the supply is greater than the demand, evidently those farmers have the advantage who have been able to produce at the smallest cost, for this enables them to undersell their competitors, and so gain the market.

When farmers began to compete for the market, they soon learned that, like manufacturers, they must have the best machinery in order to assure the cheapest production. Accordingly, machinery was applied to agriculture which enabled four men to do work formerly done by fourteen, and the farm laborers thus displaced were, of course, driven to the city.

These facts,—obvious enough when pointed out,—show how idle it is to cry, "Back to the soil!" We might as well cry, "Back to the age of homespun!" And the attempt to reverse this tide which is flowing cityward is as likely to succeed as would be an effort to turn the waters of the Lower Mississippi back to the Rockies and the Alleghanies.

Let us, by all means, remove the disabilities of agricultural communities; improve roads, extend the trolley and the neighborhood telephone system, multiply circulating libraries, adopt rural mail delivery, increase school and church privileges, and do whatever else will make the country a better place to live in,—not with a view to keeping on the farm the "barefoot boy with cheek of tan," but with a view to stimulating the intellectual life of farmers, enabling them to do their share of the nation's work more successfully and more easily, and to keep the farms in the future what they have been in the past,—the nursery of great men and women for the service of the nation and of the world.

Uncle Sam Has Little Farming Land to Give away

Heretofore, American farming has been poor, its standards low, its methods unscientific. Notwithstanding all this, we have been able to invade European markets with our produce because we competed with European farmers on unequal terms. During the nineteenth century, Uncle Sam gave away several million farms. Moreover, the American settler not only got his farm free, but also had the advantage of a strong virgin soil which, if "tickled with the hoe, would laugh with a harvest," without the use of fertilizers. When the land was worn out, men could get more. New lands were constantly reduced to cultivation. During forty years, we brought under the plow, on the average, sixteen thousand acres of new land every day. This cheap production, together with cheap transportation, enabled us to undersell the European farmer, with the result that European agriculture was much depressed, and European governments became alarmed. They appointed ministers of agriculture, granted subsidies, offered prizes, established free lecture courses to instruct their farmers, and founded agricultural academies. Many thousands of coöperative agricultural societies have been organized for the mutual help of members. Thus there has taken place in Europe during recent years, a great revival of agriculture, and a powerful impulse has been given to scientific farming.

On the other hand, here in the United States, there is but little more good farming land to be given away, and the soil under cultivation is no longer "virgin." Plant food must be returned to the soil as an equivalent of the crops taken out. Thus our agriculture is approximating European conditions, and the competition of American and European farmers will hereafter be on more equal terms.

From all this it follows that we cannot retain our European markets and maintain our relations to the world's agriculture without adopting higher standards of cultivation and scientific methods.

Farmers Should Learn to Mix Brains with the Soil

The new conditions of agriculture will naturally, and it would seem inevitably, separate farmers into two classes. In this division we may ignore the rich city men who take up fancy farming simply as a fad. They are very well represented by one of their class who, having invited a number of friends to dine with him, said: "Gentlemen, what will you have to drink, champagne or milk? It makes no difference to me; they cost me about the same."

The two classes under which farmers will hereafter be known will be those who can successfully compete for the market, and those who cannot. Those who succeed will do so by virtue of scientific methods; and those who fail to gain the market must either cease to farm or be forced back into the age of homespun. Anyone who, in the midst of modern civilization, could be content to live in this simple, primitive way, would have to be either far above the wants of the average man, like the philosopher, Henry D. Thoreau, or far below them, like the poor whites of the South,—and there will never be many Thoreaus. Those who, failing to gain the markets, still cling to the country, will become degenerates, with few wants and no ambitions, content to vegetate in lonely spots quite apart from the life of the world. Let us hope that this class will be a small one and soon become extinct.

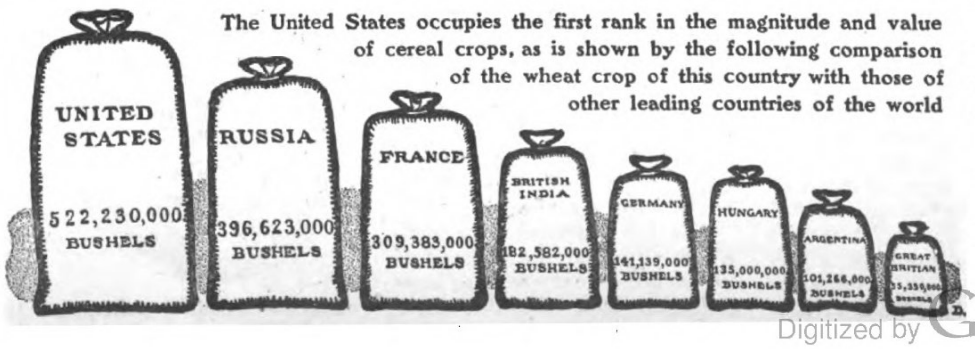
A young man who expects to succeed as a farmer must recognize the fact that a revolution in agriculture is now taking place. Formerly, men farmed with their muscles. In the future they will farm with their brains. Heretofore, many a farmer has been simply the best animal on his place. Hereafter the successful farmer will be a man of trained mind and expert knowledge.

Early in the last century, when the farmers of Ohio had to contend against all the obstacles which beset pioneers in a wooded country, there was a pastor in Summit County who not only taught his people how to be good Christians, but also showed them how to be good farmers. His few acres, carefully tilled, were the model farm of all that region. When asked how he had won his success, he replied, "By mixing brains with the soil." That will be the only way to conduct a farm successfully in the future.

Let us see what farming with one's brains means. It does not mean the choice of theory rather than practice. If I had to choose between the two, I should take the latter every time. It means that theories have been thoroughly tested, thus affording actual knowledge. It means that one has gained a knowledge of nature's laws and is acting with her instead of against her.

The great law of progress for all life is the survival of the fittest. Nature makes variations, and those best adapted to the varying conditions of soil and climate live. By this process of "natural" selection, life has slowly risen from the lower forms to higher ones. By cross-fertilizing and breeding, man can multiply varieties indefinitely, and then by thoroughly testing these varieties he can select those which are most valuable for his various uses.

The United States occupies the first rank in the magnitude and value of cereal crops, as is shown by the following comparison of the wheat crop of this country with those of other leading countries of the world



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By thus substituting *intelligent* selection for "natural" selection, man can accomplish in a few years what nature might not have accomplished in many centuries. In this way, he develops cereals, fruits, grasses, and breeds of stock which are better adapted to local climate and specific uses than those previously known, and less liable to disease and to injury by natural enemies. Thus science renders agriculture, horticulture, and stock raising more safe and more successful.

The government is doing a splendid work along these lines in its fifty-six experiment stations, established in all our states and territories, including Hawaii. In connection with these stations, there are nearly a thousand trained men who are at the same time scientific and practical. Their valuable discoveries are not patented; they are not at work for private gain, but for the good of all the people.



"Guess you'll find that there are a few others on the earth who own somethin'"

At one of the stations in the Northwest, hundreds of new varieties of wheat have been produced, several of which are found to be superior to those from which they were derived. They yield better, are stronger to resist disease, and are equally rich in food qualities. This new seed wheat will add many millions of dollars to the value of the crops of each of the wheat-growing states of the Northwest; and not only so, but it will also enlarge the wheat output of the world, thus answering the arguments of Sir W. Crookes, president of the British Association, who a few years ago alarmed many by prophesying that the wheat supply would soon be inadequate to the growing needs of the world.

Our Experiment Stations Have Accomplished much

The Kansas station has introduced the Kaffir corn, and more than six hundred thousand acres in that state have been planted with it. This corn is found to produce more beef, more pork, and more milk than the ordinary variety.

The California station has demonstrated, within two years, that millions of acres of land, in both the New World and the Old World, which were once supposed to be desert, can be reclaimed and made marvelously rich and productive. The same station has shown, by a study of the Smyrna fig, that the choicest varieties of figs, in order to reach their perfection, must be fertilized by a tiny insect; and it is expected that, with the introduction of this insect, the finest varieties of figs can be profitably raised in California.

At the Wisconsin station a valuable invention has been made, which is now in use throughout the butter-making world. A discovery has been made at this same station which is likely to revolutionize the manufacture of cheese.

The Connecticut station has done an important work in ascertaining food values, both for man and beast.

Among the good results achieved at the Georgia station is the discovery of a method of sowing oats which will prevent their being winter-killed.

The Florida station has discovered a parasite which destroys the San José scale, that is so fatal to fruit trees.

At the Arizona station, the introduction of the date-palm from Africa promises an important addition to the wealth of the arid regions of the Southwest.

Thus at these experiment stations much valuable light has been thrown on the diseases of plants and animals, formulas for the home-mixing of fertilizers so as to adapt them to every crop, the problems of irrigation, the use of electricity to stimulate the growth of vegetables and to destroy weeds, and on many other subjects of practical value to farmers.

This information is popularized in many ways; and expert scientists, who were once ridiculed by farmers as theorists and rainbow-chasers, are now listened to with eager interest.

In agriculture, as in manufactures, success consists in securing the largest and best production at the smallest expenditure of force, time, and money. Evidently the farmer who aims at such success must have an understanding of plant life and what proportion of its sustenance it draws respectively from the air and the soil. He must know the chemical constituents of the latter, and the treatment which it requires to restore the plant food exhausted by his crops. He must have a knowledge of the climates demanded by different cereals, vegetables, and fruits. He must be acquainted with the diseases and insect pests which endanger both plant and animal life, and should know how to treat them. He should be familiar with the principles of animal nutrition and the value of foods. In addition to all the expert knowledge required, there are those mental qualities which are developed by scientific training,—a keen perception and an alert habit of mind, a full appreciation of the value of facts and hospitality to new ideas, together with that flexibility which enables its possessor to adapt himself more readily to changed conditions. Evidently the farmer of the future will not be "the man with the hoe."

Glance now at the outlook for American agriculture. In order to catch a glimpse of its possibilities under the scientific methods now coming into use, we must have some appreciation of what has been accomplished by very loose and wasteful methods.

We Produce nearly One Third *of the* World's Food

The story of American agriculture has been the story of our growth in population and of the extension of our national domain,—a record without a parallel in the history of the world. A Chicago man once said that he had lied a great many times about the growth of his city, but Providence had always quickly come to his relief. It would take a gifted liar to overstate the growth of our agriculture or exaggerate the marvel of its present proportions. The difficulty is to prod imagination to any appreciation of the simple facts.

Uncle Sam already occupies the first rank among the farmers of the world in the magnitude and value of his crops. Although his family constitutes only one twentieth of the human race, he produces nearly one third of the world's food supply, while Russia, which comes next as a food producer, has one twelfth of the world's population and supplies less than one fifth of its food.

Compare our wheat crop, for 1900, with that of the other leading wheat countries of the world:—

COUNTRY	BUSHELS
United States,	522,230,000
Russia in Europe,	396,623,000
France,	309,383,000
British India,	182,582,000
Germany,	141,139,000
Hungary,	135,000,000
Italy,	119,750,000
Spain,	105,000,000
Argentina,	101,266,000
Great Britain,	55,330,000

The expert (not official,) estimate of our wheat crop for the past year is seven hundred million, five hundred thousand bushels; and the same authority places our corn crop at 2,589,951,000 bushels, which equals the output of wheat for the entire world in 1900.

We are told, by government authority, that our crop of cereals for a single year is ninety million tons. Let us try to get hold of these figures so that they will mean something to us. How long a train of cars would be required to ship this crop, allowing forty feet outside measurement to each car, and ten tons of grain to each?

If we had a double track belting the globe at the equator, these cars loaded with our grain crop for a single year would fill both tracks solid, and then enough would be side-tracked to reach from New York to San Francisco six times!

Immense as is our output, it will doubtless be doubled when our farming is generally brought up to the high standard of scientific agriculture. This could be done without any increase of acreage. But the acreage under cultivation may be materially increased by irrigation, by the reclamation of bad lands, and by the more thrifty use of farm lands now allowed to run to waste.

American Wheat Is Becoming Popular in the Orient

We must not forget the increasing demand of the world. There are the seven hundred million inhabitants of China and India who are beginning to awake. These are rice-eating peoples. Our wheat is now being introduced into China, and we are told that, whenever wheat comes into competition with rice, the latter is supplanted. The standard of living is rising in China, thus making an enlarging market for our produce. Moreover, the Isthmian Canal will soon project the Pacific coast into the Mississippi Valley, thus bringing our vast national granary into direct water communication with the greatest market of the world's future.

We can fix no limit to the demands of the coming populations of the Pacific. Our food-producing lands are not boundless, but every application of science which increases their yield is a practical discovery of new lands. There is many a New World of agricultural possibility awaiting the advent of many a Columbus of science.

❧ ❧

THE WORKERS

ROBERT MACKAY

Warriors of Peace, whose laurels drip no dew of blood or tears,
Whose victories past shall nerve your arms through all the coming years,
Still shall be yours, when, with the westering sun,
You homeward wend your glad, though weary way,
The smile of God for duty nobly done,
And Love's sweet welcome at the close of day.

Though careless, thoughtless minds may fail to comprehend your toil,
Breasting the seas, taming the wilderness, tilling the stubborn soil,
It honors Heaven's behest; for, at the birth
Of this fair world, 't was thus His mandate ran:
"The pleasures and the treasures of this earth,
Lo, they are his whose life is lived for man!"

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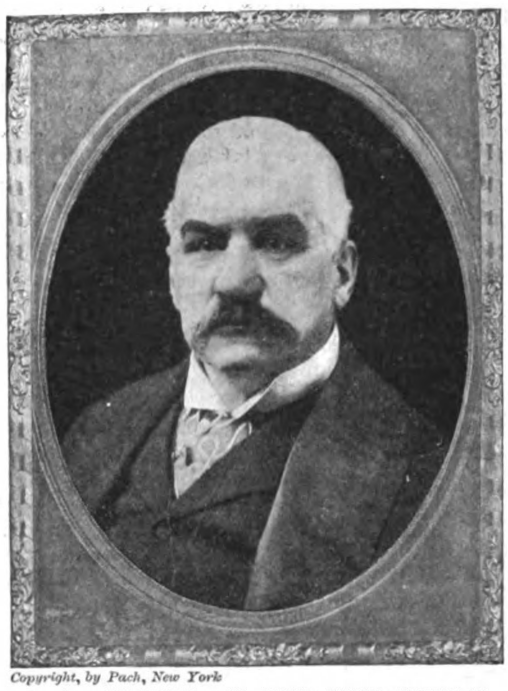
JOHN PIERPONT, THE POET

J. Pierpont Morgan as a Factor in the Nation

The methods of one of the most powerful kings of organization the financial world has ever known

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

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J. P. MORGAN, THE FINANCIER

THE czar of Russia is the richest man in the world. His mines, his factories, his illimitable estates, his invested funds, and his absolute control of the revenues of a great empire put him at the head of financial magnates; but nobody thinks of him as a millionaire. It is not wealth that the imagination pictures when the name of the czar is spoken, but power.

Like the Russian autocrat, John Pierpont Morgan is, first of all, a man of power, and only in a very minor and incidental way a man of wealth. Some rich men belong to their fortunes. Without their money they would be nobodies. Mr. Morgan's fortune belongs to him. If he should lose it to-morrow the stature of the man would in nowise be reduced.

It is generally understood that, to be a really great American "captain of industry," one must have come over in the steerage with two dollars in his pocket, or at least must have begun life as a grocer's boy at three dollars a week. J. Pierpont Morgan has had no such advantages. Not only can both his grandfathers be identified, but his family can be traced on both sides to the first settlers of New England. His maternal grandfather, John Pierpont, was a poet, the same whose exhortation to "Stand! the ground's your own, my braves," has been echoed by two generations of American schoolboys. It was Pierpont who exclaimed, more than half a century ago, with perhaps an unconsciously prophetic vision of his grandson's pilgrimages from the land of American rails to that of "tuppenny tubes:"—

"This nation to the Eagle cowers;
Fit ensign! she's a bird of spoil;
Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.
I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek."

Mr. Morgan's father loaded upon him Mr. Carnegie's "curse of wealth" to the extent of ten million dollars,—an amount that loomed larger in those days than a hundred millions do now. Instead of preparing for a business career by driving a delivery wagon, he took a German university course at Göttingen. He inherited not only wealth, but also banking connections which smoothed his road in life. Doubtless he could have been a self-made man if it had been necessary, but it was not. He built his success on the money and the business bequeathed by his father, as Frederick the Great built his on the treasure and the army of Frederick William.

He Is the Grandson of a Poet Who Achieved Worthy Fame in Literature

The name of Morgan first dawned on America when one Miles of that ilk landed in 1636, and joined the little company of pioneers that founded Springfield, Massachusetts, then the most remote outpost of New England among the hostile Indians. The family throve during colonial times, and Joseph Morgan, a prosperous farmer, served under Washington in the Revolution. Later he kept a tavern, and when he died he left to his son, Julius Spencer, a good bit of property in Hartford. It was Julius Spencer Morgan who first widened the horizon of the family, bringing it into touch with great enterprises and great financial forces. He went into partnership with ex-Vice President Levi P. Morton and was afterwards associated with George Peabody, establishing a banking house in London, with branches in America and Australia. He married Juliet Pierpont, the daughter of the poet-preacher, John Pierpont, and descendant of a long and honored colonial line. Of this union was born, at Hartford, on April 17, 1837, John Pierpont Morgan, in whom the practical shrewdness of the Morgans and the poetic imagination of the Pierponts are united in one daring and compelling genius. In mature life the poetical strain in Mr. Morgan's blood has displayed itself only in a love of beautiful things and in the lavish exuberance of his stock issues. But in boyhood, young Pierpont actually wrote poetry. At that time his schoolmates, who considered it a waste of time and energy to struggle with a name like Pierpont, were accustomed to call him "Pip." Not even the cartoonists take such liberties now. But the schoolboys were excusable, for there were no visible signs of greatness about Morgan until long afterwards. They tell a story of his father's efforts to launch him in business when he had grown to manhood. The elder Morgan said to a friend, the president of a large marine insurance company: "Please throw anything you can in the way of my son, J. Pierpont Morgan." The friend transferred five shares of stock in the company to the young man, and had him elected a director. Young Morgan attended the directors' meetings regularly, for there was a ten-dollar piece for each member of the board present, but he never opened his lips except to vote, and he always voted as the president did. At the end of his term, he was politely relieved of his position, and the financier wrote to his father that he did not think anything could be done with his son, who seemed to take no interest in business. At this time young Morgan was quietly carrying through his first railroad consolidation, which established his standing in Wall Street as the only man who had ever been able to get the better of Jay Gould.

Mr. Morgan's first business principle is confidence. This, more than all else, has given him power as a financial promoter. He has only to speak to sway the great money centers

His Earliest Great Undertaking Was to Finance an Unsuccessful Railroad

From the very first, Mr. Morgan's bent was constructive. When he entered the financial world the American railway system was the prey of wreckers. Men like James Fisk and Jay Gould would gain temporary control of a prosperous company by methods often coming within the scope of the criminal law, strip off its flesh, and fling the picked bones by the roadside. Mr. Morgan's ambition was to take an impoverished or bankrupt concern and nurse it to prosperity. He grasped from the beginning the advantages of consolidation. He tried to eliminate waste, stop rate wars, and substitute combination for competition. His first *coup* was in connection with the insolvent Alleghany and Susquehanna Railroad, which he rescued from Fisk and Gould, reorganized, and set on its feet. This was in 1869, when he was thirty-two years old. In 1876, the firm of Drexel, Morgan and Company, of which he was then the junior partner, financed the great refunding operation by which the bulk of the national debt of the United States was changed from a six to a four per cent. basis and the resumption of specie payments was assured. It was in connection with this proceeding that the word "syndicate" first penetrated the American consciousness. The combination of capitalists organized by Drexel, Morgan and Company, to handle the new bonds, was able to dispose of two hundred million dollars, in that day of small things a sum sufficient to command respect. To float United States four per cent. bonds at par would not seem a very exacting undertaking now, but at that time it was considered a triumph of financiering. The silver agitation was in its first fury, and nobody could say with certainty in what kind of dollars the bonds would be paid. Mr. Morgan took the risk, as he did nearly twenty years later in a similar crisis, profiting in each case by his courage. That is one of his peculiarities. He takes chances, but he generally wins. He is public-spirited, but his public spirit pays.

In 1885, Mr. Morgan was becoming known as a great railroad reorganizer. In that year he took in hand the great West Shore Railroad, which had been built to bleed the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and had become bankrupt in the process. He set the system on its feet, and made it an auxiliary instead of an enemy of the New York Central. The next year he furbished up the Reading, a year later the Baltimore and Ohio, and the year after that the Chesapeake and Ohio. His operations since then have attracted the attention of the world. The Cleveland bond issues of 1894–95, the creation of the Southern Railway system, the organization of the Steel Trust, the Northern Securities merger, the amalgamation of the anthracite coal interests, and the formation of the shipping combination, are a few of the strokes that have been watched with breathless interest by the financiers of two continents.

The Magic of the Name "Morgan" Will very easily Float a Combination

In September, 1902, the Morgan interests controlled fifty-five thousand, five hundred and fifty-five miles of American railways, or more than the mileage of Germany, Great Britain and Ireland combined. These lines have a capitalization of $3,002,949,571, which is more than three times the total interest-bearing debt of the United States. In addition, the Morgan influence is powerful in almost all the other important railroad systems of the country. The direct Morgan interests include eighteen railroad systems, one monster steamship company, thirteen industrial combinations, seven banks, three telegraph and cable companies, seven great insurance companies, and innumerable smaller corporations of divers kinds. The total capitalization of these various combinations is $6,448,500,000,—an amount greater than the national debt of any country in the world, and twice the debt of Great Britain. The capital of a single one of the Morgan companies —the United States Steel Corporation,—is equal to about twice the cost of the Boer War, and its net

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profits for the current year are estimated at one hundred and forty million dollars, a sum about equal to the annual cost of the British navy, and but little short of the total revenues of Spain. The aggregate net income of all the Morgan corporations is probably nearly or quite equal to the public revenues of any of the great powers of Europe, and the taxes on those companies pay the entire cost of maintaining the executive departments of New Jersey.

But Mr. Morgan does not depend on the dividends of his stocks for the bulk of his income. His chief business, at present, is promoting on a gigantic scale. When he organized the underwriting syndicate that launched the United States Steel Corporation, the subscribers were pledged, if called upon, to pay in two hundred million dollars. They actually advanced only twenty-five million dollars, and that was returned in the final settlement. Their profit on this investment was fifty-six million dollars, or over two hundred per cent. The share of J. P. Morgan and Company was about eleven million dollars. Every company Mr. Morgan floats—and the number is large,—yields profits proportionally. Often he has no need to advance money. The mere magic of his name floats a company, and his clients gladly pay him half a million, or a million, or five million dollars for the service. He has the knack of inspiring confidence. The people who trust him with their money—and he operates chiefly with other people's money, not with his own,—do not try to tie his hands with contracts. They let him alone to use his brain in their behalf, satisfied that, in due time, checks for the profits will be forthcoming.

He Enjoys the Roaring Battle of the Market Place

Although Mr. Morgan's income is enormous in comparison with that of an ordinary lawyer or doctor, it is small in comparison with what he might make it with half an effort. At least ten men in Wall Street have larger incomes than he, and most of them owe important parts of their revenues to the prosperity of the Morgan companies, based on the skill, experience, and nerve of their organizer. But that does not disturb Mr. Morgan. A lady asked him, some time ago, why he kept on accumulating money, when he already had more than he needed. "I do not love money for its own sake," he replied, "but I do enjoy the excitement, the fun, and the battle of making it." In other words, his ideal, like President Roosevelt's, is "the strenuous life." Not only does he enjoy the battle of the market place, but he is driven to it by forces he has created, but cannot control. "I long ago," he has said, "made the sum of money which, in my boyhood days, I dreamed that I would like to have, but I had created an enterprise that demanded my time and attention to develop, and have never since been able to get away from the treadmill, and now never expect to, unless senility or death claims me."

On November 10, 1902, the stock market in New York was panicky. The "bears" were hammering it with dire tales of disaster. They had two *pièces de résistance:* one, that a great corporation was in financial trouble; the other, that J. Pierpont Morgan was ill. The latter was by far the more ominous of the two, and the more quickly and emphatically denied. The public interests do not permit Mr. Morgan to be ill; and, as to dying, that would be an unthinkable dereliction of duty. London speculators have paid him the compliment of insuring his life, as if he had been contemplating a coronation. His death is the one event that, to-day, would certainly precipitate a gigantic panic in Wall Street. The American stock market passed quietly through the Spanish-American War, and was undisturbed by the presidential election of 1900 and the assassination of William McKinley; it met the steel strike and the anthracite strike conditions with reasonable equanimity, but the extinction at this time of the master mind that sustains its gigantic structure of credit would shake it to its foundations. Thousands of millions of stocks are composed of Morgan and water. Withdraw the Morgan stiffening, and the water would have trouble in standing alone.

Important Financial Matters, in Which Others Are Interested, Rest on Him

Yet, in spite of all, Mr. Morgan cherishes the hope that he may be able to retire. He is training his brilliant son, John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., to take his place, and, if the time comes when he can convince not only himself, but his associates and the investing public, as well, that the great machine he has created can keep on running with only the young man's hand on the lever, he will gratify his desire. His ambition is to have leisure to enjoy the wonderful things he has collected,—to become acquainted with his books and pictures, and become really their master instead of merely the custodian of the museums in which they are stored. At the age of sixty-five it is time to begin thinking of such things seriously, if they are ever to be thought of at all.

The prospect of retirement seems distant enough at present. Never before were so many interests dependent upon a single private citizen as are now upon J. Pierpont Morgan. Let a strike take place in any industry, and at once the cry is, "Ask Morgan to settle it." Let the treasury be short of gold, and Mr. Morgan must come to its relief, replenish its stock, and, by main force, dam the tide of foreign exchanges to keep the reserves from flowing abroad. Let a "corner" squeeze the "shorts" in Wall Street until a catastrophe is impending, and it is Mr. Morgan who must balk the victorious bulls of their prey and enforce reasonable terms of settlement.

Three recent events, out of dozens similar, illustrate his unique position. Last year, after the contest for the control of the Northern Pacific Railroad had culminated in an earthquake shock of panic and ruin, he was authorized to select individually a new board of directors for the company. In the late anthracite strike, John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, offered to submit the dispute to arbitrators named by Mr. Morgan, notwithstanding his identification with the cause of capital in the controversy; and, finally, when it became plain that the strike had to be ended, Mr. Morgan, although holding no position that could give him an official standing in the matter, went over the heads of the corporation presidents who were nominally in control, and settled the dispute by direct negotiations with the President of the United States, as between ruler and ruler. Mr. Morgan is more than a man; he is an institution. He is a national balance wheel.

All the Larger Interests of Life Appeal to Him

The American people like a strong, masterful man, and so, while colossal aggregations of wealth are little loved, the organizer who has done more than any one else to create them is not unpopular. The average American feels toward J. Pierpont Morgan somewhat as the average Frenchman felt toward Napoleon. He may be a tyrant at home, but he has led the national forces to splendid victories abroad, and even at home he can show superb constructive achievements that compensate for his despotism. The popular instinct recognizes in Mr. Morgan a worker, a creator,—one who handles millions as the engineers at Assuan handled their blocks of stone, for the construction of mighty and beneficent fabrics. Hence it does not feel toward him the resentment it displays against those whose wealth is absorbed in self-indulgence.

But he is no mere business machine, grinding out syndicates and consolidations as a rolling mill turns out steel rails. He is a full-blooded, many-sided human being, as rich in personal tastes and interests as in dollars. The things he loves most of all are collie dogs, and the man to whom he gives a blooded Scotch collie from the Cragston kennels may congratulate himself on having reached the inner sanctuary of Mr. Morgan's favor. He is an indefatigable collector of rare books and works of art, and carries into that pursuit some of the same methods by which he beats down opposition in Wall Street. He is not a connoisseur. He does not pick out his books one at a time, as Robert Hoe does, lingering lovingly over each as an individual treasure. He buys in blocks, by the force of money, often through agents, as he would buy stocks.

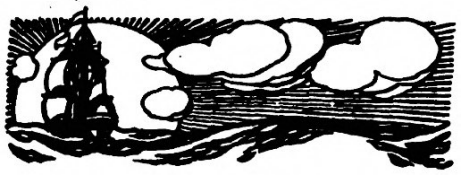
Unostentatiously, Mr. Morgan Gives Millions of Dollars to Worthy Causes

When he heard that a collection of thirty-two "Caxtons," gathered by William Morris, was in the market, he bought it in a lump. That gave him more "Caxtons" than were in the entire Hoe library, but Colonel Hoe had some individual specimens which he would not have exchanged for Mr. Morgan's whole collection. A man of Mr. Morgan's great intelligence, spending money as lavishly as he does, must gain possession of many things of real value, but he is often deceived in his art purchases. Sometimes he buys a spurious article, as when he paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the so-called Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. Sometimes he buys a good thing for an unnecessarily high price, as when he gave half a million dollars for Raphael's Madonna of Padua. Still, with all deductions, his collections are marvelous in extent, variety, and richness. His art gallery in New York City surpasses any other in America. His town and country houses in England are jewel caskets of art. Whenever he visits Europe he scatters coin among the dealers in books and pictures,—five thousand dollars for a mezzotint engraving, twenty-five thousand dollars for a Persian rug woven for an eighteenth-century shah, the same for a psalter printed by Johann Faust and Peter Scheffer, thirty thousand dollars for a bronze statuette of Hercules, a million dollars for the Fragonard-Du Barry panels, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Mr. Morgan seems to regard himself and the public as partners in his art excursions. He pays a fortune for a book, a picture, or a collection of gems, ceramics, tapestries, or bronzes, and he may put his purchase into one of his own galleries, in New York or London, or he may offer it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Cooper Union in New York City, or to some foreign museum, as the humor strikes him. He keeps treasures valued at two million, five hundred thousand dollars abroad as an object-lesson to his countrymen on the iniquity of the tariff duties on works of art. When those duties shall be repealed it is expected that these things will come to America, where they will eventually find their way into public collections.

Mr. Morgan's function in the art world seems to be to keep things moving. He is incessantly buying art objects and as incessantly giving them away. The one thing he never does with them is to sell them. A few weeks ago he offered several thousand Burns manuscripts to the Athenaeum Library at Liverpool. He gave a two-hundred-thousand-dollar collection of ancient textiles to Cooper Institute. He gave two of the rarest sapphires in the world to the American Museum of Natural History. He gave the Pan-American collection of gems to the *Musée d' Histoire Naturelle*, Paris. He bought the famous Pfungst collection of bronzes for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One day he telephoned to the curator of that institution, General di Cesnola, and asked if he could not find time to call at his office. General di Cesnola explained that he was extremely

[*Concluded on pages 110 and 11.*]

A Notable Poem by J. Pierpont Morgan's Grandfather



The Pilgrim Fathers

J. PIERPONT

THE pilgrim fathers,—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the "Mayflower" moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim,—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the "Mayflower" lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

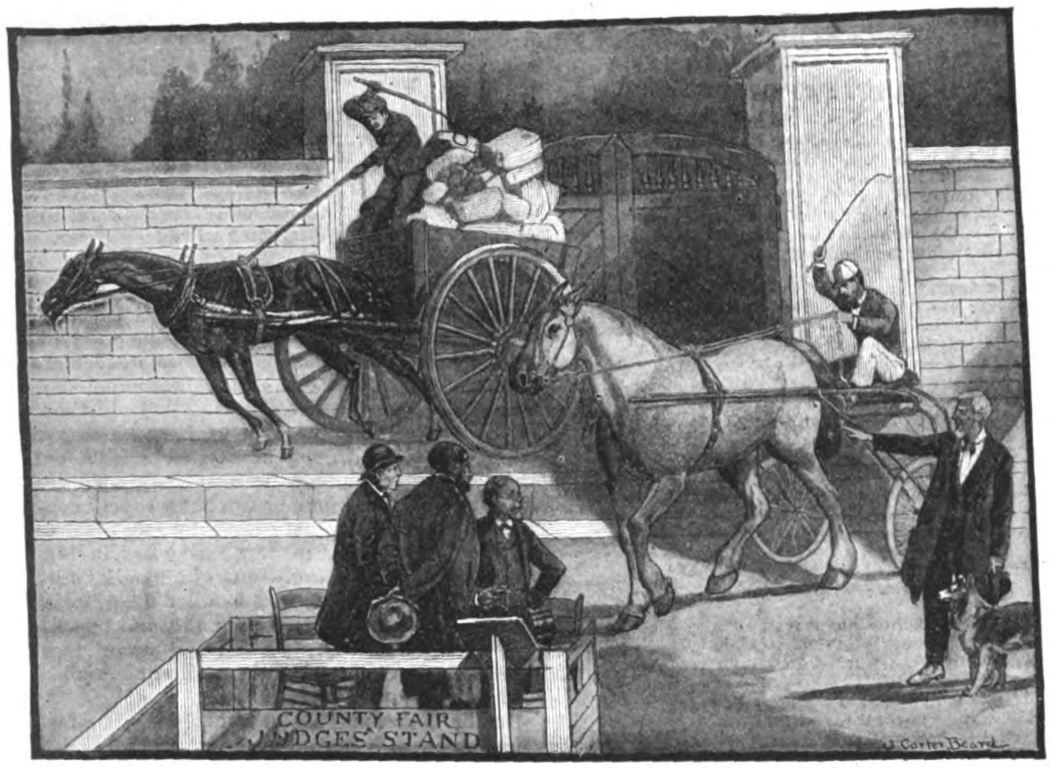
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EDITORIAL PAGE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR AND FOUNDER

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
UNIVERSITY BUILDING, NEW YORK

The Message Written In the Blood



"If those fellows would only swap horses, they might do somethin'"

HALF the friction in life comes from round pegs in square holes, and square in round. Draught horses, harnessed to sulkies, try clumsily to make speed, while race horses strain in vain to move heavy cart-loads. Change horses, and the race is won, the cart rolls on its way. Nature has fitted each creature for its proper task, and man is ridiculous when he tries to reverse her laws. Nevertheless, much of the work of the world is done by those as sadly out of place as either of the horses in the above cartoon. Thus the work and the worker are spoiled, discontent embitters thousands of lives, and God's plans are frustrated. No man is strong enough to fight against his Creator and win. What God has written in a man's heart and brain, he must read and follow, or he will never find life's meaning, never perform his allotted task.

When circumstances force so many people to uncongenial tasks, and blind obstinacy leads others to try that which their natural capacity gives them no warrant to attempt, is it any wonder there are so many mental and moral cripples, so many life-wrecks, so much botched work?

If you are out of your place, you must expect mediocrity, be content to be a pigmy, never rising to your full stature. You can never be resourceful, original, productive, as a leader must be. You are condemned to be a follower, a trailer. No one can prevent your choosing to make a living instead of a life, but you wrong yourself and rob society by such choice. You owe yourself the best opportunity possible for expansion and expression, and nothing else will call out your possibilities, or make you so manly or womanly, as the healthy exercise of all your powers in a congenial occupation. On the other hand, a misfit vocation destroys self-confidence, and robs one of self-respect. Nothing else will make a man so wretched as feeling that he is out of his sphere. All his faculties protest against his persistence in trying to do what his inner consciousness cannot approve. Ambition is paralyzed, effort made futile.

Since these truths are plain to any close observer, it is most unfortunate to drift into a life-occupation, yet that is what is done by the great majority of boys in this country. They do not choose their work because they are specially fitted for it, but look for a job, and often take the first place that is offered. What chance is there of its fitting them or of their being adapted to it? What chance is there, when answering an advertisement of "Boy Wanted," or going from door to door, of a boy's finding a place that will bring into play the peculiar faculties God has given him?

The job a boy secures by chance may be work that every faculty of his being will rebel against, and yet, from uncertainty of other work, he must keep the job until it becomes second nature to him, and he gradually drifts into it as a life-work. Such is the history of toiling thousands forced to stifle both inward longings for loved activities, and disgust at imposed conditions with the thought of pressing necessities, of hardship to loved ones sure to come if the steps on the treadmill are allowed to falter. Faculties meant for use shrivel and atrophy, and those the workers are compelled to exert, from lack of joy and spontaneity in the work, become machine-like, doing just what is required to insure the weekly wages.

The boy who drifts into an occupation for which he is unfitted is innocently committing murder upon the highest and best in himself. He is a suicide galvanized into capacity for toil by necessity.

Forcing young people into the first situations they can possibly fill, regardless of aptness, is a wrong that is often irreparable. In many cases society as a whole is to blame, for poverty knows no higher law, but when parents able to do differently thus inconsiderately ruin their children's future, no condemnation can be too strong.

I know a number of young people having marked ability in certain lines, who are probably capable of making great reputations, but who are being held back by parents who do not happen to think it wise or prudent for their children to strive to express what the Creator has locked up within them, and so they are cramped and unhappy. It is serious business, even for a parent, to stifle a God-given ambition, to dampen a divine aspiration. If a decided talent has been put into a child, a parent should think many times before taking the responsibility of countermanding the Creator's order. Every child comes into the world with sealed orders from the Infinite hand, and even the fondest parent cannot certainly read the secret message written within that bit of clay. The child has certain inalienable rights which even the parent has no right to question or to try to modify.

Selecting a life-work is serious business. It should be done only after careful study and test of aptitudes, fitness, and tastes, by both the person choosing and those having authority with him, unless his bent speaks so loudly in his blood, and his dominant faculties are so imperative in their expression of choice that he cannot mistake the calling for which he is fitted. It is everything to a boy or a girl to get into just the right place, where the highest and noblest faculties will find a healthy and delightful exercise, instead of the lowest and meanest. To do the kind of work for which one is fitted by nature, and to do it to the best of one's ability, is working along the lines of one's strength, which increases with every well-directed effort.

In making a decision as to what his work in life shall be, a man who would woo success should heed the God-given message that speaks in his blood. One's natural inclination, developed by encouragement and education, and controlled by conscience and reason, is the surest guide to an employment most likely to be rewarded with success. "A plowman on his legs," says Franklin, "is higher than a gentleman on his knees." One would better be a successful cobbler than a briefless lawyer, or a physician without practice.

Individual happiness and success, as also the welfare of the whole fabric of society, depend upon the answer that young men and women make to the questions, "What can I do best?" "In what capacity can I best serve my fellow men and develop to the utmost my highest powers?" These searching questions must not be answered thoughtlessly. In choosing a vocation, do not be deceived by a misapplication of the aphorism, "Where there's a will, there's a way." There is no greater fallacy than the assertion that a man can be what he wills to be. He may, perchance, become supreme in what nature intended him for, but in anything else he must necessarily be a botch, or, at best, a comparative failure.

Overfond or ambitious parents, admiring classmates, and well-meaning but mistaken friends, who believe that one is a genius, may suggest that one can become a great lawyer, statesman, orator, clergyman, physician, architect, or engineer,—in fact, anything one wills. Do not be deceived by such suggestions. Analyze carefully your temperament and tastes. If then in doubt as to a choice, look into the conditions attendant upon all the occupations and professions under consideration, try to realize the qualifications necessary in each for success, and consider whether or not you are fitted by nature for any of them. Then ask yourself if you have the courage, perseverance, and physical strength to stand by your calling, no matter what hardships or trials you may be obliged to endure. Having thus chosen, do not waver or reconsider. Start right, and right away!

"Like a boat on a river," says Emerson, "every boy runs against obstructions on every side but one. On that side all obstructions are taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea." When you have found your true calling, nature will not oppose your progress with barriers. There will be no straining or pulling against your inclinations. Hardships and difficulties will be powerless to hold you back from the success that is to be yours by divine right.

You may be very sure, my young friend, that, if you do not feel yourself growing in your work and your life broadening and deepening, if your task is not a perpetual tonic to you, you have not found your place. If your work is drudgery to you, if you are always longing for the lunch hour, or the closing hour, to release you from the work that bores you, you may be sure that you have not found your niche. Unless you go to your task with greater delight than you leave it, it belongs to some other man.

Every man is a sphinx to all others, an unsolved riddle, an agent from his Creator, with sealed orders

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If You Can't Go to College

III.—Political Economy

RICHARD T. ELY
[*University of Wisconsin*]



COLLEGE courses, to-day, are numerous, and there are no clearly defined limits to the number of electives allowed in the selection of studies. There are courses of study in which the natural sciences claim the major portion of time and strength, there are others in which the chief place is given to literature, and there are still others in which special attention is paid to studies which have a direct and important bearing upon citizenship. The University of Wisconsin has, among its various courses, one which is called the Civic Historical Course, laying special emphasis upon history, political science, and political economy. It is clear, then, that we cannot lay down a college course in political economy which will answer the needs of all. I shall undertake, however, to describe the kind of course which, it seems to me, everyone should have who would be prepared for intelligent discussion of the economic problems of our day. We find economic problems meeting us at every turn; we find, also, that they are urgently pressing for solution, and it is not unreasonable to expect from those who have had a college course, or its equivalent, that they shall be prepared to deal intelligently with these questions.

It Is well to Study *the* Art *of* Getting a Living

The branches of knowledge multiply unceasingly, but the time and strength of human beings do not increase in like proportion. One of the problems of modern life meeting us at every turn is this: how shall we choose among the multiplicity of demands made upon our resources of time and strength? The confusion and perplexity existing are daily breaking down men and women, and leading large numbers to nervous prostration. When it is said, then, that a considerable amount of attention should be given to political economy by him who would rank as a liberally educated person, the question may properly be raised, why? I must answer this question to the best of my ability, aware, however, that there is room for a difference of opinion.

Political economy deals with the art of getting a living. That is not all, however. Generally speaking, technical studies deal with the art of getting a living. One who is pursuing an engineering course is acquiring the art of getting a living. It is obvious that we must take a further step to define more closely political economy. It deals with the art of getting a living in society. But even yet we have not gone far enough. We must narrow down our informal definition still further. Political economy deals not with an isolated activity in gaining a livelihood, but with associated activity. It is concerned with the relations which arise among men in their efforts to gain a livelihood for themselves and their families. It is a science of relations.

Political Economy Is One *of* Several Social Sciences

We find in modern society capitalists associated together, and the result is that there are corporations in all their forms, including the great modern combinations popularly known as trusts. These relations come within the scope of political economy. The entire monopoly problem, in its theoretical and practical aspects, is included. We have to do also with the relations existing between those who combine capital and enterprise in production and the general public, considered as consumers or purchasers of products.

When we turn our attention to wage-earners, we think about their associated activity, taking the form of trades-unions and labor organizations in general. There follows, naturally, a consideration of the relation of the wage-earner to the employer. Capital and labor suggest division of labor and machinery.

The relations between buyer and seller touch us all doubly. These relations involve a large proportion of political economy, whether regarded in its purely theoretical, or in its purely practical aspects. These relations involve money, and the money problem, banks of all sorts, checks, drafts, and bills of exchange.

We have gone far enough to see that political economy is a social science. It is not *the* social science, but one of several social sciences. It is a peculiarity of modern times that the relations which arise among men in their efforts to secure a livelihood have increased enormously both in their number and in their significance. The art of gaining a livelihood is now distinctively a social art. There is a constantly growing dependence of man upon man in one's efforts to secure a livelihood. We produce for others, while others produce for us; and, through a process of exchange, there come to us those things which we eat and wear and which we consume otherwise. The modern man scarcely produces anything of an economic nature which he, himself, directly consumes. A million persons are daily working for us, while our toil enters into the general wealth of society.

The more the reader thinks about this simple statement, the more meaning it will have for him. It will show him the inevitable nature of economic problems, and convince him, as soon as he begins to grasp the import of the statement, that the welfare of society and of the individuals composing society depends upon the wisdom with which we handle the economic problems of our day. Let the reader take up a daily newspaper and glance through it, and write down a list of the separate economic problems which, in one way and another, are brought forward in its columns. If he does so, he will begin to have some idea of the vital significance of political economy, and will acknowledge the importance of the study in the curriculum which is to make out of boys and girls liberally educated men and women, with the duties of citizenship resting upon them.

Changes in Economic Evolution Are Frequent

As I take it, basing what I say upon an experience of twenty years as a teacher, and upon wide observation of the results of economic education in after-life, the one who would be well equipped in political economy should have four different economic studies. First of all, there is the general course which gives a broad survey of the entire field. Such a course gives definitions of familiar terms, describes the life which we see about us, and does not attempt an off hand solution of economic problems; but, rather, through the knowledge which it presents and its discipline in methods, it opens the eyes of the reader to the economic life which exists about us, and for the observation of which training is necessary. The aim of such a course should be to place before the one who takes it the real nature of the problems with which we have to deal, showing their true complexity, and pointing out the painstaking care with which they must be treated, both theoretically and practically. A course of this kind brings clearly before us the fact that the economic society which exists is a society which has grown up gradually, and which cannot be changed arbitrarily. At the same time, it is seen that changes have taken place, that they are taking place, and that they will continue to take place, and that, to a large extent, intelligent social action may guide beneficially the course of economic evolution.

Books That Give Offhand Solutions Are Misleading

We cannot solve the problems of labor and capital, the problems of competition and monopoly, in any sledge-hammer fashion, but by painstaking effort we can gradually remove the evils connected with the forces suggested by these terms, and we can increase the good brought us by the development which they signify. Any book which gives dogmatic, off hand solutions, any book which claims to put a student in a position to solve easily the problems which are taxing the best efforts of statesmen, is entirely misleading. To use the phrase of one economist, the great thing is to "look and see," meaning not only to look and see, but also to look and see intelligently.

I am asked to mention text-books. Let me put a question to the reader before I answer the question which is asked. If you had prepared a text-book of political economy because, among other things, you could not find any other which seemed to present the subject in what seemed to you the right way, what would you do when asked to mention a text-book? This is the sort of question which often enough confronts an author. Shall he say nothing about his own book? Would not that be a kind of self-stultification? President Hyde, in his "New Century Ideals," tells us that we should treat ourselves as we would our best friend. To neglect to mention one's own book certainly is not in accordance with the treatment which we would mete out to our best friend. After all, it is at least conceivable that an author may have succeeded in his efforts to do a thing, often done, in a better way than some others, who have attempted it previously, and in that case it would not be fair to those who ask the mention of a text-book to neglect to name his own book. Certainly it would involve a kind of hypocritical modesty. The great professor of political science, Bluntschli, in Heidelberg, under whom it was my good fortune to study, had a course of lectures upon the history of political thought. When he came to his own writings, he said, "Bluntschli has said"—so and so, or "has attempted to make"—such and such points, mentioning himself in the third person, as he would another writer, but most carefully refraining from any effort to qualify his work with praise or blame. That has always seemed to me to be the proper course of a truly modest man.

These Books Will Be Found Useful by Students

After incidentally alluding to this account of the right course for an author, when he is asked to mention a work upon a subject which he has discussed in a book of his own, I allude to the fact that, in my "Outlines of Economics," I have attempted a broad, general survey of the field of political economy, in the spirit which I have indicated. My aim has been to cultivate powers of observation, to stimulate thought and awaken a desire for further knowledge, also to avoid anything rash and dogmatic or radical, but rather to encourage people to make haste slowly, yet still not to fail to go forward. My aim has been to write this book, as well as my other books, in a spirit of progressiveness, as opposed to a spirit of radicalism. It is for others to say how well I may have succeeded.

A book which is written in this same spirit, and which I do not hesitate to pronounce successful, is Professor Charles J. Bullock's "Introduction to the Study of Economics." A book which could doubtless be described as more conservative in tone is Laughlin's "Elements of Political Economy."

Whatever book one uses as a text-book, a valuable help will be found in Professor Henry W. Thurston's "Economics and Industrial History for Secondary Schools." This book does not give us a continuous narrative text, but it asks questions and offers suggestions without number, while at the same time it affords a considerable amount of positive information. As a book to be used in connection with a text-book, it is the best work which I know.

Special Study *of* Current Problems Is very Useful

It is not enough to know what is: we must also know how that which exists came to be what it is, in order to understand fully the present. Consequently, a general survey of economic history is valuable. Hobson's "Evolution of Capitalism" gives a brief sketch of the development of modern industrial society, and brings us into real, living contact with the problems of to-day. Another popular text-book of economic history is Cheyney's "Industrial and Social History of England."

As a third course, I would recommend some special study of current problems. Most universities have such a course, although it goes by various names. Sometimes it is called a "Course in Unsettled Problems." Such a course takes up those economic questions which are especially pressing at the present time, and is useful to prepare men to take part in debates, to do effective newspaper work, or to participate in public life, and will frequently be found helpful for a preacher. In some universities it has been found that a good way to approach current problems is through

[*Concluded on page 102*]

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Arthur W. Pinero, the noted English dramatist, who is to visit America

Events and People in

The Debt-collecting Venture in Venezuela. The Foolhardiness of England in Becoming a German Cat's-paw. The Progress of Arbitration. How a Panic Was Averted

THE despicable Venezuelan debt-collecting adventure which was instigated by Great Britain and Germany, and its final settlement by arbitration, should serve as a lesson, all around, to Europe, to the United States, and to South America. Venezuela needed a lesson in common honesty and good manners; England and Germany—and especially Germany,—had to be shown their limitations in the Western Hemisphere, and it was necessary to make the United States fully conscious of the grave risk of allowing a country like Germany to be igniting gunpowder in South America. "All's well that ends well," but let's have no more of this sort of history, if it is possible to avoid it. Germany should not be permitted to get into a position, in her relations with us, where there would be good reason to suspect her good faith. Let us not tempt her too far, for the only lasting respect she has for us, or for the Monroe Doctrine, is that commanded by our fleet battleships. We succeeded in forcing arbitration in this affair as we did in 1892, between England and Venezuela, but this second time we did it over a keg of powder. The Isthmian Canal is to be built. The negotiations are now progressing smoothly. This will bring all South America completely within our commercial sphere; and with great lines of steamers between the two continents and an American railway striding the Andes from Panama to Patagonia, we shall be able to civilize this backward continent; but, in the meantime, we must depend upon our navy as the only safety on the Western Hemisphere against European aggression. For every battleship that Germany puts on the stocks, we should put one of equal power.

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OF late, England has claimed the honor of having originated the Monroe Doctrine. Well, if she did originate it, she should be the last to give a country like Germany a chance to violate it. But did she originate it? On August 20, 1823, before the conference of the continental powers of Europe—known as the Holy Alliance,—was held in Paris to assist Spain to recover her revolted American colonies, Lord Canning, the British prime minister, suggested to Mr. Rush, the American minister to England, a concerted action on the part of England and America against the continental powers. Lord Canning told the French minister at London, on the ninth of October of that year, that England would not tolerate any assistance being given to Spain by Europe. The latter event was nearly two months before President Monroe's message embodying the doctrine. The declaration of British policy very likely deterred the continental nations from their proposed adventure, but, as a matter of fact, Washington, in his farewell address, when he said that we should permit no entangling alliances with foreign countries, breathed the first breath of the Monroe Doctrine. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Monroe's secretary of state, in a speech made some months previous to the date of the conversation on this subject between Lord Canning and Mr. Rush, outlined substantially what is now known as the Monroe Doctrine. Charles Francis Adams, the secretary's grandson, is our authority for this statement, and the Monroe Doctrine is undoubtedly of American, and not of English origin, though the South American republics very likely owe their early existence more to England than to the United States. But, for the last fifty years, we have had to bear the burden of their existence wholly on our shoulders. However, if one will take the trouble to study the topography of South America and the sort of guerrilla warfare that its forty millions of inhabitants can wage, he need not fear that these countries will fall into the power of Europe. It is doubtful if Europe could conquer them, even if the United States did not exist. Chile, alone, behind her hills, could defeat Germany. The chief weakness of these Latin peoples is their lack of organization and intercommunication.

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THE keynote of the world's progress for the last six months has been arbitration. Never before, in so short a time, have so many disputes between nations, and between capital and labor, been adjusted thus, not in every case with entire satisfaction to both parties, but certainly more nearly so than by any other method. The disagreement between the United States and England, on the one hand, and Germany on the other, over Samoa, was decided in favor of the latter by the King of Sweden; the Hague courts gave judgment for the United States in the difference with Mexico over the Pius Fund; Chile and Argentina, who have been on the brink of war for years, over the boundary line between them, have become reconciled by the decision of King Edward; the great coal strikes in this country, in France, and in Switzerland, have all been sent to courts of arbitration. The United States sent envoys to Rome and delicately informed the pope that the friars must be removed from their tenure in the Philippines. This knotty question is now being amicably settled. As we write, the trouble between Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, in partial or at least tacit alliance, and Venezuela, seems likely to be finally passed upon by some court of arbitration. Great Britain and France are drawing together, and will soon doubtless reach a friendly understanding in all their relations. Every one—even Joseph Chamberlain and Paul Kruger,—is now convinced that the Boer War ought to have been nipped in the bud by arbitration, and we all know that our war with Spain could have been prevented. There are great impending dangers in Europe, notably in Austria, in the Balkans, and in Turkey, as well as elsewhere, but the men at the top are anxiously conscious of these perils. There was never before so much intelligence, so much reason, so much alertness, or, indeed, so much good nature and forbearance manifested among chancellories as now. This tendency toward arbitration has begun to assure the more hopeful that war will eventually be put aside as a game in which even fools and madmen must not indulge.

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SOME weeks ago, Bishop Fitzgerald, in a Methodist Conference in Buffalo, made the statement that there were a dozen men in this country who could and would checkmate any money panic that might threaten. Since then, a half dozen New York bankers—among them J. P. Morgan, James Stillman, and J. F. Baker,—have made a pool of fifty million dollars, as a reserve loan fund, to be drawn on in case of a very tight money market. The news of this pool caused money to drop from ten to four per cent. in Wall Street in an hour. There could be no better illustration of the complete control of finance in the hands of a few men than this incident, and it is a guarantee that we are not in any grave danger of a panic, however objectionable an oligarchy in finance may appear. A flexible and adaptable system of currency, which it has long been the imperative duty of congress to create, but which it has steadfastly refused to do, would at this time be nothing to fear. For ten months of the fiscal year, ending with October, 1902, the exports from the United States exceeded the imports by three hundred million dollars. That is a handsome balance in our favor, larger than that of any previous year, except 1900. Thirty-two and sixty-one hundredths per cent. of this great sum were manufactures. We are manufacturing and selling abroad more high-class goods than ever before, and, when the sum is footed up for 1902, it will be in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifteen million dollars, only eighteen million dollars short of 1900. What is equally important, we are selling the great bulk of these manufactures to our great rivals in Europe,—England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, and France. Still more important, we have the richest and most profitable home market of any nation. But for the enormous consumption of our own people, we should overwhelm foreigners with our exports.



Alfred Mosely who investigated American labor matters **Cornelius Vanderbilt, inventor of the locomotive fire-box, and John J. Astor, inventor of the turbine boiler, are millionaires who have not wasted their time**



Sir Alfred Milner is to be the new governor of Canada **Mrs. J. L. Blair will head the St. Louis Women's Board** **U. S. Supreme Judge Harlan has served twenty-five years**

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The World's Affairs

The Unpopularity of Germany's new Tariff. The Publication of Accounts of the Trusts. Inducing Southern Negroes to Emigrate to the Philippines. Is Labor really Free?

GERMANY has a new tariff, which doubtless means a new crop of troubles. Pushing this measure through the reichstag will prove beyond doubt that the German people enjoy very little real political liberty. The socialist party is the strongest single unit in this body, and, to prevent the passage of a tariff bill, it interposed a game of obstruction, which all the other parties united to end, and the bill was hastily put through by a small majority, without debate. The bill pleased nobody, and some of its features are so objectionable that the government will not undertake to put them in power. The methods of throttling the representations of a larger minority of the people without opportunity for its discussion—the main purpose of the reichstag,—show how far certain elements of the people have drifted toward absolutism under the guidance of the emperor. Even Bismarck was never able to force through such abortive legislation. This event must necessarily increase the strength of socialism, which in Germany is another name for democracy. The socialist party, within the last ten years, has made tremendous headway, and, more than anything else, it is the mainspring of the activity of the German ruling class abroad. "*Vorwarts*," the chief organ of the party, speaks with a courage new in the German press, for it boldly took the emperor to task for the speech in which he threw down the gauntlet to the socialists over the grave of Herr Krupp, the late gunmaker. The writer of that article is now, of course, looking through the bars for *lèse-majesté*, but *lèse-majesté* is the German milestone to liberty just as it has been in other monarchies.

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CONGRESS will do nothing of importance, outside of its necessary routine of business, at this session. The senate, in the beginning, put the ship-subsidy bill in its coffin. Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, has introduced, in the house, a bill providing for the publication of all matters of importance relating to trusts. Its chief provision is to the effect that all corporations and companies doing interstate business of five hundred thousand dollars or more must open their books annually to the Interstate Commerce Commission for inspection of assets and their character, income, wages, etc. The bill will provoke more discussion on the subject of trusts, and much of it will be illuminating, but it will not become a law. We do not yet know how to control the trusts, or what ought to be done with them. Most people probably feel that some sort of legislation ought to be enacted, but that it would be better to do nothing than to do the wrong thing. The trust magnates and their legion of influential friends are ever on hand to encourage this spirit.



Charles T. Yerkes, the American who will build London's underground railway



Lord and Lady Curzon, the viceroys of India, will be crowned in high state for the king and queen of England. Lady Curzon was Miss Leiter, of Chicago

Anthony Fiala will lead the next Zeigler polar expedition

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MORE than one unsuccessful effort has been made to induce the negroes in the Southern States to emigrate to Africa or some tropic island of the sea. Few of them have ever emigrated, and those few came to a miserable end. It is now claimed, by Senator Morgan, that one of the original homes of the negro was the Philippine Islands, and that thousands of colored people ought to be induced to leave the South, and take up their residence in these faraway domains of our flag, for the sake of the peace and glory of the United States and for their own best interests. President Roosevelt, who has lately been appointing "competent and upright" colored citizens to public offices in the South, to the dismay and the disgust of the citizens of Charleston and elsewhere, has evidently taken some stock in this idea. He has had Elihu Root, secretary of war, send T. Thomas Fortune, a colored editor of Brooklyn, New York, as a commissioner to Hawaii and the Philippines, to see if those islands would make good homes for southern negroes. The dominant element in Hawaii, which is white, prefers Chinese coolies to negroes, for the former have no vote, and are very obedient, while negroes, who have had a taste of independence and would carry with them their ballots, would certainly produce trouble. On the other hand, in the Philippines, it is believed that negroes would be cordially received and would flourish. The negro soldiers who have served there have easily fraternized with the natives, and have succeeded when they engaged in any Philippine occupations. There are millions of fertile, unclaimed acres of land in these islands, which, it is declared, can never be settled by white men, as the Philippine Islands are not and never can be suitable places of residence for white men. It is proposed to cut these tracts into small farms and settle upon them all the negroes that can be induced to go there. But with all this fuss about the political and social dangers from negroes to the South, it will be found that the southern whites and the negroes cannot be easily induced to separate. In the cotton belt negro labor is an economic necessity. It is doubtful if white men would ever cultivate these plantations, and they certainly will not until some genius invents a machine that will pick cotton. Four million negroes, however, could be taken from the towns, cities, and rural piedmonts with much benefit to the South and to the whole country.



Manuel Lopez is the new U.S. minister from San Salvador

Miss Quay will christen the battleship "Pennsylvania"

Emilio de Ojeda is the new U. S. minister from Spain

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THE Civic Federation has happily become a clearing house for ideas in the discussion between capital and labor. Its three days' session in December, in New York, served to show many of the strong and weak points in the armor of capital and in the aspirations of labor. The spirit of all these discussions was shown in a joint agreement between employers and their men. Compulsory arbitration was generally tabooed. Representatives of some of the great trades, for example, the Newspaper Publishers' Association and the International Longshoremen's Association, reported that, by agreement, harmonious relations generally exist between the employers and their men, and that the tendency in the great majority of the trades is to reduce the hours of labor. The secretary of the Civic Federation addressed five thousand letters to large manufacturers in America, inquiring if it were practical to gradually reduce hours by voluntary uniform agreement throughout a given industry, provided the employees would agree to abandon any arbitrary restrictions of output. He said that nine hundred and twenty replies had been received, and of that number six hundred and seven were in the affirmative. The point that provoked the sharpest discussion was that raised as to whether or not labor is free. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, speaking for the labor organizations, declared that it was not their policy to deny unorganized labor its legal and moral rights, but he thought that the non-union men were under some moral obligations to labor organizations for having improved the conditions of labor, and that by cutting wages they helped to undermine their own best interests as well as those of the unions. Professor John Graham Brooks believed that joint agreement would eventually settle, and settle aright, the status of the non-union men. By this method of settling all difficulties, the unions would become so strong that the non-union man, as a factor, would be wholly eliminated. The professor strongly advised the unions against becoming incorporated in law; he thought that independent workingmen would refuse to join such chartered corporations, and that they must go to the wall. These discussions must prove of immense value in the clarification of the atmosphere of suspicion, intolerance and ignorance that has existed between capital and labor. Alfred Mosely who attended the meetings, said: "When the question of capital and labor is fought out, I think it will leave the two as partners on about these terms: First, a minimum of wage for labor; second, interest for capital invested in an industry; third, a fund for depreciation of buildings, machinery, and other items of the means of production; fourth, old age pensions for workers; fifth, the balance of the wealth produced to be equally divided between the employers and the employees."

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The Editor's Chat With His Readers



Step out from the surging crowd, and make yourself a master.—Clay

Why are there always hundreds of men crowding one another for positions at low wages, while higher salaries are often offered in vain for first-class service?

The Man Who Is Never Out of Work

CAN you do the thing that no one else can do, or can you do a thing in a way that no one else can do it? Are you ingenious, always on the lookout for new devices, improved methods, up-to-date ways of doing things; in short, are you a man of ideas? Do you think to some purpose, or do you merely dream? Are you alive to the tips of your fingers, or do you only exist?

It is the exceptional man that forges his way to the front. There is always a place for him. No matter how many are out of employment, he is always in demand. There is a standing advertisement for him all over this broad land.

A man who is original and progressive in his methods, who leaves a beaten track to push into new fields, who is constantly on the alert for the slightest improvement in his way of doing things, is a man who succeeds.

It is astonishing what a tremendous difference there is between the earning power of a man who does things pretty well, and of one who does them as well as they can be done; between that of a careless, incompetent employee and one who is painstaking and thoroughly competent.

For example, a young stenographer who is accurate in taking notes, who spells correctly, punctuates properly, and whose judgment and common sense enable him to correct involved sentences, or matter that has been hastily dictated without reference to grammatical construction, will never be out of a place. But a slipshod, careless, inaccurate one is never sure of a position, even when he has succeeded in getting one, because no employer wants to retain a stenographer on whose accuracy and intelligence he cannot rely. He has no sense of security when he entrusts anything to his judgment. He is never sure whether or not his dictations are correctly taken down or transcribed. He does not dare to allow a letter to be mailed until he has read it carefully and corrected its possible errors. No man will long subject himself to annoyance caused by the blundering incompetence of one who is supposed to lessen his cares and anxieties and relieve his mind of the burden of details.

What is true of the stenographer is also true of the bookkeeper, the cashier, the clerk, and all other employees.

If an employee can be depended on, if he seldom makes mistakes in judgment or execution, if his employer can confidently turn all details over to him, his services become invaluable.

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The Value of Appearances

SURROUNDINGS have a great deal to do with one's appreciation of anything. You might be very hungry, for instance, but, on entering a cheap restaurant, where everything was dingy and dirty, where the crockery was very much chipped, thick, and not even clean, where the sense of smell was offended by the mixed odors of fish, flesh, onions, and all kinds of vegetables, where the floors, tables, and napkins were dirty, and where the waiters were greasy-jacketed and generally untidy, your appetite would disappear as if by magic. Nothing would appeal to the eye or to the nostrils. No matter how good the fare, you could not eat heartily amid such repulsive surroundings.

Let the same food placed before you in the cheap, untidy restaurant be served to you in the Waldorf-Astoria, or some fashionable restaurant, with the accessories of delicate china, snowy napery, silver, and glass, amid palms and flowers and lights, with uniformed, attentive waiters to anticipate your wishes, and you will eat with a relish that which in different settings almost nauseated you.

Successful merchants who have made a study of business methods are well aware of this susceptibility to surroundings and general appearances. They cater to the eyes as well as to the judgment and common sense of their customers. They pay men large salaries to "dress" their windows attractively, so as to "draw" patrons. With the aid of tempting show windows, a choice arrangement of wares, and the general attractiveness of their stores, backed by polite, neatly dressed clerks, they sell goods which would become shopworn on the shelves of less effectively arranged stores on the very same street.

The same principle is true in many other kinds of business. If a man enters a barber's shop, for instance, and sees soiled towels scattered around, one in use, perhaps, on a customer, or if he sees dirty shaving mugs, hair brushes, combs, and other toilet articles that are not scrupulously clean, he is at once prejudiced against the place and will not return.

We are often, it may be unconsciously, greatly influenced by appearances. An attractive personality clothed in a well-made and becoming dress will often win against more solid acquirements when combined with a disagreeable personality and slouchy, unbecoming dress.

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Take the Straight Road to Your Goal

IN the early days of railroading, in laying a track through hilly or mountainous regions, engineers went around most of the hills and curves, followed the valleys, and often turned aside from even slight obstructions.

Many young men, in laying the tracks of their careers, follow the methods of early railroad construction. They avoid every hill of difficulty, go around long curves, turn aside from every obstruction, no matter how trifling, and always follow the line of least resistance.

In our day, however, railroad engineers, in laying a track, follow as direct a route as possible. They go through hills, tunnel mountains, and span huge gorges, not only because a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and thus saves time, but also because it lessens the risk of being wrecked.

A young man who believes that making a life is more important than making a living will follow the methods of the modern railroad engineer. He will not shrink from the obstacles that spring up in his path. He will not creep around hills or mountains of difficulty. He will forge the way to his goal by the shortest and most direct route, no matter what opposes his passage.

It costs a railroad company more to tunnel mountains and span chasms than it would to build its road around those difficulties, but the time saved to its passengers and the risks avoided by following the safest and most direct route more than trebles its profits.

So, it costs a young man more in energy and perseverance to span abysses of ignorance, to force his way through mountains of difficulty in order to attain a sound education and special training for his work; it takes more effort and self-denial to build a straight, well-made road through the hilly, rock-strewn country of Life, than to make a long, winding, uneven road by avoiding the hills and rocks of opposition; but, like the engineer, you will find yourself more than trebly repaid for your trouble in forcing your way through all obstacles to your goal.

A straight road for one's career means honesty, the respect of those who have any dealings with you, the confidence of your bank, good credit, a high standing in your community, influence, individual power, enlarged opportunities for doing good, and, crowning good of all, it means self-approval.

Develop Power to See the Good

A GREAT many people ruin their ability to see good in others by constantly holding their defects in mind.

It is impossible to develop the better side of one's nature, that which appreciates the good, the beautiful, and the true, while the mind is filled with thoughts of an opposite kind.

The faculties which appreciate noble qualities may be left wholly undeveloped, or they may be paralyzed and blighted by habitually discordant processes of mind.

Nothing strangles the power to see the virtues of others more quickly than cherishing an uncharitable and fault-finding spirit.

On the other hand, by holding charitable, magnanimous, loving thought toward all, we not only surround ourselves with a sunny atmosphere, favorable to the growth of all that is best in us; we also produce a similar effect on those who come within the radius of our influence.

How beautifully, for instance, a child develops under the loving thought of a sweet-tempered, sunshiny mother! Not alone are its best qualities encouraged and nourished, but their rapid development kills the possibility of the growth of antagonistic qualities, just as the rapid maturing of cultivated plants checks the weeds which might otherwise strangle them. Encouragement of one discourages the other.

By way of contrast, notice a child who is constantly scolded, criticised, and found fault with by its mother. You will find that the child's worst qualities are rapidly developed. The thought the mother holds toward it discourages the unfoldment of the better side of its nature, and eventually destroys it.

In the same way, a teacher who holds the depreciative, critical thought in regard to a pupil, discourages his growth. As a rule, children need the sunshine of merited praise. They require appreciation and encouragement to aid their normal development. Nothing so chills and discourages a pupil, so quickly robs him of spontaneity and enthusiasm, as a fault-finding, critical attitude on the part of the teacher. A child can no more unfold its good qualities naturally in a chilling, depreciating atmosphere, than can a tropical plant unfold and blossom in the chill of Arctic regions.

Whatever you do, don't ruin your capacity for appreciating the good and the beautiful in others, for seeing the better side of human nature. Don't burrow in the mire of discontent, fretting and fault-finding so that you cannot appreciate moral cleanliness, sunshine, and beauty of disposition.

Kaspar Hauser was kept so long in a damp, dark dungeon that, on his release, the sunlight and beauties of nature which gave pleasure to normal minds, brought only bitter pain to him,—pain so great that he begged to be sent back to his dungeon again. The light blinded him. His eyes were so accustomed to darkness that he could not endure the sunshine.

There are men and women living in worse dungeons than that which was occupied by Kaspar Hauser. Voluntary prisoners, they have, by the current of their thoughts, shut themselves off from all that is lovely, healthful, and inspiring in life. Voluntarily they have rendered themselves unsuited for any normal environment.

▲ ▲

Don't Tell a Boy That He Is Dull

"HE is the most stupid boy in the school; I cannot drive anything into his brain," said a teacher to a visitor. The kind-hearted visitor, whose sympathies went out to

[*Concluded on page 107*]

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Hiram Bennet's Gold Mine

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS



Holton remarked that he failed to see the joke

Synopsis of preceding chapters

[Hiram Bennet and William Truman invest in a block of gold-mine stock. Truman dies, and his shares of stock comprise his estate, of which Bennet is the sole executor. Induced by the reports of so-called experts to believe that the mine is to prove rich in paying ore, Bennet aids in the care of Truman's widow and three children, and pays assessments on the stock until they become so frequent that he is embarrassed in trying to maintain his own business through a dull period. When compelled to curtail expenses, he tells his son, Holton, that he cannot assist him further in college. This proves gratifying news to the son, a robust youth, who, at his father's suggestion, is only too glad to assume the role of a secret-service agent in learning the truth about the gold mine, a mission for which he fortunately is somewhat prepared by his studies in college. On arriving at the mining settlement, he lodges at "Brockey Cullen's Hotel," and makes known his wish to go to work at the mine. In Brockey and in Tommy Darrow he finds good friends to assist him, and secures a job as tool-carrier. The day that Holton begins work, his experience in athletics at college proves as profitable, in its way, as his studies are expected to be in the result of his investigations. On his way to work his nerve is put to a severe test in crossing a high and dangerous trestle; but he scores his first winning trick with the rough miners by climbing a rope one hundred and ten feet, hand over hand, to the top of an open cut, without touching his feet to the rocky side of the bluff. Holton Bennet's mettle places him at once on a firm footing with the miners, and his detective work begins. His employment as a tool-carrier is brief, and his next work is at night in the mill, where personal contact with the amalgamator confirms his suspicions that the ore is minus paying gold. His relations with Tommy Darrow continue most friendly, and they are more firmly cemented by a private wrestling match of which Brockey Cullen is the interested umpire, Holton proving an easy victor, and Brockey in turn, to Tommy's delight, is a victim of Holton's science and muscle in "side holts." Tommy is taken into confidence and becomes an ally in Holton's mission at the mine. As a "clean-up" day is near at hand, it is agreed that Tommy shall take the night shift at the mill, and Holton the day shift, that of the night being the more important to them, as the one to be devoted to special preparations for the expected visit of an expert. Tommy, having had long experience, is more likely to observe any work suggestive of fraud. At the store, that evening, Holton is introduced to Doctor Broughton and his daughter Loya. The latter is planning for a dance, but the only man in camp known as a violinist has gone away. Young Bennet volunteers his services, and teams are soon on the road with a merry party, to which additions are made from time to time, until a final halt is made and the dance takes place in a large barn. The principal incidents of the evening are Holton's self-confessed admiration for Loya, his first acquaintance with Peter Gratton, who is noted as a wrestler, and who is also an admirer of Loya, and the welcome that is given to two miners who have come from their near-by camp, bringing musical instruments which they play well, thus affording Loya and Holton an opportunity to dance together. From one of these musicians Bennet learns that Cutter, the blacksmith, has bought gold coin from them, although gold dust was what he preferred. This information is so suspiciously suggestive, in connection with the approach of "clean-up" day, that, when Holton goes to bed, he cannot sleep soundly, and is easily aroused from his slumber by a cautious footfall on the stairs that lead to his sleeping-room.]

CHAPTER VIII.

HOLTON listened to the approaching step, his heart beating unevenly. For the first time in his visit to the camp he felt that he was but one man, young and alone in a country where any man's will was his law. And, being but half-awake, all sorts of theatrical and unpleasant possibilities flashed through his mind. Perhaps someone had heard his conversation with Tommy, and had seized this chance to put an end to his investigation. The instant this occurred to him, it stamped itself as certainty. He glided out of bed, got his revolver from the trunk, and waited behind the door. It seemed to him his pulses roared so loudly in his ears that he could hardly hear that creeping step, and waiting for it was a tax almost beyond endurance. He ground his teeth together and breathed in deep sighs. Now it was at the head of the stair; it turned, and came surely toward his room. Something leapt through the young fellow's veins as the door latch rattled at a touch.

"Who are you?" he called. "Stop, or I'll shoot."

"S-s-s-sh! Hold your hand there!" said the voice of Tommy.

"Confound you! Is that you, Tom? Well, you've nearly scared the life out of me!"

"S-s-s-sh!" repeated Tommy. "Drop your voice! D' you suppose I came as quiet as that for you to holler and let every mother's son in the house know I'm here? I've got news."

At that tone both Holton's fright and sleepiness vanished. "Come in, Tom," he said. "Look out for the bed,—do you want a light?"

"For mercy's sake, no! I'll get in all right. Is there a man next door to you?"

"Only to the left,—can't you hear him snore?"

"He's safe, by the sounds. Well, now! *What* do you suppose?"

"Give it up,—'most anything, Tom."

"Don't you notice nothing? Don't you hear the stillness?"

And then Holton realized whence came that peculiar oppressive sense with which he had awakened. The mill was silent. The ceaseless beat that for months had sounded in his ears had stopped. "The mill isn't going!" he whispered.

"Nary a go, and there's a story in that. This is it, now. You know they've been sending down more of that plumbago, bad luck to 'em! and I was chasin' myself upstairs and down the night. So a little while since I was on the crusher floor and I drops me candle and out she goes, so there was I hunting for the thing in the dark, and not a match in my pocket. I was about to holler for old doodle-duffer to show me a light, when I remembered that Johnson had stayed on shift for some purpose of his own, and, as I knew as well as I know my name that he'd say something about my being clumsy, and, as I was just in that state of mind to take him under the chin if he did, and not wanting to lose the job just when it's interesting, I held my mouth and fumbled around in the dark. All of a sudden, as I was crawling, my arm goes down a chute and me nearly along with it, [I'd made the four stories in good time if I had.] and, just as I braced back, I hears old Johnson's voice coming up through the chute as plain as if he was talking in my ear, and him 'way down on the stamp floor! 'Could you get nothing but coin?' says he. Then up speaks Uncle Cutter. 'That, and about twenty ounces of dust,' says he. 'Humph!' says Johnson, 'you're an agent to be proud of! Am I to show the expert Uncle Sam's tokens all nicely covered with 'quick' as the product of the mill?' says he. 'My, but he'll be astonished!' he says. 'Well, now, you need n't get happy with me, Johnson,' says Cutter, 'or I'll put my foot on top of your head. I did the best I could for you, and I've no use for your skin game, personally, anyhow,' says he. 'But when it comes to that,' he goes on, not wanting to show beat, 'I can file the money up.'

"'That's so,' says Johnson, a little more decent; 'we could do that if we had time.'

"'Make time!' says Cutter.

"'How?'

"'Chuck a crowbar in the bull-wheel, and ask for a delay on account of an unavoidable accident,—you can't avoid an accident if you chuck a crowbar in the bull-wheel, can you?'"

"'Rather not,' says Johnson. 'Who's going to do it?'

"'I will, if you're scared.'

"'I guess probably I'll scratch up enough sand,' says Johnson. 'What next, then?' he says.

"'Well, we'd better get to filing as quick as we can,' says Cutter. 'And, as it ain't intended as a spectacle for the camp, suppose we go to my cabin, in the loft? It's entirely out of the way.'

"'I'm with you, if I don't stop a chunk of the bull-wheel,' says Johnson. 'I don't want any sleep to-night, anyhow.'

"Then you should have seen your Uncle Thomas hustle for downstairs! But before I could make it there come a crash that rattled every tooth in my head. Then the old turbine begins to hum like a bumblebee, and Johnson yells, 'Cut the water off there, you lunkhead! Don't you see we've broke down!' So out goes Bill Jenkins and shuts off the water, while Cutter makes his escape. I had a little palaver with Johnson about the sad accident,—he felt turruble over it,—just turruble,—and then he says, 'Well, we might as well all go home,' and I watched him out of sight, and then tore myself loose for here as fast as feet could bring me. Get into your clothes and we'll see what's doing at Cutter's cabin."

In about three minutes they were on the road.

Cutter's cabin sat huddled in a clump of trees under a sheer cliff. Some of the wreck of the mountain lay in front of it,—huge pieces of stone. A light shone in its upper window as the boys appeared, only to blink out like a shut eye as they began to congratulate themselves on the ease with which they could climb a tree and witness what was going on within.

"He's hung a blanket over the window, the beggar!" said Tommy, outraged at this lack of generosity on the part of Johnson. "Well, I'm going to see, now that I've got this far," he continued, recklessly. "Are you with me?"

"Yep."

"Come along, then."

They tried the door. It was barred. "That's what a bad conscience will do, now," said Tommy. "There ain't another locked door in a hundred mile,—now for the window below here."

That, too, was nailed fast.

"You stay here," said Tommy. "Into that house I'm going." He flew down the road, to reappear in a jiffy, panting, carrying two shovels.

"We'll pry some of them stones out of the way, and then it won't be much trouble to dig under, like a rabbit," said he.

This they did. Cutter's was a log cabin, resting on no foundation but its bottom log. A little hurried but quiet work finished the burrow, and they crawled inside.

"You thought you'd keep me out, did you, Mister Johnson?" chuckled Tommy, shaking his fist at the unseen above. "Well, I've caught you at it." A shaft of light shone down through the open trap door. "It's going to be ticklish work, to look, and not get looked at," continued Tommy. "I'll go up the ladder first."

He climbed to the top, then turned his face sidewise to expose as small a surface to view as might be. Instantly he straightened up and beckoned.

Holton carefully threw his weight on the rounds, lest a creak should betray them. Then he saw why Tommy straightened up. Fortune had been kind. Right at the top of the ladder lay an old box, that the feet of the first-comers had merely pushed aside. This box was all in pieces, and through its cracks the two men in the room were plainly visible, while its shadow made a perfect shield.

Holton thought of the days when he used to play hide-and-go-seek, as he looked at the two

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men, all unconscious of his presence. The same delightful, "skeery" thrill went over him, as when the boy who was "it" used to approach his hiding place. Only, this game was more dangerous, if the same in principle.

Swiftly Cutter and Johnson threw off their coats and went to work. For a quarter of an hour it was uninteresting, and both boys were wearied of their position on the ladder. The two men swung backward and forward steadily, exchanging files frequently as the soft metal clogged the teeth.

"This is the fourth I've used up," said Johnson, as he exchanged a clogged file for a new one. "How many have you got, Cutter? We're likely to run out of tools."

"That's so," said Cutter, looking rather blankly at the one he held in his hand. "No, I ain't got many more. This won't do,"—he stopped, whistling softly to himself and turning the file in his hands.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Johnson, acidly. "We might as well do as much as we can,—it's your fool idea."

"Keep still there, a minute, will you?" retorted Cutter. "I'm thinking out a scheme." He studied a bit longer. "All right!" he said, "I've got it; you know that pipe-sawing machine in the shop? Well, there ain't the least reason in the world why I can't rig a horse-rasp on that and do twice the work in half the time, and without spoiling files, either."

Before finishing his speech, he turned and made for the ladder, to carry out his idea.

For one wild second the boys looked at each other,—question and answer. They were almost simultaneous, and the answer was to drop for the floor and scoot through the hole for dear life. The thing above all others that would now injure Holton would be for Johnson to suspect that he had any interest in spying on the mill.

Behind them was riot. Johnson, swearing furiously, demanded a light.

"Ah, come on!" roared Cutter; "I tell you I saw them go under the floor. Do you want them to get off entirely?" His powerful arms burst the door from its hinges on the instant, and he saw the boys as they ducked into the woods.

"I'm after you!" he shouted at them; "you won't get away from me, let me tell you!"

"He's the best sprinter in the camp, Holt,—we're in for it," said Tommy, as they ran; "you'd better let me have the gun."

Holton handed him the weapon.

They tore on, heedless of everything, and behind them the pursuer, his blood up, equally reckless. Then the woods ended. There was no time to stop and turn, or try any fox-tricks. Cutter pressed too close. So, across the smooth grass the chase sped madly. Doing their best, and with years in their favor, the boys could not shake the blacksmith off. Indeed, it was all they could do to keep their distance.

They headed directly for the road, hoping, if chance should offer, to duck into some cabin or other hiding place. Then they had a piece of luck: Cutter tripped and fell. Although he was on his feet again in a twinkle and after them, yet it was not with his former speed. The fall shook the heavy man.

"There's an old prospect hole up here a piece," gasped Tommy, "off the road,—we'll drop into that,—they'll never suspect us."

Then a tall figure stepped out of the road a hundred feet ahead of them.

"What's the matter, there?" it asked.

"None of your business,—out of the way, or you get it," said Tommy, raising the revolver.

"Hold, Tom! I'm Gratton. What's the matter?"

"Run on, Pete! Run on, we'll catch you."

When a Western man sees a friend knocking pieces out of the road, and is told to run on, he does it. Experience has taught him that it pays. He's willing to find out reasons later, when there's less hurry.

"This way, Pete," said Tom, when they caught up to him. Then, "Stop!" he commanded. They stood stock-still.

"We'll sneak in as quiet as mice," said Tom; "this is to fool my friend Cutter." Tommy picked up a piece of stone and threw it far up the steep hillside, where it rattled and bounded toward the level again, as it might if dislodged by a man's step. "He'll think we've turned off. Now, light foot and quick."

They swept swiftly to the left.

"In you go!" said Tom, "'Tain't deep!" Holton took a deep breath and jumped into the black hole. It was not so very deep,—in daylight. But at night it was quite a sizable hole. It seemed about a minute before he touched bottom. Down plumped the other two after him.

"Into the drift!" whispered Tommy, "lest Cutter thinks to take a peek; we could stand an army off in there. It's the safest place I know."



"He advanced toward Cutter, saying, 'What is that boy fooling around here for?'"

They entered the tunnel that branched from the bottom of the hole.

"Now, what's all this?" asked the puzzled Gratton.

"Oh, wait for breath a minute!" said Tommy, nudging Holton to tell as much or as little as he pleased.

Again Holton had an exercise in that wonderful developer, quick thinking. Just what should he tell this man? The chances were not large that either Cutter or Johnson would inform the camp concerning the incident. Their interests and Holton's were identical in this matter, so much might be safely concealed. Yet what was the use of concealing it? In the first place, Gratton's quick perceptions would be likely to spot a lie, anyway. In the second place, Holton did n't like to lie. Gratton knew something extraordinary was afoot; a lie might make an enemy of him; the truth, a friend. Holton knew the faith that could be put in a miner's word, so he simply said:—

"Will you please not repeat what I tell you, Mr. Gratton?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, "I'll not tell anybody." Then Holton gave him the entire history of the case.

"I'm with you," said Gratton, at the conclusion; "I never liked fraud games. But you got off lucky; Johnson's a hard man."

"Cutter pressed us a little more closely. Don't know what's become of Johnson," answered Holton.

"Cutter might have hurt you, if he'd caught you when he was hot, but Johnson is ugly, hot or cold."

"Now, suppose you tell us what you were doing mooning around the road this hour of the night, Pete?" said Tommy.

There was no answer for a second, and then the voice lacked candor,—lucky for the blackness that spared poor Peter's blushes!

"I did n't feel just exactly sleepy after the dance, so I thought I'd take a little walk. I got tired in front of Dr. Broughton's house there, and sat down for a minute, when I heard you fellers coming a-whooping."

"Oh!" said Tommy. "Sure! Sensible thing to do. There's no use staying abed when you can't sleep." There was no guile in Tommy's voice, although there was in his soul. If Peter had not, in his extreme anxiety to make everything clear, mentioned the house of Dr. Broughton, the other two would not have coupled his presence with his hopeless attachment.

"Whist!" said Gratton, "I hear somebody." The blacksmith's voice sounded above.

"They've got clear away, whoever they be," he said.

"Well for them that they did. Who do you suppose it was?"

"My candid opinion is that some of the boys were skylarking with us,—it ain't likely that fat-headed expert would spy on us like that. It ain't possible, in fact."

"That's so," admitted Johnson. "I guess we were more scared than hurt. But if I'd got within range of them,—"

The voices died in the distance.

"Now, Holt, you've got your evidence, so far, all right," said Tommy. "You've seen 'em filing up the stuff with your own eyes; now, if we could only fix it on them that they put it in the hoppers,—but that won't be easy. If we only could—could,—" Tommy's words came slowly, as of a man in a fit of abstraction. Suddenly he yelled, regardless of caution. "If I can make that go!" he cried; "oh! if I can! Let me out of this quick till I trail them fellers! Give me a back up quick! quick, I tell you, and ask no questions. Oh, man! if I can make that go!"—he stifled a shriek of laughter and climbed up Gratton's back like a monkey, to disappear over the edge of the hole.

"Well, that was sudden enough!" said Holton; "what do you suppose he's after now?"

"Something worth doing, I'll bet," replied Peter,—"say," he broke off, "I know a fact about this mine, too, but it ain't my secret and the man that told me said please to keep it quiet, yet,—well, I can't say anything more now,—how are we going to get out?"

"Same way Tom did. I must be at it, too, for I want to be in bed as usual when daylight comes, and that's not far away."

The two parted with a warm handshake at the top. "I'm with you, you understand," said Gratton. Holton thanked him most heartily, then went on his way to ponder over all the happenings of that one crowded night, mystified beyond connected thought at Tom's last performance.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was a holiday for all, from the miners on the mountainside to the workers in the mill, and this would last until a new bull-wheel could be shipped from the millwright's in the East,—a matter of two weeks, at least.

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In front of the company store, all the men were gathered in a sort of athletic meet. Some were jumping, some wrestling, some "pulling up" with an ax-helve, or "turning down" with a broomstick, but the main body was playing tag on the open stretch of crisp sod. The English call this game "tig," with the full sound of "i," probably a contraction of tiger,—the one who is "it" being the tiger leaping on his prey. The present game upheld the view somewhat, for Mr. "It" wielded a knotted rope, and, when he "lam-basted" an unfortunate with it, a very tigerish element was introduced. The air was filled with "ouches" of lament. All hands were like school-boys at recess. The days are alike in a mining camp: from month's end to month's end there is no let-up; the mill and the mine grind on Sunday as on any other day.

Holton wondered where Tommy could be; he tried not to seem anxious, yet could n't keep his eyes from the road to his partner's cabin. Johnson was present, and Cutter as well. Johnson seemed in an amiable mood, although regretful for the accident, which, he said, had shut them down just when they were getting into the "real stuff." Holton noticed that Missouri Jack and two other old miners looked into the far-away distance when Johnson emphasized this statement. At length, he changed the subject. "You 'll have a chance to work on your invention, now, Cutter," he said.

"What you been getting up, Ed?" asked a man.

"Oh, a patent," responded Cutter, with the modesty of genius; "it is n't much."

This brought out the wished-for questioning, and the wily Cutter dilated on the beauties of his new contrivance.

"Me and Johnson are going to work it out," he said. "There 's just one or two little things needed to make her A-1. We 've took the old magazine for a workshop, at first."

"Give you a hand on it, Ed?"

"Well, no; thanks, Charley; I 'm much obliged, but I reckon I 'll keep this to myself until it 's finished."

"Well, keep your durned old filing machine!" retorted the other, huffed; "do you think I 'd steal it?"

"Of course not," replied Cutter, conciliatorily, "but you know how a man feels,—besides, to tell you the truth, we 've been spied on already."

"You do n't say!"

"Yep,—straight!"—and then Cutter proceeded to give his version of the occurrences of the previous night.

Holton understood the move, and appreciated its ingenuity. It was plausible, indeed, if one did not know the real purpose of the two. If the spies had been merely mischievously inquisitive, as Cutter and Johnson supposed, no better way could have been chosen to dull the scent. Mechanical ability was marked in the camp, as it is in most places where men use head and hands together. Many cabins had a whittled model of a device for a "patent" intended to do something better or quicker than it had before been done. The inventor's attitude was easily understood.

"If you ain 't busy, Johnson, we may as well sidle up that way, now," concluded Cutter; "I 've got that parallel-motion hitch about untangled, I think."

"Have you?" said Johnson, deeply interested. "Well, come along; I 'd like to see how you do it."

The two walked off, with their heads together, Cutter making gestures as of one who draws with his hands. It was well played.

No sooner had they disappeared than Tommy came unexpectedly in sight from behind the store.

"Hello, Tom! Goin' to sleep all day, now?" they greeted him.

"Going to pound my ear for all it will stand," said Tommy. "Night work bites me. But, when I am awake, I 'm awake for fair. Well, pardy,"—to Holton,—"do we go down the creek, placering?"

"If you 're ready," replied Holton, instantly following the lead.

"All ready. We 'll have to stop at the mill for picks and pans. We 'll get the keys from Johnson. Anybody seen Johnson?"

"Yes," said Missouri, "he and Ed Cutter have gone to the old powder magazine to work on a machine of Ed 's."

"What kind of machine?" asked Tom.

It was explained to him.

"I bet you Ed makes a go of it," said Tom, very earnestly. "He 's a smart old rooster, is Ed. He 's got a lot of cute contraptions in his shop. Well, I wish they had n't picked a place so far

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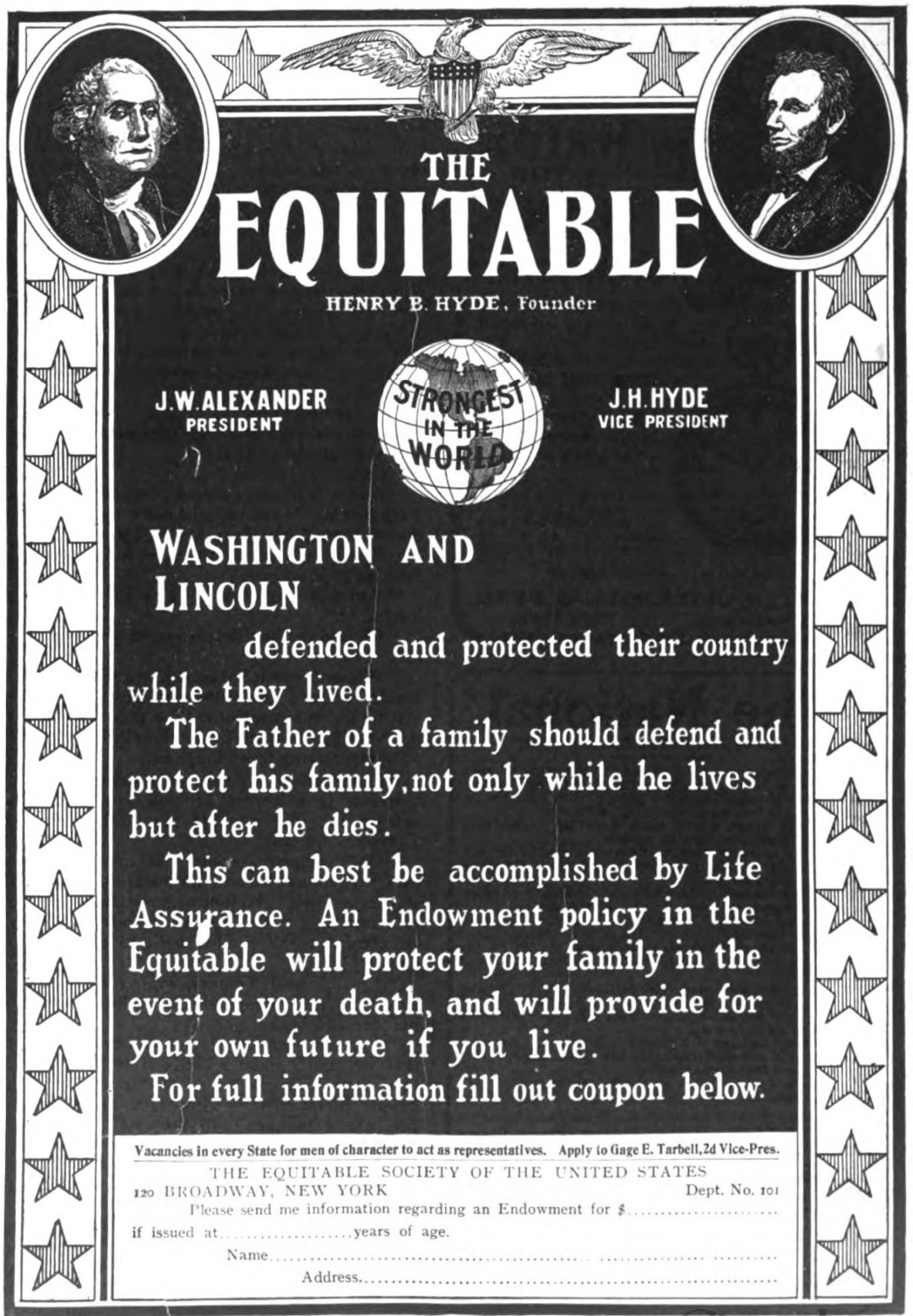
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off. Come along, Holt, we'll investigate at once."

When they were clear of the others, Holton objected. "What's your idea in forcing their attention now, Tom?" he asked.

"Why," said Tommy, "I thought if we just went up to 'em bold, they'd think we was the last to have anything to do with last night."

"My notion is the opposite," replied Holton. "It seems to me that they're simply ransacking their minds for names, and if we interrupt them now, we point ourselves out clearly. At any rate, we furnish two names that they'll bear in mind. I don't think it a good scheme, Tom."

"And I guess you're right, too," said Tommy; "I see what you mean. It won't do for us to be too blamed innocent, and the less we are under their noses, the better,—but I wanted to get into the mill; I had something to show you." Tommy swallowed a gleeful laugh. "Oh, man, oh, man! —if we can work it! Well, I'll shout back for tools. Hey, Jack! ain't you got a pick, shovel, and pan you could lend us, short of climbing away up there?" he shouted.

"Sure!" answered Missouri; "step into my cabin and help yourself. Where are you going?"

"Down to old man Adam's bar,—just above it, in the high wash."

"All right; if I don't get too busy, I'll be along later," said Missouri.

"It's mighty good company you are, Jack," muttered Tom, for his, and Holton's benefit, "but you can be as busy as you like, to-day, and we won't cry. Come, hurry along!" he added, "I'm fair bustin'!"

"Tell us!" said Holton, when they were out of hearing.

"Not yet," said Tom, "not till there's more miles of emptiness behind us."

They broke into a trot, and jogged along until they came to a bar by the creekside that stood open to view in every direction. "Here's the place for a talk," said Tommy. "Nobody can come at you without your seeing them. Now let's break the earth for appearance's sake."

"You're an exasperating brute, Tom," said Holton.

"No, I ain't, Bennet; only a sensible one. Man, I'm as crazy to tell as you are to hear!

"That's good," he added, after five minutes of picking, "and now where'll I begin? It's that size I don't know which end to take hold of. Say, what's brass?—what do you make it of?"

"Copper and zinc."

"Will it always come out copper and zinc, no matter what you do to it?"

"Certainly."

"And one more question: could you clean them bright?" He brought out a handful of tarnished brass filings from his pocket.

"Easily; a little hydrochloric acid will make them as good as new."

"And this 'high-low-boric' acid, can you get it handy?"

"Of course; any drug-store in town will have it."

"Whoop!" yelled Tommy, "and it's one of Uncle Cutter's own wonderful inventions!" At this he threw himself upon the ground, where he lay, kicking out a leg spasmodically in the grip of an overpowering fit of laughter.

Holton looked upon him indignantly. "So help me, John Rogers! if you don't get up and talk to me like a white man, I'll kick you, Tommy," he said.

"Oh!" gasped Tommy, "O, my! One of his own inventions!"—and he instantly again gave way to laughter. Holton began to laugh, too, out of sympathy. "Get up and tell a fellow, Tom," he pleaded; "it's a low trick to keep it all to yourself."

"I will," said Tommy, wiping his eyes; "I will." With a desperate effort he straightened his face and began.

"You see, one time Uncle Cutter had the idea that he could make a better riffle-board for fine gold than they was usin'. Sometimes they use copper plates covered with quick, and sometimes they use a blanket. In the one case, it's the quick that ketches the gold, and in the other, it gets held up by the hairs of the blanket. 'Now,' says Uncle Cutter to himself and the rest of the camp, 'I'll take one small rock, and with it I'll knock the stuffin' out of both them birds; for, if I use brass filin's covered with quick, it'll act like the plate and blanket both. And that's how I come to know that quick would take on brass. Well, he bought half a ton of

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filin's near, and supplies the boys down creek with his patent riffle-boards, and they acts just like he expected, only Solomon himself could n't get up a cheap plan to make the gold come loose again; it went on the brass and there it stuck, whiles the down creek boys spoke disrespec'ful of Uncle Cutter. And last night, down the hole, when I was figurin', into me head pops the memory of them brass filin's and Uncle Cutter's wonder-ful invention." Tommy showed signs of an approaching collapse.

"Keep straight, Tom!" implored Holton; "I begin to see, but I do n't half understand yet."

"I will," said Tommy. "So I pastes after them to find out where they were going to keep the gold, me sneaking along behind 'em like a fox; and sure, I hear them say it, for they got arguin' and talked out loud. Cutter, he was for hidin' it careful, but 'No,' says Johnson, 'we'll put it somewheres where they look every day. If you want to hide a thing from a man, Cutter,' he says, 'stick it in his pocket.'"

"That hit me as mighty sensible and crafty," continued Tom, ingenuously, "and gave me the hint to go up bold to 'em this morning. However, the idea did n't work very well in their case, with me listening, and I doubt if it would have done well in ours. Well, where do you think they plant the dust? Right in the blacksmith's shop! And so, your pardner Tommy cleans them brass filin's with our old friend the 'high-low-boric' acid, and he sneaks into the blacksmith's shop when the money's all ground up, and most of the gold he takes out, and in its place goes the brass, and Johnson (the sly fox!) puts her in the mill, and the stamps they stamp it and the quick it quicks it, and then it's cleaned up and handed to the expert, and he comes back with his little gun and wants to know why, in the name of Brigham Young and the whole Mormon nation, they try to unload a brass mine on him!"

Once more Tommy fell to the earth, and this time Holton went with him. They gazed at each other with tearful eyes, and went rapidly from one attack of hysterics to another. The thought of the Mephistophelian Johnson being meshed in his own net was too delicious.

"I'd like to see his face when——" sobbed Tommy.

"Do n't, Tom!" begged Holton, grasping his stomach. "I'm dead now! It's too good,—it won't come off!"

"Yes, it will!" cried Tommy, brought to by criticism of his plan. "There ain't a skip nor a break in it anywheres. Fred Owens will get the acid, and we'll have it day after to-morrow. What's to hinder, I'd like to know? Johnson's so confounded smart that he's made it dead easy for me to get my hands on their can of dust. Can't I make an excuse to get into the blacksmith's shop when nobody else is there? Could n't I have a gun to fix, or pick to sharpen or something? I reckon yes!"

"I do n't really see a thing about it that won't work, Tom; only, as I said, it seems too good to be true."

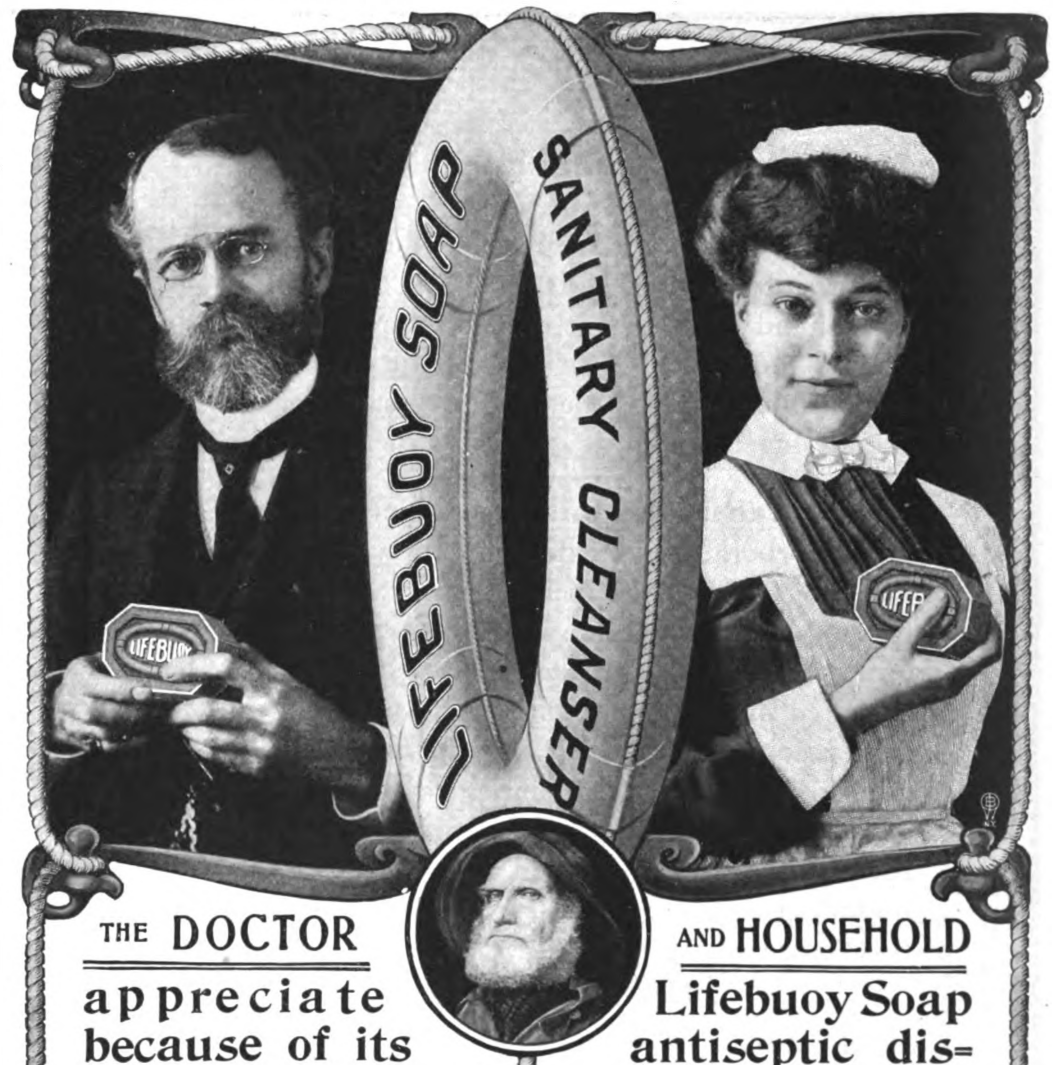
"There's nothing in that idea at all," replied Tommy, seriously. "What do you suppose a fact cares about what it means to us? It just sits there and is a fact, and it do n't care a continental whoop whether you take it for good or bad. Do you suppose gold feels happy because it's gold, or that brass weeps because it's brass? Bosh! Them brass filin's will go into the hopper and play they're gold without thinking twice about it, and the gold will stay in its little can where I put it just as contented as can be."

"Well, that's so, Tom; I'd never thought of it in just that way. I do n't suppose events do pay much heed to their effect on us. We will take it for granted that our scheme—your scheme, rather,—works. In fact, instead of saying it would be too good if it did, we can say it would be too bad if it did n't, for a first-class joke, which is at the same time such a first-class piece of business, is a rare bird. Another thing, it will hold up the intended swindling of these new people dead. That scoundrel of a Davis won't know what's struck his little game."

"Say, please do n't call the old man a scoundrel, Holt, just to oblige me. He's a heap more than a scoundrel. Anybody will tell you that he's a mighty good man in many ways."

"All right, Tom; I'd do more than that for you."

"I'll tell you this about the old man, Holt. If he heard of our tricking Johnson this way,—after he'd cooled down, of course,—he'd simply



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lay back and holler, if it sent him out in the world flat-strapped. Now, Johnson'd be ugly. You can call him all the scoundrels you like."

"Yes, but it's Davis who puts up the job, Tommy; Johnson is only the tool."

"I know," said Tommy, shaking his head, "I know; but it's different, somehow. Can't explain, yet they don't work just the same way. You know how it is: one feller will say a thing to you, and it's all right; another man comes along and says the same thing, and there you are rolling in the road with him. Come on, now, we've got to make some kind of showing at placering. We'll sink to bed rock here."

They worked away, with an occasional allusion that set them both giggling until they felt that they had regained enough composure to face the camp. Placering was good fun, too. They took out nearly four dollars in dust from the hole they dug,—"Just because they didn't care a hoot," said Thomas, the unsuperstitious. "Now, if we was on our uppers, and had our belts cinched up to the last hole to comfort our stomachs, we wouldn't have got a shine out of the whole creek."

Then they hurried back to catch the stage. Tommy and the driver were old friends. Tom slipped him the piece of paper on which Holton had written the order,—"Fred, you couldn't do me no more harm, if you tried, than to say a word about this."

"O.K., Tom," said Owens, slipping it into his inside pocket. There was no danger of that fact becoming known. "Medicine for your cough, ain't it, Tom?" Tommy had the chronic bronchitis that so frequently attacks workers in mills.

"Just that," he said in answer, thanking the driver with a smile.

"Do I ever get to hear of it?" asked Owens.

"Some day, if you're good."

"Keno!" said the driver; "get ap, there, Charley horse!"

Next followed waiting,—that hideous business of waiting through endless days,—not so much so to Holton, however, as to his partner. Holton had long walks with Loya, and the fiddle for evenings. The days went all too rapidly for him, but Tommy groaned aloud.

When the acid arrived, of course they had to experiment a little.

"Eh, man! Don't she clean 'em great?" said Tommy, in wicked glee. "Who'd know that from gold, if he was not suspectin'?"

Still, the brass tarnished slightly, they found, no matter how carefully they washed it, after the action of the acid. For two or three days only, it retained its full brightness. On this account, and the general reason that, to avoid accident, it was better not to take action until the last moment, they postponed substituting the brass for the gold.

Tommy went on a casual tour of inspection to the blacksmith's shop, noting the disposition of its effects. On one side Cutter had two shelves, holding tin cans that were filled with all manner of small stuff,—bolts, odds and ends of screws, washers, etc. The lower shelf was within easy reach.

"Have you got e'er a bolt to fit that nut, Ed?" asked Tom, holding up a nut that he had chosen, for the reason that it belonged to a corn-shelling machine of Brockey's, purposely so made by the manufacturer that no ordinary bolt would fit, and the purchaser thus be forced to come to him for repairs. Tommy well knew there was nothing to suit in the blacksmith's shop.

"I guess you can find something in one of them cans," said Cutter, who sat on the edge of the forge smoking. Tommy rummaged diligently, turning out the contents of the various cans, until he had exhausted the lower shelf. He had his eye on a certain can on the upper shelf all this while. It was no cleaner or brighter than the others, but to him it somehow looked new in its place. To the upper shelf was a high reach.

"Well, there's nothing down here to suit," said Tommy, and, as he spoke, he swung upon the lower shelf, and reached for that particular can.

"Here! Get down from there!" yelled Cutter.

Tommy dropped instantly and confronted him with innocently wondering eyes. "What's the matter, Ed?" he asked.

"D'ye want to break down that shelf?" demanded Cutter. "Think I ain't got anything to do but put up shelves in this shop? You let me have that nut and I'll find something for it."

"All right,—thanky," said Tom. "I'm tired of botherin', but I promised Brockey I'd look

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again. It's that nut off his old corn-sheller, don't you know. He can't rest satisfied that nothin' will fit it."

Cutter broke out laughing, his good humor restored. "Here's your nut," he said. "There ain't anything that will fit it, as I explained to Brock. He's a stubborn old galoot."

So Tommy took the nut and turned to leave the shop. As he did so he saw Johnson standing in the doorway and heard him say excitedly as he advanced toward Cutter, "What is that boy fooling around here for? Have n't you any sense?" "That's the can, all right," he said to himself. "My! How Uncle Cutter hollered when I reached for it! I don't know but what I'd have spoiled things by that move if it was n't for Johnson. Ed'll be for shifting the place now, and Johnson won't have it just for that reason." Then he quietly sought for Brockey.

"If Ed Cutter talks to you about a bolt, Brock, it's all right," he said; "I understand."

"And *I* guess, do I," said Brockey, "but keep up the play?"

"You keep up the play, but don't do any guessing,—not out loud, anyhow."

"It will be my painful duty to spank you some day, Tom," said Brockey. "I don't take it as flatterin' when you hint that it's my custom to shoot off my mouth like a pack of firecrackers on Fourth o' July. Never heard me say nothin' about one night when you come in here in the early mornin', and got the other lad, and later you and him went a-whoopin' down the road with Ed Cutter after you, did yer?"

"No," said Tommy, utterly confounded. "I never did, Brock, and you don't half know how much obliged I am to you, neither."

"Oh, that's all right," said Brockey; "I hate to be hinted at, that's all. The chicken ranch and hotel is my business, and I pay 'tention to them, until somebody that ought to tells me different."

"Say, how did you come to see us, Brock?" asked Tommy, his natural inquisitiveness being irrepressible.

"That, *too*, is my business, Tommy!" said Brockey, and, whistling, he went out. "It would ha' kind of spoiled the effeck on Tom, 'f I 'd explained that it was a row in the henhouse got me up in the first place, and that then I was just mean enough to sit up and see what come next," he commented to himself. "And," he chuckled in conclusion, "I do like to get a horse on Tom, —nothin' that 'll trample an' injure him, but have just weight enough to keep him down a little. Mighty smart, nice boy, but needs weight now and agin."

[*To be continued in the March* SUCCESS]

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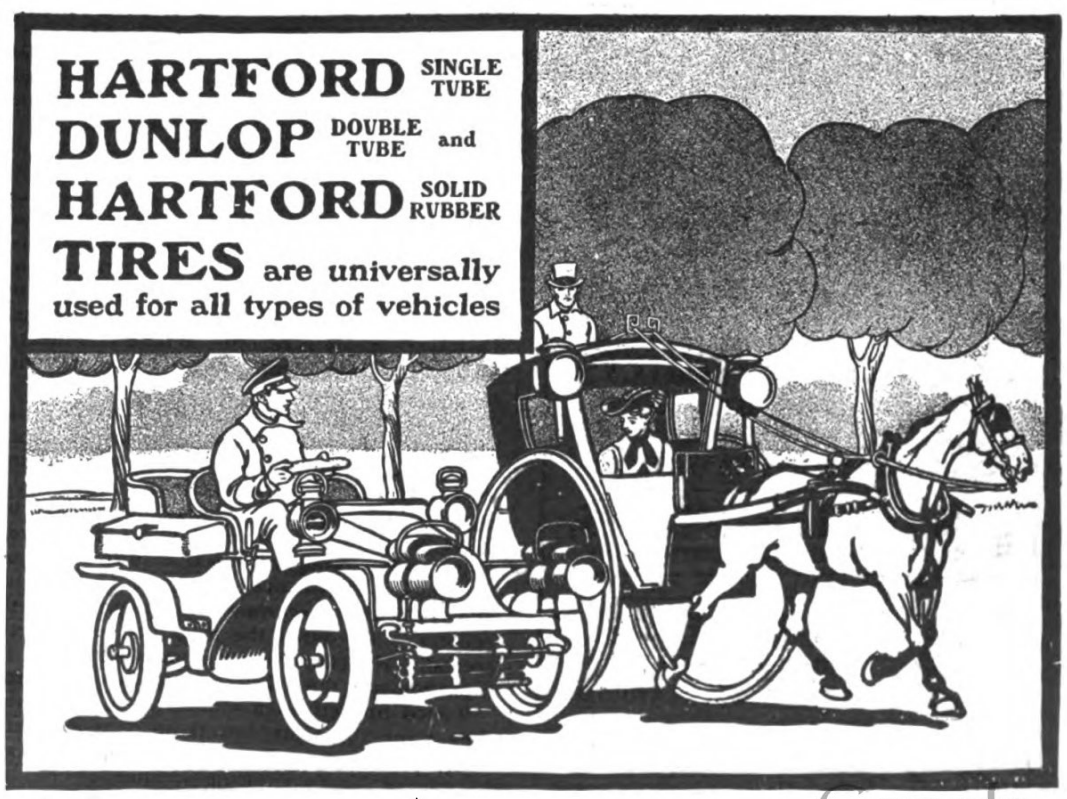
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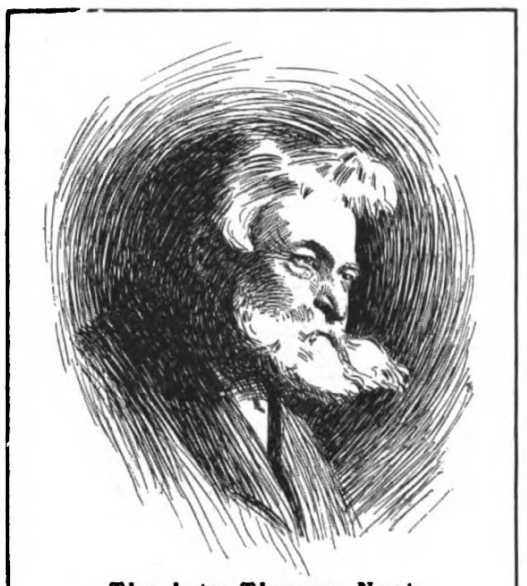
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The late Thomas Nast
[Drawn by Robert Edgren]

ALTHOUGH Thomas Nast is dead, the cartoon work that he began forty years ago goes marching on. It was he who originated the Tammany tiger, the elephant of the Republican party, and the donkey of the Democracy. As long as these political divisions exist, and as long as American cartoonists continue to create politics, Nast's profession will be followed.

There were greater draughtsmen among our caricaturists, and one or two with broader humor and keener satire, yet Nast led the list. Like the "war presidents," he owed some small part of his reputation to the accidents of his time. When the events occurred, the caricaturing of which made him famous, few cartoons were printed, and those principally in the weekly newspapers. To-day, every metropolitan daily newspaper has its staff of cartoonists.

Nast began illustrating when a boy. He was a "serious" artist, at that time, and wanted to produce war sketches. Before he was twenty years old, he was sent to England by "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper." He had a hard time in England. He failed to receive a remittance from the New York office, and had to turn for assistance to a friend, who advanced a moderate sum, with which Nast posted off to Italy, where he joined Garibaldi.

He returned to the United States in time to see the beginning of the Civil War. About that time he suddenly turned to cartooning. His first great hit was a cartoon called "Peace," published in the critical period of 1864, when the election had just been held, and the "Peace at any price" cry was strong in the North. This "Peace" cartoon carried with it a sting more biting than that of a whiplash. In it the American flag was pictured flying upside down. In the center of the flag was a Union soldier's grave. Kneeling at its head was Columbia, weeping. Beside it stood a crippled, unarmed Union soldier, his head bowed in shame, and his extended hand held by a victorious Confederate, erect, fully armed, with his right foot heavy on the grave between. This cartoon made Nast famous. Millions of copies were printed and distributed throughout the Northern States. President Lincoln is reported to have said that th "Peace" cartoon was the greatest recruiting agency in the country.

After the war, Nast became a political cartoonist. Nothing like his work had ever been seen before. Crushing in its satire, his pen was turned against the "Tweed Ring" in New York City. Some of his cartoons of that period are historical. They became so powerful and convincing that every influence was brought to bear to turn him from his attack. He was even threatened with murder, and was offered large sums of money to leave the country. He dared the first, and refused the second. His cartoons finally aroused public indignation, and the "Tweed Ring" was shattered.

Tweed himself often said, "I don't care what they print about me, but those pictures hurt." They "hurt" more than he had feared, for it was by one of Nast's caricatures, after Tweed had escaped to Cuba, that he was arrested.

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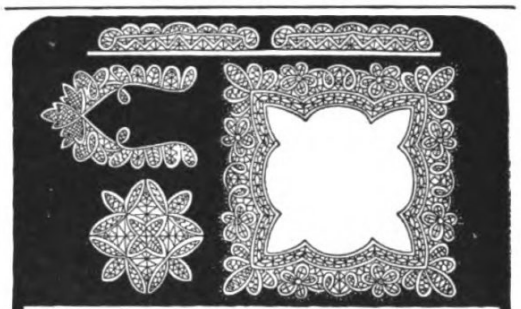
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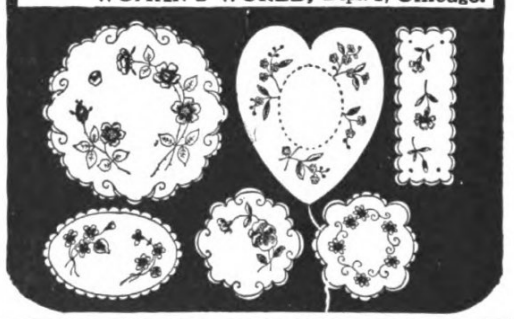
"We have found a distinct gain in health. Any amount of Postum does not cause a feeling of either dyspepsia or nervousness, while the return to coffee even for one meal has disastrous effects upon my nerves. My dyspepsia has entirely left me, and both my wife and self are well and strong and feel that it is all due to the Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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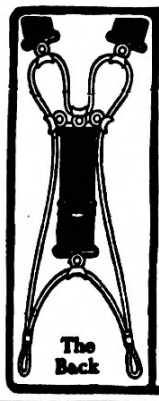
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The chilling, cynic mockery of Power,
With all unblenchéd foreheads of Resolve,
And Desperation,—children of the Night,—
But with the Smile of Morning in their eyes!

We treasure all the agonizing tale,
The firmness borrowed of the granite hills,
Intrepid daring of the cataract
That made the name of Ethan Allen ring;
The self-denial, taught of Poverty,
That led the midnight dash of Marion;
The zeal of Lafayette and Rochambeau;
How Jasper coolly dared the cannonade,
How Morris husbanded the scanty gold,
Or Franklin's logic hewed its careful way;
The weight of toil, the travail of defeat,
The night of sleepless prayer at Valley Forge
That left upon the face of Washington
A look recalling sunlight on the crag!

Thus Independence—disembodied ghost,—
Became incarnate in a nation's birth;
You slew a theory with sword of deed,
And, in your fiery love of liberty,
The immemorial manacles of serfs
Were melted,—nay, by Heaven's alchemy,
Transmuted to a crown for Labor's brow!

Ah! not in placid arrogance of Pride,
Nor armaments and soldiery of War,
Nor island-gems that sparkle on the sea,
Nor votive temples, beautiful with art,
But in the scholar's meditative mind,
The honest, rugged arms of laborers,
The destiny of our republic lies!

And so may we acquit ourselves as men,
Full worthy of our lofty heritage!
Conserving it, in its integrity,
Unstainéd by enormities of kings;
Dispensing it,—in wise benevolence,—
Until, from all the sorrow-stricken earth,
Instead of tears, ascends the final song!

Ignorance of Human Nature

SOME of the great business firms of this country are beginning to see that compulsory service and slave-driving methods not only have the worst kind of influence on employees, but also that they are absolutely disastrous to employers. They realize that a harsh, unsympathetic manager or superintendent never gets the advantage of that enthusiasm and spontaneity in service which react upon the physical condition of employees in improved health, strength, and ability to accomplish. They have convincing proof of the fact that unwilling, grudging labor fosters mediocrity and brings only commonplace results.

How can an employee who feels that, from the time he enters his place of business in the morning until he leaves in the evening, he is being hounded, be expected to do his best? Yet many managers and employers, who pride themselves on their keenness and good judgment in all business matters, think that anything is good enough for an employee; that he is a mere machine for turning out so much work a week, without any originality, independence, or rights of his own.

What a woeful ignorance of human nature is betrayed by this attitude! How many business failures have been caused by its reaction on the blood and sinews—the employees,—of the firms affected will never be known.

On the relations existing between employers and employees depend the industrial and commercial superiority or inferiority of a nation; and with the employer rests the initiative to make those relations friendly and productive of the best results, or the reverse.

Most people are so constituted that they would rather get sympathetic help and encouragement, and good training for future work, with a small salary, than a much larger salary with harsh, contemptuous treatment. There is nothing else that goes so far with a man as the assurance that he amounts to something. The writer has faith enough in human nature to believe that, in general, an employee who is treated justly, humanely, and considerately will respond in kind.

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[*Concludea from page 71*]

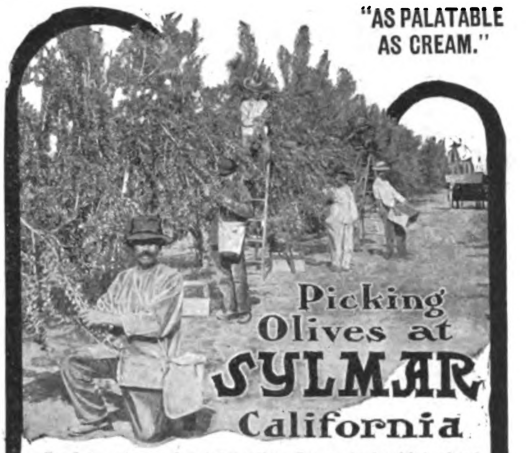
winning their way in European markets and elsewhere. For the year ending June 30, 1902, there were exported from the United States about four million pairs of boots and shoes, valued at $6,182,098. During the same period there were likewise exported split grain and buff leather to the value of $12,817,017; kid and glazed leather, $1,755,599; and patent or enameled leather, $151,930. The largest exportation of shoes was to the United Kingdom, and the value of the product sent thither was $2,013,890. Australasia took about a million and a half in 1901, and nearly a million in 1902, while quantities valued at from a quarter to half a million dollars in each case were exported to Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and the British West Indies, and lesser amounts to Germany, South Africa, and France. Within the last three or four years the leading American manufacturers have established retail stores in London, Paris, Berlin, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other important centers. These stores are duplicates of those with which we are familiar here, and are either owned by the American manufacturers or controlled by them. The Americans have been able to make such an inroad as they have in foreign markets because their shoes are superior in style and workmanship to any made abroad. While the manufacturers of other countries have secured American machinery, they have failed to adopt American factory methods.

The evolution of styles of shoes is a very interesting subject. Without going into this matter in a historical way, it is quite apparent that the changes which have taken place, say in the last quarter of a century, have, on the whole, been in the direction of greater comfort for wearers. Awkward forms have been discarded, and a universal type of shoe evolved that is characterized by perfection of fit, ease of movement in putting on and taking off, comfort in wearing, and a trim and neat appearance. To reach this point we have experimented with many styles. At the time of the Civil War and for many years afterwards, long-legged boots were generally worn by men, while women wore laced shoes. At that period the bootjack was in constant use, but by the majority of the rising generation it is now as little used as the spinning wheel. For a man to wear laced shoes was in those days considered a mark of effeminacy. Buttoned boots and shoes with elastic sides next came into use, and in cities men began to wear them in preference to long-legged boots. In the early seventies, nearly all men's shoes were "congress" gore, elastic sides. Eventually all the other forms were replaced, about 1890, by shoes with eyelet hooks, now the universal style of American shoes. This kind of shoe is ideal as compared with previous forms. It can be put on and taken off very easily and quickly, it fits closely around the ankle and instep, and it can be laced and unlaced with very little effort. Boots in the long-legged form are now made only for rough wear, for farmers, hunters, or other special purposes, and rubber boots for winter or special wear are the chief form in which boots come to market. In England a boot is any article of footwear that comes above the ankle, whether it is laced or pulled on, and a shoe is understood to be a low shoe alone. With us a boot is only the long-legged article.

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▲ ▲

IRWIN CLINE, aged thirteen years, was graduated from the Ashley, Ohio, high school, at the head of his class, winning the title of "Little Giant." He has also received a free scholarship at the Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, for being the youngest high school graduate in the state.

▲ ▲

ALBERT G. BURRAGE, of Boston, owes the start of his fortune of twenty millions, gained in eight years, to reading a newspaper account of a fight between gas companies. Looking up the charter of one of them, he discovered its legal authority to enter Boston. The Standard Oil Company bought this charter and fought the Addicks gas monopoly in Boston. Mr. Burrage got a fee of eight hundred thousand dollars in this struggle, was taken into the Amalgamated Copper Company, and is now one of the richest men in Boston.

▲ ▲

THE new president of Baylor University, Texas, S. P. Brooks, still under forty-five years of age, was a section-hand on the Santa Fé Railroad twenty years ago. He devoted his spare time to study, saved money enough to spend a year at Baylor, and attracted the attention of President Burleson, who aided him to arrange to complete his course. He entered the faculty of Baylor, remaining till two years ago, when he began a post-graduate course at Harvard University. Besides being a ripe scholar, President Brooks is a fine orator.

▲ ▲

LOUIS VICTOR SAAR, of New York City, is the winner of the contest for the composition to be sung at the competition for the Kaiser Prize at the twentieth triennial Saengerfest to be held in Baltimore next June. Three hundred and ninety-eight compositions were submitted to the judges. The Rev. A. W. Hildebrandt, of Constableville, N. Y., is the author of the poem, "Das Deutsche Volkslied," which forms the text of the prize song. The prizes for the music and poem are one hundred and fifty dollars and fifty dollars, respectively.

▲ ▲

DROUGHT made living hard for a German family near Ord, Nebraska, a few years ago, but the mother did not want to take the children from school. She kept a few geese and had saved some feathers to give to relatives and some to give to her children when they should be married. She sacrificed her hoard, however, and the money she thus received kept the children in school that year. The feather business was made the most of and so the geese enabled the mother to send her children to school until graduation. One girl is now teaching, and a boy is well started in a commercial career.

▲ ▲

ROBERT WALKER, of Louisville, Kentucky, saved a fellow workman, Andrew Becker, from death in a waterworks manhole. Becker had gone in to shut a water-gate, and was there so long that Walker followed, and found Becker unconscious and the manhole full of gas. He called to the crowd in the street to watch for his reappearance, and soon came back, half overcome, but bearing his comrade. When raised to the surface, he sat on a curbstone until he had recovered, making light of his heroism in response to the congratulations of the crowd, and then resumed work.

▲ ▲

J. E. CABANISS lives in the little town of Katy, Texas. Land around there seemed fitted for grazing only, and could not be sold for six dollars an acre. Mr. Cabaniss concluded that irrigation by wells would make the land suitable for rice. With a friend, he bought seventy-five acres, and had a well sunk into water-bearing gravel. A four-inch pump operated by a gasoline engine raised five hundred gallons of water a minute. In spite of predictions of failure, rice was planted. The first season's crop netted nearly five thousand dollars. The land in his vicinity now sells for twenty dollars an acre, for it can produce seventy-five dollars' worth per acre every year.

▲ ▲

FORTY years ago, David E. Thompson was a nine-year-old orphan on a Michigan farm. Recently he was appointed United States minister to Brazil. Leaving the farm he became a jeweler's apprentice, and then found his vocation in railroading, beginning as a freight truckman in Lincoln, Nebraska. In twenty years he was one of the chief executive officers of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company, became a political power, and the head of an insurance company and of a big gas company. Severing active connection with the railroad, he still controls the restaurant privileges of the line. He has a large coffee plantation and other interests in Mexico.

▲ ▲

CARL J. MEHLER, of Sharpsville, Pennsylvania, is nineteen years old. He is the eldest of five children whose father died nine years ago. He has worked (at first alone, and later with some assistance from the younger children,) until he has paid the debt on the home, owns a barber shop, and has studied mechanical drawing by correspondence, and now he can earn a salary at such work. He worked all day at a steel factory, and during evenings at his barber shop, in towns three miles apart; but, finding that this gave him too little time to study under tuition of a school-teacher, preparatory to going away to study for a profession, he is now devoting himself exclusively to his business, thus dispensing with a hired assistant. Next year he hopes to go away to school.



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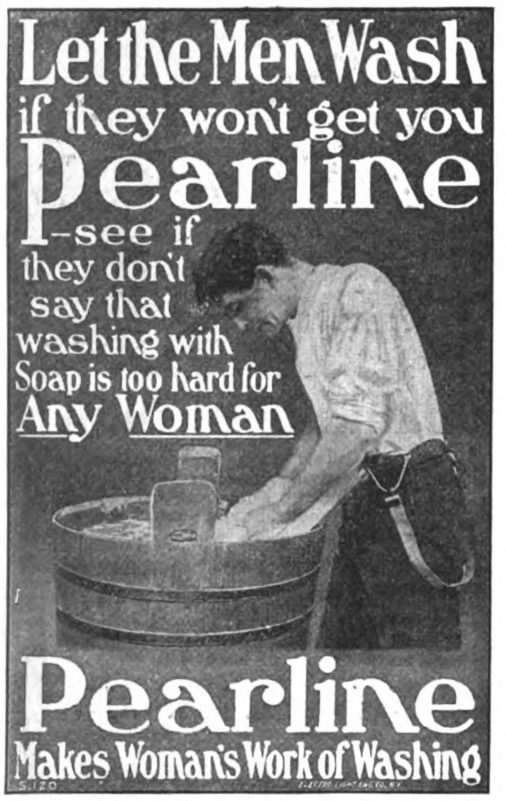


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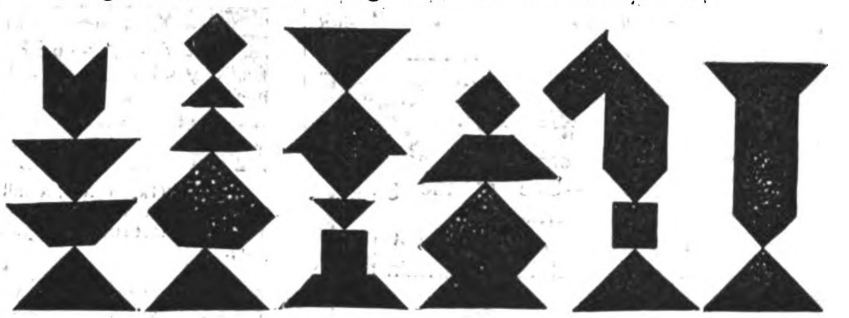
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Sam Loyd's Mental Gymnastics

Some Designs for the Eighth Book of Tan

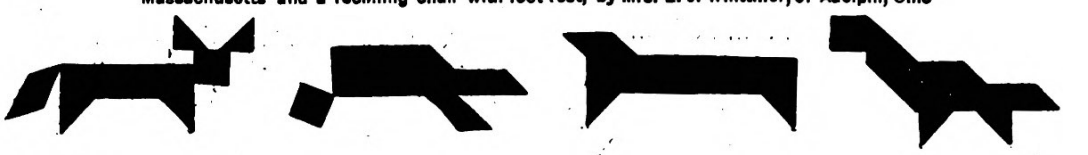
CONTINUING our description of the magical little tangrams from the point where it was interrupted by the Christmas festivities, we will take occasion to say that there has been a widespread and liberal response to the call for original pictures worthy of representation in the eighth book of Tan. Beginners, however, who had not realized the possibilities of the seven pieces, contributed many sketches which required a certain descriptive explanation to tell whether the subject submitted represented a coal scuttle, an angel, a dish of stew, or some other article supposed to represent an era of advanced civilization. It will be noticeable that all of the illustrations given, tell their own story, so our contributors will kindly bear this point in mind, and also remember to sign their name and address to each and every picture that they may send in in the future, otherwise they become hopelessly tangled up in the opening of such large mails as we are now receiving.



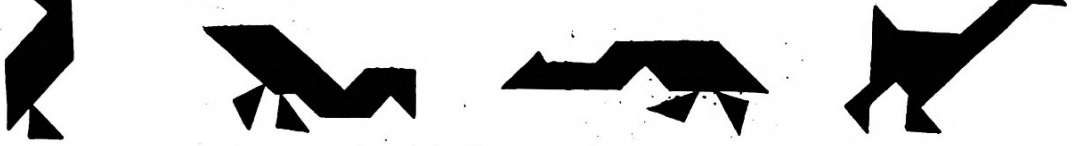
Set of chessmen, by A. R. Austin, of North Hancock, Maine

To give an idea of some of the clever designs which are being submitted, we take occasion to show at the top of this page a set of ivory chessmen.

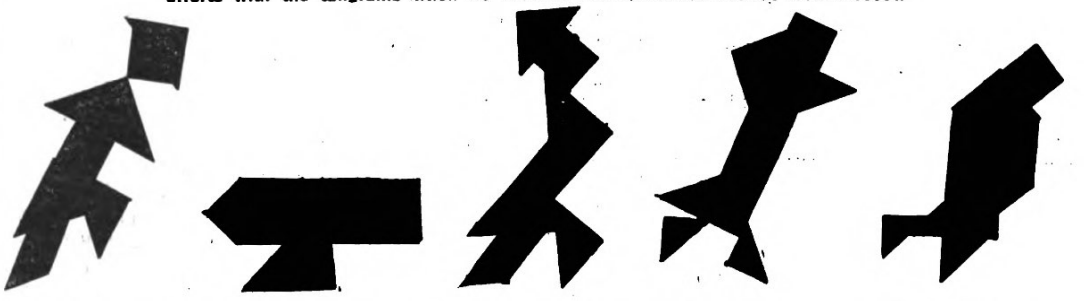
Below is a "Texas Steer," designed by E. S. Miller, of Baltimore, Maryland; also a wheelbarrow, by Mrs. W. A. Schenk, of Grand Rapids, Michigan; a sofa, by R. P. Carr, of Worcester, Massachusetts and a reclining chair with foot-rest, by Mrs. E. J. Whittmer, of Adelphi, Ohio



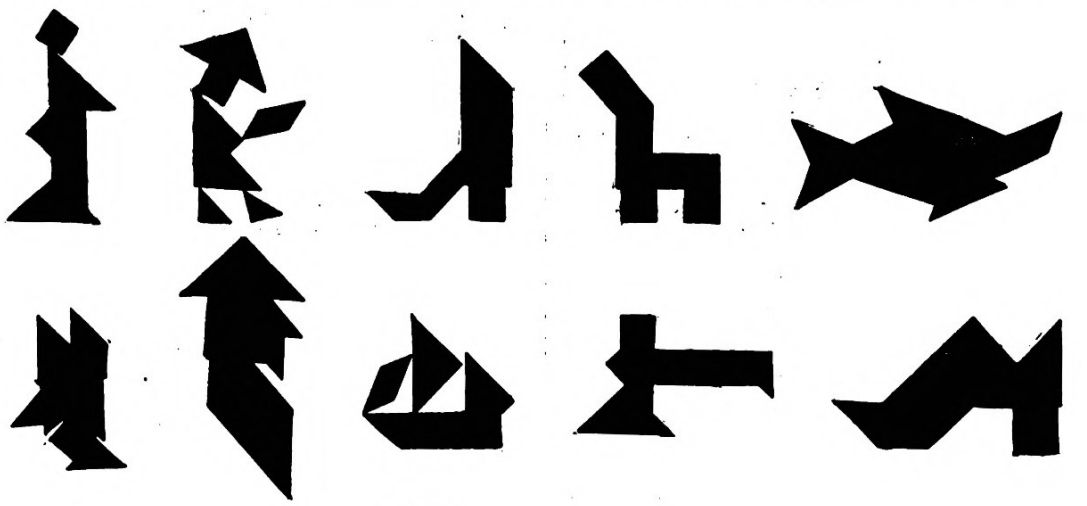
A bright little miss from the rural districts presents the following study in geese



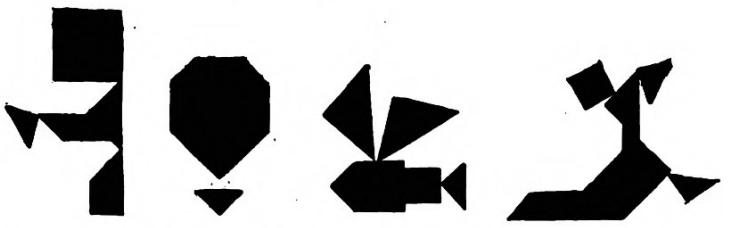
Here is what might be termed a historical sketch supposed to represent Napoleon's efforts with the tangrams when he recalled the disastrous retreat from Moscow



Among the many other designs received, the following have also been selected as worthy of a place in the eighth book of Tan: a Japanese girl, by Frank C. Banks, Detroit, Michigan; a student, by Mrs. S. P. Carns, address unknown; a boot, by H. F. Batch, Fitchburg, Mass.; a colonial chair, by Mrs. A. G. Williams, San José, Cal.; silhouette studies, by W. D. Kent, San Francisco, Cal.; a boat, by E. A. Rober, Philadelphia, Pa.; a swordfish, a hatchet, and a congress gaiter



By way of representing modern civilization, we present a telephone, by Glynne J. Bowen; a flying machine chasing a baloon, by O. M. Dayton, and a "cake-walker," by Mrs. S. P. Carns



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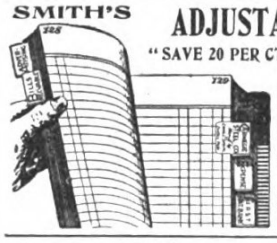
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If You Can't Go to College

[*Concluded from page 85*]

a study of socialism. It is in this way that I myself, when I had a course of this kind, approached these problems, and an outgrowth of my work is found in my book, "Socialism and Social Reform." A very excellent book on socialism is William Graham's "Socialism, New and Old." Kirkup's "Inquiry into Socialism" is an interesting work, and evinces a good deal of sympathy with the spirit of socialism. Rae's "Contemporary Socialism" is a more conservative book, and could, perhaps, be advantageously studied with the "Fabian Essays," giving the position of what we might call conservative socialism.

Modern taxation absorbs a considerable proportion of the wealth of the more highly civilized nations, in some cases over ten per cent. This gives us some idea of the significance of the operations of modern governments. A well-educated man should study these operations on their financial side, and that particular branch of economics which has to do with the financial operations of government is called "Public Finance." It deals with the revenues of government, with their expenditure and their administration. In my own opinion, the best work on finance is that by Professor Henry C. Adams, and it bears the title, "Finance." Briefer works which may be mentioned are Plehn's "Introduction to Public Finance" and Daniel's "Elements of Public Finance."

This is a good, full course in political economy, and gives more than most college students receive, although less than some receive who make a specialty of economic studies. It will take some time and effort to cover this ground satisfactorily, but I recommend it to my readers without hesitation. It will be found worth while, and, if pursued conscientiously, will not fail to bear fruit in a better citizenship.

[This is the third of the SUCCESS series for those who cannot go to college. It is intended to give an independent student a carefully planned programme of college studies. This unique and important series has been secured from eminent educators, representing the highest thought of the greatest American institutions. It is not a college course at home, but a home course that gives as nearly as possible an equivalent in discipline of what a college graduate secures. The fourth paper will be on "Zoology," by Professor David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California. The other papers will follow, from month to month, until all departments of knowledge shall have been treated.—THE EDITOR.]

The Work *of* a Success-Club Student



VASSILY BONCH-BRUEVICH

VASSILY BONCH-BRUEVICH, a native of Russia, but for a long time a student in Chicago, is to-day proud to acknowledge himself a Success-Club boy. After completing his studies in Chicago, he devoted his attention to farming in the West. During the past year, he has been a student in Paris. His ambition has been to return to Russia and do what he can toward the improvement of agricultural conditions in that country, an aspiration that may soon be gratified. In a recent letter to SUCCESS, he inclosed a clipping from the Paris edition of the New York "Herald," wherein is mentioned his good fortune in attracting to himself recognition by the Grand Duke Vladimir, of Russia, from whom he received a present, and through whose good offices he is to be recommended in Russia as a writer on American agricultural topics, especially such as will inform his countrymen about western farm life in the United States. The fortunate young man writes that it was through a Success Club that he was encouraged to make a specialty of practical agricultural study, which now appears to promise so much for him in results. The accompanying portrait of Vassily Bonch-Bruevich will be particularly appreciated by Success-Club members as well as by all of our other readers.

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My Rise From the Slums to Manhood

OWEN KILDARE

[*Concluded from page 77*]



"I walked with her, and explained"

She saw me, and, when she heard of my determination to act thenceforth as her bodyguard, she chided at first, but then laughed and told me I was very kind. I wish you could realize my feelings when she, the first to do so, told me that. Surely the dangers along the journey to her home were trifling and few, but no proud queen in days of sword and lance had more devoted cavalier to fight, die, or live for her. That seemed to be my sole duty. This new feeling of vague happiness had benumbed me, and, though I was then leading a more decent life, it was still aimless and without purpose. However, God does not send angels into the world without purpose.

We had arrived at her door on a beautiful afternoon, and I was on the point of taking leave, when she handed me a card and asked me a question concerning it. My fairy palace of bliss crumbled to pieces. I could not cipher or decipher my own name. What else could I do but slink away to hide myself, my ignorance, my shame, forever? But, before I had taken a step, a little hand grasped my arm, and, then and there, took up its faithful guidance of me, and every fiber of my big, ungainly frame thrilled at this waking of a better life.

Then the sweet professor, besides her class at school, saddled herself with this unwieldy, husky kindergarten. Never was the alphabet more quickly mastered, and "c–a–t, cat," and "r–a–t, rat," were spelled by me in a surprisingly short time. Who would not have learned quickly with such a teacher?

But even dolls can be made to talk, and parrots can imitate empty chatter. My teacher wanted me to have the means to lift myself out of my ditch. The little sculptor, who was molding this huge mass of the commonest clay into the semblance of a man, wanted to waken that in me which would make me something apart from the thing I had been. Coming out of my darkness, she did not lead me at once into the radius of the dazzling light; but, as with the tots in her primary class, step by step she coached me into the way of righteous intelligence. Gradually I began to see, —to see with the eyes of my soul,—and I found a world about me abounding in the evidences of an almighty and wise Creator. I began to understand and to love this newer and better life, and began to hate the old life, which, in vain, tried to tempt me back to it.

One thing which I can never emphasize sufficiently is the sacrifices that little woman underwent for me from the beginning to the very end. She was the main support of her mother and a young invalid brother. Besides these two, she had only one other relative, an elder brother, in a far western city. They were refined people, and you can imagine what it meant to them to have a big, uncouth fellow intrude into their home circle. I shall never forget the horror-stricken countenance of her mother at my first appearance for my private lesson. It needed no interpreter to read the question of her eyes: "For goodness' sake, where did this come from, and what is it?" But I

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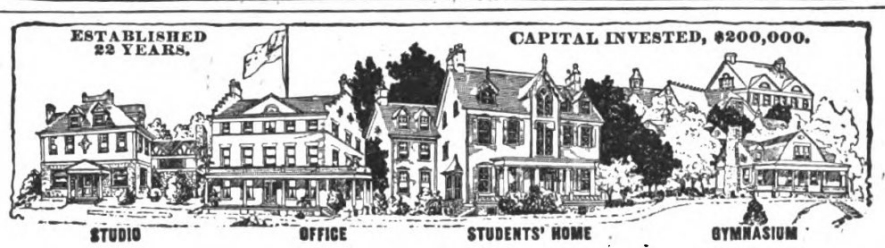
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found a dear little ally in my teacher's brother, whose willing horse I was for many a ride, wild and hazardous, from kitchen to parlor. That first peep into real home life fairly upset me. Since then I have seen many more luxurious places, but none where my heart felt so much at home. Every detail of it was noticed by me,—the neatness, the taste of the modest decorations,—and I set my jaws and said, "I, too, will have a home, and, perhaps, not only for myself, but—" Ah, but it was too early to dream too far!

To dream of things will never bring them to you, and, as people who had known me had always given me credit for stubborn determination in wicked pursuits, I resolved to apply this determination to a better end. I looked for work,—good, honest, hard work. My experience surprised me. Only a few months had passed since my transformation, but it had been noted by men whom I had thought indifferent to my fate. I can say, with the utmost conviction, that, if a man determines without compromise to do right, he will find friends, all willing to help him along, among those he had expected to prove nothing more than mere acquaintances.

I went to work at one of the steamboat piers as a baggageman,—sometimes referred to as a "baggage-smasher,"—at eight dollars a week, a smaller amount than I had often "earned" in one night in the dive. On my first pay day, those eight dollars were recounted by me innumerable times; not because I was dissatisfied with the smallness of the amount, but because I felt good, really good, at having at length earned a week's wages by honest toil. Every one of those bills had its own meaning for me.

Of course, my teacher knew of my employment, and, with my first pay, I bought a little gift for her. It also gave me a pretext for explaining to her my future plans.

Much of her time had been taken up with me, and I owed all of my new life to her endeavor. It would have been an imposition for me to trouble her any longer, especially when I had steady employment and could attend evening schools and study at home in spare hours. I wanted to thank her, and not be quite so conspicuous where, because of social differences, I did not belong.

I said something about coming from the gutter. She would not listen to it. As to coming from the gutter, why, many a coin is dropped there and remains there until some one picks it up and, by a little polishing, makes it as good as it ever was.

It was just like her: she always claimed to have found something good in me, which I could not have discovered. On the other hand, as soon as I resumed my lessons, she perceived that quite often her pupil could be severely trying. It was the harrowing science of arithmetic which caused the most trouble. I had a confirmed habit of becoming hopelessly muddled in my multiplication table. When floundering in the numerical labyrinth, I would hear just the faintest little sigh, and, looking up, would see a dear little forehead showing the most cunning wrinkles of resignation. It was then that horrid wickedness would take dire possession of me, and I would intentionally make more mistakes just to see those eyes reproach me for my stupidity.

So we went on, elaborating the educational course by hearing lectures here and there, and by reading standard works by the best authors. For the summer months we arranged a series of excursions. On one outing she would be the supreme director and dictator; I, on the next. Candor compels me to confess that my excursions always led us dangerously near to Coney Island, if not quite to it; yet people can enjoy themselves even there, for it is the same old ocean, and the same sea air there as elsewhere, and it only lies with the visitor how to spend a holiday.

On her days, I was always kept in the dark as to our destination until we reached it. It invariably proved to be some quiet country place, and, after depositing the luncheon in a shady spot, the "professor" would trip from flower to flower, from tree to tree, and deliver little sermons on birds, flowers, and minerals. It was the most efficient way to teach me the difference between a pine tree and a rosebush. There never were other days like them, and, surely, there never will be again.

We had then known one another for a long time. I had become capable of reasoning, and I had grave cause for doing so. Was it all for the best? Love is no respecter of persons. It comes to all, rich and poor alike. Will it, then, surprise you to know that constant companionship with my mentor had awakened in me thoughts very foreign to

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grammar and arithmetic? I loved her; I knew it, but I also felt that that love was destined to be buried unsatisfied.

That is what my reason told me, but in my heart there echoed a stirring hymn of fondest hope. It would not let me rest, and I became a pestering nuisance to my teacher. Many times daily I would ask her the questions, "Why, why do you undergo this ceaseless labor?—why do you set yourself this gigantic task of trying to make of me a man?"

As in all other matters, in my love-making I was rough and uncouth, and an answer to my question was long refused. One day I asked it again, and then we understood.

Naturally, this gave me an increased impetus to earn more money, and I put enough zeal into my work to receive several increases in salary. Nevertheless, I often thought it so out of proportion to desire that I doubted if my little lady would consent to marry a chap who was nothing more than a "baggage-smasher." My wise standby thought differently, and called my attention to the fact that a "baggage-smasher" need not always remain one, and that most presidents and heads of noted companies and corporations had begun, as I had, at the bottom of the ladder. I felt better on hearing that, and, in my greediness, imposed on her still further. In spite of my years, it was not until then that I knew what it is to love and to be loved, and, for the first time in my life, I was supremely happy.

Success without thrift is barely possible. My salary was more than ample for my needs, and I had quite a sum in a savings bank. With the aggressiveness of a capitalist, I began to urge matters, and, with the consent of her mother, (then my dearest friend,) the date of our wedding was set for February. It was two months until then, but we found our most important business in wandering from store to store to gaze at the show-windows and to appraise household goods like *bona fide* purchasers.

In January, we were out on one of our usual rambles. It was one of those mild winter evenings which make our climate so uneven. A shower fell, and we were caught in it. We were only a short distance from her home, and she wanted to reach it before the shower should become a downpour. In vain I tried to put my coat over her, the plucky girl only laughing and hurrying the faster. The exposure to the rain easily brought on what was at first considered "just a trifling cold," but the beginning of the end had come.

For weeks she painfully lingered on her bed, and I marveled with awe at the heroic spirit of my little girl. In all her conscious moments she spoke to me with the wisdom of another world, and gave me then her legacy of purest, godliest love. The afternoon sun was low one day when she asked me to lift her to the window. I took into my arms my sweet burden, and we looked in silence on the street beneath us. It was a humble neighborhood, devoid of all picturesqueness. All we saw in the last sheen of the sun's departing rays was a little girl playing with a kitten, but we watched, my beloved one with smiling interest, until she grew tired and returned to her couch. Sitting by her side, still confident, I was lulled by the quiet and the memory of her happy smile, and fell asleep.

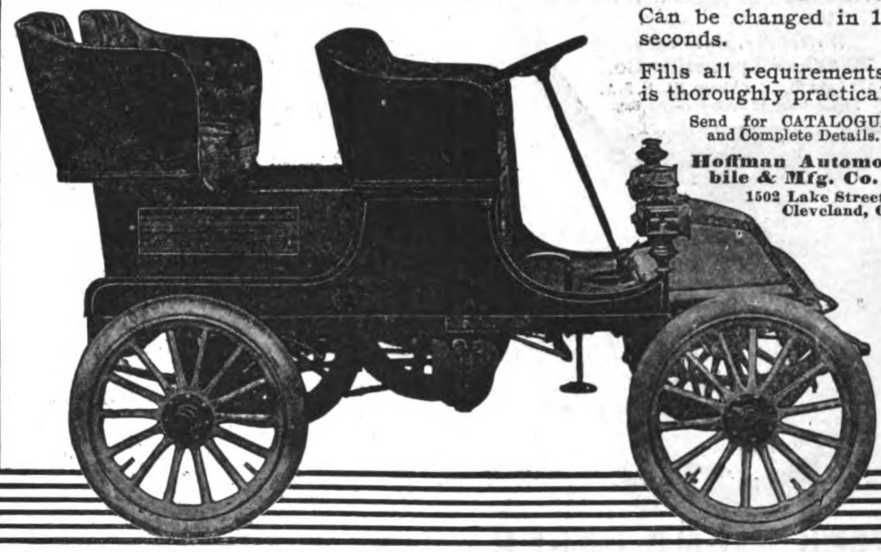
Suddenly I was awakened. Her hand was not in mine. Her mother knelt beside the bed. I understood, and all that I had learned was forgotten in an instant. The animal, so long subdued, arose in me with fury. Then I learned to weep tears of anguish, but I laughed at Providence and scorned divinest solace, until my brain went whirling into madness. With the morning sun came saner, holier thoughts, and from her sacred features a message came to me. I knelt and prayed, "Thy will be done."

Soon after the funeral the mother and the little brother went West to the elder son to make their future home with him. I was ill for some time, but found my position still open for me after regaining my health. I was not quite so strong as I had been, but did not wish to neglect my work, and, overtasking myself, an accident permanently incapacitated me for that kind of employment. I had to submit to an operation,—to be repeated later,—and the expense, with the long, enforced spell of idleness, soon exhausted the remainder of my savings.

I had no fear that I would revert to my former ways of wickedness. I had learned to understand life, felt mind and soul within me, and I wanted to go on, not back; and, besides, there was the legacy of her who had taught me all this.

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BUYS OUR HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARM, GUARANTEED, FIVE-DRAWER, SOLID POLISHED ANTIQUE OAK, DROP HEAD CABINET SEROCO SEWING MACHINE, the equal of sewing machines that cost twice the money elsewhere.

$10.45 buys our 5-drawer, drop head cabinet, celebrated NEW QUEEN sewing machine. 5-drawer, drop head cabinet Edgemere sewing machine, exactly as illustrated. $11.95 buys this beautiful marquetry decorated,

$12.85 buys the standard ball bearing BURDICK sewing machine. $15.20 buys the highest grade sewing machine made our MINNESOTA, the equal of regular $50.00 and $60.00 agents' machines.



$8.95

THE ABOVE MACHINES WE SELL EVERY OTHER MAKE OF SEWING ARE ALL OUR OWN MAKE. MACHINE ON THE MARKET AT CUT PRICES.

5-drawer, drop head, genuine	SINGER	$24.50
4-drawer, drop head	DOMESTIC	$20.00
5-drawer, drop head	NEW HOME	$20.00
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5-drawer, drop head	WHITE	$21.00
4-drawer, drop head	STANDARD	$22.00

THESE and many other high grade machines beautifully illustrated and fully described, the parts, mechanism and special features, in our big, new, free Sewing Machine Catalogue.

Three Months' Free Trial.

WE CAN SURELY SAVE YOU $10.00 to $20.00 ON ANY KIND OF A MACHINE.

You must write for it. If you mention the name of this paper we will give you the names of a number of your own neighbors to whom we have sold machines, so you can see and examine your neighbors' machines, learn how they are pleased with them and how much money we saved them.

THREE MONTHS' FREE TRIAL ON ANY SEWING MACHINE ORDERED.

FOR FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOGUE, the most wonderful price offerings ever made, our liberal terms, pay after received offer and three months' free trial plan, cut this ad. out and mail to us, or send a postal card, ask for FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOGUE, and say what paper or magazine you saw this notice in. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PER SECTION (without doors) and upwards buys the **"Macey" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE**



the **only** kind having absolutely "Non-binding, Self-disappearing doors." (Patented).

ON APPROVAL.—There is never any risk in buying genuine "Macey" goods—we ship every article "On Approval" subject to return at our expense if not found at our **factory price** 40 to 100 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail. **We prepay freight** to all points east of the Mississippi and North of Tennessee and North Carolina. (Freight equalized to points beyond.) *Ask for Catalogue No. "AA-I."*

GOLD MEDALS--HIGHEST AWARDS.

For superiority of design, material, construction, workmanship, finish and perfect operation of "Non-binding, Self-receding doors," the "Macey" Sectional Bookcase received the Gold Medal,—the highest award at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions.

CAUTION.—Do not be misled by the deceiving advertisements **of imitators. No other** sectional bookcase has a **self-receding door** that is **absolutely non-binding** and **automatic**—the basic patents completely covering these features are owned by this company exclusively and no other bookcase can embrace the same valuable features. In the law suit concerning which a competitor has maliciously advertised "Warning to the Public" the United States Circuit Court rendered a **sweeping decision in our favor.**

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., - GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Branches: New York, 298-295 Broadway; Philadelphia, N.E cor. 13th & Market Sts.; Boston, 178 Federal St. Chicago, N. Y. Life Bldg. | Makers of High-grade Office and Library Furniture.



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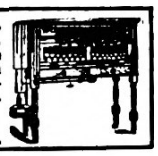
Of Laundry and Fine Toilet **SOAPS** and Perfumes. Our Premiums consist of Couches, Morris Chairs, Beds, Tables, Desks, Stoves, Musical Instruments, etc. In fact, through the **LOCKWOOD WAY** you can furnish your entire home free. Send your name and address and we will mail you absolutely **FREE** our beautiful illustrated catalogue containing handsome and useful premiums, also full information in regard to our 30 days' FREE TRIAL order.

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THE CELEBRATED BECKWITH PIANO CO.'S PIANOS AT
$89.00 $138.00
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FOR THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE, by which we place one of these pianos in any home in the United States ON TRIAL.
Write for our Special Piano Catalogue.
THIS PIANO $115.00.
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CHICAGO, ILL.



GREATEST Labor saving device ever invented, worth three closets, prevents waste, saves time, trouble, space and labor. Convenient places for baking utensils, cereal products, spices, table linen, etc. We make 20 styles, all sizes, price $2.50 and up. Following bargain catalogues **FREE.** Get our wholesale **factory prices.**
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Sewing Machines and Organs - No. 99 B
General Merchandise - - - No. 99 C
Office Furniture - - - No. 99
E. H. STAFFORD & BROS., Chicago.



The **IDEAL** SQUARE STEAM **Cooker**
With Doors. Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.*
Reduces Fuel Bills One-half.
Has **water guage** and replenishing tube on outside. **Makes tough meats tender.** Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. We also make the world-renowned round **Ideal Cooker with whistle.** *We pay express.* The Housekeeper's Friend. Agents' Bonanza. Send for illustrated catalogue. **Agents Wanted.**
TOLEDO COOKER CO. Box 45 **Toledo, O.**

Poultry Paper Free
Your name and address on a postal card mailed to ***Reliable Poultry Journal,*** Box I, Quincy, Illinois, will bring you a free sample copy of the biggest and best Poultry Journal published. Over one hundred pages.
$500 CASH PRIZES—Everybody gets paid—Write for full particulars.
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in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,
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Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens,** and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It costs too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for 10 cents.
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The PRAIRIE STATES KEEP AT THE HEAD. More made—more sold—more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined.
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Send for catalogue—just out—finest ever issued. Mention this paper.
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The Greider Strains,
fifty of them, are bred to make prize winners. Very low prices on birds and eggs, considering quality. Elegant 1903 catalogue sent postpaid for 10 cents. Write to-day.
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STARK TREES best by Test—78 Years
LARGEST Nursery.
FRUIT BOOK free. We WANT MORE SALESMEN **PAY** CASH Weekly
STARK BROS, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc

Some, who will approve of my determination to go on, might disapprove of the method employed. But I had to go to work, and to accept the first chance offered to me, becoming a dish-washer in a downtown lunch room at three dollars a week. It was unsavory work, but it was work, and left me time in the evenings and on Sundays to read books so well beloved by me, and then my only companions.

I began then to write, and have been writing ever since for newspapers and magazines. Brilliancy, elegance of diction and a choice vocabulary will not be found in my stories, but the truth is there, and that is something.

In that direction now lies my ambition. I want to be a writer with a purpose. I want to tell the plain truth about men and things as I know them and see them every day in the homes in the tenements, in these abodes of friendless, hopeless men, many of whom were once as "good," as respectable as any of my readers. I want to dedicate my pen, no matter how ungifted, to their service, that others may know, as I know, where fellow beings begin to rail against their God and men, because they deem themselves forgotten. I want to show that, often, it is their hearts which hunger most, and not their stomachs, and ask you to believe that they, as well as others, can feel hunger and cold, and can also love and despair.

I know there is work in that field for me, and it is my ambition to become successful in it and worthy of it, as a proof that one of God's sweetest daughters has not lived and died in vain.

THE GIFTS

Sharlot M. Hall

There were three gifts at eventide the West Wind brought to me,
That I might choose for joy or use my fate from out the three:
"Now here is gold," the West Wind saith, "and fair it is to see;
Who chooseth gold hath power to hold; men serve him loyally."

"A prince he is," the West Wind saith, "I know the hidden mine;
Shalt guide thee now o'er fire and snow to where the ingots shine?"
"Nay, then, who hath the yellow gold hath trouble at his back;
Whose needs are few, whose heart is true, what knoweth he of lack?"

"But here is Love," the West Wind saith, "the light of life is he;
Wilt bid him now to crown thy brow with myrtle greenery?
He sets the pace that young feet dance and leads with lute and bow;
Take thou his hand and through the land with him till curfew go."

"Nay, then, for he who seeketh Love finds but an empty nest;
Love cometh still of his own will, unsought, and that is best."
Then one spake out full loud and clear: "Now I am Work," said he;
"And they who hold nor love nor gold have need of mine and me."

"Wilt follow, follow, where I lead?" his voice rang free and strong;
"Here's hope and cheer for all the year; here's balm for every wrong."
"Yea, I am fain to follow thee; thou speakest like a king;"
"Then shalt thou see, if true thou be, *the other gifts I bring.*"

Josh Billings on "Sharp" Men

The sharp man iz often mistaken for the wize one, but he iz just az diffrent from a wize one az he iz from an honest one.

He trusts tew his cunning for suckcess, and this iz the next thing to being a rogue.

The sharp man iz like a razor,—generally too sharp for enny thing but a shave.

Theze men are not tew be trusted,—they are so constituted that they must cheat sumboddy, and, rather than be idle or loze a good job, they will pitch onto their best friends.

They are not exackly outkasts, but liv cluss on the borders of criminality, and are liable tew step over at enny time.

It iz but a step from cunning to raskality, and it iz a step that iz alwuss inviting to take.

Sharp men hav but phew friends, and seldum a konfidant. They hav learnt tew fear treachery by studying their own naturs.

They are alwuss bizzy, but, like the hornet, want a heap ov sharp watching.

The Skill at the End of Your Fingers
meets the Perfection of Mechanical Skill in
The Chicago No. 3
$50



and the results are **Perfect Work** and **Perfect Satisfaction.** All who write or typewrite should read our printed matter. We are glad to send it.
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By our superior course and our plan of **individual instruction** it is easy to prepare to earn high salary. **Good** stenographers can always secure **good paying positions.** Why not be a good one? Time required is short. Lessons are easy. Course inexpensive. Why not better your position and prospects in life? **Write to-day,** full particulars free.
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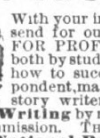


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With your income or your station in life, send for our free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT;" tells how to improve both by study at home during spare hours; how to succeed as a newspaper-correspondent, magazine-contributor, and short-story writer. We teach **Journalism** and **Story-Writing** by mail. **Manuscripts** criticised and revised; sold on commission. THORNTON WEST, Editor-in-Chief; founded, 1895. **The National Press Association,** The Baldwin, No. 69, Indianapolis, Ind.



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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

[*Concluded from page 88*]

the "dull" boy, made no reply to the teacher's remark; but, as he was passing into another room, he patted the offender's head and said, "Never mind, my boy; you may be a great scholar some day. Do not be discouraged, but try, try, and keep on trying."

The discouraged boy became the author of a famous commentary on the Bible. He was Doctor Adam Clark, and the whole current of his life was changed by a few kind and encouraging words from the passing stranger.

In order to influence a boy to make the most of himself, one must first reach his heart. His confidence must be won by taking a real and permanent, instead of a feigned or spasmodic, interest in him.

If you put a new hope into a boy's life; if you see something in him which parents or others do not see; if you discern possibilities in him that awaken his ambition, as the spring sunshine encourages the shrinking germ and helps it to lift its head above the sod, you have won his heart forever. You can mold him as you will.

▲ ▲

Try to Excel, Not Undersell

BE ambitious to put the stamp of superiority, the impress of your manhood on your work, whatever it may be. Let an honest individuality be your trade-mark, so that there will be a demand for the product of your labor without forcing the market. Spending one's best energies in devising schemes to get ahead of others is not half as effective, even supposing it were right or justifiable, as the creation of a demand for your labor or merchandise by the superior quality of your methods and material.

▲ ▲

The Fear of Being Thought "Queer"

THE fear of being thought peculiar prevents a great many people from reaching the limit of their possibilities. These people can endure unmerited blame, and even calumny, with fortitude. They are patient under great trials, and are not afraid to face difficulties, noble in many ways, and weak, perhaps, only in this one point. Fear of ridicule, of being thought different from other people, appears to be the one vulnerable spot in their armor. They seem unable to rid themselves of the idea that they excite comment everywhere because of their supposed peculiarities.

Nine times out of ten, this "queerness" is a disease of the imagination, and has no real existence. The victim of such a morbid condition of mind must be his own physician. The veriest tyro in the world's ways must know that men and women are too busy with their own affairs, too much occupied with selfish cares to think much about him, whether he is like or unlike other people of his acquaintance. Rest assured they are not watching you or analyzing your words and movements. Be your natural self as far as you can, and do not trouble yourself about what others think or say of you. Do what you think to be right, and give yourself no concern as to what others think of your words or actions, and you will find that your "queerness" will soon fall away from you.

❦ ❦

Put Yourself into Your Work

IF you would have your work count for something, put yourself into it; put character, originality, individuality into everything you do. Don't be satisfied to be an automaton. Determine that whatever you do in life shall be a part of yourself, and that it shall be stamped with superiority. Remember that everything you do of real value must have the impress of yourself upon it, and let that be the evidence of excellence and superiority.

You will find that devotion to your work will pay. Superiority of method, progressiveness, and up-to-dateness, leavened with your own individuality, are permanent.

❦ ❦

Dishonesty Through Suggestion

NOT long since a town treasurer in New England was not able to make his accounts balance, and immediately he was suspected of embezzlement. The strong suspicion in the minds of the townspeople, who had always respected him before, and his inability to furnish a satisfactory explanation, so wrought upon his mind that he left the town.

This adverse thought was so strong against him, and held so long that the man actually thought that his accounts were short. The prejudice against him was so strong that he seems to have lost confidence in his own integrity, and thought that, perhaps, in some mysterious way, he was guilty of the crime of which he was accused.

Not long after he disappeared, it was discovered that his accounts were absolutely correct. There is a good lesson here for those who pass hasty judgment upon their fellow townsmen. It is well known, in the case of servants who have been accused of theft by their employers simply because they could not account for the loss of property in any other way, that this thought held so long against them has undermined their own self-confidence until they have come to think themselves possible criminals.

When the science of mind shall have been further developed, we shall find that many a felon has been made out of an honest man or woman by cruel suspicion continued so long that he has lost confidence in his own integrity.

$10,000.00 REWARD

MEN'S STYLE
No. 3456
Made in Enamel Patent Calf, and Black Calfskin



"The Window of the Sole."

All Styles $3.50

TO ANY PERSON WHO CAN INFORM THE PUBLIC

HOW TO DETECT SHOE FRAUDS BEFORE THE SHOE IS WORN.

THE ONLY RESTRICTION IS THAT THE SHOE MUST NOT BE DEFACED AND UNSALABLE.

$5,000.00 REWARD to any person who will inform the public how to determine at sight, and without defacing the shoe, whether genuine old fashioned Oak Bark Tanned Sole Leather or cheap substitute is concealed under the black or stained finish of any and all shoes.

$5,000.00 REWARD (in addition to the foregoing reward) is offered for information that will enable the public to determine after the shoes are made up, and without defacing them whether the vamp (or upper) under the toe cap is whole or whether it has been pieced and patched.

The Regal Test (Shoe Dissection) demonstrates that 90 per cent. of all other shoes under $6.00 have brittle, cheap, and short-lived Hemlock or "Yankee Oak" leather in the soles, and the vamps patched and pieced under the toe cap.

A shoe is only as good as its worst part. Its worst part is sure to be placed where the eye cannot detect it.

"The Window of the Sole" is proof positive on all shoes to which it is applied; consequently some plan must be evolved which will test all shoes equally well.

Cut, or tear out the BUZZ SAW panel at the lower right-hand corner of this advertisement. Present this at any of our stores or send it with your name and address. Full instructions regarding conditions upon which these rewards will be made will be handed you, or forwarded by return mail.

The Regal

L. C. BLISS & CO., Manufacturers
Mail Order Department
BOSTON, MASS., 409 SUMMER ST.

Delivered through our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT, carriage charges prepaid to any address in the United States on receipt of $3.75 per pair. Special shipping rates to all parts of the world.

COMPLETE STYLE BOOK FREE ON REQUEST

WOMEN'S REGAL SHOES
Made in all popular styles, both dainty and mannish. Sold only in our exclusive stores for women, and obtainable through our Mail Order Department.

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—WOMEN'S STORES—
Boston, 109 Summer Street. Philadelphia, 1218 Market Street. New York, 785 Broadway, 1339 Broadway, 125th Street, corner Seventh Avenue

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We have no agents or branch stores.
All orders should be sent direct to us.

The Spring Styles Are Now Ready



We are enthusiastic about our Catalogue for the coming Spring season, because we believe it to be the handsomest fashion publication of its kind ever issued. It illustrates new and exclusive styles that are not found elsewhere. Never have our styles been so attractive and prices so reasonable as this season. We keep no ready-made goods, *but make every garment to order*, thus ensuring a satisfactory fit and finish. We aim to give to each order the same care and attention that it would receive if it were made under your own eyes by your own dressmaker. You take no risk in dealing with us because any garment that is not entirely satisfactory may be sent back promptly and *your money will be refunded.* No matter where you live we pay express charges.

Our Line of Fabrics

is larger and better selected than ever before, and while it is particularly replete in Etamines, new Canvas weaves, Mistrals and other Spring and Summer materials, we have not neglected the staple fabrics, such as Broadcloths, fine Venetians, Cheviots and Zibilenes. We have also imported a number of fabrics which are confined to us, and which during this season will be shown by no other house. Our styles and materials are worthy of your attention, if you wish something entirely different from the ready-made garments shown in every shop.

Our Catalogue illustrates fashionable suits as low as $8 and as high as $35. Between these two extremes we can satisfy almost any reasonable taste. We make stylish skirts of excellent fabrics in the new French cut, from $4 up to $20. Rainy-day and Walking Skirts of splendid serviceable materials from $5 to $15. Some entirely new things in Walking Suits from $10 to $25. If you wish a jaunty jacket we make them of the new Spring coating fabrics from $6 to $20.

Our new Spring Catalogue and Samples of the materials from which we make our garments, are now ready. Write for them to-day; we send them *free* by return mail.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.



A Preserver of Health in Your Home

SCHERING'S FORMALIN LAMP

prevents disease by killing germs and purifying air. Ordinary disinfectants merely disguise foul odors. It makes contagious diseases shorter and milder, without the least discomfort to patient, and lessens danger of transmission.

Ask your Doctor about it.

Deodorizes Cellars. Preserves Food.
Leaves no Odor. Destroys Tobacco-Scent.

Lamp with 40 Formalin Pastils, $1.75

AT DRUGGISTS.

Write NOW for Interesting Booklet, "The Home Purifier."

SCHERING & GLATZ, New York, N. Y.

The Dress Accessories that Count - Grace Margaret Gould



A novel belt and chatelaine

DRESS with woman is the outward sign of inner grace. It bespeaks her characteristics more fluently than words. It is one of her best recommendations, for it is vouched for by herself. As a woman appears, so she is. The smart girl in dress is the smart girl indeed. How supreme, then, is woman's advantage, if, on her entrance into any environment, she can at once become a harmonious and attractive part of it.

"How can this be done?" may be asked. "Be true to thyself," is the answer, as old as written thought. The clever woman studies her individuality and learns what will give expression to it. Often the turn of a hand may accomplish what money cannot purchase. A nimble wit and a nimble needle can outdo the fashions of Paris. The clever woman adds a touch here, a shade there, and lo! the plainest costume stands out with distinction. What, then, are some of these trifling, yet vital, differences of dress?

Even a belt can give an air of distinction to a costume. A novelty so out of the common that it is worth hearing about and also worth copying, is a belt and chatelaine of deer hide. The belt consists of two narrow bands of the pretty shaded brown deerskin, joined by a lacing of brown silk cord. To the belt is attached a most practical sort of chatelaine, composed of a combination bag and purse, a *bonbonnière* and a small notebook, each in deerskin, to match the belt. That this chatelaine is strictly common sense, and for practical use, is well illustrated in the *bonbonnière*, which is quite apt to contain other things than small candies. Sometimes when opened it will disclose two bobbins wound with black and white thread, a small paper of needles and two or three safety pins to be brought into use in cases of emergency, when a pin and a stitch in time will prevent disaster.



A fancy kimono jacket

Then, again, the *bonbonnière* may hold a watch carefully slipped into a little chamois bag; or, a tiny powder puff may be inclosed between its deerskin covers.

To have the deerskin belt look its best, it should be laced with silk cord matching in color the gown with which it will be most frequently worn.

A clever idea for a young woman who is wearing cotton shirt-waists throughout the winter is a fancy kimono jacket. It is designed especially to wear over a white waist of madras, silky linen, piqué, or cotton cheviot. It gives just the necessary warmth which is sometimes needed when wearing a shirt-waist of this sort. It also transforms it, changing it from a severe tailor-made shirt-waist into a waist with a dressy, delightfully feminine air. Silk flannel in delicate pink is a pretty material to use for a kimono jacket of this description, and bands of pompadour ribbon in shades of pink, cream and blue for the trimming. The jacket is made with loose, flowing sleeves, which reach just below the elbow. It does not come together in front, but just below the neck pink ribbon is fastened at each side. These ribbons tie in two loose knots, one below the other, and at the waistline in a bow with long ends. The arrangement of the ribbon is extremely effective. To vary a kimono jacket of this style it may be made up in pale-blue flannel or India silk lined with white silk and trimmed with bands (arranged as a border,) of Persian embroidery.



A unique vest and collar



A sash of silk cords

A useful dress accessory is a stock collar and fancy vest in one, with the vest chamois-lined. To wear with an open blouse jacket nothing could be smarter in effect than a fancy vest of overlapping black taffeta leaves, with the veins of the leaves worked in white silk. The stock collar, too, is of black taffeta, sprinkled with white silk French knots, and made with a narrow inserted band of white kid. Where the collar joins the vest there is a band of white kid which crosses in front and fastens with a jade button. The chamois-lined vest is held in place by a strap of black silk attached at either side just below the bust, and is brought around to fasten at the back, with two flat hooks and eyes.

Every other gown just now emphasizes the fact that this is a sash season. There are velvet sashes, fur sashes, sashes of ribbon and lace, and others of chiffon and marabout. But the newest,—the most unusual of all,—is the sash made of silk cords. The cords used are about a half-inch thick, and they form a belt (mounted on silk,) as well as a rosette bow with many loops in addition to the sash ends. These ends are many in number, and vary in length. They represent stems, and each one is finished with a chiffon and velvet flower. To wear with an all-black gown the sash is charming in brilliant red silk cords, with a red poppy finishing each end. It is also very stylish in delicate green, with green velvet leaves as a finish to the ends instead of the flowers. On a white gown it looks well in black with black velvet daisies for the floral decoration. It can be made up in any shade with the flowers matching the cord in color, and it is sure to add a touch of charm and novelty to the gown with which it is worn.

To make a black evening bodice appear like new, when it is n't, try as a decoration a peacock feather or two, and loops of black tulle. The black tulle is effective tied in a bow, with the stems of the peacock feathers thrust through the knot, and the ends of the bow drawn down to the waistline, fastening there in another smaller bow.

That fashions have a way of repeating themselves after a certain interval of time every woman knows. Just at present it is the skirt of our grandmothers' day which is coming into vogue again. The close-fitting eelskin skirt is going out; the gathered, shirred and plaited skirt is coming in. In place of the material being drawn tightly over the hips to produce the effect of being molded to the figure, it is now the proper thing to have it gathered or shirred. The full, round skirt is the newest model. Flounced skirts will also be in fashion.



A new corsage decoration

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BOOKS RECEIVED



The following books have been received by SUCCESS this winter. Their range of excellence is wide and they represent the best of the season's output

"How to Succeed," by Austin Bierbower. R. F. Fenno and Company, New York. $1.25.

"Tact," by Kate Sanborn. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 35 cents.

"Organized Self-Help," by Herbert N. Casson. Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton Street, New York.

"The Springs of Character," by A. T. Schofield, M.D. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.30.

"Assimilative Memory," by Professor A. Loisette. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

"Before an Audience," by Nathan Sheppard. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

"Talks to Students on the Art of Study," by. Frank Cramer. Hoffman-Edwards Company, San Francisco, California.

"Aunt Abby's Neighbors," by Annie Trumbull Slosson. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

"The Saving Word," published by T. S. Bellevue, Townsend Building, New York.

"Folly in the Forest," by Carolyn Wells. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. $1.

"What Thelma Found in the Attic," by Louise C. Duckwitz. Alliance Publishing Company, New York.

"The Constitution of Man," "Just How to Concentrate," and "How to Grow Success," by Elizabeth Towne; published by the author, at Holyoke, Massachusetts.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," by Charles Major. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

"How Men Are Made," by Daniel H. Martin. The Abbey Press, New York. $1.

"The Trust: Its Book," by Charles R. Flint, James J. Hill, James H. Bridge, S. C. T. Doyd, and F. B. Thurber. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

"Commercial Trusts," by John R. Dos Passos. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Will to Be Well," by Charles Brodie Patterson. Alliance Publishing Company, New York.

"Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers," by C. F. Adams. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Massachusetts. $1.50.

"Joe's Peace," by John Rosslyn. G. W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. $1.

"The Commoner Condensed," by William Jennings Bryan. The Abbey Press, New York.

"Captain Macklin," by Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Maid at Arms," by Robert W. Chambers. Harper and Brothers, New York. $1.50.

"Faith and Character," by Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 75 cents.

"Alladin O'Brien," by Gouveneur Morris. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

"A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay. The Century Company, New York. $2.40.

"Talks on Writing English," by Arlo Bates, (two volumes.) Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Glengarry School Days," by Ralph Connor. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

"Kuloskap the Master," by C. G. Leland and J. D. Prince. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. $2.

"The Rational Memory," by W. H. Groves. Published by the author, at Gloucester, Virginia.

"A Book of Meditations," by Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.50.

The Power of Cheerfulness

IT is not easy to be cheerful when everything one undertakes seems to go wrong, especially after one has done his very best. When the business enterprise that looked so promising ends in disaster; when the little dinner party, so carefully planned, fails, or, at least, is not the success you hoped it would be, because, at the last moment, the principal among the invited guests sends a polite note, begging to be excused on account of illness, or for some other reason; when the position for which one has worked and waited so long does not materialize; when your plans for going to college—plans which it has taken years of toil and sacrifice to carry to the point of success,—are suddenly overturned by some unforeseen occurrence,—these, or any of the thousand and one disappointments, great and small, which come to the most sheltered lives, to the greatest of fortune's favorites, are trials to one's soul. But what of that? Are we to sit down and weep and wail and bemoan our hard luck because things go wrong? That is the easiest thing to do, to be sure. The ignoble thing usually seems easier to do than the noble thing. But what of the results? If you rise superior to your disappointment, whatever it may be, you are adding a hundred per cent. to your power to conquer future difficulties.

Even the Artist Was Not Sure

MANY of the pictures of Whistler, the artist, are vague both in treatment and subject. One night he was dining with Henry Irving, so the story goes. Two of Whistler's pictures adorned the walls, and he wished no further entertainment than the study of these. At very short intervals during the meal he took occasion to rise from his seat and take a close observation of them.

After studying the paintings in this way for some time, he exclaimed, "Irving, Irving, look what you 've done!"

"What's the matter?" asked Irving, calmly.

"Matter?" thundered Whistler, "why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have hung that way for months!"

"I suppose they have," replied Irving; "but I think I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them,—over an hour to discover that they are upside down."

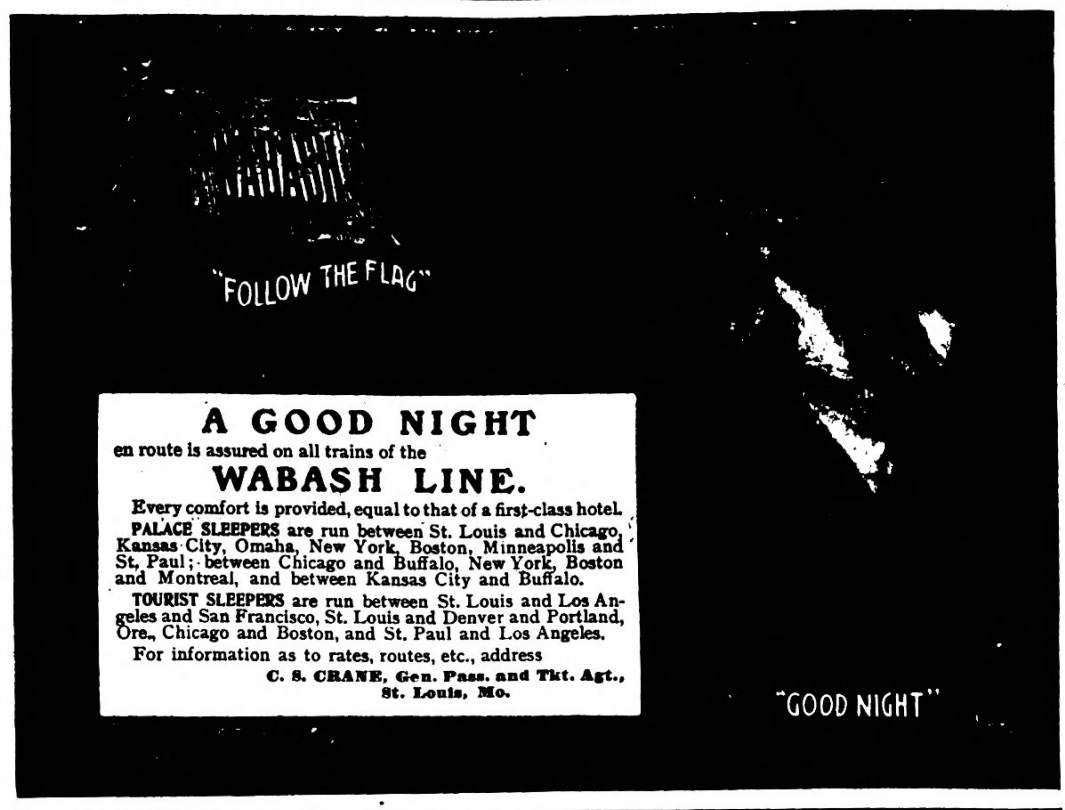
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J. Pierpont Morgan as a Factor in the Nation

[*Concluded from page 83*]

busy, and asked whether the next day would not do as well. "Certainly," responded the voice at the telephone; "any time this summer will do. I only want to give you an assortment of Greek jewels for the museum." That collection was known to the curator as one of the rarest in the world, worth a trifle of two hundred thousand dollars. He decided that he could find time to go after it that day.

The matchless Garland collection of ceramics, valued at more than half a million dollars, had been deposited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art so long that the museum had come to consider it as its own. Suddenly Mr. Garland died, and the art world of New York learned, to its consternation, that the collection was to be taken away and dispersed. When the fatal day approached, a friend of the museum quietly bought the incomparable ceramics and left them in their old place. Of course it was Mr. Morgan.

He is always doing that sort of thing. When the wheels of a public conveyance are stuck in the mud, he comes forward and gives an unobtrusive shove, and the vehicle moves smoothly along the road. He is not a pyrotechnic philanthropist. He does not hurl money at the public in huge spectacular dabs. He founds no Morgan universities. He simply helps here, there, and everywhere where help is needed. He has given away, in all, at least five million dollars, from a million-dollar lying-in hospital to three hundred dollars to a railroad section hand whose home had been washed away by a freshet,—from half a million dollars to the New York Trades Training School, to a silver cup for a prize at a dog show. The variety of his gifts is an index to the many-sidedness of his mind. Nothing human is alien to him. He has given a million dollars to the Harvard Medical School; half a million, to the building fund of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; three hundred thousand, to St. George's Church, for a parish house and rectory; two hundred thousand, for work among the poor; three hundred and fifty thousand, for equipping the lying-in hospital which he built at a cost of a million; one hundred and twenty-five thousand, toward the preservation of the palisades of the Hudson River; one hundred thousand, toward the debts of the Young Men's Christian Association; the same amount for a public library in Holyoke, Massachusetts; fifty thousand, for a hospital at Aix-les-Bains; and forty thousand, for an electrical plant for the Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York,—an institution that he has helped to the extent of about half a million in all. These are only sample gifts. Nobody knows the extent of his benefactions, for he keeps no account of them himself. He is interested in the education of the Filipinos. He took a hundred clergymen across the continent on a special train as his guests to the Episcopal Convention of 1901, in San Francisco, California, and hired the Crocker mansion there for their entertainment. He took an active part in the convention as a lay delegate, and during meetings received a procession of messenger boys bringing dispatches about stocks and the international yacht races, for he was the principal owner of the "Columbia," the successful "America's" cup-defender of that year. He reads on the way to church, and when he gets there he passes the box for the offertory. He studies the details of hundreds of charities, and gives what is needed in each case, whether the amount be a hundred dollars or a million. He intrusts hundreds of thousands for distribution to the rector of his parish, Dr. William S. Rainsford, and the head of his diocese, Bishop Henry C. Potter. He gives prizes for yacht races, horse shows, and dog shows. He is a trustee of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, and an indefatigable friend of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Natural History, and the Cooper Union. In short, he is the incarnation of all-around public spirit.

Mr. Morgan is brusque in business discussions, and has little tolerance for bores. He is so in self-defense, because he is the guardian of his own time, and that time has more than once been worth a million dollars a minute to the community. He is far more accessible than many Wall Street magnates, because he would rather judge for himself of a visitor's quality than have the judging done by a doorkeeper. Nobody who is not worth while will have a chance to occupy more than ten seconds of his time. He is as



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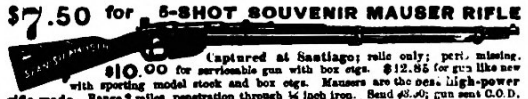
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ruthless as General Kitchener in trampling down inconsequence and incompetence. But behind all that is a disposition full of genuine kindliness. Some time ago he heard that an old firm was in difficulty. He quietly investigated the reports and then offered an advance of a million dollars, which saved the house from ruin. On last New Year's Day, his banking establishment gave to every person in its employ, from cashiers to office boys, a present of a full year's salary, whether that salary amounted to five hundred dollars or ten thousand dollars, and so set something like a world's record in New Year's gifts.

Mr. Morgan is six feet tall, burly, and fond of good living. He has no use for reporters as such, although he likes to talk to some of them as friends. A certain New York newspaper man, a connoisseur in books and art, is on intimate terms with Mr. Morgan the collector, though he has no acquaintance with Mr. Morgan the banker. One day, when Wall Street was seething with sensations, this reporter's employers tried to take advantage of his friendship for the art amateur to secure an interview on financial matters. At the first question Mr. Morgan lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. "Why," he said, "your city editor must be a fool to expect me to talk to you on business. You don't know anything about it. I'd as soon talk business with one of my collies. If you want to discuss books and art, I'll be glad to talk with you all day, but tell your city editor that, if he wants to get anything out of me about business, he'll have to send a man that understands it." Of course, when the man who understood business arrived, he did not get past the doorkeeper.

Priceless as is Mr. Morgan's time, he is generally willing to suspend business activity to look at a new book, a picture, or a jewel. Anybody with a rarity of this description to offer will find a hospitable reception where promoters of schemes for making millions are dismissed with curt monosyllables. Like President Roosevelt, Mr. Morgan is impetuous, excitable, and always desperately in earnest, but his judgment is invariably sound. He is naturally combative, but he loves peace better than war. He hates the waste of conflict. When he sees a fight, whether it takes the form of a rate war or a strike, his impulse is to stop it. He wished to compromise the steel strike in 1901, but allowed it to go on to a finish because Charles M. Schwab convinced him that the corporation was in the right, had public sympathy, and would win. He stopped the anthracite strike last year in spite of the protests of the coal road presidents. He believes in justice for workingmen, but is not partial to labor unions.

Children are pretty good judges of a man's disposition, and they love this crusty old financier. When he is resting at Aix-les-Bains, they swarm over him as if he were an uncle home from the mines. If he ever succeeds in achieving his ambition to retire from business, perhaps the protective crust may fall off and the rest of the world may recognize the kindly heart that the children see now.

Curious Arithmetical Results

As a sequel to the multiplication table by a Harvard professor, which appeared in our November, 1902, issue, we publish the following, which was sent to us by Henry Tanenbaum, of Toledo, Ohio :—

123456789 times 9 plus 10 equals 1111111111.
123456789 times 18 plus 20 equals 2222222222.
123456789 times 27 plus 30 equals 3333333333.
123456789 times 36 plus 40 equals 4444444444.
123456789 times 45 plus 50 equals 5555555555.
123456789 times 54 plus 60 equals 6666666666.
123456789 times 63 plus 70 equals 7777777777.
123456789 times 72 plus 80 equals 8888888888.
123456789 times 81 plus 90 equals 9999999999.

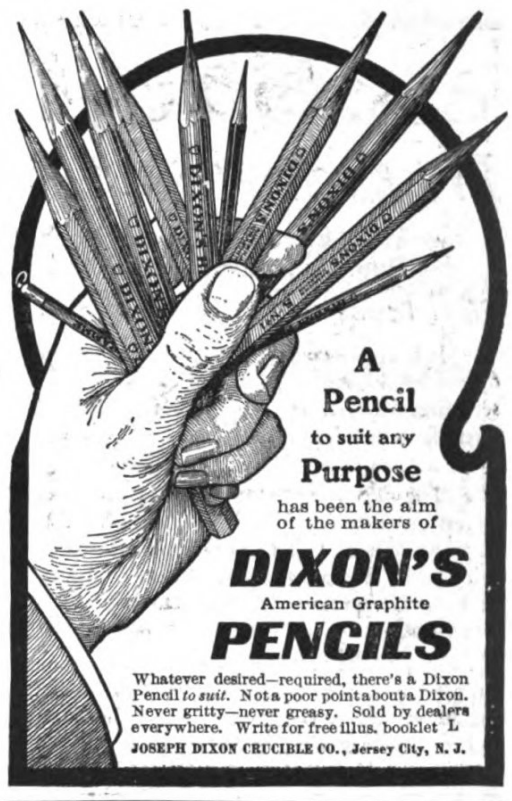
This table is still more interesting when it is noticed that each multiplier is divisible by 9, and that, when the figures of each answer, are added together and the added number is subtracted, the answer is 0. For example, the sum of 1,111,111,111 is 10; 10 minus 10 is 0.

Mr. Tanenbaum also sends the following :—

987654321 times 9 equals 8888888889.
987654321 times 18 equals 17777777778.
987654321 times 27 equals 26666666667.
987654321 times 36 equals 35555555556.
987654321 times 45 equals 44444444445.
987654321 times 54 equals 53333333334.
987654321 times 63 equals 62222222223.
987654321 times 72 equals 71111111112.
987654321 times 81 equals 80000000001.

In this table it will also be noticed that each multiplier is divisible by 9, and that, if the figures in each answer are added together, they will form a total which, if added together, will equal 9. For example, take the second answer, 17777777778. These figures, added together, equal 72, and 7 plus 2 are 9.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.
—G. D. BOARDMAN.



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In Commissions and Prizes

Will be earned, in 1903, by "Success" General and Local Representatives, and Scholarship and Neighborhood Workers

The Most Liberal Compensation Given by Any Periodical.

It is a well-known fact, among publishers and publishers' representatives, that the compensation offered by SUCCESS to its staff of co-workers is the largest given by any magazine, and SUCCESS representatives enjoy many privileges not obtained by others. Note the following extraordinary list of offers for work during 1903:

Cash Commissions

The cash commissions allowed to representatives on annual subscriptions to SUCCESS are the largest given by any first-class periodical. As SUCCESS is extraordinarily "easy to sell," because of its many attractive qualities and the great value which it gives to the customer for the subscription price asked, the mere commission earnings alone form a large and steady income. A large proportion of SUCCESS representatives are earning their livelihood in our work, their revenue running from $100.00 to $250.00 per month.

One of the special features of SUCCESS organization work is that all representatives who stay with us permanently have a continuing interest in the subscriptions once obtained by them, whether they themselves renew them or not, a renewal commission being given them from year to year. This feature gives a stability in earning power similar to that found in the insurance business.

The field for our work is inexhaustible. Send at once for "The Red Book of Success."

Scholarships in Leading Schools and Colleges

We are prepared to purchase scholarships in the leading Universities, Schools, and Business Colleges of the country for all who are striving to obtain an education. Send for "The Blue Book of Success" and learn all about our "Success Scholarship Staff."

Merchandise Rewards for Neighborhood Work

Send for our new Reward List, just issued,—one of the most complete and attractive ever brought out by a periodical. You will find all kinds of valuable rewards offered for a little work among your neighbors, these rewards taking the place of cash commissions referred to above.

Monthly Cash Prizes

To all members o our organization, including those working for cash commissions, for scholarships, and for merchandise rewards, we offer monthly cash prizes for the largest lists of subscriptions. Until further notice the sum of $550.00 per month will be divided as follows:

For the First Largest List of Subscriptions each month,	$100.00
" " Second " " " "	75.00
" " Third " " " "	60.00
" " Fourth " " " "	50.00
" " Fifth " " " "	40.00
" " Sixth " " " "	35.00
" " Seventh " " " "	30.00
" " Eighth " " " "	25.00
" " Ninth " " " "	20.00
" " Tenth " " " "	15.00
" " Five next " Lists " " " $10.00 each,	50.00
" " " " " " " " 5.00 "	25.00
" " Ten " " " " " " 2.50 "	25.00
Total Prize Distribution Money,	$550.00

These monthly cash prizes are given in addition to all commissions, scholarships or rewards, and the sums so distributed will be increased from time to time with the growth of our staff.

Grand Season Prize of $1,000

Among all representatives of SUCCESS, including those working for cash commissions, for scholarships, and for merchandise rewards, who send us twenty-five or more subscriptions during the five months ending May 31, 1903, a grand prize of $1,000 will be divided *pro rata* according to the number of subscriptions sent. There is no uncertainty about this prize. If you qualify by sending us twenty-five subscriptions during the given period, you are absolutely sure of securing some portion of the grand prize, and it is likely to be a substantial one, too. The leader in our season contest for the same five-months' prize last year received $175.82, in addition to all other prizes and commissions.

Special Book Prize

Entirely in addition to the commissions, the monthly prizes, and the grand season prize referred to above, all *new* members of the SUCCESS organization, (not now on our staff,) who send us one hundred subscriptions or more during the five months ending May 31, 1903, will receive, free of all charges, a magnificent ten-volume set of books, entitled

THE MODEL-HOME UNIVERSITY

This work is printed on heavy plate paper. It contains over 6,000 reading pages, beautifully illustrated with over 1,500 original engravings. It is strongly and finely bound in cloth, and is one of the richest treasure-houses for home education ever produced. The tenth volume is an encyclopedic index, containing over 30,000 subjects, each specially treated, and this volume alone is a positive mine of information. The regular price of this set of books, bound as above, is $38.50. It will be sent by express, charges prepaid, as soon as the one hundred subscriptions are obtained, without waiting for the end of the contest.

We believe that in the above magnificent list of commissions, prizes and privileges, we have amply demonstrated the truth of our original statement,—that SUCCESS representatives are more liberally treated than those of any other magazine.

Send to us, immediately, for information regarding all questions of commissions, prizes, etc.

The SUCCESS COMPANY, University Building, Washington Square, NEW YORK

More Business Opportunities

AN article in the January SUCCESS, under the caption, "A Business Opportunity," has brought a large number of inquiries.

It calls attention to the fact that, in a desire for promotion and business success, many are overlooking an opportunity to establish an independent and profitable business without the necessity of leaving the home neighborhood, or even of giving up a regular occupation.

The business suggested is the establishment of a local or county subscription agency for SUCCESS and the various magazines and books associated with it in the Success Clubbing Offers.

The following letters are in addition to those published in these columns last month. They are the actual experiences of those who have taken up soliciting without any previous knowledge of this sort of work:—

I certainly would advise any young man who intends, at any time, to have a business of his own, to take up the SUCCESS work, not only for the money he will make out of it, but also for the valuable experience he will gain. I have never been in any business that has given me such large profits for such a small amount of work, and have never worked for anyone who has treated me better than the Success Company. The company seems to take a personal interest in my welfare, and I think that, with their help, any earnest young man can make a good income after office hours. I would not exchange my canvassing experience for five hundred dollars, because by it I have developed qualities that I thought I did not possess,—I mean the ability to think while on my feet, and also a thorough control of myself. My business is steadily increasing, and becomes easier as I go along; and, should I be without a position to-morrow, I could easily make a good salary by means of my SUCCESS agency.

LAWRENCE PALK.

To anyone who has never traveled much or been among the public, I do not hesitate to recommend work of this kind, as it pays well, and the experience is worth a great deal. In my work of the past three months I have visited several large cities, and, without exception, have been successful in all of them.

ROY E. TAYLOR.

In January, 1900, while I was preaching in one of our churches in Wilmington, Delaware, a gentleman by the name of Childs, who was representing SUCCESS, came to the parsonage and asked to see me. I gave him an audience, and he explained to me all about the magazine, and Dr. Marden's book, "Pushing to the Front." I looked over the magazine and book, and was very much impressed with them. I at once subscribed to both, and have been a regular subscriber to the magazine ever since.

In the following April I left Wilmington and came to Baltimore. Noting, in the pages of SUCCESS, that representatives were wanted in every town and city, I at once wrote and secured authority to go ahead and take subscriptions for the magazine. I started in the month of May, and was really surprised at the results I accomplished.

In the first twenty-one days of my work I secured three hundred and fifty subscribers, and have been an enthusiast on SUCCESS and SUCCESS possibilities since that time. During the earlier part of this year, I resigned my charge as a pastor, and have been giving my entire time to the magazine work. I have averaged, with commissions and prize money, between forty and fifty dollars a week right along.

It has become an every-day occurrence with me to have those whose subscriptions I have secured meet me in the street and shake hands with me, thanking me heartily for having made them acquainted with such an inspiring publication.

I have succeeded in taking, in about a year and a half, between four and five thousand subscriptions in the city of Baltimore alone, and I am now working on the renewals of those whose subscriptions I took last year. Most of these I have no trouble in securing, and I do n't hesitate to say that they will renew their subscriptions as long as the magazine continues to be of such sterling worth. WM. J. SHIPWAY.

The net results, as shown by my order sheets, are surprising. During the past few months, I have been able to give only a small share of my time to subscription work, but I have been able to win some good prizes. I can bring in from fifteen to forty orders any day that I am able to devote to purely subscription work. E. H. LAWSON.

As for SUCCESS,—well, just read this: I am among strangers, hundreds of miles from home. I stepped out at 9 A. M., made five canvasses, and returned at 11.30 A.M. with five subscriptions. R. R. MITCHELL.

I have now gotten my scholarship. I worked about one month and a half, and succeeded in sending in two hundred subscriptions. The people all seemed willing to help in so good a cause.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

There is an opportunity for just as good results as these in hundreds of communities where SUCCESS is not yet represented.

The Success Company will be pleased to communicate with anyone who would like to make a trial of this work, and will cheerfully send full particulars and the necessary material for a start, upon application. Address,

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The **SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU,**
University Building, Washington Square, New York.

COMBINATION DIPPER

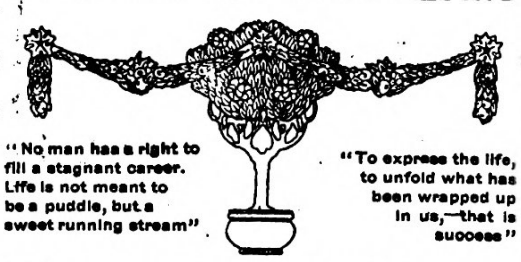
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Great Poultry Book Free.

Those of Our People who are interested in Incubators, Brooders, all kinds of Poultry Supplies and the poultry industry in general, should send at once for a copy of the new 1903 book—"How to Make Money with Poultry and Incubators." It is published by the Cyphers Incubator Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. It will be mailed free to all of our people who will write to them asking for it. The greatest recommendation we can give this book is to say that it is the best thing the Cyphers people have yet published, it's the only book we know of that treats the whole subject of profitable poultry growing, etc. There are special chapters on the different branches of the poultry business—duck growing, broiler raising, egg farming, winter production of chickens, broilers, etc. These subjects are treated by the best experts in the country. There are hundreds of photographic views of the largest poultry plants all over the United States, England, Germany, Holland, New Zealand, and other foreign countries. There is too much that is good to tell it all in this small space. Send for the book and read it for yourself. FREE, postage paid during the next thirty days.—*Adv.*



HINTS ON CHARACTER-BUILDING



THERE is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort.—T. T. MUNGER.

▲ ▲

HENRY WOOD tells us that, "with scientific exactitude, one may make himself what he will, by thinking his thoughts into the right form, and continuing the process until they solidify."

▲ ▲

ALL are builders of character from the outset, and in the work there is no distinction between rich and poor, both having similar material and tools with which to rear the indestructible edifice. These are merely the ordinary duties, the simple happenings of each day, the good and evil within ourselves struggling for mastery.

▲ ▲

"O, REPUTATION! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops, once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repeating toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To their first purity and native sweetness."

▲ ▲

TO NO other attainment is the trite aphorism, "The boy is father of the man," more applicable than in regard to the formation of character, for character is nothing more than the resultant quality of the habits of daily life. It is the many-rounded ladder by which one mounts "toward the vaulted skies," and every conscious moment he is adding to or taking from the rounds of this spiritual ladder, on the strength of which depends all of his usefulness and happiness.

▲ ▲

"IT is not to taste sweet things," says Carlyle, "but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven, as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs." This dim longing for what is noble and true, the still small voice which calls to one imperatively in moments of temptation, is the safeguard which, if hearkened to, not only protects one in severe trials of manliness or womanliness, but also incites to the formation of a fine character, without which all acquisitions, all graces and accomplishments, all talents and all learning are but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

▲ ▲

IN a well-thumbed autograph book of Abraham Lincoln's, found by H. A. Barker, the following paragraph is underlined and re-underlined: "A wisely trained character never stops to ask, 'What will society think of me if I do this thing, or if I leave it undone?' The question by which it tests the quality of an action is whether or not it is just and wise and fitting when judged by the eternal laws of right." Does not this favorite passage of the boy foreshadow the greatness of the man who, amid the strife of party, the horrors of civil war, the defection of friends, and the abuse and calumny of enemies, stood unflinchingly by the "eternal laws of right?"

▲ ▲

IT is not of lofty or heroic deeds that the enduring pattern of character is woven, but rather of the seemingly small things of life: little unheralded acts of helpfulness, slight self-denials that bar against selfishness, conscientious attention to trifling details of duty, standing firm to the right in spite of banter and contempt,—really the most difficult thing for young or old to withstand,—adherence to scrupulous honesty in word and deed, even in what others consider of no import, sticking to principle, though one may be called "old-fashioned," "unprogressive," or "puritanical;" these are the golden strands which, woven into the fabric of daily living, make men and women invincible.

▲ ▲

"BY trifles in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled;
We lose not all our yesterdays;
The man hath something of the child;
Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves,
As the rose-odors linger in the fading leaves.

"In ceaseless toil, from year to year,
Working with loath or willing hands,
Stone upon stone we shape and rear,
Till the completed fabric stands;
And, when the last hush hath all labor stilled,
The searching fire will try what we have striven to build."

▲ ▲

IF one has inherited evil tendencies, it is by no means an easy matter to form a beautiful character. It requires persistent care, constant watchfulness, and unceasing effort to control a hasty temper, to overcome slothfulness, to conquer the inclination to get out of a difficulty by "a little white lie, which won't harm anybody"—but ourselves, to resist the fascinations of gambling, the allurements of questionable pleasures, and the thousand and one insidious dangers that beset one in town and country. But the divinity implanted in the soul of man, if nurtured, is more potent than all the forces of evil, and nothing outside oneself can work injury. Each temptation conquered, and each victory over passion and self-love, leaves one stronger and more enamored than before of things noble and of good repute.

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" Bouquet Chrysanthemum.	" Poppy—New Shirley.
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" Lovely Butterfly Flower.	" Japan Morning Glory.
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Large packages at your grocers

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Anthoni La Rosa, a young barber of San Francisco

Our Boys



G. O. TAMBLYN

The Boy Who Asks Questions

COMIC newspaper writers sometimes poke fun at the boy who asks questions, and older people often try to discourage him by refusing to answer his inquiries. Of course, there are cases where boys and girls annoy by asking silly questions out of idle curiosity. Usually, however, a habit of asking questions is to be encouraged. A boy who forms this habit is likely to become a man of common sense, having some knowledge of a great many things.

Our boys and girls are invited to ask us as many questions as they desire. If there is anything you want to know that you cannot readily find out from your parents or teachers, write to SUCCESS and we will try to give you the desired information. Any boy or girl who wants to pursue the fascinating hobby of amateur journalism will be given full instructions. We will also try to assist stamp and curio-collectors by answering inquiries. Information about amateur photography will also be given. We will be glad to suggest good books for boys and girls, and information about colleges and educational institutions will be made a specialty. In fact, we invite any boy or girl to write to us for information about any sensible matter. Of course, you will enclose a two-cent stamp for a reply, since answers will have to be sent by mail.

▲ ▲

Achievements of Youth

SURELY a magazine with such a purpose as SUCCESS should give considerable space to accounts of boys and girls who are getting a good start toward the goal of achievement. We do not believe that any boy or girl of the right kind of mettle who gives a good account of progress already made in any particular field of effort will be harmed by its publication.

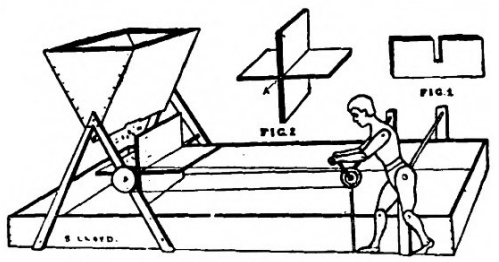
We want all the boys and girls in the country to consider themselves our special reporters. If you hear of a boy or a girl in your town who performs a deed of heroism or achieves remarkable success in any field of endeavor, we want you to write to us about it. For every article of this kind that is used we will give a special prize.

We especially desire to obtain accounts of achievements that may be represented pictorially. The amateur photograph at the top of the opposite page represents such a one. It is the picture of a coal breaker that was built on an abandoned farm by a man who knew practically nothing about the business of breaking coal. Having lost nearly all of his worldly goods, he was compelled to make another start in life with a very small capital. He bought an abandoned coal washer for one hundred dollars, and with lumber obtained from the ground on which the washer was situated he and two other men constructed the breaker, which has been called "The Klondike." At the outset many difficulties were encountered, but by perseverance he surmounted them all, and the breaker now puts out about fifty tons of coal a day. The entrance to the mine is at the foot of an inclined plane, as seen in the picture. The rough coal is hoisted up the plane and dumped in the top of the breaker, whence it goes through the roller, and then through the screens, and so on to the chutes for different sizes of coal. From the chutes it is loaded into wagons and sold at Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

We all like to hear about winners in educational contests. George Oliver Tamblyn, whose picture we print, was the winner of the fifty-dollar prize in the Rowland Oratorical contest at Colgate University. The subject of Mr. Tamblyn's oration was "The American Soldier." It is predicted that this young orator will be heard from.

One might think that it would require some courage for a man to entrust himself to the hands of an eight-year-old barber, but many of the men of San Francisco say that they are not at all afraid to be shaved by Anthoni La Rosa, whose picture we show above. In fact, many of them say that they would rather be shaved by Tony than by an older barber, since his touch is so smooth and even. Tony began his work as a barber two years ago, when he was a little more than six years old, and he now shaves on an average forty men a day.

Nora Barlow, a nurse at Girard College, has proved herself a heroine. She was roused from her sleep by the screams of William Huhn, a ten-year-old somnambulist. At about eleven o'clock the boy left his cot and made his way to a window



A sand mill ready for operation

opening, stepped out on the fire escape, and then walked along a narrow ledge along the side of the building, a distance of eight or ten feet. He had gone along until a cornice barred his progress. Then he awakened and his piercing screams followed. Nora Barlow ran to the window, where she saw the little boy clinging to the cornice. The ledge is only nine inches wide; the flagging of the pavement thirty-five feet below. Without stopping she passed along the ledge slowly until she reached the boy, grasped him by the shoulder, and warned him to be careful. Then began the most difficult part of the task. Neither could turn around, so they slowly went backward until they found a safer footing on the fire escape. To-day Miss Barlow wears a handsome gold watch which bears this inscription: "Presented to Nora Barlow by the Board of City Trusts in recognition of heroic service in saving the life of a student of Girard College, October 31, 1902."

▲ ▲

A Jackknife and Scissors Party

EVERY boy and girl in the little village of Summerville was invited. The invitation read something like this:—

You are cordially invited to attend a Jackknife and Scissors Party, to be held in the schoolhouse, on Wednesday

These six pictures represent the scenes in the life of a noted philosopher.

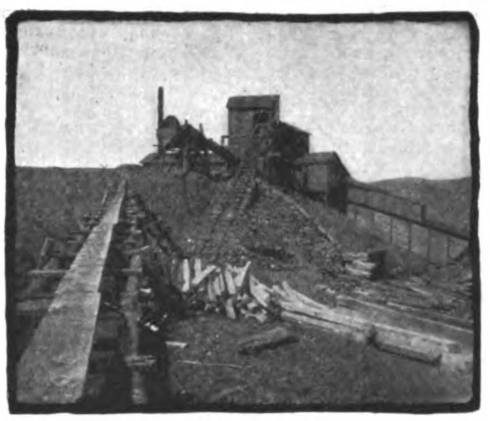


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And Girls



NORA BARLOW



A coal breaker built on an abandoned farm

night, next, at seven o'clock. Boys are requested to bring their jackknives, and girls their scissors. The following prizes will be given to the ones making the most useful or ingenious articles: for the girls, first prize, "The American Girl's Handy-book;" second prize, a work-box: for boys, first prize, "The American Boy's Handy-book;" second prize, a tool-box.

At precisely seven o'clock, Wednesday night, the schoolmistress, Miss Bessie Dickenson, assisted by Louie James and Tom Stewart, brought out a pile of white pine boards, knocked from old boxes, and a bundle of tissue paper, some cardboard, a pot of glue, some wire, pins, tacks, small nails, and hammers. Work was started at once, and the time limit of two hours was quickly passed, amidst much laughter and jesting, and the time for the judging and awarding of prizes came sooner than the busy workers expected. Every one had made something, even six-year-old Margaret Stone having cut out a long row of paper dolls. The boys had carved paper cutters, toothpicks, window-sash supporters, daggers, [Of these there was a formidable array from the bloodthirsty small boys.] wooden figures, spoons, plates, boats, sleds, a pair of skates, a wooden pistol for shooting cardboard at the teacher, [This last received no prize.] a set of ping-pong racquets, a tabourette, and a



Two valentines that are not hard for young artists

sand mill, were among the various things made.

As some readers might like to make a sand mill, we will try to describe the process. Take a box about twice as long as it is wide, for the stand, or foundation. Then make a sort of funnel as wide as the box, like the illustration, through which sand is to pass, not forgetting to cut an oblong piece from the side next the paddle wheel for the sand to drop through, and turn the wheel. Place your funnel on two uprights, as in the illustration, and the first part is finished.

Now, take two small pieces of wood, not quite the width of the stand, like Figure 1, and put them together to make Figure 2, and your paddle is completed. All that now remains is to cut out the wheels and attach them, rig the uprights and jumping jack at the other end, run the cord "belt" across, pour some fine sand in the hopper, and your mill will start briskly, the jumping jack appearing to turn the paddle.

The very day the invitations were received, Jamie Rogers and Alfred Williams decided to "go halves" in trying for the prize, and so, when the night of the party arrived, were prepared to build the sand mill. Jamie drew the outlines on the board, and they both cut it out and put it together, as you will see in the illustration. Their joint effort carried away the first prize. Arthur Warren was awarded the second prize, for a tabourette that the girls called "a little dear."

The girls fashioned from the tissue paper handkerchief boxes, bonnets, valentines, and bouquets. Some of the boys and girls were partners, the boys carving wooden dolls which the girls dressed with tissue paper. The little girls turned out long, fluffy strings of paper dolls, mats, and paper lanterns. The pride of the evening was a large piano-lamp shade made of *crêpe* paper by Florence Warren. It was made on a wire frame, tastefully draped, and caught, here and there, with a spot of glue, in a manner that showed true genius. She was awarded the first prize.

Since St. Valentine's Day was near at hand, many of the girls fashioned valentines of their own design. One of these, made by Mame Francis, was awarded the second prize. It was a combination of a photograph frame and an ordinary valentine. The photograph was hidden behind a door which bore the rhyme:—

"Open this door and you will find
One who would be your valentine."

Another valentine, which was evidently suggested by the prize-winner, represented a dainty equestrian just ready to jump through a paper hoop held by a clown. This valentine bore the verse:—

"Jump through this paper hoop of mine
And find your own true valentine."

The paper in the hoop concealed a photograph.

"The American Boy's Handy-book," by Dan Beard, and "The American Girl's Handy-book," by Lina and Alice Beard, are the two best books that an ingenious boy or girl could possess. Each book contains directions for making all sorts of interesting games and toys for the respective boy or girl reader. Price of each book, $2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

COMPETITIONS

IT is not altogether easy to have such a variety of contests each month that all of our boys and girls will find something to suit their tastes, so we want our young friends to send suggestions for new contests. A dollar will be given for every idea that is used.

RULES

Instead of cash prizes, we allow each prize-winner to make selections of merchandise to the amount of his prize from the Success Reward Book. These prizes include cameras, guns, athletic goods, watches, knives, printing presses, games, musical instruments, household furnishings, etc. The awards in each contest will be: first prize, $10; second prize, $5; third prize, $3.

Articles must be written with ink, on one side only of the paper. Drawings must be black, in water colors or ink, and not smaller than four by five inches. No photograph smaller than three by two and one-half inches will be considered. The name, address, and age of each contestant must be written on the article, photograph, or drawing. Articles must be received before February 20. The award of prizes will be announced in the April issue. Address SUCCESS JUNIOR, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

Letter Writing.—Write a letter of three hundred words or less, naming your favorite author, mentioning

Can you write his biography for a "Success" prize? (See Prize Competitions)





MY POSITION as Window Trimmer and Card Sign Painter for Connelly & Wallace, Scranton, Pa., was obtained for me at the completion of my course with the Bond Institute of Mercantile Training. (Signed) W. G. KENNEDY.

MY POSITION as Ad.-Writer, Window Trimmer, and Card Writer for Burger Dry Goods Co., Birmingham, Ala., was procured for me at the completion of my course of instruction at the Bond Institute of Mercantile Training. (Signed) T. A. BRADLEY.

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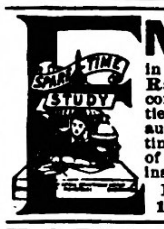
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some stories or articles he or she has written, and telling why you like his or her writing.

Amateur Photography.—Take the subject, "My School House," or "My Schoolroom." Be sure that you have plenty of life in your picture.

Essay.—Write on "My Hobby and Why I Ride It." In five hundred words, or less, describe your favorite fad, and tell why you enjoy it.

Short Story.—Describe "A School Adventure." In a thousand words, or less, tell a story of something that has happened at school. The story may be either true or imaginary.

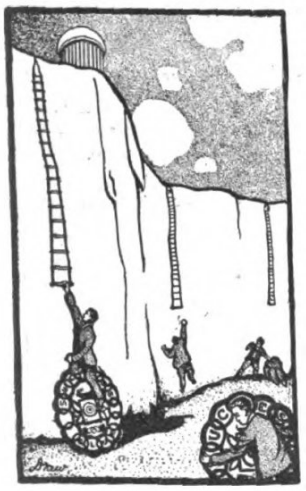
Handicraft.—Describe with drawings or photographs, if possible, a home-made May basket.

Drawing.—This month the amateur cartoonists will be given a chance. Choose your own subject, and draw a picture, or series of pictures, that you think will make folks laugh.

Nature Study.—In five hundred words, or less, describe some action of a wild animal that you have actually observed; as, for example, seeing a squirrel bury nuts.

Puzzle.—The pictures at the bottom of the Junior pages represent scenes in the life of a celebrated philosopher. Guess his name, and write his biography in one thousand words, or less, describing the scenes which these pictures represent.

Gaining *the* First Round *of the* Ladder



TWO YEARS ago, James N. Spawn had no higher ambition than to earn his small weekly wages and have lots of good times. Hearing that a Success Club, in which plenty of good times were to be enjoyed, had recently been organized in his neighborhood, he decided to join it. He did, and it was not long before the serious purpose of the club commenced to interest him. He began to understand that, although good times are all right in their place, they should be made only incidental in one's life, and so he began to think more seriously of his future and to seek a worthy aim.

At the club meetings, he was constantly hearing of men and women who had risen above humble and adverse conditions to places of honor and eminence. Then he began to comprehend the full meaning of the club motto. He determined to make his opportunity, just as all those worthy men and women of the past had made theirs.

The first thing to be secured was a better education. His means were limited, but that fact did not daunt him. Having determined to make an opportunity for himself, he could not afford to let a little thing like a lack of money stand in his way. He began to employ his spare time in securing subscriptions for a popular magazine which offered to pay his school expenses as a reward for a number of subscriptions. A gentleman, hearing of the commendable effort he was making to educate himself, offered to aid him to procure a scholarship in Colgate Academy, where he is now a student.



JAMES N. SPAWN

Lack of space confines me to this one example of the Success Club as a stepping-stone to the first round of the ladder. But scores of others have come to my notice, even though it is only a little more than two years since the first Success Club was organized. From the very nature of the Success Clubs, this could not be otherwise. A member of a genuine Success Club cannot help being inspired with ambition, any more than a plant can help growing when the conditions of soil and atmosphere are just right for promoting growth. A Success Club produces an atmosphere of ambition as surely as sunlight produces warmth. Boys and girls cannot read about and discuss the lives of men and women who have conquered almost insurmountable difficulties and wrought grand achievements without becoming fired to follow the noble examples set before them.

Nothing in the world is more broadly instructive and deeply inspiring than study of the biographies of good and great men and women. In Success Club work, biography is always the central theme, but naturally this may be made to cover any phase of human activity, and no monotony will result.

WINNERS IN PRIZE CONTESTS

THE prizes awarded for Success Club suggestions are as follows:—

First prize, a complete set of Dr. Marden's books and booklets, (eleven volumes,) William G. Hohmann, Pennsylvania; second prize, a set of Dr. Marden's books, (five volumes,) Fred L. Gross, New York; third prize, a set of Dr. Marden's booklets, (six volumes,) Dr. F. A. Peelle, Ohio. To each of the following six prize-winners, a copy of one of Dr. Marden's books was awarded: E. E. Higgins, West Virginia; Leon J. Jacobs, Ohio; Rev. Frederick Arthur Hayward, Wisconsin; Henry R. Davies, Oregon; Clarence V. Lundsten, Minnesota; O. H. Halstead, Missouri. To each of the following six, one of Dr. Marden's booklets was given: Mrs. W. G. Titus, Michigan; George N. Gilbert, New York: Walter A. Vonderlieth, Illinois; Mrs. A. G. Wilkins, California: George H. Putnam, Kansas; G. G. Clapham, New York.

The prize of five dollars for the best design for a Success Club letterhead was awarded to Harry C. Drew, New York.

SOCIAL IDEA CONTEST

INSTEAD of asking our members to contribute all kinds of ideas, we shall concentrate our efforts in the next contest, in the hope of securing a number of first-class ideas for socials, games, and evening entertainments. Surely, every reader of SUCCESS knows some entertaining social pastime or game. Write a description of one, in less than a thousand words, on one side of the paper only, and enter it in this contest. All articles must be received before the last day of February. The same prizes will be awarded as in the above contest.

HOW TO LEARN LEAGUE METHODS

IF you are interested in the League of Success Clubs, but desire to understand our plans more fully before organizing a branch club, it will be wise for you to take advantage of our special offer to send a four months' trial subscription to our league organ, "Successward," for only ten cents. The yearly subscription price of "Successward," is fifty cents and as there are only eight numbers each year, this is an exceptionally low offer. Address, SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU, Washington Square, New York.

WINNERS OF THE NOVEMBER DEBATE

THE first prize in the November debate—a set of the Success Library,—was won by Miss Ophelia Stuart McMorries, of Walnut Springs, Texas. The other winners are as follows:—

Miss Ethyl Swisher, Kansas; Richard R. Dry, Pennsylvania; C. A. Hincle, Ohio; Thomas J. Fadley, Indiana; Clifton Hering, Colorado; J. H. Allison, Connecticut; M. E. Bemis, Georgia; E. E. Higgins, West Virginia; John Barnett, Jr., New Brunswick, Canada; Miss Kathryn E. Farrow, Tennessee; Miss Carolyn Caldwell, Illinois; Miss Jessie Rathbun, Texas; Frank A. Frost, Massachusetts; E. S. Foreman, Kentucky; Miss Alva E. Gates, California; E. V. Staples, Virginia; Henry S. Westbrook, Oregon; Robert W. Conover, New Jersey; Miss Christie A. Todd, Independence, Iowa; Marcar Balabanian, Smyrna, Turkey; August Sjoquist, North Dakota; Louis Grill, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; A. I. Edwards, Louisiana; O. B. Anderson, Minnesota; Creed R. Cahill, Missouri.

Domestic Problem Contest

Award of Prizes

THE Domestic Problem Prize Contest, begun in our November, 1902, issue, was won by Mrs. Alfred J. Tyler, of Jersey City, New Jersey, who has been awarded the first prize, fifteen dollars. The second prize,—ten dollars,—was won by Mrs. S. W. Wimbesh, of Brooklyn, New York, and the third prize,—five dollars,—by Miss Elsa L. Bokes, of Evanston, Illinois. We regret that the lack of space prevents the publication, in this issue, of the articles written by these ladies.

How to Get That _____ You Have Wanted So Long

FILL in the blank yourself. You know just what it is that you have been "just aching for" for a good while. Father says he would like to get it for you, but he can't spare the money just at present, "coal is so high, and there are so many bills to meet, and"—well, you know the story.

Perhaps he may get it sometime, but that time may be a long way off, and, if you are like most boys and girls, you don't like waiting. So, why don't you get it yourself? You will appreciate it all the more for having earned it, and you surely want it badly enough to do a little work in order to get it, don't you? The work you will have to do is almost as easy as play. It is asking some of your friends to subscribe for SUCCESS.

It is easier to get subscriptions for SUCCESS than for any other magazine published. Some of our workers obtain as many as four hundred subscriptions a month, so you, surely, can obtain a sufficient number to get the thing you are wanting. Our reward offers for such work are exceptionally liberal. Here are a few, just to show you how easy they are:—

A genuine Parker Ping-Pong set is given for three subscriptions.

A fine brass Magic Lantern and outfit, with slides, etc., are given for from two to ten subscriptions.

An Excelsior Printing Press and outfit are given for fifteen subscriptions.

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A Weno "Hawkeye" Camera is given for only eight subscriptions.

A Crown Combination Game Board, on which you can play sixty-five games, is given for only five subscriptions.

A genuine Washburn Mandolin, a Guitar, or a Banjo, is given for twenty-five subscriptions.

A splendid set of four Boxing Gloves is given for two subscriptions.

A Stevens Favorite Rifle is given for twelve subscriptions.

A Queen Air Rifle is given for four subscriptions.

A first-class Sewing Machine is given for thirty-six subscriptions.

A gold-filled Hunting Case Watch, guaranteed for five years, is given for twelve subscriptions.

The above examples are but a few of the splendid offers in our new illustrated "Reward Book," which contains nearly five hundred others. This Reward Book is sent free on request. It is almost certain to contain the thing you want. If not, let us know what it is, and we will tell you how many subscriptions it will take to get it. Address SUCCESS, Reward Department, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

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Everybody's Magazine,	1.00	Lippincott's Magazine,	2.50
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Birds and Nature,	1.50	Art Interchange,	4.00
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"	2	Magazines	"	"	A	"	2	"	B	with Success 5.00
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"	3	"	"	"	A	"	3	"	B	with Success 7.00

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"Pushing to the Front," by O. S. MARDEN, Editor of SUCCESS (regular price $1.50), may be ordered with any of the clubs above named, by adding 50 cents to the total quotation price above.

Orders for the above books, at prices named, will be accepted only in connection with magazines ordered direct of The Success Company, New York City.

OTHER LEADING MAGAZINES

For the convenience of our readers who may desire to order at one time and place all their magazine literature for the coming year, we have made arrangements by which subscriptions for all well-known periodicals will be accepted by us, at prices named in the catalogues of any leading subscription agency.

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WHAT SUCCESS IS

By Its Readers

WHO can best judge the merits of a magazine? Its publishers? No; for their opinion would be prejudiced. Its readers? Why, certainly! Below are given the opinions of a few readers of SUCCESS. These are selected from thousands of similar letters. Probably no other magazine constantly receives so many letters of appreciation as does SUCCESS.

By President Roosevelt:—
SUCCESS is a periodical of most excellent aims, and I read it regularly.—Theodore Roosevelt.

By a life insurance man:—
I regard SUCCESS as the best young men's publication in the world.—J. W. Alexander, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, New York.

By a prominent educator:—
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I am pleased to say that SUCCESS, in my opinion, is a magnificent success,—the greatest awakener of ambition, the greatest replenisher of courage, the greatest giver of inspiration, the greatest keeper of the soul's possession of essentials, "grit, gumption, and go-ahead," that I have ever seen in printed form, the Bible alone excepted. In publishing such a magazine, at a cost so slight to its readers, you are doing them—especially the younger among them,—incalculable good. Tens of thousands of men and women, a few years hence,—then strong in character and successful in the battle of life,—will remember SUCCESS as the impulse and guide of their youthful days, and the real determination of their honorable course.—Rev. Frederick C. Priest, Chicago, Illinois.

By a young man:—
Any young man with ambition, after reading SUCCESS, cannot fail to be encouraged and better fitted to accept the opportunities which he meets from day to day. I can truthfully say it has helped me.—George O. Loefflen, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

By a young woman:—
Never have I so keenly enjoyed any periodical as SUCCESS. I always read every word of it, and have derived much genuine good from it. I shall always read it.—Bertha Mitchell, Cedarville, Ohio.

By a lawyer:—
I have read SUCCESS for several years. I get it regularly the first day that it is out each month, and I must say that I read that with greater interest than anything else I read during the year. I believe it has done a world of good to thousands of men and women who were hard pressed by adverse circumstances. It is the most helpful publication which has ever come to my hands, and I believe that no small part of humanity owes you a debt of gratitude, and in their hearts give it to you. May the good work continue always.—Fabius M. Clarke, attorney at law, 52 Broadway, New York.

By a housewife:—
I have been reading SUCCESS for more than a year, and have found it good and inspiring; but, above all else, it has been helpful to my husband, who is one of those unfortunates who are predisposed to worry, fear, and discouragement. The tone of your magazine has brought to his mind more clearly than any preachings ever have, the folly of allowing oneself to get disheartened by difficulties.—Caroline B. Stewart, Los Angeles, California.

By a mountaineer:—
We of the mountains, far removed from contact with the busy world, except in those duties pertaining to our particular occupation, require just such pages of advice and good cheer as are always found within the covers of SUCCESS.—Charles B. Holden, Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

By a father:—
My son is attending college now,—for which I thank SUCCESS. I am sure this excellent magazine encouraged him to take that step.—J. J. Germann, Fairview, Kansas.

By a librarian:—
SUCCESS is full of helpful words and examples. It is read in our reading room until in fragments. Even then the bright covers remain, to be gifts to the little boys and girls.—Mrs. C. Wood, librarian, Eastport Library, Eastport, Maine.

By a business man:—
When I first saw your paper, less than two years ago, I was working as an extra clerk for five dollars a week, and had previously tried many things, and failed. Since that time, I have risen, with one large firm, successively as shipping clerk, order clerk, assistant cashier, cashier, and assistant superintendent, and am now part owner in a growing business, worth over ten thousand dollars, which I hope to make the best of its kind in Canada. A pretty quick record for less than two years.—Douglas C. Lowles, Foster, Quebec.

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.....190

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in the town or city of .....

County of .....*and State of* .....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

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Name .....

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Size .....*State* .....

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The price must be between $.....*and* $.....

I will pay .....*down, and the balance* .....

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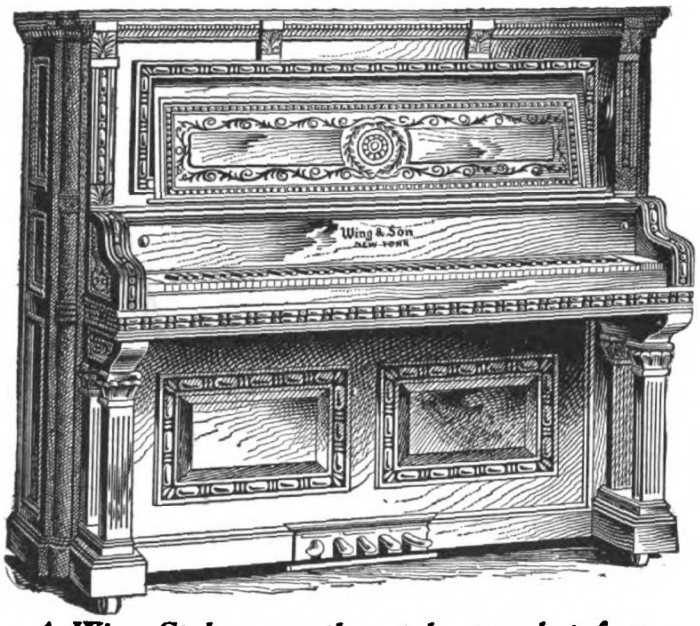
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