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THE WHIP HAND

A Story of Lumber

SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Joint author of "Calumet 'K'" and "The Short Line War," and author of "B. Carter," "Bradford," and other stories*]



Miss Margaret Davies

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BOOK I.—BEGINNINGS

Prologue: The Young Man at the Stern

HOW VIVIDLY it comes before me, as I write, that thick, wet night on the southwest coast of Lake Michigan, a dozen years ago; the wind sweeps over the pitching waters and on over the dim white beach, with a rush that whirls the sand like drifting snow. Trees are bending, up there on the bluff. The sand and the rain are in the air,—or do we feel the spray from yonder line of breakers, a hundred yards away?

Deep in a mudhole on the lonely road that skirts the bluff, with four horses, fetlock deep in the sticky clay, straining forward like heroes, and the members of the student crew in their oilskins throwing their weight on the wheels of the truck, is the Evanston surfboat.

The driver has pulled his "sou'wester" down on his neck behind, and swung the U. S. L. S. S. lantern on his arm. He stands beside a forward wheel, cracks his long whip, and shouts vigorously.

"Hold on a minute, boys!" he calls over his

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The yard "boss"

shoulder; but he has to shout it twice before he is heard. "Whoa, there! Stand back! Now, boys, get your breath and try it together,—when I call. All ready! Let her go!"

The men throw themselves on the spokes, the horses plunge forward under the lash of the whip. There is a moment of straining,—an uncertain moment,—then the wheels turn slowly forward, the horses' feet draw out from the mud with a sucking sound, and the boat is rolled ahead. The driver unbuttons his oilskin at the waist and reaches beneath an undercoat for his watch. They have been out two hours, and have covered—two miles! Before him is darkness, save where the lantern throws a yellow circle on the ground; behind him is darkness, save for the white boat, the little group of panting, grunting men, and, a long mile to the southward, the gleaming eye of the Grosse Point lighthouse, now red, now white. But somewhere in the darkness ahead, somewhere beyond the white of the breakers, a big steamer is pounding to pieces on the bar. So he buttons his coat, shifts the reins, and urges the horses. He seems to be excited, this young fellow; but he is thinking of the poor men on the big steamer, lashed to the masts, perhaps, if the masts are still standing; and he is wondering how many of them will ever ship again.

* * * * *

A huge bonfire lighted up beach and breakers. Around it huddled a motley crowd,—students in rain coats or sweaters, sober citizens, and residents of the North Shore, fishermen, and all the village loafers. But the students were in the majority, and were making most of the noise. It was they who had built the fire, raiding fences and woodyards that they might send up a blaze that should tell the poor fellows out yonder of the warmth and comfort awaiting them on shore,—if they should ever get in through that surf. They were cheering, too, giving their college yells and shouting inspiriting messages,—as if any noise below the sound of a gun or a steam fog horn could hope to be heard over the unending roar of the lake! But this was a great occasion, and must be made the most of.

Of course no such body of students could act in concert without a recognized leader, and the young man who claimed the honor could be distinguished at a glance. Now issuing orders to the foragers, now mounting the pile to adjust with a flourish the top barrel and to empty the last can of kerosene, now heading the war dance around the crackling fire or leading the yells with an improvised baton, always in evidence, as busy and breathless as if his labors had an aim, was a long-faced, long-legged student. He wore a cap that was too small to hide his curly chestnut hair. His face was good-natured, flushed though it was with the responsibilities of his position. His rain coat thrown aside, he stood attired in a white sweater with a wide, rolling collar, and a pair of striped trousers that fitted close to his nimble legs.

"Hi, there! Here they come!"

A small boy was shouting. He had been stationed on the bluff; and now he was sliding down, using his trousers as a toboggan on the steep clay. "Here they come!"

The news spread. "Here they come!" was passed from mouth to mouth. Those who had gone away from the firelight, in order to get a glimpse of the hulk that stood out dimly against the horizon, came running back, and joined their voices to the cheer that was rising.

Yes, they had come. A Coston signal was burning, up on the bluff; and half a hundred pairs of legs were running up the beach to lend a hundred hands in getting a ton or more of surfboat down the ravine road. The tall young man led the way, thanks to his nimble legs, and called over his shoulder, as he ran, in tones tense with purpose:—

"This way, boys! Everybody this way!"

The horses were taken out in a hurry, and led off to the nearest barn. Long ropes were rigged to the back-axle, "everybody" laid hold, and then, with the crew still hanging to the spokes, and the young driver leaning back on the tongue to guide the forward wheels, the surfboat went bumping and lurching along the road. With a rush and a cheer it moved, as if the fever of the waiting crowd had got into the wheels, as if the desperate hands of the half-drowned men out yonder were hauling them on,—impatiently, madly, courageously hauling them on.

On down the beach they pulled, the broad wheels rolling through the sand; on toward the breakers that came rushing to meet them; into the water with a splash and a plunge, until ankles were wet, and knees were wet,—then there was a halt, and a moment of apparent confusion. The eight young men in oilskins bustled about the boat, their yellow coats and hats glistening in the firelight; and the crowd stood silent at the water's edge, looking first at them and then at the black and white sea out yonder, and an ugly sea it was. In a moment the confusion resolved into harmony. The eight young men fell into place around the boat, lashed on their cork jackets, laid hold of the gunwales, ran her into the surf, tumbled aboard,—and the fight was on.

It was a fight that made those young fellows set



"His white, drawn face shows that the work is telling"

their teeth hard as their backs bent with each dip of the oars. They did not know that this storm had strewn the coast with wrecks; they did not know that the veteran crew at Chicago had refused to venture out in their big English lifeboat,—and they did not care. Too young to be prudent, too strong to be afraid, these youngsters fought for the sake of the fighting, and loved it. So they worked through the surf with never a thought of failure, with never an idea that the white waves might beat them back; and they shook the water out of their eyes and watched Number Two, who was the pulling stroke that night, and rowed to win. All the while, the young man standing erect in the stern, swinging the twenty-foot steering oar, was urging them on in a way that would, as Number Two said afterwards, have made a crab go forward. It was plain, too, that he was enjoying it.

The fire was sinking; the drizzle was cold and penetrating. The little groups, down on the hard sand near the water, were tired of straining their eyes looking into the blackness. The moment of enthusiasm was past. The surfboat had slipped away like a dream,—there was a moment of tossing against the sky, a glimpse of set faces, a shout or two over the pounding surf; then they saw only the lead-black lake, with its white flecks, the lead-black sky, and the spot of deeper black where the steamer lay. A shivering fellow brought an armful of drift wood from a dry nook, and threw it on the fire. The idea was good, and the others took it up. Soon the flames were leaping up again.

What could be more natural than a song? The bleached-out skeleton of a forty-ton lumber schooner lay curving up from the sand; this a student mounted, he of the white sweater and long legs, and the others crowded around.

"All right, Apples; let her go!"

This is the refrain they sang there, with the glare of the fire lighting up their wet faces, and the wildness of the lake in their throats:—

"Oh, my name is Captain Hall, Captain Hall!"

"Hi yi!"—it is the small boy again,—"there she is! There she is!"

"Where, boy?"

"Out there,—off the breakwater. There, see!"

Again there were straining eyes, again they stared at the lead-black of sky and water. Is that the boat, that speck of white away out, or is it a white cap? Now it is gone,—has the boat dropped into a hollow of the sea? Who knows? There's a white speck here, another there,—white specks everywhere!

"Boy, you're dreaming."

"Sure he's dreaming. They haven't been gone twenty minutes. What's the matter with you? You must have dreamed that you saw it."

Yes, it is only twenty minutes, and there is a weary, bitter hour yet for the poor men before they may set foot on land. Another song, is the cry; and more wood,—"Heap her up!" Again "Apples" mounts his grim perch,—the headstone and footstone of half a dozen forgotten sailors,—and marches the grand old Duke of York up the hill, and marches him down again; and when he was up he was up, up, up; and when he was down he was down, down, down; and when he was only halfway up he was neither up nor down; and the rain thickens; and the smoke and flames run along parallel to the sand, so fierce is the wind; and the poor men out yonder call up what prayers they may have known in childhood, and lucky the sailor who remembers how those prayers used to go!

There is more singing and more watching; then, after a long while, the boat is sighted. She is coming in from the north, making full allowance for the set of the surf. As she works slowly nearer, they can make out the figure of the steersman and the huddled lot of crew men and sailors. The fire is renewed and a shout goes up. She hovers outside the line of surf, then lifts on a roller and comes swiftly in to the sand, so swiftly that the oars must be tumbled in with a rush, and the crew must tumble out, waist deep, and catch the gunwales and heave her forward before the wave glides back.

There is one man in the stern, rolling between the feet of Number Two. Even in that uncertain light, and bedraggled as he is, it is plain that his dress is of a different quality from that of the sailors. Bareheaded he is, and one can see the white in his hair, and wrinkles on his smooth-shaven face. It seems, too, that he lacks the physique of his companions, most of whom are able, for all the exposure, to spring out without assistance. The steersman, who has been watching him with some anxiety, leans over and helps him out, and then, swinging him onto his shoulders, carries him pickaback out of the water and toward the fire. Word goes around that this is the owner of the steamer, Mr. Higginson.

"Here, Jack," calls Apples, bobbing up close at hand, "you are to go to the house on the bluff. They are making coffee for all the boys. Let me give you a hand."

The steersman makes no reply, but, as his burden protests that he can walk, lets him down, and each young man takes an arm. In a few moments they are all, rescuers and rescued, in a hospitable kitchen, drinking black coffee and crowding, with steaming clothes, about the range. The steersman drinks a second cup at a gulp, and looks around for his men. He is not joining in the talk, for a heavy responsibility rests upon him, but

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his eyes have the blaze of excitement in them, and his square jaw is set hard. His white, drawn face shows that the work is telling.

"Come on, boys," he says, quietly; "time for the next trip."

Quiet falls on the room that was just now loud with talk. It continues while the crew men swallow their coffee, hastily retie their cork jackets, and file out into the night. The sailors have been exultant over their rescue; but now they are reminded of the comrades out yonder, and they fall into moody silence.

But, after all, it is a great thing to be alive, when one has been clinging to a rope in a desperate sea with ugly thoughts to face. At any rate, these men seemed to find it so; for, after a time, when, doubtless, the white surf boat was bobbing far out, one of the hundred white flecks on the black lake; when, doubtless, the poor fellows who had to wait —old Captain Craig with them,—were still hoping and praying, (and one of them had wept foolish tears when they parted,) they fell back into talk. The drama had reached but the second act, and no one could say if it was to be a tragedy, but the warm kitchen and the plentiful coffee, and the thoughtless talk of the half-dozen students who had followed them in were not to be resisted. Within half an hour, banter and jokes were flying fast.

The elderly man was sitting close to the range, wrapped in a blanket. He found Apples at his elbow, and spoke to him.

"What crew is this?"

"The Evanston crew."

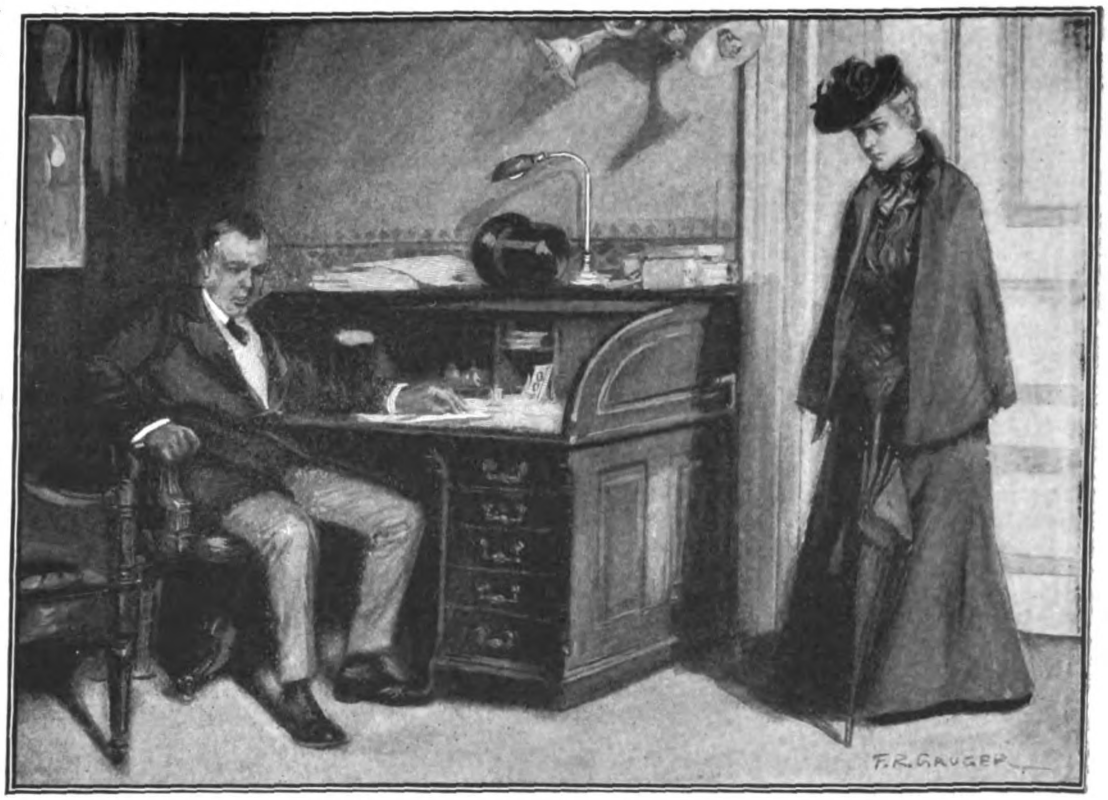
The man nodded and was silent, but after a few moments he spoke again.

"Who was that young man in the stern? Was he the captain?"

"No, the captain is sick. He is Number One."

"What is his name?"

"Halloran,—Jack Halloran."



"Well," he said, at length, "what is it now? What do you want?"

CHAPTER I.

MR. G. HYDE BIGELOW

IN a mahogany office, high up in a very high building, sat G. Hyde Bigelow. An elaborate building it was, with expensive statuary about the entrance, with unusually expensive mosaic floors on all of the fifteen or more stories. A dozen elevators were at Mr. Bigelow's service, and a dozen uniformed elevator boys to bow deferentially whenever he granted his brief presence, in the necessary actions of his going up to his office or coming down from his office; boys that were fond of remarking, casually, when the great man had stepped out, "That's G. Hyde Bigelow." The very expensive building was, in fact, such as best comported with his dignity.

Mr. Bigelow was a rising man; and the simple inscription on the ground-glass door, "G. Hyde Bigelow and Company," already stood, in the eyes of a small quarter of the financial world of Chicago, for unqualified success. If a syndicate was to be floated, if a mysterious new combine was to be organized, what so important to its success as the name of G. Hyde Bigelow somewhere behind the venture?—what so necessary as the somewhat difficult task of making it plain that paper is gold, that water is a solid, as the indorsement of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company? If Bigelow invested largely in Kentucky coal lands, what more reasonable than an immediate boom in Kentucky coal, and that men should speak sagely on the street of the immense value of the new mines? If Bigelow went heavily into the new style freighters that were to revolutionize the lake carrying trade, what more natural than a rush for New Freighter stock, and who could know if the Bigelows should unload rapidly on an inflated market?



Martin L. Higginson, Bigelow's rival

But the great man is speaking!

Before him, on the mahogany desk, are spread some papers,—vastly important papers, or they could never have penetrated to the Presence to take up time of such inestimable value. "Time is money," is a phrase that has been heard to fall from the Bigelow lips. Perhaps some one else coined this phrase, years ago; perhaps Mr. Bigelow himself may even vaguely remember hearing it,—what matters it? Do not old phrases fall new-minted from his lips? Do not the minor earths and moons and satellites that revolve about the Bigelow sun recognize in each authoritative Bigelow utterance an addition to the language? And were there ever such jokes as the Bigelow jokes?

Before him are the papers; beside him, in a broad-armed, leather-backed mahogany chair, sits the junior partner, the "Company" of Bigelow and Company, William H. Babcock. A youngish man is Mr. Babcock; a very well dressed man, with a shrewd, somewhat incredulous eye; a man who speaks cautiously, is even inclined to mumble in a low voice, and finds his worth and caution recognized as a useful, if secondary part of the importance of Bigelow and Company. He is lacking in the audacious qualities of his senior, it would seem, but shrewd, very shrewd; not a man given to unnecessary promises or straight-out declarations. If Mr. Babcock has a phrase, a creed, locked securely away in the depths behind that quiet, very quiet face, it is, "Business is business." Business is business, to Mr. Babcock; and he has hopes, even a fair prospect, indeed, of himself rising to a point where time shall be money, thanks to the aid of the Bigelow name. In the part of those depths where the thinking is done, the thought lurks that, if the time shall ever come when "business is business" and "time is money" shall be combined in his career, (and everything about him tends to combination,) Chicago will be too small for William H. Babcock.

The papers are before Mr. Bigelow, and the great brain is grappling with them; it being Mr. Babcock's part to weed out details and trouble Mr. Bigelow only with the broader facts.

"And now, Mr. Babcock," said the head of the firm, "how are we to arrive at this?"

Mr. Babcock leaned forward and mumbled a few sentences, with the air of a man habitually afraid of being overheard and caught. Mr. Bigelow's brows drew together, in such a state of concentration was the massive brain. History has not recorded the subject of these documents. Whether it was Kentucky coal, or New Freighters, or the booming town of Northwest Chicago, or Suburban Street Railways, or one of the dozen or more growing interests that absorbed at this time the attention, and some of the money, of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company, (to say nothing of the money of the Bigelow followers,) we may never know; for, at the moment when the Bigelow brows were knitted the closest, when the questions raised by the papers were about to attain a masterly and decisive solution, an office boy entered the room,—a round-eyed lad, so awed by the Presence that he was visibly impatient to deliver his message and efface himself,—one who was habitually out of breath.

"Lady t' see y'u, sir," said he.

Mr. Bigelow turned with some annoyance. How often had his subordinates instructed this boy to demand the card of every visitor, and to lay it silently on the mahogany desk. But, on the other hand, Mr. Bigelow made it a point to rise above petty annoyances. He could afford to be magnanimous.

"Well, boy, what is the name?"

"Sh' would n't give 't, sir."

The great man's expression changed slightly: it was as if he had suddenly remembered something. He turned to the desk and fingered the papers for a moment.

"We will take up this matter after lunch, Mr. Babcock."

He spoke a shade more pompously than was his wont in dealing with his junior.

Mr. Babcock bowed, and went out. Then Mr. Bigelow turned to his stenographer, who was clicking a typewriter by the window.

"Miss Brown, I wish you would go out to the files and look up all the Pine Lands correspondence for me."

The stenographer laid aside her work and went out.

Mr. Bigelow, once more bland and gracious, turned to the boy, who was holding fast to the bronze door knob.

"Here, boy, you may show the lady in."

Having said this, he bent over a letter, and was so busy that he seemed not to hear the woman enter. For some moments she stood there by the closed door. Once she coughed timidly, and even that failed to reach the attention of the much-absorbed man. But at length the letter was laid down, and Mr. Bigelow turned.

"Sit down," he said, motioning to the chair that Mr. Babcock had vacated.

But the woman, it seemed, preferred to stand.

"Why have you come here?"

"I think you know why I have come."

Mr. Bigelow took up the letter again and regarded it closely. A great many thoughts, apparently, were passing through his mind,—thoughts not of Kentucky Coal and New Freighters, but of a stately suburban home of granite, completed within a year; of a certain Mrs. Bigelow who was rising rapidly toward the social leadership of her suburb, and was carrying Mr. G. Hyde Bigelow into circles that he, with all his prestige of a sort, could hardly have penetrated alone; of a certain dignified, comfortable, downright conservative suburban church, where the Bigelow money and

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judgment, new as they were, in such surroundings, were undoubtedly earning a place; and, lastly, of certain small Bigelows. Of all these things thought Mr. Bigelow.

"Well," he said, at length, without raising his eyes, "what is it now? What do you want?"

"If I had only myself to think of," began the woman, speaking in a low voice and with noticeable effort, "I should never come near you. But I have others to think of, and I think you have, too. I have not come for money. If I could do it, I should like to bring every cent you have ever given me and throw it in your face."

Rather unpleasant words were these,—unpleasant to Mr. Bigelow, at least. Indeed, they seemed quite to disturb him, to drive him even toward something that, in a man of smaller reputation, might have been called brutality.

"See here," he burst out, wheeling around, "how long is this going to be kept up? How many years more must I support you in idleness? There is a limit to this sort of thing."

It may be that this was not so much brutality as sagacity. It may be that Mr. Bigelow had in mind certain steps that might relieve him from a situation that was growing more and more annoying and disagreeable, and that this was one of the steps. For such words as these—such a blaze of righteous anger,—should be very hard to answer in a man's own office; hard, at least, for an unknown woman before the great G. Hyde Bigelow. Even if the woman had come with vague notions that she was acting within her rights, and that the law which had severed her life from the life of this man, so long ago, would support her now,—what was she, after all, but an unfortunate woman standing before a great man? But there was a curious expression in her eyes; perhaps she was more resolute than she supposed; perhaps, simply, she had reached a point in wretchedness where such words fail of an impression.

"When I told you I should never come to your office, I did not know how you would take advantage of me. I should not come, even now if I could help it. I don't know if it will interest you to hear that I have not had enough to eat this week."

She was mistaken; Mr. Bigelow was interested. Indeed, he was beginning to recover himself, and to look down on the ill-dressed woman before him from the proper altitude of G. Hyde Bigelow. As he looked down, he told himself that he was quite calm, that he was standing frankly and firmly, as became him, on his proper footing as a prominent citizen. Such a sight as this, an ill-dressed woman standing in a mahogany office and talking about starvation, was really shocking. He felt that he must dismiss her, must rid himself of her, but, on the other hand, he was really touched by her distress. Mr. Bigelow leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked, in a voice that showed signs of leading up to something further.

She gave him a puzzled, indignant flash of her eyes, and replied, in the same low voice:—

"It is more than fourteen years."

More than fourteen years,—think of it! For fourteen years this woman had been suffering for an error of judgment,—the mistake of two deluded years,—the mistake of giving her life to the wrong man,—and had at length even faced starvation because of it. So mistakes are punished in this world. Mr. Bigelow, on his part, looking down from his great altitude, was reviewing those fourteen years and recalling the mistakes of his own that had brought this annoying visit upon him. He had been soft-hearted; he saw that plainly enough. In his efforts to do right, to comply voluntarily with certain nominal requirements which a less honorable man would have easily evaded; in his effort to be kind to a foolish young woman,—and a very young woman, indeed, she had been at first,—to humor her childish notions of the facts of this real world, his impulses had carried him too far, and she, of course, had taken advantage of him. He should have known better.

"Hum! More than fourteen years," he repeated, still sitting back in his chair, and looking dreamily at a group picture of a certain board of directors that hung above his desk. "Has it ever occurred to you to stop and figure up how much you have cost me during these years, or how many times I have sent you large sums without a word? If you will think of it now, you will remember that I have asked no questions and have known nothing whatever about your life and your acquaintances. I have not known how real your needs were. How could I, when you did not till me?"

He might have gone on to much plainer speaking, even to harshness, (it being necessary sometimes in dealing with such people,) had not his half-shut eyes strayed downward from the board of directors to her face. What he saw there seemed to weaken his self-possession. For another thing, it was certainly getting time for his stenographer to be returning with the Pine Lands correspondence. It was really an awkward moment for Mr. Bigelow.

"Well," he said, abruptly, opening his eyes, "there is no use in prolonging this conversation. Tell me what you have come here for, and be done with it."

It was so abrupt that she had to wait a moment and compose herself, before beginning in the same low tone:—

"I told you I had not come for money, and I meant it. I am tired of begging for my living. But it would cost you very little to help me to some situation. If you will do this, I will try not to trouble you again."

Mr. Bigelow pressed his lips, and beat a tattoo with his fingers.

"What kind of work can you do?"

"I could n't take skilled work," I suppose, she replied, a little wearily; "and I could hardly expect an office position,—now,—but I have thought of going into a department store. I really ought to be able to do something there."

Mr. Bigelow was fidgeting a little; he was thinking of the Pine Lands correspondence.

"Why, yes," he said, "I do n't know but what that could be arranged. I will speak to Murray of the New York Store. He is employing hundreds of people all the time, and I know he has difficulty in getting good ones."

He finished with a wave of dismissal, and turned back to his letter. But the woman waited.

"You will see him to-day?" she asked.

"Why, yes,"—rather impatiently,—"I will try to see him this noon."

"And shall I come back this afternoon?"

Mr. Bigelow leaned back again.

"No, I hardly think that will be necessary. Let me see,—"

"I don't see how I am to know if I do n't come back,—unless you write to me."

He hesitated at this, and, thanks to his hesitation, received a keen stroke below his armor.

"If it is the writing," she said, with quiet, bitter scorn, "you know I have letters enough now." Yes, she had, and he knew it; there had been blue moments in his life, when he would have given a great deal to get those letters back. They were letters relating to money matters, most of them; explanations why certain sums were still unpaid, perhaps; letters sent back into another life, a life which had gone under Mr. Bigelow's feet as he mounted to higher things. And she added, "You need n't sign your name, if you'd rather not."

Yes, it was time to close this interview. He was not enjoying it at all,—was even willing to concede a point in order to be rid of her. So he said, shortly:—

"Very well, I will see him at noon, and let you know by the morning delivery if he has a place for you." She turned to go, but he detained her. "Here,—wait. I will tell him that you are a cousin of mine. Do you understand?"

She made no reply to this, but simply went out, as swiftly and silently as possible; she was evidently as glad as he to be through with it. Mr. Bigelow, after glancing at the Pine Lands correspondence, and after a look at his watch, put on his hat and coat and left the office. It was not yet his lunch time, but, when bent upon a benevolent errand, he would hear of no delay; and, recalling that Mr. Murray was usually on the point of leaving the club when he entered, he was willing even to hasten his lunch in order to make sure of a chat with him.

And chat they did, those two powerful, public-spirited ones, over their cigars, of the questions of the day, handled as only masters of commerce can handle them, until at length Mr. Bigelow, lighting a fresh cigar, and speaking casually, over his hollowed hands, said:—

"By the way, Murray, I have a cousin who is in a bad way,—husband dead, and some children, and that sort of thing. I want to do a little something for her if I can. Could you give her any work?"

"I am afraid the best place I could offer would be behind the counter, in my North Side Store,—at three dollars a week or so."

"She would be grateful for anything,—any small position. It is a matter of keeping alive."

Mr. Murray was always glad of an opportunity to oblige Mr. Bigelow.

"Send her around, with a letter, and I will do the best I can for her."

Thus did Mr. Bigelow free himself from an entangling alliance. He had given the woman an opportunity to prove her worth; if, after this, she should stumble into dark ways, there would be only herself to blame. It had cost him considerable effort, to say nothing of his time; but had it not been worth while? He was putting a fellow creature in a way to work out her own salvation,—a really kind thing to do.

CHAPTER II.

LOW LIFE

DEAR MR. HALLORAN: Won't you come down to the Settlement Friday evening? The young men's class and the girls' class are going to entertain themselves, and Mr. Appleton Le Duc has promised to help them. I want to have another talk with you about George. We have heard nothing from him for a week, and I am afraid he is in trouble. After such encouragement as he has given us, I do n't like to let go of him.

Be sure to come, if you can.

Very sincerely yours,
MARGARET DAVIES.

THE foregoing note accounts for the presence of Halloran and Le Duc (him of the nimble legs,) in a suburban train, on that Friday evening, bound for Clybourn and the Settlement. A few seats behind them sat Miss Davies, escorted by Mr. Babcock, a young business man who seemed to be engaged heartily in charity work at this time. Le Duc was talking earnestly with Halloran. Apparently a momentous question had arisen in his life, and the young man beside him, who had had plenty of experience in earning his own living, who could steer a lifeboat in a boiling sea, whose generalship alone, it was conceded by one party in college, had won the Chicago game that fall, was, he felt sure, the best counselor to be found in the difficult task of guiding a life straight toward its destiny.

"I do n't know another fellow I could come to with a question like this, Jack; but you understand these things,—you know life. You've learned things already that the rest of us spend the most of our lives finding out. Now what would you say,—how far do you think a man ought to go in sticking to the idea of an education?" Le Duc's "education," for several years, had consisted of the study of elocution, with an occasional peck at English literature, or the French language, and a few, very few, disastrous examinations. "I've got an offer to quit college right now to go in as second comedian with the Pooh Bah Company. They offer thirty dollars a week, to begin with, with every prospect of a future. It is a rising company, you see,—a sure thing. They are as safe as the First National Bank. If that were just the work I wanted, I could n't do better."

Halloran was sitting back, with his hat down on his forehead, listening conscientiously, but losing a word now and then, thanks to the roar of the train.

"You see, old chap, I set my mind on Shakespeare when I entered college. I decided then it would be Shakespeare or nothing with me. A man's got to have a goal, you know; he's got to aim high or he will never get anywhere, and my goal has been Shakespeare. But the question is just this: ought I to give up this offer, when it may be my chance to get a good start on the stage? I might be able to work up into Shakespeare by keeping at this for a while and making a professional acquaintance and saving money. Men have done it, you know. What do you say?"

He evidently really expected an answer, so Halloran gave it to him.

"I'm afraid you will have to decide that for yourself, Apples. If you care enough for first-class work to stick it out in college, and then take your chances, you ought to do it; if you do n't, take this. That is all I can say."

With such casual conversation did an evening begin that, later, promised to influence considerably the lives of several members of the party.

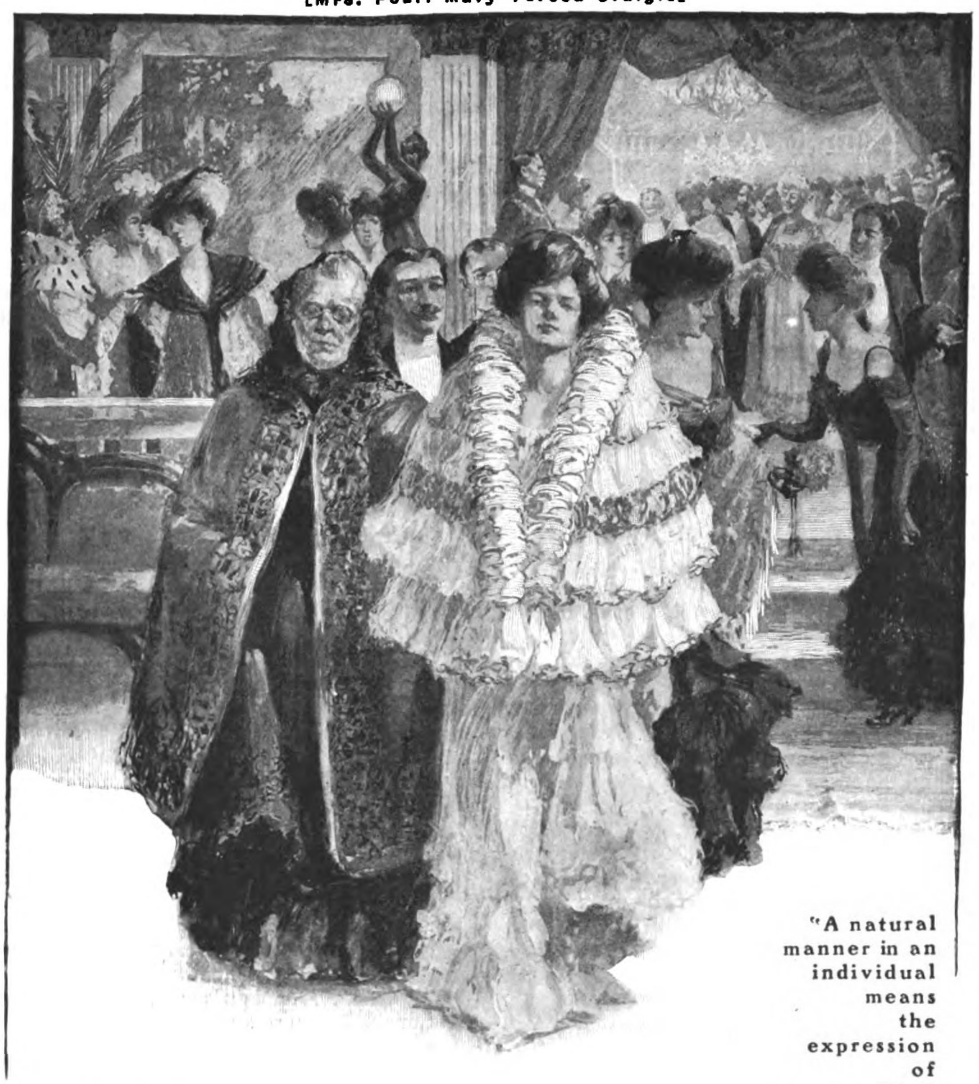
They found a crowd of ragged boys and girls at the settlement. Le Duc was to "read" for them; but he found himself fairly eclipsed by the performances of two of their own number; one, a youthful dancer with a wizened face and remarkably thin legs, named Jimmie McGinnis; the other a dark-eyed girl, one Lizzie Bigelow, who sang some popular songs in a really good natural voice. This girl made an immediate impression on Ap-

[*Continued on pages 326 and 327*]

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The Elements of Social Success for a Girl

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES
[Mrs. Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie]



Drawn by Fred. J. Mulhaupt

"A natural manner in an individual means the expression of personality"

FASHION, following the taste of the hour, would, at any time, decide this question—"What are the elements of social success?"—in many ways; but it is certain that, at every period, the essential qualification for success, in the true sense of the word, is a natural manner,—not, however, the affectation of a natural manner, which is a very different thing. All affectation is fatal, and no form of it is more so than a pretended bluntness in speech, a brutal selfishness which desires to be taken for candor, or that gross disregard of every obligation—a common enough failing,—which claims distinction on the ground of its irresponsibility.

A natural manner in an individual means the expression, with dignity, without self-consciousness, and without any desire to produce an effect, of personality. It might be urged that some personalities are unsympathetic, stubborn, and rather repellent than otherwise. For instance, some girls take pride in the fact that they cannot write or answer letters, that they are never punctual, that they do not remember names, that they detest new faces, that they do n't see why they should be civil to people who are nothing to them; or, again, they will proclaim, with gloomy emphasis, their ill-humors, their acts of rudeness, their cutting remarks, their withering looks, their scores at the expense of this, that, or the other acquaintance. It becomes all but a point of family honor to maintain some reputation for an unpleasant idiosyncrasy. All the "So-and-Sos" are abominably insolent. It is well known that the "B's" hate strangers. The "C's" are unconscionable liars. Instances of the kind might be multiplied. Such strange manifestations of mistaken vanity should be avoided. These traits may, indeed, sometimes be natural, but they are always disfigurements. In society, such peculiarities, one would say, ought to be veiled.

The Worst Misfortune that Can Befall a Girl Is to Be Considered "a Beauty"

No; if the nature itself is beyond discipline, it can still produce a sounder impression by its faults than by any assumption of virtues which it does not possess. A hypocrite, a dissembler, or an insincere woman was never yet successful from the beginning to the end of her career. Insincerity may beguile the general judgment for a short time, but, sooner or later, the masquerade is, as it were, played out, and, apart from all other considerations, the strain of acting in every circumstance of daily life causes such fatigue, such exasperation of the entire nervous system that the health, bodily and mental, fails. Therefore, either from the shock of outward events, or the disease of the inner struggle, a person of artificial manners and habits of thought cannot make or keep a foothold in the world.

What, then, can be done for the organically inconsiderate and unmannerly being? She can exercise the catholic practice of studying her own conscience. Self-deception forms the greatest part of every education. It is the most insidious foe against light. Nevertheless, if a girl who suspects her unpopularity would sit down for a day and review her own actions with the desire of finding others rather than herself in the right, she would be able to accomplish a great deal in the reformation of her character. Half the battle, in this case, is the wish to please, or the wish to improve. The wish need not be desperate, over-anxious, or fanciful. There is a great difference between being liked, and becoming what is colloquially known as "the rage." No sensible girl could strive to become the latter. The worst fate that can befall an apprentice in the ways of the world is to be hailed as the beauty, the sensation, or the feature of a social season.

A form of affectation very popular with young girls just "coming out" is the affectionate mimicry of some admired friend, or some society favorite, or some much-praised heroine in history or fiction. We have all seen how one individual of marked mannerisms can set the standard of an entire group or family, and one often finds a series of caricatures emanating from some dominant influence, who may be beautiful, or striking, or fascinating, or witty in herself, but who, travestied, becomes ridiculous. Ways of arranging the hair, tricks of speech, gestures, taste in dress, a gait and facial expression are assumed without regard to appropriateness by the tall, the short, the stout, the slim, the educated, or the uneducated, and what is delightful, because it is characteristic of the original, becomes irritating, because unnatural, in the copy. It is a dreadful thing to see a number of young women bearing a conventional, identical stamp,—the stamp of a set; to find a little group all thinking the same things, adopting the same poses, pursuits, and notions. The essence of charm is spontaneity, and the delight of friendship is its law of liberty, the privilege of following one's own taste without quarreling with another who does not share it. A rare art in life is the ability to comprehend why certain people hold certain opinions. Sympathy does not mean identity of emotion, but the understanding of an emotion, or an idea, which may be by no means personal. This is where imagination is so valuable, giving the power of placing oneself in another's shoes, to use the homely metaphor, of seeing with others' eyes, and of assuming their education, their outlook, their motives, their perceptions. The traffic of society would be inane and unworthy the time of intelligent beings, if it did not exercise to the fullest these very two faculties which have been referred to,—sympathy and imagination. The best way of becoming natural is to think of other people. This is not a saying from the traditional copy book; it is a living fact, the one cure for the nervousness which afflicts many really sensitive and beautiful souls, the one remedy for the egoism which amounts to a vice among pleasure-seekers as a class.

Some girls are, to a morbid degree, overfond of admiration. They are restless at balls and parties unless they have the attention of every man present. They become vindictive unless they can feel that every other woman is neglected on their account. It is not enough for them that they can dance the whole evening, or have a pleasant companion at dinner,—they like to feel certain that they are envied. Their own partners do not satisfy them; their enjoyment is diminished unless they can see others left in the cold. They wish, not so much from unkindness as from real vanity, to assert themselves to the disadvantage of their friends. Indeed, they regard every girl of their own age, not as a comrade, but as a possible rival who ought to be humiliated on every occasion. Girls of this type can never be popular. If they happen to possess large dowries, or if their parents hold important social rank, they will have a large number of acquaintances, but they will never have friends. They must be invited, but it is as certain that they never will be welcome as it is impossible for persons so constituted to understand the meaning of happiness, of affection, of generosity, or of fair play. It is, indeed, painful to realize that the charge is so often brought against women that they are deficient in a knowledge of what is called "playing the game."

In the Matter of Dress It Is a Small Triumph to Wear Expensive Clothes

Many girls, amiable enough in disposition, wish to appear better dressed than their associates. It is normal that women, especially young women, should desire beautiful gowns. When gowns are chosen merely for their beauty, they are good; but when they are chosen, as is too often the case, in order to destroy the attractiveness of some other plumage, they seem to show it by a hardness, an ostentation which is never becoming. It is a small triumph to wear the most expensive clothes in the room; it is a vulgar one to look as if one were wearing them; it is a disaster to make a point of wearing them. One does not tire of a beautiful portrait. A lady, not necessarily handsome, in a gown not indispensably the finest procurable, can hold a spell on canvas for two or three hundred years or longer; it is certainly more delightful to appear a number of times, in a garment which is harmonious, than to appear always in something new at the risk of being only occasionally well suited. Should a girl possess a large allowance, she may gratify her taste for the exquisite in laces, in the details, the delicacy of her attire,—points which please everybody and jar no one. The strangest fact is that very rich women often dress badly, and they are frequently shy and suspicious on the subject of their fortunes, showing a morbid desire to be liked for themselves rather than for any decorative note which they can add to their surroundings.

It would be hard to say too much against the intellectual pose. A

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number of intelligent girls seem to feel it their duty to talk like the learned reviews, and to put on a superior air when small domestic matters crop up in conversation. If they happen to have been well drilled in foreign languages or literature, they drag foreign phrases into their talk. They discuss books and authors, pictures, politics, and music,—not, alas! with freshness, but with a kind of mental strut, which produces the same effect on the hearer as an exhibition of tight-rope dancing does on a nervous onlooker. Girls of this type are always boring. Men and women tremble at their approach. They tire others; they weary themselves. As *débutantes*, they are called clever; a year or so later, they are defined as tedious; in middle age, they become conscious that, when they are absent, they are not missed; their progress beyond that point is too dreary to follow.

One's Accomplishments Should never Be Employed to Angle for Popularity

Another fault in the young is to form some feverish admiration for one or two particular friends, often of a so-called superior social standing. These are referred to constantly; they are held up as patterns, oracles, and patrons. In private circles and public places their names are loudly mentioned in the hope of and desire of impressing bystanders. At bazaars, in the lobbies of theaters, at railway stations, in railway carriages, at weddings, at political meetings and the like, and, indeed, wherever the company may be described as mixed, this distressing form of what is known as brag is very much in evidence. The shouting of nicknames and Christian names at moments when, in ordinary intercourse, one would not be addressing anybody, is also done in order to advertise some small degree of intimacy with the well-known.

In contrast to these offenders, there is the less aggressive type who is herself the leader of a little knot of followers who are not so accomplished, or so happily situated,—not so popular and less authoritative than herself. In all these cases one finds that the leader speedily degenerates into a prig or a tyrant, and the followers, from being devotees, become, by normal stages, critics, malcontents, secret rebels, and, eventually, defiant enemies. In the early stage of the formation of one of these social *coteries*, the followers sit around an idol, and giggle or stare during her encounters with any person not of that curious circle. The silliness of these exhibitions is, perhaps, one of the most depressing spectacles in society. A wise mother would check the beginnings of this practice, which can be seen even at little children's parties where nurses, governesses, and fond elders apparently combine to distort the sweetness and the innocence of their young charges into mincing pretentiousness.

One disagreeable trait in the daughters of men who may have worked their way up from some humble occupation, or who may have made their money in business, is a kind of false shame of their origin and the sources of their income. One is glad to know that this is not so common as it once was, but this is rather because trade has become fashionable than because young girls entering society have grown independent. The aristocracy of Europe has now but one object, and that is to make money in commercial enterprises. This being the case, it does not require any particular courage for an English girl to refer frankly either to an obscure origin or to a family business. Indeed, there is a new snobbery in insisting, in season and out of season, on those very facts, where they exist, and many persons boast as proudly and inconsequentially of their business dealings as the knights of old did of their exploits in the crusades.

In the matter of accomplishments, gifts for the interpretation of music on any instrument, or an agreeable voice, or grace in dancing, or tact in amateur theatricals is good, but it should never become that sort of credential known as singing for one's supper. It is not pleasant to be invited to friends' houses solely because one plays or sings or acts, and moderation in displaying talent ought to be urged upon a girl first coming out in the great world,—not moderation in the disobliging sense, not moderation showing itself in the old-fashioned reluctance to please a company except under the pressure of reiterated entreaties, but moderation that can show itself in the remembrance of other people's capacities alike for exhibition and appreciation.

Intimate Friendships Do not always End well

Very intimate friendships with other girls seldom end well. Young people form a habit of telling one another far too much. Quarrels and misunderstandings arise; conversations once held under a bond of secrecy and affectionate confidence are repeated, exaggerated, and worked up into a whole fabric of mischief. Things said by a girl are repeated, in after years, as if they represented the wisdom, the experience, and the very much wider meanings which could be given them by a mature mind. This is not to urge the application of the terrible maxim,—that every friend should be treated as a future enemy,—but a certain reticence should be always maintained, even in the closest human relationship. A prudent person is, indeed, detestable; a cautious person is never liked or trusted; the best way, perhaps, of learning reticence in dealing with others is to be reticent with oneself,—training the mind to regard facts, and the ears to hear words, and the eye to see objects. The imagination plays too great a part in these unsacramental confessions.

Of friendships with men it is difficult to speak at once plainly and sanely. Life would be intolerable if girls could not be on frank and uncoquettish terms with men of their own age, or by some years their seniors. The idea that, because two young people may have a great deal in common, they must also be in love, is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised when a friendship does not lead to marriage. Parents and guardians are beginning to see that, in any event, it is desirable that girls and their male admirers should become well acquainted with each other, because neither friendship nor marriage can be satisfactory unless it rests upon a true knowledge of character. Unhappy love stories are commoner among those girls who have been sheltered from male companionship and influence than among those who are daily mingling in the society of their brothers and their brothers' male acquaintances and friends. The same rule applies with equal force in the case of men who do not know many women. Each sex requires the assistance, the magnetism, and the inspiration of its opposite, and it is only by being thrown together in healthy association that either can attain its full development.

But, it will be asked, what of jealousy? What of competition, what of the love impulse when it comes, as it must and surely will come? How are these powerful factors to be dealt with? Any full answer to these questions would take us far from our immediate subject, but, as it is inevitable that human passions must remain the strong undercurrent of life, whether it be the life artificial and more or less public, or the life domestic and more or less retired, it is foolish to ignore the dangers and it is idle to offer rules for their control. But the broad principle which teaches that there is safety in numbers is a wise one, even in the case of friendships between men and women.

So long as overfamiliarity is avoided, and so long as a girl remembers that she can never, under any circumstances, be regarded as a man by a man, she is in no danger of committing any serious indiscretion. Difficulties arise from two principal causes. First, a girl may give herself unconsciously the prerogatives of, say, a boy. She takes the initiative often in friendly advances; in nine cases in ten she overdoes her part and is very much humiliated and chagrined to find her actual sex forgotten and her presence treated with an indifference which wounds, in spite of her good sense, her feminine instincts.

The Mind Should Be Capable of Forming and Expressing Clear Convictions

In a recent comedy by a brilliant novelist, the heroine utters reproaches to the hero, who has shown himself somewhat cold, on the ground that, if he were a girl, she would ask him what he meant, and she does not see why she should alter her course because he happens to be a man. But she did not come well out of the encounter. It was not her frankness that was at fault, but her sex. Sex is one of the few permanent institutions. No amount of pretense, or talk, or training can make the companionship of a man and a woman a relation in the least resembling that of a man and a man, or of a woman and a woman, and any endeavor to ignore this fundamental truth can only lead to chagrin at the best and utter disaster as the most painful development.

Secondly, some girls are constitutionally active in their tastes and inclinations. They are fond of outdoor sports; they do not care for the amusements once thought imperative for a young lady. But a girl is not necessarily mannish because she is a good swimmer, or a good rider, or because she has a logical mind. Too often she is driven to pretend against her will to have little in common with her own sex, because some member of it, in her anxiety to appear more feminine than any woman ever is, overdoes and caricatures the so-called womanly element in herself. Such ultra-feminine individuals have, as a rule, strong wills, great tenacity of purpose, and a certain unscrupulousness in their social methods that is greatly to be deplored. They claim to be rather foolish. They pretend to be horrified by the truth. They are rarely popular with other women, and here it must be said that no girl should ever expect to win success by aiming for it, or by defying the prejudices of those who are older and wiser, or by studying ways and means of attaining popularity.

The great magic which will work this change is an ingenuous and unspoiled spirit. The mind should be capable of forming clear intentions and carrying them out to a finish; the heart should be capable of forming strong, deep attachments and of understanding the obligations of those who take any part in what is not, after all, the main object of life, but simply a kind of game.

'Tis a Combination that Cannot Wear away

To be in society is to have the privilege of playing this particular game in the most amusing way and with the most agreeable people. It should also be taken up with the idea that it can be dropped, cheerfully, at any moment. It is a pastime, a recreation, not a passion, and certainly not a fit object on which to center one's ambition.

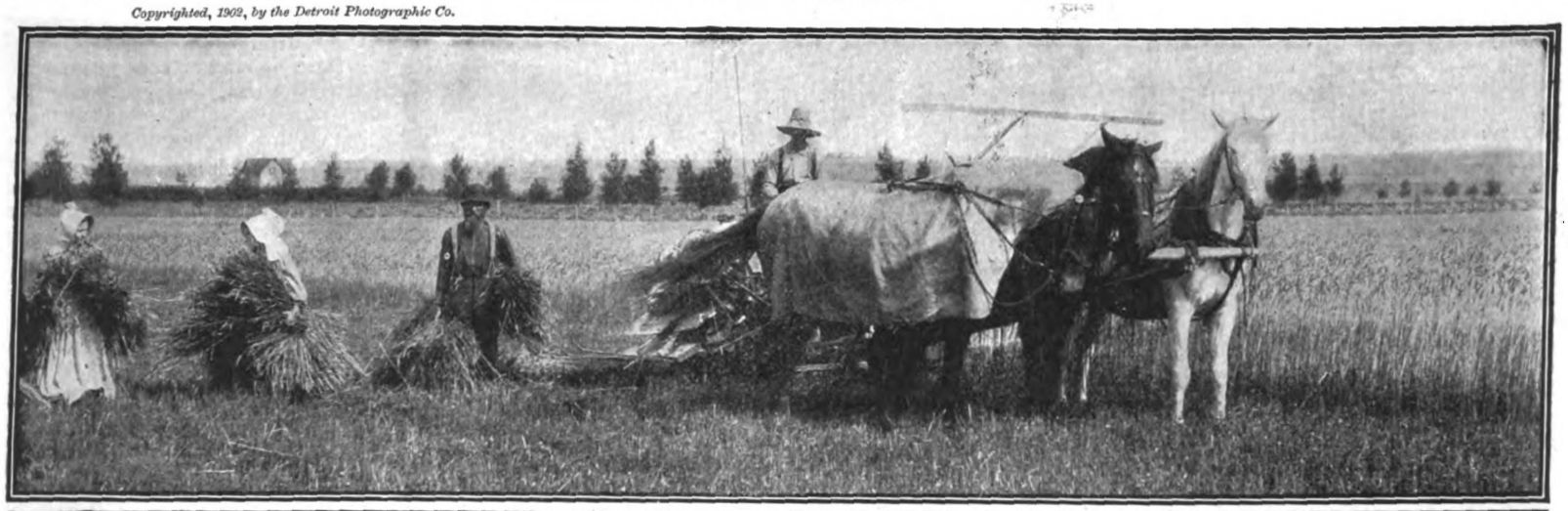
Those who attain social success know precisely what it is worth, long before they have secured it. The people who are the most popular among their friends and acquaintances are always those who are the least conscious of their popularity. Those who wield the most power are always the most amiable in using their influence,—taking the words "success," "popularity," and "power" in the real, not in the degraded sense. To be popular is not to be a clown. Many young people think that they must act in order to create an impression. Dignity and reserve fostered by a cheerful nature form a combination that cannot wear away.

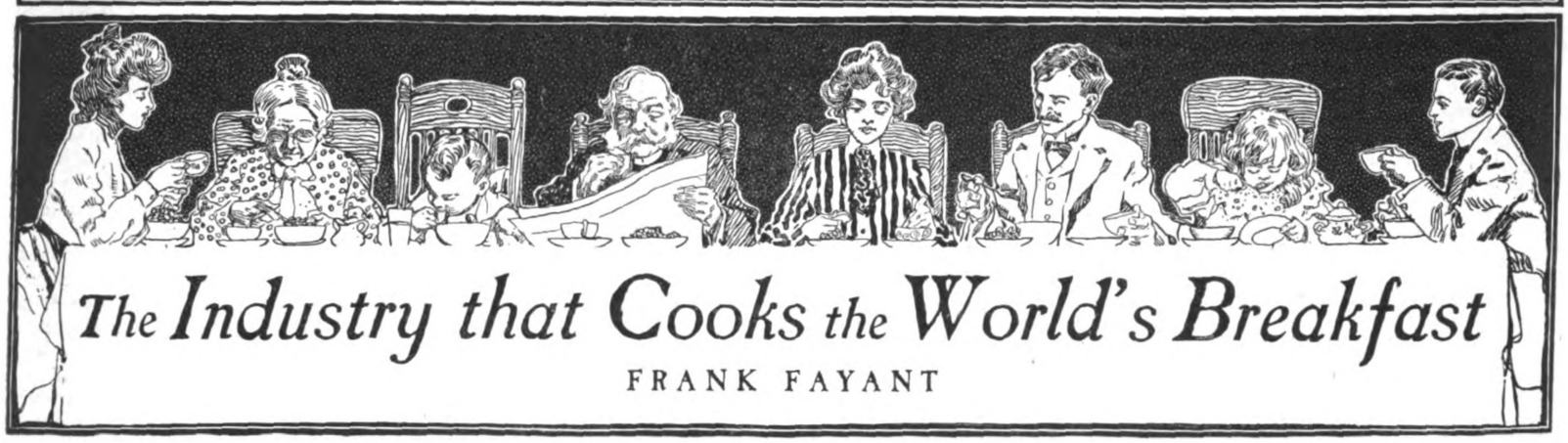


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The Industry that Cooks the World's Breakfast

FRANK FAYANT

One city pioneered the world to eat sensible food, and now, ten years later, a gigantic industry turns fourteen million dollars' worth of cereals every year into perfected edibles that make brain and brawn

THERE is one man in Battle Creek, Michigan, who is spending three thousand dollars a day in advertising a cooked cereal food which, eight years ago, this same man was peddling by the bag to the grocers of the immediate vicinity. He got an idea, clung to it with unswerving tenacity, developed it with indefatigable energy, and overcame obstacles by sheer grit, and now his idea pours into his coffers, almost automatically, an income of several thousand dollars a day. The machinery that his genius set in motion converts a river of golden grain into a stream of real gold. His is an alchemy of brains and brawn. They call him "lucky," now; a little while ago, they called him "foolish." But he was not "foolish" when he staked his last dollar on his idea, nor is he "lucky," now, when this dollar has returned to him a millionfold.

This city in Michigan helps to digest food for millions of people scattered over the world. Every day the railways bring to its ravenous grain elevators, from the western farms, thousands of bushels of wheat and corn, and every day a long trainload of cooked cereal foods leaves the city for the world's markets. The stream of raw grain, as it flows through the mills, is converted, by various cooking processes, into foods for epicures and invalids,—foods that a few years ago were unheard of. Out of the Utopian dreams of dietetists a clear-cut idea has crystallized, upon which there has been builded a new industry. Physicians in their laboratories converted indigestible cereals into foods that they could give to invalids under their care; now, scores of factories on the borders of the wheat country are producing millions of packages of semi-digested food for the world's breakfast. Big plants for preparing a variety of breakfast foods are situated in St. Louis, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, and smaller places near the great wheat belt keep up an untiring variety. This novel industry has furnished a new field of operations for men of money, and has given employment to many skilled male and female workers. It has awakened improved scientific ideas in cooking, and a man or woman, to-day, who can invent a method of presenting a new breakfast food will be listened to eagerly. American "breakfast foods" have traveled around the world in the wake of American grain ships, and American breakfasts are now to be had in Cape Town or Hongkong or Cairo.

To create a hundred-million-dollar industry in ten years, or to find a market for the vast product of this new industry, is a distinctively American achievement. It is a striking illustration of the vigor of the country's commercial vitality. The story of the rise of the cereal industry is a story of inventive genius, mechanical dexterity, and commercial daring. It needed men of lively imagination and quick perception to discern the industrial possibilities of a medical dreamer's hobby; it needed men of mechanical skill to embody a laboratory idea in a maze of machinery that would economically handle thousands of bushels of cereals a day; but, more than this, it needed men of ingenuity and daring to put the product on the market and persuade millions of people to buy it. A staple like iron or oil can be sold by simply taking it to the mart, but a new "breakfast food" finds its way from the factory to the kitchen only through strenuous and costly publicity. The eighty million prosperous people within three days' ride of Chicago afford the richest market in the world for an article of merit, and the secret of commercial success lies in making these eighty millions know what you have for sale.

A close estimate shows that over two million dollars are spent every year to advertise a great variety of breakfast foods all over the world

The man who spends three thousand dollars a day to advertise his wares was a tall, lank physician, with health and fortune shattered, when he first came to the town of Battle Creek from Texas. He had heard that there was a sanitarium in the town, where the weak were made strong by a return to nature. He sought health, not fortune, but he found both. After living for a few months on a diet of cereals and fruits, his strength was restored. He could not drink coffee, but his physicians gave him a harmless substitute that looked like coffee, and tasted like coffee. It was made from whole wheat, and was a food. The man from Texas saw that there were unbounded commercial possibilities in the manufacture of a substitute for coffee. He tried without avail to induce the founder of the sanitarium to undertake pseudo-coffee-making in a large way. The dietetist was too much absorbed in his scientific investigations of food values to embark in business. Nor would he sell his secret, for that smacked of commercialism. The man from Texas would not give up the idea. He began experimenting in a barn on a hillside, endeavoring to make a palatable coffee from cooked wheat. While in Europe, traveling with a patient under his care, he hit upon the secret. Returning to Battle Creek, he made some wheat-coffee and sold it in bags to the grocers. People who could not drink real coffee found this wheat substitute harmless and palatable, and all that was made by the crude machine in the hillside barn was readily sold. The inventor needed capital. He used up his own in his early experiments, and tried to raise more in town, but he had difficulty in convincing any men of means that money was to be made by selling a substitute for coffee. Hard-headed Michigan merchants said wheat-coffee was a chimera.

But enough capital was scooped up to build and equip a little factory. All of the product found a ready market at a profit that made wheat-coffee manufacture more attractive than gold mining. But it was a market of insignificant size. The inventor wanted to reach the eighty million people who had never heard of his food-drink. To do this needed more capital than he could raise in the Michigan town. He appealed to a Chicago advertising agent. He showed what profit lay in the industry, and argued that, if a few thousand people in Southern Michigan liked his product, millions of other buyers could be found by broadcast advertising between the two oceans. The advertising agent thought the idea worth taking up. Cleverly written advertisements telling of the merits of the wheat-coffee were printed in magazines and newspapers from Maine to Oregon. The market was not caught instantaneously. It could not be expected that the lifelong habit of these millions of coffee-drinkers could be changed in a month or two. The sale of the wheat-coffee increased, but it did not keep pace with the advertising. After a short publicity campaign, the inventor was in debt nearly forty thousand dollars to the advertising agent, and the Chicago man closed his purse. He was convinced that there was no market for a coffee substitute. He entered the loss of the forty thousand dollars in his ledger as a "dry well," and withdrew the wheat-coffee from the advertising pages. The inventor was not convinced. The public had not had time to take hold of the idea. He pleaded and begged for one more week of publicity. The advertising man relented. He bought a whole page in a Chicago newspaper for a week. That week they "struck oil," and the well of public demand gushed forth in a flood of orders.

The man who invented the first prepared cereal food operated in an empty barn, without machinery, and peddled his wares alone, while people dubbed him a fool

But another battle had to be fought before the industry found a sure foundation. Within three years after the product was put on the market, nearly four hundred other inventors were making food-drinks from whole wheat. The idea, when shown to be meritorious, and of profitable possibilities, attracted capital all along the borders of the wheat

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country. Food-coffee factories sprang up like mining claims on a new ore body. The mushroom mills put their product on the grocers' shelves at ten cents a package, while the original product sold for fifteen cents. The pioneer inventor, who had staked his last dollar on his idea, and had won, was not willing to let an army of followers seize the fruits of his struggle. A master-stroke was needed to crush the opposition. To use the enemy's weapon—price-cutting,—would mean suicide, for it would have cost a fortune to go through a war of prices. If the price of the original product were once cut, it could never be restored.



Experimenting with cereals in a breakfast-food factory

Shrewdly hitting upon a daring device, the hard-pressed manufacturer secretly gave orders for millions of new labels for his wheat-coffee packages. "The cheapest substitute for coffee," was the inscription on the new labels. Secretly he filled millions of the packages with wheat-coffee from the same bins that supplied the original parcels, and trainload after trainload was shipped out of Battle Creek. Grocers' shelves all over the country were flooded with the new product, and it was sold so cheaply that the public got it for five cents a package. The price of the original article was kept at fifteen cents, but the only difference between it and the new one was the paper label. The four hundred other substitutes were drowned in the flood of the five-cent brand. They were carried away like logs in a spring freshet, and, when the flood subsided, the original article and the supposed cheap imitation were left high and dry.

A strange aftermath of this daring campaign was the fate of the new brand. Despite the fact that it was a fifteen-cent article sold for five cents, the grocers found that they could not sell it after the army of the four hundred competitors had been annihilated. The housewife wanted the real wheat-coffee, not a "cheap substitute." Between the original fifteen-cent article and the supposed spurious five-cent article, she chose the more expensive. The maker of the new article said he would guarantee it as good as the original wheat-coffee, but if it could not be sold, he would buy it back and pay the freight. The people of Battle Creek were amazed, and some scoffers were gleeful, when carload after carload came rumbling into the factory yard like beaten regiments back from an inglorious war. But the shrewd manufacturer kept his own counsel. The transaction cost him a big round sum, and his balance-sheet for the year showed a loss of forty thousand dollars. But the war of the wheat-coffees had given him invaluable advertising. He is now taking several thousand dollars a day out of the factory that, eight years ago, was a little barn on a hillside, and thirty other cereal-food factories have sprung up in the neighborhood, having an aggregate output of nearly forty thousand dollars' worth of cooked food a day in ten-cent and fifteen-cent packages. The output of similar factories in Buffalo, Niagara Falls, St. Louis, and other cities brings the total production of American "breakfast foods" close to a value of one hundred thousand dollars a day.

A cereal-food factory is a huge digestive machine, relieving the human stomach of the more difficult part of converting vegetable material into body-tissue

Another invalid from the West foresaw the industrial possibilities of cooked cereal foods about the same time that the wheat-coffee maker went to the sanitarium. This other invalid, at the time of life when he should have been in the full vigor of manhood, found himself a physical wreck, tossed about like a shuttlecock from one health resort to another. One physician after another tried to repair his digestive machine, but it seemed hopelessly out of gear, and would receive only the very simplest food. Necessity, the mother of invention, led the invalid to the study of foods. He discovered that wheat, not bread, is the staff of life, and that the miller's snow-white flour contains little of the nutriment of the wheat. To make whole wheat palatable and digestible, he hit upon the unique idea of pressing the individual grains into long, thin shreds, forming a handful of these shreds into a very porous biscuit, and then drying the biscuit in an oven. The product of this experiment was a dry, crisp, brown network of wheat threads, that could be crushed into a fine, light powder. This biscuit, the invalid found, was easily digested, and, with the addition of fruits and nuts, was life-sustaining and strength-giving. It was made by crude hand machinery, and the inventor set himself to the task of simplifying its manufacture. If it was good food for him, it must be good food for millions of other people. If it could be made by the carload at a low cost, it could be sold by the carload with profit.

His first shredding machine, made in Denver, Colorado, was as mechanically crude as Stephenson's "Rocket," but the idea was there, and the inventor stuck to it. Coming East, he kept on experimenting in a New England machine shop, and slowly developed an automatic machine that forms biscuits from the raw grain without the touch of a human hand. So sure was he that there was a market for this new food that he took up the work of manufacturing his shredding machines, leaving the biscuit-making to others. But biscuit-makers did not take up the idea with enthusiasm, for they failed to see the industrial possibilities of making this bread substitute. The inventor was compelled to become the public's educator. He proved that he had the right idea, for now, within sound of Niagara Falls, he makes a million biscuits a day, and spends some seven hundred thousand dollars a year broadening his market through advertising. His factory, drawing its power from the cataract, was erected at a cost of two million dollars, and it runs like a watch. So perfectly has the inventor devised labor-saving machinery that the few workers scattered about the factory have scarcely need to raise a finger to convert the steady stream of wheat—one thousand, seven hundred and fifty bushels a day,—into a steady stream of wooden cases filled with material ready for the breakfast table. His machines turn out a sufficient number of shreds daily to girdle the world six times.

A cereal-food factory is a huge digestive machine, relieving the human stomach of the more difficult part of the work of converting vegetable material into body-tissue. The idea at Battle Creek, the birthplace of the "health-food" industry, is that, as we gradually give up the vocations of brawn for the vocations of brain, we must change the character of our food. A farmer who toils from sunrise to sunset in the field, working his body and not his brain, is fit physically to eat foods that would send an office-worker in a town to his doctor. When a swift torpedo-boat destroyer is sent out to secure a speed record, the engineers feed only picked coal to the fires; a present-day American, giving his whole thought to rapid achievement, is equally in need of picked fuel. It is a strange condition of affairs that, in this age of scientific research and of marvelous investigations into the secrets of life, we give so little scientific thought to the food we eat. At Battle Creek, dietetists have been working out a reform in food for thirty years. Their progress was slow up to the time when a few shrewd men saw the commercial possibilities of health-food manufacture. Now diet reform is rapidly becoming a question of national interest. With ten million dollars a year being spent to advertise "breakfast foods," the public is forced to take an interest in the food question. One cannot pick up a magazine, or ride in a street car, or walk down a street, without having the merits of some new cereal food brought before his eye. The idea of a scientific diet that Battle Creek is spreading out over the world may not revolutionize the diet of the human race, but it will work a change in millions of kitchens.

Over a hundred American varieties of food and drink, scientifically made from fruits, nuts, and grain, are now on the markets of the world

The varieties of food and drink that can be made from fruits, nuts, and cereals are almost infinite in number. Already there are more than a hundred on the market. Within a few years, it would seem, this scientific preparation of foods will be an immense industry, and the present remarkable output of nearly fifty million dollars' worth a year will be increased many times.

The rise of the "breakfast-food" industry has made popular the package idea for kitchens. American housewives take kindly to pasteboard packages, or cartons. The sudden growth of the industry would have been impossible without the cartons. Small pasteboard boxes and large wooden cases, each holding two or three dozen cartons, are very large items in the cost of production, but labor-saving machinery cuts these items down to a minimum. In the food factories, the cartons are cut, printed, and folded almost automatically; and, after they have been automatically filled with cereal food, they are closed with paste by machinery. Only by the use of all this automatic machinery is it possible to keep the price of the cartons under a cent apiece. A fraction of a cent is not much money, but one Chicago factory spends more than five thousand dollars a day on cartons. It recently gave an order for ninety thousand dollars' worth of paper for labels, and fifty tons of ink to print them. The cost of wooden packing cases about equals that of the cartons. In putting a carton of a certain well-known breakfast food on the market, the cost of the cereal product is about two and one-third cents, and the cost of the packing one and one-third

The busy hum of the harvest marks the first stage of the new industry

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cents, making the cost of manufacture three and one-third cents. The selling price to the grocer is eleven and one-third cents, and to the public fifteen cents. One factory uses a piece of paraffine paper to wrap the product inside the carton. This paper costs more than one hundred thousand dollars a year, but the manufacturers think that American housewives want to have it, and the sale of this particular product would seem to indicate that they are right.

With the cost of a carton of breakfast food only between three and four cents, and the retail selling price fifteen cents, the industry is one that attracts prospectors like a new gold field. But not all get rich who erect food factories. The profit in the sale of cereal foods is large, but a market is not to be had for simply the asking. It needs just as much business sagacity to make money out of a food factory as it does out of a rolling mill or a railway. A market can be created and kept in existence only by persistent publicity, and by publicity that costs. It costs from four hundred to eight hundred dollars in advertising to sell one thousand dollars' worth of breakfast foods. The man who makes wheat-coffee spent, last year, eight hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars in advertising in eight hundred newspapers and thirty magazines, and this year he is spending a million dollars. The maker of shredded wheat spends seven hundred thousand dollars a year in publicity. The maker of another well-known food was recently spending more than one hundred thousand dollars a month for advertising. He paid five thousand dollars for the privilege of painting the name of his product on a big chimney in lower New York, that can be seen from all the North River ferryboats. He has for months kept before the public eye a comic figure and some swinging rhymes about his food. He has made all America and England laugh, but the laugh has cost the manufacturer hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Eugene H. Lehman, Rhodes Scholarship Winner

He is the first American to win the coveted prize

ROGER GALESHORE



EUGENE H. LEHMAN

IN the book of work, no more interesting page is to be turned in the next few years than that upon which will be written the career of Eugene Heitler Lehman, the first winner in America of a Cecil Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University, in England. At present, I know of no more profitable study for any undergraduate, man or woman, than the story of the twenty-four years of the student who has won this honor.

He entered the high school of Pueblo, Colorado, his native town, in 1894, when he was eleven years old. There, besides making a record in scholarship, he managed the football team, was president of the athletic association, president of the debating club, member of the inter-scholastic debating team, and business manager of the school paper. In 1897, he entered Colorado University at Boulder and won the Griffen gold medal for oratory, the first time in the history of that institution that it had been won by a freshman; he also won a Ten Eyck prize for oratory, and was one of the debating team at the inter-department contests,—and he played baseball! He entered Yale University as a sophomore in 1898. There he successfully managed a debating team in a contest with Harvard, received the Townsend prize for the best essay, and the coveted De Forest prize for the best oration; he received honorable mention in the award of the John Addison Porter prize for American history, and won the Phi Beta Kappa key. In June, he came to New York to take post-graduate work in Hebrew and sociology at Columbia University. In December, Governor James B. Orman, of Colorado, who had at his disposal two of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships, awarded one to Mr. Lehman, whose credentials from both Colorado University and Yale University excelled those submitted by two hundred other applicants.

The scholarship will give its winner three years at Oxford, six months of each year to be spent in travel in Russia, Galatia, and Roumania. The *honorarium* will be fifteen hundred dollars a year. Should Mr. Lehman not accept it, he will study law. Its acceptance by him will mean that he will plunge into the labor of ameliorating the condition of the Jews in Russia and the East.

Other college men have won prizes, made records, and given brilliant promise, and such ones will be graduated every year. What most illuminates the career of Mr. Lehman is that nearly two-thirds of the expense of his college course he has earned himself. When he went to Yale, he entered with one hundred dollars and no definite knowledge of where the rest was coming from and—no doubt that it would come. Also, both in Colorado and at Yale, in order to earn the twelve hundred dollars which he did largely through his own efforts, he took these means:—

He was a poor boy in Colorado, five years ago, but that did not prevent him from entering Yale and working his way through that university

He waited on table in a boarding house for his board. He wheeled an invalid in her chair for twenty-five cents an hour. He sold, on the day of a Yale victory, all the torches used in the triumphal procession. He bid for and prepared the programmes of college meets and field days. He became an agent and canvassed all Massachusetts, carrying Chautauqua desks and blackboards. He tutored in Greek and Latin, at fifteen cents an hour, then at fifty cents, then at one dollar, and then at three dollars an hour. He left no stone unturned that hid a single coin to yield him means to stay at Yale.

To-day, the eyes of the entire undergraduate world of more than one hundred thousand students are turned toward him, because he has won everything there is to be won.

Why is it that Eugene H. Lehman and not another has won this Oxford scholarship? What did he choose, refrain from, strive for, wait upon? How much of his success is due to native ability and temperament?—that is, how can those who fail excuse their own failures in this comparison? What were the qualities that made him conqueror? Of still greater importance, what does his victory mean to him? These are questions the successful solution of which will make successful men.

Governing the election of students who should enjoy his bounty, Cecil Rhodes directed that there should be four points: literary and scholastic attainments; fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports: qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the weak, kindliness, usefulness, and fellowship; exhibition, during school days, of moral force of character, and of instinct to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates.

The possession and proportion of these fair qualities, however, and the character to which they give expression, are not necessarily the only considerations. No enumeration of qualities which make any one a victor can explain a victory, any more than a recital of form, color, and position can explain a star. But if the star be studied, the secret of its orbit may be won; so may the secret of a success like this. To seek the reason for a victory is simply to seek the ruling purpose of the victor. No false respect for destiny will explain a conquest or excuse a defeat. The ruling purpose of Eugene H. Lehman has not been to get an education. That was simply a means to an end. He is one of the men who, from their youth, understand that life is greater than any of its pursuits, even than the pursuit of knowledge.

Beginning at a time when most boys are absorbed in the spectacular aspects of every day, Eugene H. Lehman looked further and questioned designs. There came to him clearly a perception which the years have strengthened; and from a boyish belief it has expanded to a dominating purpose and philosophy.

"When I was a mere boy," said Mr. Lehman, "I asked myself, as every one of human intelligence must ask, what the object of that intelligence is. I could not believe that the answer is 'happiness,' for intelligence varies too greatly for its grasp of the word 'happiness' to be depended upon.

"I looked for some other reason than happiness for my life. It is not possible, it seemed to me, for humanity to believe humanity's happiness to be a reason for its own existence. Happiness is not enough. Knowledge is not enough. Love is not enough. These are all parts of the picture, means to some end. Humanity itself seemed to me only part of the picture. The great whole,—the end,—what is it? Surely, universal law, universal obedience to law, universal harmony! To live in concord with that law became my whole ambition. I could do that best by attaining to as high intelligence as is possible to me. My fight for education has been with that thought only in my mind. The result is that, though I resolved not to live merely for happiness, yet in this resolve I found happiness itself."

In other words, when a schoolboy, Eugene H. Lehman thought. The average schoolboy is utterly without real self-consciousness. Thousands of boys reach the high schools without asking themselves a single great "Why?" Indeed, thousands of men and women of opportunity live and die without wondering. But Mr. Lehman wondered. He found his presence in the world to be a jest, unless he approached a solution of that very presence. This he conceived to be, not a blind struggle for happiness, not even an intelligent struggle for happiness as an end in itself, but an attempt to live in harmony with the laws of the universe. Obviously, the highest intelligence could accomplish this better than ignorance. It was a simple proposition to him, and he worked it out. The winning of the scholarship shows how he has succeeded.

Having once settled on the need of an education to bring him to "essential living," Lehman considered no obstacles. When he left high school he had the advantage of some travel, but reverses made college impossible to him excepting through his own effort. He knew that, if he should wait to earn the money he would need before entering college, valuable time would be lost. He knew that to borrow the money would mean the deliberate assumption of a handicap. Therefore, before leaving Pueblo, he secured the addresses of some boarding houses in Boulder, the university town. When he left for college he was due the next day at a college boarding house to wait on the table for his board. This service he continued through his freshman year. The small sum covering his

His credentials for a Cecil Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University showed a higher percentage than those submitted by two hundred other students

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tuition and books was his only assistance from home.

At once his first difficulty asserted itself. Colorado University is co-educational, and it is against the code of most co-educational students to receive socially one who serves them at table. It is a matter of regret to all true college men and women who must, unfortunately, suffer for the snobbishness of the few, that gentlemen and gentlewomen, outside the province of their classes, are not recognized by them. Thousands can testify to this feeling, the result of bitter experience, and probably thousands have given up the fight as unfair, un-American, and inhuman. It is all three, but it is a fight Eugene H. Lehman did not give up. He finished the work of his first college year. Then he worked day and night through the summer of 1898, tutoring, turning an odd penny here and there; and, face to face with a problem that seemed without solution, he left for Yale University. The problem was this:—



The late Cecil Rhodes

Expenses at Yale average seven hundred dollars a year. It would take him three years to complete his college course, and it would require two thousand, one hundred dollars. He was leaving Colorado with one hundred dollars in his pocket, he had but two friends in New Haven, Connecticut, and not an idea how he was to earn the two thousand dollars that he lacked. But he was obeying the purpose that possessed him,—to explain life by making the most of it. Education was the first step.

He had twenty entrance examinations to pass at Yale. Before he had finished these, he asked a professor if he could find him some tutoring in Greek. The professor, uncertain of his pupil's proficiency in the language, could not promise. One day, before his examinations were finished, Lehman overheard a wealthy student ask the same professor to recommend a tutor. Without waiting for the professor to speak, he left his desk and offered himself. He was engaged for three hours a week, at one dollar an hour. The same day, he found a boarding house where he was once more engaged as a waiter, for his board. Here he proved himself anew, for the bitter experiences of a like position in the West were, so far as he knew, to be repeated in the East; but he weighed them in the balance, and found them of infinitely less importance than his purpose. Therefore, his purpose conquered, and it was not until later that he discovered the standards of caste to be far more rigid at the co-educational institution he had left than at Yale itself. This is a detail, but it is not insignificant. Board and the sum of forty-five cents a week besides were thus secured, but the sum he must earn yearly was not yet half provided for.

Cecil Rhodes left a large part of his estate, which has been estimated at not less than fifty million dollars, for the betterment of Oxford University

Those were the days before the Bureau of Self-Help had been established at Yale, but there were, nevertheless, helping hands outstretched, as there always will be, and these pointed out for him several opportunities at tutoring at fifty cents and at one dollar an hour. But this was not enough. One morning news came to Lehman of an invalid woman who wished to be wheeled about, from one to three hours daily, at twenty-five cents an hour. The suggestion was made half in jest, but Lehman eagerly snatched at it. What better way could be found to read Greek and breathe fresh air than by walking back of the chair of this invalid? For ten weeks in autumn he accepted the charge.

So it went throughout his first year at Yale. When his opportunity came, he simply recognized no alternative. Nothing else was so important as his purpose; therefore, no honest means were to be neglected for carrying it out. Eugene H. Lehman had looked at life, and had wondered, and had resolved, and his resolve had become his life. Heaven help the man or woman who does not wonder, for with wonder about life life truly begins.

With the middle of the year came the first tangible reward. By his high scholarship and excellent standing, his tuition for the next year was reduced from one hundred and fifty dollars to thirty-five dollars. This made it possible for him to give up waiting at table, but he redoubled his efforts to make money. It was during this summer that he canvassed most of Connecticut and of Massachusetts as an agent for a folding desk and table. The experience of these three months he speaks of as both bitter and humiliating, but he ceased work only two days before the fall semester.

This was the year in which Lehman secured all the torches in town on the day of a football victory, and sold them for twice what he paid for them. This was the year in which he underbid all competitors for the field-day programmes, and even then prepared and issued them at a neat profit. And this was the year in which he duplicated the experience of his sophomore year in his record of standing and in winning nearly every prize for which he tried. But when in this he met defeat, it did not chill his ardor one whit, for his purpose was greater than anything that could befall to hinder its execution. There is, however, one phase of college life which has not yet been mentioned, and which is the rock upon which many a gay scholastic bark founders. This is the life outside books and work, the life which, perhaps, more than either, proves the real man; the life of college society, of college athletics, and of the general mingling and fellowship of the student body.

Eugene H. Lehman was no recluse. That will, perhaps, be a blow to the dry-as-dust students of high degrees who relate with pride that they have spent months in libraries and lectures without speaking with a soul. Sane and healthful and delightfully boyish is this statement of his own standpoint:—

"I had always an hour a day in the 'gym.,'" he said. "I had to. I couldn't work right after dinner, so I usually sat in the fellows' rooms awhile. When the crew was in training, I used to go out and run with them. Yes, I dance; and, when I could, I went to some of the parties; but, of course, most of the time I was out of society."

Nor was he one who, in college society, would not have been at home. He is of prepossessing appearance, is gently bred, and has humor, that trinity of essentials for the socially popular. He is a man sensitive to the graces of dress and manner, and has both. Any one less like tradition's raw, awkward, western prize-pupil, unused to things and unawakened to various pleasant little proportions, can hardly be imagined. If he chose to neglect society, his course was voluntary, and, according to him, voluntary because it was essential to his success.

The excuse of many college men and women who have been moths to the flame of college gayeties is that those who omit society from their curriculum are invariably those who are socially unfitted to enter it, and that they are shy or impossibly dressed, or ill-mannered, or dull. Eugene H. Lehman is clever and courteous, but neither attribute made him believe it necessary to plunge into the pleasures college days hold only too abundantly. Yet his footing with his fellows was one that only constant companionship gives, and for that he found time.

In his busy years of study and money-getting, he found time, too, for still another interest. There is in New Haven a settlement to which drunken and dissipated men are invited by the students, and from which radiate great influences for good. Mr. Lehman spent several hours a week in the settlement. He himself neither drinks nor smokes, yet he was recognized as a "good fellow" by the men who congregated there, and he spent much time at the settlement until he left college. Meanwhile, the years and his study and his thought only confirmed his early conception of the end of life. As his vision broadened and things shaped themselves more clearly, and began to reveal their proportions and relations, the glory of life seemed to him still to be universal law, and the life of the individual in harmony with this. Life in such harmony, nurtured by education, can be still further fostered, he found to his own satisfaction, by putting that education to its best uses. What are its best uses? Obviously, he decided, knowledge, understanding and culture are of advantage only as the mind they train and purify becomes powerful for good in the world. That which exerts the highest influence proves itself in closest harmony with the universe,—that was his hypothesis, and with it he was content. Therefore, "Know thyself" became to him not the end, but the means to the end,—not to be a discord in the harmony of things. With that as a motive power, what minor question would not shape its own answer?

It was early in his college career that Eugene H. Lehman announced it to be his intention to devote his life to ameliorating the condition of the Jews in Russia and the East. He was encouraged in this by Professor R. J. H. Gottheil, of Columbia University, and by Dr. Felix Adler. When he was graduated, in 1902, he entered Columbia to study Hebrew, and to take post-graduate work in sociology. Last December he was awarded the Cecil Rhodes scholarship.

The unique feature of Cecil Rhodes's will was the establishment of scholarships for students of various countries, under conditions that bring forth only the brightest men

This means that Eugene H. Lehman has become the first in a great, new, exclusive student body of the world. He and those whose appointments are to follow will always be known as the Rhodes scholarship men. They will win notable positions for themselves by sheer merit and capacity. They will become a new constellation in the scholastic heavens, and will illuminate the way for thousands who strive. They will be a student company apart, nearer the secret of education and nearer its reason than any others, aside from the worthiest among their instructors. Above even the four great qualities provided for by the giver of the bequest, each beneficiary must have the one essential qualification which no great conqueror has ever been without,—a purpose great enough to necessitate great effort. When the Rhodes student body takes its place in the world, it will mark the beginnings of new conditions.



"He wheeled an invalid in her chair, for twenty-five cents an hour"

It is true that Eugene H. Lehman's success is in the line of scholasticism and not in the world of art. He has not an artistic temperament, and his achievements are to be those of brain and will, rather than those of shadows and fancies. His accomplishment will be made of the materials that mold men and fashion governments; it will never be made of "the stuff that dreams are made of." Yet he who worships beauty and lives for art must, if he worships well and lives nobly, be burned by some divine purpose, no less illuminating than that which is glorifying life for Eugene H. Lehman. His success is like the birth of a great company of spirits, crying to those who can listen. One is the spirit of wonder, bidding every man and woman look to his life, and wonder what it is. One is the spirit of purpose, without which no life and no endeavor can avail. One is the spirit of undaunted endeavor, and knows no rest. One is the spirit of unceasing toil. Another is the spirit of sacrifice which knows not the self it inhabits.

He who opens his door to this shining company shall be in tune with the infinite.

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The CAPE HORNERS



T. JENKINS HAINS

Author of The Wind-Jammers





Illustrations by Charlotte Weber

TO THE southward of where the backbone of the western hemisphere dips beneath the sea rises a group of ragged, storm-swept crags and peaks,—the wild rocks of the Diego Ramirez. Past them flows the current of the great antarctic drift, sweeping from the father of all oceans—the vast South Pacific,—away to the eastward, past the bleak pinnacles of Cape Horn, to disperse itself through the Lemaire Strait and Falkland Channel northward into the Atlantic Ocean.

With the wild snore of the great west wind sounding over them, and the chaotic thunder of the Pacific Ocean falling upon their sides, they are lonely and inhospitable, and are seldom, if ever, visited by man. Only now and then he sees them, when the wind-jammer fighting to go past the last corner gets driven close in to the land of fire. Then, on some bleak and dreary morning, when the west wind is roaring through downhaul and clewline and under the storm topsails, the heavy drift may break away for a few minutes and show the wary navigator a glimpse of the death-trap under his lee that will add a few gray hairs to his head, and bring the watch below tumbling on deck to man the braces.

Bare of vegetation and desolate as they are, the rocks are inhabited. To the leeward of the great Cape Horn sea that crashes upon them, the ledges and shelves are full of life. In the shelter, the strange forms sit and gaze seaward, peering this way and that, squawking and scolding in hoarse voices that might be heard above the surf-thunder. They appear like great geese sitting on their tails, for they sit upright, their feet being placed well down on their long bodies, giving them a grotesque look that is sometimes absurdly human.

They have no wings,—only little rudiments covered with fine hairlike feathers that serve as side fins when swimming. They never flap them, as do their cousins, the Cape pigeons and albatrosses. In fact, their bodies are covered with short, close, hairlike feathers, very minute, seldom wider than a pencil's point, and lying tight to the skin, like scales on a fish. These figures have birdlike heads, not unlike those of diver-ducks, and they have beautiful black eyes, with red rings around them. They are the creatures that hold sway over the barren crags, waddling and walking about in their absurd way until a great man-seal shows his bristling whiskers close to the ledge. Then they give forth the loud, long-drawn, wild cry that is so well known to the Cape Horner, waddle to the brink, plunge headlong into the sea, and disappear.

They are the penguins of the southern zone, half bird, half fish, and, one might say, half human, to judge by their upright waddle on their webbed feet.

The one whose story is now to be told was hatched on the Ramirez, high above the lift of the Cape Sea, and beyond the reach of straying seals. He belonged to a brood of three, and first saw the light a little after New Year's Day, or midsummer there. There was no sheltering nest to guard him against the bleak wind, which is nearly as cold in summer as in winter. He came into the world on a bare rock and announced himself by a strange, chirping sound that caused his mother to waddle off a few feet and gaze at him in astonishment. He was followed by his two brothers, and, within a very short time, showed an inclination to follow his parent down the ledge and into the dark water where the kelp weed floated in sheltered spots between the rocks. He was but a fluffy ball, of the size of a boy's fist, but he stood with dignity upon his short legs and labored over the rough places, sometimes falling and rolling over a step in the rock until, with a splash, he landed in the sea.

At last! That was the place he was meant for. How fine it was to scull oneself furiously along the surface and then suddenly dive and go shooting through the depths, coming up again to see if his parent were at hand; for, in spite of the delightful novelty of life, there was within him a strange feeling of fear, something that made him seek his mother's side continually. The heavy snore of the great Cape Horn sea, breaking to windward of the rocks, sounded a deep note of menace, a warning of the fierce, wild world in which only the hardiest could hope to survive, and yet it seemed to tell of a power that ruled his destiny.

His brothers swam near, and he was joined by countless myriads of other birds. With penguins, strength ashore exists solely in numbers, and the bare cliffs must be covered with sturdy birds ready to snap and strike fiercely with their strong, sharp beaks at each and every intruder, if they would have security. Woe to the albatross or mollemoke that attempts a landing on the sacred shore! He will be met by an army of powerful birds walking erect as soldiers and stabbing and biting with incredible power.

Soon this young one's downy feathers hardened. They did not grow like those of an ordinary bird. They were hardened almost to bone, and pressed so stiff against his skin that it would be difficult to distinguish them from the scales of a rockfish or a cod. His wings were no more than flippers, exactly like those of a turtle, and were without a bending joint at the pinion. They were devoid of feathers also, but, as he would never use them in the air, this made it all the better. They could scull him along faster under the sea. Already he could go fast enough to catch any fish in the vicinity, and, as for the great seals, they simply amused him with their clumsy attempts to catch him. On land he could hop about on his short legs, but he preferred the water for safety, and seldom took to the rocks.

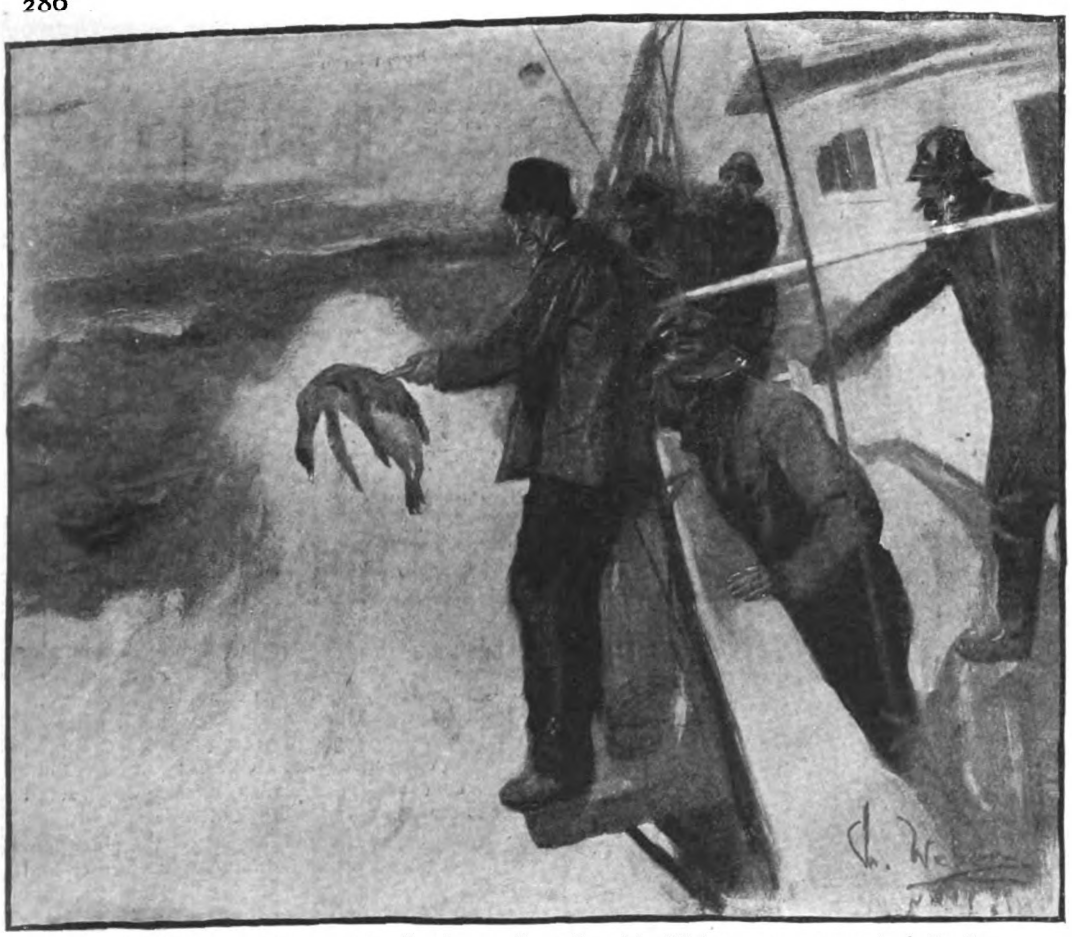
During this period of his life he kept well with the crowd of companions about him. Even the albatrosses, the huge destroyers, kept their distance, for, as they would swoop down in great circles near the young birds, they would meet an almost solid phalanx of screaming and snapping beaks, and would sweep about in giant curves until, seeing no chance to rush in, they would stand out to sea again and disappear.

Gradually, as the months passed, the older penguins began to scatter. Some went farther and farther off shore, until, at length, when the cold July sun swept but a small arc of a circle above the horizon, they left the rocks and faced the wild ocean that sweeps past the Horn. Our young one now felt a desire to roam with the rest, and, one day, when the snore of the gale droned over the barren lumps, bringing thick squalls of sleet and snow, he put out into the open sea and headed away for the Strait of Magellan.

Away through the dark water he went, his feeling of loneliness increasing as the land disappeared. The very majesty of that great waste of rolling sea impressed him, and an instinctive longing to realize what it meant came over him. He raised his head into the air and gave forth a long, deep, sonorous cry; but the dark ocean made no answer, the only sound being the distant noise of some combing crest that broke and rolled away to the southward. There was not a living thing in sight.

Through the gloom he made his way with the feeling of adventure growing. He kept a lookout for small fish, and repeatedly dived to a great depth, but, even down there, where the light failed entirely, there was nothing. Only once during the day did he see anything alive, and this was after hours of swimming. A dark object showed upon the slope of a swell. It looked like a triangular knife-blade, and cut the water easily, while the dark shadow beneath the surface appeared almost as inert as a log or a piece of wreckage. The penguin drew nearer to it to investigate, for one of his strongest feelings was a desire to find out about things. Then the object drew toward him and appeared to be drifting to meet him. Suddenly there was a rush through the water. The protruding fin ripped the surface of the rolling swell, and, as it came on the forward slope, the penguin saw a pair of enormous jaws opening in front of him, while a row of teeth showed white in the dark water. He made a sudden swerve aside and missed the opening by a hair's breadth. Before the shark could turn to pursue him, he dived and set off at a great rate of speed below the surface, and was soon out of the way. He had learned to look for danger wherever he might meet another such peculiar-shaped object, and the lesson would be of use, for there is no sea where sharks are not found.

Between Tierra del Fuego and Staten Land lies the narrow water of Lemaire Strait. Through this channel the current rushes with incredible speed, swirling around the reefs and foaming over the sunken ledges that line the shore. The tussock-covered hills of barren shingle form a background so bleak and uninhabited that many of the large sea fowl find it safe to trust themselves upon the cliffs where nothing may approach from shoreward to take them unawares. The rocks are covered with weed, and plenty of whale-food drifts upon them, so that there is always a supply for winter. There the penguin landed after days of cruising, and waddled on shore for the first time since leaving the place of his birth.



"'A fine turkey, an' that's a fact,' said Chips, a moment later"

To the westward, across the strait, the fires from the hills where the savages dwelt shone in the gloom of the twilight. They were attractive, and often he would sit and watch them in the growing gloom of the long winter evenings after he had come ashore from a day's fishing, wondering at the creatures who made them. The light was part of his mental enjoyment, and sometimes, after looking for an hour or more, he would raise his head, which had a long, sharp beak, and, with lungs full of air, let forth a wild, lonely cry. For days and days he would come and go, seeing no companions save the raucous whale-birds who would come in on the rock and who had no sympathy with his fishing. They were mere parasites and depended upon the great animals to show them their food.

As the months passed and the sun began to stay longer above the horizon, he became more and more lonesome. A longing for companionship came upon him and he would sit and gaze at the fires across the strait until he gave vent to his feelings with his voice.

One day, when the sun shone brightly, he came upon the ledge and rested. He was not very tired, but the sun was warm and the bright rays were trying to his eyes after the long gloom of the winter. The ragged mountains stood up clearly from across the strait, but the fires would not shine in the sunlight. He stood looking for a time, and then broke forth into a long-drawn call. To his astonishment an answering note came sounding over the water. He repeated his cry and listened. From far away in the sunshine a weird cry was wafted across the sea. It thrilled him. He was not afraid, for the cry was one of yearning, and he wanted companionship. He sat and waited until he saw a small object on the rise of a swell. It came nearer, and then he saw it was one of his own race, and dived into the sea and went to meet the stranger. How smooth was the newcomer's coat and how white the breast! He looked the female over critically, and a strange feeling of companionship pervaded his being. Then he went toward her and greeted her, sidling up and rubbing his head against her soft neck and swimming around her in circles. The sun shone brightly and the air was warm. The very joy of life was in him, and he stretched forth his head and called and called to the ledges and reefs, sea and sky, to bear witness that he would no longer live alone, but would thenceforth take the beautiful stranger with him and protect her. He climbed upon the ledge, she following, and, proud as a peacock, strutted back and forth in his enjoyment of her good will and comradeship.

They strayed about the rocks and swam in the sheltered places among the reefs for a few days, but a desire to go into the great world to the southward and make a snug home for the coming summer began to make him restless. The warm sunshine made life a joy in spite of the thick coating of fat and feathers, and the high cliffs of Tierra del Fuego seemed to offer a tempting abode for the warmer months. His pretty companion shared his joy and also his desire to go out into the great sea to the southward and find a suitable place on some rock or ledge where they could make a home.

They started off shore one morning and swam side by side for many leagues, skirting the sheer and dangerous Horn and meeting many more couples who, like themselves, were looking for a suitable place for a summer sojourn while the bright sun should last. They met a vast crowd of their kind making an inner ledge of the Ramirez their stopping-place, and there they halted. It was pleasant to be sociable when united to a proud companion, and they went among the throng until they found a place on the rocks where they could climb ashore easily. Our friend led the way up the slope and found a level spot among the stones where his mate could sit and be near the tide. She would lay her eggs there, and he would take care that she fared well.

Weeks passed and two white shells shone in marked contrast to the surrounding stones and gravel. His mate had laid two beautiful eggs and her care for them kept him busy fishing for two. Yet he was very happy. He would make short trips to the outlying reef and seize a fish. Then he would hurry home with it and together they would eat it while his mate sat calmly upon the eggs keeping them warm and waiting for the first "peep" to show the entrance into this world of her firstborn. All about, the other couples had their nests, consisting only of the bare stones, for there was no drift or weed out there to use, and they sat in great numbers close enough to call to each other in case a marauding albatross or mollemoke should come in from the sea and try to steal eggs.

Day after day he fished and brought his mate the spoils, often sitting on the eggs himself while she took a plunge into the cold water for exercise and change. He was satisfied and the world was bright with the joy of life.

One day his mate waddled quickly from the nest. Where before there had been two shining white eggs, two little yellow puff-balls lay on the stones, and they made a noise that showed him his offspring were strong and healthy young ones. He strutted up and down the ledge, proud and straight, while his mate gave forth cries of satisfaction and nestled down again to give the delicate little ones shelter. He almost forgot to go fishing, and only a call from his patient mate recalled him to the fact that she must be fed. He stepped down the rocks, and, as he dived into the sea, cried aloud with joy.

Out near the Ramirez the fish were playing in the sunshine. He made his way thither, his breast high with the happiness of his existence. Other fowl were there fishing. He joined them, but gave no heed to a long object that came slowly over the water from the land of fire. It headed toward the cliffs where the sea fowl dwelt, and two half-naked savages propelled it with paddles. They were hunting for eggs, and the rocks offered a tempting place to land, for the great crowd of birds told plainly of the summer breeding-place. They ran the canoe into a sheltered spot among the rocks where the heave of the sea was slight, and then sprang ashore. Up they climbed and stood upon the level where the penguin females sat and called wildly for their mates.

A savage stooped and began gathering eggs, pushing away the birds or knocking them on the head with a stick, when, with their sharp beaks, they protested against the robbery. He was a horribly filthy fellow, and his ugly body was partly covered with skins of birds and sealskin. He noticed a female sitting close, calling for our penguin for help, and the bird seemed to be very fine and large, with a good skin. He made a pass with his club and smote her on the head. She struggled desperately to get away, but could not. The blow partly stunned her. The little ones scurried off as she rose, and the savage saw there were no eggs to be had from her. But he would have her skin anyway, so, with a furious stroke of his weapon, he knocked her lifeless at his feet. Then he picked her up and went on.

Later in the afternoon the male came back from fishing. He climbed the cliffs and looked about him. His mate and young were missing, and he sent forth his deep, sonorous cry. But it was not answered. Other birds took it up, but there was no answering call from the mate, and the little dark speck that rose and fell upon the heave of the swell away in toward the shore of Tierra del Fuego gave no token of her fate.

All night he wandered over the rocks, his wild note of calling sounding far out to sea. In the morning he stood once more upon the spot where, a few days before, the mate of his bosom sat proudly upon the white eggs. The empty shells were all that were left. He stood gazing out to sea, and then his instinct told him he would see his family no more. He gave one long-drawn cry, plunged into the sea, and was gone. The great west wind came roaring over the sea before the sun set, and before it he held his way. He would go far away from the scene of his summer's life. The vast ocean would be his home, and the memories of the ledge be a thing of the past.

For many days the penguin roamed over the huge rolling hills of water. The vastness of the ocean and its grandeur soothed him, though he still called out at intervals when the sadness of his life was strong upon him. Then came a day when sea and sky seemed to blend in one wild whirl, and a hurricane from the high, ragged hills of Patagonia swept the antarctic drift. Away he went before it, and the wildness of it was joy, the deepening roar of the wind and crash of Cape combers making music for his spirit. He headed for the middle of the current between the land where the Pacific flows through and meets the western ocean, the stretch of sea that reaches away past the South Shetlands to the south pole.

How wild and lonely was the storm-swept sea! Great hills of rolling water, fifty feet in height, with stately and majestic rush, passed to the eastward, their tops crowned with huge white combing crests and their sides streaked and flecked with long stripes of white foam. Above, the dull banks of hurtling vapor flew wildly away to somewhere in the distance, far beyond the reach of vision. It was more comfortable beneath the surface than above it, and our penguin drove headlong before the sea two fathoms below the foam, only coming up once in a while to breathe. On and on he drove for hours, until hunger warned him to keep a lookout for fish, as he occasionally came up for air, and to see if there were signs of the oily surface denizens showing in the sweep of that great, lonely sea. Suddenly an object attracted his attention. It was a mere speck on the storm-torn horizon, but he knew it must be of considerable size. It was different from anything he had ever before seen, for above it three long, tapering sticks stood upward, and upon the middle one a strip of white, like the wing of an albatross, caught the weight of the wild

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west wind. He was interested, and drove along toward it until the object loomed high above him and the deep snore of the gale sounded like a heavy roaring comber tearing through the many lines of the rigging and under the strip of white canvas. The great thing would rise upon the crest of a giant wave and fling its long, pointed end high into the gale, the rushing sea striking it and smashing over in a white smother like the surge on the rocks. Then down it would swing slowly until it would reach the hollow between the moving hills, and the penguin could see upon its body, its tall sticks rolling to windward and the roar of the gale deepening into a thunderous, rushing sound, until the advancing sea would lift it again and roll it toward the lee. The sight of the huge monster wallowing about, hardly making the slightest way through the water, interested the penguin. It seemed like a floating rock without life, and he felt a curiosity to know if it were alive. He rose partly from the sea and uttered a long-drawn, hoarse call that floated down the gale and swept over the great hulk. Nothing happened, and he repeated the call,—a far-reaching, wild, deep, resonant cry.

But the great ship swung along slowly, as before, and he dived under her to see what was below. In the forecastle the dim light of the summer day made a dismal and cheerless scene. The watch below had turned in, all standing, their wet clothes wrapped about them in their "pews," or bunks, making a vapor in the cold air through which the light of the swinging lamp shone dimly. The gray light from outside filtered in at the side ports and spoke of the cold, hard day on deck. Once in a while some shivering wretch would turn in his poultice of soaking flannel and get a fresh piece of icy cold cloth against his skin that would call forth maledictions on the Horn, the weather, and the hove-to ship. In a corner of the forecastle a pile of soaking clothes moved, and a moan sounded above the noise without.

"Stow it, Sammy; you'll be all right soon, my boy," said a voice in a bunk above him.

"Oh, but it's so cold, Tom," whispered the pile of clothes. "I can't last much longer, and they might let me die warm, at least."

"What's the little man sayin'?" asked a deep voice opposite. "Wants to die warm, does he? Say, Sammy, me son, you'll be warm mighty soon after you're dead; why in thunder do n't you put up with a bit o' cold till then, boy?"

"You're a blamed brute, bos'n," said the first speaker, "an' if I wa'n't mighty well used up I'd soak you a good whanging for that. Yer know the poor boy's sick wid scurvy, an' ain't likely to pull through."

"I'll ware ye out when th' watch is called, yer preacher," said the bos'n, confidently. "Talk away, for you'll only get it all the worse when I shucks my dunnage." Then, as if the matter were settled, he snugged up in his soaking bunk and hove down to warm a piece of his steaming covering until it should cease to send a chill through his big frame and he could wander into dreamland.



"'Hi, yi, turkey, ahoy! Turkey, 'e was a good old man!'"

The shivering form of the boy in the corner moved again, and he groaned in agony. It was useless for him to try to sleep with his limbs swollen and his flesh almost bursting with the loathsome disease. The pile of wet clothes upon him could not keep him warm, and each shiver sent agony through him. He would die unless he could get relief soon, and there the ship was off the Horn in June, the beginning of winter, without one chance in fifty of making port in less than two months.

In his half delirious state he lived many of his early school days again, and then followed thoughts of those who were nearest to him. He must die. His grave must be in that great, dark void beneath. Oh, the loneliness of that great ocean! What would it be like far below in the blackness of the vast deep, beyond the heave of the great sea, in the very bosom of the great world of silence? The horror of it caused him to groan. Would any one punish the cruel shipowners and captain who had so foully murdered him with the cheap and filthy food? What would any one care after he had gone? What would he care, away down in that everlasting blackness where no one would ever see him again? He lay upon his back and stared with red and swollen eyes at the bunk above him where Tom, the quartermaster, snored loud enough to be heard above the dull, thunderous roar overhead. In another hour the watch must turn out, but they would let him lie by; him, a dying ship's boy. But would he die outright? Would his soul live down there in that awful blackness, where they must soon heave his body? He had heard of sailors' spirits haunting ships. Could his do so? Was there a hideous devil below waiting for him? He had heard there was. Far down in the bottomless abyss some monster might await him. He gazed with staring eyes at the dim lamp, and longed for a little light and sunshine to relieve the terrible gloom of the antarctic winter day.

Then there broke upon his ears a wild, sonorous, deep-drawn cry sounding over the storm-swept sea. It was not human. What was it? Was it for him? The thought made him sick with terror. He groaned aloud, and Tom turned over in his wet clothes until the sudden chill of moving from the one steaming place made him grumble audibly.

"What was it, Tom?" he whispered.

"What?" growled the sailor, surlily.

"There,—" and the cry was repeated.

Tom growled a little and then rolled snug again. Suddenly he started up. "A man might as well freeze to death on deck as in this unholy frozen hole," he said. Then he climbed stiffly down from his bunk, clapped his sou'wester on his head, and, tying the flaps snug under his chin, he slid back the forecastle door with a bang, and landed on the main deck.

There he stood a minute watching the great fabric straining under her lower maintopsail, hove to in that sea that the Cape Horner knows so well and dreads so much. In the waist, the foam on deck told of a flood of icy water that poured again and again over the topgallant rail and crashed like a Niagara upon the deck planks, rushing to leeward through the ports in the bulwarks and carrying everything movable along with it.

He watched his chance, and dodged around the corner of the deck house, where the port watch huddled to keep clear of the wind and the sea.

"Merry Fourth o' July to ye," bawled a man of the watch, as he came among them.

"What's the matter? Can't ye find enough work to do whin yer turn comes?" asked another.

"Where's the whale-iron?" asked Tom, of Chips, who had come out of his room to get a look around.

The carpenter looked at him queerly. "What d'ye want wid it?" he asked.

"Listen!" said Tom.

Then the cry of the sea fowl sounded again.

"Penguin?" said Chips.

"Turkey," said Tom, with a smile. "If we can get the steward to give us a bit o' salt pork fat we kin git him, or I'm a soger."

"'Merry Fourth o' July to ye,' bawled a man of the watch"



[Concluded on page 310]

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EMERSON

Richard Le Gallienne

O wise man from the West who travelled East,
And brought strange stars to light your western lands;
Among the urns American there stands
Your urn of alabaster not the least.

You taught us that the West is not the whole,
That the old East is needed by the West.
You taught us the long lesson of the Best,
You taught us that the body is not the soul.

His Was a Universal Text

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[*Author of "Memories of a Hundred Years"*]

WHEN Dean Stanley left America, after his short visit here, he said that he had heard thirty or forty of our more eminent preachers, and that it made no difference what the name of the preacher was, for the sermon was always by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Dean Stanley meant by this that Mr. Emerson's various addresses and essays had made all intelligent men and women in America comprehend, better than they did before, what we mean when we say, "Our Father who art,"—what we mean when we ask that God's will may "be done on earth as it is in Heaven." The immanent presence of God—that is, that God is in everything alive,—was the center of his work.

His Power in Our Colleges

CHARLES F. THWING

[*President, Western Reserve University*]

IN the American college, Emerson has been, for more than sixty years, as Matthew Arnold said of his influence in Oxford, a voice. But he has been more than a voice; he has been a personality as well. As a voice or as a personality he has been a most moving and inspiring force, for a true student is an idealist. In Emerson, the college man has found a kindred and quickening spirit, for even in our materialistic age and country he believes in things of the soul. In the Sage of Concord each of his followers has found a soul, and from this apostle he has learned of the unseen and the intangible. Whether a freshman, or a senior, he believes in old and new cardinal virtues.

Nobody Wears His Mantle

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

[*Chancellor of the University of Nebraska*]

IT is safe to say that, during the last fifty years, Emerson has built up the higher life of the American people more than any other writer. Besides purveying all that was best in ancient and general letters, he was the first to interpret to us in a direct and copious way the literary and ethical results of the mighty movement of German thought proceeding from Kant. He was, moreover, himself a seer, strongly impressing his personality upon every thought which he imported. His style was all his own,—so happy that it became an independent force, helping home his inspiring message. No minor prophet has taken over more than a rag of his mantle.

The Emerson Centenary

His Philosophy Still Dominates Civilization

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

IN early childhood, as a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, I was always rather fascinated by the statement in the almanacs that Cambridge and Concord were "half-shire towns;" and, not knowing very clearly what a "shire," even in its fullness, might be, this fractional share of shireship was to me a perpetual conundrum. Later, when my mates and I began to hear of Emerson, and knew that he lived in Concord, it was something to know that he was linked with us in a certain semi-community of residence. Cambridge was but a rural village, and yet, though shrunken from its original width long before I knew it, and thirteen miles from Concord, it had once touched the Concord River, inasmuch as it had included most of Lexington and Bedford. Fluellen says, in "King Henry V,"—"There is a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river in Monmouth. . . . and there is salmons in both." Cambridge had its Charles River, "modest Charles," as Holmes calls it, just as Concord had its twin rivers. Both had scenery with which Emerson thus records his contentment:—

> Because I was content with these poor fields,
> Low open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
> And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
> The partial wood gods overpaid my love.

The very names of farmers, elsewhere given in his daring blank-verse line,—

> Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Merriam, Flint,—

were the very names by which I knew my boyish playmates in Cambridge. Strangely enough, I cannot recall the time when I first had the honor of exchanging a word with Emerson, but from childhood up I had always regarded him as a neighbor. His voice, so simple, so calm, so rich, so commanding; the look of his eyes, so truthful, so searching; his pauses in delivery, as if grasping at some deeper and deeper thought, and his gracious simplicity, all reached me, even as a boy, when I heard him lecture at the Cambridge Lyceum, and before my intellect was really aroused.

But the Concord of later days still seemed always appropriate for a poet's dwelling-place, at least for one of the Emersonian type. Even in the English lake district it is to be noticed that it was the lower and more peaceful regions of Grasmere and Windermere which Coleridge and Wordsworth sought; and it was only the less poetic Southey who got as far into the region of veritable mountains as Keswick. So, in Massachusetts, Emerson and Hawthorne loved the level plains, Thoreau and William Ellery Channing took their interminable walks mainly on level ground, and Alcott did not even avail himself of this privilege on any very large scale, since the first rail fence or mossy stone usually furnished him with a congenial excuse for resting. But the peaceful streets, the overhanging trees, the retired houses, seem now the best preservative influence for literary memories, all centering, of course, in Emerson.

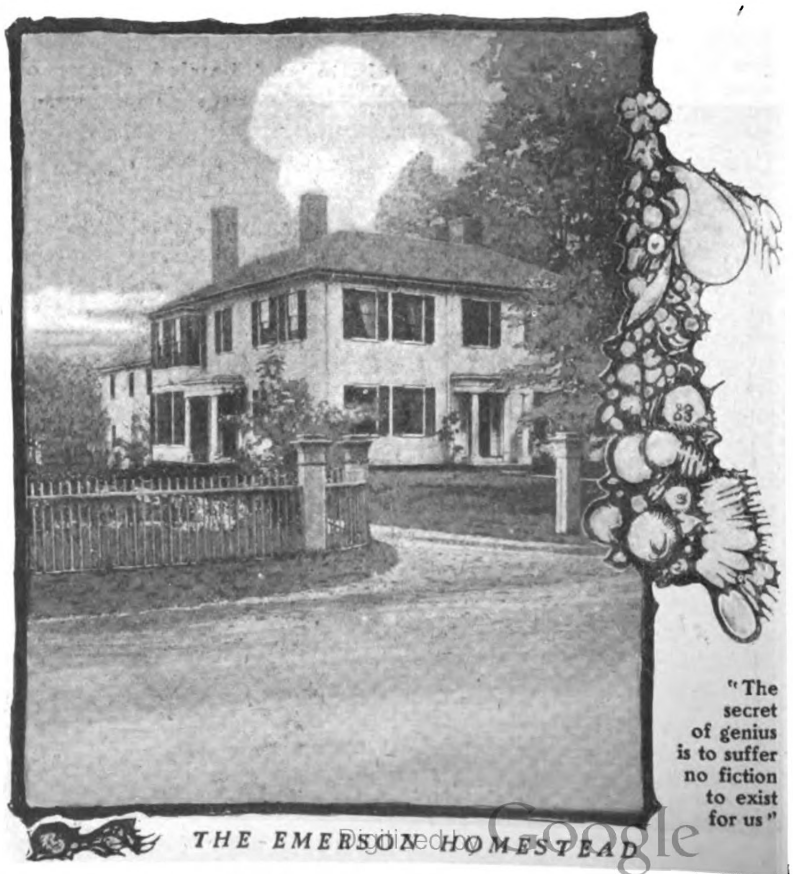
In Early Life, He Was at Times somewhat Hasty and Impulsive in Action

Emerson went to school in Concord, for a time, through the kindness of a kinsman, Dr. Ezra Ripley, before actually residing there, this being in 1814, when his mother was left a widow and extremely poor. At that time, at the age of eleven, he used to be set on a sugar barrel in the grocery store, whence he could entertain his first Concord audiences with recitations of poetry,—Campbell's "Glenara," or lines from Milton. At a later period,—twelve years after, when he had left college,—he restored the balance of the half-shire town of Cambridge by opening, with his mother and brothers, a school there in Dr. Hedge's house, on what was called the Old Common, but is now Winthrop Square. Here, on the day of Webster's address at Bunker Hill, he gave all his boys a holiday to hear it, and, to his great disappointment, not one of them went. For this reason, or for some better one, he closed the school and never taught afterwards, except from the public platform. He would gladly have accepted a position as teacher of rhetoric at Harvard, but the invitation never came. He was not considered a man of marked ability as compared with his two brothers who died in their youth. His young wife also died early, his health was poor, and, though he had some success as a preacher, all ended in his going to Concord to reside, and in making it his home thereafter. In his own phrase, he "put the frock off his shoulders," and lived thenceforth by literature and lecturing.

The one man whom he revered as his leader was, in some respects, of more youthful and ardent emotions than himself, although of far more venerable aspect. This combination existed in A. Bronson Alcott. It is impossible to leave out of sight what seemed the weaker side of Mr. Alcott, a species of innocent charlatanism, yet it is equally impossible to overlook that placid courage which led him up the steps of the court house on the night of the attempted rescue of Burns, after the assailants were driven back, leaving the steps bare and the weapons of the defenders pointed over the stairway at the open doorway; or that which led him to write in his diary, when John Brown was in prison in Virginia, "There should be enough of courage in Massachusetts men to steal South, since they cannot march openly there, and rescue him. . . . Captain —— would be good for the leadership, and Number Sixty-four [This was probably the number he had borne in the registration of the old Vigilance Committee in fugitive slave days.] would be ready to march with him." He would have done so, if invited. There was undoubtedly in him an element of impulsive action which was not to be found in Emerson, and which gave Alcott more sympathetic personal contact with young people than Emerson had, and gave him also a certain leadership in the mind of Emerson which he alone possessed, and such as others found it difficult to explain. Emerson often had passing impulses of enthusiasm for younger men which his *protégés*, as in the case of Walt Whitman, often made haste to dispel. But it is impossible to overlook the fact that Alcott preserved over him a lasting personal hold.

In Forming His Opinions, He Took a Decisive Stand, Undisturbed by Criticism

But when he actually faced public opinion, Emerson was as strong as Alcott, and far weightier in influence, because more free from whims. His first marked appearance in public, when he delivered his discourse before the Harvard Divinity School, July 15, 1838, needs for its appreciation, like all other past events, to be judged by the atmosphere of the period. This is the commentary made on it, (August 2, 1840,) in the diary of John Quincy Adams: "A young man, named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend, William Emerson, and classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the everyday avocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison and the non-resistant abolitionists, Brownson and the



THE EMERSON HOMESTEAD

"The secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us"

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A Blossom of the Puritan Root

EDWIN MARKHAM

[*Author of "The Man With the Hoe"*]

IN Emerson's genius we see the mystic flowering of the Puritan tree. In his word and deed are the bud and the blossom of the Puritan root,—its austere self-reliance, its unbending rectitude. He calls men away from the coarse carnalities, that they may find room for the free life of the spirit. He rejects the religions and cultures of other ages, and takes his stand upon the primary rectitudes as revealed in the individual soul. His gospel comes not in finished codes of ethics, in splendid architectonics of morals. He is content to illumine some arc of truth caught in his cosmical survey, trusting to the stable verities of the inquiring soul to show the full round of the circle.

His Wonderful Simplicity

FREDERIC W. FARRAR

[*Late Dean of Canterbury, England*]

THE influence that the work of Emerson has had on the civilization of the world is not to be taken as less than a great power. His rare reading and his deep and intricate knowledge of the world's principles gave him the basis for a philosophy that cannot but help. The simple manner in which he expressed these complexities of mankind brought thousands of thinking and unthinking people to his shrine. I often wonder how he mastered this great simplicity of style, which largely brought him in contact with the world. It permitted him to be read and studied. He was the means of bringing the deeper thoughts of the ages to a clear understanding.

His Place Is Not in Literature

LILIAN WHITING

[*Author of "The World Beautiful"*]

EMERSON'S influence on the general life of the past century is incalculable, and its increasing force is a potent factor in the future, and one with which we have to reckon. Emerson stands for the abiding realities of the spiritual universe. His eye discerned those finer laws as the eye of Marconi discovers the finer forces which he harnesses for us. In an age when religion was largely synonymous with theological problems, he announced that the life of the spirit is joy and achievement. He said that the true philosophy of life is in letting go the non-essential that we may hold the essential. The place that he made is in life, not in literature.

EMERSON

Theodosia Garrison

Through his own heart, as through a seer's clear glass,
He watched the mighty host of mankind pass,
And confident, serene, assured, his pen
Pointed the path for wildered souls of men.

What matter in what place may rest, to-day,
The crumbling, toppled temple of his clay!—
The unhoused spirit, strong, alert, and free,
Still lifts the voice that thrilled humanity.

Marat Democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics." Thus spoke Adams, a man of wholly independent mind, in his own direction; indeed, a man so accustomed in person to stand alone, in his minority of one, that he actually seemed to grudge every one else the privilege of that situation.

This solitude referred at first, in Emerson's case, to abstract opinions only; but it was soon to refer equally to his attitude on questions of practical morality. In 1838, that same year, he also gave in Boston his lecture on "Heroism," and fortified it by this specific reference, very coldly received by his audience, "It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of the mob for the rights of free speech and opinion and died when it was better not to live." So, on his second visit to Europe, he wrote, in 1847–8, a lecture on natural aristocracy, and had many noble and titled persons, as his son tells us, among his hearers. He spoke of the patience of the populace with even folly and vice among those who would do substantial public or private service, and said: "If the dressed and perfumed gentleman, who serves the people in no wise and adorns them not, is not even *not afraid of them;* if such a one goes about to set ill examples and corrupt them, who shall blame them if they burn his barns, insult his children, assail his person, and express their unequivocal indignation and contempt? He eats their bread, he does not scorn to live by their labor,—and, after breakfast, he cannot remember that they are human beings." It is recorded that Lord ——— called upon him at his lodging and begged him to omit that passage, but he only wrote in his journal, "Aristocracy is always timid."

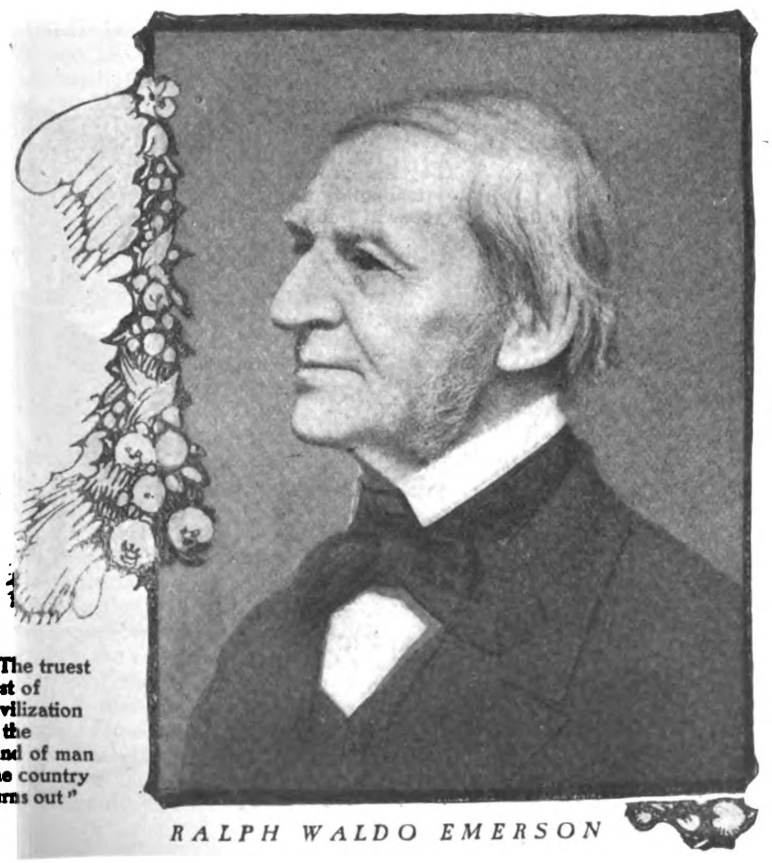
One Oration Was Called "Our Intellectual Declaration of Independence"

The same temperament also shows itself in reference to woman-suffrage, a demand which he had at the outset, in 1850, viewed with some distrust; yet when, twelve years later, it was proposed to establish a newspaper for that reform in Boston, he wrote thus of it:—

"It is very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote. Educate and refine society to the highest point; bring together a cultivated society of both sexes in a drawing-room to consult and decide by voices in a question of taste or a question of right, and is there any absurdity or any practical difficulty in obtaining their authentic opinions? If not, there need be none in a hundred companies, if you educate them and accustom them to judge. As for the effect of it, I can truly say, for one, that certainly all my points would be sooner carried in the state, if women should vote.

"I do not think it yet appears that women wish this equal share in public affairs. But it is they and not we who are to determine it."

When we ask ourselves for the key to Emerson's influence, we find it more nearly by turning back to the careers of George Fox and Elias Hicks, than to any other spiritual teachers of modern days. Like them, she said. "Look within." He trusted in the inward light. He said to the graduates of Divinity College, Cambridge, July 15, 1838, "Men have come to speak of the revelation as somewhat long ago given and done as if God were dead. . . . The soul is not preached. . . . The office of a true teacher is to show us that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake." To every graduate he said, "Yourself, a newborn bard of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity and acquaint men at first hand with the Deity." These words were met with loud outcries of indignation, but they made their way and have ever since been making it. In all religious bodies, save the most illiterate, they have unconsciously reached human minds, and you are liable to recognize their influence in any sermon you hear. Their germ had been visible in his little volume called "Nature," published in 1836, the year before, at a time when the book of oriental philosophy—to which we sometimes hear his doctrines attributed,—had not reached America, and had not, indeed, been largely published in England. This volume, "Nature," it may be remembered, was written in the same chamber of the "Old Manse" in which Hawthorne wrote his "Mosses." It took twelve years to sell five hundred copies of it, but it was the beginning of a really original American literature, although it was his later oration, "The American Scholar," which has been called "our intellectual declaration of independence."



"The truest test of civilization is the kind of man the country turns out"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The especial source of his wide influence has no doubt come from those passages of strong simplicity which are found amid the occasional abstruseness of his poems, and the similar passages which his prose writings offer. So perfect are these statements that, as Dr. Holmes well said, "the moment after they had been written they seemed as if they had been carved on marble for a thousand years.

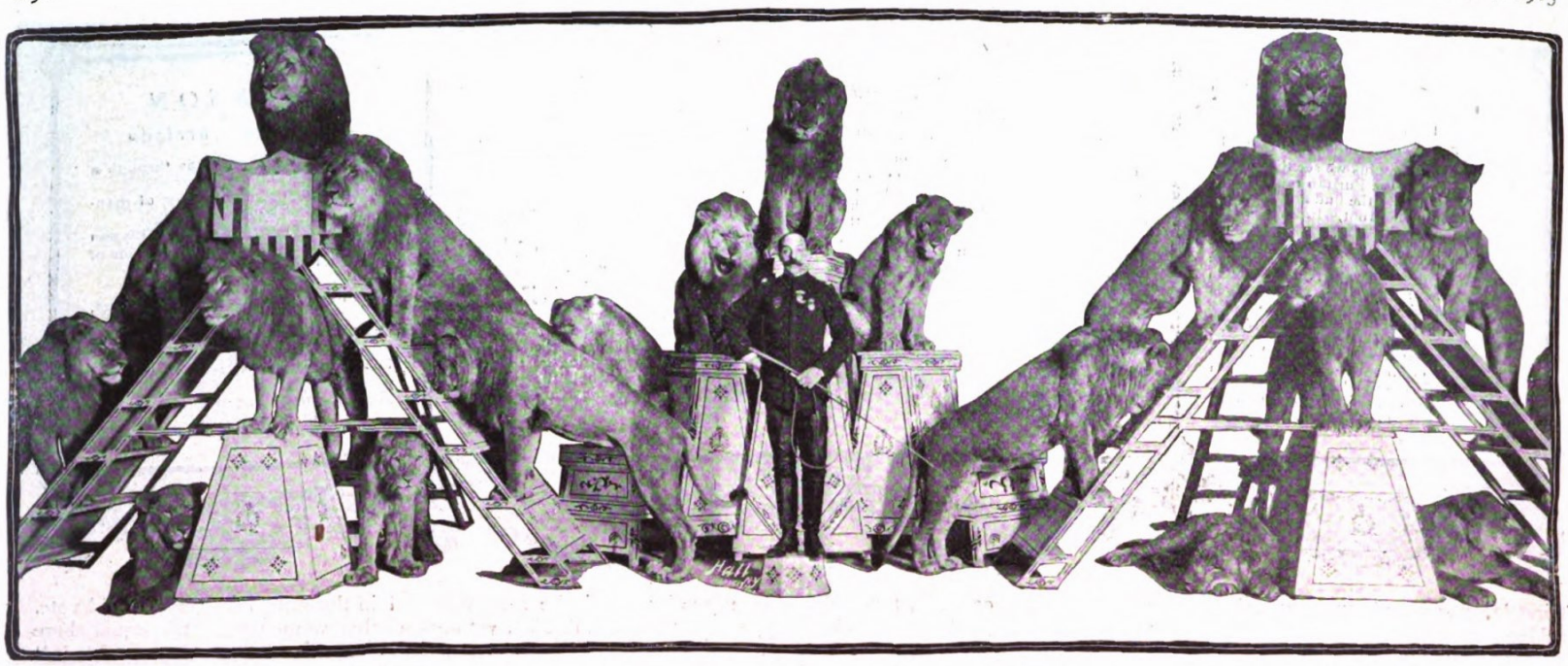
It is not too much to claim that in the vast armies of our Civil War there were thousands of youths who, in moments of difficult decision, had repeated these words to themselves. Written at the very beginning of the war, these lines held their influence until its ending, and indeed ever since. We know the vast influence that Emerson exercised through Tyndall, especially; through Carlyle, who always made Emerson the exception from his general condemnation of the human race; and also through the unwilling Matthew Arnold, who never praised anything American, if he could help it, but who pronounced Emerson's essays to be "the most important work done in prose in this century."

It Was His Purpose to Impress on Mankind the Importance of Lofty Ideals

One phrase of Mr. Emerson's, often quoted, was in his own case disproved,—"Great geniuses have the shortest biographies; their cousins can tell you nothing about them." His biographies are multiplying and growing larger, and thirty-three lectures on him are planned by the Twentieth Century Club. Moreover, in no book, I think, have we more intimate glimpses of Emerson than in the little volume of Rev. Dr. Haskins, his cousin. When this gentleman was the rector of Grace Church in Medford and had invited Emerson to lecture there in the lyceum, his people expressed their surprise at such an invitation, because they had supposed that Emerson did not believe in God. Mr. Haskins said to the sage, at the tea table, before the lecture, "I think I am entitled to ask what you would have answered if the inquiry had been made of you, 'Do you believe in God?'" His reply, though quaintly worded, was, nevertheless, very gravely and reverently made: "When I speak of God, I prefer to say 'It,'—'It.'" "I confess," says Dr. Haskins, "that I was, at first, startled by the answer; but, as he explained his views in the conversation which followed, I could discover no difference between them and the commonly accepted doctrine of God's omnipresence. Conversing lately with my good friend and neighbor, Rev. A. P. Peabody, concerning Mr. Emerson, I remarked that I thought his pantheism was the best kind. 'I do not call it *pantheism,*' said Dr. Peabody, 'I call it *hypertheism.*'"

Emerson's great achievement lay in impressing upon Americans, apart from all theological speculations, the supreme importance of the higher nature, the moral life, the intellectual being. Believing in democracy, in the sense that he was never surprised by the advent of genius and virtue from the most unexpected quarters, he yet prized all classes only in proportion as they yielded these high qualities. This made him, wherever his influence reached, our best antidote for all meanness. If we yet retain an unspoiled America, it is due more largely to his leadership than to any other. He was the teacher of our teachers, the guide of our guides.

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The Way Wild Animals Are Trained --

J. HERBERT WELCH

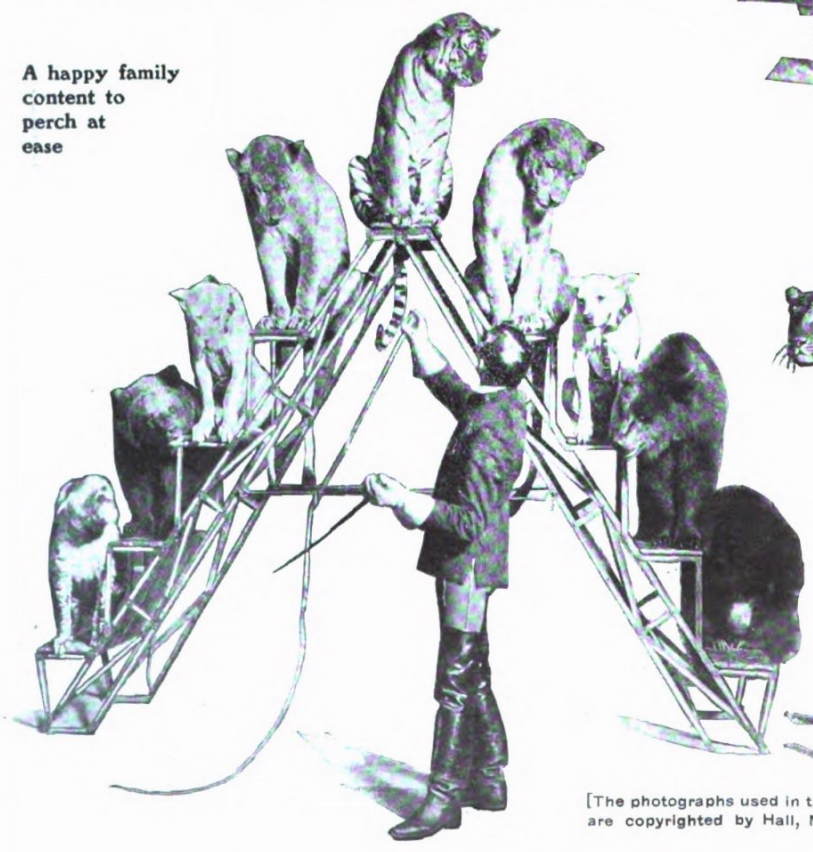
THE experience of trainers has been that wild beasts cannot be tamed. The records are full of instances in which animals that have been petted and fed from their birth by the human hand have at length turned savagely upon their masters. A recent case is that of a trainer who happened to slip and fall while drilling his animals. A tigress that he had been handling for years saw her opportunity, leaped upon him, and would have killed him had it not been for a quick rescue. Herman Weedon was forced, during an exhibition in Boston, not long ago, to shoot a bear that he had regarded as one of the most reliable members of his troupe, but which was attacking him to kill. Another bear in the same show maimed a keeper who was changing it from one cage to another. A well-known woman trainer allowed a young lion that she had petted from cubhood the freedom of her room until it severely injured a visitor who tried to fondle it. Madame Morelli, who gives a remarkable exhibition with a band of performing leopards, has had several thrilling escapes from being killed by them. In most of the many instances of the kind that might be cited, the beasts have had special opportunities to do injury because of their apparent harmlessness. They have "gone bad," to use a trainer's phrase. Not infrequently, however, one seems to recover its docility as suddenly as it lost it.

It is said that these abrupt outbreaks are by no means always due to innate ferocity, but often to nervousness, or to uncontrollable promptings of wild blood pent up to the bursting point by an unnatural environment. While this is a theory, it is a fact that beasts have shown remorse for their evil deeds. With all their natural hostility to the ways of man, and with their great strength, wild animals are forced, by no more tangible agencies than the human voice and eye, into abject obedience. They are made to perform tricks alien to their natures. Their roars and snarls of protest, their attacking leaps and attempts to strike with distended claws are sufficient evidence of their hatred of their tasks; but, in the end, they generally yield to a trainer's will. The latter stands just out of reach of jaws and claws, eying coolly, alertly, and steadfastly the beast to which he is giving his attention. He knows that his strength is as nothing compared with that of the creature he is confronting; he is well aware that, with one leap, it could bear him down, and, perhaps, crush out his life. The force that moves the reluctant beasts here and there at the word of command seems to be almost psychical.



A trainer told me that the secret of subduing beasts lies in the strength of fearlessness when opposed by fear. This fear on the part of an animal is not merely that which is due to the remembrance of punishment. All wild creatures seem to feel that the human animal is their enemy and has vastly greater powers than they have. A trainer gave it as his opinion that they regard man as the latter would regard a supernatural being, possessing overwhelming and mysterious resources. It is the fear of the unknown that causes a tiger to creep and cower before its master.

Contests of will between man and beast are not infrequently seen in wild animal exhibitions. In one show, where most of the animals are forest-bred and have not even the semblance of tractability, such contests are of almost nightly occurrence. For example, a certain tiger that has "gone bad," and, as it is said, has "killed its man," comes running with the rest out of a cave-like aperture at the back of the exhibition arena. It takes its place on its perch and immediately begins to show intense hostility toward the trainer. When



A happy family content to perch at ease



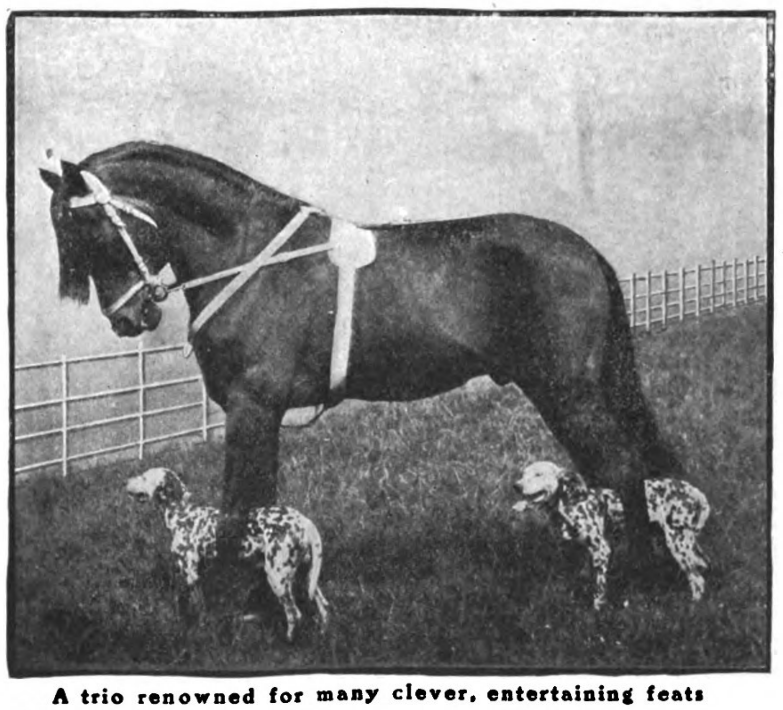
They are proud of their ability to appear in public

[The photographs used in this article are copyrighted by Hall, New York]

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Man and beast finally become friends



A trio renowned for many clever, entertaining feats



"Easy? I know how"

the latter approaches, it lays back its ears and reaches out viciously with its powerful teeth. The man pays no attention to it until the moment comes when it must be made to perform. Then he walks toward it cautiously, with a whip in his right hand and a steel trident in his left. Its ears go farther back and its tail sways with the slow movement of gathering rage. The man moves nearer; the beast snarls and strikes out. The trainer takes another forward step. The tiger crouches for a spring; but, holding the trident well in front of him, the man gazes impassively into the brute's eyes. With teeth and claws it attacks the pole. There is no return attack,—merely the man in front of it as stanch as a tree in its native forest, but possessing, as the tiger knows, strange powers. It becomes passive. Fearlessness has then won its victory over fear; but, if the man fears, if the dominating spirit is lacking, the beast seems to instantly realize its physical superiority and the contest is extremely apt to become a brutal bodily struggle between man and beast. Not only the presence of man, but also its surroundings in captivity have an influence in robbing an animal of its natural courage. I have been informed that a trained tiger at large in a forest, where its instincts tell it that it is at home and at its best, would be nearly as formidable, even to its trainer, as one that was wholly wild. An experience of Madame Morelli bears out this statement. One night while she was rehearsing with her leopards, the electric lights went out. Instantly glaring eyes and shadowy forms began to close around her. The animals seemed to become again night prowlers in the jungle stealing upon their prey. Madame Morelli knew that her voice and whip had lost their power. Slowly she retreated toward the gate, her muscles at tension to resist the impact of any lithe form that might shoot through the air and bear her down. But the lights flashed up again. She cracked her whip and the beasts fell back. Their night prowl was over.



The monarchs of the jungle become reconciled to man and obedient

The Process of Subjection Is Slow

Wildcats, tigers, jaguars, panthers, and leopards offer the greatest menace to their trainers. These are the animals that appear to long most ardently to stalk their prey and utter their night cries in their native haunts. Almost incessantly they swing back and forth behind the bars, peering over the heads of the spectators with wild eyes that seem to be trying to discern the forest beyond the confines of their prison house. Besides their restlessness, a reason why the big beasts of the cat family are considered more dangerous than the others is found in their deceptive methods of attack. Lions and bears meet their enemies boldly, but a tiger or a leopard—particularly the latter,—creeps up stealthily, crouches, draws back when faced, and then, when a victim's guard is relaxed, gives a mighty leap. Kind treatment has but slight effect upon the creatures of the forests. Their deep feeling of protest against a life that is most unnatural to them cannot be banished by lumps of sugar and friendly pats.

The process of subjection is, of course, a very gradual one. A trainer's first step is to make himself known in a pleasant way to his new pupil. He attends to its feeding for a week or so, stands by its cage talking to it, and opens the door a little, rubbing its head cautiously if it approaches. Finally, when the animal has become accustomed to his presence, he enters the cage, being as unobstrusive as possible, so as not to frighten or irritate his host. For an hour or more at a time he may sit in the cage, reading, or playing with the animal if he dares. A trainer's next move is usually to give the pupil a taste of his power. A rope is fastened to its neck and passed around two or three bars of the cage. The animal is given plenty of room in which to move, but, when it makes a leap at the trainer, who has become more dictatorial in his manner than before, it is pulled up short. This practice is resorted to so often during the preliminary training that the beast loses confidence in its powers. A whipping now and then is also necessary. When an animal is well under control, it is taken from its cage into the arena, where instruction in tricks begins. It is first made to take and retain the place assigned to it. On its seat at the side of the big cage, meat is placed. The animal learns that, on entering, it will find food there, and soon acquires a habit of going voluntarily to its place. Then it must be taught to keep its seat. When it jumps down without being called, it is punished a little and forced back. At length it comes to realize that it can have no peace except on its own perch, and so it stays there. The same general tactics are used in teaching animals their positions on pyramids and other formations.



A tigress trained to ride a velocipede

'T is Difficult to Learn how to Balance

To force wild beasts to learn and to perform feats such as balancing themselves on balls, walking tight ropes, trundling tricycles, and similar tricks, is a much more difficult matter. Treading on a revolving ball, or sometimes forcing the ball up an incline, is a representative feat which has been successfully taught to lions, tigers, leopards, and bears. An animal must first be trained to stand on its hind legs,—a very hard position for most beasts, but easy for a bear, since this is one of its natural postures. At the beginning of the instruction it has a flat surface to stand on, but this is soon replaced by the rounded surface of the globe, which, at first, is stationary.

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The insurance solicitor



The salesman



The bookkeeper

The Necessity of Correct Dress in Business

C. M. CONNOLLY
Illustrations by
J. C. LEYENDECKER

THE value of the impression that is made by good clothes upon the most serious affairs of life, in which all ambitious men strive to figure to the very best advantage, has always been recognized. Shakespeare repeated a truism that was old, even in his day, when he wrote, "Apparel oft proclaims the man." In the earliest chronicles of civilization we find passages which reveal to us the fact that men prepared elaborate and careful toilets whenever they were called upon to meet personages of rank, when they were compelled to transact business, or when they participated in affairs of social importance. It has been, from time immemorial, the habit of man to judge and be judged by his clothes; and to-day the conventionalities count for more than the average rough-and-ready man of the strenuous type will acknowledge. Dress is a factor in business, no less than in society. We are devoting more attention to attire—that is, to the correctness of attire,—than we ever before bestowed upon it. Our grandfathers and our fathers boasted of the simplicity of their sartorial requirements. They boasted of meager wardrobes, and of the bad impression that extravagance in dress made. All this was well enough in their day, but it has ceased to be forceful and of value where every business calling demands neat and well-dressed young men. Decent and proper dress is not necessarily extravagant or costly dress. We have advanced in civilization, and our departure from those stages of social development which are inseparable from the rough-and-ready life of country-builders has given us time to think of the little luxuries of life, and to pay more attention to effects, impressions, and ideas that were not even thought of when every effort was necessary to meet the demands imposed by crude and time-consuming methods of business. The great growth and the wonderful development of our business system, wholesale and retail, financial and productive, have called for the employment of men of more than common mental ability, and to this we may attribute the fact that a great many of the various specializations of business demand refinement of person and attire. Education and refinement do not necessarily go together, for we have all met college professors whose knowledge of bath-tubs was in inverse ratio to their familiarity with science. We have seen the "'varsity grad." whose manners and dress were atrocious. Those men represent common types. They are of that very large class of people who are so absorbed in other matters that the care of physical body and raiment never commands any portion of their attention.

A young man entering business to-day comes into the serious stage of his life with the atmosphere of his recent associations and environments clinging about him. He is just out of college or school and has not been trained to think of things unknown to the curriculum. Carelessness in dress is the natural outcome of unrestrained boyishness. The average young man comes out of his student life and expects that his swagger college dress will impress his future employer as favorably as it impressed his fellows. The slouch hat turned down in front, the low collar and gaudy cravat, the soft shirt, turned-up trousers, Norfolk jacket and plaid waistcoat make up a costume that is not likely to impress favorably a man who controls a vast business enterprise, and has no time for nonsense and foibles of fashion. He demands that every one in his business establishment shall be like every one in his private establishment, —that is, so attired that, when he is compelled to meet outsiders, he will impress them favorably, and the college man's get-up is not likely to be considered effective as viewed by the man who is all dignity and conventionality.

It has become an unwritten, but none the less stringent, law, that young men shall dress well and neatly during business hours. In many of the largest banks and financial institutions none of the clerks is permitted to go coatless, and, in the mercantile establishments where salesmen are employed, "loud" attire is actually discouraged. The old-time salesman gloried in his flamboyant cravats and shirts, his diamonds, and his peculiar clothes. His capital-in-trade consisted of a flashy appearance, vulgar stories, a constitution that would stand intoxicating liquor, and an unlimited amount of cheek. He did not have to know anything about the goods he sold, except in a general way. He slapped men on the back, took them out to dinner, got drunk with them, and then booked their order. The modern salesman is a well educated, neatly dressed gentleman who knows all about the goods he sells. He is never called upon to drink, he never needs to dine out, he trades on honor and brains, and his customers are men who only admire men who know as much, or more, than they do about their business. Dress plays the most important part in the game of commerce, no less with the salesman than it does with the manufacturer, the mill man, the banker, or the financial man. They all dress to impress their fellow men favorably.

"The man who neglects his dress will find a corresponding negligence of address. Customs change, and whatever may have been the vogue during the days of our forefathers, it is certain that no man in our twentieth century can sacrifice his future by failing to consider his clothes"

A young man need not fear that the cost of dressing well will debar him from the best positions. To dress neatly is not to dress expensively. We will presume that a young man has but one suit. If he be our ideal, that suit will be made up of a black or dark-blue worsted jacket and waistcoat, and trousers of the same, or of a very neatly striped material. The shirt is of a tasty, small pattern, showing plenty of white ground, and it has the cuffs attached. The pattern is so simple and conventional that it is hardly noticeable. The collar is a tab or of a high-

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The traveling man



The position applicant



The shipping clerk

fold pattern, and the cravat is a very neat dark-colored four-in-hand or a tie. The shoes are of black calf, and the hat is a staple and standard black, of felt. The gloves are of heavy cape of a reddish tan shade. This is an outfit that can be worn winter or summer. The only indispensable change is in the covering for the head, which would necessarily be a plain split sennit sailor hat during summer. Our ideal young man has a half-dozen shirts, all of simple patterns, and he preserves his neat appearance by changing his linen at least three times a week. The cost is fourteen cents for each change, or forty-two cents a week for shirts, cuffs, and collars. The suit is carefully put away each night, the trousers are pressed frequently, and the clothes are thoroughly brushed every morning. It requires time and trouble to be neat, but the satisfaction of it is so great that the cost seems trifling. The prominent parts in man's appearance are his head, hands, and feet. Remembering this, one should always have his hair neatly trimmed, be thoroughly well shaven, have the hands clean, the finger-nails well manicured, and the shoes nicely polished. One of the best dressed men in New York once said, "A gentleman is a person with clean linen, hands, and shoes."

Extravagance in dress comes of a desire to follow all the fads that are introduced from time to time. This calls for constant changes of hats, new watchguards, jewelry, peculiar jackets, shoes, shirts, and other items of haberdashery. It is a case, then, of fashion, not service, wearing out the clothes. A sensible, well-dressed man adopts what he feels becomes him best, ignoring the constant changes of fashion, and adheres to the habiliments he has adopted. When you meet a man like this, to all appearances he is dressed just as he was last year, or the year before, but he appears well, because what he has on is neat, becoming, and altogether suitable.

As a man advances in business and becomes a more prominent member of the staff, it may be necessary for him to dress in more formal attire than he has worn as an under or junior clerk. He finds in his new position that he has to meet men of importance. He notices that these men wear cutaway coats, or frocks, and that silk hats are quite common. Naturally he feels that he should do the same, and, if he is sensible, he will adopt the conventional dress suitable to his new station and appear among his business acquaintances in the garb that they are used to. It is a rule, in many of the largest business institutions, such as banks, insurance companies, surety and corporation offices, that the important men shall abandon undignified jackets and derbies, and wear frock or cutaway coats and silk hats. A story which will illustrate how universal this rule has become is told in Wall Street. A gentleman entered the anteroom of the directors' room of one of the large trust companies, and asked the colored man who had charge of the coats and hats of the directors, who were then holding a special meeting, if Russel Sage were there. The porter looked at the pile of silk hats, and promptly replied, "No, sah."

"How do you know?" asked the visitor. "Because," answered the porter, "dem is all silk hats, sah."

The more formal attire demanded by the business requirements of the larger establishments necessarily calls for a slight increase in the amount of the appropriation for raiment. But this increase is not serious. A silk hat will wear much longer than a stiff hat, if it is properly cared for, and every hatter irons free of charge the silk hats which he sells. The coats, while more expensive than jackets, can be worn with different trousers, so that, although it costs more in one way, it saves money in another. To appear well in public necessarily costs more money than it does to appear shabby and dirty, but the latter is, in the end, by far the most expensive. It is a man's duty, one of the first that he owes himself, to hide from the world the fact that he is poor. Poverty may not be a disgrace, but it most certainly is a handicap. A struggling young man would do better if he spent less on lunch and stinted himself on his living, if it were necessary for him to do it in order to dress well. Good clothes are the cheapest, and cheap clothes never can impart the impression of prosperity. A cheaply dressed man finds it hard to appear tidy. His clothes always need pressing, and they never seem to fit. They become dingy very quickly, and, no matter how much care is taken of them, they will wear out. On the other hand, garments of fairly good quality respond quickly to renovating processes. They can be cleaned and pressed, and they retain their shape until they are practically worn out. Clean linen cannot entirely hide dirty clothes. The contrast is very noticeable. Grease spots should be sought and quickly removed, not only because they look badly, but owing to the fact that moths like greasy wool and invariably eat the dirty spots out of woolen clothing before attacking the clean portions.

Many wealthy men affect carelessness in dress, and it may truly be said that they can afford to do anything, but they are the very men who require that their employees shall dress so well that the public will imagine they are well paid. The first impression made by a man in business life is the most important. When he enters the presence of another man, he studies him no less than he is being studied in turn. Each unconsciously takes the measure of the other, and each quickly forms an opinion. The importance of making that first impression a favorable one cannot be overestimated. It helps toward the object to be gained. The nicely "groomed," clean-cut man, dressed in good taste, and carrying himself with that confident air of gentility which is inseparable from good attire, feels sure of his ground, and can talk with the man who is his superior in a business sense without displaying those many little evidences of uncouthness which creep out in one's dress, speech, and manner. If you have an important part to play in your business life, remember that you must dress up to it. The shabby and the shiftless, the unshaven and the unrefined cannot rise above the mediocre. They are the men who fill the "want" columns of newspapers, and who ply those callings where no "previous experience is required," and where applicants are informed that a hundred dollars a week can be made without the slightest knowledge, effort, or skill. Men who follow precarious modes of gaining their meals by day, and a night's lodging, need not pay much attention to appearances, but those who are battling to gain the next higher

"It is not costly apparel that employers of business men desire, but a neat, expressive, gentlemanly garb that bespeaks a man's best quality,—that of personality. The American employer of to-day is growing to demand a careful attention to dress,—a worthy factor in our progress"

[Concluded on pages 311 and 312]

EDITORIAL PAGE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR AND FOUNDER

Gray Hairs Seeking Employment

A NEW YORK newspaper recently published a letter from a gray-haired man who had vainly searched for work, though he knew himself to be competent, experienced, and vigorous. He dyed his hair, dressed smartly, left off his overcoat, though it was winter, and promptly secured a position. The letter caused much discussion. Was it right to deceive his prospective employer? Was it necessary to resort to subterfuge? Was there no chance for a gray-haired man? Were all employers unalterably set against hiring old men? These and many other questions were asked and discussed by correspondents. What all the letters made clear was that a very real problem is presented by the middle-aged, gray-haired seekers for new situations.

It cannot be questioned that this is the age of youth, even of extreme and perhaps undue appreciation of youth's superabundance of energy and "push." Politics, business, diplomacy, journalism, authorship, the pulpit, the university and the stage join in a triumphal chorus celebrating the achievements of youth in all these lines. Congressmen have been elected before they were old enough to take their seats. Mere youths sit on the bench. The age of millionairedom is steadily lowering, and not a few men below thirty have reached it.

In 1663, the first Congregational Church of Boston filled the place of its dead pastor by calling a "young man," Mr. Davenport, of New Haven, seventy years old. Now religious papers contain frequent discussions of the "dead line of fifty," and of the demand for callow youths fresh from abbreviated theological courses.

In the newspapers are advertisements like this:—

> A printer, proof-reader, editor, "a has-been," though but sixty-two years of age, is seeking a position where experience, judgment, and trustworthiness will command a moderate salary.

Many letters have come to the editor from such men. Here is an extract from one:—

> "I am not young. I have reached the patriarchal age of fifty. I have crossed the Rubicon of life's opportunities and possibilities, and, in the vernacular of the day, I am forced to 'go away back and sit down.' In this strenuous age, when, at forty-five or fifty, a few gray hairs appear in one's mustache and earlocks, no one has any use for him, he is very apt to become pessimistic, and SUCCESS, instead of inspiring him with a laudable ambition and aspiration, emphasizes the saddest tale of tongue or pen, 'It might have been.' Every employer wants a kindergarten around him,—young boys and girls. A man with gray hairs in his moustache? Preposterous! This is the twentieth century!
>
> "I never was sick a day in my life; no man ever gave an employer better or more conscientious service in my line of work; I am as active and vigorous as I ever was, and can do more work than any two men—young men,—around me, but my employers don't know it, and the foreman, for obvious reasons, doesn't care to recognize the fact.
>
> "I held a lucrative position for eighteen years,—the firm changed its membership, the 'shop' was 'unionized,' and I had to seek a position elsewhere with the obtrusive gray hairs. True, my employers urged me to stay, offered to pay all necessary expenses attending my initiation into unionism, and, I know, regretted my refusal to be labeled. Not having a union card, however, I found it still more difficult to get another position. I did, however, finally, though at lower wages than I earned as an apprentice."

In the discussion of this present-day problem, employers are often criticised for cruel discrimination against worthy people. It is true that many firms rarely employ a man older than forty or a woman after she is thirty. However, there are real and valid reasons for this. Employers pay for service, and wish the best article that they can get for their money. Whoever can best advance an employer's interests and business is an ideal employee. People at the head of large establishments are necessarily progressive, and they expect up-to-date methods. Whoever can aid in this progress is welcomed; whoever retards it must be sacrificed, whether he be seeking employment, or be already on the salary roll. Employers are looking for energy, enterprise, freshness of mind, and alertness for new ideas. Fertility of resource counts everywhere. People are willing to make allowance for crudeness and lack of experience, if there is originality.

Youthful enthusiasts will work harder and think more, while struggling to get to the front, than those of more mature years. After a man has gained the prize, or even a part of it, he is apt to lose his zest. He may have more strength and more reserve than in youth, but this does not compensate, in the estimation of many employers, for the lifting power of a young life, the buoyancy of young blood, the energy of a new ambition. It is during the aspiring years, when ambition throbs in every drop of the young blood, before enthusiasm has evaporated, and when all the faculties have an upward tendency, that men create and produce most.

Employers realize that every year increases the value of a good young employee, whereas it may decrease the value of an older one. There is a cumulative value in the years of service of a young worker, which is a very great consideration with every shrewd employer.

Again, young people are more agreeable to an employer; there is a contagion in their youthful enthusiasm which goes through the establishment; there is a certain romance in young lives which affects even an employer. Something of the same element enters into the desire to have young people around him as enters into his love for children. Nothing takes their place. They have a perpetual rejuvenating quality.

However, it is not because of the color of the hair or the texture of the skin that employers fear the grisly-headed and the wrinkled. It is because they are afraid that these outward signs indicate the loss of the qualities—energy, fire, force, vim, and enthusiasm,—that make an employee valuable; because they feel that, though paying more money, they will get smaller returns. Lack of experience will be remedied with time, but what hope is there that the ambitionless will be roused and the sluggish stirred as time goes on?

In fact, after middle life, people are apt to become cranky; their habits become set and fixed; they are hard and mechanical; they are not so teachable or so tractable as they once were; they have passed the yielding age; they cannot adapt themselves so readily to new situations or conditions; they are not so susceptible to new ideas, and have no expansive capacity. Their enthusiasm has oozed out from discouragement, misfortune, or some other cause. They lack the buoyancy and spontaneity for which every employer is looking. There is no progress in them, but, instead, a sort of atrophy of the faculties comes on, and, as a rule, they are harder to manage and to obtain desired results from. It is very discouraging for an employer to have those about him who have ceased to grow, who do not expand, but who get into ruts and "mull."

It is plain that middle-aged people must satisfy the demands of employers in order to compete with younger people. Mature people have judgment, experience, and special skill to give them advantage. If they keep also the qualities that make youth valuable, employers will seek them. Instead of doing this, people of this unfortunate class go about trading on their worst qualities,—their inability to do hard work, and to cope with the new generation. They do not present themselves attractively to employers, as do buoyant, enthusiastic youths, but rather as objects of charity, to be rewarded for once worthy services to some one else. People who have "gone to seed," who are "has-beens," these downcasts who go about trying to excite sympathy, will never be able to get a new start. No one wants to employ any one without energy, life, or enterprise, purely from sympathy. Every one is looking for the force that does things,—the power which moves business with vigor. Every employer knows that enthusiasm is an important attribute in an employee, and if the applicant for a position shows that he has banked his fire, or let it go out, he cannot expect a situation. It takes live steam to move machinery; it cannot be done with the "exhaust."

People who appear old must expect to be considered so; and, if they apply for positions with every appearance that senility has struck them, and that they have gone to seed, they cannot expect favorable consideration. If gray-haired applicants for positions would only appreciate the value of appearances, and would "brace up" when they seek situations,—go "well groomed" and well dressed, with elastic steps, showing that they still possess fire, force, and enthusiasm,—they would eliminate an obstacle greater than their gray hairs. We think ourselves into incapacity by looking for signs of age and dwelling on them, and the body follows the thought. We should, therefore, avoid the appearance of age in every possible way, by dress, carriage, conversation, and especially by our attitude toward people and things. It is not difficult to preserve the buoyancy and freshness of youth, but it must be done by constant effort and practice. A musician who expects to make only one or two important appearances a year must keep up his practice. Youthfulness cannot be put on for a day if old age has had a grip on you for months. It is important to preserve the fire of youth as long as possible, to carry freshness and vigor into old age by keeping up a hearty interest in everything that interests youth. Many of us seem to think that youthful sports and pastimes are foolish, and, before we know it, we get entirely out of sympathy with all young life, and consequently really old, whatever our years. We must think youthful thoughts, associate with young people, and interest them. When a person ceases to interest the young, he may be sure that he is showing signs of old age.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was once the writer's teacher, was never thought of as old, by his students, for he had a keen interest in child life, and everything that interests a child. Children who knew him would play with him as with one another. He impressed one with his youthful sprightliness and enthusiasm up to his eightieth year.

The wife of Count Waldeck, of the French court, when he was one hundred and nine years old, replied to an inquisitive courtier that she had fallen in love with her husband when he was eighty-three, because he was the most irresistible of her suitors.

"And why, madame, was he the most irresistible?"

"Because he was the youngest. He was not eighty years of age; he was twenty, four times over."

The problem of the unemployed middle-aged would be solved if everybody kept himself twenty, two or three times over, instead of advertising every year, by new signs, age in spirit as well as in body. A man of vigorous bearing, with fresh mind and ideas, will have little trouble in getting employment, no matter what the number of his years may be.

We know many interesting old people of seventy or eighty who have never allowed themselves for a moment to think they were old. If you should suggest that they are old, they would resent it. They feel young because they have not allowed themselves to dwell upon the signs of age. They have not allowed their minds to grow old, and the body cannot grow old while the mind is young.

William Mathews tells of a venerable parishioner who took his gray-bearded pastor by the beard and said: "You would better dye these, for, if you leave your present charge, no one will call you with such a badge of advanced life." Mr. Mathews adds that, if this was one of the languid, spiritless old men to be found in the ministry, as well as in other callings, "it was his brains, that needed dyeing, not his whiskers."

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"Not a face had relaxed its grim scrutiny, but they were all listening"



GREAT JOSHUA'S DAUGHTER

The Story of a College Girl Who Set Afoot a Movement to Inculcate Ideals in Her Native Town

PART II.

ZONA GALE

DAYS slipped away and found Joyce Semple no nearer a solution of her problem. She went about the duties of home and was happy in lifting half the burden from her mother. This meant that occasionally of an afternoon Mrs. Semple found time to cut carpet-rags for a floor-covering long incipient in the stair closet, and at length brought out to be realized. Joyce smiled a little at this first result of her endeavor, and tried to persuade her mother to go out for a walk or a visit. After Mrs. Semple's first call, made in response to this effort, Great Joshua and his sons sat in tranced silence at supper while Mrs. Semple related more casualties and rumors of casualties than they had dreamed Sandford's Crossing could harbor. So far, thought Joyce, wearily, her best endeavors had resulted simply in more carpet-rags and more detailed accounts of gossip. Oh, poor missionary work, this!—and still, if it brought a smile to her mother's face, she was repaid.

"I suppose," she said to herself, in some alarm, "I shall be going back to North Norwalk to lecture on the recreative value of carpet-rag cutting and news-gathering in villages!"

All of Sandford's Crossing called on her. They came on foot and in amazing surreys, drawn by vexed ghosts of horses. They wore the best they had, and those who did not talk about how much was going on at Sandford's Crossing asked stiff, pitiful, ignorant questions about Joyce's school and her friends. Joyce tried them all timidly.

Once, when a fortunate remark made the question possible, she mentioned Marcus Aurelius.

"I wonder if you wouldn't like to take that book with you?" she suggested, timidly; "it meant a good deal to me."

It was Miss Wealthy Nash who was calling.

"Oh, I've read it, I s'pose," answered Miss Wealthy; "I read everything I could lay my hands on when I was a girl. But I'm doin' some deep reading in chemistry now, when I get the time."

Thereat Joyce was glad to slip into a debate about the relative value of certain breakfast foods.

To Mis' Biggs, who "played," she said:—

"I have a little book here on 'Music and Perfumes' you might like. I'll get it for you."

"Oh, no, thanks! don't trouble," said Mis' Biggs. "You're very kind. I'm sure, but we're getting ready for the *cantata*, and I ain't breathed for weeks. We rehearse every night. What do you think of the new church choir? You can't make me think that it comes up to the old double quartet."

This brought about the temptation.

"Let them all go," something advised Joyce, one night; "live your life here with your books and your mother. Don't accept their invitations, and don't bother. Keep on studying, and make your own home a little happier because you are in it. Isn't that enough?"

That was the hardest of all to fight, but, though its appeal was strong, Joyce had a sound little head and a loving heart, and did not falter.

"I'm not only at home," she told herself, stoutly; "I'm also in the world, and in the solar system. I've got to prove that I am."

And, after all, the way was finally opened through Miss Hezbee,—Miss Hezbee whose idea of beauty was her own "best" bonnet, amazing with purple ribbon, and purple cherries, and velvet currants, and an elastic under her chin.

One mode of happy activity, at all events, Joyce had in her books. She unpacked them and set them on her shelves with joy. There was a treasure-house for Chevy. She would unlock it for him.

On a day when the rain fell straight and slow, at commerce with the riot of June bloom, Joyce led Chevy to the shelves. She bade him find a book over which they might pore together all that gray afternoon, and the child's delicate excitement was like some clear draught to her. For a time Chevy roamed, rapt, through the corridors of new dreams. Then his hand went unerringly to a great, green-gray volume, traced in strange silver shapes; and he demanded, breathless, the stories of Siegfried and Parsifal.

It was while Joyce and he were sitting rapt over the book, and while Chevy—who, indeed, being a poet, could already talk the language of the birds,—was absorbed in this other youth's knowledge, that there sounded without a long, low whistle. Chevy, plying a wine-dark sea of dragon's blood, back to the present, listened attentively.

"It's Bunn!" he ejaculated.

Bunn was the boy he knew best, who, after ten minutes' futile waiting at tryst, was moved to summon him.

"Ask him in," said Joyce, with an inspiration.

So he came in, pink to the line of his red hair. He saw the picture of Siegfried and the silver armor, and heard about the forge in the forest, totally unmoved. But when there came rumor of sword and hint of dragon, he leapt to the occasion and forgot his hands and begged for more. Joyce sat down on the floor, a boy on each side, and unfolded fairyland.

When she ceased, breathless, Bunn pulled at Chevy's coat.

"Will she do it to-morrow," he whispered, "if I bring Billy?"

So Chevy and Bunn and Billy became the nucleus of Joyce's class in the poetry of Wagner. They were alert little boys, filled with unconscious fancy and poetry, as most boys are, if only unseeing grown people would but look deep enough into their eager eyes. And every day there was a newcomer, until Joyce found herself, one morning, out in the wild-cucumber arbor, the center of eleven boys and girls whose faces were turned toward the green book, traced with strange silver shapes. At nine o'clock every morning they came to listen, rapt, to the story of the sword of Siegfried, the swan of Lohengrin, or, best of all, the pity of Parsifal. It was not wonderful that, when she saw how fancy kissed the dull little faces to dreams, she mounted gradually from Valhalla to Olympus, and presently had them all friends with the gods and the stars.

In the second week of this pleasant ministry, Joyce chose one morning the story of Ceres and Proserpine. The children listened eagerly while she told of the capture in the white fields and the search that lasted till all the earth was barren; but it was when she took them with her to the mysterious underworld that their faces at length lighted. Oh, for children, the way to the kingdom of heaven lies through mystery and magic,—instead of which they are taught to do sums and name the exports of countries! Sums

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and exports are all very well, but a lesson or two in humor or beauty would leaven a whole curriculum. Joyce knew this intuitively, and she acted upon it intelligently, and not a child in the arbor lost the application of the exquisite myth.

"So she only tasted the pomegranate seed," Joyce concluded, "but she has to spend half of every year down in the world under the world."

"We used to hev an old engraving," interrupted a voice in the doorway, "called 'The Pomegranate Seed.' I never knew what it meant, but I s'pose it must hev been about that, must n't it?"

Joyce turned and saw Miss Hezbee fanning herself in the arbor doorway. She had in her hand a dish of salad she was taking to Mrs. Semple.

"Why, Miss Hezbee," said Joyce, almost bashfully.

"Go on," said Miss Hezbee, sitting on the edge of the bench, "do n't you mind me any."

So Joyce finished her talk in the presence of grim Miss Hezbee, and she was secretly miserable lest this interruption should in some way threaten the future of her little class. When they were gone, Miss Hezbee lingered.

"I'll tell you what I kep' thinkin' as you went on talkin'," said Miss Hezbee, abruptly; "I was thinkin' about the stuff Mis' Seth Latimer was a-readin' to the last Circle meetin'. I could n't make head nor tail out of it,—and this you was givin' the children was somethin' like. How'd it be if you was to come to the Circle and tell 'em the same thing,—that about the pomegranate seed? I could hunt up that old engravin' of ours and bring it along."

Joyce stood still in the path, looking into the old woman's face,—brown as withered fruit. It was as if Miss Hezbee had suddenly taken the flannel from her throat and appeared in a *décolleté* gown.

"Oh, if I could!" said Joyce, simply. "If I could, Miss Hezbee! I've been longing———"

"I'll bring it up," said Miss Hezbee, shortly. "Here's some of that cabbage salad your mother thought was so nice. Tell her not to hurry about gettin' the dish back. I'll carry it over some day myself."

She slipped out the side gate and Joyce stood holding the salad, and looking after her with thanksgiving in her heart. Was Miss Hezbee, whom she had thought was the very center of all the gossip about trivialities in Sandford's Crossing,—was she to be the *dea ex machina*, after all? She could not have wished for a better opening than the Circle. She was not sure yet what she would say, but oh,—if she could only make somebody listen to the song of the meaning of all things, which was in her heart!

The story of Miss Hezbee, and how she "brought it up" before the Circle, is one that Joyce never quite knew. Echoes of that session and its babel of debate, of Mis' Seth Latimer's indignant opposition, of Miss Hezbee's stout defense, of the war that was waged all that afternoon after Mis' Biggs finished her hesitating paper on "How to Judge a Picture,"—echoes of these things reached her, indeed, but she never quite knew the truth. One thing, however, she recognized with a sinking heart as of threatening significance: Miss Nash was hostess of the Circle the year round, because she had a furnace and her parlor was open in winter, but the meeting of the Circle to which Joyce was finally invited was in Miss Hezbee's tiny house, and it was on Saturday instead of the regular Thursday. This was ominous, indeed.

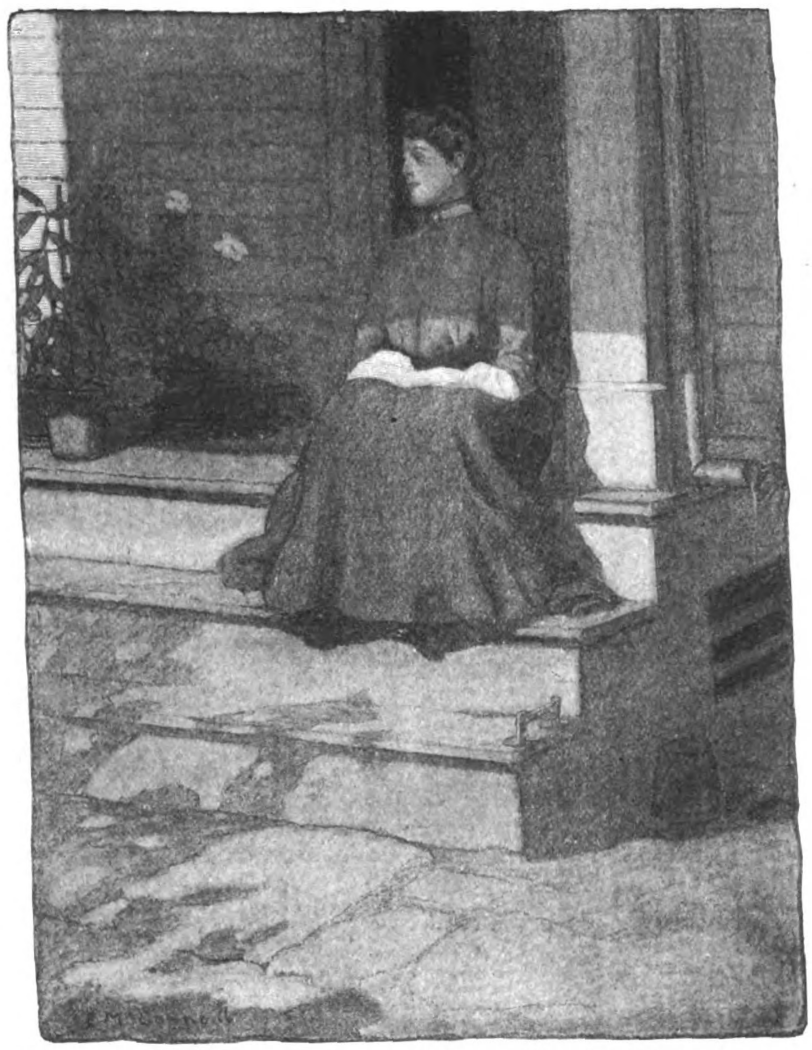
One fragment of that day's discussion did reach Joyce, and loyal, indignant Miss Hezbee, who repeated it to her, could not understand her merriment.

It was concerning Mis' Biggs's contribution to the discussion in the Circle.

"Mis' Biggs says," said Miss Hezbee, "she says, 'I do n't like it. Now, my Billy come bringin' home a picture of an angel without a head on. "That," sez he, "is called Victory, mother."

'An',' says Mis' Biggs, 'I should n't 'a' called it much of a victory ef I'd hed my head knocked off my shoulders,' says she.

"Now," added Miss Hezbee, when Joyce could listen for laughing, "I do n't know nothing about it, at all, but I do know that Mitty Biggs would find fault with the boat that toted her acrost the Jordan itself. And if I was you I would n't be the least bit cut up, an' I would n't pay no attention to her whatever."



"She wondered if over that road the prince would ever come"

The night before the meeting to be held at her house, Miss Hezbee came over to Mrs. Semple's to borrow some forks. The kitchen was fragrant with fresh toast, and from the dining room came a burst of laughter in which even Great Joshua joined. The table, laid with spotless linen, had but few dishes upon it, and in its center a bowl of white phlox. Joyce, in a long, white apron, was hurrying to the kitchen with a tray of vegetables.

"Oh, Miss Hezbee!" she cried; "come and have some of my waffles. I made them. Mother taught me."

Over the feathery dish of Joyce's making, Miss Hezbee presently drew out a battered penny print, and held it toward Joyce.

"That was yours, was n't it?" she inquired.

"Why, yes," said Joyce. "I gave it to Bunn. It's the Mona Lisa."

Miss Hezbee laughed dryly.

"Yes, it was Bunn Brigham's," she assented. "Mis' Brigham come over to my house this mornin', and this fell out o' her stockin' bag. 'See,' she says, just as important as you please, 'what should you say her smile means, Miss Hezbee? They say nobody ain't ever been able to tell. Joyce Semple,' says she, 'give it to Bunn. I think it's one o' them puzzle pictures.' I took it an' I says, 'Well,' I says, 'I know what her smile means. She's hevin' her picture took. I ain't never set fer a picture in my life that I did n't hev just that same silly smile on my face,' I says. Do n't you think that's all it is?" inquired Miss Hezbee, anxiously.

"What did Mrs. Brigham say to that?" asked Joyce, as soberly as she could.

"She said," said Miss Hezbee, in disgust, "that she thought maybe the picture meant just motherhood. I told her I never see a mother in my day that did n't hev her han's full without settin' an' smilin'. The idea of a mother simperin' that way!"

"Did Mrs. Brigham say that?" asked Joyce, eagerly.

"Yes, poor soul, she ain't a particle of imagination," said Miss Hezbee, complacently, folding her napkin.

In the kitchen, pouring water from the teakettle with her apron for a holder, Joyce smiled and sighed and smiled again. She sighed that her old dream of life among people who understood the beauty and wonder of the world more fully than she should have come to this. But it was a smile that lingered on her lips when she went back to the others.

"Joyce is the greatest comfort in the world," Mrs. Semple was saying tenderly to Miss Hezbee. "I don't know what I should do without her. She never finds a bit of fault. I think," added Mrs. Semple, conscious only of paying her daughter the highest compliment, "I think Joyce will go to heaven for not findin' fault, if for nothin' else."

Joyce walked with Miss Hezbee to the gate.

"Do you think," she asked the older woman, shyly, "that I can do it, Miss Hezbee?"

Miss Hezbee settled the flannel about her throat.

"Ef,—ef I can help you in any way, just give me to understand," she said.

Joyce looked after the bent, shawled figure gratefully.

"Chevy," she said, as the little boy grew out of the gloom beside her, "what a wonderful world it is!"

"Yes," said the child, "since you came home, Joyce. Did you ever touch a flower in the dark?" he added, eagerly. "I'm going to stay out here till it's perfectly black, and then I'm going to try it. I think they must feel different then; do n't you, Joyce?"

Was n't it hopeless, after all, Joyce wondered, as she faced the Circle in Miss Hezbee's two tiny parlors. There was what was known as a "full attendance," and the little parlors, filled with erect, angular figures, were like a garden plot in autumn, all straight lines of chrysanthemum stalks. Every name had been answered at roll call in voices sharp as the peering faces of the members; faces weary with work or worry, faces that were sharp speech made manifest, faces like ill-used covers of crudely-written books. In vain she looked among them for one that was consciously ready for all she longed to say; in vain she looked for the trace of any dream.

Joyce had resolved upon no "course" of talks or readings. She did not trust herself to talk about art or books and hope for the lesson to come by inference. She knew she must give the word simply, as to little children.

She opened the little red volume she had brought, at an entry of Amiel's, beginning:—

"'This morning the air was calm, the sky slightly veiled. I went into the garden to see what progress the spring was making. I strolled from the irises to the lilacs, round the flower beds and in the shrubberies. Delightful surprise! At the corner of the walk, half hidden under a thick clump of shrubs, a small-leaved flower had come during the night.'"

So far Joyce read. Then she closed the book, and spoke to them. She talked about surprise. She talked of the things that are called the great surprises of every year,—deaths, marriages, failures, unexpected visitors, new houses, unusual crops, storms, thefts, gifts, and fires. Those are the things people are wont to call wonderful. And yet every hour, all about them, many little actors are making life wonderful,—but they are able to thrill only those who understand how to look for them. Amiel knew. "Delightful surprise! At the corner of the walk, half hidden under a thick clump of shrubs, a small-leaved flower had come during the night."

As well as she could, Joyce talked of the delicate excitements of one day's walk about Sand-

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ford's Crossing, with the sun shining. She told them of Poe's Annie, lying asleep, her heart—

"forgetting,
Or never regretting
Its old agitation of myrtles and roses."

"Oh, go out into your gardens alone at night, and listen," said Joyce, "and think of the people who have loved to do it. One heard the trees, like "green fountains;" one heard the "lure of green things growing;" one wrote about the night "when good things are born softly." Every one who loves beautiful things has loved to do this; we love beautiful things; but we, at Sandford's Crossing, do not see many that are beautiful; yet we have very many that we never see. Could n't we all walk through our flower gardens every day with eyes that see the plant-life, and ears that hear?"

Joyce stopped, a little frightened. Not a face had relaxed its grim scrutiny, but they were all listening. So she read on, in the same entry of Amiel's:—

"'A modest garden and a country rectory and the narrow horizon of a garret contain, for those who know how to look and wait, more instruction than a library. Yes, we are too busy, too encumbered, too much occupied, too active. We must know how to put occupation aside, which does not mean we must be idle.'"

She went on through the passage, stopping to speak of what she read, down to "Reverie is the Sunday of thought," and "Remember, the soul, too, is a butterfly." As she spoke, Joyce took courage, and preached a little sermon about the love of things invisible to busy people.

"If we can just get to know our gardens," she finished, "and hear what they have to say, we shall be almost as near God as our gardens themselves."

Yet, after all, when it was over Joyce was not sure that whatever little success she may have had did not come from the simple exercise, while tea was being served, of all the tact she possessed. The interests of every woman in the grim Circle Joyce made her own in that little while. "May I come to see you?" she asked three or four, and their pleased assent was a revelation to her. How many of the mysteries of all bitterness and malice and heartaches come about because of sheer shyness!

"I ain't been out much lately," confided Mis' Seth Latimer to Joyce. "We've been paperin' the girls' rooms. We sent to Stockton for the samples, and the house is full of them. They're all quite expensive."

"Oh, Mrs. Latimer," said Joyce, "what fun that must be! What colors have you chosen?"

"We haven't decided yet," said Mis' Latimer. "Minnie wants a design of children playing with hoops, but Portia rather leans to one of blackbirds and cherries and clouds. I don't know, I'm sure, what to say. I want them to decide."

"I'd love to see the samples," said Joyce, shyly. "I don't know much about wall paper, but it's always fun to select new things."



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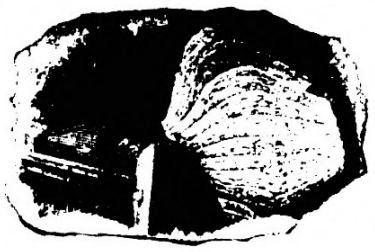
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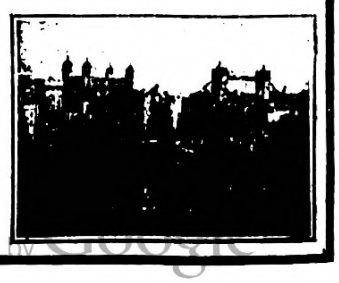


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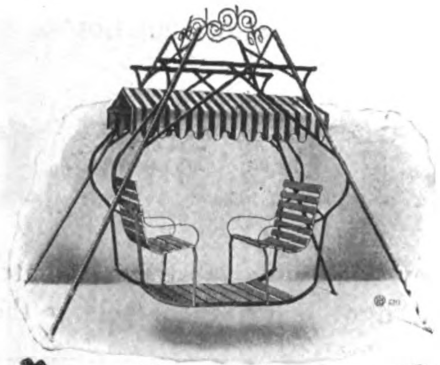
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"Why, can't you run over after supper?" asked Mis' Latimer, affably, and, to the blank amazement of Miss Hezbee, who overheard, she added: "the girls'd be so pleased."

So it happened that children and hoops and blackbirds and cherries and clouds, as a wall decoration at the Latimers', were abandoned in a company, and next day an order went to Stockton for paper of a pale, restful olive, with no border, for one room, and a gray with a ceiling of rosebuds for the other.

"Joyce Semple thought the girls had such good taste," related Mis' Latimer, complacently.

There was a fury of wall-papering in Sandford's Crossing, following the example of the Latimer girls, and, with infinite satisfaction, Joyce, who happened in whenever she heard of a family in the agonies of selection, saw one parlor after another papered in plain, neutral tints, instead of the great gilt "set" flowers.

"A wall-paper missionary," said Joyce, to herself, smiling,—"but that is something."

It was Mis' Seth Latimer herself who asked Joyce to meet with the Circle the next week, and "We are expectin' you to bring something nice to read," she told her! So Joyce went home with a thankful heart, and she knew the way was clear.

All the summer through Joyce went weekly to the Circle. Still she laid out no work, and demanded nothing; she only suggested, and lent her books. One after another she introduced them,—the books that had helped her: "Marcus Aurelius;" "Virginibus Puerisque;" "The Song of the Morrow," in Stevenson's "Fables," with its solemn story of the irresistible rush of the secret stars in their secret orbits; fragments of William Morris; of Amiel; the story of "The Ring and the Book;" of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and of "Pippa Passes;" the Greek and the Norse myths, and their rationalizations; the heart and the poetry of the Wagner stories; and such snatches of old ancient Greek philosophy, and facts and surprises of Bible history, as would catch their attention. All these she used as texts for her talks on the joy of living.

Sometimes Joyce ventured to speak of house decoration, and about simple forms of architecture, and the outsides of beautiful books. She made them know that there are people in the world to whom exquisitely carved gems, and old illumined folios, and frail china, and opal and amethyst glass, and delicate fabrics are as important as were the utensils and instruments of housekeeping at Sandford's Crossing,—and for whom these glimpses she was giving them once a week were not only the little novel interests of life, but also were what life means. One day, she brought some simple copies of the Madonna, of the head of David, and of some strange-eyed Rossetti women.

All this the Circle received at first in silence, and gradually with comments, in whose humor, at least, Joyce saw her reward. At length, she could not be sure, but she fancied the fruit began slowly to ripen. It seemed to her that some of the sealed souls in the Circle began to admit impressions.

Joyce walked home from one of the midsummer meetings with Miss Wealthy Nash, and, as they passed the Bartletts' big white house, pretty Mrs. Bartlett, who was an invalid, walked slowly across the lawn in her white gown, with the sun on her hair.

"What is it?" said Miss Wealthy, suddenly. "Something,—I don't know what, but seeing a woman walk across the yard, like that, with the shade goin' over her skirt, and her hat off her head,—makes me so happy!"

Joyce's eyes filled with tears, and she turned away. Later, when Miss Wealthy wished to send a parcel of books to her nieces in Stockton, it was Joyce who selected the books.

The Circle came freely to Great Joshua's house now, and boldly looked at Joyce's shelves, and took what she gave them. She always knew what book each one had chosen, and evenings she would slip into some one's house for half an hour and talk over the book and read bits aloud, and make the books speak at length, and deliver their messages.

In August, Chevy and Bunn and Billy were the first volunteers in Joyce's sturdy little company organized to keep as clean as possible the two or three straggling streets of Sandford's Crossing; and the condition of the fence and sidewalk and dooryard at Great Joshua's was a silent example that Sandford's Crossing laboriously accepted and followed. Joyce never could be sure for how much she was responsible,—but that did not matter. Day by day she was sure that there was some sweet,

BUILT OVER.

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By food alone, with a knowledge of what food to use, disease can be warded off and health maintained, also many even chronic diseases can be cured. It is manifestly best and safest to depend upon food to cure rather than too much drugging.

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new element abroad that was flowering in a hundred ways, and making people glad.

Her heart sank a little as there came drought of reds and yellows in the nearby woods that autumn, and the frost came, and the snow fell, and winter settled down in earnest, and cut her off from the world. But she turned resolutely to the tasks of the house, and lived more and more in the effort she saw quickening all about her. She had prevailed upon Great Joshua to let Chevy remain in school, and in another year she hoped to see him leave Sandford's Crossing behind and go to a school which she knew to be easily within her father's means. There all for which the little boy unconsciously longed would be his.

And her mother? Sometimes Joyce was sure that, if she had done no more than bring peace and these little simple pleasures into her life, it would have been worth it all. Mrs. Semple was long past the days when she had dreamed of travel, and of hearing beautiful music; life for her was Sandford's Crossing and Joyce. So much the greater reason, Joyce knew, why Sandford's Crossing and she herself should fill her mother's life abundantly.

Joyce had not only given; she had also received in full measure. The world of home had shaped itself, and she knew at length that, in this world, one thing is as good as another, and "essential" living in Sandford's Crossing was no less than "essential" living anywhere else. There was the housework, which she hated; there was the unceasing flow of visitors who came and talked for hours; and there was always detail which hurt her. It was of no use to tell herself that she did not mind ugliness of color, combination, speech, and action. He whose eyes are once opened to the delicacy and rhythm and harmony of everyday things at their best can never again be blind. But because he misses delicacy and harmony among those with whom he finds himself thereafter,—that is no reason for despising those whose hands he touches as he walks.

Slowly Joyce awoke to consciousness of all this, and wondered; for she found herself looking upon those of her household with eyes of the spirit,—eyes that reported no ugliness, no result of discords, and that knew only the glory of home. By degrees she came to look upon the people of Sandford's Crossing as people apart,—to be borne with, to be excused, to be understood. Life was so complex, and oh, what beauty it disguised! She had found beauty before where others did not see it,—in lichens, in the rich brown skin of aliens, in death itself; why, then, should she not find it at Sandford's Crossing? It was there.

If it were difficult, and if at times she escaped to the little room under the eaves and knelt by the window, and looked out on the sweet-brier bush through her tears, and told herself that it could not last,—that she had meant it all to be so different,—she had meant,—oh, she had meant to be so happy!—those were the hours that nobody but Joyce herself knew about,—not even Chevy. Once, it was no more than sight of a catbird's nest in the brier bough, and the brier rose that had just flowered close to it, that brought Joyce back into her own.

One morning in early spring, nearly a year after her home-coming, she sat on the side porch, her apron wrapped about her hands, listening to the dripping eaves and the soft speech of nesting sparrows. Great Joshua was calling something at intervals to the hired man in the barn. Chevy was rooting reverently about the garden to surprise little sleeping things, green-white and tender in the new-yielding mold.

There was a great unreasoning happiness astir with her blood. Her eyes fell on a patch of brown earth on which the sun, slanting madly through a balsam tree, cast stirring shadows; and on a sudden the world went round with the intoxication of some strange joy. Oh, it was spring, and she was Joyce!

Mrs. Semple came from the kitchen and sat on the top step beside her.

"Joyce," said her mother, "I've been thinkin'. You know the parlor was done over 'most a year ago now. Well, I was to Mis' Biggs's yesterday, on my way from the post office, an' I was lookin' at their parlor. An' she says to me, 'Why don't you have Joyce do somethin' to that parlor of yours?' she says. An' I was wonderin', an' last night I asked your father, an' he says, 'Go ahead. Let Joyce do anything she wants,' says he. So, if you want, just tear the parlor all to pieces this spring, Joyce."

All the year Joyce had hoped for this, but she had

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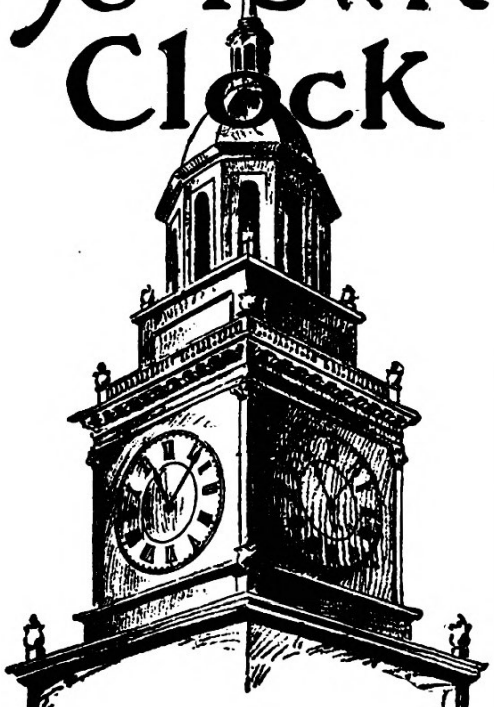
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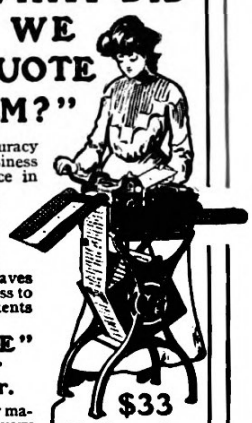
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not believed the way would ever be opened without too much sacrifice for her to transform their home into what she could make of it. The gray-green furniture was still waiting; yet, when her mother spoke, and when Joyce remembered how the room had been arranged last year, little by little, for her home-coming, she heard herself saying simply:—

"Unless you want something done to the parlor, mother, I don't. Why not leave it just the way it is?"

"I thought, maybe,—" said Mrs. Semple, with relief, and a smile in her eyes.

"No, dear," said Joyce.

Was she inconsistent, she wondered, as she looked back at the balsam-sifted sunshine? Or was she really used to the parlor herself? Or had she gone deep—deep into the heart of the strange rose of truth, and found her own? At all events, in her struggle for Beauty and Wonder last year she had entertained them both unaware, in this love which could know no discourtesy to its best-beloved.

What of the future? She looked up the moist, brown road that wound through dew-veiled trees all avoice with happy birds, and wondered how it would end: whether over that road the prince would ever come, or whether she should always traverse it alone, till she should become bent and shawled, like Miss Hezbee.

But in her heart there was no misgiving, only a great peace; for it was spring, and she was Joyce.

THE END.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S VISITORS

IT was Abraham Lincoln's rule to receive callers at the White House from nine until two o'clock, except on days when the cabinet met. It was a rule, however, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Visitors found their way into his presence from early morning until late at night, and even his sleeping hours were not wholly free from their importunities. Late in the day, when the weather and his duties permitted, he drove out for an hour's airing. Almost invariably, some camp or hospital was the objective point of the day's ride. He was, from the first, the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and from the first, also, every soldier seemed to divine, as if by intuition, that he had Mr. Lincoln's heart. Stories of how the President interfered, personally, to secure some right or favor for the man afoot, with a gun on his shoulder, steadily found their way to the army; and, as the war went on and battle followed battle, the wounded soldier hobbling into the White House became a sight too familiar to cause remark. None departed without cheer or help of some kind, and in all parts of the country little cards are treasured by private soldiers, each of which bears witness to some kindly act performed or requested by the President. One of them reads:—

SECRETARY OF WAR:—Please see this Pittsburg boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do with him.
August 21, 1863. A. LINCOLN.

The original of this note is in possession of William B. Post, a citizen of Washington, Pennsylvania. Post enlisted when less than sixteen years of age, was stricken with fever shortly after entering the service, and was sent to a hospital in Washington. When able to leave his bed, he requested his captain to allow him to return home, promising that, as soon as he should recover, he would gladly take up his musket and go to the front. The captain, however, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and, as a last resort, Post sought an audience with the President.

"My boy," said Mr. Lincoln, as the lad concluded his story, "if you want to go home to your mother, you shall. You were too young to go into the war, and the man who permitted you to enlist should be dismissed from the service. I admire your courage and patriotism, but your place is at home with your mother."

The President then wrote the note quoted above, handed it to Post, and, telling him that would put him through his troubles, dismissed him with a "God bless you!" Secretary Stanton gave him a furlough and transportation home. When he regained his health and strength, he returned to the army, and fought with his regiment until the close of the war.

I think you might dispense with half your doctors, if you would only consult Doctor Sun more, and be more under treatment of these great hydropathic doctors,—the clouds.—BEECHER.

MEAL TIME DRINKS

Should be Selected to Suit the Health as Well as the Taste.

When the coffee toper, ill from coffee drinking, finally leaves off coffee the battle is only half won. Most people require some hot drink at meal time and they also need the rebuilding agent to build up what coffee has destroyed. Postum is the rebuilder, the other half of the battle.

Some people stop coffee and drink hot water but find this a thin, unpalatable diet, with no rebuilding properties. It is much easier to break away from coffee by serving strong, hot, well boiled Postum in its place. A prominent wholesale grocer of Faribault, Minn., says: "For a long time I was nervous and could not digest my food. I went to a doctor who prescribed a tonic and told me to leave off coffee and drink hot water.

"I did so for a time and got some relief but did not get entirely well so I lost patience and said: 'Oh well, coffee isn't the cause of my troubles' and went back to drinking it. I became worse than ever. Then Postum was prescribed. It was not made right at first and for two mornings I could hardly drink it.

"Then I had it boiled full fifteen minutes and used good cream and I had a most charming beverage.

"I fairly got fat on the food drink and my friends asked me what had happened I was so well. I was set right and cured when Postum was made right.

"I know other men here who use Postum, among others the cashier of the Security Bank and a well known clergyman.

"My firm sells a lot of Postum and I am certainly at your service for Postum cured me of stomach trouble." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

THE number of cripples in our population is probably much greater than it is usually thought to be, even by surgeons who make a specialty of the subject. This was brought out strikingly during Dr. Lorenz's visit, when, owing to the prominence given to him and his methods by the press, unexpected numbers of people presented themselves for treatment. At one hospital in New York where one hundred were expected, two thousand appeared; and nearly eight thousand applications were made altogether for treatment in this one city. The same condition of affairs was found in other places. The facts seem to show that the number of cripples is far beyond the capacity of all our hospitals, and additional facilities for their treatment are clearly required.

Unknown and Unnoticed Cripples

▲ ▲

A DEVICE recently invented in Chicago to prevent the "telescoping" of railroad cars would undoubtedly accomplish this result in a collision, but some of the technical journals suggest that the remedy might prove worse than the malady. The plan is simply to make the ends of the cars pointed instead of square and to direct the points toward opposite sides, so that, in case of collision, the cars would simply slide past one another. The inventor assumes that this sliding process would be harmless, but it is suggested that, on a steep embankment or a bridge, or in a tunnel or cut with jagged sides of rock, it might be almost or quite as fatal as the telescoping that it is designed to avert.

It Avoids Telescoping in Railway Collisions

▲ ▲

IT has been found that extremely low temperatures reduce certain of the lower organisms to a curious state of suspended animation in which they are neither alive nor dead, as those words are commonly understood. Certain bacteria experimented upon by Dr. Macfadyen and Mr. Rowland, two British investigators, were not at all affected by a temperature of -190° centigrade, as far as their subsequent vitality was concerned, even when the exposure lasted for six months. At such a temperature not only must all ordinary vital processes cease, but also all the chemical actions within the cell, for these are dependent on heat and moisture. It is difficult, therefore, to form a conception of living matter under these conditions, and the experimenters conclude that it is neither alive nor dead, but in a hitherto unattained state in which animation is literally and actually suspended.

A State Midway Between Life and Death

▲ ▲

AS LONG ago as 1853, it was attempted by a study of French statistics to prove that marriage is "a healthy estate." In a recent series of articles in a London paper, Frederick L. Hoffmann, makes a similar claim and believes that he has clearly proved that the mortality of single people of both sexes is greater than that of those who are married, excepting only that of women between the ages of fifteen and forty-four years. Further, he tells us that the mortality of men, whether married or unmarried, is higher than that of women of the same estate, with the exception noted above. These data are interesting and suggestive, but the writer's inferences are not accepted by all critics, and more copious and detailed statistics must doubtless be at hand before any valuable conclusions can be drawn.

Is *the* Health *of* Single People Inferior to that *of* Wedded Life?

▲ ▲

ACCORDING to a new theory advanced by Féré and Jaëll, two French investigators, the influence of musical tones and intervals on the physical organism is exactly the same with all persons. The only difference between a musical and an unmusical person is that the former is able to realize the esthetic relations of these reactions, while the other is not. By means of Mosso's "ergograph," a sensitive device by which the exciting or depressing effect of any influence on the organism can be measured, the experimenters have ascertained which are stimulating combinations of sounds and which are depressing ones. Thus they find that a discord has just the same depressing physical effect on a person who "has no ear" as on one who is exquisitely sensitive to tones. "These experiments seem to prove," say the writers, "that our musical culture makes more and more perceptible to us the unconscious relations that exist between musical art and the human organism."

What Is It to "Have an Ear for Music?"

▲ ▲

EUROPEAN engineers have been congratulating themselves that, although the coal mines may fail, they have in the Alpine glaciers inexhaustible sources of energy. The melting of the glacier ice gives rise to mountain torrents, whose fall is being utilized more and more, especially since the electric transmission of power has more nearly approached perfection. The glacier is thus a mine of stored energy and its ice has been somewhat poetically termed "white coal." But if the researches of some recent French and German scientific men are to be relied on, the glaciers may fail us some day as well as the coal mines. It appears that the glaciers, not only of the Alps but also of other continental mountain ranges, are shrinking, in some cases imperceptibly and in in others almost visibly. Of course, this may be only one swing of the pendulum, and continued observation may show that it will be followed in future years by a proportionate increase, so it may be as well not to indulge in too dismal forebodings.

Are the Glaciers Shrinking?



31

Perfect Food means Perfect Health

Perfect health means bright, sparkling eyes, a clear complexion, a sweet breath, sound white teeth, an active brain and a symmetrical body.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is a perfect food because it is complete in itself for the perfect nourishment of the whole body. (Read that statement again.) ***Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is made in the most hygienic Food Laboratory in the world.***

The wheat is thoroughly cooked, and spun out into porous shreds and is, therefore, naturally light and short without the use of yeast, baking powders, fats or chemicals of any kind. It is crisp and compels the teeth to perform their natural exercise. This means perfect digestion, perfect health and relief from constipation.

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Summer Styles Are Ready

Are you ready for your Summer outfit? Is a Traveling Suit needed? An extra Skirt required? A Tailor Suit, a pretty Etamine Costume for dress occasions, a Walking Skirt, a Jaunty Jacket for cool evenings at mountain or seashore? We can be of service to you and at such low prices you will be agreeably surprised. *While you are waiting for your dressmaker we can fill your order.*

We make every garment to order according to your individual measurements, and no matter where you live *we pay the express charges.*

All letters of inquiry are answered by women fashion experts who are in a position to make many helpful suggestions in the way of styles or combinations to suit the taste or figure of those who do not wish to rely solely on their own judgment.

We have just added some new styles in Suits and Skirts for Summer wear, and have illustrated these in a supplement to our catalogue.

Our Fashion Book and Supplement illustrate:

New Suits, well-tailored, from Paris models, $8 to $35.

Etamine Costumes for Summer wear, the most fashionable costumes for dress occasions, $12 to $35.

New Skirts, well-fashioned in cool Summer weight materials, $4 to $20.

Rainy-Day and Walking Suits and Skirts, Jaunty Jackets, Traveling Dresses, Etc.

A postal will bring *free* by return mail our Fashion Book and Supplement and a line of samples of materials from which to make selections.

You take absolutely no risk in dealing with us, because any garment that is not perfectly satisfactory may be returned promptly and your money will be cheerfully refunded. We have thousands of permanent customers. May we have the pleasure of serving you?

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

ONE of the newly discovered constituents of our atmosphere, the gas krypton, displays, when examined through the spectroscope, a characteristic group of green lines, which are the same as those observed in auroras under similar circumstances. This fact leads Professor Ramsay, the leading British authority on the gases of the atmosphere, to believe that the auroral color may be due to an accumulation or concentration of krypton near the poles. He accounts for such an accumulation by an ingenious theoretical argument based on the fact that krypton is a monatomic gas, or has but one atom to each molecule.

The Cause of an Aurora's Color

▲ ▲

SAVAGE races are popularly credited with great acuteness of vision, but recent observations by Dr. W. H. Rivers on the primitive tribes of Murray Island show that the superiority is only slight, although on his "native heath" the savage's familiarity with his surroundings gives him an advantage over civilized man. It is to this familiarity with the minutest details of his environment, rather than to any natural visual acuteness, that Dr. Rivers attributes the superior ability of a savage to recognize distant objects. If there is any natural keenness of vision in savage man, Dr. Rivers attributes it, first, to a more delicate power of focusing the eye for great distances, and, second, to the fact that viradiation, or the tendency of brilliant objects to appear enlarged, is less marked in primitive man than in more advanced races.

Keenness of Sight in Savages

▲ ▲

THAT the hardening or stiffening of the arteries that is the characteristic malady of old age is due to lack of salt in the blood is the belief of Dr. Trunecek, a European specialist on this subject. The thickened or sclerotic arterial walls in this malady are filled with compounds of lime, which are insoluble in pure water but dissolve in a solution of salt. Salt has been shown to be present in considerable quantity in young blood, but with age the supply diminishes, and Dr. Trunecek believes this to be the reason why the lime compounds are deposited in the arteries of the aged. The cure would seem to be obviously to supply the needed salt to the circulation, and this has been attempted by means of hypodermic injections; but, though the effect of these is stimulating and otherwise beneficial, they do not seem to mitigate the *sclerosis* or hardening that is supposed to be at the root of the whole trouble. Salt, therefore, can not yet be regarded as an elixir of youth, interesting as these experiments certainly are.

Salt May Prove a Specific for Age

▲ ▲

TWO YEARS ago a new star blazed out in the constellation Perseus. Such new stars are by no means rare, but this was so great and varied in brilliancy so rapidly that it was specially noteworthy. Soon after the outburst that made the star so bright it was found to be surrounded by a nebula, and this nebula spread outward around the nucleus, gradually as seen by the naked eye, because of the star's great distance, but really with immense speed. In fact, it has been calculated that this speed was so great that it seems impossible that the spread of the nebula could have been due to the motion of ordinary matter at all. It has been suggested that the apparent motion was really only a progressive illumination of the nebulous matter by light from the exploded star. But Professor Simon Newcomb calculates that even this will not account for the motion, for it was at least ten times that of light. We have thus actually observed a motion in the heavens that vastly exceeds any other that we have ever heard of, whether it be of projected matter or of ether-waves. What it is, we can not at present even conjecture.

A Speed Greater than that of Light

▼ ▼

Winners in the Prize Contests

IN the December, 1902, issue of SUCCESS, three prize contests were started, which have proved to be exceptionally popular. They were: "My Salary, and What I Did With It," "How Wives Have Helped Their Husbands," and "Original Short Stories." These contests brought such an avalanche of replies that it has been impossible to decide on the names of the victors before this. Those to whom prizes were awarded are the following:—

MY SALARY AND WHAT I DID WITH IT

First prize, twenty-five dollars. August Sjoquist, Dwight, North Dakota.

Second prize, fifteen dollars. C. H. Dewey, 37 Bates Street, Washington, D. C.

Third prize, five dollars. John Barnett, Jr., Edmundston, New Brunswick, Canada.

HOW WIVES HAVE HELPED THEIR HUSBANDS

First prize, twenty dollars. Virginia L. Cates, Newnan, Georgia.

Second prize, fifteen dollars. Mrs. Richard A. Ellis, Aripeka, Florida.

Third prize, ten dollars. Mrs. T. A. Branham, 2401 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES

First prize, fifty dollars. "The White Express," by Alester Maclenny, Sherman Square, New York City.

Second prize, thirty dollars. "The Success of a Shiftless Man," by Hester C. Dorr, 233 Hancock Street, Ward 20, Boston, Massachusetts.

Third prize, twenty dollars. "A Cape Horn Hero," by William Chester Frock, Plainfield, New Jersey.

SUCCESS wishes to extend its thanks to the thousands of its readers who took such a great interest in these contests, and regrets that there could not have been prizes for all.

▼ ▼

There is a whole chapter of sound advice in the admonition: "Don't dodge difficulties; meet them, greet them, beat them."

MONEY TO COOKS.

$7,500.00 Donated, to be Divided Among Family Cooks.

The sum of $7,500.00 will be distributed between now and midsummer among family cooks, in 735 prizes ranging from $200.00 to $5.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to paid cooks, (drop the name "hired girl" call them cooks if they deserve it) or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will also receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diplomas bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., the well known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them and address Cookery Dept. No. 323, for full particulars.

This remarkable contest among cooks to win the money prizes and diplomas will give thousands of families better and more delicious meals as well as cleaner kitchens and a general improvement in the culinary department, for the cooks must show marked skill and betterment in service to win. Great sums of money devoted to such enterprises always result in putting humanity further along on the road to civilization, health, comfort and happiness.

Prize Puzzle



Who is it?

This is one of the Presidents who always used

Williams' Shaving Soap

How many bright boys and girls can tell who it is?

To any one sending us the correct name, with a two-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty in the shape of key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day. Handy for the chauffeur, the bicycle rider, for opening cigar boxes, watch cases, for automatic air valves, etc.

Address Dept. 36

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Ralston HEALTH SHOES $4

Are different from all others

We want to hear from the man who "has trouble with his feet" The bulk of our business is with men who never got *just what they wanted* until they answered our advertisement — which is all we ask *you* to do.

Write for handsome Catalogue



Stock No. 44
Solace Last, Patent Corona Colt Kid (used in all our Patent shoes).

Where we have no agent WE SELL BY MAIL and guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money.

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"The Ladies' Home Journal"
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ALBERT SHAW
"Review of Reviews"
Copyright, by P. Macdonald, New York



EDWARD L. BURLINGAME
"Scribner's Magazine"

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER
"The Saturday Evening Post"

Great Magazines and Their Editors

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

WITH just enough exceptions completely to prove the rule, the "immortals" of the first rank in letters and in arts have been popular in their own time, and have had "circulation" or what corresponded to it. Who flocked about Homer when he sang of Achilles swift of foot and the white-armed Venus and the voyagings of the crafty Ulysses? Who packed the pit of the theater when Shakespeare "coined money" by producing his own plays? Who read "Les Misérables" and "Vanity Fair," "Tom Jones" and "Père Goriot?" Who made Wagner rich and world-famous long before he died? The fact is that, usually, when a great writer, musician, or painter has long failed of coming into his own, it has been because a *clique* of fellow workers with small "circulations" have been in a position to keep him from getting a hearing.

America was the first to demolish for herself this tradition so stoutly maintained by mediocrity and ponderosity. The impatient, imperious American public had little reverence for the *cliques* that ministered funereally at the altars of "culture" and maintained an inquisition for heretics who dared do or admire that which they had put under the ban. It kicked away the chains of the idea that to be popularly interesting is to be frivolous, that learning and lightness are incompatible, that depth means dullness and dullness depth, or that the shell of form is all-important and the kernel of substance a minor consideration. America demanded books, newspapers, and magazines which she could understand and enjoy, and which would be helpful. Finally she got them.

Instead of looking into a popular paper, book, or magazine, to see what vulgarities made it so popular, the writers and critics who appeal from their own to a remote future generation might learn something if they would look into that paper, book, or magazine, to see if there is n't something there, some bold sweep of the great chords of universal human nature, which has caused popularity in spite of the vulgarities.

America's revolt, as expressed in cheap and popular newspapers and magazines, grew out of the very necessities of her condition. A great democracy must be educated, and a great democracy craves education. It cannot read what it cannot understand; it cannot understand what is deliberately addressed to the few and interests a few only, interesting them often because they fancy that interest in what is "above the heads of the masses" is a mark of superiority. Out of the need of education, out of the demand for education, grew the high school of cheap newspapers and the college and university of cheap popular magazines.

American newspapers and magazines, not even in the old days when the newness or shallowness of culture caused many of our minor writers to employ the affectations of involved style and muddy or cloudy thought, were never characterized by the platitudinous yawnsome ponderousness which leadens the great first-class magazines and reviews of Great Britain and the Continent. We never did deeply admire classes and reverence. We were always disposed to suspect that the stuff that clings to our own bones is of the same consistency as the stuff of which stars and all things really or reputedly high are made. We never did buy many newspapers or magazines or books to have something to sleep over and to give us intellectual caste. We were ready, even impatient for illustrated newspapers and illustrated magazines when they came. If the "Edinburgh" or the "Quarterly," when it can't get such word-pictures as a Sidney Smith, a Macaulay, or a De Quincey could paint, would supply the lack with pictures, how they would lighten the dreary pages of matter that is highly informative but extremely difficult to read in the pretentious and poverty-stricken language of Mr. Intellectual Nobody.

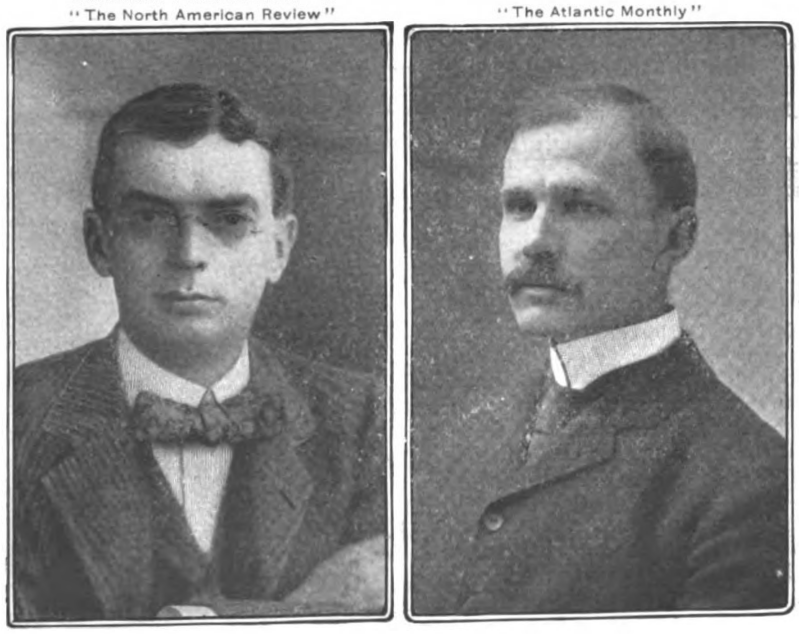
Here is a suggestion for the editors-in-chief of some of our so-called "solid" magazines. I have in mind one which can present an apparently almost flawless title to being the oldest of our "serious" periodicals,—and in its early days it was, with a brilliant relapse now and then, a mighty "serious" matter. It never smiled, if it could possibly avoid it. It was resolutely determined to convey information in a way which as few people as possible could understand, and upon subjects which as few people as possible cared about. Once in a while a real writer seems to have "broken into it,"—possibly the dearth of real writers was in part responsible,—but in the main it was possessed by men whose "ideas had n't caught up with their vocabularies," as ex-Senator Jones of Nevada would say.

Respectability was the "North American Review's" chief claim to consideration until Colonel George B. M. Harvey took charge of it,—respectability plus an occasional burst of almost apologetic timeliness or human interest. Whenever it became or showed signs of becoming a magazine worthy a human being's while as he sat in the lightning express that darts us from eternity to eternity, human beings showed their appreciation by buying it. Usually it remained unread and respectable, a fit ornament for the center table of an unused library. With Colonel Harvey's editorship what had been sporadic, apologetic, and accidental, became a fixed policy.

Colonel Harvey, bred in country and town and city, trained in newspaper offices, in practical politics, in practical business affairs of the large kind, was therefore ideally trained to be the editor of a "serious" magazine for a democratic people. He understood what the words "human interest" mean, and he also understood that "literary form" is not a millstone to hang about the neck of an idea and drag it to the unfathomable bottom, nor yet a sirup to pour over it and smother it to death. He understood the great art of the modern popular editor,—the art of getting the facts about an affair from the man in charge of it, or at least in intimate contact with it.

GEORGE B. M. HARVEY
"The North American Review"

BLISS PERRY
"The Atlantic Monthly"



In an astonishingly short time the magazine has won the interest of the intelligent many, instead of having merely the approval of the supercilious few,—not all of them willing to carry their approval to the extreme length of paying the subscription price.

The success of the "North American Review," with Colonel Harvey's ideas for its development still in their teething infancy, is one of several conspicuous magazine demonstrations that the public which will respond to appeals to thoughtfulness is far, far wider than any one suspected until recently.

Colonel Harvey is a tall, thin man, rather languid of gait and

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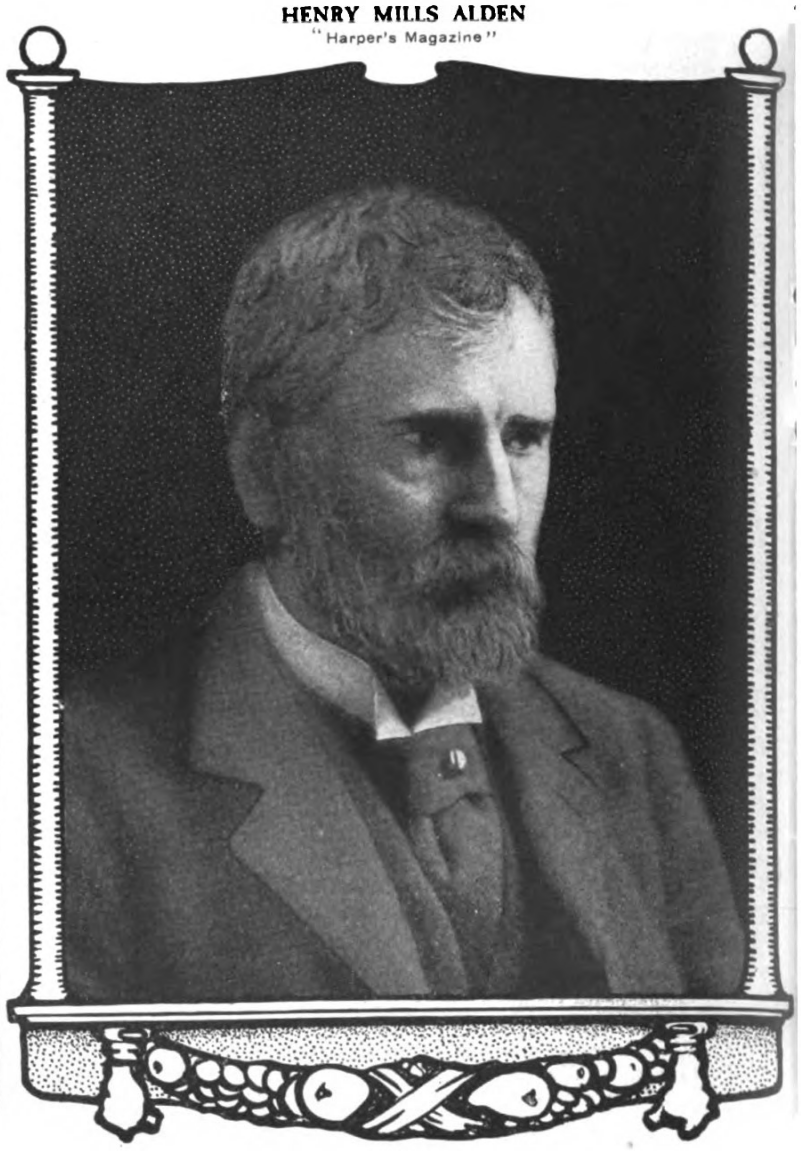
CHARLES DWYER
"The Delineator"



WALTER H. PAGE
"The World's Work"



HENRY MILLS ALDEN
"Harper's Magazine"



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FRANK A. MUNSEY
"The Munsey Magazine"

speech. He has a top-heavy head,—with bulging brow and temples. His nose is large and acute-looking, and his eyes twinkle from behind glasses. He is still marching through the mid-forties,—and he was a great New York daily's managing editor, and extremely successful at it, when he was only twenty-nine. He is the financial and editorial head of the firm of Harper and Brothers.

Immediately under him, and in close sympathy with his ideas and ideals, is Frederick Atherton Duneka, another young man, vigorously modern and not at all afraid of an idea because it is new, or enamored of a tradition because it was once more or less alive. The genius of an executive shows not so much in what he does himself as in his skill in selecting his staff of workers and in his power of inspiring them. When you take up "Harper's Magazine," or "Harper's Weekly," or the "Bazar," nowadays, you are viewing, in the broad, so many expressions of Colonel Harvey's personality. Whose personalities show in the editorial details? Here Mr. Duneka's, there Mr. Alden's, in another place Mr. Howells's, again Miss Jordan's, or John Kendrick Bangs's, or "Mark Twain's," or any one of a score of well-known persons who constitute Colonel Harvey's staff. You cannot distinguish one editor's work from another's,—often they themselves would be unable to say just how any particular idea took its published shape. Nothing was ever done single-handed in this world. Modern conditions, where they differ from former conditions, are simply a franker recognition of the necessity of coöperation, a more skillful use of the forces available for coöperation, or an audacious application of the wonderful new discoveries which have made possible,—yes, inevitable—coöperation on a stupendous scale.

A Magazine must Be Fitted to Meet the Requirements of the Times

Where Harper's publications show reach, newness, and vigor of idea in illustration, the credit, usually, chiefly belongs to Colonel Harvey and Mr. Duneka. Where there is a conspicuously careful conserving of all that was good in old ways, even at the sacrifice of some of the swiftness and brightness which we moderns demand, the credit can usually be assigned to Colonel Harvey and Mr. Alden,—Henry M. Alden, the long-time editor of "Harper's Magazine." There is no finer figure in America's literary world than Mr. Alden, who can justly boast that he has taught many eagles to fly, and who might add that he has taught even more chickens to reach their lowly roosts with less ungracefulness and aimless flapping and squawking than one would have believed possible.

Colonel Harvey and Mr. Duneka represent to-morrow in to-day; Mr. Alden represents yesterday in to-day. It is an evidence of Colonel Harvey's ability that he so cordially recognizes that for which Mr. Alden chiefly stands. It is an indication of Mr. Alden's strength that he has been able to learn to-morrow's truths, even where they make yesterday's truths untrue.

Turn back to the first number of "Harper's Magazine,"—issued fifty-three years ago,—the pioneer of illustrated monthly magazines. If you will take the trouble to reconstruct that now remote time, you will see that the then "Harper's Magazine" fitted it, just as the present "Harper's Magazine" fits our time. An institution is ruled by a dead hand until there comes living hand powerful enough to relax the hold of the skeleton fingers and mold it again to living conditions. To an amazing extent the world is ruled from the graveyards, and any attempt to substitute the sway of the quick for the sway of the dead is denounced as sacrilege, and often looks like sacrilege, even to the broad-minded. But the strong men of each generation—sometimes, alas, they are not also wise,—move on, unheeding.

Colonel Harvey, as the head of the old and famed publishing house of Harper and Brothers, has been here used to illustrate a kind of men of whom he is only one, albeit a notable one. The past fifteen years have seen the rise of scores of these men in every American department of human activity. We are considering here only those who have influenced—no, radically changed,—the magazines.

A few years ago "the magazines" meant half-a-dozen publications appealing to a small audience,—five hundred thousand at most. To-day there are a dozen American magazines whose names are known to everybody, several scores of magazines with as large circulations as the largest had fifteen years ago; and the magazine-reading public is more rather than less than fifteen of our forty million youths and grown people. Usually this revolution is attributed to the reduction in price, but the real secret of the change is the character of the contents of the new kind of magazine.

The new magazine is written for "the people," and the most conservative of the few magazines that have resisted the new movement is so far affected by the new conditions that its professions of changelessness are largely mythical. The new magazine has been made by the atmosphere of our time,—and how is it possible for any organism to exist if it does not adapt itself to that which all must breathe to live?

There are many and striking points of difference in the men who have been successful interpreting the popular demand and command for popular magazines. Each publisher-editor or editor—and most of them are publisher-editors,—is an interpreter of that demand from a different view-point; each has, through his individual temperament and environment, his own conception of what that democratic mandate means. There is a wide difference between Edward L. Burlingame and Frank A. Munsey,—between Samuel S. McClure and Albert Shaw. Further, the essential characteristic of the

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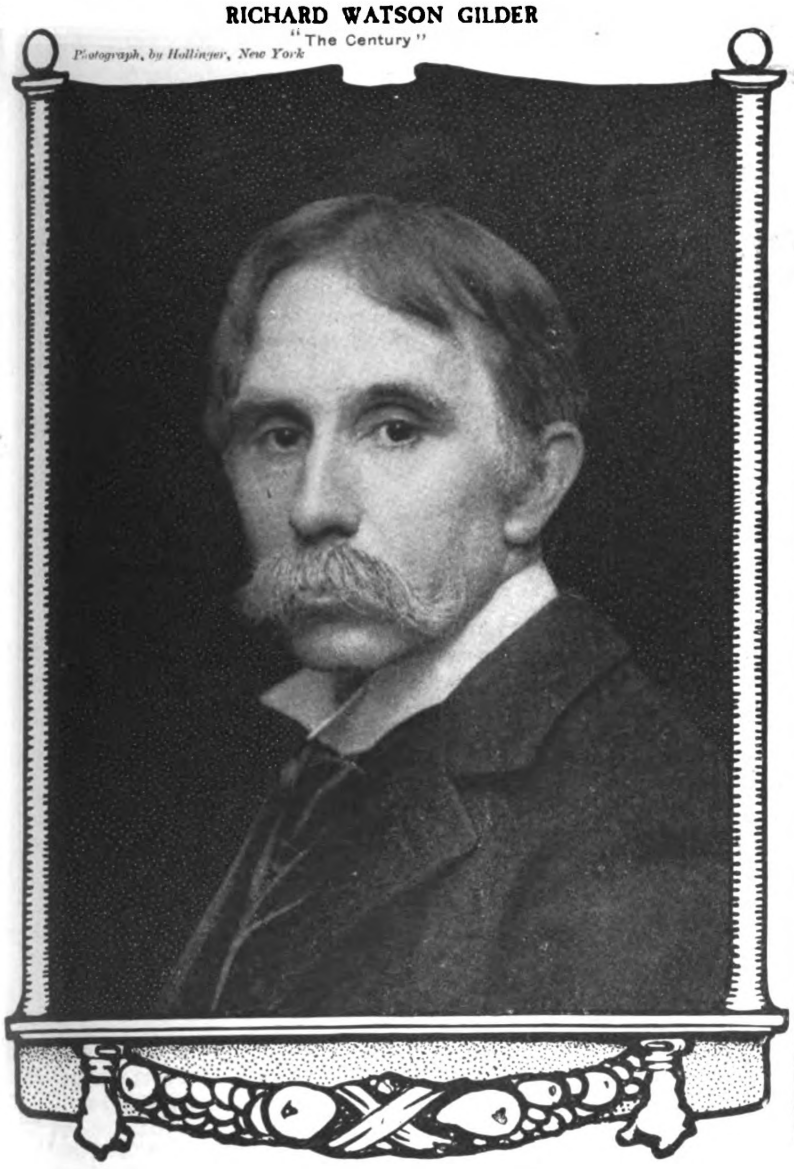
ELLERY SEDGWICK
"Leslie's Monthly"

ARTHUR T. VANCE
"Woman's Home Companion"

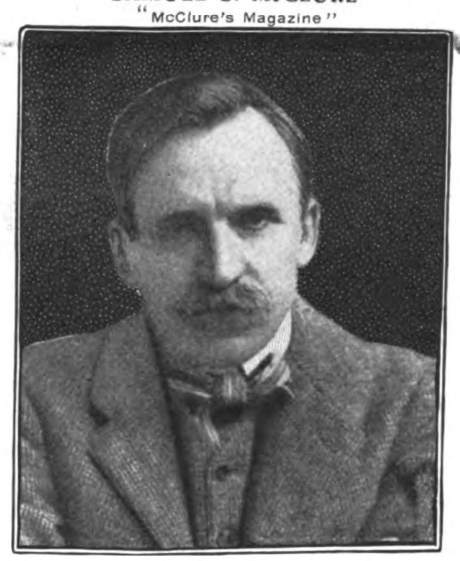
ELIZABETH JORDAN
"Harper's Bazar"

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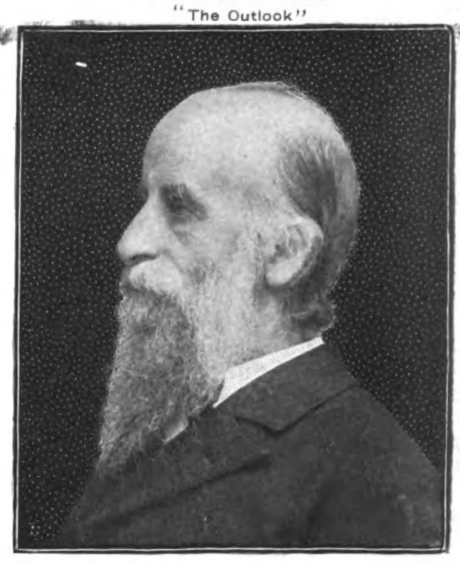
RICHARD WATSON GILDER
"The Century"
Photograph, by Hollinger, New York



SAMUEL S. McCLURE
"McClure's Magazine"



LYMAN ABBOTT
"The Outlook"





JOHN BRISBEN WALKER
"The Cosmopolitan"

had spoken up and had resumed their seats, every other magazine editor would rise to a question of privilege and would haster to explain that, if "popular" means "yellow," neither is he "yellow." To quiet such doubts and apprehensions, it may be well to say that none of these magazines is "yellow," if "yellow" means anything deliberately and wickedly sensational and untrustworthy; but each and every one of those editors is an eager seeker after circulation. Each prides himself upon his numerous readers. When they fall in number, he deplores the decline of the public taste; when they rise, he feels a sense of renewing confidence in the intelligence and taste of his fellow countrymen. Further, each studies *all* his competitors and the public, and strives to conform, so far as his principles will permit, to what he conceives to be at once wise and popular. All of them are sometimes assailed because they insist upon printing only matter that conforms to the American public's ideals of the moral and the right; but they sensibly disregard this sort of attack, from whatever quarter it comes. They are in business, and it is no part of the magazine business, or any other, to insult its customers. Finally, these editors are not averse to seeing the advertising pages swell, and the advertising rates go up. It is, of course, a heinous crime for any high priest of letters to be capable of distracting his mind from the service of the altar long enough to be pleased by the satisfactory condition of the collection plates. But these editors would have to plead guilty of that crime. The advertising pages of American magazines now bring in no less than seven million dollars a year. That sum constitutes the chief revenue of the magazines and makes it possible for them to live and to give such an abundance for a few cents.

An Editor Can not Be a Brahmin, Sensitive to Caste and Condition

To issue an up-to-date magazine, there must be an enormous revenue from advertising,—for the price obtained for the magazine from dealer and subscriber, if it were the only source of revenue, would leave a huge deficit. To get the advertising at good rates, there must be circulation; and to get circulation, there must be popularity; to get popularity, there must be careful consideration of the public tastes and capacities. That means that no editor dares to be a Brahmin, supersensitive about his own caste, or the caste of his contributors, or the caste of his readers. Indeed; what sensible editor or American wishes to be a Brahmin?

Mr. Burlingame is a Harvard man; Mr. Bridges is of Princeton. Mr. Burlingame is an admirable judge of popularity; Mr. Bridges is peculiarly sensitive to literary form,—he is a poet. The "Scribner's" theory of the popular taste is apparently the taste of the average college graduate,—somewhat conventional, somewhat supercilious and super-refined, but thoroughly wholesome, fully as wholesome as that of a robust and intelligent, thrifty and steady-going shopkeeper. You will find that "Scribner's" tends to look at life from a sort of composite Harvard-Princeton point of view. Persons and emotions and ideas are alike well dressed, "well groomed," well bred, well outfitted with Anglo-Saxon morals. If persons or ideas or emotions of the humbler and more strenuous walk of life are admitted to this cultured company, it is not until they have been as well prepared for the society of their betters as their limitations will permit. Mr. Burlingame left Harvard to finish his studies at Heidelberg; he has traveled much, has mingled with the "best people," and has absorbed the "best thought" everywhere. Hence, "Scribner's" is a somewhat high-class globe-trotter, viewing vast pictures and scenery and the most picturesque people from an elevation above that of Baedeker, but far enough below that of the technical critic not to be incomprehensible to the better-educated classes of the masses. "Scribner's," like "Harper's," circulates abroad, especially in England. Indeed, to the

man of force is unlikeness, or non-conformity to type. But there are several points of resemblance,—some of them astonishing in their similarity.

Let us illustrate with the most conspicuous personalities,—Edward L. Burlingame and Robert Bridges, of "Scribner's;" Samuel S. McClure and John S. Phillips, of "McClure's;" Albert Shaw, of the "Review of Reviews;" Walter H. Page, of the "World's Work;" John Brisben Walker, of the "Cosmopolitan;" Frank A. Munsey, of "Munsey's;" Dr. Lyman Abbott and Hamilton Wright Mabie, of the "Outlook;" Cyrus Curtis and his two editors, Edward W. Bok, of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and George H. Lorimer, of the "Saturday Evening Post;" and Peter F. Collier, of "Collier's Weekly." Let us reserve Richard Watson Gilder, of the "Century," and Bliss Perry, of the "Atlantic," for a class by themselves.

It would be interesting, most interesting, to take up some of the younger men on the large magazines, and also the young editors of some of the smaller magazines,—such men as Marvin A. Dana, of the "Smart Set," Richard Duffy, of "Ainslee's," Caspar Whitney, of "Outing," Charles Dwyer, of the "Delineator," and Harrison S. Morris, of "Lippincott's;" but it is better to treat a few, and those few the best known, with some fullness, at least, of outline, than to neglect all for the sake of very imperfectly noting every striking individuality.

Perhaps, of all the men who are makers of popular magazines, the two in the first list given above who would most eagerly insist upon qualifications of that description of them are Mr. Burlingame and Mr. Bridges. To them the word "popular" would cause alarm; they would fear lest some one should think "popular" meant some vivid shade of "yellow" if not the plain, pestilent color itself. And when Mr. Burlingame and Mr. Bridges

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JEANNETTE L. GILDER
"The Critic"

ROBERT COLLIER
"Collier's Weekly"

HARRISON S. MORRIS
"Lippincott's Magazine"

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English upper classes, these two magazines are more satisfactory than any of home manufacture.

"McClure's," too, circulates in England, but it makes no attempt to live up to a creed of world-culture. It is based upon a singularly shrewd understanding of the American passion for education, for learning something about anything and everything that is interesting. The "Century" is as different from it as Mr. Gilder is from Mr. McClure. Yet Mr. Gilder and Mr. McClure have a basic idea in common,—the recognition that the average American would like to know more about his own country, if only he could get some one to tell him about it honestly, fearlessly, and interestingly. This common idea, doubtless, is due to the similarities in their training,—for both are self-made men; but, while Mr. Gilder is a poet, Mr. McClure is a man of affairs. Mr. McClure's instinct is all for practical action. He got his final start as the head of a syndicate that dealt—and still deals,—in matter for newspapers. Mr. McClure has the keenest possible nose for news. He would have made a great popular journalist; he has made popular journalism, sobered and steadied and judiciously cooled to the point where it gives light without heat, a conspicuous feature of his magazine.



CASPAR WHITNEY
"Outing"

A more restless, indefatigable, persistent person than Mr. McClure it would be hard to find. He is fair of skin and hair, and, although a young middle-aged man, looks to be a mature young man. In part this is due to his health, or, rather, his constitution, for his health has not borne the strain of the tremendous pressure under which he has worked. But in larger part his look of youth is due to a young mind that retains unimpaired the enthusiasm and intellectual thirst of twenty-five years. Naturally, with this desire to learn goes a democratic indifference to the sources of his knowledge, a democratic directness. He is eager and candid, but—he is also cautious and shrewd.

Mind Workers at "McClure's"

In contrast to him, yet in sympathy with him at every essential point, is Mr. Phillips,—tall and slender and dark. Mr. Phillips might be called a sorter of ideas, Mr. McClure is, like Colonel Harvey, an insatiable reacher after new projects. Mr. Phillips is a manager of the projects in hand. Mr. McClure's mind is on a new property; Mr. Phillips's mind is on the property they now have. Mr. McClure's mind is on next year's magazine; Mr. Phillips's mind is on the next number. Mr. McClure rather excels in imagination, Mr. Phillips, in editorial judgment.

In Albert Shaw of the "Review of Reviews" you have an interesting example of the scholar in affairs. Mr., or Doctor, Shaw is a genuine scholar,—a student of political economy and of government, a writer of interesting books on those subjects. Look into his face, and, while you see energy and alertness, you note, overshadowing them, the mental characteristics of a student. You would not suspect him of talent for activity in affairs, especially in the successful making of a magazine to popularize thinking. A difficult business is thinking, for the lazy human animal; and usually the best leaders of the blind are the dim-sighted, because the clear-sighted have neither the time nor the patience for such slow and tedious work. But look into Mr. Shaw's books,—or, better still, into his magazine,—and you see that, combined with a scholar, there is in him a keen sense of the new and the popular. His training for his work—the study and companionship of academicians,—was not so good as was Colonel Harvey's.

These Men Represent the University of Magazines

Yet Mr. Shaw's adroitly illustrated articles on dull subjects, with pages of comic cartoons to break the solemn flow of fact and theory political and sociological, and with his vivid personal sketches of the men in responsible positions in America and in Europe, bids and bids cleverly for a larger audience than does Colonel Harvey in his stately "North American," enlivened though it is by Mark Twain's satires and Henry James's psychological clinics.

Mr. Shaw is of the same tall, lean, loose build as Colonel Harvey, has the same bulging brows and dwindling lower-face, and is of about the same age of mature youth. Like Mr. McClure, Mr. Shaw aspires to inform his fellow-countrymen of their own country and its political and industrial educational leaders. But, while both are popular in their aims, they radically differ in method. Mr. Shaw supplies the public with the greater amount of food for thought; Mr. McClure sets the greater number of people to thinking.

RICHARD DUFFY
"Ainslee's"



ARTHUR B. MAURICE
"The Bookman"



In Walter Page, first noted as editor of the "Atlantic," and now noted as the man who made an instant success of the "World's Work," you have the same restless, roaming-eyed, roaming-brained personality that characterizes all the other editors who constitute the faculty of the great university of the magazine press. Mr. Page has a passion for facts concisely stated. He found his proper place when he became inaugurator of the "World's Work." He is a southern man, but his sympathies are national, cosmopolitan, and with a fact wherever found. He has not so great ability to learn from others as some of his fellow laborers in the same field, but he is a tireless toiler and has a profound respect for his toil and a profound sense of responsibility, profound almost to solemnity. There is no other editor in New York who so severely tries the nerves of his contributors by exercising the editorial functions upon their copy. But this is fully as much due to the minute definiteness of his knowledge of what he wants and what he does not want as to his sense of the incapacity of others to express him and themselves at the same time. Thus, the "World's Work" is, both in broad and in detail, an expression of Mr. Page.

This characteristic is also John Brisben Walker's, although his magazine, the "Cosmopolitan," is devoted to literature rather than to articles where an editor can edit in his own personality and even edit out the author's without defeating the object in view. Mr. Walker, who was appointed to the Chinese military service while a cadet at West Point, is now as great as a manufacturer of automobiles as he is as a maker of magazines. He is a proprietor, business manager, advertising director, editor, contributor, copy-reader,—and he sells automobiles, and makes them, manages large real estate interests in the West, dabbles in politics, and lectures.

Mr. Walker's Great Versatility

He is so enormously quick and restless and so widely interested in the phenomena of the world that not only his mind but also his body is kept on the jump. Mr. Walker was the first to conceive the idea of a low-priced magazine. He claimed, at the time that he reduced the price of the "Cosmopolitan" from twenty-five cents to twelve and a half cents, that it would result in the circulation of tens of millions of additional magazines and be in importance educationally only second to the public school movement. Some months later, Mr. Munsey followed Mr. Walker's example, and, by cutting loose from the American News Company as a distributing agency, was able to go still lower and make the price of his magazine ten cents. Mr. Walker is a journalist by training, he wished to reach the masses of the people. He is one of those able business men who do business in ways which look to others so strange, so apparently haphazard [Mr. Munsey is another,] that the onlooker is always holding his breath for the crash or the smash which never comes, for curiously enough, he always gets there. Probably, if you could look into Mr. Walker's head when he is doing the abstruse multiplying and dividing, adding and subtracting incident to making a paper "deal," you would find him using arithmetical processes of the most original and unusual character; but you would be compelled to admit that the "answers" were the same as you would have got by covering reams of paper with work under the rules you learned at school. But this is just an example of Mr. Walker's great care and precision.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
"The New Metropolitan"



Qualities for Success in a Field full of Risks

Mr. McClure, Mr. Munsey, Mr. Bok and Mr. Walker are the four most conspicuously successful editors in the ten-cent magazine field. They are widely different, but they have, in common, in addition to almost uncanny energy, a kind of hop-skip-and-jump imagination and mode of action. Probably some such mentality is necessary to achieve success in a field where there are so many risks, where failures are inevitable and must be leaped over and left far behind in an oblivion of darkness made denser by the outblazing of a brilliantly successful performance. And yet,—there is no calmer, more deliberate, more persistent person than Colonel Harvey, or any that has more large irons

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in the fire, in his control of various publications.

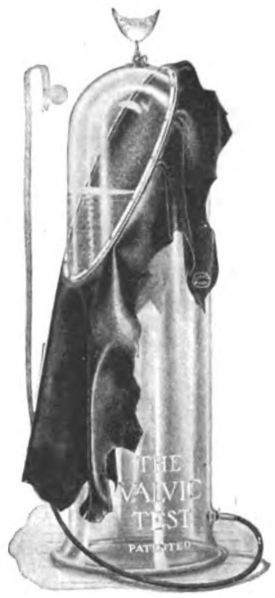
Mr. Munsey has a dozen or more enterprises, including newspapers, factories, and stores. Like Mr. Walker, he has written books; but, while Mr. Walker's books are historical or educational, Mr. Munsey's are novels,—two, at least, juveniles. Mr. Munsey had, apparently, no ideal in the magazine field more definite than that of making an interesting magazine along respectable lines, one that would be bought by the masses and would inform them without taxing their mental machinery.

In Mr. Munsey, we have, again, a tall, thin man. His face is very long, especially the nose and the chin. It is a "down-East" face—perhaps a "down-easter" would be able to declare on sight that it had first loomed among the rocks of the "State of Maine." Like Colonel Harvey, also a New Englander, but from Vermont, he was a country boy and knew the hardships that stand with fierce faces and ready clubs along all the roads that rise from the valleys of small beginnings. But then, the same thing is true of Walker, of Page, of Shaw, of Gilder, of all except Burlingame and Perry and Robert Collier; and, of those three, Mr. Collier was the only one who began in positive material security.

If ten years ago you had gone to any one then familiar with magazine conditions and had asked him what chance for success there would be for such a magazine as the "Outlook," he would have instantly replied, "None,—none whatever." Yet there it is, like the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, a monument to the possibility of the impossible. The "Outlook" represents a slow, one might say a cautious, transition from a strictly orthodox religious newspaper to a secular magazine of politics, literature, travel, and thought, firmly based upon the idea that back of all human activity lies morality, and, back of that, religion. It is a weekly newspaper carrying only the larger, the more permanently educational kind of news. You find it in the anterooms of physicians and preachers, in the little-used libraries of men of affairs,—but they are not too busy to read it,—and on the work desks of teachers and professors. It wields a powerful influence, they say; and well it may, for it reaches a very considerable part of the thought-leadership of the country. Doctor Abbott has a singularly fair and broad mind, the kind of mind that disarms prejudice and modifies views where it cannot wholly change them. As a clergyman he was a "popular" preacher; as an editor, he is a popular writer and producer of popularity in his contributing writers. His co-editor is Hamilton Wright Mabie, who has a curious fascination for the vast mass of American culture-seekers, including its progressive women. Without pictures, except in the first issue of each month, without romances, and with only opinions on the news and opinion-besprinkled news reports, the "Outlook" is successful. This is the day when, theoretically, the editorial has ceased to have authority or even interest.

Cyrus Curtis of Philadelphia is the name of one of the remarkably successful men in the magazine field,—doubly successful in that he has become so along lines supposed to be impossible by methods supposed to be unworkable. This characteristic of presupposed impossibility, is, however, found in almost all successes. It suggests that a wise young man, eager to rise, should keep his eyes open for a field or a corner of the field where "impossible!" is displayed by thoughtful failures as a friendly warning to newcomers, and should there take off his coat and begin to plow and sow.

Mr. Curtis is not only entitled to distinction in his own person as the creator of two notable successes,—the "Ladies' Home Journal," a monthly, and the "Saturday Evening Post," a weekly,—but also in the persons of his two editors, Edward Bok of the "Journal" and George H. Lorimer of the "Post," whom he discovered, utilized, and developed. His first success was the "Ladies' Home Journal" with Mr. Bok. Few men in the magazine world have been as successful as Mr. Bok, and not without cause. His editorship has been popular and effective,—and rapid, and his methods have been singular, curiously illustrative of the truth that success lies in recognizing the always-overlooked obvious. Casting about for resemblance to Mr. Bok in the magazine faculty, you will find only one,—and the resemblance is suggestive rather than real. Mr. Mabie, too, has the faculty for making himself welcome in the parlors of the republic. He, too, knows the



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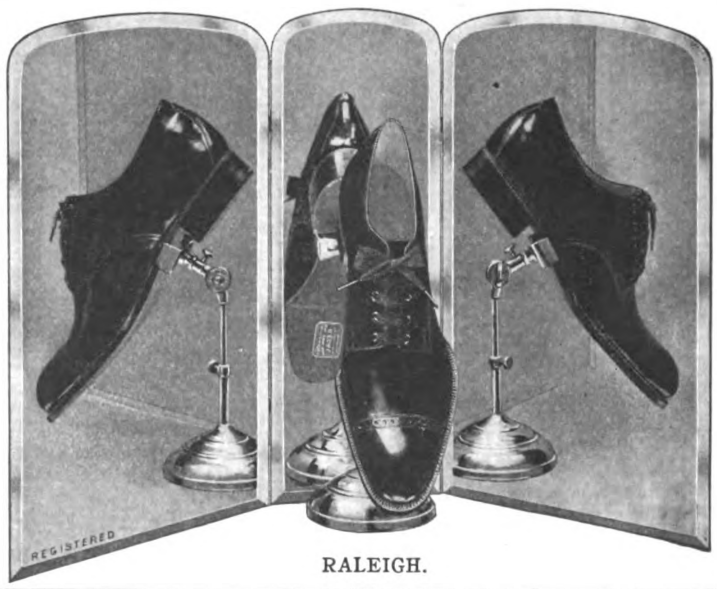
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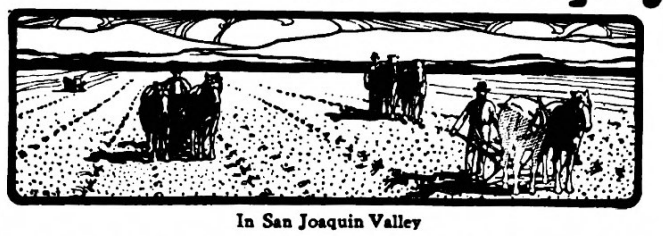
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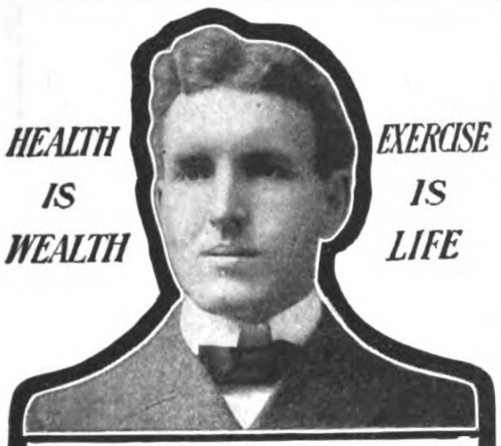
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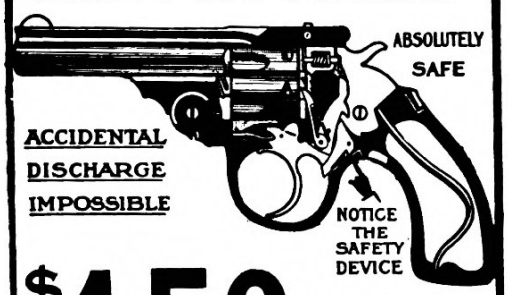
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American woman. But he knows her only on the side of her aspiration for culture,—what she thinks culture is, what she recognizes as culture that she can assimilate in the present stage of her development. But Mr. Bok knows not only that side of her, but also the side that finds expression in "dainty luncheons" and "cozy corners," in "Sunday dresses" and modes of parlor entertaining, and etiquette for all functions from courting to christening. When he appears, once a month, she puts him in the best chair in the parlor and listens to his amiable and moral and precise conversation; and she remembers all that he has said and uses it in every department of her daily life. Mr. Worldlywiseman laughs at Mr. Bok; but, for all that, as he gives his arm to the American woman to escort her to or from church or a church festival or some other correct place, he talks to her that which is always harmless and usually very helpful. The sophisticated people fancy that they possess the earth, but—they would be amazed at the amount Mr. Bok and his worthy, simple-minded, eyes-forward-and-upward American women of the comfortable masses could teach them.

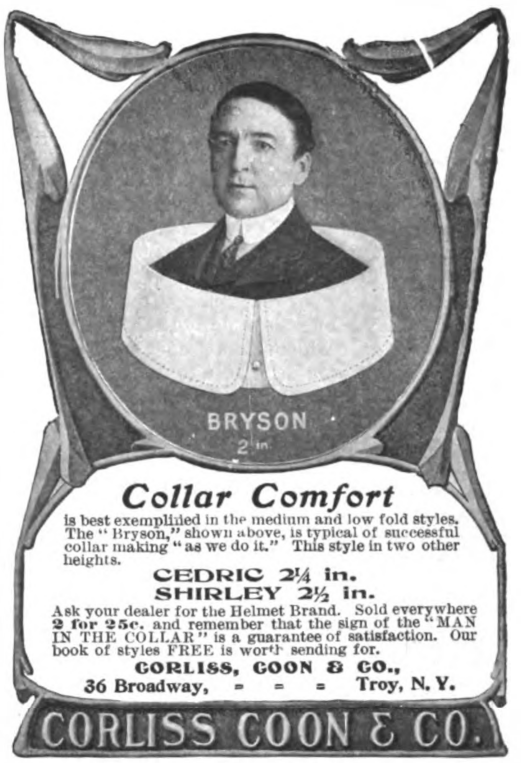
In sharp contrast to Mr. Bok, is Mr. Curtis's other young editor,—George H. Lorimer. He is the son of a distinguished clergyman, and was educated at Yale and in a great industrial trust. He gave up a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year position to which he had been advanced through his own merits by the head of the house, Philip D. Armour, when he was still in the early twenties, to engage in journalism at next-to-nothing a week. Why? Because he had a very definite idea as to the kind of career he wished to make, and he had n't the faintest ambition to be rich at the sacrifice of his higher ambition. He worked hard and long and was shaped and strengthened by many discouragements and adversities. After several years, he became editor of the "Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia, by accident,—to fill a gap. But Mr. Curtis is not a man to overlook an opportunity, even if it does come with the suspicious trademark of Chance, Luck and Company upon it. So Mr. Lorimor is still editor and the circulation of the "Post" has passed the half-million mark and is bounding on toward Mr. Bok's million. The "Post" is an illustrated weekly, making its appeal chiefly to the kind of intelligence that men arrogate to themselves to the exclusion of women.

One of the many maxims of magazine-making is, "Please the women!" Volumes of ludicrous stories could be written of the struggles of popular editors to please the women,—"women" always meaning, not the sort of female person one has as a mother, sister, wife, or daughter, but a fantastical, mythical editorial *eidolon* woman, infinitely silly and capricious, as elusive as a bird pursued by a child with a handful of salt. Of course, the successful editors, whether they chance to please women or men, strive only to please themselves,—and they are successful because their personalities happen to be popular, fundamental, full of human likings and aversions and instincts. It is fair to assume that young Mr. Lorimer pleases himself when he makes a paper that is obviously addressed to sane, clean-minded, sturdily independent, intelligent, and aspiring Americans.

There is Robert Collier, of "Collier's Weekly,"—another weekly that defied the supposed laws of magazine nature by rising from its grave at the right call and dashing off robustiously.

Mr. Collier, the youngest of the editors, is the son of a rich man. Probably the time has passed when that is regarded as good fortune for a man with the right sort of stuff in him. Certainly, the highway of success is hardest of all for those who march laden with another's baggage. It must have been uncommonly hard for young Mr. Collier, who is full of the joy of life and delights in such time-demanding sports as polo and hunting. But he took hold of the unsuccessful "Collier's Weekly," has made it successful, and is making it more successful all the time. He is indeed the editor, the real, present, thinking, organizing head of every one of its great departments.

In the group by themselves are Richard Watson Gilder, of the "Century," and Bliss Perry of the "Atlantic." Mr. Gilder has been a soldier, journalist, politician, publicist, but always a poet. Mr. Perry is the son of a professor of Williams College, Dr. Arthur Latham Perry, who came nearer to writing a from-cover-to-cover intelligible political economy than any other man with whose work the writer of this article is acquainted. Mr. Gilder and Mr. Perry are the editors of the two professedly conservative magazines. Latterly Mr.



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Gilder has apparently seen a great light, but Mr. Perry still sits in the classic twilight of the ideas of literature and magazines that are called old-fashioned because they made their sensation as new-fashioned and therefore vulgar fifty years or so ago. If Mr. Perry's mind were not modern beneath his ancient garb, and if Mr. Gilder's heart did not beat passionately in sympathy with the masses from whom he sprang, the "Atlantic" and the "Century" would be as dead as Doctor Holmes and Doctor Holland. But a man's theory, it so happens, has little to do with his practice in this world of strenuous moldings of men to circumstances. Wearing a *toga* would not make a man a Roman citizen. Professing a creed that, for better or worse, is gone, will not enable a man of fine mind to hide himself from popularity under a bushel of tradition. Nevertheless, the "Atlantic" and the "Century" do wear an air of sobriety and repose that is quaint in this fever-time,—quaint, and, for a change, not ungrateful. Curiously enough, Mr. Perry and Mr. Gilder have one fundamental characteristic in common with the editors of the ten-cent magazines, especially marked in Mr. Munsey. Mr. Perry and Mr. Gilder honestly profess to be—and to a great extent consistently are,—indifferent to "names," to "well-known" persons in their list of contributors. So is Mr. Munsey. Like him they hold that the magazine itself should be a guarantee of the satisfactory nature of the contents.

Compare the magazines of to-day, even the most conservative, with those of twenty years ago, and you will see that there has been a revolution,—not merely in the editorial, business, and mechanical departments,—that would be interesting, but not necessarily important. No, these radical changes in the literature that is the surest index to the mental life of the people are, in fact, proofs that there has been an amazing change in the people themselves. The part of the leaders, the innovators among the editor-publishers and the editors and the publishers of magazines has been to see this change, to take advantage of it, to put themselves and their publications in sympathy with it,—and to that extent, they have helped along what they could have hindered little, if any.

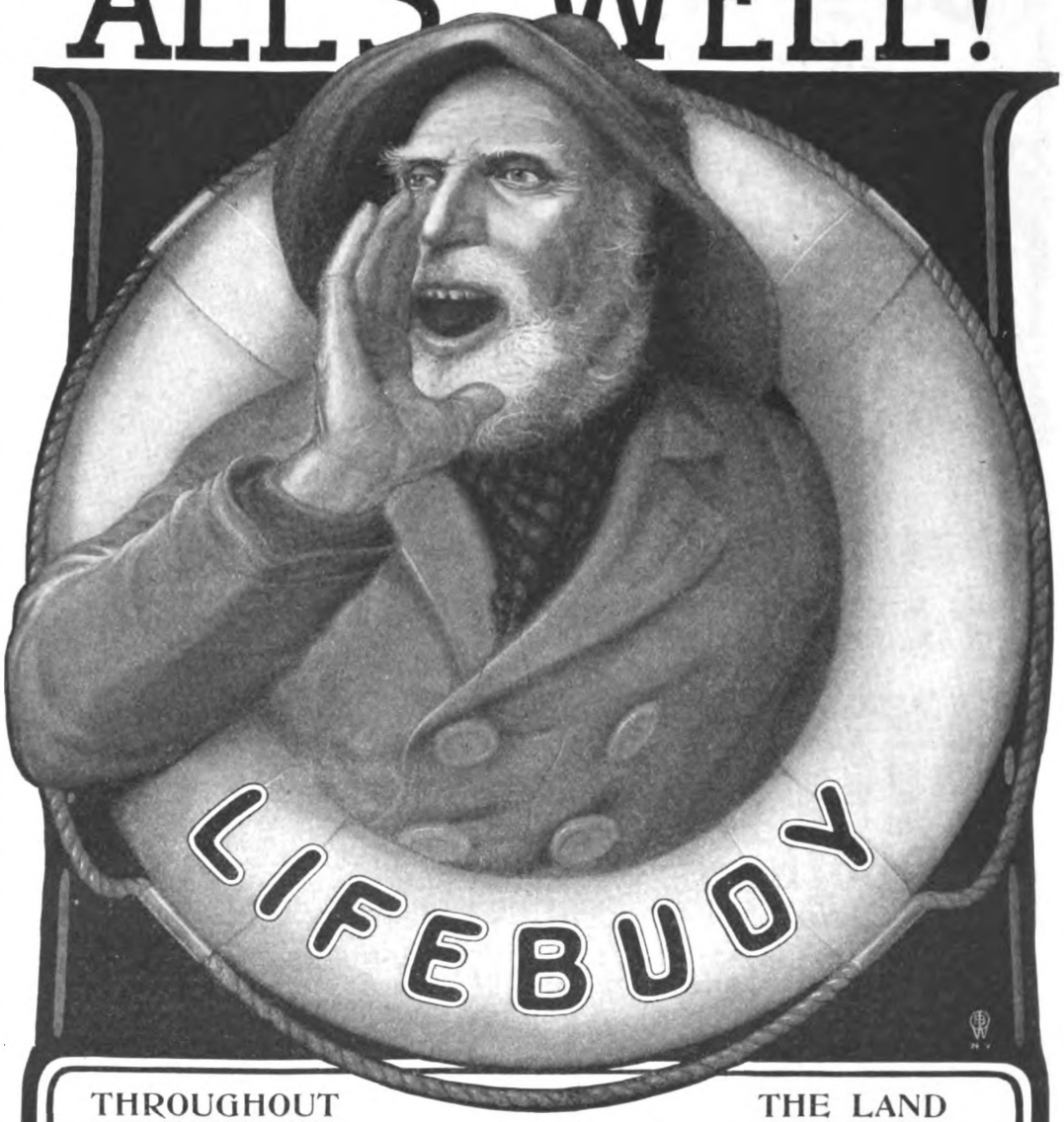
Why do we no longer find in these magazines the long essays that were the backbone of the old-style periodicals? Is it because there are, nowadays, no men who like to and are able to take their pens in hand and ramble on and on aimlessly over hill and dale, with many a leisurely pause and occasional airy flights? Is it because the editors can find no writers who are surcharged with views or all sorts of abstract subjects and could be moved to impart those views at length to the readers of magazines? Certainly not. Almost every man who writes at all would like to write essays,—long essays. But the wise editors won't have them any more, because the people won't read them and won't even take magazines that get the reputation of harboring them. If an editor craves a small circulation in this day, let him gather the essayists about him and freely turn them loose upon his pages.

There are people who like to read long essays on subjects divorced from the questions of the hour. But most of these mental idlers are of a past generation, and they are few. All the present generation, and almost all the remnants of the passing generation, are without the sense of leisure, and impatient of anything serious that is not also important to the concerns of the here and now. The long essay is a thing of the past.

In place of the essay we find in our up-to-date magazines educational articles on applied science, industry, industrial development, and success in life as illustrated correctly and helpfully by successful men and institutions. We see the passion for "getting on" reflected where once there was evidence only of a desire to keep intellect as far divorced from active life as possible.

The other great change in the contents of magazines is in the matter of fiction. What has been said about the decline of the real—or apparent,—interest in word-juggling might be interpreted as an indication that the American people are even less imaginative than they used to be. The fact is the reverse, if the word "imagination," be taken in a broad and high sense, instead of in the narrow and rather supercilious sense in which it was formerly used by all except the great writers,—who, be it noted, never had any hankering for divorcing literature and life. That the popular imagination is developing, or rather is unimpared upon the romantic side, is shown by the great amount of space the magazines now give to fiction.

"ALL'S WELL!"



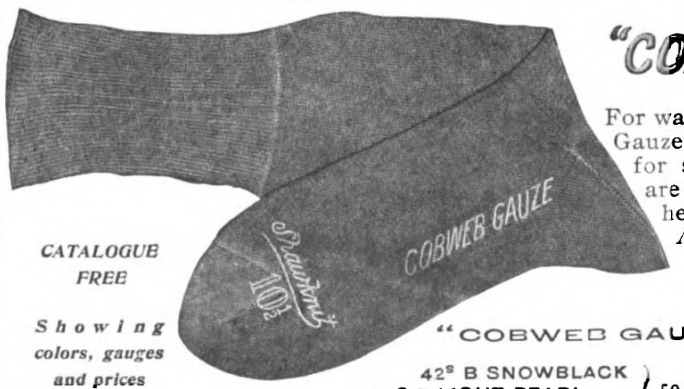
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THE CAPE HORNERS

T. Jenkins Hains

[*Concluded from page 287*]

He was an old whaleman, and the carpenter hesitated no longer. He led the way into his room in the forward house where he kept his tools, and the iron was brought forth. A word to the mate on watch, and the sailor was fast in the lee fore-rigging, standing upon the shear-pole, with the iron ready to heave. The fat was tossed over the side, and he waited.

In the dark, cold hole of the forecastle the drawn lips of the sick boy were parted, showing his blue and swollen gums. He was grinning horribly. "Take him away. Oh, take him away!" he was moaning. "Hear him a-callin' me? Don't let him get me, Tom; take him away, take him away! It's the devil callin' me!"

All the fear and anguish that can burn through a disordered brain was upon the little fellow, and the dismal cry lent a reality to his delirious thoughts. Suddenly he half rose in his bunk, and then the latent spark of manhood, which was developing even in spite of his sufferings, came to his aid. He thought of the Great Power which ruled his fate, and shook himself into full consciousness, glancing up at the aperture through which the dim light filtered as if he half expected to see a vision that would give him strength. Then he felt that he would face the end calmly, and meet whatever was in store as a man should. Perhaps the captain and owners could not help matters, after all. He could hear the song of the gale more distinctly, and once the tramp of the men as they tailed onto the maintopsail brace. They were jamming the yard hard on the backstay, and there was no show of a slant yet. He must lie quiet and wait, listening to the weird cry that caused him to shiver and see fantastic figures upon the carlines above his head.

Out on the great, high-rolling sea, the penguin had scented a peculiar substance. He drew nearer the great fabric that rolled and swung so loggily on the sea. He sent forth a wild cry, and drove headlong after a piece of white matter that floated in the foam of the side wash. He seized it and swallowed it. Then he came closer.

A form stood in the rigging above him, motionless, as if made of wood, and a long, pointed thing was balanced in the air. A piece of fat showed right beneath, and he went for it, in spite of the feeling of dread that came upon him. He was hungry, and would snatch it and then get away. He reached it, and at that instant something struck him in the back, carrying him beneath the surface. Then his life went out.

"A fine turkey, an' that's a fact," said Chips, a moment later. "Get something to put him in, quick; the lad will have a stew, fer sure. 'T will well-nigh cure him, and, anyways, it'll keep him a-goin' until we speak a wessel fer fresh grub."

* * * * * * *

The second mate came forward.

"Eight bells, ye starbowlines," he bawled into the forecastle; "turn out, or I'll be right in there wid ye! One o' ye bring Sammy's mess things. He's got turkey fer dinner. Come, wake up, sonny! There ain't no devil or nothin' a-chasin' ye. Ye'll be all right in a week o' Sundays. Bring that beef juice right in here, Chips. Hold his head, Tom,—there,—make him drink it while it's hot."

In a little while the hot broth made from the bird's flesh warmed the boy's body, and his mind was clear again. The forecastle was empty, and the wild cry he had heard no longer sounded above the gale. He felt stronger, and his terror had vanished. A feeling of ease grew within his poisoned body. A gleam of faint sunlight came through the open door, and, as he looked, he knew that the God he felt had given him strength had been kind. He knew no prayer, or word of thanks, but his spirit was warm with gratitude. He smiled his thanks at his shipmates, and closed his eyes. Then he slept.

A crowd of swearing and jostling men awakened him as they came tumbling below some hours afterwards.

"Grub ahoy!" bawled one. Then the mess-kid came in steaming from the galley, and upon it was a large fowl.

"Hi, yi, turkey, ahoy! Turkey, 'e was a good old man!" cried a Swede.

"An' divil a bit will any one but th' bye git," said the big bos'n. "It's sorry I am, Thomas, me dear, that I have tew whang ye afther yer noble raid on ther poulthry."

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The Necessity of Correct Dress in Business

[*Concluded from page 293*]

rung on the ladder to success rightly value what is their most important asset, personal appearance.

I shall not attempt to frame a chart that will make it plain sailing through the sartorial sea of difficulty, but shall merely endeavor to outline what is accepted as the ideal dress for the many callings filled by men who must earn, inherit, or marry wealth. To commence with, we will place the business callings under three general heads: mercantile, financial, and professional. In the first there must be the subheads, wholesale and retail. To dress properly for all of the callings that a wonderfully intricate system of business has developed seems very simple at first glance, and, to a certain extent, it is. Nevertheless, what would be good form in one sphere of commercial life would be utterly ridiculous in another. A bank director may go to his place of business in a frock coat, silk hat, and proper dress accessories, but one cannot imagine anything more out of place than a retail salesman who should attempt to dress in similar clothes.

In mercantile life, we have the manufacturer, the commission house man, the jobber, and the retailer. Under the first subhead we must freely confess that dress does not enter as an important factor. The man who is at the mill all day, and who must be about where everything is more or less crude and dirty, cannot wear anything more elegant than comfortable working clothes. He must be ready at all times to go to any part of the plant, and dress, with him, must be merely a matter of comfort. The same is true of his assistants. If the plant is one where much dirt is unavoidable, all the men about the place are justified in wearing out their old clothes. In a plant where there is no dirt, then the same rule that applies to any mercantile establishment holds good, so far as it relates to neatness. In these large factories, men may go about coatless and with their shirtsleeves rolled up, but this does not mean that either their person or their clothing should be neglected. Dress commences to be important in the commission house, and it loses none of its importance in the jobbers' or the retailers'.

In the commission house we have the principals, the general salesmen, the floor men and boys, office men and boys, and the traveling salesmen. The principals and general salesmen, as well as the traveling salesmen, are the ones who come in contact with the outside world, and must, therefore, attire themselves to impress favorably. It is customary for these men to dress in what may be termed semi-formal attire. A frock coat is considered a bit too formal. In its place, either a cutaway or a jacket is worn. The former, made of an Oxford mixture with waistcoat of the same material, and with trousers of the same or different cloth, is the most suitable coat. The shirts are either white or of a very neat pattern, and the collar is either a poke or a wing, worn with a dark square, or four-in-hand cravat. The shoes should be black calf, buttoned or laced, and may be worn with or without spats. The jacket always goes with a Derby hat, and should be of black or very dark-blue cloth. It is best to have the suit all of one material. In summer, the tweeds, homespuns, and serges are proper, as it is admitted that during the heated term all men lay aside formalities.

Young men on the floor, and in the office, should dress in plain worsted, serge, or cheviot suits, made up with single or double-breasted jackets, and preferably of one material. Extreme cuts, turn-up trousers, and other peculiarities should be avoided, and an office coat, which may be any that is at all presentable, should be worn during the day. It is a rule that all men in the office must wear coats, and those who hope to get along in this world will not defy the conventionalities in order to be comfortable.

In the jobbers' establishment, the same dress as that described for the commission house is proper. In the retail business, dress is of the utmost importance. All of the large houses have gone so far as to issue general rules on dress. These describe what shall be worn, and they all agree on dark clothes of simple cut, dark cravats, and neat colored or white shirts. Loud plaid suits, flamboyant shirt and cravat combinations, and anything peculiar or *outré* are frowned upon.

For the men behind the counters it is best to select a cloth that wears well. These men receive

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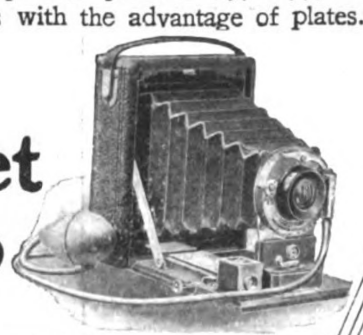
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modest salaries, and they must make every cent go as far as it can be made to go. Therefore, the suit should be of a black or dark-blue cheviot or worsted, with an unfinished or rough surface. It is best to have the coat, waistcoat, and trousers of one material. The shirts should always be of a neat pattern, such as blue or white,—the white predominating. The collar, no matter what the style, should be of moderate height. The cravat should have a dark ground, with a tasteful design in good colors. It is necessary for a retail salesman to be very neat. His hands should be perfectly clean, and his fingers well manicured. He should take care that his smoking be so light during the day that the odor of tobacco cannot be noticed. A salesman who has an offensive breath, and dirty hands, or who is redolent with the perfume of onions, tobacco, or liquor, is not likely to hold a good position for any length of time.

What has been mentioned relating to the condition of the clothes and person of a clerk in a retail shop may also be written about a young man who is going out to seek a position or to meet a gentleman who is to interview him with a view to employment. When the time arrives for a man to go in quest of a position, there is nothing more important, aside from his record, than his personal appearance. He should take his clothes the night before the important day, and either press them himself or have them pressed. They should be well brushed and all stains should be removed. The suit, no matter how old it may be, will respond to proper treatment. When it has been scrubbed, brushed, and pressed, lay it carefully aside. Then take the shoes and clean them first. By that I mean wash off a lot of the old blacking. Then polish them nicely. The shirt, as well as the collar and handkerchief, should be spotless. The hat should be well brushed and the cravat nicely pressed. Then, if the hair is trimmed, the face well shaven, and the hands clean, the applicant will feel, as he enters the presence of the man who may be his employer, that he is fit to meet any one. That feeling gives one a great deal of confidence, and is invaluable especially to a man who is seeking to improve his condition in life.

Men who are employed in financial institutions are expected to dress better, and in more formal attire, than those employed in other lines of business. Under the financial employments we will describe the dress for insurance and banking principals and clerks; brokers and their clerks; and corporation officials, directors and principals, as well as clerks. In all of these lines of financial employment, dress plays a very important part.

If a man occupies a position of prominence in any of the moneyed institutions he is expected to wear formal day dress. The silk hat and the frock coat and the cutaway of black vicuna are worn with waistcoats of the same material or of white duck, and trousers of a neatly striped dark-gray worsted. The shoes should button and be of patent leather, the shirt white, and the collar a "poke" or a straight standing one. The cravat should be large, once over, and the gloves of gray suède. Clerks dress less formally, the cutaway and the silk hat being generally superseded by well-cut jackets, and black stiff hats. The trousers are best of a neat, striped material, and the shoes of black calf. Color is permissible in shirt and cravat, and the tan gloves take the place of the gray suèdes. Fancy waistcoats, unless of a very unobstrusive pattern, should not be worn. Professional men—that is lawyers, doctors, dentists, and ministers,—dress in semi-formal attire in the morning, and in formal attire in the afternoon, though it is customary and not improper for them to adopt either dress for the entire day. It is necessary for them to dress well, for there is nothing that hurts a professional man more than slovenliness in attire. An unkempt and "seedy" doctor or dentist, or a shabby lawyer does not inspire that amount of respect and confidence that a "well-groomed," well-dressed, and prosperous looking professional man commands.

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A sword's broad sweep, or a rapier's touch,
You 'd struck to a fatal spot,
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To the eyes of a friend, by the bit of lead
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George Shepard Burleigh

THERE are merry little spirits, in innumerable swarms,
Of an essence so divine, and so wholly crystalline,
The fancyless know nothing of their swiftly fleeting forms;
Are faithless of their being, in their own dull seeing,
And deem the thrill but madness which the poet's heart warms,
As the glance of their dance, for a flash as they advance,
With overwhelming beauty his brain and bosom storms.

They are busy in the forests, in the morning of the year,
When the relics of decay are hurrying away,
And the eager little buds so daringly appear;
They crowd in every budling,—all emulously hud-dling,—
With its juices and its hues, each toiling in his sphere;
As a girl would unfurl her every fettered curl,
They ope the prisoned season to the merry-hearted seer.

They are busy in the shower, when the cloud is on its track,
Each governing a ball of the water in its fall,
And they shout their tiny glee when the bright globes crack,
Into white spray flashing, with music in their plashing,
While the sheets of the shower from the sky hang slack;
And they sing, as they spring, for their homes, on the wing,
Till the green earth laughs with the merry, merry pack.

They are busy at the brook, as it glimmers in the dell,
And they pour its sunny drops from a million little cups,
Then dance upon the ripples of the tide as they swell;
They attune the tiny tinkle of the reed-shivered wrinkle
And the gurgle in the gravel of a moss-hidden well:
How their bands clap their hands till the frolic water stands,
Like joy, mute for depth, in the pool where it fell!

You may see them in our mornings, on the edges of the mist,
When its buddings, as of pearl, into roses red unfurl,
And the earth is all transmuted by the mighty Al-chemist;
So gorgeously enfolden, in rosy light and golden,
They are drunken with the glory by whose beams they exist:
Hue by hue from the view they are lost in the blue,
Like one beloved of mortals by the death-god kissed.

They are busy in the clouds, with their many-shaded hues,
In the meadow, in the air,—they are busy every-where,
From the sphering of a star to the sphering of the dews;
But the little sprites are lurking, with a subtler un-derworking,
In the cunning human brain, and its fancies interfuse
With their higher vital fire, and the sparkles which aspire
To the Spirit of their spirits,—to the glory which we choose.

Carnegie Won the Race

WHEN Andrew Carnegie's parents first came to America from Scotland, they went to East Liverpool, Ohio, to stay with some relatives. Their son was about fourteen years old at the time, and was an object of considerable interest to the boys of the neighborhood. He made many friends among them, and after the family had moved to Allegheny, Pennsylvania, often returned to East Liverpool to visit some of his playmates.

On one occasion, when he was sixteen years old, he went with his cousin to visit William and Michael Fisher, who lived on a farm about half a mile from the town. The four boys spent some time in examining the pet rabbits and other objects of interest, and, at length, when they were all standing at the top of a grassy slope, William Fisher challenged Carnegie to a foot-race. "Well," said Andrew, "you're a lot taller than I am, and your legs are longer, and I believe you can beat me, but I'll race you, just the same."

The two boys started, and, as Andrew had foreseen, the Fisher boy easily outran him. The little Scotchman was by no means discouraged because the chances seemed all against him, but kept running. About halfway down the slope the Fisher boy stopped, considering it useless to run further. To his surprise, Carnegie continued his pace, and arrived at the bottom far ahead of him. "That's not fair," said Fisher, "because I stopped."

"Yes, I knew you'd stop," said Carnegie, in reply, "and that's the reason I kept on running. Have you ever heard the fable of the turtle and the hare?"

Rhode Island Greenings versus Bartlett Pears

AT a wedding party, some time ago, Rev. E. O. Bartlett, of Rhode Island, at one time settled over the church in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, made famous by the long pastorate of Dr. John Todd, told of a capital *bon mot* on the occasion of his own wedding. His wife, it seems, was also a native of Rhode Island, and in the midst of the merry-making some one wittily remarked that they had with them "two Rhode Island greenings." As every one knows, the Rhode Island greening apple has always been a great favorite throughout New England. The words had hardly been uttered before there came the ready response: "Yes; you see, it takes two Rhode Island greenings to make one Bartlett pair."



The erection of a modern "sky scraper" seems like a miracle. But before a stone is laid or a bolt tightened, every inch of the structure must have been planned in the trained brain of the architect. Then, from the moment the army of men start to work, the cry is "Up! Up!" Time is money. Each day of construction means thousands of dollars of expense. Each day of occupancy of the finished building will yield thousands of dollars of rent.

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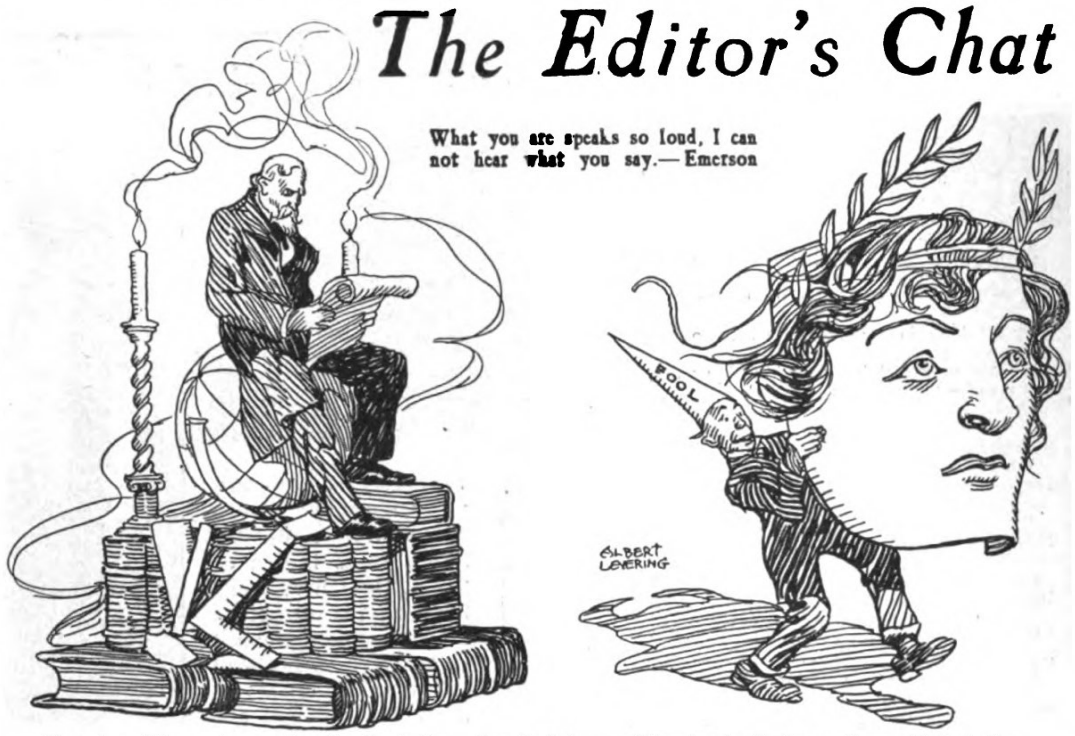
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The Editor's Chat



There is a difference between learning that is thorough and efficient, and learning that is sham and superficial: the first takes root in the world and bears new fruit, while the latter goes about holding a mask before its foolish face.—PLATO

How to Get Rid of Drudgery

THREE things Ruskin considered necessary to that happiness in work which is the right as well as the privilege of every human being: "They" [men and women,] "must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it,—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or, rather, knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it."

No man is original, prolific, or strong, unless his heart gives full consent to what he is doing, and he feels a glow of content and satisfaction in every day's well-done work.

If you are in love with your work, and dead in earnest in your efforts to do it as well as it can be done; if you are so enthusiastic about it that you fairly begrudge the time taken from it for your meals and recreation, you will never be bored by it; the drudgery which others feel you will never know.

A fond mother feels no sense of drudgery in her housework, in the infinite details of sweeping, dusting, cooking, mending, and making for her loved ones. The long days and nights of care and toil spent ministering to the crippled, deaf and dumb, or invalid child, have never a thought of unwilling labor in them.

What are years of waiting and hardship and disappointment, and incessant toil to an inspired artist? What cares the writer whose heart is in his work for money or fame compared with the joy of creation? What are long courses of seeming drudgery to the poor student working his way through college, if his heart is aflame with desire for knowledge, and his soul is athirst for wisdom?

In the production of the best work, the coöperation of heart and head is necessary. Its quantity as well as quality will be measured by the amount of love that is put into it.

"He loved labor for its own sake," said Macaulay of Frederick the Great. "His exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind."

When we throw ourselves heart and soul into our work, there is something higher than the purely human part of us engaged in it. It is the divine working through us that accomplishes results seemingly beyond human power.

The poor, botched, slipshod work of which the world is so prolific, comes from the hands and brains of those who have never fallen in love with their occupations. This is but natural. How can any one do his best when he is haunted by a feeling of dissatisfaction? How can one do a good piece of work when he does it unwillingly, merely because he is constrained, in order to supply his animal necessities?

William Morris, the great apostle of artistic work, was convinced that there would be no fine, enduring work done by the artisans of the world until they should be so circumstanced that their daily toil would mean more to them than a mere question of bread and butter, so that they could go to it in the spirit that an artist brings to the creation of a masterpiece, feeling joy in it for its own sake.

Only that which is wrought in this spirit will live. It takes the heart, the affections, and enthusiasm to stamp immortality upon any achievement. Skill and intelligence alone can not do it.

Putting your heart into your work shortens the way, shortens the day, lengthens the pay, and makes you an artist instead of a drudge.

The Roll Call of the Great

IF the roll were called for the truly great, who would dare to answer? Would it be those who have clean hearts and clean hands, who have taken advantage of no one, but have helped everybody, and have retarded no one's progress; would it be those whose lives have been a perpetual benediction of cheerfulness, encouragement, helpfulness, and inspiration, regardless of whether they have accumulated money or not; or would it be those who have blocked the way for others and used them as stepping-stones upon which to climb to their own goal, regardless of their welfare; would it be those who figure most conspicuously in the gaze of the world and the publicity of newspapers?

If the roll were called, and only really honest responses were accepted, would not thousands of so-called successful men of wealth be dumb? Would not many who figure in the world's fame also be mute? Would not the tongue of a man be tied whose success is full of the ghosts of ruined lives?

Would the millionaire who has ground life and opportunity, hope and ambition out of those who have helped him to make his fortune dare to answer to this roll call?

Yea, would we not get more responses from the inmates of poorhouses—from the poverty-stricken,—than from the millionaires themselves?

Let only him whose hands and heart are clean answer to this call. If your money has the smell of the blood of innocence upon it; if there is a dirty dollar in it; if you have used dishonest methods; if you have stolen with a long head instead of a long arm, whether it be the money or the opportunity, the hope or the ambition, of another; if there is a taint of avarice in your pile; if envy or jealousy or unkindness has figured in its accumulation; if selfishness has been your ruling passion; if you have been unmindful of the rights and comforts of others; if there is a stain of dishonor in your stocks and bonds; if a smirched character looms up in your pile; if greed is there,—keep silent. Let those whom you have wronged, whose opportunities you have robbed, those you have used for footstools and whom you have considered as nobodies,—let them answer while you keep silent.

In their homes of poverty they perform deeds of heroism, of loving devotion, or of self-sacrifice for invalid wives or crippled sisters,—deeds of sympathy, nobility, and chivalry, perhaps often enacted amid bare walls, carpetless floors, and sunless tenements,—which would make all your apparent wealth appear contemptible in comparison. There may have been enacted, within the poor homes of your employees, deeds of kindness and sacrifices of affection and unselfishness which the angels would chant in heaven, while the real record of your life would only be chanted in the lower regions depicted by Dante.

When will the world learn that heart-wealth is the only real wealth, that money in itself is contemptible in comparison with noble deeds? When shall we learn that the accumulation of money often represents the lowest human faculties, the coarser side of man in which the finer instincts have no part? Grasping, seizing, piling one dollar on another is not success.

Indeed, many of the biggest failures in this country are sepulchers plated with gold. Volcanoes of selfishness and greed, and of the most beastly qualities, are sometimes covered up by millions, coated with stocks and bonds, houses and lands. Inside these sepulchers are the skeletons of wasted lives, wrecked ambitions, and blighted hopes.

The Time for Recreation

IN this insistent age, when life everywhere is at high pressure, there is great need of emphasizing the importance—yes, the absolute necessity,—of recreation.

What is work worth, especially brain work, when it is performed with jaded faculties, the energy of the brain cells being exhausted?

One ambitious of becoming a writer, for example, thinks he is saving time by forcing his brain beyond natural limits. He believes that what he does over hours is clear gain, and that writing a chapter or an article after his day's work in an office, a factory, or a store, is to his advantage. But sooner or later he will realize his mistake. Nature will not be cheated.

A man may profitably occupy his evenings in study or in some other occupation than that by which he earns his daily bread, but he cannot do a full day's work of any kind and then wisely attempt to do creative work in the evening. A fresh brain is absolutely essential to the production of original thought. Even a recognized author who forces too much work upon his brain will soon see that his writings are not in as much demand as they have been, and that his reputation is waning.

The literary product of an exhausted brain lacks spontaneity, vigor, and buoyancy, and the reader detects quickly the physical and mental condition of the writer. Heavy, labored, tired writing makes heavy, labored, tired reading. Books that are products of overworked minds will not live. There is no immortality in such composition.

Man does not live by bread alone, nor by work alone:

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he needs a deal of play. A man or woman who never plays, no matter what his or her occupation or profession, never does really good work. All of the faculties, functions, nerves, and brain cells must be relaxed from time to time, or the work and the worker will inevitably suffer. Everybody needs a measure of healthful, joyful recreation. It not only improves the physical condition, but it also rejuvenates the mind and holds age at bay, keeping the heart young and the eyes bright, even when the years of a life have run into the scores.

It is an acknowledged fact that Americans are great wasters of mental and physical force. A prominent foreigner declares that we squander as much energy as most other nations utilize. Speaking of this, Doctor John Mitchell said: "If one observes a crowd, it is curious and disagreeable to see how few there are who are not constantly making grimaces and working their faces and jaws in some manner. I have heard it said that it is bashfulness that causes this, but it has not been my observation that bashfulness is a widely distributed American trait. No, it is misdirected nervous energy, which ought to be aiding the movements of the legs or getting stored up somewhere in the central reservoirs for future use."

No one who expects to make life worth living can afford to get into a nervous, exhausted condition. The whole body should be kept youthful, vigorous, and alert, by a sufficiency of rest and a reasonable amount of play,—real romping, healthful recreation, such as shakes the whole system, sends the blood tingling through the veins, and makes the heart beat faster with joy.

Outdoor play is, of course, the most healthful. The healing, restorative powers of nature are marvelous. One may remember that, when he left his office in the city, almost a physical wreck, and went into the open country, the very air seemed to act like magic. The romps among the hills and mountains were a perpetual tonic. Nature smoothed away all troubles; all worrying, fretting, and anxiety disappeared, you scarcely knew how or when, but you returned to the city a new man.

There is wisdom and strength in genuine pastime. One often accomplishes more by spending a pleasant evening in some innocent games or other amusement than he would by poring over books with tired brain and exhausted body. He may have had qualms of conscience about it, and thought that evenings given to social enjoyment were practically lost out of his life. Far from it! To better purpose than he dreamed of was the time employed. Body and mind were strengthening, and, unconsciously, without effort, being fitted for better work in the future.

Man is a many-sided animal, and requires a great variety of mental as well as physical food to sustain and develop all his faculties, and it is just as essential to his well-being to nourish the social side of his nature as to feed the mental and the physical.

They Are Not Taught in Our Schools

THERE are a great many things that success depends upon which are not taught in schools or colleges. Don't think that, because you have been graduated, and have a school or college diploma, you are necessarily equipped for a successful career, for many of the secrets of achievement elude text-book writers, escape the attention of teachers, and are never mentioned in class rooms. There are certain indescribable qualities of personal attraction, manner, and subtlety which inhere in tact and common sense that are not found in schools or colleges, but upon them all great work depends. There is an intangible something called personal magnetism, a power to surround oneself with success qualities and attract success elements, which eludes photographers and biographers, and yet is most potent in masterful careers.

Every year a great many graduates go forth from our law schools who stood well in their classes, are well grounded in the principles of law, and are admitted to the bar without conditions, and yet they fail as lawyers simply because they have not that indescribable something which would enable them to do just the right thing at the right time.

Many a man fails as a lawyer simply because he is not, first of all, an all-around man. He knows books, and is grounded in the theory of law, but he lacks a certain nameless instinct which makes men successful. We know lawyers who are remarkably well posted in their profession, and yet they have hard work to make a decent living for their families simply because they were never taught business principles. They are all at sea outside of theory.

The writer had a classmate in the law school who was graduated well up in his class. He worked hard for years to get a start, but somehow clients would n't come to him. He lacked an indefinable drawing quality; practical talent was wanting in him. He could sit in his office and split hairs on the fine points of law, but, somehow, when he got an actual case, he would n't know how to handle it because it did not fit his theories. He lacked a fine sense of the fitness of things. His tact and common sense were not developed. He had a good office, was a thorough student, and had good address, but lacked ability to get and keep clients. He was finally starved out, and is now trying to get a living at something else.

We know physicians who stood well in their medical schools, are well posted in medicinal laws, and familiar with the up-to-date principles of medicine, but they lack these indescribable somethings which make a man successful, if he has them, no matter what else he may lack, but which are not found in text-books or taught in schools.

Many musical students who are graduated from conservatories with honors, and understand the technique of music and the laws of harmony, may be total failures as musicians or teachers. They are wanting in the power of expression, or lack ability to grasp and seize the opportune moment.

Greater than Their Salaries

IT is a disgrace to American civilization that many of the professors in our colleges and universities get smaller salaries than railroad engineers, and many of the presidents get less than some of the *chefs* in our hotels. It is fortunate, indeed, that these professors and presidents are not judged by the amount of their salaries, and that the consciousness of the raising of human values, and of opening a little wider the doors of opportunity to American youth are valued more than their monthly checks.

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This is the greatest industrial city in Canada. Already $25,000,000 have been expended; 70,000 horsepower for manufacturing purposes developed, back of which lies the greatest fresh water, never failing mill pond on earth, Lake Superior. Here is cheap transportation by rail and water, and raw materials in abundance. Already industries in operation here include the largest Pulp Mill in the world; Steel Rail Mill; Blast Furnaces; Sulphide Mill; Iron Works; Charcoal Furnaces; Nickle Smelter; Saw Mills; Veneering Works; Machine Shops; Alkali Works; Reduction Works; Brick Plant; Steamship Lines; Ferries; Railroads; Electric Street Lines; Water Works; Electric Light Plant; and in project, a large Tube Mill, Furniture Factories and further water power development.

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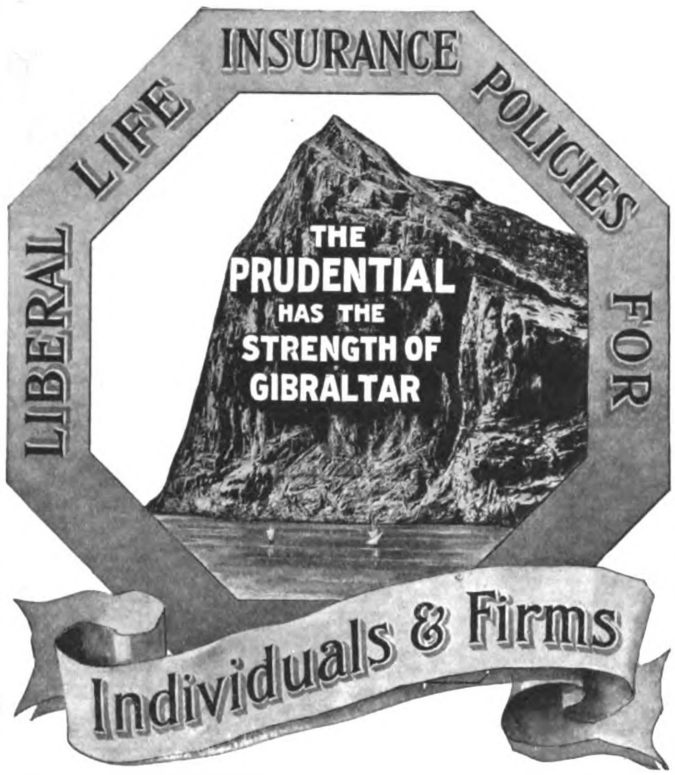
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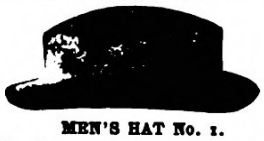
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*INVESTMENTS IN INSURANCE**

(Continued)

EDWARD E. HIGGINS

ALL, or nearly all, American insurance companies allow to policy holders who may be unable to continue premiums a paid-up policy for a sum much larger, as a rule, than that of the premiums paid, this policy being purchased as a "one-payment life policy," with the reserve set aside out of the premiums paid. In this way money invested in insurance is saved, and the rights of policy holders are protected.

It is the practice of many companies to allow policy holders who stop paying premiums an option (*a*) of taking in cash the surrender value of their policies, or (*b*) of purchasing the paid-up policy just described, or, (*c*) of continuing their policy at its full face value for a limited number of years,—five to fifteen, say,—according to the amount of reserve available for the purchase of this continued "term" insurance. Of these three options the paid-up life policy should usually be taken, certainly if the policy holder is in good health so that there is no reason why he should not live to his full expectancy of life; for, if he adopts the third plan and lives beyond the period of extended insurance, there will be nothing realized by his family from his insurance investment.

In the best modern practice, lapses, due to temporary shortness of money on the part of the policy holder, are postponed or avoided by the agreement of the company by contract to loan to the assured the amount of the reserve on his policy, or a large portion of this reserve, taking the policy itself as security for the loan. Money thus loaned can be used for payment of premiums. This plan, however, should not be adopted when it is possible to avoid it, for, in case the loans can not be paid, the entire policy is lost, together with all optional rights to a paid-up policy.

Insurance as a Protection to Creditors

Roland Smith is a young man of twenty, industrious, ambitious, and eager for a college education. He has no money, but comes of honest stock. How can he realize his dream?

He goes to a family friend, old John Evans, the leading merchant of his village, and lays the case before him. "What can I do, Mr. Evans, to win my way through college? I can earn a part of the money in summer vacations and during the school years, but not all; I figure that I shall have to have a thousand dollars extra to put me through."

The old man looks at him quizzically over his spectacles and says, "Wall, Roland, you're a good boy, and I always liked ye, and liked yer father before ye. If you could give me a little security, now, p'r'aps I might find the money fer ye. How about it?"

"But, Mr. Evans, you know I have n't anything in the world to give you for security. Of course, mother has her home, but that is all, and I would not think of asking her to mortgage that."

"Wall, wall, let the matter of security go. I know ye, and I ain't got no fears for my money if you live, 'cause I know you'll pay me all right, but I guess you'd better go and take out some insurance and make it payable to me so that, in case you should die, I could get my money back."

The problem is solved. The old man places his money in one of the best investments he can find,—the word of an honest man,—and he secures himself through the lad's inability by death to pay that money by insurance. Roland knows that, should something happen to him to cause his death, he will leave behind no burden of his indebtedness for others to struggle under,—that he is "square with the world,"—a most enviable position for any honest man to occupy, and one of which hardly ten men in a hundred can boast.

This is but one example of a hundred ways in which insurance can be made to protect both debtor and creditor. It will ofttimes lead a bank, even, to show mercy to a struggling merchant whose honor is unquestioned and who needs just that temporary assistance which will tide him into smooth waters again.

Business and Partnership Insurance

William Halifax, a man of forty with a wide and very valuable experience in the dry-goods business, has broken away from a high salaried position, and is forming a copartnership with

*This is the second article on Investment in Insurance, and the third in a series on "How to Invest Money Safely and Profitably." The earlier articles appeared in the March and April issues of SUCCESS.

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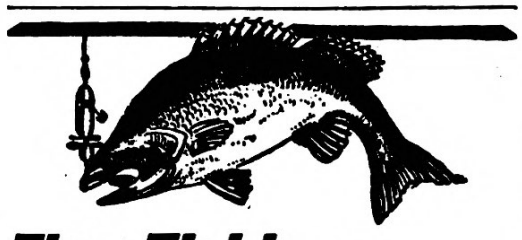
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Charles Edgerton, a young man of some property and more expectations. Edgerton knows nothing about dry-goods, but relies on his partner's ability entirely. Each partner has invested $25,000 of his own, and Edgerton's father has agreed to loan or to procure loans for the concern up to $100,000.

The death of either partner during the process of building up the business might be a most serious blow to the enterprise and to the other partner. Should Halifax die before his partner learns the business, everything might be lost, including the power of paying the debts. Should Edgerton die, the credit resource might be withdrawn or curtailed. In either case the possible contingency of death ought to be considered most carefully by both partners.

Under these circumstances the firm can well afford to carry insurance on the life of each partner for the benefit of the firm. Ten-year term insurance would probably be the cheapest method to be adopted, as the premium would be a minimum, and within the ten years the business would probably be established, or, if not, the insurance could be renewed for another ten-year period at somewhat higher premiums proportionate to the risk. If Halifax is forty and Edgerton thirty, a ten-year term policy for $50,000 on Halifax's life would cost but $1,200, and a similar policy on Edgerton's life but $800, making a total expenditure for the firm of but $2,000. This can properly be charged as one of the legitimate expenses of the concern.

The same principle can be carried out with corporations whose prosperity is dependent upon the business genius of one or two men, and other possibilities of insurance to provide for business contingencies will readily suggest themselves.

It is customary in England, though not in America, for individuals to take out policies on the life of the king or others prominent in the political or business world whose death might cause some financial convulsion or chance of individual loss. For example, the jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria and the coronation ceremony of King Edward led to immense investments in insurance on the lives of the queen and king by tradespeople and others whose business would have suffered heavy losses had the ceremonies not taken place. It is no doubt true that many financiers and speculators would be glad to take out insurance on the life of J. Pierpont Morgan and other leaders in Wall Street, on the theory that their death would cause a shrinkage of values and heavy losses. Frankly, however, American companies do not, as a rule, regard such risks as safe or legitimate, but rather in the nature of "gambles," for, naturally, the companies cannot keep in touch with the physical condition of the subject on whom insurance is sought, and their assumption of risks must be more or less in the nature of "plunging."

Annuities

Closely associated with life insurance is the purchase of annuities from insurance companies. This plan is much more common in England than in America, as the idea has not yet commended itself particularly to American investors, but there are occasions where it may have some value.

Charles Fairbanks dies at the age of sixty-five, leaving his widow, aged sixty, a property which liquidates to about $20,000. There are no children or near heirs and no one to whom Mrs. Fairbanks cares particularly to leave her property. If she invests this $20,000 at four per cent., the income, $800, is far too small to support her, and she dares not break into the principal for fear it will not last her lifetime.

Now Mrs. Fairbanks can go to an insurance company and with $20,000 buy an annuity for life of nearly or quite $2,000; or she may buy with half of her principal, $10,000, an annuity for life of $1,000 and retain the other $10,000 as principal, obtaining thus an annual income of $1,400, and having $10,000 as reserve for sickness or extraordinary expenses. She is thus provided for in comfort throughout her life, but of course her estate is partially or wholly wiped out and there is an element of selfishness in the plan which is somewhat repellent to most people, except in such cases as the one described, where there are no children or near heirs or others for whom there is any special affection.

Accident Insurance

There has been developed, within the last forty years, a class of insurance business differing greatly from life insurance, but almost equally beneficent



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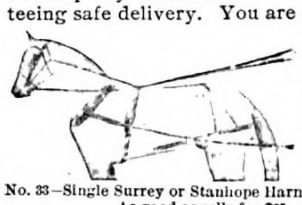
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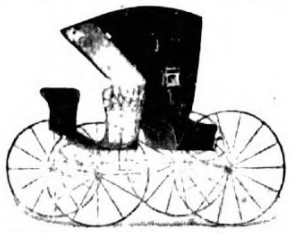
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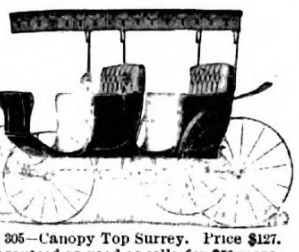
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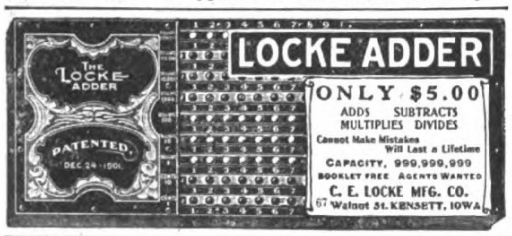
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in character. Accident insurance is less an exact science than life insurance, being based, not on experience tables of mortality, which are thoroughly reliable and almost constant over a wide term of years, but on the experience of a few companies only on the percentage of "pure contingencies," or personal accidents, happening to a constantly increasing body of the assured. In instituting this business it was necessary of course to charge premiums large enough for almost any percentage of happenings, but, as experience has grown, the premium rates have fallen, or, what amounts to the same thing, the benefits to the assured have risen until the accident policy of to-day is an exceedingly liberal and valuable proposition which no one ought to be without.

The modern accident policy for $5,000 (for example,) will cost the merchant, the clerk, or others in the "select class," $25 per annum of premium (for all ages,) and provides that $25 per week shall be paid to the assured in case of accident causing total disability. The limit of such weekly payments is usually fixed at 200 weeks. In case of death from accident the full principal sum of $5,000 is immediately paid to the beneficiary, unless such death occurs in an accident on a railroad or cable car, steamship, or other vehicle of transportation, when double the amount, or $10,000, is paid instead of $5,000. The full principal sum ($5,000 or $10,000, as above,) is also paid by many companies for the loss of both eyes, or of both feet, or of both hands, or of one hand and one foot; half the principal for the loss of the right hand or of either leg; and other large indemnities for the loss of the left hand, or of either foot or eye.

Every one should carry regular accident insurance on annual policies. This is far cheaper and better in every way than the accident insurance tickets which so many buy at the beginning of a journey; for, as a matter of fact, the chances of an accident taking place on any one railroad trip, for example, are many thousand to one, and the experience of the accident companies has shown that the interior of a fast express train is one of the safest places in the world for the assured. It is said, even, that the percentage of accidents from travel is less than that from people falling out of fourth-story windows.

One apparent disadvantage in accident insurance lies in the fact that there is no reserve value accruing on a policy, and, if accident insurance is dropped at any time, all previous payments are absolutely lost. On the other hand, there are compensating advantages. The cost of this insurance is a minimum, no "loads" being added for return of principal or reserves to policy holders. A premium of five dollars a thousand for accident insurance, as compared with twenty-five to fifty dollars for life insurance, means a large possibility of indemnity at a small expense. If there were any real demand for a reserve or investment policy it would be easy enough for an insurance company to add a very little only to the premium to provide a fund for the return of all premiums paid to the assured in case of lapse, and some companies have policies of this kind, which are rarely written, however. Still another compensation for lack of reserve value in the accident policy is the fact that medical examinations are not necessary, and rates are the same for all ages, so that, even if a policy is dropped, it can be resumed again at any time without additional expense. With the life policy, on the contrary, the rate of premium on a renewed policy may be double that of the old lapsed policy, due to greater age; or failure of health may cause a company to refuse the risk summarily.

Those who are unable to secure regular life insurance, because of failure to pass the health examination, should take accident insurance, since this will give to their families the benefit of some protection in case of death by accident, even though this protection can not be secured in ordinary channels. It is a duty which every man owes his family to do the best he can for its protection against want.

Health Insurance

In the further effort to provide against the usual contingencies of life, health insurance has been developed by the accident insurance companies during the past ten years, and this is also a valuable measure for family protection. For a premium of $10 per annum, the assured, by such a policy, will receive an indemnity of $25 per week in case of loss of time through illness caused by any one of some twenty or more common diseases, while, for $40 to $50, practically all diseases are covered.

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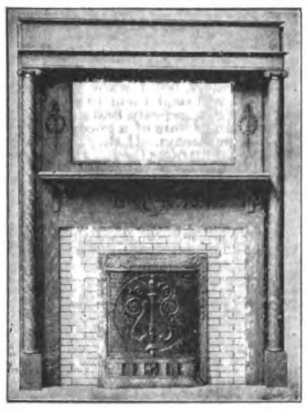
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Hugo Bertsch

AN understanding of the duty of men and women to express the message about life that has come to them personally is what has made Hugo Bertsch who labors as a furrier, suddenly speak after years of silent thinking. All his life he has toiled with his hands, as farmer, miner, lumberman, brick-maker, or sailor, but while he worked, he thought; and within the last year he has written a novel of fifty thousand words, entitled "Brother and Sister." The world-known publisher, Cotta, of Stuttgart, has accepted his work, and Wildbrant, the German philosopher, says that this laborer is a rare genius.

Whether the prophecy of his genius be true or not, is not the concern of the world. The fact that the man has thought about life and has expressed himself with sufficient clearness and force to commend himself to a great publisher is the matter of importance. Indeed, it may be that the world would profit less by having a new genius than by producing a man of narrow, laborious life who raises himself above his toil,—not above his poverty,—by his own thought. If he be a genius, good may result; but whether he be or not, thus much is true: Hugo Bertsch has shown that for forty-two years while people have ignorantly supposed him occupied with a mine, a farm, a boat, or a consignment of furs he has had his mind set on real and essential living. That is one reason why he is an expert workman, for one can not think seriously about life without thinking better of his work, his duty, his joy, and his fellow-men.

Out of the heart of the historic Black Forest of Germany Hugo Bertsch came. His boyhood was passed in Württemberg in the early sixties. His father was sexton of a church, and he was his helper. Every night when twilight fell it was the boy's duty to ring the Angelus. The deep-throated bell, pealing through the quiet and calling the people to prayer, called other messages to the boy whose hands evoked the silver summons,—so that he used sometimes to steal to the altar and pray until the dawn. Perhaps he had some heritage of the spirit of his ancestors conferring in his childish breast. At all events, this deeply religious feeling was a great endowment, for it trained and purified and refined his spirit, and made it sensitive to aspects of life that pass unnoticed by careless people. Early response to religious instinct makes of the heart a warm, fresh-furrowed field, ready for the first touch of seeds and sun of any creative art. So it was with Hugo Bertsch, and much of his rare sensitivity and perception of fine things comes from the habit of the boy to kneel at the altar, night-through.

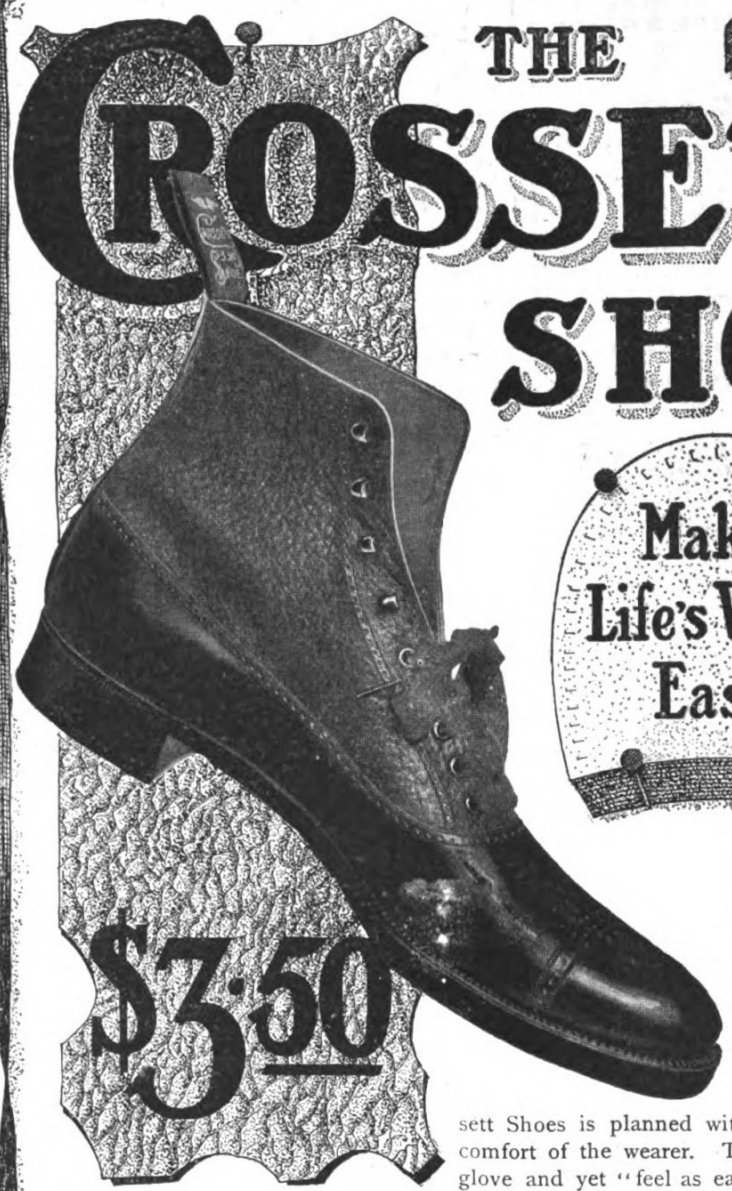
In his early youth he went to London where he was apprenticed to a furrier. When he was twenty-four years old he had served three years in the German army. Then he became a sailor, because he wanted to see the world. In New Zeland, in Australia, in Wales, in Austria, and in the West and Middle-West of the United States, he wandered twelve thousand miles on foot.

"I don't know why I went," said Hugo Bertsch, "I had to go."

As religion had given him of her own, so the spirit of far countries gave him their largess of impression, observation, and sympathy. He had no school education, but as he went he looked broadly and won from everything its secret. Things spoke to him, therefore, as they will always speak to those who try to hear.

When he settled in Brooklyn to follow his trade he was obliged to travel every morning from Williamsburg to Harlem, in Greater New York,—a journey that necessitated nearly two hours' travel. Here was rare time for his own thought. He did not spend the time of his long ferry and elevated train rides in reading a paper or discussing city politics. He stood alone looking over the rail of the ferryboat; he rode alone on the uptown car, and gradually the social and ethical questions which must come to every man, pos-

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sessed him and he could no longer keep silence.

"I was so tired," said Hugo Bertsch, "so tired of being a solo. I tried to talk to people, but they could n't follow. So, finally, I knew I had to write it all down. Why, it was not right to think about things and keep my thoughts to myself!"

There was no time to write excepting evenings. When the day's work was done, and the long trip home was made and dinner was over, Hugo Bertsch drew a chair to the bare table in his kitchen and tried to write. Children and neighbors and petty affairs harrassed him, nevertheless he wrote,—simply because he was more important than they.

What should he select to write about? There was a new duty,—to choose the thing that meant most to him and would mean most to others. He wrote about the subject that he knew most about: the life of a day-laborer,—his own life.

The result of Hugo Bertsch's many years of thought while he worked cannot be briefly summed up, but the chief message of his book is the wonder and magnitude of the social place occupied by children. The child, as the principal inheritance to each age from the dying age, and the chief reason of the existence of the people of that age,—that is the conviction upon which Hugo Bertsch hangs a series of philosophical reflections put in the mouths of Tom and Jenny Brett, the chief characters in his book.

The history of Tom Brett is his own story of self-education, of early religious ecstasy, and doubts and final faith, of the fight with himself about moral and social questions, and of his final alliance on the sides which Hugo Bertsch himself espouses. Against a man like this who writes from a full heart because he cannot choose but speak since it is his duty, what is there to be said for a man who lends his voice and pen for hire, denying the truth as he sees it?

The events of the book are the events of the life of men of whom he is a type. The tragedy is the tragedy of a laborer who loses his hand in a saw-mill and faces starvation,—as thousands of men face it daily. In this plight Tom Brett begins his letters to his sister,—letters expressing the fear that suicide is the only "escape,"—as thousands fear all the time. Jenny preaches to him in her letters the philosophy of pain,—that the world is rooted in pain, and crowned with pain, and that only through pain can any good thing be born. Tom Brett goes alone at night to the banks of a river to fight it out.

Days of alternate courage and despair followed, and Tom's letters tell it all,—the story of the eternal fight to live, the eternal wonder how best to live, the grappling with questions whose solution alone gives life its meaning. In Jenny's letters, wise, and full of that exquisite optimism that never makes the mistake of encouraging blindly,—in Jenny's letters are the conquests of Hugo Bertsch over his own doubts, which are made to fall from the pen of Tom. With the death of Jenny, Tom is once more face to face with himself, and conqueror. It is in Montana that Jenny is frozen to death caring for her youngest child, and Tom goes there to bring her children to his home. At the last Tom stands by the sea with his children about him, and he knows the truth: that all the pain, the suffering, the despair, and the joy of the world are for one end only, the blessing of the child.

That is the first message from the pen of Hugo Bertsch, and it is symbolically, a message from the hearts of the people. Consciously and unconsciously the world is living for the child, and this the book formulates. Through the sheer conviction of its author, so convincingly is the word given that the great Cotta, conservative and keenly critical, will publish the book.

This book by Hugo Bertsch is the story of a man who has wandered about the world, who has found his beliefs about right living, and has spoken that all may hear. It is the story of a day-laborer who recognized his divine right and duty to question the great causes and scan their results, and to ask of himself what part he must play, and of his fellow men what things they are proving to themselves. For, greater than the story which it seeks to tell and the truth which it would utter, the book itself stands the living record of its author, who did not accept a heritage of toil as his only right, but who maintained his right to think deeply, and his duty to express what he thought. To those who live lives of labor and of pain, and even of joy itself, it should not be hard to read between the lines the story of the upper glories and of how they shall be won.

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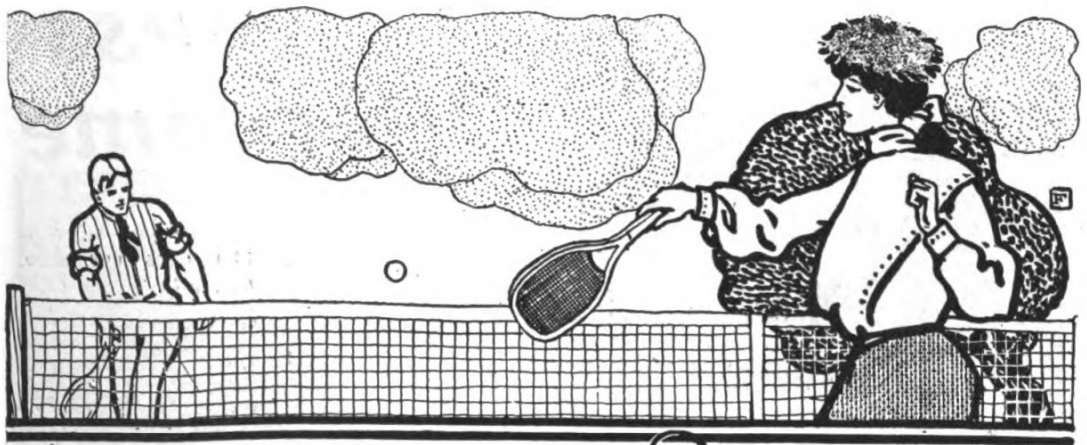
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OUR BOYS and GIRLS

How I Made a Camera

S. A. WILLIAMSON



S. A. WILLIAMSON
HOLDING THE CAMERA HE MADE

IN making my camera, which takes pictures two by two inches, I used smooth boards three sixteenths of an inch thick. I did the sawing in a miter box. The bottom and sides are four and one-half inches long and three inches wide. The top piece is three by two and one-eighth inches, with a piece glued underneath which extends down to the plate holder. A door hinged with thin leather covers the rear end of the top. Small strips of wood are glued in the corners, and around the lid, to fit down inside. A partition is glued three and three-eighths inches from the lens, which leaves three inches between the lens and the plate in the holder, and allows room behind for another holder. The back end is three and three-sixteenths by three inches.

The front end consists of two pieces, separated by strips one thirty-second of an inch thick, glued to the edges of the inside piece. This leaves room between for the shutters to work, but not for the trip levers. Space for these is chiseled out of the pieces. The outside piece is three and three-eighths by three inches, and the inside piece three by two and five-eighths inches. They are held together by three screws. A five-sixteenths-inch hole is bored one and one-half inches from the sides and bottom of the outside piece, and in the inside piece a half-inch hole is bored two thirds of the way through and finished with a five-sixteenths-inch hole. A piece of papered tin with a three-sixteenths-inch hole is placed in the bottom of the half-inch hole, and over this is a piece of cardboard, with a square hole into which the lens fits, and over this a piece with a three-sixteenths-inch hole. These are glued in and placed facing the outside piece.

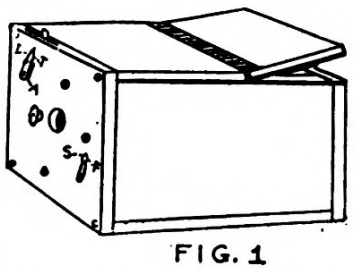


FIG. 1

The shutter and mechanism, which are shown in the drawing, are made of tin, and are of the comparative sizes and in the positions shown. The spindles of the levers and shutter are one-sixteenth-inch wire. The shutter is fastened to the spindle by soldering on a small piece of tin and riveting the shutter to that.

About three quarters of an inch from the front end, a board, just the size of the inside of the camera, is glued in. It has a hole one inch square through the center, so that the light from the lens can reach all parts of the plate. This board strengthens the camera. The inside of the camera, in front of the plate-holder, is papered with dull black paper, which prevents the reflection of light, and also strengthens it.

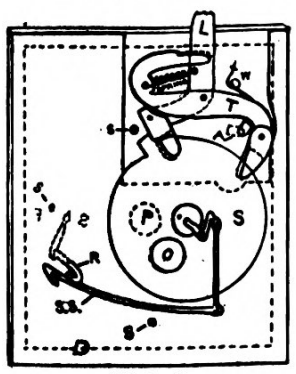


FIG. 2

The camera, complete, measures four and seven-eighths inches long, three and three-eighths inches high, and three inches wide. I intend to put a finder on my camera by taking out the plateholder and placing a piece of white paper in its place, and then fastening the view-finder on so that the image in the finder will be the same as that on the paper.

Figure 1 shows how the camera is put together, and figure 2 shows the shutter and working parts. The dotted line (D,) shows the position of the small piece. The spring (S.S.,) is outside of the small piece. The different parts are as follows: (A)—Adjuster for time or snap-shot work. (L)—Trip lever. (T)—Time lever. (S-)—Screws. (S)—Shutter. (S.S.)—Shutter spring. (W)—Wire spring. (R)—Regulator. (P)—Position of lens in small piece. (O)—Opening in shutter.

In making snap shots, push the lever to the right. In making time exposures, begin in the same way and then push the lever to the left.

▲ ▲

Why I Enjoy Tennis

LUTHER DANA FERNALD; AGE, SEVENTEEN YEARS
[Winner of the first prize in the essay contest]

THE ideal sport is the one which brings every muscle into vigorous, healthy exercise, without straining or bruising; which develops not only the body, but also the mind; which any one may play, and which will always benefit the player.

Tennis fulfills all these conditions; other sports do not. What part of one's body is not brought into play by tennis? The feet and the legs, the waist, the arms, and the hands are greatly strengthened and trained by tennis. The lungs and the heart and all the internal organs are also greatly benefited. An active flow of blood, deep breathing, a consequent purifying of the blood and a healthy perspiration to carry off impurities are the best possible for building up the inner man.

The eyes and the mind are constantly active in tennis, but this activity is a relief, a diversion, and a change from the strain of business or school.

Tennis is not a selfish game; it does not belong to the rich alone; it does not require an expensive outfit or broad expanse of land. I can construct, in my back yard, a court in which I can enjoy the greatest game of our day as well as the wealthiest people in the land.

Women as well as men can play this sport of sports. A dainty tennis player is beyond comparison with a mannish golf-girl or a strenuous basketball player.

Though tennis is easily learned, one is always a student. The game never becomes uninteresting. Tennis has none of the tediousness for the spectator that many other games have. Every play is full of interest. One turn of the wrist may make or mar the game.

In tennis there are no broken bones or bruised bodies,—nothing that is brutal, vicious, or dangerous.

No sanitarium or hospital holds a tennis player, for this is a game of health. It is the sport that gives one's body the needed exercise without strain, that has no after effects save those of a healthy appetite and a sound night's rest, and that makes him forget the cares and sorrows of this world in one of its greatest pleasures. It is the sport of sports for me.

▲ ▲

The Pitcher Plant

LITTA VOELCHERT; AGE, SEVENTEEN YEARS
[Winner of the second prize in the nature-study contest]

THE plant which I find the most interesting among my botanical friends is the pitcher plant. The first feature to attract is the odd pitcher-shaped leaves, which give it its name.

The leaves attract one, not alone by their peculiar shape, but also by their odd markings and the funny trap they have to catch insects. On examining the inner side of the leaf, you find it coated with strong white bristles, that point downward. A fly or other insect finds this a most lovely carpet to walk down on, but, having reached the end of the hairs, it finds a sweet, gummy secretion.



PITCHER PLANT

Here the flies find themselves prisoners, for they cannot fight their way upward through the opposing bristles, and flight is impossible through the narrow cavity the leaves afford. The leaves are nearly always found to be partly filled with water and drowned insects. The insects are digested by the plant, and they fertilize it.

The leaves usually grow in clusters of five around the stem bearing the flower. They are always found near swampy or moss-covered places. If you step on a number of these plants, you may find that water enough has been lodged in the leaves to wet your feet.

One pitcher plant bears only one flower, which nods at the end of a stem one foot high. The flowers vary in color from a delicate pink to a deep purple-red. The latter color is the most common.

The flower consists of five colored sepals with three bractlets near the base. Five odd-shaped petals are arched over a green style, and inclose many stamens. It also has a pleasing woody odor.

You will never find the pitcher plant in a place where the sun can readily strike it. It is found in well-sheltered places, and usually hidden under masses of bending ferns.



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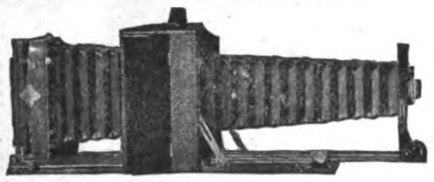
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Flat thin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. **$2 Outfit free. Express prepaid.** Dept. G. H.
HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

Two Chinese Students



TOM AND JOHN LEE

TWO interesting Chinese students, Tom and John Lee, are diligently seeking to obtain an art education at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. They are paying their way by doing laundry work. It is their intention to return to China when their studies are completed, and teach art to their countrymen.

▲ ▲

A Cool Telephone Girl



MISS BESSIE THRESHER

THE fact that a telephone girl remained cool at a time of great excitement saved several lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property. Some time ago, a fire broke out in a four-story building in Philadelphia. The alarm was given to the night telephone operator, Miss Bessie Thresher, of Allegheny, who called up fire headquarters, and then awakened the sleeping clerks in the building.

▲ ▲

A Businesslike Quartet

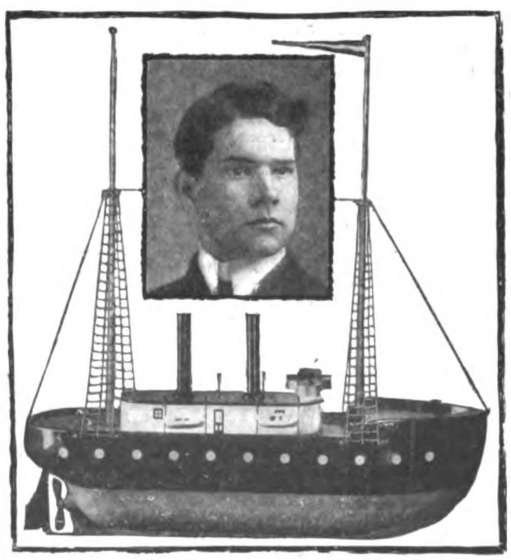


Clarence, Thomas, Elmer, and Augustus Miller

WE can easily read, from the four frank faces that look at us from this picture, the secret of their owners' prosperity. The two older boys have a store in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which they bought and stocked for cash, with papers, books, and various small supplies, all with money saved from selling papers on the street and on trains. The next younger still sells papers on the street, as does the youngest, also, after school. These two are to be taken into the partnership later. All four contribute to the support of their family, and the unity among them is remarkable. Their phenomenal success has attracted much attention, and their honorable dealings win the confidence of all with whom they come in contact.

▲ ▲

An Electric Ocean Liner



A DIMINUTIVE electric ocean liner, which glides in the water at the will of its owner, is the work of fifteen-year-old Herbert Shrum, of Omaha. His ingenuity promises well for his career in electrical engineering, after his high school course is finished.

This tiny craft measures thirty-two inches from bow to stern, eight inches across the upper deck, and seven and one-half inches in depth. A miniature electric motor and three small batteries furnish power to the screw propeller, and the position of the machinery below the water line

Deafness Overcome

Louisville man originates a simple little device that instantly restores the hearing—Fits perfectly, comfortably, and does not show. *190-page book FREE; tells all about it.*



Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and cannot be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf, and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but nevertheless it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

It will overcome deafness in any person no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accidents. It not only overcomes but stays the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure, and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station of life, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc., and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device. You will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write to-day and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address, for the free book and convincing evidence, Wilson Ear Drum Co., 820 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

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$50.00 California and Return

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Correspondingly low rates from other points, favorable time limits with stopover privileges. ***The Overland Limited*** leaves Chicago daily 8.00 p.m., less than three days en route. Electric lighted throughout. Most luxurious train in the world; two other fast trains daily 10 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., through without change. For tickets, sleeping car reservations and full particulars apply to your nearest ticket agent, or address

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22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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13 Friend Street, - - - Boston, Mass.



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for Agents. A Household Necessity. 90,000 sold in Minneapolis. Costs 7 cents; sells for 25 cents. Agents making $7.00 per day. **Millions will be sold.** You show what it will do and it sells itself. People borrow money to buy it. **Beats everything as a money maker.** Send 5 cents **to-day** for sample outfit.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURING CO.,
506 North Washington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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gives the desired balance. On the upper and only visible deck are staterooms, and there is a lookout in front. In fact, the boat is very complete, with masts and rope ladders. It is supplied with anchors, and flies a red, white and blue pennant. It makes good speed and is easily steered. The owner has christened it "Wilhelmina."

▲ ▲

Achievements of Youth



MILLIE JAMES

SO MANY stories of worthy achievement are brought to the notice of SUCCESS, that it is difficult to decide which of them to print. There are thousands of boys and girls who do things each month that are worthy of being put on record. Our endeavor is to select wide-differing achievements. Many of our boys and girls have laughed and cried over the story of "Sara Crewe," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and no doubt a great many will avail themselves of the opportunity to see the play which has been a great attraction in New York City for several months. The part of the "little princess" was taken by the charming juvenile actress, Miss Millie James, whose picture, in the character of "Sara Crewe," is shown herewith. Miss James is so successful in the rôle that she will appear in the London production.

▲ ▲

A LAD of Sioux City, Iowa, who is rapidly gaining a reputation as a musical composer, is Oliver Guy Magee. He was with an orchestra at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, New York, for several months, and has since conducted an orchestra that played with marked success at various summer resorts. His first success in musical composition was an oriental *intermezzo*. He has since published several compositions which have added to his reputation. The violin is his favorite instrument.



OLIVER GUY MAGEE

▲ ▲

WHILE pursuing a course at the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Walter Asbury Zelch invented an ingenious mechanical toy in the form of a small cannon. The cannon is placed on a platform, at the farther end of which is the figure of a man's head, at which projectiles are fired from the cannon. One of the interesting facts about this novelty is that young Zelch saved his spending money and secured a patent before he told his parents anything about it. The inventor is twenty-three years old, and has been a mute from birth. At the shop in Edgewood he was one of the leaders in cabinet making and wood carving. He also, without any special instruction in the art, does excellent landscape and portrait drawing.



WALTER A. ZELCH

▲ ▲

THE high schools of Brooklyn, New York, and its vicinity have organized the Metropolitan Debating League as the result of efforts by Edward F. Spitz. Mr. Spitz is a prominent member of the Senior Debating Society of the Boys' High School of Brooklyn, and recently won the honors of the school by an original oration on "National Holidays and Their Observance." One of his greatest accomplishments is extemporaneous speaking. He is not only a good orator, but also stands high as a scholar. After being graduated, he expects to enter a university and prepare for the legal profession.



EDWARD F. SPITZ

The Success League has a warm, friendly feeling for debating societies, for it is in such organizations that our future successful public speakers are being trained. In the membership of the Success League there is a vast army of young men and women whose usefulness in the world is being greatly increased by the ability to speak in public. Whatever other effort one may put forth in the interest of a cause, he can win the attention and sympathy of others more effectively by a strong personal appeal from the platform than in any other way. All else being equal, the one who



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¶ They who sell their thoughts have time for self-culture and social enjoyment. They receive the highest reward for their labor, and have prestige and influence among their fellow-men. ¶ If you are

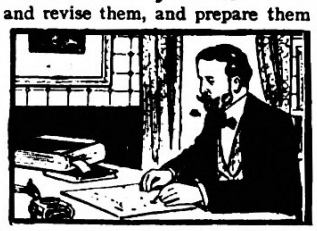
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or your station in life, and are willing to improve both by study at home during spare hours, we offer you an opportunity that should interest you at once. Send for our free booklet, **"Writing for Profit."** It tells you how to succeed as a newspaper correspondent, magazine contributor, and story-writer.

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An O-P-C suspensory will stop one strain which every man experiences, and which is a constant drain upon his entire system.

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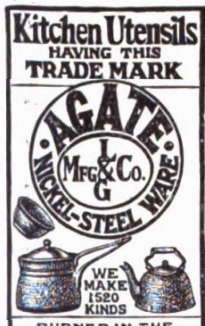
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adds to his other elements of usefulness that of graceful public speaking has many points in his favor.

The Smallest Engine in the World



WHAT is claimed to be the smallest engine ever constructed has been built, after months of labor, by A. G. Root, of Danbury, Connecticut. It is a horizontal engine which can stand on a silver dime, and weighs three pennyweights. If it were upright, as other miniature engines have been built, it would occupy only seven-sixteenths of an inch floor space. It was made entirely by hand, without drawings or model, and works perfectly by compressed air. The band of the fly wheel is solid gold; the feed pipe, two thirty-seconds of an inch in diameter, is of silver; the cylinder, which is sheathed with ebony, is three sixteenths of an inch in outside diameter, the bore being only five sixty-fourths of an inch. Other parts are made of steel or brass.

Prize Awards in the March Contests

THE subject of the biographical puzzle pictures was James A. Garfield. In the first picture he was shown on the towpath; in the second as a janitor at Hiram College; in the third as a preacher; in the fourth, while debating in the Ohio senate; in the fifth, he was represented as a colonel in the Civil War; the sixth picture showed his assassination.

The advertising contest was next in popularity to the puzzle contest. Cudahy's beef extract advertisement received the highest number of votes, Pearline was second, and Williams's shaving soap was third.

In the essay contest baseball was shown to be the favorite sport of a large majority of the contestants; tennis was second, and football third.

The prize winners in the following contests rank in the order that their names appear:—

Drawing.—C. W. Conaughty, age, eighteen years, 110 Highland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Ralph Tyler, age, twelve years, University Place, Nebraska. Eugene G. Jason, age, fourteen years, 30 Campbell Street, Delaware, Ohio.

Amateur Photography.—A. S. Lupton, age, fifteen years, Beebe Run, New Jersey. Vaseo E. Gifford, age, fourteen years, Lewis, Iowa. Clifton Corley, age, sixteen years, Cartersville, Georgia.

Handicraft.—Barry Greenwell, age, seventeen years, Cleburne, Texas. John Hendricks, age, thirteen years, Pomona, California. Carl Hague, age, sixteen years, Fremont, Ohio.

Nature Study.—Zella M. Gough, age, fourteen years, 307 South Eighth Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York. Litta Voelchert, age, seventeen years, 618 Jay Street, Manitowac, Wisconsin. Ralph C. Williams, age, sixteen years, 611 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Essay.—Luther Dana Fernald, age, seventeen years, West New Brighton, New York. Ralph L. Baldwin, age, thirteen years, 170 South Broadway, Nyack, New York. Mark McK. Sloan, age, fourteen years, 1453 Kenesaw Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Advertising.—Clara M. Williams, age, sixteen years, Jeffersonville, Ohio. George A. Hopkinson, age, thirteen years, 2402 Catharine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Harold Hoover, age, fourteen years, 246 East Oak Street, Massillon, Ohio.

Success Club.—Maxwell J. Lick, age, eighteen years, Albion, Pennsylvania. Rose Neal, age, seventeen years, Marion Center, Indiana County, Pennsylvania. Parker Stowe, age, thirteen years, Mooreheadville, Erie County, Pennsylvania.

Puzzle.—Jesse Avery Grow, age, thirteen years, 2814 Maple Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Mabel Everitt, age, fifteen years, Buda, Texas. Barney Frost, age, twelve years, Hephzibah, Georgia.

Stamp Puzzle Questions.—Raymond Swab, age, sixteen years, Norristown, Pennsylvania. Robert C. Rodgers, age, fifteen years, 20 Sidney Place, Brooklyn, New York. C. Kingsley Moses, age, thirteen years, Wayne, Pennsylvania.

Prize Contests for May

OUR young folks may be interested in knowing that SUCCESS has, each month, more prize contests for boys and girls, with more valuable prizes, than any other periodical published. Our aim is to have contests which cover all the things interesting to boys and girls. Instead of cash prizes, we allow each prize winner to select 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 Reward Book is sent on request. The awards in each contest will be: first prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, three dollars.

RULES

Contests are open to all readers under twenty years of age. A contributor may send only one contribution a month; not one of each kind. Articles must be written with ink, on only one side of the paper. The article, photograph, or drawing must bear the name, address, and age of the contributor. No letter or separate communication should be included. Written articles can not be returned, but drawings and photographs will be returned if stamps are inclosed. Drawings must be in black ink or water colors.

The May contest closes on the last of the month. Awards will be announced and some of the prize contributions published in the August SUCCESS. Address, Success Junior, University Building, New York.

Drawing.—A flower or plant.

Photograph.—Any interesting amateur photograph, mounted or unmounted, except blue prints or negatives.

Story.—Subject: A funny sight. This story may be either fact or fiction, and should contain five hundred words or less.

Nature Study.—Subject: My favorite flower. In five hundred words or less, describe your favorite flower.

Stamp Query.—What countries, which have used por-

traits on postage stamps have never yet used the portrait of a ruler? Whose portraits have they used?

Advertising.—Design an original advertisement for any of the articles that are advertised in this number of SUCCESS.

Success Club.—Write a list of ten good subjects for debate.

Handicraft.—Describe, with drawings or photographs, if possible, how to make any interesting or useful article that can be made by a girl or boy.

▲ ▲

Drawing Contest

First Prize



"Arbor Day at a Country School" by C. W. Conaughty

▲ ▲

Photographic Contest

First Prize



"Dinner Time," by A. S. Lupton

Second Prize



"My Chum," by Vasco E. Gifford



Third Prize

"Billy," by Clifton Corley

▲ ▲

THE SUCCESS LEAGUE

THE advantages of belonging to the League are: first, the fraternal encouragement of being a member of an organization of international influence; second, the free information and advice given by a bureau of experienced club-workers, located in the greatest center of information in the world; third, representation in one of the most influential, progressive, and helpful magazines published; fourth, a special monthly organ, supplied to club-members for a very small subscription price, containing, each month, the latest ideas, plans, and suggestions for effective work.

Success Clubs are organized as auxiliaries of church societies, Young Men's Christian Associations, schools, commercial colleges, and as independent self-improvement societies.

Full information that will enable any one to organize a new club, or to interest any society already organized in the matter of affiliating with the League, will be sent for four cents in stamps. Address the Success Club Bureau, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

His First Watch is an INGERSOLL



WHILE it's the greatest Boy's Watch ever built, because it is made to stand hard knocks, and sells for a Dollar, don't imagine the *INGERSOLL* is not also *good enough for YOU!* Millions of Merchants, Bankers and Business Men swear by them. ACCURACY GUARANTEED!

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How to Converse

Your body testifies to your physical strength. Your speech shows your mental ability.

How to Converse

Is the strongest Link in Your Chain of Accomplishments

TAUGHT AT YOUR HOME

Why not take your proper place in society?

You can learn to fill the awkward pauses.
You can be an interesting dinner companion.
You can learn to tell a story or a joke.
You can learn to raise conversation above the gossip line.

Why not be a success in business?

Learn to say the right thing in the right way.
Be able to meet any excuse.
Learn how to interest people in your schemes.

Salesmen, Agents, Managers, Social Aspirants, need our Course of Study.

We teach you how to acquire an active brain, a bright eye, elastic muscles, symmetry of figure, clear complexion, proper carriage, ease of manner.

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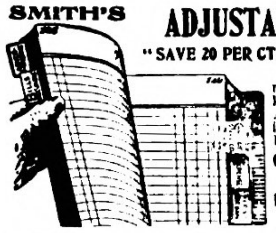
Equal in quality, style and comfort to any $3.50 shoe. One pair will convince you of the truth of this, and make clear to you why Radcliffe Shoes have been so wonderfully popular with well-dressed women. If your dealer should not have them send us his name. We will refer you to a dealer who has Radcliffe Shoes and send you a style book *free*.

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"OIMA" Durable and Safe **Liquid Pistol** 5 inches long



Made of Steel, Nickel Plated

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CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. PROMOTES A LUXURIANT GROWTH.

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color.

Prevents Scalp Diseases and Hair Falling.

50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

THE WHIP HAND

Samuel Merwin

[*Continued from page 278*]

ples. At the close of her first song, he stopped applauding long enough to say, confidentially, to Halloran: "Remarkable what a lot of talent you find among these people. That girl ought to be in the profession. Really, she's a stunning girl,—and clever, awfully clever."

"Splendid! splendid!" he exclaimed again, turning toward her and applauding vigorously as she came out into the hall.

She laughed and shook her head, but made no reply. She evidently liked applause, too,—frankly liked it.

"You must have studied, to sing like that," Le Duc went on.

She flushed with pleasure, but only shook her head again, and sat on the stairs to listen to the next recitation.

As Le Duc stepped out, bowing with his easy, good-natured smile, Miss Davies saw her opportunity to speak to Halloran. At the beginning of the evening she had talked a moment with Lizzie Bigelow, but with unsatisfactory results, as her troubled expression showed. She now led the way to a sitting room behind the stairs. For a short space they were silent,—this young woman who, with the buoyancy of youth, with sanguineness hardly justified by the facts of the black city that was pulsing around her, had plunged into its darkness the feeble light of her hopes, and this young man who knew so well the difficulty of climbing from sloth and incompetency and vicious ignorance that he was willing to help her and those who were ready to struggle along the upward path. He put his hands in his pockets, and stood waiting for her to begin. He liked to look at her, she was so earnest and unconscious of herself; perhaps, oo, because she was well worth looking at, with her clear, delicate skin, a little flushed, and the masses of shining brown hair that were piled above her forehead.

"I wrote you," she began, "that we have lost track of George. He was here, as usual, a week ago Wednesday, but then he disappeared. His sister says they have no idea where he is; and I don't think she cares very much. She says he can look out for himself, and that is more than they can do for him at home. Now, what are we to do?"

"Have you seen his mother?"

"No, not yet. She always rebuffs me. If she were more like our other women, it would be easier. I wanted to talk with you first, to see if we can not think of some way to find him."

"But we have no clue. She might be able to give us a hint. Even to learn something about his loafing places would be a start,—something to work from."

"I suppose so,—if she would tell. She is proud, you know. But we must do something. I can't leave that boy wandering around the city like this. The first thing we know, we shall hear of him in jail, and after that,—" She ended with a shake of the head.

At a thought that entered his mind, Halloran smiled slightly. "Have you talked with Jimmie?" he asked.

"Jimmie McGinnis?"—she had to smile, too.

"He might tell something. One always knows what the other is up to. I can't think of any other way."

She looked earnestly at him as she asked:—

"Will you try it, if I bring him here?"

He nodded, and soon she returned with him.

Jimmie looked from one to the other, his small eyes devoid of expression, his inscrutable thin face as innocent as that of a sleeping baby.

"Sit down, Jimmie," said Halloran; "Miss Davies and I want to talk with you about George."

Jimmie seated himself and waited respectfully, his thin legs dangling off the floor, his hands clasped meekly in his lap. He was always willing to be talked to,—rather enjoyed it, in fact; was particularly fond of moral lectures; had a keen little mind, somewhere behind his narrow forehead, and could bring himself to discuss moral questions with his lady teachers, showing all the symptoms of an eager water lily striving upward from its dark bed toward the light of day. Miss Davies he understood perfectly, and really liked, in a way. She was good,—and why not? Who would n't be good with plenty to eat and wear, with fathers and mothers, and grand suburban homes with real trees about them? He had been taken out there once for some fresh air,—on which occasion he had seen a cow for the first time in



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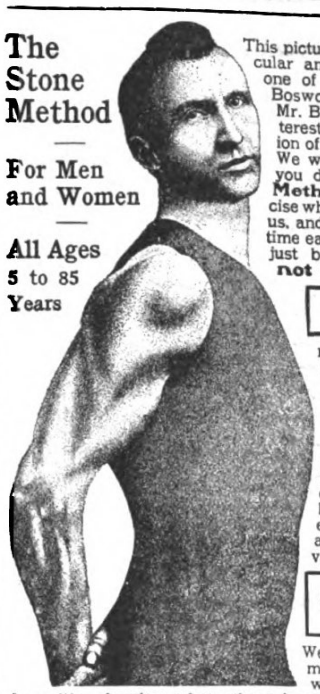
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his life. But he was a little afraid of Halloran, and inclined to grow secretive in his presence. To sum him up, Jimmie was already launched upon a professional career; he sold score cards at the baseball park, fully realized the importance of his place in life, and even hoped some day to be a manager, and in a checked suit walk out to the players' bench before the game to announce the battery of the day, and toss the new ball from a capacious pocket,—a new ball in a red box with a white seal around it. This was Jimmie McGinnis.

"Now, Jimmie, do you know where he is?"

Jimmie shook his head.

"No, sir. I heard some one say he had n't been around for a week."

Halloran threw a quick glance at Miss Davies, but it was not too quick for Jimmie.

"He has run off, Jimmie, and we want to find him. It does n't make any difference why he went. Anybody is likely to get into trouble now and then, and I 'm not going to ask any questions. But if he has lost his job, or got into trouble, I think we could help him."

"Yes, sir, I 'm sure you could," Jimmie replied, gratefully, and what little expression there was in his face said, plainly enough, "Do n't I know you have helped me?" And then he added, in eagerness to assist: "I could stop at the box factory, if you like, and see if he ain't working any more."

"All right, I wish you would. Tell us about it Monday at class. That is all."

At this Jimmie got soberly down from the chair and went out, leaving Miss Davies and Halloran to look at each other expressively.

"Well, what do you think?" said she.

"He is going straight to warn him. Something is the matter. We must try his mother, now, and we ought to do it quickly,—before Monday."

Miss Davies mused for a moment. "We could hardly get there to-night; we might go to-morrow afternoon, when she gets back from her work. I will arrange to have dinner here."

Halloran nodded, and they returned to the hall.

Jimmie was dancing again, when they reached the parlor door, to music by one of the resident teachers who had volunteered to take the place of Miss Davies. Apples had disappeared, and Lizzie Bigelow, also. Miss Davies looked around for them; then, realizing, after a moment, that Jimmie's feet were not the only ones that were stepping in time to the music, she glanced up the stairway. A laugh from the upper hall, and a fling of a skirt at the head of the stairs, brought a puzzled expression to her face. But the explanation came in a moment. Just as Jimmie stopped dancing, and was turning toward the hall, Apples came running down the stairs, a cane in his hand, and after him Lizzie Bigelow, laughing, nearly breathless, and with a heightened color.

"Oh, Miss Davies," Apples exclaimed, with all his good-natured assurance on the surface, "Miss Bigelow and I are going to do a cake walk, and we want you to play for us a good lively march, with a lot of jump in it."

Miss Davies looked at him, surprised, then at Lizzie; finally, in distress, she turned to Halloran. But he found nothing to say. Before Miss Davies could collect her wits and think of some excuse, Apples was blundering on.

"Play the one you did for the boy,—that will do splendidly. We have been practicing up stairs, and it goes mighty well. We would better do it now, before we get our steps mixed. Miss Bigelow says she 'd rather do this than the song she is down to sing,—did n't you?" he added, appealing to her.

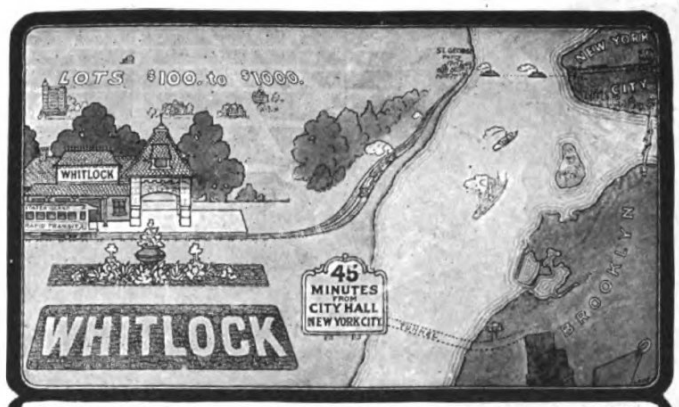
She assented, rather shamefacedly, and Miss Davies gave up. There was no rule against cake walks, and, more, she had invited Mr. Le Duc expressly to entertain the boys and girls; so she concealed her dislike for this juvenile way of overstepping boundaries, and went to the piano. Halloran was downright sorry for her, but he did not see that he could do anything in the way of assistance.

[*To be continued in the June* SUCCESS]

THE OPTIMIST

HE sees above the vault of night
Ten thousand gleaming points of light,
Beyond the dark and shadowed way
The purple streaks of coming day;
And though the way be hard and long
He cheers him onward with a song,—
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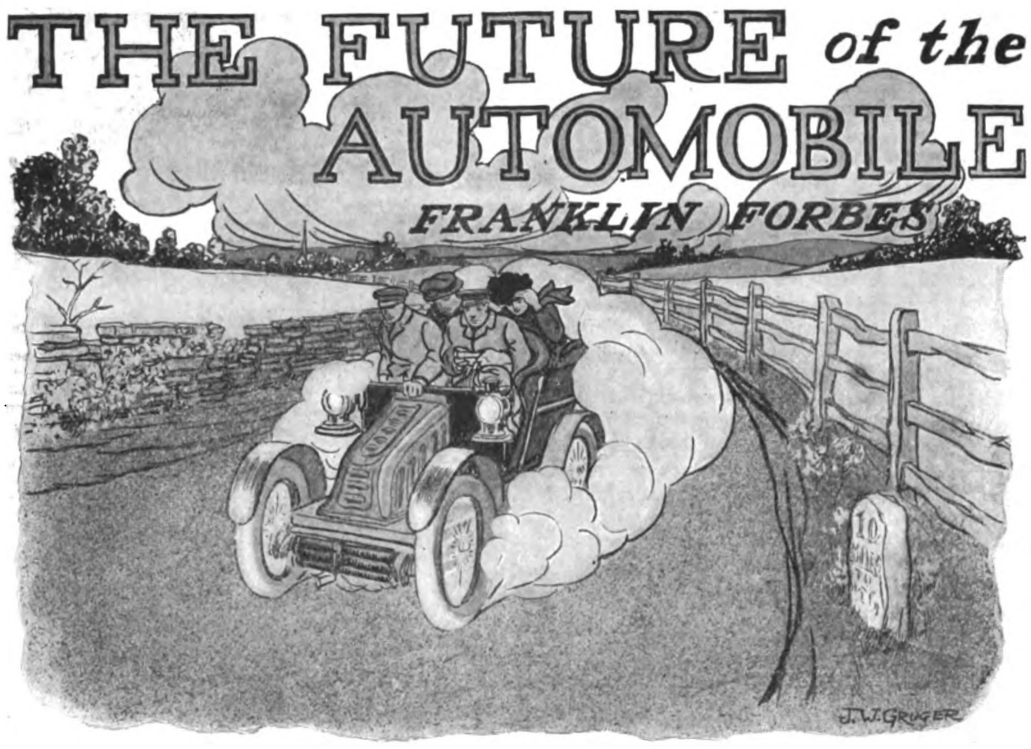
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THE FUTURE of the AUTOMOBILE

FRANKLIN FORBES



IT is no longer an open question whether or not the automobile is a permanency among vehicles. Curiosity, which, a few years ago, prompted inspection of horseless carriages as novelties, has been superseded by interest of a more practical kind,—with a view to improvement in construction at such a reduction in cost that automobiles are undoubtedly to become, very soon, a business necessity, not only because of their superiority to horses for transportation purposes, but also because of advantages in the way of economy.

An automobile for pleasure riding is now so common a sight in the streets of the larger cities that it causes no comment further than that excited so often by the reckless *chauffeurs* whose missions seem to be to sufficiently arouse the public at large to its duty of insisting upon a rigid compliance with all public regulations for the use of motor vehicles. Prices for several kinds of smaller automobiles for pleasure have now reached a point where the cash difference between owning an automobile and keeping a horse and carriage is easily in favor of the motor vehicle, and it is asserted that a very favorable showing can be made for the expensive touring car when cost and running expenses are compared with the cost and attendant expenses of an up-to-date brougham and finely-bred coach horses.

The trolley car has been the means of overcoming all the principal objections hitherto made against the operation of motor carriages on the public highways, and the increasing use of the automobile is giving impetus to the "good roads movement" throughout the country that had its inception in the general popularity of the bicycle. As might be expected, the increasing use of automobiles for pleasure riding has awakened manufacturers, and the public in general, to their possibilities for commercial purposes. For such uses the automobile is more rapidly coming to the front than superficial observers are aware, but at present it is principally restricted to the cities. Whenever the economy of a freight automobile over the cost of the use of horses and trucks becomes a reality, there are sure to be busy days and large fortunes ahead for the more enterprising and inventive manufacturers.

As to the future type of automobile, R. E. Olds, general manager of the Olds Motor Works, of Detroit, Michigan, says:—

"The law of the survival of the fittest is the only thing which will determine the future type of automobiles. The time has come when these vehicles have ceased to be a fad, and have begun to take their proper place for usefulness in business and pleasure. Of course, it is probable that, for some time, a certain element will endeavor to go to the extreme in their construction and use, as is the case with everything else of special newness and novelty. But the practical side of the industry is already replacing the freaks and exaggerated monstrosities with convenient, simple, and economical motor carriages for everyday use. It is pretty generally recognized that the automobile has come to stay, and, this being a fact, its natural field is that heretofore occupied by horses. While it is possible that the twenty, forty, sixty, and even the hundred horse power vehicles may be built for racing purposes, the lighter and lesser horse power vehicles will certainly be the automobiles of the future. A misconception of the automobile has entered into the public mind, due largely to the invariable illustration by newspapers and magazines of all articles pertaining to the machine with the ponderous, cumbersome vehicles which American manufacturers have adopted from the French and German styles. It is only a matter of time when there will be adopted in the United States a style of vehicle fitted for the needs of American roads and American conditions. In fact, this has already been done, as some of the leading manufacturers in the country have originated distinctive styles, and more practical vehicles than have ever been turned out by European makers. The immense advantages of motor carriages over those drawn by horses are too well known to need much explanation. By their use there is no failure to keep engagements because of lameness or sickness. There is none of the objection and annoyance of a stable. There is no danger from fright. There is no danger to animals from exposure to inclement weather, or from over-exertion on a hot day.

"The cost of keeping a horse averages about one hundred and eighty dollars a year. Multiply that amount by four or five, and we have the cost of

The future carriage is now seen in goodly numbers in nearly every large city in the country



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the horses for the same amount of power generated for a standard runabout,—a cost greater for maintenance than the actual purchase price of a good machine. In other words, to obtain by horses the power at command in one of these runabouts, one would pay more (in addition to the cost of the horses and the risks of losing them by sickness or accident,) than would be paid for an automobile and its maintenance for probably three years. But the argument will be used that four or five horses are not needed, and this, of course, as a rule, is very true; but take as a typical example a man who uses a horse more than any one else,—a physician. What doctor in general practice can get along with one horse; or, if he does, how long does it serve him? Certainly not more than a year. Calls at all hours, standing around in all conditions of weather; excessive use, and sometimes abuse, will ruin the best horse in that length of time. Most physicians have heretofore found it necessary to have at least two or three horses, so that the necessary cost of maintaining them has been greater than that of one of the practical runabouts. This is a field that will help materially to determine the future of the American automobile. A strong effort is being made by the French, German, and some of the American manufacturers to make of the automobile a vehicle of luxury, instead of one of necessity. Individual models are being made for wealthy men. All the luxury at the command of wealth is evidenced in the equipment of some of the machines, designed to tempt American millionaires to exchange for them some of their surplus dividends. Fancy prices are asked for fancy cars, which are as impracticable as they are costly. The very fact that the press and public are burdened with stories of these 'foolish cars' leads a great many people to look upon the automobile in the light of a rich man's fad, instead of a practical necessity."

The automobile of the future will be the buggy without the horse,—a light, simple and serviceable vehicle, powerful enough to wheel through the heavy mud and dragging sand of American roads, safe enough for any one, and so reliable and free from complications that a driver will have nothing to watch but the road. Such machines are being made to-day; and that they are satisfying the demand is evidenced by the fact that the capacity of the shops of American manufacturers, who are making them, is being taxed to the utmost.

The cost of such a machine is now within the reach of every one who owns a horse and buggy, and a great many more people will use automobiles than would care to be bothered with the annoyance of a horse. The uses for the American automobile in the commercial field are practically unlimited. Very little, as yet, has been done by American manufacturers along these lines, though some of them are blazing the trail for the future supremacy of American delivery wagons and trucks.

A CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHER

Had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
—*Shakespeare.*

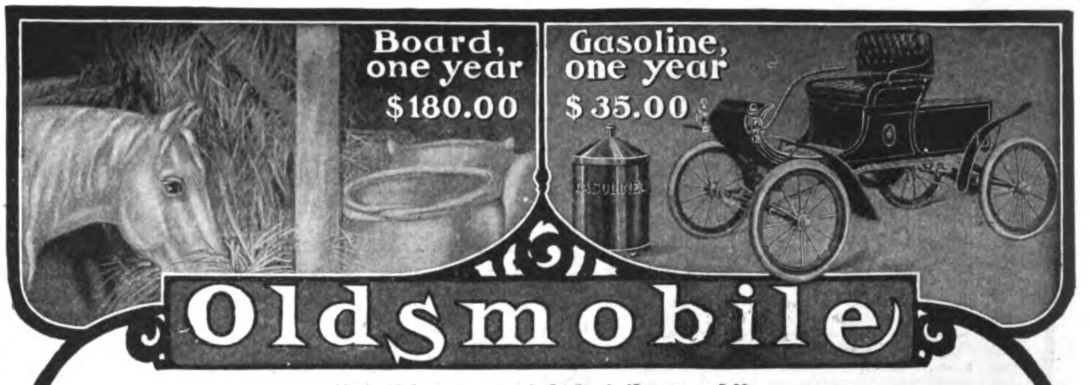
MR. DOOLEY'S sparkling fancy will not allow him to see anything gloomy, even in death. "I talk about it," he says to "Hinnessy," "an' sometimes I think about it. But how do I think about it? It's me lyin' there in a fine shoot iv clothes an' listenin' to all the nice things people are sayin' about me. I'm dead, mind ye, but I can hear a whisper in the furthest corner iv the room. Ivry wan is askin' ivry wan else why did I die. 'It's a gr-reat loss to th' counthry,' says Hogan. 'It is,' says Donehue. 'He was a fine man,' says Clancy. 'As honest a man as iver dhrew th' breath iv life,' says Schwartzmeister. 'I hope he forgives us all th' harm we attimpted to do him,' says Donehue. 'I'd give annything to have him back,' says Clancy. 'He was this an' that, th' life iv th' party, th' sowl iv honor, th' frind iv th' disthressed, th' boolwark iv the constichooshin, a pathrite, a gintleman, a Christyan, an' a scholard.' 'An' such a roguish way with him,' says th' Widow O'Brien."

In spite of the cynicism, we cannot but admire Mr. Dooley's philosophy when he adds, "That's what I think, Hinnessy, but if I judged fr'm experyence I'd know it'd be, 'it's a nice day for a dhrive to th' counthry. Did he lave much?' No man is a hayro to his undhertaker."

THE FINE ART OF LIVING

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

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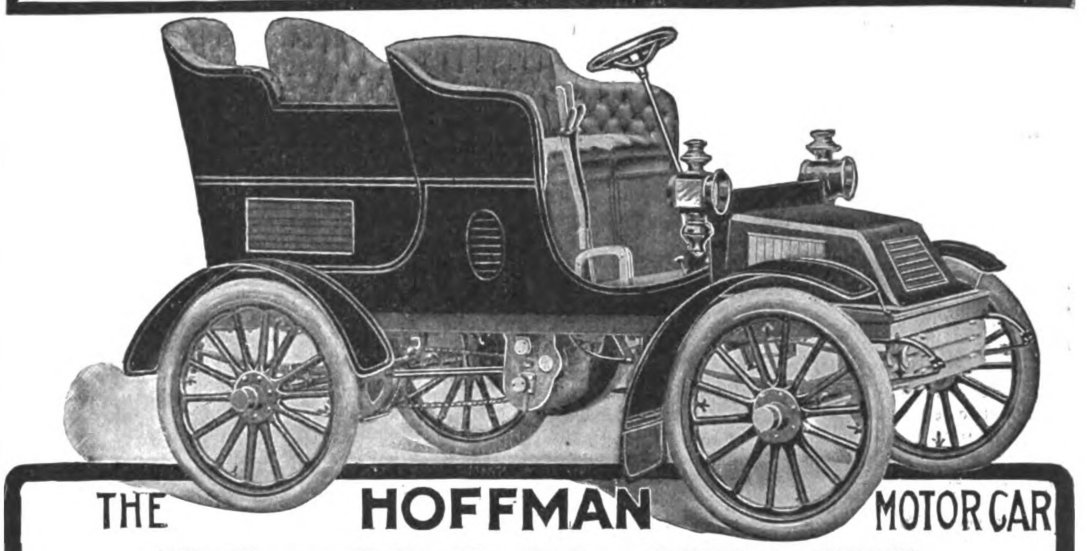
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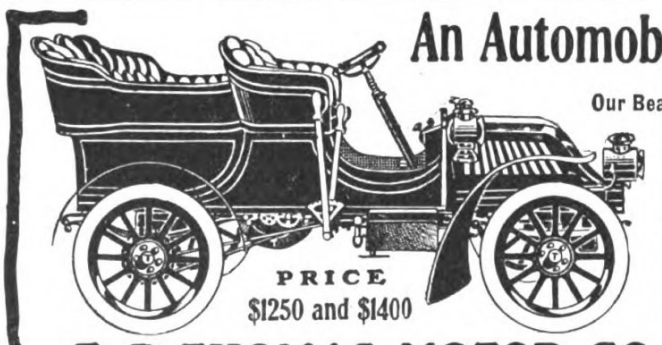
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Lights Any Building Anywhere

Better than City Gas or Electricity. Cheaper than Kerosene.

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This is the only school of its kind in the world. **It teaches professions that pay. WINDOW TRIMMING and STORE DECORATING, AD.-WRITING and CARD SIGN PAINTING,** constituting **THE PUBLICITY END OF BUSINESS.**

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A Unique City by-the-Sea.

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Put a pipe in your mouth, jam your hands snugly into your pockets, and take a turn along the board walk and notice the crowds. But for the absence of the light summer dresses, duck trousers, and straw hats, it might be a cool morning in early summer. Business men, University of Pennsylvania undergraduates, trim young women in light furs and smart wraps, invalids in roller chairs, convalescents making slow progress on the arm of an attendant—all taking advantage of the invigorating ocean breezes.

There are fun and amusement a-plenty for the person who is seeking recreation and not health. The Casino has an excellent ballroom, and a commodious white marble swimming pool of sea water, warmed to a comfortable temperature for bathing, no matter what the season. There are bowling alleys and sun parlors with commanding views of the ocean and esplanade. Three long ocean piers are additional places of resort and amusement. They are kept comfortably heated when the temperature demands. For the large contingent who devote their time to outdoor sports there are the golf links, of which Harry Varden, the English Champion, spoke so highly. The course is owned by the Country Club, but its courtesies are extended to hotel guests. A well-equipped clubhouse is on the grounds of the club. Fishing is kept up throughout the winter. The Horse Show draws thousands of visitors. To speak of the hotels is hardly necessary. They range from huge structures equipped with every convenience that luxury can command, to quiet villas and boarding houses. They stand to satisfy the vagaries and demands of any applicant.—*New York Post.*

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CHANCE OF A CENTURY $50 to $150 per week and upwards positive; men and women wanted everywhere to operate sales parlors for the best, most attractive ladies' shoe known; ten new remarkable recommending features; previous experience unnecessary; no risk; write today. KUSHION KOMFORT SHOE CO. 564 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

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A Monthly Home Journal of Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help

ORISON SWETT MARDEN. Editor and Founder

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THE JUNE "SUCCESS" The June number, the first of the summer issues, will present a varied contents which will include, among other leading subjects, "Financing a Nation," by Frank Fayant, who will tell how the great system of currency is manipulated in a country like the United States,—how money is furnished to keep the wheels of progress oiled. It is the story of the raising and distributing of billions of dollars of government revenue, of the supervision of the great national banking organizations of the country, of the control of mints and assay offices, of the regulation of panics and stringencies, and of the operations of the most extensive banking institution in the world,—the United States Treasury. "Martin Dooley," the quaint Irish philosopher, who in private life is Finley P. Dunne, is the greatest literary fun-producer in the United States. SUCCESS will publish his life-story, which is one of keen interest, and which shows how one man produces material to make millions laugh. "Seeking Nature,—without a Gun," is a charming article, by Julius Norregard, which decries the methods of vacation seekers in the woods, who seem to care only to kill every wild thing they may see. "The World's Greatest Artists of To-day," will be an elaborate grouping on heavy paper of portraits of the living men who stand first in the ranks of painting and sculpture. In fiction, there will be the second installment of Samuel Merwin's interesting novel, "The Whip Hand," and a new story by Howard Fielding, entitled "The Name and Fame of Shine-O." The third part of David Graham Phillips's "The Confession of a Crœsus," will appear. One critic has said of this story, "It is the best study of that class of American millionaires who live for money alone that has yet appeared."

You Can Earn $1,000 *in the* LONG VACATION



THIS MEANS, not a daily grind within four walls, but pleasant out-of-door employment, travel, sight-seeing,—a-wheel, perhaps, or by little journeys from town to town,—meeting and chatting with people who will be glad to see you and talk with you about the attractive proposition you present; for SUCCESS as a magazine *is* an attractive proposition, with its pleasing and helpful articles by the best writers, its beautiful illustrations by the cleverest artists, and—best of all,—its messages of inspiration and good cheer for every one—man, woman, boy, or girl,—who turns its pages.

Home-Help; School-Help; Self-Help

MANY TEACHERS and students not only have to look out for themselves personally, but there are others at home—an aged parent, or a young brother, or a sister, perhaps,—who also must be helped. Again, for the student, there are the expenses of a college education, special instruction, perhaps; special reference-books; in fact, a well selected library, which should be begun and built up in teaching-days or school-days. Whether it be for home-help, school-help, or self-help, SUCCESS points the way for you to make the necessary money,—even more than you really need. By coöperating with us each season, many students and teachers add materially to their bank account.

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to every one sending us 100 subscriptions between the present date and December 31, 1903. This is entirely in addition to all commissions and cash prizes. A prospectus of "The Model Home University" will be sent to any prospective representative upon request.

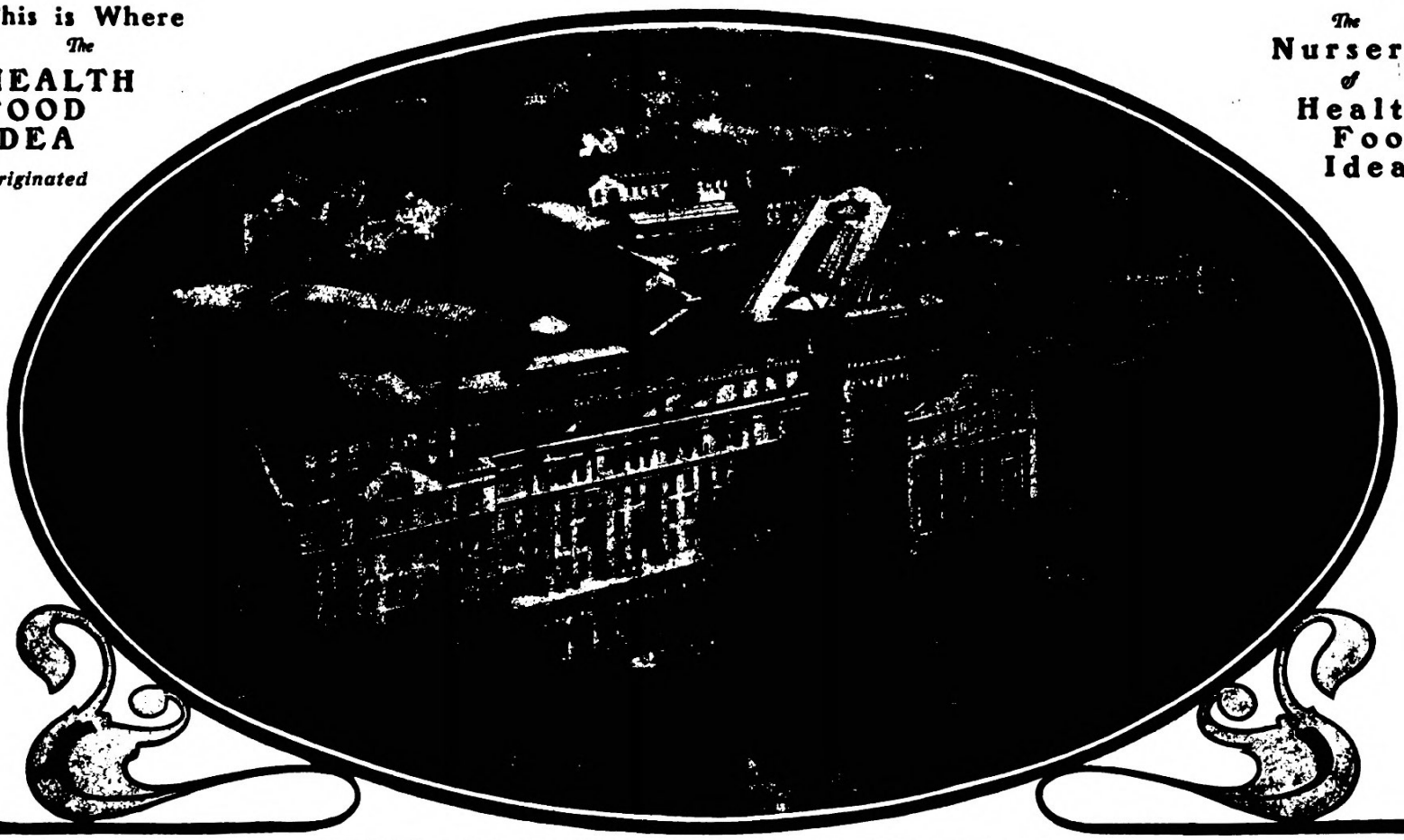
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This is Where The HEALTH FOOD IDEA *Originated*

The Nursery of Health Food Ideas



THE NEW MAIN BUILDING OF THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

Is 550 feet long, the rear extensions aggregate five hundred feet more. It is five and six stories high, fire proof, made of brick, stone and iron. There is a sun parlor, and separate bathing buildings for men and women. It has facilities for treating one thousand patients—as many as could be treated in the old main building and hospital, which were destroyed by fire Feb. 18, 1902.

THE MOST COMPLETE AND BEST EQUIPPED INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium Food Idea *Is the* HEALTH FOOD IDEA *to-day*

WE ARE THE ORIGINATORS

Do not buy so-called health foods simply because they are made in Battle Creek. Remember, the ***genuine*** bear the name of the Battle Creek Sanitarium Food Co., or the Sanitas Nut Food Co., Ltd. ***If your grocer does not keep them, write to us.***

The following Real Sanitarium Health Foods are sold by the Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd.

CEREALS

Sanitarium Breakfast Toast—per pkg	15c
Toasted Corn Flakes—per pkg	10c
Granola—per pkg	12c
Granose Flakes—per pkg	15c
Granose Biscuit—per pkg	15c
Toasted Wheat Flakes—per pkg	15c
Granuto—per pkg	15c

HEALTH BISCUIT.

Crackers—Graham, No. 1—per pkg	15c
" " Plain—per pkg	12c
" Fruit—per pkg	20c
Wafers—Oatmeal—per pkg	15c
" Whole-Wheat—per pkg	15c
Cream Sticks—Whole-Wheat—per pkg	15c
Diabetic Gluten Biscuit, 40 per cent—per pkg	40c
" " " ½ size pkg	20c
Gluten Meal, pure—per pkg	50c
" " 40 per cent—per pkg	40c
" " 20 per cent—per pkg	20c
40 per cent Gluten Flour—5 lb. sacks	$1.25
" " " 10 lb. sacks	2.25
" " " 20 lb. sacks	3.50

NUT FOODS.

Nut Bromose—1 lb. pkg	50c
" " ½ lb. pkg	25c
Fig Bromose—1 lb. pkg	50c
" " ½ lb. pkg	25c
Malted Nuts—1 pt. bottle	75c
" " ½ pt. bottle	40c
" " 6 lb. bottle	$3.00
Protose—1 lb. can	25c
" ½ lb. can	15c
Nut Butter—1 lb. can	25c
" " ½ lb. can	15c
Salted Nut Butter—½ lb. jar	25c
Nuttolene—1 lb. can	25c
" ½ lb. can	15c

HEALTH SWEETS.

Food Candy—1 lb. pkg	40c
" " ½ lb. pkg	20c
Health Chocolates—1 lb. box	50c
Meltose—½ gal. can	80c
" 1 lb. jar	30c
" 1 gal. can	$1.50
Baked Beans—per can	15c
Hulless Beans—per pkg	15c

FOOD DRINKS.

Unfermented Grape Juice—per quart	40c
" " per pint	25c
Caramel Cereal—per pkg	15c

If your grocer does not keep them, write to us. Why buy poor imitations when the Real Health Foods cost no more?

Try Charcoal Tablets

Not a Drug, But an Antiseptic.

Scientific investigation clearly demonstrates the fact that by far the greater part of the disorders of digestion are due to the action of germs, which gain access to the alimentary canal and cause the decomposition of food, and produce poisonous substances, which, when absorbed into the blood, give rise to a great variety of distressing symptoms, such as heartburn, water brash, sick-headache, dullness of mind, confusion of thought, blurred vision, specks before the eyes, and even attacks of unconsciousness. Distention of stomach and bowels with gas, heaviness in the region of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, etc., are also caused in this way. The tongue becomes coated, the breath foul, and there is an unpleasant taste in the mouth. For the relief of these disagreeable symptoms the best of all intestinal antiseptics is charcoal, and of the many sources from which it is derived, that prepared from cereals is by far the most satisfactory. When exposed for a long time, charcoal absorbs organic material from the air, and loses its efficiency. We prepare Charcoal from cereals, compressed into tablet form of convenient size for use and carefully packed. It keeps indefinitely. Price 40c a box.

On recipt of coupon, signed, with $1.00, we will mail you three boxes of our CHARCOAL TABLETS.

.....CUT OUT, MAIL TO.....

BATTLE CREEK Sanitarium CO. LTD.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find one dollar. Please mail me three boxes CHARCOAL TABLETS.

Name _____

CHARCOAL TABLETS COUPON.

Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

COUPON 80

Invalids—Attention

Dietetic Department

We announce the opening of a Special Correspondence Department for the benefit of invalids, dyspeptics, and those suffering from diabetes, rheumatism, and other maladies requiring careful regulation of the diet. If you will fill out the coupon below a blank will be sent you, which, after filling out, you will mail to us. This statement of your dietetic needs will be given attention by a member of our Medical Consulting Staff.

More than one hundred thousand former invalids will testify to benefits unforgot, a return to health, the natural result of nature's remedy, pure food.

No Charge for Advice

CUT OUT COUPON AND MAIL TO US.

.....CUT ON DOTTED LINE.....

BATTLE CREEK Sanitarium CO. LTD.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Gentlemen:—I umderstand you make a special line of foods for those whose health is so impaired as to render the use of ordinary foods impracticable. I wish you would send me full particulars and a blank to fill out, so that my dith ulties may be submitted to one of your Medical Consulting Staff, who will prescribe foods applicable. INVALID COUPON.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

COUPON 80

YOU Would profit physically and financially by the continued use of our foods, which contain every element necessary to man, woman or child. There is as much chance for improvement in foods as there is in ice-cream freezers or threshing machines. Why not try our new

Twentieth Century Diet?

You will like the the new food, and your palate, your stomach and your pocketbook will be in sympathy with it, even if your mind is prejudiced before having tried it. If you do not try it as a whole, try at least a breakfast of Health Food.

Free—A Brochure—Free

On the Battle Creek Sanitarium FOOD IDEA will be mailed to you free if you will send coupon with name and address plainly written. It will give you the whys and wherefores of our Pure Food Idea, the result of thirty years' study of the food question.

.....MAIL TO-DAY.....

BATTLE CREEK Sanitarium CO. LTD.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, free of charge, your Brochure on the Battle Creek Sanitarium Food Idea.

Name _____

FREE BOOKLET COUPON.

Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

COUPON 80

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These Things Are Free

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK

Our Rewards are famous country-wide. By cooperating with us hundreds of our friends are securing useful and valuable articles, which they otherwise might not feel like purchasing. There is *absolutely no cash outlay*,—only a little effort at odd times, in your own neighborhood among those you know. Glance below. *You will see how easy it is.*

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No. 298—BERRY SPOON. We offer a genuine 1847 Rogers Bros. Berry Spoon, 9 inches long, for three subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

No. 292—SALAD SPOON and FORK. We offer a genuine 1847 Rogers Bros. Salad Spoon and Salad Fork, for eight subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

No. 292—CREAM LADLE, BUTTER KNIFE and SUGAR SHELL. We offer these three articles, in 1847 Rogers Bros., for five subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

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No. 654—POCKET KNIFE. We offer a strong, durable, imported, George Wostenholm Knife, best English steel, stagbone handle, for two subscriptions. Postage prepaid.

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No. 229—ENCYCLOPEDIA of QUOTATIONS. We offer this valuable book, cloth binding, fully indexed by subjects and authors, 1158 pages, for only two subscriptions and twenty-six cents additional. Postage prepaid.

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No. 165—LADY'S UMBRELLA. We offer an elegant all-silk 26-inch Ladies' Umbrella, best steel frame and rod, with long, pearl, sterling silver trimmed handle, for only eight subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

No. 185—ALARM CLOCK. We offer the Pirate Alarm Clock, finished in nickel, 4-inch dial, for two subscriptions and twenty-two cents additional. Postage prepaid.

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No. 129—ELECTRIC BELL EQUIPMENT. We offer a complete Electric Bell Equipment, which can be used for front door, or between any two rooms in the house, consisting of one dry battery, one japanned iron box-bell, with a nickel-plated gong, and 75 feet of insulated wire, for two subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

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No. 212—LADY'S POCKETBOOK. We offer a genuine seal or alligator combination Pocketbook and cardcase, with sterling silver corners for two subscriptions. Postage prepaid.

No. 158—PILLOW DEX. We offer a full equipment for the game of Pillow Dex, consisting of six rubber balloons, with mouth piece for inflation, and dividing line and blocks for table, all neatly packed in a box, as reward for two subscriptions. Postage prepaid.

No. 186—CARVING SET. We offer a high grade Carving Set of three pieces, as reward for securing four subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

No. 161—MORRIS CHAIR. We offer a beautiful Morris Chair, with blue, green, or red cushion, as reward for securing seventeen subscriptions. Receiver to pay freight charges.

No. 702—WRITING DESK. We offer a combination Writing Desk and Bookcase, finished in golden oak, 60 inches high and 30 inches wide, for only ten subscriptions. Receiver to pay freight charges.

No. 703—KITCHEN CABINET. We offer a splendid Kitchen Cabinet, the height of which is 30 inches, size of top 28x48, firmly made in every particular, with two large bins swinging on a pivot and two drawers, a kneading board and a meat board, for only ten subscriptions. Receiver to pay freight charges.

No. 133—SCROLL SAW. We offer a fine Star Scroll Saw, with twelve saw blades, one wrench, one screw-driver, one sheet of designs, three drill points, and a tool box, for only ten subscriptions. Receiver to pay freight charges.

No. 47—HAMMOCK. We offer a fine cotton wove Hammock, with pillow, fluted valance, steel spreader, and wooden bar at foot, measuring 84x40 inches, as a reward for only four subscriptions. Receiver to pay freight charges.

No. 31—TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS. We offer two Morse Telegraph Instruments, full size, including handsome giant sounder and solid trunnion keys, with the magnets wound with fine wire, and adapted for use on outdoor lines for only eight subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

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No. 191—CHAFING DISH. We offer a handsome nickel-plated Chafing Dish, with alcohol lamp, wrought iron stand, with (capacity three pints,) for only seven subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

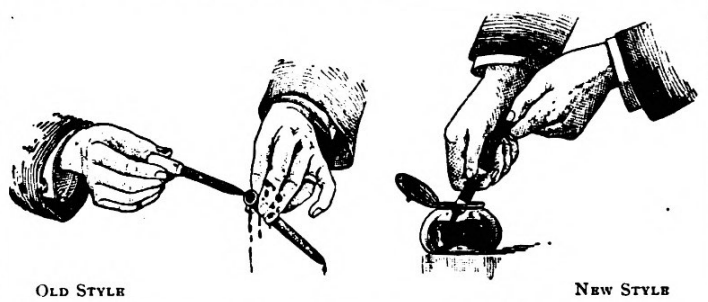
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No. 455—STRIKING BAG. We offer a Striking or Punching Bag, substantially made of good russet tan leather, rubber cord for floor, and rope for ceiling attachment, for two subscriptions and twenty-five cents additional. Postage prepaid.

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Author of "Ben Hur" says:

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Very respectfully,
Lew. Wallace.



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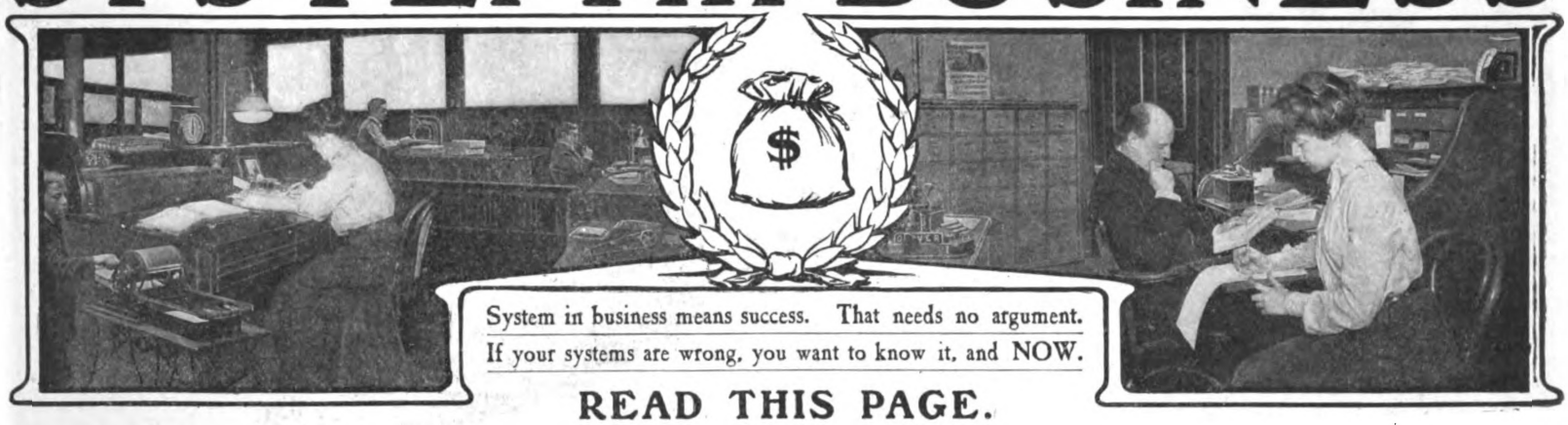
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SYSTEM *in* BUSINESS



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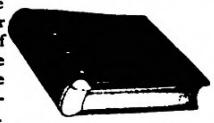
We tell you here of methods that are new—practical methods proven so by actual test.

These systems have helped other bright business and professional men. They will just so surely help you.

To get the most work from yourself or from your employees you must have the proper tools for every purpose.

There are desks that save time, and chairs that save backache. They are all a part of system.

Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required.



The JONES LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS and how you can use them in your business. And there is n't a mercantile house in the country where they cannot be used to advantage.

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims—but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.



Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S NO. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.



AN ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system *know* it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other 'phones and some features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.



Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.



The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to the modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one place in your business for the Addressograph. Learn now what it will do. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.



For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 12,500 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. The Burroughs Adding Machine bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13. Write for it.



There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTED SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back-Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.



The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

in strictly indelible ink upon any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and ineffaceable. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity and efficiency. Write for Catalog 15 which tells some things about check raising and check protection that you may not know. A postal card will bring it.



Modern business methods presuppose a convenient and orderly arrangement of papers. By the most approved system all orders, forms and records are spread on punched loose sheets, which are filed and classified according to the varying needs of each business. While in active use these loose sheets are kept in Holders if there be few, and in binders if there be many; and when old the sheets are consecutively filed away in Transfer Binders as permanent records. The TATUM HOLDERS and BINDERS comprise 3 styles and 78 stock sizes. With them any one can easily start and maintain a loose-sheet system. These and other office devices are described in our printed matter. Ask for Catalog No. 16.



A postal scale is not a luxury—it is a necessity. The greater the amount of mail, the more actual necessity it becomes. The owner of a PELOUZE "MAIL & EXPRESS" SCALE will save its cost in a short time, and the heavier and larger his mail is the shorter the time will be. It tells the exact cost of postage on all mail matter. It weighs express packages up to 16 lbs. —every scale is warranted. Whether your mail list is large or small, it will help you to cut down your stamp bill. Catalog 10 will give you useful information about Reliable Postal Scales. Ask for it on the coupon.



"Goods well bought are half sold." Retailer, wholesaler or manufacturer, you must buy close. All catalogs, circulars, and samples must be arranged so they can be found instantly. They must be together—not scattered. And there is no way to keep them together that is half so simple as the Shaw-Walker Catalog System—no other way so inexpensive.

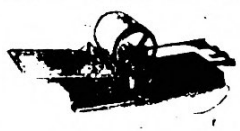


Write now for Catalog 20 and learn all about it. If your business is small, a small system will do. It costs little. For a large business you can afford a larger outfit for the saving will be more. You may think that you do not need a catalog file. But even then ask for Catalog 20. Only after looking it over can you really be sure that the file is not needed.

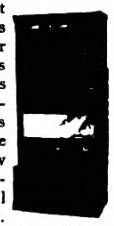
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