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FINANCING A NATION

Frank Fayant

The raising and distributing of billions of dollars of government revenue, the supervision of the national banking organizations and the operations of the world's most extensive banking system, the U. S. treasury



AFTER a man has successfully filled an executive position in the United States treasury department, no place in the banking world is too high for him. The great banks absorb all the graduates of the government's school of finance in Washington, for it is recognized that nowhere else can a man get so well grounded in sound finance, or become so familiar with large financial operations. A treasury executive official watches the delicate operation of providing a conglomerate currency for a people stretched across three thousand miles of country, and so grasps the root of the money problem which has racked the brains of the ablest financiers; he sees the collection of an enormous public revenue, and observes its expenditure in the maintenance of an army and navy, and in keeping the complex machinery of government moving; he becomes familiar with the science of credits, and the mechanism of loans, through the operations of the great public debt; through the nearly five thousand banks under the government's supervision, he comes in touch with the intricate questions of banking; and the niceties of foreign exchange are made plain to him in the method of handling huge international payments. The whole fabric of finance is laid bare to him.

Some idea of the magnitude and complexity of the task of financing this nation may be gathered from a presentation of some of the salient facts and figures of the national treasury's operations. Nearly one thousand, three hundred tons of gold lie to-day in the vaults of the treasury of the United States,—the greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in the history of the world. Four hundred tons of this gold are piled, like bags of salt, within the four walls of the sub-treasury in Wall Street, New York. Outside the treasury hoard, there is in circulation through the country a nearly equal amount of gold coin, making more than two thousand, five hundred tons of gold in the United States, bearing the imprint of the eagle. The value of this coin is more than one billion, two hundred and sixty million dollars, and the hoard is increasing every day. This wealth of the yellow

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metal is the backbone of a complex currency system that supports the country.

One of the remarkable things about this gold is that, despite the fact of its forming one half of the country's circulating money, it is rarely seen in the course of ordinary business. One may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco without seeing a single gold coin for a year. This is in striking contrast to conditions abroad, where gold is everybody's coin. The gold sovereign of England is as current as the five-dollar silver certificate of this country. There, a man with a small income may not have a piece of paper money [The five-pound Bank of England note is the smallest.] in his hands for months. What becomes of all our American gold? The mines of Colorado, California, Alaska, and other gold-producing regions of the West add eighty million dollars a year to our hoard of gold, and three-fourths of this output goes to the mints. The yearly coinage of gold actually approaches in value the entire circulation of silver dollars.

The treasury holds in trust, against outstanding gold certificates, four hundred million dollars in gold coin. These gold certificates range from twenty dollars to ten thousand dollars. They are issued from the treasury in exchange for gold coin or bullion, and are just as good as gold. The Englishman wears his pockets out carrying gold coin around with him; the American prefers to have his money in the form of representative paper that can be folded compactly in his waistcoat pocket. In the sub-treasury at New York, recently, I picked up a handful of gold certificates of the value of three million, six hundred thousand dollars; the bundle could be stowed away in one's hip pocket, but it represented seven tons of gold. Stored in the vaults of the building at the time was a hoard of gold coin of the value of two hundred million dollars. In one vault, no larger than the bedroom of a New York flat, was an aggregate of seventy-eight million dollars in gold. This was stored in little white bags stowed away in scores of steel boxes, covering the four walls of the vault from floor to ceiling. Every box was sealed, and some of the seals were dated several years back. The first thought, at sight of this gold hoard, is that it is idle money, but it should be recalled that all of it is in circulation by proxy in the form of gold certificates. The pile of silver dollars in the same sub-treasury nearly equals the quantity in circulation throughout the country.

For hand-to-hand circulation, the demand increases for paper money. The ordinary currency of New York, outside of small silver and minor coins, is almost entirely paper. The New Yorker demands paper money, fresh and crisp from Washington, and he keeps the government presses busy day and night printing new money. As fast as soiled money is received by the banks, it is turned into the sub-treasury, and the daily shipment to Washington from this one point averages five hundred thousand dollars. This soiled money is beaten into pulp, and new money is sent back to New York to replace it. The rapidly increasing demand for paper money in small denominations has amazed the closest students of our currency. While, at the beginning of last year, the treasurer required seventy-two thousand sheets of United States notes and silver certificates, the daily supply now is one hundred and thirty-six thousand sheets. This abnormal demand is confined to the East, where the silver dollar is such a rare article that a person who happens to receive one in trade looks it over with curiosity.

Our International Commerce Amounts to Twenty Billion Dollars a Year

The home of the silver dollar is the West. An eastern tenderfoot can always be picked out in a western town by his look of surprise or annoyance on taking a handful of silver dollars in change. Out in the wheat section, a country merchant carefully scrutinizes a silver certificate to see if it is real money. As a matter of curiosity, I once searched an Oklahoma town for a two-dollar silver certificate. I discovered one, finally, in a drug shop. It was a very dirty piece of money, and the shopkeeper was glad to get rid of it in exchange for two silver dollars. All the way from Chicago westward to the coast, the silver dollar is the everyday coin of the people. No one can blame a westerner for preferring bright silver dollars to the torn, dirty paper money that circulates beyond the Mississippi. But, as the West comes more in touch with the East, silver dollars are bound to disappear gradually from circulation. When it is considered how common is the use of silver dollars in the West, the small quantity of silver in circulation is amazing. Although there are five hundred and fifty million silver dollars outstanding, and the mints are sending out fifteen hundred thousand a month, there are only about seventy-five million outside the treasury. The treasury vaults are glutted with them. The space these unused silver dollars occupy equals a tunnel seven feet in diameter and a mile long. Of this great mass of silver, four hundred and seventy million dollars are held in trust against silver certificates, practically all of which are in circulation.

The currency in circulation in this country keeps nearly even pace with the growth in population and the tremendous trade expansion. Our internal commerce now amounts to twenty billion dollars a year, equal to the entire foreign commerce of all the nations of the earth. The money in the hands of the people, which, in 1896, at the beginning of the present era of unbounded prosperity, amounted to one billion, five hundred million dollars, has grown to the stupendous figure of two billion, three hundred and fifty million dollars. This is twenty-nine dollars and thirty-four cents for every person under the flag. The per capita circulation seven years ago was twenty-one dollars and ten cents; at the beginning of the Civil War, it was thirteen dollars and eighty-five cents. Against this American figure of twenty-nine dollars and thirty-four cents, the circulation of money in Great Britain is eighteen dollars and twenty-nine cents per capita, and in Germany, nineteen dollars and ninety-two cents. Two thirds of our circulating currency are paper,—about three hundred and forty-five million dollars in gold certificates, guaranteed by gold coin in the treasury; four hundred and sixty-five million dollars, silver certificates, backed by silver dollars in the treasury; three hundred and seventy million dollars, national-bank notes, against which government bonds are deposited with the treasurer to guarantee their payment; three hundred and forty-five million dollars, United States notes,—"greenbacks," originally issued to help pay for the Civil War, and guaranteed by the credit of the United States; twenty-five million dollars, treasury notes, issued in payment for silver bullion, and, like the "greenbacks," guaranteed by the government credit. Of the coin in circulation, six hundred and twenty-five million dollars are gold and one hundred and seventy-five million dollars are silver.

In supplying the country with currency, seven assay offices, five mints and a great printing office are kept busy. The assay offices are at New York, Charlotte, St. Louis, Boise City, Deadwood, Helena, and Seattle; the mints are at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco; all the paper money is made in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington.

A Complex System of Revenue Supplies Funds to Run the Government

Three thousand people are kept busy under the shadow of the Washington Monument, keeping the country supplied with new paper money, postage stamps, and internal revenue stamps. The present daily output of the bureau of engraving and printing, which, like the new mint at Philadelphia, ranks as the finest institution of its kind in the world, is one hundred and thirty-six thousand sheets of silver and gold certificates and United States notes, twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand sheets of national bank currency; two hundred and fifteen thousand to two hundred and fifty-thousand sheets of internal revenue stamps, and fifteen to twenty million postage stamps. Last year there were one hundred and sixteen million, seven hundred thousand pieces of new paper money issued, of an aggregate value of four hundred and sixty-six million, eight hundred thousand dollars, or one-fifth of the entire national circulation. The silver certificates are one dollar, two dollars, and five dollars; the United States notes ten dollars only; while the gold certificates, as stated, range from twenty dollars to ten thousand dollars. The demand is for notes of the small denominations. In 1890 there were thirty-seven million pieces of government paper issued, of the average value of six dollars and sixty-one cents; last year, the quantity had been trebled, and the average value had fallen to four dollars. The average value is now only three dollars and sixty-two cents. The actual increase in the paper currency last year was seventy-six million dollars. The number of coins struck at the mints was one hundred and ninety-one millions, of the value of ninety-five million dollars, of which sixty-two million dollars were gold. The Philadelphia mint handles the gold received at New York, the San Francisco mint the output of the Pacific Coast and Alaska, while the new mint at Denver will receive the product of the Central West. Colorado's mines produce one third of the gold of the country. The mint at New Orleans is coining only silver dollars, and it will probably be discontinued. The old mint at Carson City, Nevada, one of the most important in the country in its day, went out of use with the demonetization of silver.

What does it cost to run the government? This year the expenditures will be about six hundred and fifty-one million dollars, including one hundred and thirty-two million dollars for the postal service, which is nearly self-sustaining. The revenues will amount to about six hundred and ninety-four million dollars, leaving a surplus of forty-three million dollars. Last year's surplus was ninety-one million dollars, of which some seventy millions were used in the redemption of government securities. The heaviest item in our national expenditure is the pension account, which now amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight million dollars a year, or nearly four hundred thousand dollars a day. On the army, this year, we shall spend one hundred and thirty

The world-leaders in governmental finance



HAMILTON FISH,
Asst. Treasurer of the U. S.



LESLIE M. SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury

Leslie M. Shaw is practically the head of the great national financial system of the United States, now the greatest in the world, and Mr. Fish as the head of the sub-treasury in New York City holds an equally responsible position. He acts as the buffer between the battling interests of the stock market and the United States government. The plungers on the exchange would be glad of an opportunity of borrowing the government millions for speculative purposes. The sub-treasury in New York is the most important financial institution in the United States, outside of Washington.

Mascerating ten million dollars at Washington, D. C.

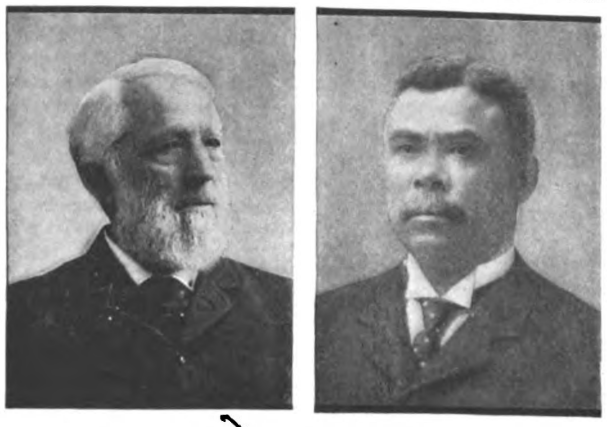


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million dollars; on the navy, eighty-five millions. The civil establishment will cost one hundred and twenty-six millions. To the Indians we shall give thirteen millions. The interest on the public debt will be twenty-seven million dollars. These expenditures are small when compared with the budgets of European nations. England, with half the population of this country, spent last year nine hundred and seventy million dollars; this year she will spend eight hundred and eighty millions, and her normal expenditure is estimated by Sir Robert Giffen at seven hundred and fifty millions. England, of course, has just completed a very costly campaign in South Africa, which has doubled the budget, but, even in normal years, her per capita expenditure is far in excess of our own. Comparison with foreign balance sheets shows that the government of the United States is most economically managed, and that we have not departed from the democratic ideas of the founders of the Republic. Foreign diplomats in Washington are constantly remarking on the meagerness of the salaries we pay high officials.

It is interesting to note how some of the six hundred and fifty million dollars is spent. The house of representatives costs us three million dollars a year, and the senate, one million, four hundred thousand dollars, while the public printing office uses more than six millions. The executive office calls for only one hundred and twelve thousand dollars, a bagatelle compared with the four millions England gives the royal family. On foreign intercourse we spend two million, seven hundred thousand dollars, but consular fees and other receipts cut this figure to a million less. In the treasury department, the customs service costs, including the revenue cutter service, nine millions; the collection of the internal revenue, four million, six hundred thousand dollars; the lighthouse establishment calls for four millions; the life-saving service, for one million, seven hundred thousand dollars; the engraving and printing works, two million, six hundred thousand dollars.

Their names are on every U. S. bank note



Ellis H. Roberts — Treasurer of the United States

W. T. Lyons — Register of the Treasury

Mr. Roberts is accountable for the custody of the government funds. He has held his position since 1897. Mr. Lyons is a colored man who is one of the most efficient treasury officials, and holds a position of great responsibility. He is a lawyer and the second of his race to occupy the office of register of the United States treasury, to which he was appointed in 1898.

Fifteen Thousand Persons Are Employed to Care for Uncle Sam's Money

The pay of the army is thirty-seven million dollars; the quartermaster's department uses thirty-two million dollars; guns cost eleven million dollars; the expenditures on rivers, harbors, and forts are sixteen million dollars. The pay of the navy is fifteen million dollars; the cost of new vessels, twenty million dollars. The fifty pages of itemized expenditures, as reported to the secretary of the treasury by the government bookkeeping department, are interesting reading to all Americans. They show how complex is the financial management of a government like our own. One must be struck by the great variety of interests the treasury department oversees in keeping the wheels of government moving. Of the twenty-six thousand persons on the treasury department rolls, some fifteen thousand are at work caring for the funds. The collection of the revenue and the payment of authorized debts are done in a systematic business way, and nowhere in the world is there to be found a great commercial institution more perfectly managed than the United States treasury. Its billion-dollar business, operating around the world and dealing with eighty millions of people, is so finely organized that, at the close of every day, the exact financial condition of the government is known to a cent. The daily public report of the condition of the treasury, which the newspapers bring to business men's breakfast tables, from Maine to California, gives in detail the day's receipts and expenditures of the government, and the complete count of all the moneys in the treasury. The handling of many billions of funds in the course of a year by the treasury's twenty-six thousand employees is rarely marked by an error. The auditing departments in Washington are marvels of business organization, that for the post-office department being the largest auditing office in the world.

Nearly all the public income is collected from two sources,—customs and internal revenue. This year the customs duties will amount to three hundred million dollars, and the internal revenue taxes to two hundred and twenty-two million dollars. From a score of miscellaneous sources forty million dollars more will be collected, the principal item being some ten million dollars of profit on the coinage of silver. Two great corps of revenue collectors, maintained at an annual cost of nearly fifteen million dollars, gather the moneys due the government from Key West to Bering Sea. Special agents scour the country for smugglers, moonshiners, and other evaders of the revenue laws, and hardly a year goes by without at least one government officer losing his life in running down moonshiners. Some of the government's income is derived from peculiar sources. Sundry persons donated to the United States last year two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; persons unknown, to relieve their consciences, sent anonymous communications to the treasury with inclosures amounting to $35,868.22. Bribes offered to government officers and by them turned into the treasury amounted to $612.91. Seamen's wages, unclaimed for six years, reverted to the treasury to the extent of $9,803.13. From the rental of certain Alaskan islands for the propagating of foxes the United States received one hundred dollars; and from the sale of exhaust steam from one of the government buildings in Washington, $98.50.

To collect the customs costs eight million dollars a year; to gather the internal revenue, four million, six hundred thousand dollars; or, to collect a dollar of customs costs a trifle more than three cents, while the cost of collecting a dollar of internal revenue is a little less than one and three-quarters cents. The great customs port is New York, which turns into the treasury duties amounting to one hundred and seventy million dollars a year, not far from a third of the entire expenditure of the government outside the postal service. The collection of customs at New York employs twenty-two hundred persons, and the cost of collecting a dollar is one and nine-tenths cents. This low record is equaled at Chicago, where import duties of nearly ten million dollars are collected. The great internal revenue town is Peoria, Illinois, the center of the bourbon whiskey distillery district. The government's revenue collections there amount to thirty-one million dollars, or more than enough to pay the interest on the public debt. Only nineteen men are employed to collect this tax, and the cost of collecting a dollar is but four-tenths of a cent. Among the two hundred or more towns designated as "ports of entry" for the collection of customs, there are many that do not receive enough money to pay their running expenses. At Cherrystone, Virginia, last year, the government spent nearly a thousand dollars to collect two dollars; at La Crosse, Wisconsin, it cost three hundred and sixty dollars to collect five dollars; at Albemarle, North Carolina, one thousand, seven hundred dollars were paid to collect two dollars; and at Teche, Louisiana, three thousand dollars were required to collect forty-five dollars. Nearly fifty revenue ports are unprofitable to the government, but they must be kept manned to prevent smuggling. Nine tenths of all the customs duties are collected at New York, one hundred and seventy million dollars; Boston, twenty-one million dollars; Philadelphia, nineteen million dollars; Chicago, nine million dollars; San Francisco, seven million, five hundred thousand dollars; New Orleans, six million dollars; and Baltimore, three million, five hundred thousand dollars. Importers at New York last year paid in customs duties nearly the entire charge for the army and navy. Their tribute to the treasury was four times the total revenue of the government the year preceding the Civil War.

The tax on smoking and drinking yielded two hundred and forty-five million dollars last year. Our tax on drink yields about twenty-nine per cent. of the government revenue; in Germany it is eighteen per cent., in France, nineteen, and in England, thirty-six. England's drink bill is enormous, her population drinking more than thirty-two gallons per capita a year, while here the consumption is less than fifteen gallons. The consumption of wine and spirits is almost the same in the two countries, but an Englishman drinks two and a half times as much beer as does an American. Our tax last year on distilled spirits was one hundred and twenty million dollars. The production of spirits, nearly all whiskey, was one hundred and twenty-eight million gallons, and twenty-seven million bushels of grain were used in the three thousand distilleries producing this whiskey. The production of beer was forty-five million barrels, and the government's revenue from the breweries was seventy-two million dollars. The beer tax is now as large as the entire government expenditures before the Civil War.

In Wall Street, New York, there Is Little Trading in Government Bonds

The internal revenue tax on manufactured tobacco last year was fifty-two million dollars, of which eight million dollars were paid in the First Missouri District. Adding the nineteen million dollars received from customs duties on tobacco, the smokers' tribute to the treasury was seventy-one million dollars. A glance at these sources of government revenue makes it evident that he who does not smoke or drink, or buy foreign-made goods, pays little directly for the support of the government.

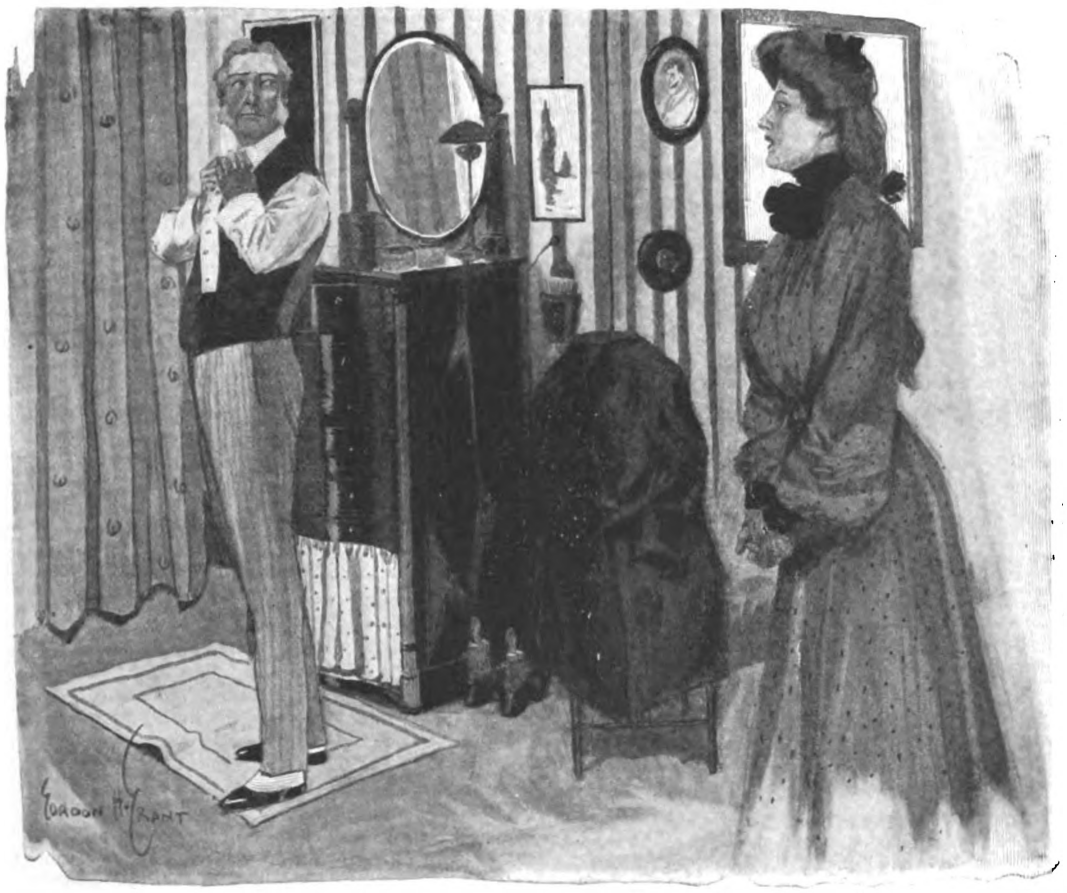
The internal revenue receipts are very elastic, and, in war time, when vast sums are needed to put an army in the field, an increase in internal taxes can be made to supply funds quickly. This was noticeable during our short war with Spain. A dollar a barrel was added to the beer tax, bank checks were made to carry on each a two-cent stamp, bankers and brokers were made to pay a tax, and other slight charges were fixed where the burden would be felt least. The result was a sudden expansion of the internal revenue from one hundred and seventy million dollars to two hundred and seventy million dollars, and then to three hundred million dollars. The four years following the outbreak of the Spanish-American War saw an increase in the internal revenue of more than half a billion dollars over the previous four years. Before the Civil War, the government was run on customs receipts alone; at the close of the war, after four years of internal revenue taxes, the revenue from this source reached a figure which has never been equaled since.

Four hundred million dollars prepared for shipment



[*Concluded on pages 384 and 385*]

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"'Not to have told you would have been a lie'"

THE CONFESSION OF A CRŒSUS

PART III.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Synopsis of Parts I. and II.

["The Confession of a Crœsus" is that of James Galloway, who, as a youth, arrived in New York from the country and entered the employ of the dry goods firm of Judson and Company. His first admission is: "I cannot remember the time when I was not absolutely certain that I should be a millionaire." At thirty-three years of age, he is the general manager of the firm at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. He is then admitted to partnership, and, without doing anything for which the law can touch him, steals the business from his confiding senior partner. Having amassed a million dollars, he turns to the larger field of speculation and is rated at forty millions or more when the family troubles begin, which, in the preceding chapter, find husband and wife in a new era of domestic quiet, founded upon a common hate for a disinherited elder son, who has taunted his father with having stolen his start in life, and has also thwarted the family ambition for alliance with another multimillionaire family by marrying a girl with only a few hundred thousand dollars. Wealth and power have made Galloway mercenary, spiteful, and heartless, and, when he finds that Mrs. Galloway has taken a valuable painting by Corot from the parlor of the Galloway country house to a place in her bedroom, because she wanted it where she could admire it, he upbraids her as a fool, and accuses her unjustly of household extravagance, when the extra amounts were for matters of his personal account. His brutal nature wears on her refinement and tends to destroy her womanly qualities. His entire family seems to be oppressed by the baneful influence of his greed.]

IT has been a year and five months since I expelled James, yet my dissatisfaction with Walter has not decreased.

No doubt this is due in part to the grudge a man of my age who loves power and wealth must have against the impatient waiter for his throne and scepter. No doubt, also, age and long familiarity with power have made me, perhaps, too critical of my fellow beings and too sensitive to their shortcomings. But, after all allowances, I have real ground for my feeling toward Walter.

My principal heir and successor, who is to sustain my dignity after I am gone, and to maintain my name in the exalted position to which my wealth and genius have raised it, should have, above all else, two qualifications,—character, and an air of distinction.

Walter has neither.

My wife defends him for his lack of distinction in manner and look by saying that I have crushed him. "How could he have the distinction you wish," she says, "when he has grown in the shadow of such a big, masterful, intolerant personality as yours?" There is justice in this. I admire distinction, or individuality, but at a distance. I can not tolerate it in my immediate neighborhood. There it tempts me to crush it. I suspect that it would have exasperated me even in one of my own flesh and blood. Indeed, at bottom, that may have had something to do with the beginnings of my break with James.

But whatever excuse there may be for Walter's shifty, smirking, deprecating personality, it seems to me, at times, not a peg above the personality of a dancing master,—there is no excuse whatsoever for his lack of character.

I rarely talk to him so long as ten minutes without catching him in a lie,—usually a silly lie, about nothing at all. In money matters he is not sensibly prudent, but downright miserly. That is not an unnatural quality in age, for then the time for setting the house in order is short. An avaricious young man is a monstrosity. I suppose that avarice is almost inseparable from great wealth, or even from the expectation of inheriting it. Just as power makes a man greedy of power, so riches make a man greedy of riches. But, granting that Walter has to be avaricious, why hasn't he the wit to conceal it? It gives me no pleasure, nowadays, to give; in fact, it makes me suffer to see anything going out, unless I know it is soon to return bringing a harvest after its kind. Yet, I give,—at least, I have given, and that liberally. Walter need not have made himself so noted and disliked for stinginess that he has been able to get into only one of the three fashionable clubs I wished him to join,—and that one the least desirable.

His mother says he was excluded because the best people of our class resent my having elbowed and trampled my way into power too vigorously, and with too few "beg pardons," and "if you pleases." Perhaps my courage in taking my own frankly wherever I found it may have made his admission difficult, just as it has made our social progress slow. But it would not have excluded him,—would not have made him patently unpopular where my money and the fear of me gains him toleration. A very few dollars judiciously spent would have earned him the reputation of a good fellow, generous and free-handed.

Your poor chap has to fling away everything he's got to get that name, but a rich man can get it for what, to him, is a trifle. By means of a smile or a dinner I'd have to pay for anyhow, or perhaps by allowing him to ride a few blocks beside me in my brougham or victoria, I send a grumbler away trumpeting my praises. I throw an industry into confusion to get possession of it, and then I give a twentieth of the profits to some charity or college; instead of a chorus of curses, I get praise, or, at worst, silence. The public lays what it is pleased to call the "crime" upon the corporation I own; the benefaction is credited to me personally.

Nor has Walter the excuse for his lying and shifting and other moral lapses that a man who is making his way could plead.

I did many things in my early days which I'd scorn to do now. I did them only because they were necessary to my purpose. Walter has not the slightest provocation. When his mother says, "But he does those things because he's afraid of you," she talks nonsense. The truth is that he has a moral twist. It is one thing for a clear-sighted man of high purpose and great firmness, like myself, to adopt indirect measures as a temporary and desperate expedient; it's vastly different for a Walter, with everything provided for him, to resort to such measures voluntarily and habitually.

Sometimes I think he must have been created during one of my periods of advance by ambuscade.

How ridiculous to fall out with honesty and truth when there's any possible way of avoiding it! To do so is to use one's last reserves at the beginning of a battle instead of at the crisis.

However, it's Walter or nobody. I can not abandon my life's ambition, the perpetuation of my fortune and fame in a family line. Next to its shortness, life's greatest tragedy for men of my kind is the wretched tools with which we must work. All my days I've been a giant, doing a giant's work with a pygmy's puny tools. Now, with the end—no, not near, but not so far away as it was,—

Just as I got home from the Chamber of Commerce dinner two weeks ago to-night, my wife was coming down to go to Mrs. Garretson's ball. The great hall of my house, with its costly tapestries and carpets and statuary, is a source of keen pleasure to me. I don't think I ever enter it, except when I'm much preoccupied, that I don't look round and draw in some such satisfaction as a toper gets from a brimming glass of whiskey. But, for that matter, all the luxuries and comforts which wealth gives me are a steady source of gratification. The children of a man who rose from poverty to wealth may possibly—I doubt it,—have the physical gratification in wealth blunted. But the man who does the rising has it as keen on the last day of healthy life as on the first day he became the owner of a carriage with somebody in his livery to drive him.

As my wife came down the wide marble stairs, the great hall became splendid. I had to stop and admire her, or, rather, the way she shone and sparkled and blazed, be-capped and bedecked and be-draped with jewels as she was. I have an eye that sees everything; that's why I'm accused of being ferociously critical. I saw that there was something incongruous in her appearance,—something that jarred. A second glance showed me that it was the contrast between her rubies and diamonds, in bands, in clusters, and in ropes, and her fading physical charms. She is not altogether faded yet,—she is only fifty-four to my sixty,—and she has been for years spending several hours a day with *masseuses*, complexion-specialists, hair-doctors, and others of that kind. But she has reached the stage where, in spite of doctoring and dieting and deception, there are many and plain

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signs of that double tragedy of a handsome, vain woman's life,—on the one hand, the desperate fight to make youth remain; on the other hand, the desperate fight to hide from the world the fact that it is about to depart forever.

Naturally it depressed me to notice that I could no longer think with pride of her beauty, and of how it was setting off my wealth. I must have shown what I was thinking, for she looked at me, first with anxious inquiry, then with frightened suspicion, as if guessing my thoughts.

Poor woman! I felt sorry for her.

Her life, for the past twenty years, has been based wholly on vanity. The look in my face told her, perhaps a few weeks earlier than she would have learned it from her mirror or some malicious bosom friend, that the basis of her life was swept away, and that her happiness was ended. She hurried past me, spoke savagely to the four men-servants who were jostling one another in trying to help her to her carriage, and drove away in her grandeur to the ball, probably as miserable a creature as there was on Manhattan Island that night.

I went up to my apartment, half depressed, half amused,—I have too keen a sense of humor not to be amused whenever I see vanity take a tumble. As I reached my sitting room I was in the full swing of my moralizings on the physical vanity of women, and on their silliness in setting store by their beauty after it has served its sole, legitimate, really useful purpose,—has caught them husbands. Only mischief can come of beauty in a married woman. She should give it up, retire to her home, and remain there until it is time for her to bring out and marry off her grown sons and daughters. If my wife had n't been handsome she might have done this, and so might have continued to shine in her proper sphere,—the care of her household and her children, the comfort of her husband.

As I reached this point in my moralizings, I caught sight of my own face by the powerful light over my shaving glass.

I've never taken any great amount of interest in my face, or anybody else's. I've no belief in the theory that you can learn much from your adversary's expression. In a sense, the face is the map of the mind. But the map has so many omissions and mismarkings, all at important points, that time spent in studying it is time wasted. My plan has been to go straight along my own line, without bothering my head about the other fellow's plans,—much less about his looks. I think my millions prove me right.

As I was saying, I saw my face—suddenly, with startling clearness, and when my mind was on the subject of faces. The sight gave me a shock,—not because my expression was sardonic and—yes, I shall confess it,—cruel and bitterly unhappy. The shock came in that, before I recognized myself, I had said, "Who is this *old* man?"

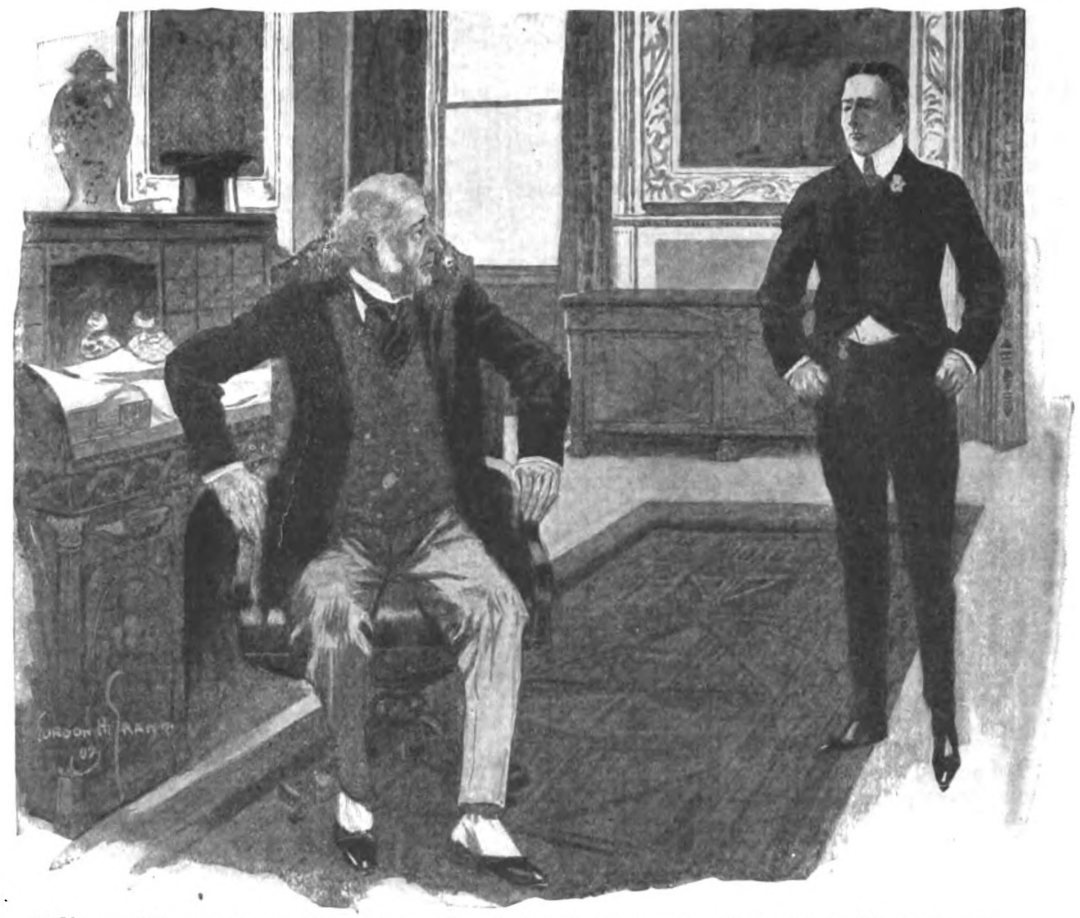
The glass reflected wrinkles, bags, creases, hollows,—signs of the old age of a hard, fierce life.

Curiously, my first comment on myself, seen as others saw me, was a stab into my physical vanity—not a very deep stab, but deep enough to mock my self-complacent jeers at my wife. Then I went on to wonder why I had not before understood the reason for many things I've done of late.

For example, I had n't realized why I put five hundred thousand dollars into a mausoleum. I did it without the faintest notion that my instinctive self was saying, "You'd better see to it at once that you'll be fittingly housed—some day." Again, I had n't understood why it was becoming so hard for me to persuade myself to keep up my public gifts.

I have always seen that for us men of great wealth gifts are not merely a wise, but a vitally necessary, investment.

Jack Ridley insists that I exaggerate the envy the lower classes feel for us. "You rich men think others are like yourselves," he says. "Because all your thoughts are of money, you fancy the rest of the world is equally narrow, and spends most of its time in hating you and plotting against you. Why, the fact is that rich men envy one another more than the poor envy them." There's some truth in this. The fellow with one million enviously hates the fellow with ten; as for most fellows with twenty or thirty, they can hardly bear to hear the fellows with fifty or sixty spoken of. But, in the main, Jack is wrong. I've not forgotten how I used to feel when I had a few hundred a year; and so I know what's going on in the heads of people when they bow and scrape and speak softly, as they do to me. It means that they're envying and are only too eager to find an excuse



"'You will marry on the sixteenth of April, at noon. Get yourself ready'"

for hating. They want me to think that they like me.

I used to give, chiefly because I liked the fame it brought me,—also, a little, because it made me feel that I was balancing my rather ruthless financial methods by doing vast good with what many would have kept selfishly to the last penny. Latterly my chief motive has been more substantial; and I wonder how I could have let wealth-hunger so blind me, as it has in the past four or five years, that I have haggled over and cut my public gifts.

The very day after I saw my face in the mirror, I definitely committed myself to my long tentatively promised gift of an additional four millions to the university which bears my name. I also arranged to get those four millions,—but that comes later. Finally, I began to hasten my son Walter's marriage to Natalie Bradish.

My son Walter!

It certainly is n't lack of shrewdness that unfits him to be head of the family. Why do the qualities we most admire in ourselves, and find most useful there, so often irritate and even disgust us in another?

I have not told him that he is already the principal heir under the terms of my will. He will work harder to please me so long as he thinks the prize still withheld,—still to be earned. He does not know how firmly my mind is set against James. So he never loses an opportunity to clinch my purpose. One day last week, in presence of his sister, Aurora, I was reproving him for one of his many shortcomings, and, to enforce my reproof, was warning him that such conduct did not advance him toward the place from which his brother had been deposed.

His upper lip always twitches when he is about to launch one of those bits of craftiness he thinks so profound. The longer I live, the deeper is my contempt for craft,—it so rarely fails to tangle and strangle itself in its own unwieldy nets. After his lip had twitched a while, he looked furtively at Aurora. I looked also, and saw that she was a partner in his scheme, whatever it was.

"Well!" said I, impatiently, "what is it? Speak out!"

"You spoke of the position James lost," he forced himself to say; "there was n't any such place, was there, Aurora?"

"No," she answered; "James was deceiving you right along."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

Aurora looked nervously at Walter, and he said: "James often used to talk to us about your plans, and he always said that he would n't let you make him your principal heir. He said he would disregard your will and would just divide the money up, giving a third to mother and making us all equal heirs with him."

It is amazing how the most astute man will overlook the simplest and plainest dangers. In all my thinking and planning on the subject of founding a family, I had never once thought of the possibility of my will being voluntarily broken by its chief beneficiary.

"What reason did he give?" I asked, for I could conceive no reason whatsoever.

Aurora and Walter were silent. Walter looked as if he wished he had not launched his torpedo at James.

"What reason, Aurora?" I insisted.

She flushed and stammered: "He said he—he did n't want to be hated by mother and the rest of us. He said we'd have the right to hate him, and could n't help it if he should be low enough to profit by your—your,—"

"My—what?"

"Your heartlessness."

"And do you think my plan was heartless?" I asked.

"No," said Aurora, but I saw that she thought "Yes."

"You've a right to do as you wish with your own," said Walter. "We know you'll do what is for the best interest of us all. Even if you should leave us nothing, we'd still be in your debt. You owe us nothing, father. We owe you everything."

Although this was simply a statement of a truth which I hold to be fundamental, it irritated me to hear him say it. I know too well what havoc self-interest works in the sense of right and wrong, and Walter would be the first of my children to insult my memory if he were to get less by a penny than any other of the family. Had I been concerning myself about what my wife and my children would think of me after I was gone, I should never have entertained the idea of founding a family. But men of large view and large wealth and large ambition do not heed these minor matters. When it comes to human beings, they deal in generals, not in particulars.

A fine world we should have if the masters of it consulted the feelings of those whom destiny compels them to use or to discard.

I looked at this precious pair of plotters satirically. "Naturally," said I, "you never spoke to me of James's purpose so long as there was a chance of your profiting by his intended treachery to me." Then to Aurora I added: "I understand now why, for several months after James left, you persisted in begging me to take him back."

Aurora burst into tears. As tears irritate me, I left the room. Thinking over the scandalous exhibition of cupidity which these children of mine had given, I was almost tempted to tear up my will and make a new one creating a vast public institution that would bear my name, and endowing it with the bulk of my wealth. I have often

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wondered why an occasional man of great wealth has done this. I now have no doubt that usually it has been because he was disgusted by the revolting greediness of his natural heirs. If rich men should generally adopt this course, I suspect their funerals would have less of the air of sunshine bursting through black clouds,—it's particularly noticeable in the carriages immediately behind the hearse.

Jack Ridley says my sense of humor is like an Apache's. Perhaps that's why the idea of a posthumous joke of this kind tickles me immensely. Were I not a serious man, with serious purposes in the world, I might perpetrate it.

The net result of Walter and Aurora's effort to advance themselves—I wonder what Walter promised Aurora that induced her to aid him?—was that I formed a new plan. I resolved that Walter should marry at once. As soon as he has a male child, I shall make a new will leaving it the bulk of my estate, and giving Walter only the control of the income for life,—or until the child shall have become a man thirty years old.

That evening I ordered him to arrange with Natalie for a wedding within two months. I knew he would see her at the opera, as my wife had invited her to my box. I intended to ask him in the morning what he and she had settled upon, but before I had a chance I saw in my paper a piece of news that put him and her out of my mind for the moment.

James, so the paper said, was critically ill with pneumonia at his house in East Sixty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue. He has lived there ever since he was married, and has kept up a considerable establishment. I am certain that his wife's dresses and entertainments are part of the cause of my wife's rapid aging. Really, her hatred of that woman amounts to insanity. It amazes me, used as I am to the irrational emotions of women. I could understand her being exasperated by the social success of James and his wife. I confess that it has exasperated me—almost as much as has his preposterous luck in Wall Street. But there is undeniably a better explanation than luck for his and her social success. They say she has beauty and charm, and her entertainments show originality and talent, while my wife's are commonplace and dull, in spite of the money she lavishes. But, in addition to those reasons, there are many of the upper-class people who hate me. Mine is a pretty big omelet; there is a lot of eggs in it; and, with every broken egg, somebody, usually somebody high up, felt robbed or cheated.

But I did not trust to my wife's insane hate for James's wife to keep her away from her son in his illness. I went straight to her. "I see that James is ill, or pretends to be," I said; "probably he and his wife are plotting a reconciliation."

My wife has learned to mask her feelings behind a cold, expressionless face; but she has also learned to obey me. She often threatens, but she dares not act. I know it,—and she knows that I know it.

"You will not go to him under any circumstances," I went on,—"neither you nor any of the rest of us. If you disobey, I shall at once rearrange my domestic finances. Thereafter you will go to Burridge for money whenever you want to buy so much as a paper of pins."

She was white—with fury, perhaps with dread, perhaps with both. I said no more, but left her as soon as I saw that she did not intend to reply. Toward six o'clock that evening I met Walter in the main hall of the first bedroom floor. He was for hurrying by me, but I stopped him. I have an instinct which tells me unerringly when to ask a question.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

He shifted from leg to leg; he, like most people, is never quite at ease in my presence; when he is trying to conceal some specific thing from me, he becomes the victim of a sort of suppressed hysteria. "To the drawing-room," he answered.

"Who's there?" said I.

He shivered, then blurted it out: "James's wife."

"Why didn't you tell me in the first place?"

He stammered: "I—wished to—to spare you—the—"

"Bah!" I interrupted. As if I could not read in his face that her coming had roused his fears of a reconciliation with James! "What are you going to say to her?"

"A message from mother," he muttered.

"Have you seen your mother, or did you make up the message?"

"A servant brought mother her card and a note. I didn't know she was in the house till mother sent for me and gave me the message to take down."

"Will your mother see her?"

"No, indeed," he replied, recovered somewhat; "mother won't have anything to do with them."

"Well, go on and deliver your message," I said; "I'll step into the little reception room behind the drawing-room. See that you speak loud enough for me to hear every word."

As I entered the reception room, he entered the drawing-room. "Mother says," he said,—naturally, his voice was ridiculously loud and nervous,—"that she has no interest in the information you sent her, and no acquaintance with the person to whom it relates."

There was a silence so long that curiosity made me move within range of one of the long drawing-room mirrors. I saw her and Walter reflected, facing each other. She was so stationed that I had a plain view of her whole figure and of her face,—the first time I had ever really seen her face. Her figure was drawn to its full height, and her bosom was rising and falling rapidly. Her head was thrown back, and upon poor Walter was beating the most contemptuous expression I ever saw coming from human eyes. No wonder even his back showed how wilted and weak he was.

As I watched, she suddenly turned her eyes; her glance met mine in the mirror. Before I could recover and completely drive the look of amusement from my face, she had waved Walter aside and was standing in front of me. "You heard what your son said!" she exclaimed; "what do *you* say?"

I liked her looks, and especially liked her voice. It was clear. It was magnetic. It was honest. When I wish to separate sheep from goats, I listen to their voices, for voices do not often lie.

"I refuse to believe that he delivered my note to—to James's mother." There was a break in her voice as she spoke James's name,—it distinctly made my nerves tingle, unmoved though my mind was. "James is—is,—" she went on, slowly, but not unsteadily,—"the doctors say there's no hope. And he—your son,—sent me, and I am here when—when,—but,—what do *you* say?"

It is extraordinary what power there is in that woman's personality. If Walter had n't been there I might have had to lash myself into a fury and insult her to save myself from being swept away. As it was, I looked at her steadily, then rang the bell. The servant came.

"Show this lady out," I said, and I bowed and went to Walter in the drawing-room. I can only imagine how she must have felt. Nothing frenzies a woman—or a man,—so wildly as to be sent away from a "scene" without a single insult given to gloat over or a single insult received to bite on.

The morning paper confirmed her statement of James's condition. In fact, I did n't have to wait until then, for toward twelve that night I heard the boys in the street bellowing an "extra" about him,—that he was dying, and that none of his family had visited him. Those whose sense of justice is clouded by their feelings will be unable to understand why I felt no inclination to yield. Indeed, I do not expect to be understood in this except by those of my class,—the men whose large responsibilities and duties have forced them to put wholly aside those feelings in which the ordinary run of mankind may indulge without harm. I do n't deny that I had qualms. I can sympathize now with those kings and great men who have been forced to order their sons to death. And I have charged against James the pangs he then caused me. In the superficial view it may seem inconsistent that, while I stood firm, I was shocked by my wife's insensibility. I had to do my duty, but she should have found it impossible to do hers. I could not, of course, rebuke her and Aurora for not transgressing my orders; but all that night and all the next day I wondered at their hardness, their unwomanliness. It seemed to me another illustration of the painful side of wealth and position,—their demoralizing effect upon women.

The late afternoon papers announced—truthfully,—a favorable change in James's condition. In defiance of the doctors' decree of death, he had rallied. "It is that wife of his," I said to myself. "Such a personality is a match for death itself." I had a sense of huge relief. Indeed, it was not until I knew James was n't going to die that I realized how hard a fight my parental instinct had made against duty.

If I had liked Walter better, I should not have been thus weak about James.

When I reached home and was about to undress for my bath and evening change, my daughter Helen knocked and entered. "Well?" said I.

She stood before me, tall and slim and golden brown,—the color is chiefly in her hair and lashes and brows, but there is a golden brown tinge in her skin; as for her eyes, they are more gold than brown, I think. Her dress reaches to her shoetops. With her hands clasped in front of her, she fixed her large, serious eyes upon me.

"I went to see James this morning," she said; then seemed to be waiting—not in fear, but in courage,—for my vengeance to descend.

I scowled and turned away to hide the satisfaction this gave me. At least there is one female in my family with a woman's heart!

"Who put you up to it?" I demanded, sharply.

"Nobody. I heard the boys calling in the street,—and—I went."

I turned upon her and looked at her narrowly. "Why do you tell me?" I asked.

"Because not to have told you would have been a lie."

She said this quite simply. I had never been so astonished before in my life. "And what of that?" said I,—a shameful question under the circumstances, to put to a child; but I was completely off my guard, and I could n't believe there was not an underlying motive of practical gain.

"I do not care to lie," she answered, her clear eyes looking into mine. I found her look hard to withstand,—a new experience for me, as I can usually compel any one's eyes to shift.

"You're a good child," said I, patting her on the shoulder. "I shall not punish you this time. You may go."

She flushed to the line of her hair, and her eyes blazed. She drew herself away from my hand and left me staring after her, more astonished than before.

A strange person,—surely, a personality! She will be troublesome some day,—soon.

With such beauty and such fine presence, she ought to make a magnificent marriage.

I was free to take up Walter and Natalie again. After dinner I said to him, as we sat smoking: "Have you spoken to Natalie? What does she say? What date did you settle upon?"

He looked sheepishly from Burridge to Ridley, then appealingly at me. I laughed at this affectation of delicacy, but I humored him by sending them away. "What date?" I repeated.

He twitched more than usual before he succeeded in saying: "She refuses to decide just yet."

"Why?" I demanded.

"She says she does n't want to settle down so young."

"Young!" I exclaimed. "Why, she's twenty,—out two seasons. What's the matter with you, that you have n't got her half frightened to death lest she'll lose you?" With all he has to offer through being my son and my principal heir, he ought to be able to settle the marriage on his own terms in every respect,—and to keep the whip forever afterward.

"I do n't know," he replied; "she just won't. I do n't think she cares much about—about the marriage."

This was too feeble and foolish to answer. There is n't a more sensible, better-brought-up girl in New York than Natalie. Her mother began training her in the cradle to look forward to being mistress of a great fortune. I knew she, and her mother and father too, had fixed on mine as *the* fortune as long ago as five years,—she was only fifteen when I myself noted her making eyes at Jim and never losing a chance to ingratiate herself with me. Her temporizing with Walter convinced me that there was something wrong,—and I suspected what. I went to see her, and got her to take a drive with me.

As my victoria entered the Park, I began: "What's the matter, Natalie? Why won't you 'name the day?' We're old friends. You can talk to me as freely as to your own father."

"I know it," she replied; "you've always been *so* good to me,—and you are *so* kind and generous." There is n't a better manner anywhere than Natalie's. She has a character as strong and fine as her face.

"I'm getting old," I went on, "and I want to see my boy settled. I want to see you my daughter, ready to take up your duties as head of my house."

"Do n't try to hurry me," she said, a trace of irritation in her voice. "I'm only twenty. I wish to have a little pleasure before I become as serious as I'll have to be when I'm—your daughter."

[*Concluded on pages 374 and 375*]

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The Philosophy of "Mr. Dooley"

ALLAN GRAHAM

The Chicago Humorist Created by Peter Finley Dunne, and the Manner in Which He Has Made the World Laugh



MR. DOOLEY — Drawn by F. Opper, by permission of W. R. Hearst — MR. HENNESSY

"Oh, Misther Dooley, Misther Dooley,—
The greatest man the country ever knew!
So diplomatic, and democratic,
Is Misther Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo."

THIS, the chorus of a topical song in a comic opera, has been sung up and down the country for a year, at least,—sung by everybody and everywhere except at church and funerals, and played by every means of real or reputed music-making from a boy's puckered mouth to an orchestra or a band. It is an easily remembered doggerel embodiment of the popular feeling about the most widely and eagerly read—and probably, in some respects, the most influential,—satire this country has ever produced. England, too, knows and admires "Mr. Dooley," as she knows and admires few things American.

A few days ago it was announced that Peter Finley Dunne, whose creation and mouthpiece Mr. Dooley is, had contracted with a conspicuous publisher to let the latter attend to the dissemination of the weekly installments of the opinions of the former for a consideration almost equal to the salary of the president of the United States. This means that Mr. Dunne is to get between seventy-five cents and a dollar a word for every word he makes Mr. Dooley utter in the course of a year. The time was when to refer a work of the brain to a commercial standard would have been both vulgar and misleading. But the day of Goldsmiths slaving as hacks, and of Miltons selling immortal epics for the week's wages of a clerk, seems to have passed. There is now a disposition to reconsider and readjust values, thanks to the progress of democracy, and the money price of a work of the brain is becoming at least some index to its value to the human race.



Photograph by Burr McIntosh

Peter Finley Dunne

It was when Mr. Dunne was a young editorial writer on a Chicago newspaper—back in '92, or was it '93?—that Mr. Dooley was born. He was not the Mr. Dooley we now know. He saw only a few feet beyond Archery Road, where he had his habitat; the utmost limit of his vision was Chicago and its local affairs. But there he instantly became a power. Local rogues and hypocrites began to fear him, and the humor-shot common sense of the decent people of Chicago was wonderfully quickened. The best way to attack wrong has always been by way of derisive contempt, and Mr. Dooley's success was only another illustration of it.

With the Spanish-American War Mr. Dooley's horizon suddenly expanded. He developed at a bound from a clever mocker at local incongruities, ridiculous, or wrong, or both, into a dangerous enemy to national hypocrisy, swollen-headedness, and fatuous sprawling and crawling before clay images cast in the common mold. Mr. Dooley remained an inhabitant of Archery Road,—that is, a plain, hard-working, common American, a man of the masses. It was not his nature that changed,—he did not cease to be "parochial;" indeed, if anything, he became more "strenuous" than before for "parochialism,"—that is, for keeping the head steady and the eyes level and the mind on one's own business. It was only his width of view that altered. With the same shrewd, kindly American eyes with which he had seen Chicago, he saw his country and the rest of the world. This is an important point, for, had Mr. Dunne changed Mr. Dooley's nature, Mr. Dunne would not today be the cleverest exponent of what most Americans who think at all really think, the most influential foe of humbug. He might have remained a great satirist. He would not have remained *the* democratic satirist,—the word "democratic" is, of course, not used in the partisan sense. Mr. Dunne is no partisan, but rips the mask from make-believe wherever he finds it.

While we Americans are not solemn habitually, we have attacks of it,—and, as we are a desperately energetic people, we take our attacks hard when they seize us. We began to have such a seizure with the beginning of the Spanish-American War. We are just getting over it,—and Doctor Dooley has been our most valuable physician throughout the time of trial. The main symptom of these seizures is the attributing of dignity and honor out of all proportion to merit, even where there is no merit at all. The patient fiercely resents any interference with his delusions, any attempt to restore him to moral and mental health. Mr. Dunne's triumph and skill lay in performing these invaluable but usually ungracious offices with success, yet without offense.

When we were raising an army of half a million men to prosecute a war which could not possibly require the services of one fifth that number, it was Mr. Dooley who came to the rescue with such observations as, "Ginral Miles has ordered out th' gold resarve f'r to equip his staff, numberin' eight thousan' men, manny iv whom ar-re clubmen; an', as soon as he can have his pitchers took, he will cr-rush th' Spanish with wan blow . . . that'll be the damdest blow since th' year of the big wind." When there was preposterous excitement about petty engagements with the Spaniards, who had notoriously not been able to carry on war except in the feeblest, most farcical fashion, since the days of Philip and his armada, Mr. Dooley described the frightful battles that developed military geniuses by the score and honors by the sheaf in such fashion as this:—

> Up to this time th' on'y hero kilt on th' Spanish side was a jackass that poked an ear above th' batthries at Matoonzas f'r to hear what was goin' on. "Behold," says Sampson, "th' insolince iv th' foe," he says. "For-rm in line iv battle, an' hur-rl death an' desthruction at yon Castilyan gin'ral." "Wait," says an officer, "it may be wan iv our own men. It looks like th' sicrety iv—" "Hush!" says th' commander. "It can't be an American jackass or he'd speak," he says. "Fire on him!" Shot afther shot fell round th' inthrepid ass.

Here is a light, yet amusingly lifelike picture of the historic Spaniard, from Mr. Dooley's account of the Spanish commander's letter to his government after the battle of Manila:—

> "This mornin' we was attackted," he says. "An'" he says, "we fought the inimy with great courage," he says. "Our victhry is complete," he says. "We have lost iverything we had," he says. "Th' threachrous foe," he says, "after desthroyin' us, sought refuge behind a mud-scow," he says, "but nawthin' daunted us. What boats we cudden't run ashore we surrindered," he says. "I cannot write no more," he says, "as me coat-tails are afire, an' I am bravely but rapidly leapin' fr'm wan vissil to another."

For the appointments to high and responsible military posts from fashionable life he had such shots as, "We go into this war with th' most fash'nable ar-rmy that iver creased its pants. 'T will be a daily hint from Paris to th' crool foe." For the famous Porto Rican campaign he wrote: "'Forward, brave men, where ye see me di'mons sparkle,' says Gin'ral Miles. 'Forward an' plant the crokay arches iv our beloved counthry,' he says." And so on he wrote, in satire after satire, winking and smiling and laughing irresistibly at the spirit of exaggeration, and, worst of all, war-worship, which the politicians were encouraging among the people,—with a view to reaping large profits in corruption condoned and scandalous abuse of power approved.

Mr. Dunne early saw the importance of the Philippines problem, and also saw the peril from the jaunty and greedy land-grabbing spirit which those who thought England ought to be America's pattern were fanning vigorously. Here is a specimen of his interpretation of the real sober second thought of America on those "Asiatic jewels:"—

> An' what shud I do with the Ph'lippeens? Oh, what shud I do with thim? I can't annex thim because I don't know where they ar-re. I can't let go iv thim because some wan else'll take thim if I do. They are eight thousan' iv thim islands, with a popylation iv wan hundherd millyon naked savages; an' me bedroom's crowded now with me an' th' bed. How can I take thim in, an' how on earth am I goin' to cover th' nakedness iv thim savages with me wan shoot iv clothes? . . . . It's a poverty-stricken counthry, full iv goold an' precious stones, where th' people can pick dinner off th' threes an' ar-re starvin' because they have no step-ladders.

Mr. Dooley has again and again confided to Mr. Hennessy his Philippine perplexities,—and has always been interesting and influential, and mighty well worth the attention of the politicians. For example, he gives this graphic account of the craze for making America over into an imitation of England, an international busybody and bad example:—

> Formerly our fair nation did n't care f'r jools, but done up her hair with side combs, but she 's been abroad some since an' she come back with beautiful reddish goolden hair that a tiara looks well in an' that is better f'r havin' a tiara. She is not as young as she was. Th' simple home-lovin' maiden that our fathers knew has disappeared an' in her place we find a Columbya, gintlemen, with machurer charms, a knowledge iv Euro-peen customs an' not averse to a cigareet. So we have pinned in her fair hair a diadem that sets off her beauty to advantage an' holds on th' front iv th' hair, an' th' mos' lovely pearl in this ornament is thim sunny little isles iv th' Passyfic.

Here he sends a quiverful of arrows to bring

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down a whole flock of hypocritical "highfalutingisms" that are part of our political ideals.

> I turn to th' climate. Th' wather frequently remains in th' air afther th' sun has been shinin' a month or more, th' earth bein' a little over-crowded with juice, an' this gives th' atmosphere a certain coziness that is indescribable. A light green mold grows on th' clothes an' is very becomin'. . . . . The sun does n't sit aloft above th' jools iv th' Passyfic. It comes down an' mingles with th' people. You have heard it said th' isles was kissed be th' sun. Perhaps bitten wud be a bether wurrud. But th' timprachoor is frequently modified be an eruption iv th' neighborin' volcanoes an' th' inthraduction iv American stoves. At night a coolin' breeze fr'm th' crather iv a volcano makes sleep possible in a hammock swung in th' ice-box. It is also very pleasant to be able to cuk wan's dinner within wan.
>
> Passin' to th' pollytical situation, I will say it is good,—not perhaps as good as ye'ers or mine, but good. Ivery wanst in a while an iliction is held. Unforchnitly it usually happens that those ilicted have not yet surrindhered. In th' Phlippeens the office seeks th' man, but as he is also pursooed be th' sojery, it is not always aisy to catch him an' fit it on him. Th' counthry may be divided into two parts, pollytically,—where th' insurrection continues, an' where it will soon be.

There has, beyond question, been a remarkable change since 1899 in the attitude of the people toward the colonial question. For this change, Mr. Dunne is in very considerable measure responsible. It was impossible for partisan prejudice —in *both* parties,—to resist the satirical appeal of Mr. Dooley's common sense. Where conscience, unfortunately deprived of both a sense of humor and a sense of proportion, was producing very little impression, Mr. Dooley, "diplomatic and democratic," was rousing the moral sense of the people, —and their sense of humor.

Indeed, throughout Mr. Dooley's philosophy, which from week to week notes the current of important events, there runs a splendid democracy, a fine love of the old-fashioned America and the old-fashioned American,—old-fashioned in the sense that right, justice and the passion for freedom and equality are old-fashioned.

One of the silliest and most unattractive frauds of the new fashion was that about "Anglo-Saxonism." Mr. Dooley thus set his people to thinking along the right line,—the line of broad Americanism:—

> "You an' me, Hinnissy, has got to bring on this here Anglo-Saxon 'lieance. An Anglo-Saxon, Hinnissy, is a German that's forgot who was his parents. They're a lot iv thim in this counthry. There must be as manny as two in Boston: they'se wan up in Maine, an' another lives at Bogg's Ferry in New York State, an' dhrives a milk wagon. Mack is an Anglo-Saxon. His folks come fr'm the County Armagh, an' their naytional Anglo-Saxon hymn is 'O'Donnell Aboo.' Teddy Rosenfelt is another Anglo-Saxon. An' I'm an Anglo-Saxon. I'm wan iv the hottest Anglo-Saxons that iver come out of Anglo-Saxony. Th' name iv Dooley has been th' proudest Anglo-Saxon name in th' County Roscommon f'r manny years."

Here is an outburst of toadyism and snobbishness incident to King Edward's coronation:—

> F'r weeks an' weeks some iv th' finest minds in Europe has been debatin' whether th' king shud stand on th' Earl iv Whinkie or th' markess iv Ballyhoo durin' th' ceremony. It was decided that th' honor shud go to th' noble earl, but that it was th' privilege iv th' noble markess that his majesty shud put his feet on his back when he set down. . . . . Andhrew Carnaygie lint Wistminsther Abbey, which was superbly dicorated with tapestries lint be J. Pierpont Morgan; Yerkes lint thim th' sthreets; Frohman, the theaters; th' American syndicate give thim th' use iv th' river, an' a hundherd thousand lile American hearts an' lungs lint thim a patriotic howl that made th' king jump iv'ry time he heard it. . . . . King's a hard job an' a thankless wan. A king nowadays is no more thin a hitchin' post f'r wan pollytician afther another. He ain't allowed to move himsilf, but anny crazy pollytician that ties up to him is apt to pull him out be th' roots. He niver has anny childhood. He's like th' breaker boys in th' mines: he's put to worruk larnin' his trade as soon as he can walk.

Mr. Dunne never wrote anything happier or more timely than Mr. Dooley's account of the visit of Prince Henry. In it he gives a picture of Prince Henry's position in the royal family,—and it would be difficult to find another extract of the same length that contains so many truths which all Americans ought to know and never lose sight of,—truths enforced with not the faintest appearance of attempting anything beyond humor of the lightest kind. Among other things he said:—

> He's a kind iv travelin' agent f'r th' big la-ad. His bag is ready packed iv'ry night, he sleeps like a fireman with his pants in his boots beside his bed, an' they'se a thrap dure alongside th' cradle f'r him to slide down to th' first flure. He's no more thin got to sleep whin th' three-iliven sounds on th' gong. In Hennery leaps to th' pantaloons, down th' laddher he goes pullin' up his suspinders with wan hand and puttin' on his hat with th' other, an' off he is f'r Corea or Chiny or Booloochistan at a gallop. His brother stands at th' dure an' hollers farewell to him. "Go, Hinnery," he says. "Go, me dear brother, to th' land iv perpetchooal sunshine an' knock in nails f'r to hang up th' German rmor," he says. "I will remain at home an' conthrol th' rest iv th' wurruld with th' assistance iv that German providence that has been as kind to us as we desarve an' that we look up to as our akel," he says. An' Hinnery goes away. He travels o'er land an' sea, be fire an' flood and field. He's th' ginooine flyin' Dutchman. His home is in his hat. He has n't slept all night in a bed f'r tin years.

Here is one more longish quotation,—a vivid and shrewd estimate of the emperor and several other persons, all compacted, all in a form that would interest, amuse, and instruct any one who knows how to read the English language:—

> I tell ye, Hinnissy, this impror or kaiser iv Germany is a smart man. I used to think 't was not so. I thought he had things unaisy in his wheel-house. I mind whin he got th' job, ivrywan says: "Look out f'r war. This wild man will be in that office f'r a year whin he'll just about declare fight with th' wurrld." An' ivrybody framed up f'r him. But look ye what happened. 'T is twinty years since he was swore in, an' ne'er a fight has he had. Ivirybody else has been in throuble. A screw-maker of a sidintiry life has ploonged England into a war; me friends th' Greeks that were considhered about akel to a flush iv anger over a raid on a push cart has mixed it up with th' Turks; th' Japs has been at war, an' th' Dagoes; our own peace-lovin' nation has been runnin' wan short an' one serryal war, an' aven th' Chinese has got their dandher up, be hivins.

These extended extracts are given, among other purposes, to show the educational value of Mr. Dunne's work. That he has set tens of thousands —and those of our most important population,— to thinking right on the larger questions of politics, national and international, and of sociology, goes without saying. But he has done more,—far more. He has led hundreds of thousands to take an interest in the larger human affairs. Most writers on large matters, valuable though their work may be, interest only the highly educated and naturally serious-minded. Mr. Dunne interests "the man in the street," stimulates him, without his in the least realizing it, to become alert, informed upon large questions, and capable of acting his part in a republic of universal suffrage. Mr. Dunne, coming in the disguise of a funmaker, and never dropping it, using the simplest and homeliest, but unforgettably quaint figures, gets the ear of "the man in the street,"—and fills it with noble truths.

Are we unduly agitated about foreign immigration and the fierce restlessness of some of those now coming to us? Mr. Dunne points out that



Drawn by F. Opper, by permission of W. R. Hearst

"'Hinnissy, I tell ye, the hand that rocks th' scales in th' grocery store is the hand that rules th' wurruld'"

the reason that Europe has anarchists is that her political and social conditions of gross and oppressive inequality produce them. Again, Mr. Dooley says:—

> "As a pilgrim father that missed th' first boats, I must raise me claryon voice again' the invasion iv this fair land be th' paupers an' arnychists iv effete Europe. Ye bet I must,—because I'm here first. . . . . I don't believe in killin' kings, mesilf, but, be hivins, Presarved Codfish Shaughnessy, if we'd begun a few years ago shuttin' out folks that wudden't mind handin' a bomb to a king, they wudden't be enough people in Mattsachoosetts to make a quorum f'r th' Anti-Impeeryal Society," says I. "But what wud ye do with th' offscourin' iv Europe?" says he, "I'd scour thim some more," says I.

Mr. Dunne has wonderful skill at putting a volume into a sentence or two,—not packing it in so that it can be got out only with the greatest difficulty, but putting it there for the ordinary man easily to find. I give, for instance, this on hypocrisy:—

> If ye'd turn on th' gas in th' darkest heart, ye'd find it had a good raison f'r th' worst things it done, a good varchous raison, like needin' th' money or punishin' the wicked, or tachin' people a lesson to be more careful, or protectin' th' liberties iv mankind, or needin' th' money.

Note this on women, or "women's rights:"—

> They have n't the right to make laws, but they have th' priv'lege of breaking thim, which is bether. They have n't th' right iv a fair thrile be a jury iv their peers, but they have th' priv'lege iv an unfair thrile be a jury iv their admirin' infeeryors. If I cud fly d'ye think I'd want to walk?

He writes on the sorrows of the rich:—

> No, don't go gettin' cross about th' rich, Hinnissy. Put up that dinnymite. Don't excite ye'ersilf about us folks in Newport. It's always been th' same way, Father Kelly tells me. Says he: "If a man is wise, he gets rich, an' if he gets rich, he gets foolish, or his wife does. That's what keeps th' money movin' round. What comes in at th' ticker goes out at th' wine agent."

On work and pleasure, Mr. Dooley says:—

> Th' wan great object iv ivry man's life is to get tired enough to sleep. Ivirything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it, an' it's pleasure if ye pay to be allowed to do it.

It would take columns and pages seriously to answer those wild talkers who, forgetting that Europe is helplessly dependent upon us, both for bread and for meat, try to frighten us into huge military and naval expenditures. Mr. Dooley thus answers them in a few brief and homelily witty sentences,—answers them completely:—

> "Perhaps ye're right," said Mr. Dooley, "but if all thim gr-reat powers, as they say thimselves, was f'r to attack us, d'ye know what I'd do? I'll tell ye. I'd blockage Armour an' Comp'ny, an' th' wheat ilivators iv Minnisoty. F'r, Hinnissy, I tell ye, th' hand that rocks th' scales in th' grocery store is th' hand that rules th' wurruld."

In a discourse on "Money and Matrimony," Mr. Dooley regrets the departure of the days when a man who wished to marry "did n't have to pin a cashier's check to th' proposal, an' put in a sealed bid." Then he graphically paints as follows the joys of marriage on the pocketbook basis, which are denied to poor bachelors:—

> Not f'r him th' joys iv married life, th' futman at th' dure tellin' his wife has not come home yet, th' prattlin' iv th' tendher infant as it is rocked to sleep in th' incybator, th' frequent letthers fr'm abroad askin' him if th' dhraft come. No rayspictible woman wud have him while he was gettin' th' money, an' none ought to have him afther he's got it.

Democratic, always democratic, is Mr. Dooley, teaching the sound principles which, practiced from the outset in this country, made it a rich inheritance for us,—teaching, but never preaching, —always acute, often profound, but never with the slightest pretense. One laughs as he thinks, and never yawns. It matters not how close home Mr. Dooley's shafts strike, he makes no enemies. He keeps all ears open,—a remarkable triumph when it is considered how often he deals in matters that are subjects of passionate political controversy.

Mr. Dunne is still a young man,—well under forty, with the enthusiasm and earnestness and the energy of thirty. Although he has youth, he also has that rarely failing sound judgment which is seldom found in youth. Cynicism is as foreign to him as is hypocrisy. He never scoffs or scolds.

In personal appearance he is of the medium height, with that sturdiness in the shoulders and neck that bespeaks a man of great resisting power. He watches the world through eyeglasses that assist to an exact focus a pair of keen, laughing eyes. Latterly, the theory that a square jaw indicates determination of character seems to be losing ground; but it certainly does not indicate the reverse, and there is a lot of expression in Mr. Dunne's jaw. The part of his head that most attracts you is his forehead,—it is broad and well balanced, and back of it lies a beautifully curved bulging top-of-the-head, a certain indication of judgment and sanity.

A satirist is always valuable to a race that has ever suffered from a plague of well-meaning, self-deceived humbugs,—suffered far more from them than from deliberate rascals. A satirist who is a democrat, but not a demagogue, a popular teacher without a single note of preachery or cant of any kind, a serious man with never a suggestion of the solemn Brahmin,—such a satirist is a priceless possession for America.

That is why Peter Finley Dunne is one of our most valuable and most conspicuous citizens.

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THE NAME AND FAME OF "SHINE-O"

Howard Fielding



"'Really,' he said, 'it's no use; I couldn't do it'"



'TWAS only a living—a good one, certainly, yet a mere living,—which proved for Langdon Russell a stumbling-block and an occasion to fall; and it was craven fear of the loss of it which caused him to do the thing that is the basis of this narrative. No tender conscience can approve his conduct; yet, without this warning, there might be readers who would say that the purpose of this story is to show that there is always a way out of every difficulty, and that he alone loses who despairs.

Russell was an artist. He could not have been anything else. He had the soul, the eyes, the necktie, the shoes, and the luck of an artist. He was twenty-six years old, and had taken care of himself since he was twelve; indeed, for the last five years, he had taken care of his sister, besides. She was an artist, too, and painted prettily on porcelain, earning stray dollars, now and then, which she expended, with nice discretion and an excellent tact for bargaining, upon pretty hats and ribbons, and dainty books; but she was not one who would ever have bought food.

Russell was cursed with an appreciation of good table board and spacious rooms, and his liking for those things was so strong that he could not bear to see his sister do without them. As for Lucille, she was a very obedient girl: she never objected when her brother told her to pack up and move to a better boarding house. When he suggested, at the beginning of a certain memorable summer, that they should spend July and August at a fashionable resort on the Sound, Lucille hailed the plan as an inspiration of genius, and she went right to work making clothes.

Russell, at this time, was "independent;" that is, he had no regular connection. He had given up a salaried position on the art staff of a newspaper, about a year before, and had thriven surprisingly well upon odd jobs of magazine illustration, cover designing, and the like; but, when the arrangements for a delightful summer by the sea had been made, everything "went up into the air," as he expressed it to himself. Nobody wanted a cover, nobody had any use for a poster, and the practice of illustrating stories seemed to be dead in the whole world.

The luck of a true artist always deserts him at the most inconvenient time. This is a part of the tax which nature levies upon all forms of creative work, a tax payable in disappointment and pain. Like the tariff, it is supposed to benefit the industry affected by it, but there will always be doubters.

The result in this instance was that Russell remained in town, while Lucille, unconscious of the calamity that had befallen them, went with all her pretty clothes to the seaside.

"I can't get away from my work," her brother told her, and it was perfectly true. How can a fellow get away from work when it has got away from him first?

Once, when Russell was about twelve years old, he was chased by a savage bull, and he saved his life by jumping over a fence,—clean over it, without touching so much as the tips of his fingers; and for years afterwards he used to view the height of that fence with solemn, superstitious awe. It seemed impossible that he could have jumped over it, yet the fact that he was alive proved that he had done so. With the same kind of sensations, he now looks back upon that summer when Lucille was at the seashore.

It took his last cent to get her started, and there remained a big bill at their expensive boarding house. Russell paid that bill, not with ordinary money, as it seemed to him, but with the incomprehensible mercy of heaven expressed in coin, and his remittances to Lucille were from the same mint. He lived in his studio, which was under the burned crust of a baked building; and there, during a hot week in early July, two tall wax candles in iron candlesticks upon a shelf melted and collapsed with their own weight so that they hung upside down. Thus they may be seen to this day.

He ate in a little restaurant that had an oval counter bearing seats like brackets upon its outer surface. There was always a dreadful quantity of food displayed upon that counter, and it became a superstition with Russell that the provender was put there raw, and that the heat of the place cooked it.

His letters to Lucille were cheerful, but vague. He described enthusiastically the pictures upon which he was at work, and neglected to state that there was no present prospect of selling any of them. Lucille gained the impression that her brother's ideals and ambitions were in a rapid course of glorious evolution, and she praised him heartily. What she said of him was the truth, too; yet Russell was painting worse, and not better, for, though worry gives a poor artist dreams, it never helps him to realize any of them.

His worry was approaching the brink of desperation as the summer drew toward an end. It had been hard to get Lucille out of town; it began to look as if it would be impossible to bring her back. That he would have to tell her the truth was the worst of it. Drawing ever nearer to that penalty, he perceived that it is wrong to lie, even with the most excellent motives.

"Dear Lucille: I think you'd better stay another week,"—so he began a letter to his sister, one morning. "It may be a bit chilly down there, but it seems to be getting hotter in town."

He dropped the pen and wiped the perspiration from the palms of his hands.

"That's true enough, so far as I'm concerned," he said; and he arose and paced from end to end of the studio, perspiring at every pore, though the day was cool. After ten minutes of this exercise, he sat down and continued the letter thus:—

"Don't worry about your bill,—"

There was a knock upon the door, which was instantly opened, and a man came in hurriedly, or, perhaps, it might be more correct to say, energetically. He was about thirty years old, blond, smooth-shaven, moderately tall, rather heavy in the shoulders, but of an extremely graceful and forceful carriage. If this had been a scene upon a stage, the audience would have known, before the visitor had taken three steps in their view, that he was the leading actor of the company. Russell, to whom the man was a total stranger, and whose errand was quite beyond a guess, became at once aware of the importance of the incident.

"Mr. Russell?" said the visitor. "Glad to find you in."

He shook the artist's hand heartily.

"I am Duncan Earle," he added, stepping back and seating himself on the broad arm of a Morris chair.

He removed a gray Alpine hat, and passed his right hand backward along his hair, which was of a very light brown, tinged with gold. It was the most remarkably energetic-looking head of hair that Russell had ever seen: it seemed to crackle electrically under the man's touch.

It was a source of grief and shame to the artist that he had never heard of Mr. Earle, and he dared not confess the fact. He was able to say truthfully that he was delighted to meet him, for Mr. Earle seemed to be distinctly worth meeting. Russell would rather have painted him than any other man whom he had ever seen, but it was a vain dream to suppose that this dynamic creature had any leisure to sit for his portrait.

"I have some of your work here," said Earle, thrusting a hand into the breast pocket of his loose gray sack coat, and bringing forth a preposterous number of magazine leaves that had been ripped from their bindings. "It's good, strong stuff. It's got character, style, and individuality. We want some work like this,—a lot of it; I should n't be surprised if we could use all your time."

The wily artist checked his impulse to fall upon his visitor's neck, and summoned up a dubious smile.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "I'm pretty busy; and, by the way, if you don't mind, I'll go right on painting. It won't interfere at all with our conversation."

There was an unfinished landscape on the easel. It had been in the same condition for two months. Russell had picked it up at random from the heap, that morning,—for he worked upon something every day, in order to keep from going crazy.

"I suppose that's for some exhibition, eh?" said Earle, viewing the canvas with respectful eyes.

"No," replied Russell, slowly, as he tried a brush, "I'm going to sell this just as soon as I can. I hope to finish it this week. I need the money."

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"She was holding Earle's hand in both of hers"

He nodded over his shoulder, and smiled at Earle.

"I need," said Earle, with decision, "ten drawings by Monday afternoon, and you've got to make 'em."

"Could n't, to save my life," rejoined the artist; "but perhaps I can send you to a good man. What sort of work do you want?"

Earle thrust one hand into the same pocket which had contained the magazine leaves, and brought forth many small sheets of paper and the pad from which they had been torn.

"Here are some rough sketches of my ideas," said he, "with the verses to go with them. They're the regular Shine-O poetry, you see, but the pictures will be a new departure for us."

"Shine-O," repeated Russell, softly; "it's some kind of scouring soap, is n't it?"

"Well, I should think it was!" exclaimed Earle. "Suffering Cæsar, there's nothing like it in the world!"

"I've never done any of that kind of work," said the artist, vainly striving to make disdain a mask for disappointment.

"Do n't let that worry you for a minute," said Earle, cheerily; "you've got the ability, and I know it."

Russell leaned feebly on the easel. The ability to draw advertisements for Shine-O! Had he come to this?"

Meanwhile Earle was bustling through the magazine leaves.

"Give us this style of pen-work," said he, selecting an illustration. "And, especially," he added, "we want the style of lettering that's on the sign before the inn door in this picture of yours. By George, sir, that's the greatest thing in lettering that I've seen yet. We're going to make it famous. All our poetry will be in that style of letter, hereafter. It was that which attracted my attention to you as an artist."

"Oh, ye gods!" whispered Russell.

"Now we'll glance at these sketches of mine," said Earle. "Take this one, for instance."

He put into the artist's hand a sheet of paper bearing a rude drawing, and these lines:—

When Hannah Jane was Jones's cook,
All cheerfulness her life forsook;
The Joneses' kitchen was so dark
Against the stove her shins she'd bark.
But dawn ends night, and wrong turns right,
And SHINE-O makes all labor light.—
She shined the pans, and now 't is plain
That life is bright for Hannah Jane.

"Interior of one of those little, gloomy, flat-house kitchens lighted by shining pans hanging on the wall," said Earle. "Catch the idea? Hannah Jane is a new character for us, and you've got to create her. By George, sir, she'll be known from one end of this land to the other. 'Life is bright for Hannah Jane' is to be our new catch-phrase. As for this particular idea, it is n't so good as some of the others that I've got here. The verse is n't foolish enough, but the queer look of J-o-n-e-s-e-s and an apostrophe will catch the eye."

Russell shook his head.

"I can't, I can't do it," said he.

"O yes, you can!" retorted Earle. "You'll draw a great Hannah Jane. I've seen some of your women. Have n't you got a few types here now?"

He swept a glance along the wall, and, seeing nothing that met his need, crossed the room with a hasty step and picked up a small canvas that had fallen face upward in a corner. The first view seemed to startle him. He set the picture on a table against the wall and retreated till he got a good light; then he stood perfectly still.

"A study of my sister," said Russell.

Slowly, gravely, and with a most charming grace, Earle inclined his head toward the picture. Then he went and sat on the arm of the Morris chair again, and looked steadily at the landscape on the easel.

"Let's see," he said, suddenly; "what were we talking about? Aha! Hannah Jane."

He rattled off a description of this mythical angel of the kitchen. Russell interrupted him with a groan.

"Really," he said, "it's no use; I could n't."

Instinctively he turned toward the unfinished picture. Earle laughed good-naturedly, and then caught up his pad and scribbled a few lines, signing his name with a bold flourish.

"If it's a question of money, do n't let it bother you a second," said he. "Here's an order for a hundred, right now. Our office is just across the street. You can get the cash any time."

Half an hour later the artist stood alone, in the middle of the studio, rubbing his forehead with his left hand, while he held in his right the order for a hundred dollars, signed "Duncan Earle, Advertising Manager."

"Shine-O," murmured the artist, in a seasick voice. "I do n't know whether that creature Earle wears horns or wings when he's at home; but, either way, I belong to him. He's got me into this work, and I'll never get out. For I 'can do it.' I've 'got the ability,'"—he laughed in a half-choked fashion. "Confound me, I've 'got the ability.'"

II.

ART, says Stevenson, is not making water-colors or playing upon the piano. It is a life to be lived. The life of an advertising artist may be satisfactory in many ways, but it is not art. It is business. An advertising artist is a useful citizen and great popular teacher.

A successful advertising artist earns too much money: he will serve Mammon alone, if the angels do not fight hard for him.

Russell's "Hannah Jane" was drawn from life, and not without conscientious endeavor, but she was commercially and not artistically great. When Duncan Earle first saw her, among the shining pans of the Joneses' kitchen, he threw an arm around Russell's shoulder and hugged him.

"The limit!" he cried, "absolutely the limit. Just let me carry her right across the street. The firm will be pleased beyond measure."

Russell protested that the picture was not finished, but Earle was already skipping nimbly down stairs with it. He came back radiant. The "czar"—meaning, thereby, Mr. Charles Zenas Rhodes, the chief personage of the Shine-O Company,—had been entirely captivated by Hannah Jane, and had talked of increasing the appropriation for spreading the pretty likeness broadcast throughout the land.

Earle marched up and down the studio delivering a eulogium on the picture, and occasionally stroking in characteristic fashion his wonderful and lustrous hair, which seemed on this occasion to emit more sparks than usual. In the midst of this performance Lucille appeared, to her brother's great amazement, for she had telegraphed that she would return much later.

"Is n't it funny?" she said to Earle, when he had been duly presented; "I nearly always change my mind after I've sent a telegram."

"Only dull people keep the same mind," replied Earle. "Your brother changed his, a few days ago, and proved himself a genius."

Lucille's attention veered to the picture on the easel where Earle had set it up.

"Langdon," she said, "what is that fright?"

The artist remembered his letters, full of lofty devotion to the ideals of art, and blushed till the lobes of his ears shone like rubies.

"That is my work of genius," he said.

So the murder had to come out, but not the true inwardness of the mercenary motive. Lucille was not informed that her summer by the sea would have lasted all winter except for Shine-O, or that a thousand stanzas ending with a life made bright could not express her debt to this matchless soap. She understood only that her brother had sold himself to Satan through Duncan Earle, his deputy, and she was frank enough to state the fact.

"I say, little girl," protested Russell, when Earle had gone; "you ought n't to have roasted him like that. My goodness! You had n't known him four minutes."

"I have no objection to Mr. Earle personally," replied Lucille, "and I hope I did n't express any. He is very good-looking."

"Well, I do n't know what that's got to do with it," retorted Russell, somewhat puzzled. "You speak as though he had n't a right to be."

"He has no right to his hair," she answered: "it is a frivolous and vain adornment, for a man. Think how much I want it!"

She viewed her image in a large mirror, mournfully. Russell caught her and kissed her on the side of her head.

"My sister's hair is as beautiful as a ray of sunshine on a mahogany piano," he said, prudently holding her by the wrists to guard against retaliation; "and I've missed it very much all this long summer."

Temporary quarters had been secured for Lucille, but, because of the great triumph of Hannah Jane, these were soon abandoned, and the brother and sister took some apartments where they lived in comfort and had a Hannah Jane of their own to do all the work. Their existence during this period may have been somewhat Bohemian, but it was eminently enjoyable. They made the acquaintance of cultured people, some of whom might justly be called famous; their interests were broadened, and they were agreeably conscious of growth and progress.

But alas, alas! Upon what foundation was this good fabric built? Money, mere money; rank



This is the original poster

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commercialism! To be specific, it was built upon the name and fame of Shine-O.

Russell was able to perceive that, even in the best of the old days, he had never felt secure, and that he had led as uneasy a life as a gambler; or, perhaps it would be fairer to say, as a peddler, whose excellent earnings for a single fortunate day give no guarantee against starvation the next week. As a member of the great Shine-O machine, and backed by its seemingly inexhaustible treasury, he was in harmony with the spirit of the times. To change the figure, he was a little snowball imbedded in a big one, and sharing in the advantage of its gigantic momentum. Thus he rolled through the winter free from care.

Duncan Earle rushed in and out of Russell's studio leaving sparks in his wake, as it were, like a shooting star. Energy, good cheer, and Shine-O poetry seemed to quiver and glitter in the atmosphere, and mark his path. He was an infrequent visitor at the Russell home, and the artist wasted ten invitations upon him for every one that was accepted.

"It's your fault, little sister," he said to Lucille, more than once. "You don't treat him very well, and that's a fact. You hurt him; you make him feel like an inferior being."

"He *is* an inferior being," she replied to the first of these remonstrances; "he's a man."

"He is a splendid fellow at heart," Russell often asserted. "You don't understand him. He lacks artistic education, but he does n't lack innate appreciation. What you mistake in him for crudity is really common sense; what you call vanity is splendid confidence."

"To a true artist," responded Lucille, "everything *is* what it *seems*. I am an impressionist, and, if a field of grass looks pink to me, I paint it that way."

These are but fragments of many conversations. It is necessary, however, to set down one of them more accurately. Lucille was in her brother's studio on a forenoon early in April. Russell, being well ahead on the Shine-O work, was busy with art; he was putting his soul into the only worthy task he had undertaken since September. It was a series of illustrations for a four-part story that was to appear in a magazine. Russell had obtained the work through a social meeting with the author. One of the pictures, substantially completed, stood on the easel.

"Langdon," said Lucille, who had sat quiet for many minutes, "that is a million times the best thing that you ever did."

Russell nodded slowly at the picture.

"True," said he, "very true!"

"If you can do a few things like that," she continued, "there'll be no more Hannah Jane."

"Don't," said Russell, shivering; "you frighten me. Is n't life all sunshine for Hannah Jane? Why, my dear sister, let us acknowledge our debt with humble gratitude. But for Hannah, I should never have made this picture. Besides," he added, more to himself than to her, "there's another summer coming."

"I suppose Mr. Earle will want you to stay in town," said she.

Russell carefully dipped his brush, and then laid it down.

"Lucille," he said, "something in the tone of your last remark leads me to make a humble request. I expect Earle here in about nine minutes. You have n't seen him in three weeks."

"Really, I do n't remember," said she.

"He has a brother who is in business in Plainfield," continued Russell, "and the brother is sick, and in no end of trouble. Duncan has been going out there every evening, lately, taking care of the sick man and of his business, and heaven knows what else. I guess he has n't had much sleep, or much peace of mind, for he's a sensitive fellow, and very fond of his brother. Of course, you could n't make him admit that he is weary or worried, but he's beginning to show it. Now, in view of these facts, do n't you think you could get along to-day with the regular door-mat that I have provided for the use of my ordinary visitors, and permit Duncan to maintain the proper attitude of a man, or at least of a biped, in your presence? In short,—I hear him coming! Be kind to him, Lucille, for pity's sake. Do n't walk on him to-day; he does n't like it. Just say you're very glad to see him, or something like that, and—"

Earle entered, sailing fair before the usual gale of enthusiasm. In one of his hands he held a light overcoat by the middle of its back, and he was pulling from its pockets the loose sheets of paper on which his verses and ideas were jotted down.

"How do you do, Mr. Earle?" said Lucille, with the most delightful cordiality; "I'm very glad to see you."

The color flamed suddenly in Earle's cheeks and ears and forehead. He did not drop his handful of papers; he merely forgot them, and they remained fluttering in the air, as he took Lucille's hand,—a bit too hastily, perhaps, yet very reverently.

"And life was bright for Duncan Earle—for about a minute," muttered Russell, inaudibly. "O heaven, this is a hard world!"

"I'll run along, now," said Lucille, turning from Earle toward the easel. "Langdon, do n't touch that picture again, except to bring out the girl's hand. It's all in the treatment of the shadow under it, of course. Otherwise the picture is right, absolutely right. I never thought that you would do such work again. I'll be back in time for you to take me to luncheon. Good-by, Mr. Earle!"

He opened the door for her, but she did not look at him as she passed out. Nevertheless, he seemed to be greatly pleased to have rendered her even so small a service. A moment later he was talking Shine-O, as if there was nothing else of any importance on this earth. Russell listened with not more than a third of his attention engaged. He was wondering by what subtle art Lucille had managed to cut Earle completely out of all share in her remarks about the good picture, and if it had been perceptible to the victim; and, again, whether it was his own imagination, or the simple truth, that Earle was weakening under the strain of double toil and tenfold care.

For many reasons it was eminently undesirable that Earle should wreck his health at this juncture. It was a busy time with Shine-O,—"the time for you and me to make the hit of our lives," Earle frequently told Russell. Yet, as the weeks went by, it became painfully evident to the artist that the hit was not being made. The czar of all the Shine-O's was behaving badly. Earle's ideas were often "turned down" and Russell's bills were "held up," because of dissatisfaction with the work. The fault was Earle's, for the man was surely breaking under the burden of a day's work in New York and another in Plainfield every twenty-four hours. Yet the power in the man urged him forward, and his tremendous courage would not let him own, or even perceive, that he was beaten.



"She viewed her image in a large mirror, mournfully"

Of course there was an individual in the Shine-O employ who would have been glad to sit at Mr. Earle's desk and draw the salary thereunto appertaining, even if that should involve Mr. Earle's sitting on the curbstone and drawing no salary. This person began to remark sadly that Earle *had been* a great man, that some of his early work was immense, and that it was queer how quickly a bright fellow could go to pieces.

Russell learned of this state of affairs, and he warned his friend, but in vain. Earle was too sanguine, too sure of himself. He kept saying that his brother would be all right in a few days, and that, for himself, it would n't require twenty-four hours to get into condition. This was expressed with a splendid dash and daring, but the artist beheld ruin moving up into the foreground of the picture.

One afternoon, about the middle of May,—which was the coldest, dampest, most drizzling May ever known in this latitude,—Earle came hustling into the studio with a fine imitation of his characteristic energy.

"Well, old man," he cried, "have you got 'em done?"

Russell turned from the picture on his drawing-board toward a table on which were half a dozen sheets of Bristol board bearing sketches in pencil.

"No," said he, slowly; "I've been puttering along—"

He paused, and looked anxiously at Earle, not daring to tell him that he had not worked up the ideas because he knew that every one of the pictures would be rejected.

"Well, push 'em along," said Earle, cheerily; "when we get that batch off our hands, we'll have nothing to worry us except the poster. Then we'll have a little rest."

"What poster?" asked Russell.

"Did n't I tell you? The czar wants to plaster Harlem, and especially a line of boards that runs up toward Van Cortlandt Park. There's to be some sort of military racket in the park week after next, and half a million people will be up there, including all the Hannah Janes for miles around."

He paused a moment, and steadied himself with a hand upon a drapery that hung from a spear. He ripped the drapery almost clear of its support, yet without noticing that he had done so.

"I've got a peach of an idea," he said, straightening up; "I've been thinking it out all day. Just scratch this off in pencil while I'm talking. This is the scheme: old Jones of Jones's flat has asked what sort of magical stuff it is that Hannah Jane uses to polish up everything so nicely, and Hannah has brought a pan and a cake of Shine-O into the parlor. She's polishing the pan, and old Jones is sitting there in wonder and admiration."

[*Concluded on pages 370 to 373*]

SHINE-O

When Hannah Jane was Jones's cook,
All cheerfulness her life forsook;
The Joneses' kitchen was so dark
Against the stove her shins she'd bark.

But dawn ends night, and wrong turns right
And Shine-O makes all labor light.—
She shined the pans, and now 't is plain
That life is bright for Hannah Jane.



The billposter put it up thus

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Stamina and Power Are Country-Bred

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"THE little gray cabin appears to be the birthplace of all your great men," said an English writer who visited America. Thousands of examples could easily be cited to warrant this assertion, for Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Greeley, Weed, Dana, Whittier, Howells, Clemens, Depew, Rockefeller, Sage, Cyrus W. Field, Edison, Westinghouse, and Beecher are only types of hosts of men who, on farms and in country towns, have gained physiques, minds, and characters that have made them kings in whatever work they have undertaken. Seventeen of our presidents were from small towns and farms, and President Roosevelt, although city-born, has by precept, example, and demonstration shown the good of getting next to nature, in characteristically strenuous fashion.

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"It is rather curious to consider why so few native New Yorkers have become prominent," says Charles F. Wingate. "In a published list of one hundred leading citizens of the metropolis, over ninety were shown to be country-bred. The leading divines, editors, doctors, artists, and business men came from other states, or from other lands. Is it from lack of mental or physical vigor that the city stock is distanced by these competitors? The same conditions exist in London, Paris, Berlin, and other European cities, which are filled with strangers from the provinces, who, because of their greater energy and ability, supplant the city-bred men."

Replies from forty successful men, collated by a writer, show that only eight were born in cities. Of the remainder, twenty-two were born on farms and ten in small villages. The boyhood of the twenty-two was passed largely amid rural surroundings, three moving from farms to villages while boys, but only one going then to a city. However, at the average age of sixteen, all these successful men were in cities, trying "to make their fortune."

Thus a great truth lies back of the Englishman's half jest. It reveals the sources of man's power. Nature gives a life-draught that artificiality knows not how to brew. Our nation has become great through its newness, its nearness to primitive conditions; through the opportunities that come from tapping the storehouses of nature at first hand; and through such manly qualities as vigor, energy, and enthusiasm, which have been developed in overcoming natural conditions and living face to face with the real world. Our great cities would decay from their own unnatural conditions were it not for the constant streams of fresh, honest, vigorous manhood and womanhood constantly flowing in from the suburbs and the country at large. The artificial human crop will no more supply the demand than hothouses will supply the food of the world. The sun-kissed fields and wind-purified hills must always be relied on for men and bread.

There are many reasons for the greater success of country boys. The stamina of the forest, the streams, the hills, and the valleys is in their veins; each has more iron in his blood; his fiber is firmer, and his staying power greater than those of a delicate or flabby city youth, reared amid unnatural surroundings, in a wilderness of brick and stone. The chemic forces of the soil, air, and sunshine become a part of his very constitution.

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The freely-circulating ozone breathed in great inspirations during muscular effort gives him lasting lung power. Plowing, hoeing and mowing add vigor to his muscles. The farm is a gymnasium,—a manual training school. The hated chores not only give him exercise, but also develop his practical powers and ingenuity. He must make implements or toys that he cannot afford to buy, or cannot readily procure. He must run, adjust, and repair many machines. He is a stranger to no mechanical principle or tool, and in an emergency he always has a remedy that makes him a "handy man" in any occupation.

Untold benefit, besides mere physical health and manual dexterity, is derived from the life of a country boy. He lives closer to nature, in constant touch with the creating power which brings forth all that is natural and real. He touches the truth of being as a city boy never does. He is in a perpetual school of reality, for the everchanging clouds, the panorama of landscapes, and the seasons' phenomena teach him secrets, and wake in him a wide understanding of life, if he but open his mind to their impressions. He gets his ideas of grandeur from the mighty sweep of alternating valleys and hills. He learns sublimity from the mountains' aspiring reach toward the clouds. He absorbs peace and tranquility from deep, winding rivers. The power of natural forces he feels in rushing storms, and hears in the crash of thunder. Providence appears to him in a thousand ways in the ingenious provisions for insect, plant, and animal life. Love teaches its lesson in the maternity of dumb animals.

He lives in the wonderful laboratory of the Great Chemist, where he can watch the processes working miracles in the soil, calling out from the black earth the most exquisite colors and odors of flowers and herbs, food for man and beast, and timber for manifold uses. The unfolding of buds, the storing of juices in fruits, the development of fiber in plants and trees, the activities of bees, and of birds and other animals, and the use and handling of every kind of material,—all these things afford one long course in practicality. These are some of the sources of the country boy's stamina, his superior knowledge of everyday things, and his fitness for every emergency.

The very freedom of the country boy who roams through the forest and over the hills and valleys, without let or hindrance, is a powerful factor in character-building, in stamina-forming.

"The fields and forests are his playground; the barn, his race-course; the trout brook, his private preserve; the steers and the colts, his co-workers. His gymnasium is in the mows of the barn, or in the woodshed. He is not cabined, cribbed, or confined; his horizon is not the skyline made by rows of brick blocks. He sees the sun rise above the summits in the east and set behind the everlasting hills in the west."

The superior training in economy, in frugality, in industry, and in initiative which a country boy gets becomes a powerful factor in his progress. He has more self-reliance and greater self-faith than a city boy; he believes he can do what he undertakes. He feels equal to the situation,—master of his task,—because of his reserve power.

How often does this mighty reserve rush to the assistance of a lawyer at the bar, reinforce a physician or surgeon in a supreme trial of his skill, and support a merchant in a great commercial panic! In any crucial emergency of state, or government, or private business, if we could analyze the genius which saves the day in a crisis, we should find that a previous, homely country life plays a prominent part in it. What would men like Washington, Sherman, Lincoln, Sheridan, Grant, or Webster have done in perilous situations, when the destiny of a nation depended upon them, without nerves of whip-cord and frames of iron, which could have been produced only in the country?

One's character and fiber partake of the quality of his surroundings. People of mountainous countries have always been great lovers of liberty, and possessed of strength and solidity of character. The mountains teach stability and grandeur; the ocean, immensity and change; the plains, broadness, catholicity, and generosity.

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If one had the power to analyze the members of congress at Washington, he could reproduce the mountains, the valleys, the lakes, the meadows, the hills of their native states through the effect these things have had in shaping their lives. The story of a state, its legends, and its poetry would all be found interwoven in the tissue of each man's mind, and their influence could be traced in every fiber of his being. You would be able to distinguish the stern men of the old Granite State from the suave representatives of the Sunny South. Webster's friends used to say that they could feel the granite rock of New England, the swaying of its forests, and the grit of its hilly soil, in his speeches in congress. The brooks, the meadows, the snowdrifts, the keen, biting air, the flowers, the birds, and the scenes amid which his youth was spent all contributed to his eloquence, and added force to his reasoning. The fiery, flowery eloquence of Clay bespoke a different atmosphere.

Nature makes us pay a heavy price for shutting ourselves up in cities, where we cannot inhale her sweet breath, or learn the secret of power from her mountains, streams, valleys, forests, lakes, and hills. She is the great teacher of the world, developer of mankind, and invigorator of the race. She holds balm for all our ills, and he who shuts himself out from her sweet influence must forever be dwarfed in some part of his manhood, have his horizon limited, and his muscle, nerve, stamina, and staying powers partially undeveloped.

The tendency of city life is to deteriorate physical and moral manhood. There is more refinement, but less vigor in city life; more culture and grace, but less hardihood. The grit and pluck of the world have ever come from the country. The noises, unnaturalness, and perpetual excitement and undue stimulation of city life tend to impair the nervous system seriously. Many a city young man's health is totally wrecked, and his whole career dwarfed or hampered by these artificial conditions. This difference between urban and rural health is immeasurable, and, since success, happiness, and moral vigor depend upon physical soundness and bodily vigor, a part of every year should be spent in the country. No one can afford to take the chances of personal deterioration which come from living constantly in a city. Think of breathing for a lifetime the air of a city, saturated with all sorts of gases and poisonous fumes, and of inhaling the smoke from factories, the unhealthy exhalations of a million human beings, and tens of thousands of animals! Compare this vitiated, lifeless, poisoned air with the crisp, tonic, invigorating atmosphere of the country, pure and fresh from the laboratory of the Great Chemist, untouched by disease, untainted by the breath of infection.

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A great many men who have come to cities, after living in the country for years, wonder at their general deterioration, physically and mentally. They are not conscious of any lack of effort to live straight, clean lives, but the unnatural conditions of cities have been slowly undermining their character, physical stamina, and mental fiber, and there is a general letting-down of standards. Some incident—perhaps meeting a fresh, unspoiled friend from the old home,—makes them realize that something has gone out of their lives, something practically helpful and inspiring. Innocence has been traded for knowing worldliness, frankness for deceptive policy, kindliness for cringing subservience, and charity and helpfulness for brutal indifference. They did not mean to change so, but contrast flashes truth to the blindest eye, and in their horror and soul-sickness at the discovery they yearn for the old, real country life, and the genuineness that has gone out of their hearts forever.

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What does a city youth see or hear that is wholly natural? The rattle of cars and heavy wagons over the pavements, the screeching of whistles, and the roar of machinery are all artificial, unnatural sounds, and they are dinned into his ears from birth until death. He rarely listens to the myriad voices of nature, the song of birds, the babbling of brooks, or the soughing of the wind in the pines. In cities all the objects seen are artificial, and all the lines are masses of bricks, stones, and mortar, formed into sharp angles which obtrude everywhere, instead of the graceful curves of streams, hillsides, and foliage. What beauty exists is man-made and conventional; and all this —in America, at least,—is yet so rare, so mixed with ugliness, that it must be sought diligently to be found.

What is there natural in the human relations of a city? One meets a rushing mass of humanity fighting for the right of way on walks, platforms, and cars. One struggles against these other strugglers, all alive with the worst of passions, in streets, stores, offices, and public conveyances. Buying and selling, and business and pleasure are but struggles between human beings. Every natural good impulse is apt to be ground out in the contest for comfort, for power, for life.

A city boy is apt to become a cynic. As a rule, he is not as sincere, and has not the sturdy honesty of purpose and the rugged straightforwardness of the country boy.

The very abundance of a city youth's intellectual opportunities often proves a disadvantage, tending to dissipation of mental energy. On the other hand, in this age of books, and schools, and libraries, a country boy who is not able to secure an education must be deficient in will power, determination, or some essential success-quality, the lack of which would handicap him, no matter what his opportunities or environment.

A city boy, brought up where great things are coming to pass right before his eyes every day, is apt to become opportunity-blind; he cannot see the chances near him; whereas, a country boy learns to make the most of little chances which a city boy would ignore.

William Dean Howells says: "But we find that it is not the child born amidst the refining and ennobling influences who most feels them. It is some child born as far as possible from them, in the depths of the woods, or amidst the solitude of hills, who comes up to the city and knows its grandeur for his own, the mate of his swelling soul, the companion of his high ambition. He, and not that other child, native to the home of civilization, is heir to its light. It is the alien born who takes the torch from it, and runs forward, and some other, equally remote and obscure in origin, receives the sacred fire from him."

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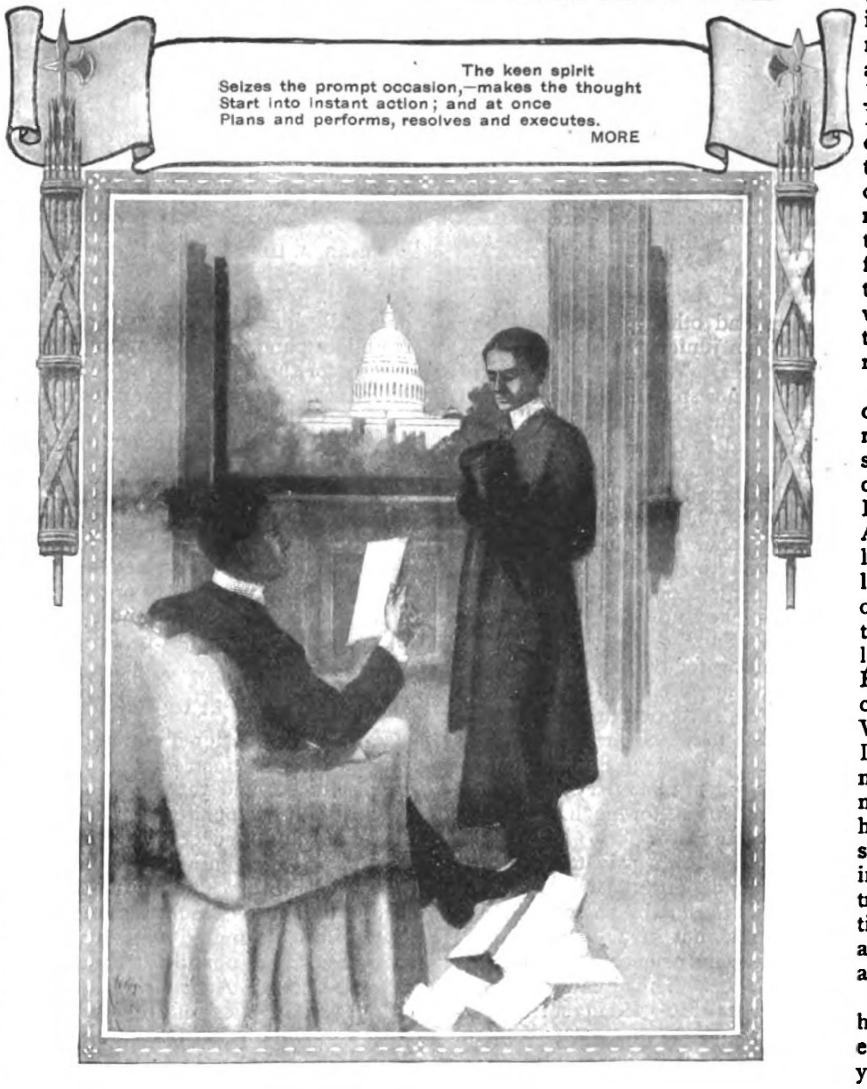
The New York "Times," in commenting on this, lays the blame on the familiarity of city boys with all arts and culture, so that no element appeals to them as an object of a life passion. A country boy, fresh and eager, perhaps filled with a longing for one kind of artistic expression alone, throws himself with his whole soul into that line, and rises to eminence, while his city brother dallies with all, feeling mild pleasure, but having no great, creative purpose.

It is perfectly natural that a boy on a farm should dream of great opportunities in cities; that he should chafe amid what seems to him narrowing and forbidding surroundings; that his restless ambition should picture the great triumphs of cities as compared with the possibilities of villages or farms. He thinks he is throwing away his time among the rocks, in the forest, and on the hard soil. He should realize that the granite hills, the mountains, and the brooks, which he looks upon as stumbling-blocks in his path to success, are every moment registering their mighty potencies in his constitution, and are putting iron into his blood and stamina into his veins which will make his future success all the more certain. He should realize that he is storing up energy in his brain and muscles, and bottling up forces which may be powerful factors in shaping the nation's destiny later, or which may furnish backbone to keep the Ship of State from foundering on the rocks. He should realize that the reserve power stored up in the country reappears in our successful bankers, lawyers, merchants, railroad men, and statesmen. He should never loose sight of the fact that the greatest good fortune that could befall him is the boon of being born and reared in the country. He should remember that it is in rural life that he must store up the energy and reserve power which will enable him to battle with the grinding, competing forces of city life, if at last he yields to the temptation to live, and work, and struggle with men alone, and not with nature, whose reward is sure, while human prizes elude thousands just as eager as the few who grasp them after long toil and sacrifice.

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The Young Men in the Administration

RIDGELY TORRENCE



THE tide of young men pouring into the channels of national public life has been swelling for several decades, but especially so since our youngest president took his office. "Our youngest senator" and "our youngest representative" have been long and noisily with us, and no competitor for such laurels ever yielded his claim to them until a new election took place. Never did a man carry more of the spirit of youth into his maturity than does Theodore Roosevelt. His high hope, his daring and his vigor grow even stronger with his years, and, above all else, the greatest heritage that youth can leave to later life abides with him and increases continually: it is sincerity.

The office most intimately connected with that of the President is, of course, that of his secretary. This has been filled nearly always by men comparatively young. George B. Cortelyou, the newly-appointed secretary of commerce and labor, was born in 1862. He is the third president's secretary who has been raised to a cabinet position.

As secretary to the President, Mr. Courtelyou has had to exercise unbounded discretion, tact, firmness, and alertness. To be the mouthpiece of a president to the press is an office requiring diplomacy of a high order. This and the energies of young manhood are the qualifications with which he takes his portfolio. All the details of his new department will come under the immediate supervision of the new commissioner of labor, James R. Garfield. Surely no more popular appointment could have been made than that of both officials. Mr. Garfield has had one great difficulty to combat in life. He is the son of a great man. Few individuals confronted with this obstacle ever overcome it. But somehow the spirit that took his father from the towpath has descended in part to the son. He is thirty-seven years old.

Young Mr. Garfield made a very good record in the Ohio senate. He possesses a very important gift for a young legislator,—modesty,—and his influence grew with his term of service. Afterwards, as one of the national civil service commission, he was instrumental in aiding the reform that is gradually being brought about by that department. As commissioner of labor he will have enormous opportunities for good or for mischief. Of course no harm could arise save through mistake, but the damage to national interests would not be lessened by being unintentional. The work of the new department may be roughly divided into three classes: first, the extension of national trade and commercial ideas to the ends of the earth,—what a work! second, the adjustment of labor difficulties; and, third unearthing the workings of trusts.

The vacancy of the post of president's secretary caused by Mr. Cortelyou's appointment has been filled by William Loeb, Jr., who came to Washington with Mr. Roosevelt, to whom he was secretary when the President was governor of New York. Mr. Loeb has always been known, in Washington, as "Roosevelt's right-hand man." The phrase means a great deal. To assume all the drudgery, the petty official details and annoyances of the most energetic chief magistrate we have ever had, means that a man must not only have a genius for hard work, but also a head that nothing can heat. Mr. Loeb has already proved that he possesses both these characteristics. Nothing ever seems to disturb his stolid, burly, German exterior. He is now thirty-six years of age.

Next in importance to Mr. Loeb's position, in direct line of office, is that of the assistant secretary. This is also filled by a young man, Benjamin F. Barnes. Beginning as an ambitious high school boy in a New Jersey village, he reached a White House position at the same age as did his superior officer. Just before the Spanish-American War he became McKinley's official stenographer. That momentous and busy time brought to light the capacity for work of all the President's assistants, and on account of Mr. Barnes's worth the President made him executive clerk. Two years later, he was raised to his present office.

Very much akin to the position of President's secretary, in point of relative rank, is that of the assistant secretary of state. The present incumbent of that office, Francis B. Loomis, was born in Ohio, in 1861. After he was graduated from the college in his native town, Marietta, he left the West and became a reporter on the New York "Tribune." Since then he has been, successively, state librarian of Ohio, consul at St. Étienne, France, editor of the Cincinnati "Tribune," and minister to Venezuela and to Portugal. He left Lisbon to accept his present appointment. His public life has been a marked instance of the reward of hard work. As assistant secretary of state his duties are manifold and interesting. He has immediate control of all relations with the diplomatic and consular officials, and in the absence of his chief becomes the acting secretary of state.

In the treasury department the high offices are held, almost without exception, by men comparatively young. The two assistant secretaries of the treasury, equal in rank, are extremely youthful for positions of such importance. Milton E. Ailes was appointed in 1901, at the age of thirty-four. Robert B. Armstrong, the youngest man who ever filled the office, was born in 1873. Ailes rose from being an assistant messenger in the department near whose head he now stands. His career is a noteworthy example of dogged persistence. From the lowest grade in the department he has won his way, step by step, mainly through civil service examinations and always by merit, and it took him only the comparatively short time of twelve years to reach his present position. From a farm where he was born, in Ohio, he attended school at the nearest village. As soon as he was graduated he went to Washington; and, while still a messenger, he attended law school evenings and was admitted to the bar. Recently Mr. Ailes resigned this post to become vice president and director of the Riggs National Bank, one of the oldest banking institutions in Washington.

The career of his predecessor, William B. Howell, has been very similar to that of Mr. Ailes. Mr. Howell went from a business college to the treasury and passed the first civil service examination ever held in the department. He only gained a petty clerkship at first, but by further examinations he passed through grade after grade, becoming secretary to four different assistant secretaries of the treasury, and finally assistant secretary. In 1899, at the age of thirty-five, he was appointed by the late President McKinley to the position of United States general appraiser, at a salary of seven thousand, five hundred dollars. This is the highest place in the customs service, and in remuneration it ranks next to that of a cabinet officer.

The most recently appointed assistant secretary, the boyish-looking Robert B. Armstrong, is one of the most interesting men in the government service. He seems to have a genius for mastering difficulties and turning them to his own use in furthering his aims. He was born on a farm near Des Moines. When he finished his course at the public schools, he wanted


GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, secretary of commerce and labor


JAMES BARNES, asst. secretary to the President


JOHN E. WILKIE, chief, U. S. secret service


JAMES R. GARFIELD, U. S. commissioner of labor


FREDERICK I. ALLEN, commissioner of patents


CHARLES M. IRELAN, chief clerk of the patent office

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FRANCIS B. LOOMIS,
first assistant secretary of state



S. W. STRATTON,
department of standards



GIFFORD PINCHOT,
chief, division of forestry



DR. G. A. LUNG,
physician to the president



WILLIAM LOEB, JR.,
secretary to the president



ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG,
asst. secretary of the treasury

to go to the Iowa State College. His father had other plans. The boy therefore went and worked his own way. In his junior year he fell from the top of a college building upon a pile of stones. When he began to recover his health he determined to engage in newspaper work and earn enough money to pay the college authorities for the expense of his illness. He left the hospital before he was well, walked to the nearest town, and became a printer's devil. Of course he did not remain so long. He soon paid his debt of honor, and, at the same time, made up his studies and was graduated with his class.

Soon afterwards Mr. Armstrong did newspaper work in Des Moines. His unusual ability there attracted attention and he was called to Chicago. While with the Chicago "Record" he was sent to a point on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. On the way he picked up some news and at the next station left the train to telegraph his "find" to the paper. When he finished, his train had left, and, while waiting for the next, he planned a telephone for trains which could be instantly attached to the wires of a town. He informed the railroad officials of his invention and they asked him to demonstrate its efficiency. He did so; they accepted it, put the device into operation over their entire route, and, in recognition of his services, offered him the position of advertising manager at a salary in advance of what he was getting. This, however, he refused, for he had already planned his engagement with Secretary Leslie M. Shaw.

When he first went to Washington as Mr. Shaw's private secretary, Mr. Armstrong noted that the work of the treasury department was greatly retarded by the length of time it took to distribute the mail. The correspondence was so bulky that the morning mail would not be fully distributed until the afternoon. The problem was the more serious because the departmental business consists mainly of correspondence. The situation was not long faced by Mr. Armstrong before he was master of it. He invented a distributing system by means of electric time stamps, so that letters reached their destination within an hour after their arrival at the department.

His Reply to "Coin's Financial School" Won the President's Recognition

Another man remarkable for his coolness is William B. Ridgely, comptroller of the currency, who is just the age of the President. He is also a western man. His characteristic of level-headed, forceful quiet has caused him to be trusted implicitly by business men throughout the country. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he has had to overcome the enervating effects of being born to a considerable estate. He comes of a long line of bankers and capitalists. The success of both the President and the comptroller is proof that hard work is partisan to no condition in its rewards.

The director of the mint, George E. Roberts, is a man not yet in middle life. From a printer's devil in an obscure newspaper office to a state printer is a long step, but Mr. Roberts had taken it before he was hardly out of his boyhood. He first attracted attention in the early nineties, by his adroit and complete reply to "Coin's Financial School." By making this reply he rendered an invaluable service to the Republican party.

One day, in 1898, Mr. McKinley was talking to Representative J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa.

"Who is this man Roberts out in your country, who writes so marvelously on finance?" asked the President.

"He is one of the ablest men in the country," replied the congressman.

"Would n't he make a good director of the mint?"

"He 's just the man you want," answered Mr. Dolliver, and in one month the Fort Dodge editor heard the first result of the conversation through a telegram offering him the position.

The newest bureau in the treasury department is that of national standards. Immediately upon its organization, a year ago last July, Professor S. W. Stratton, a man still in the thirties, was called from the chair of physics in the University of Illinois and placed in charge of the office. He is custodian, constructor, and tester of all national, commercial, and scientific standards of weights and measures. The choice was undoubtedly a wise one. Besides being a capable and accurate investigator, Professor Stratton is obliging and painstaking to an unusual degree, an extremely fortunate faculty, for the duties of his office require his services to be at the disposal, on request, of any scientific or educational society, business firm, corporation, or private individual.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service bureau, has been, by turns, a reporter, banker, editor, steamship owner, and student of criminology. It was his zeal and success in this latter branch of useful research that attracted the attention of Secretary Gage, and, just at the beginning of the Spanish-American War,—just in time for the great opportunity of his life,—he was appointed to his present position. Mr. Wilkie's work during the war was of inestimable value. He organized, with wonderful celerity, a corps of special emergency officers, and succeeded in unearthing and thwarting every plot of Spanish agents in this country, driving a number to Canada, and capturing many spies.

He Toiled All Night to Finish the Briefs in an Important Local Law Case

The commissioner of patents, Frederick I. Allen, is just past forty. He is eminently the man for the place, keen, decisive, hard-headed, perfectly unprejudiced, and yet with the tendency toward cynicism which is so often a habit of a personality which has won nothing save through hard work. But one rule for success he believes in, and that is toil. He is fond of saying that all the geniuses he ever knew took to drink.

"I believe," said he, once, "that every man is born into the world with a potential capacity for exerting one hundred pounds of force every day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Some do so. Others will exert fifty pounds, or twenty-five, and for only two hundred or one hundred days. After a short time, each man falls into his class."

The chief clerk of the department, Charles M. Irelan, was born in 1861. His rise from a four-hundred-dollar clerkship is typical of many another boy's success in the office.

The work of the civil service commission, like that of the patent office, consists largely in unprejudiced examination with a view to determining worth. The practical work of the department is coming more and more to be placed in the hands of youth, and it is growing constantly. There are 1,128 local boards, employing officially 3,723 persons in various places in the United States, and they consist mainly of college graduates who are comparatively young.

There are sixty-two persons connected with the commission at Washington, and the chief examiner is Abram Ralph Serven. He was born, in 1862, on a New York farm. He had to leave school at the age of fifteen, but he determined to go to college. He became an errand boy in a bakery, then a clerk in a grocery, then a traveling salesman, and worked until he had the necessary money. He was graduated at Hamilton College, studied law, and opened an office in Waterloo, New York. Then his great opportunity came. He managed to secure an important local law case for a powerful New York firm. Upon the day that he took charge of it, the case reached a crisis, and certain papers had to be made ready almost at once, but Mr. Serven found that he had one night in which to prepare them. With an assistant, he sat down to complete the work in twelve hours. At midnight his amanuensis broke down under the strain. The young lawyer toiled on; that meant only double the work for him, but it was to be done, and he did it. The papers arrived in New York on time, and in perfect order, to the great surprise and delight of the firm, and the case was won. Some time after that a member of the firm happened to meet Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, who asked him if he could recommend a young man who was capable of hard work and not afraid of it, for the post of civil service examiner. The grateful client did not have to think twice. He mentioned Mr. Serven with great zeal, and the young man was appointed. Among the members of the board of examiners the man most intimately associated with the chief is George R. Wales, who is just Mr. Serven's age.

The government printing office, the largest printing office in the world,



OSCAR J. RICKETTS,
foreman, department of printing



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE,
junior U. S. senator, Indiana



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK,
chief, foreign-markets division



JAMES M. BECK,
assistant attorney general



WILLIAM B. RIDGELY,
comptroller of the currency



MILTON E. AILES,
asst. secretary of the treasurer

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has four thousand employees, and two thirds of them are under the age of forty. The executive officer of the department is the foreman of printing. The man recently appointed to this office, Oscar J. Ricketts, is thirty-four years of age. He was born on a farm in Coles County, Illinois, Lincoln's own county. The boy's earliest ambition was awakened by association with the great president's memory. His father had been a close early friend of Lincoln, and the son needed no better heritage to make his way in life. While in his middle teens, he walked several miles to the neighboring village each day to learn the printer's trade. When he had mastered it, at the end of two years, his father bought the paper for him upon which he had worked. The boy kept the editorship for three years, and then bought a larger paper. At the end of a year he secured an opportunity to do piece-work in the government printing office. By working eight hours a day and studying most of the night, he was soon graduated at Georgetown University. At the same time he rose constantly in the office, and, in 1897, when Public Printer Frank W. Palmer needed a private secretary, Mr. Ricketts was chosen because of his remarkable acquaintance with all the details of the department. Then he became foreman.

Among the many young men in the department of agriculture, one especially notes the interesting personalities and work of Gifford Pinchot, the national forester, and Frank H. Hitchcock, chief of the division of foreign markets.

Mr. Pinchot was born in 1865. From boyhood he has been profoundly interested in what is now his life-work, and, after his graduation from Yale in 1889, he visited nearly every country in Europe, studying his profession. The work he has had to do since our colonies were established is as widely varied as it is interesting. The details of the office require his personal attention, and often his personal inspection. He is needed occasionally, not only in various places throughout the United States, but also in the South Sea Islands, in Hawaii, and in Alaska. His duties are to advise and assist all who may ask as to the best means of utilizing and caring for forest lands, to investigate forest fires, to test the durability and strength of wooden building materials, and to oversee the national forest reserves.

Mr. Hitchcock is only thirty-five years old and went to Washington directly from Harvard, in 1891. In his constant and steady rise to his present position, he may or may not have been aided by his college training, but certainly one cannot find in it a suggestion of the political influence of a powerful university, for his appointment was gained as the result of a competitive examination, and, at the age of twenty-nine, he became the chief of his division.

In the minds of the laity the commission of fish and fisheries is usually associated with the forestry bureau, simply because they both either suggest or represent recreation. The work of neither office, however, has much to do with sport. Their objects are, above all else, the practical welfare of the nation. George M. Bowers, the commissioner of fish and fisheries, is just out of the thirties. He entered the service of the commission in 1896, and in two years he was made the head of the department. For the prosecution of his work under his present organization he has thirty-four stations throughout the country, five fish-distributing cars, two steamships, and a sailing vessel.

The career of Herbert Putnam, the librarian of congress, who was born in 1861, is too well known to need recalling. It is, however, an illustration of the fact that the world will force a man eventually into his right niche.

In the congress whose final session closed on the third of last March, one of every five representatives was born since the Civil War. In the senate the proportion was not so marked. In the extra session of the congress called on the fifth of March, Utah made the most remarkable showing. Both her senators were barely forty. Indiana comes next in proportion. The increasing prominence of Albert J. Beveridge's figure in the senate has become a subject of national interest. In the house the same state has sent to the new congress Frederick K. Landis, who was born in 1874. Texas and Illinois have a representative apiece born in 1875.

All the stories of young men in any branch of government service are the same in one particular,—they all tell of American boys tossed out into the world and falling on their feet. How distinctive a national characteristic it is!—how important, and how promising!

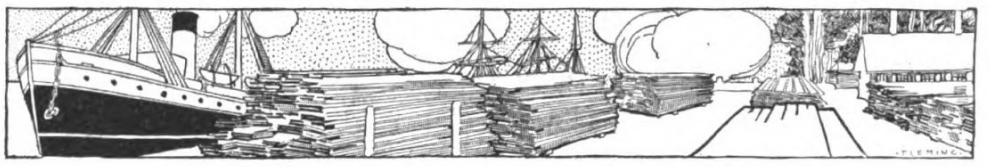
"The long-suffering Mr. Higginson had turned on her with impatience"



THE WHIP HAND

A Story of Lumber

SAMUEL MERWIN



Chapter III.—George and His Troubles

HALLORAN foresaw that it might be late Saturday evening before Miss Davies and he could return to Evanston, so he arranged with another member of the crew to stand his watch from ten to midnight; and then, knowing nothing of what might be before them, the two young people set out on their search for George.

Picture a tenement far out on the North Side,—one of the thousands of smoke-colored buildings,—somewhere on an obscure street discouragingly like dozens of other streets. Outside the tenement, an electric light (for it was six o'clock, and dark, on this autumn day,) threw its flare on an uneven cedar block pavement, worn into ruts and holes that had given up, hopeless of repair, to mud and filth; on obscure little tailor shops, and masquerade-costume shops, and dirty tobacco shops with windows hung full of questionable prints; on an itinerant popcorn-and-peanut man, who had stationed his glass-inclosed cart on the corner and was himself sitting on the curbstone, the picture of disgust with life; on a prosperous red brick building, also on the corner, a building that shed light and comfort from half a dozen broad windows, announcing itself, by its curtained inner door and its black-and-gilt signs, to be Hoffman's sample room. So much for the neighborhood! Within the tenement, up three flights, was an apartment of two rooms, where lived Mrs. Craig, with her daughter and her son, who bore the name of Bigelow.

Lizzie was sewing; her mother, home for supper in the intermission between the work of afternoon and evening, was taking off her hat.

"Is the fire going, Lizzie?"

The girl shook her head without looking up.

"How did I know you were coming home now?"

"It is six o'clock."

"Well, how do you suppose I'm ever going to get my work done if I have to make fires for you? Where's George, I'd like to know? That's his business, anyway."

Mrs. Craig, also wondering where George was, went to the next room, and built the fire herself.

A few moments later Halloran knocked at the door, and Miss Davies and he were admitted. While Miss Davies was opening the subject, and trying, with the utmost delicacy, to obtain the confidence of this woman,—trying to show, by simple, honest words, how sincerely she and Mr. Halloran were interested in George, a small, wizened-faced boy with thin legs was hiding in a doorway across the street, watching with keen little eyes for their exit, and pondering, with a keen little mind, on their probable next move.

Miss Davies was beginning to wonder if she had not overestimated the difficulty of talking with Mrs. Craig. Or was it the present topic that made it a little easier? She had come with no offers of food or clothes, or coal for the fire, but only to talk about George, and to see if she and the young man with her might not, by giving their time and interest, make the search easier. But the woman knew no more about it than they did.

"It was early last week," she explained, speaking quietly, in a voice that had been worked to a dead level by long habitual restraint. "He went off to work as usual, after dinner, and said he would be back to supper. I don't know where he can be. He has never been a bad boy."

Lizzie, now that so much trouble was going on about George, began to feel unusually sorrowful herself,—was even moved to tears, and had to go into the other room and bustle about getting supper ready before she could control her feelings.

"Mr. Halloran thought the best thing would be to go out and search for him," said Miss Davies. "And he thought you could help—" She turned to him, and finished by saying, "Won't you explain to Mrs. Craig?"

"Can you tell us," he responded, "of some place in the neighborhood that George has been in the habit of going to?—some place where he has friends?"

Mrs. Craig shook her head.

"No, when he was not working he was almost always at home."

"But surely he has acquaintances. You see, Mrs. Craig, we must have some place to start from."

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She thought for a moment. "No, so far as I know, there is only one man in the neighborhood who took the least interest in him, and he wouldn't know anything about this. We have not lived here so very long,—"

"Who is this man?"

"Mr. Hoffman, on the corner. He has been kind to George, once or twice."

Halloran rose, saying aside to Miss Davies, "I will speak to him, and come back here," and went out.

He found a stout German behind the bar in the corner saloon who proved upon inquiry to be Mr. Hoffman himself. He was a substantial sort of man, speaking excellent English, and representing, if one could judge from the neat, well-stocked bar, the clean floor, the geraniums in the windows, and the general air of thrift and order, what he might have been pleased to call a decent saloon. Halloran began without any preliminaries, by asking Mr. Hoffman if he knew George Bigelow.

The saloon-keeper, big man that he was, rested both hands on the bar, and looked across it, scrutinizing the young man closely before answering:—

"Yes, there is a boy of that name around here."

"He disappeared from home last week and his family are worried about him. I have been told that you might help me find him."

Hoffman shook his head, still watching him closely. "No," he said, "I know nothing about him."

"Has he been about here at all lately?"

"No, it is two weeks since I saw him."

The honest German face had the word "suspicion" plainly written on it. Halloran saw that he was not getting at the man at all, so he leaned on the bar and explained himself.

"I have come from the University Settlement. George has been in a class there regularly until lately. His teachers believe in him, and want to help him. They are afraid now that he has got into trouble, and is afraid to come back. Do you know anything about it?"

For reply, Mr. Hoffman asked:—

"What is your name?"

"Halloran."

"You come from the Settlement?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen Mrs. Craig?"

"I have just come from there. Miss Davies, George's teacher, is with her now."

The big man slowly turned it over in his mind. Finally he said:—

"I will tell you all I know, but it is not very much. There is another little boy named McGinnis who is around with him most of the time. The McGinnis boy worked at the ball park until the season closed last week. For ten days now he has been coming here for a glass of beer pretty often, and he always carries away the lunch. You say you want to help George?"

Halloran nodded.

"Well, I will tell you what I think." He used the word "think," but his expression showed that he knew pretty nearly the facts. "McGinnis has an uncle, a boat builder, who runs a shop under the Wells Street Bridge. You go down there and you will learn more than I can tell you."

Halloran thanked him, and returned to Miss Davies. Mrs. Craig, he found, was getting ready to go back to work. They were all waiting anxiously for him.

"I think we are started right," he said, cheerily, addressing the mother; "I will be back later in the evening and report progress." To Miss Davies he said, "You would rather wait at the Settlement, I suppose. I sha'n't be back, probably, before eight or nine o'clock."

"Why," she said, in a low voice, as they were passing out the door,—"don't you want me to go with you?"

"I am afraid not. I could hardly take you prowling around the wharves at night." Then he told her, as they went down the stairs behind Mrs. Craig, what directions the saloon-keeper had given him. They were still talking about it when they joined the woman on the sidewalk, and then the three walked together to the second corner, talking it over and over again. Mrs. Craig was beginning to discover that the young people were thoroughly interested in her and in her boy. There was no gracious down-reaching here, no lending a kind hand to the unfortunate, but just a young woman who believed she could help, and a young man who knew a little of what it all meant; in short, here were two real persons, who said little and meant more. She was not afraid, as she looked at them, that they would pray for her, loudly and zealously, kneeling on the floor of her own tenement rooms. She was even inclined to wonder, looking out at them across her own sea of troubles, what life was to hold for them.

Something of this last thought got into her manners, as she took their hands at parting; indeed, her reserve so nearly broke that she gave them—not singly, but the two of them together,—a look that brought a faint blush to the young woman's cheek, and to her mind other thoughts than George and his difficulties,—thoughts that disturbed her, a little later, when she and Halloran were walking toward the Settlement, so foolish and trivial were they beside the realities of the scene that had passed,—thoughts that were resolutely put from her mind.

At the Settlement steps she lingered a moment.

"I wish I were going with you," she said, hesitating. "There is pride in the family, and George has his share of it. If you—if he should think you blamed him or looked down on him, he would never come back with you. He has always been hard to reach, and I think it is because of a rough sort of sensitiveness." Was it unreasonable that she should wish to continue handling this case, just now when tact was so urgently needed?—or that she should give Halloran a hint of the best course to take with the boy?

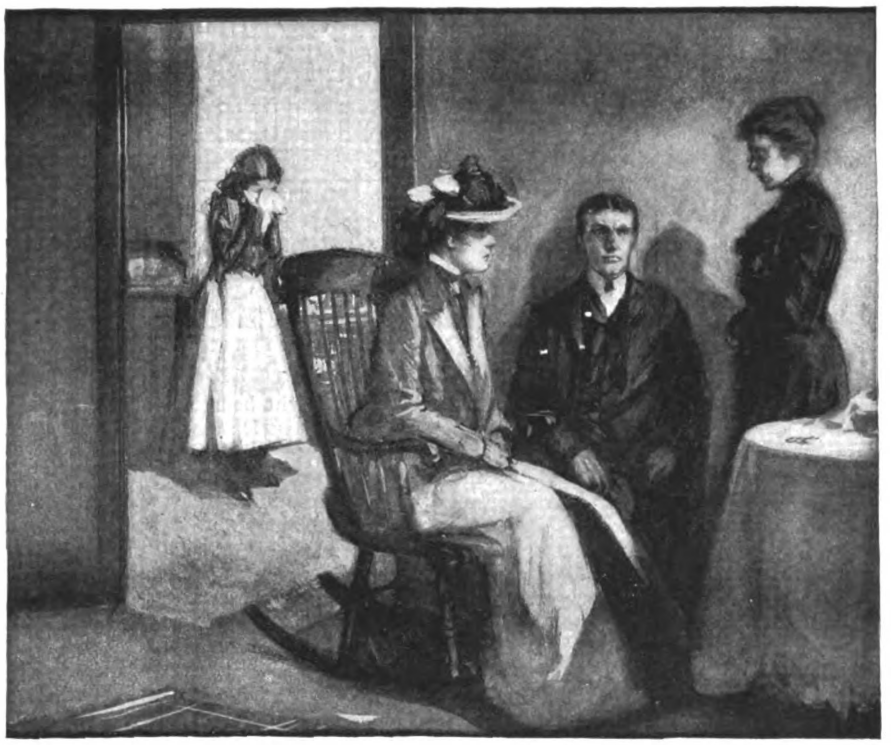
"I don't blame him," he replied; "the way to help him is to make him feel like somebody. If you once let him get to thinking that he is good for nothing, he will run down hill fast. Jimmie McGinnis, now, will take all the knocks you can give him, and go right on turning his pennies; he will be in the city council yet."

She nodded, for she saw that he understood. He turned away to begin the search, walking over to the car line. As he sat down in the first trailer, a small boy ran alongside the rear car and swung himself aboard, hurriedly drawing in a pair of thin legs after him.

Through gloomy Kinzie Street walked Halloran, when he had reached the river district, and after him, half a block or more, followed the thin legs. He got to the bridge by the Northwestern Station, crossed over, and looked around for a means of descent to the wharves. After a moment he saw, in the shadow of a brick building,—a building that was a South Water Street market in front, a factory in the upper half, and a tug office behind,—what seemed to be a break in the railing. He crossed to it, and found, sure enough, a narrow stairway, covered with mud and slime, and leading down toward the oily surface of the river. It was curious,—he had crossed the bridge a hundred times, but it had never occurred to him that there was any life below the street, or that men came and went down there on the strip of wharf, so narrow that it seemed little more than a fender for the buildings that backed on the river. Picking his way carefully, to avoid slipping, he walked down.

Not far away, in the basement of one of these buildings, was a sailors' grog shop,—hardly three rods from the bridge walk, even in sight from it, yet so quietly tucked away below story on story of the brick building, behind half a dozen smoking tugs, in a spot where no sober doorway, no saloon doorway, even, had a right to be,—so hidden, in fact, that not a half-dozen of the tens of thousands of people on the bridge daily had ever observed it. It was a wonder how a drunken man could ever get out through the door without falling into the river,—perhaps one did fall now and then. There was music in the saloon, now,—a squeaking fiddle,—and loud noises.

Beyond, the river was splashed with red and white and green from lanterns and side lights; and a dozen masts, their spars and rigging apparently interlaced, were outlined against the western sky. At the moment a big freighter, bound out, was headed for the draw, forging slowly and almost silently down the sluggish stream, passing along like some dim modern "Flying Dutchman."



"'Can you tell us of some place where George has been going?'"

Above, on the bridge, cars were rumbling, and footsteps were pattering,—the feet of late commuters hurrying to their train. All Chicago was alive and bustling above him and around him; but here, at the end of a crooked passage, was a quiet spot,—a shop filled with boats, completed and uncompleted; and sprawled on his stomach behind one of the boats, a cigarette in his mouth, an "Old Sleuth" story spread on the boards before him, a candle stuck in a beer bottle at his elbow, was a boy,—a boy who was trying to believe that he was, in spite of cold feet and sniffling nose, really "tough" and comfortable.

"Well, George," said Halloran, "how's business?"

George started, turned pale, and hastily took the cigarette from his mouth; then, remembering his independence, he as hastily put it back. Halloran sat down on the stern of a ship's boat, and went on:—

"Miss Davies and I heard you were in hard luck, and I thought I'd look you up and see what's the matter."

George had not been able to speak until now. He sat up, pulled doggedly a moment at his cigarette, and said, in a very sulky tone:—

"Who told you I was here?"

Halloran would have been glad to answer him, but it so happened that no reply was necessary. Just as he was thinking what to say next, a step was heard in the passage, and a wizen-faced boy appeared in the outer circle of the candle's light. It was Jimmie, eying Halloran with distrust, glancing apologetically at George,—more disturbed, in fact, than Halloran had yet seen him. To him George turned a reproachful face.

"I never done it, George," said Jimmie. "I'd 'a' busted first. He went around to old Hoffman, and he put him on to my uncle. I see him go in there, and I followed him up."

"That's right, George," Halloran put in, by way of seconding Jimmie. "We could n't get a word out of him. It was your mother that sent me to Hoffman. But I've come down to talk with you, and I'm not sorry that Jimmie is here. Now what is the trouble? Tell me about it, and then I will see what we can do for you."

The two boys looked at each other. George had been told so often by certain Settlement workers never to smoke, never to read bad books,

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never to be seen in company with beer bottles, that he had supposed that, of course, these things would be the first subjects under discussion, and the omission disconcerted him. Jimmie, meanwhile, being the shrewder of the two, was signaling him to go ahead and "spit it out." So he began, in a blundering, sullen sort of way; stumbled, blushed and stopped. Finally Jimmie had to take it up.

"You see, it's just this way. George's folks was getting down pretty close to the boards, and there was the rent coming, and George he had his week's pay, but it was n't enough; so I just told him," — very patronizing, here, was Jimmie, as became a young capitalist who had once clasped the hand of Captain Anson,—"I told him to give it to me and I'd put it up on the Washington game, with a little wad of my own. It was an easy mark, 'cause the Washingtons were tail-enders, and I had hold of their mascot, and he was willing to put up even. It was like taking the money out of his pocket, but a man can't throw away a chance like that, —and then I'm blessed if Billy Connors did n't throw the game. What cher think o' that?"

"He's a bum of a pitcher!" was George's comment, spoken with a sidelong glance at Halloran.

"Never you mind," said Jimmie, "Watson will never sign him again, after a trick like that."

Rather an interesting situation, this,—an odd confusing of good motives with bad,—an amusing symptom of good feeling in speculator Jimmie, to be taking up the support of a young man who had been ruined through his advice! He would doubtless get over it as he grew older. If every man were to feel the same responsibility, what a wreck it would make of our institutions! What a scrambling there would be in Wall Street, in La Salle Street! Incipient socialism, this,—a bad thing, very bad!

Halloran nodded, and smiled a little. "I know," he said, "we are all of us likely to fall down now and then. I do n't know as I should have done just that, though. A man can't afford to gamble unless he can afford to lose, and there are n't many such men. I'm not sure there are any." He smiled again, for he knew just how George felt,—just about what he was thinking behind that clouded face. "But now the question is, how are we going to fix you up again? You can't stay here. How much did you lose?"

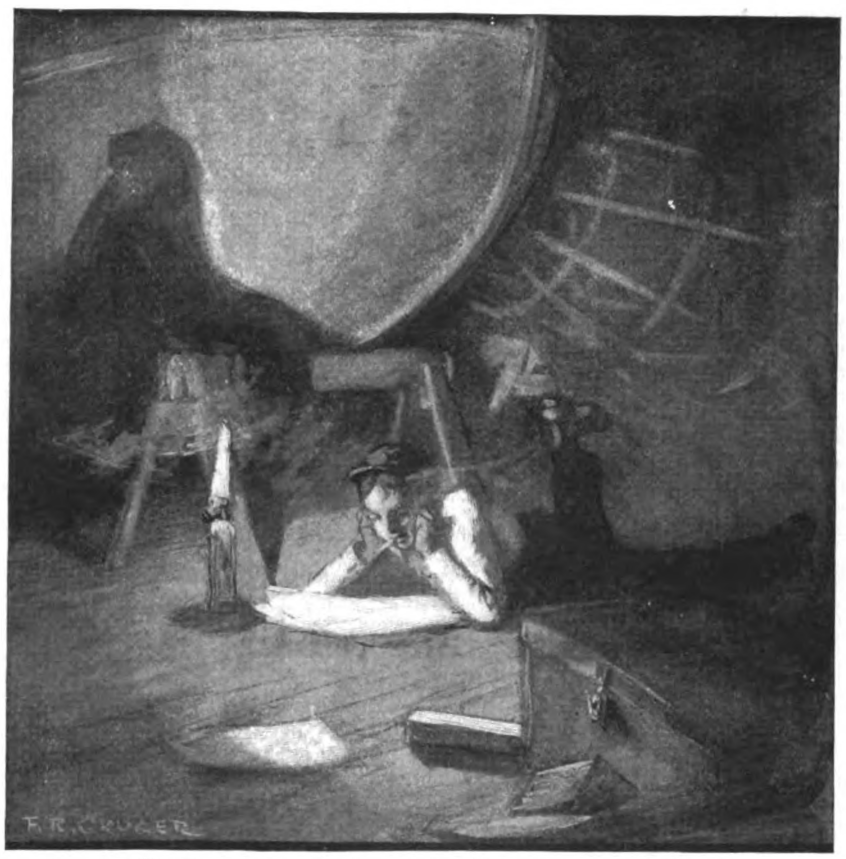
Again it was Jimmie that answered.

"Three-fifty."

Halloran thought for a moment, doing some sums in his head; then he took a purse from his pocket and counted out the money.

"Now, George," he said, "this is a loan. I know you are square, and I'm willing to take your word for it. There is no hurry; but some day, when you feel you can, you may pay it back. We need n't either of us say anything about it." George's expression was changing every moment, but he took the money. "Suppose we go back to the house now, George! You will find your mother and sister mighty glad to see you, and Miss Davies is waiting at the Settlement to hear about you; she has worried a good deal. Then Monday we will see if we can't get the factory to give you another trial."

George's armor was not proof against such an attack as this. He got up, put the story into his pocket, and lighted Halloran and Jimmy along the passage with his candle; then he snuffed it out and put it also into his pocket, threw the bottle into the river, and followed the two others up the stairway to the street. They trudged in silence along the dimly lit thoroughfares, until Halloran hailed a car.



"Trying to be really 'tough' and comfortable"



"Jimmy"

IV.

The End of the Beginning

BENDING over a book sat Halloran, both elbows on the table, the fingers of both hands run through his hair. The book lay open, and spread out on the leaves was a note from Miss Davies; in part this ran as follows:—

". . . . George is to have another trial at the box factory. They seem willing to be kind to him, but Mr. —— says emphatically that he will not be taken back a second time. But I have confidence in him, and particularly in your influence . . . . .

"I will tell you all about it when you next come up to the house. I am more grateful than you know,—indeed, we all are,—for your . . . . "

Halloran had made a discovery. Had he been given to self-scrutiny it would have come earlier, and it would then have been a little easier to face. But this way of thinking would not help him now; it had not come earlier, it was difficult, and the question lay before him,—should he make that "next" visit to the house, or not?

He glanced up at his nickel alarm clock and saw that it was time to go on watch; so he put on his sweater and oilskins and sou'wester, blew out his lamp, and walked across the Sheridan Road to the station.

It was nearly four years since he had taken care of the Davies' furnace, and slept in their barn. That had been in his days of "subbing" for a crew position, and he had not been a boy even then; he had entered college at twenty-two. Since then, thanks to his salary as a surfman in the pay of the United States treasury department, he had got along rather better; he was no longer the traditional poor student. He was not ashamed of his struggles, or especially proud of them; he knew well enough that struggling is not in itself particularly commendable, but that it is success that counts. He knew that Mrs. Davies and her daughter had followed his work with interest, and was grateful for it. "Grateful!"—there was a word that he stuck at, for, after all, had there not been from the start an element of patronage in their kindness to him? "Kindness!"—another word that hurt.

Number Six was "punching" the watchman's clock that always hung just within the station door.

"Hello!" he said to Halloran.

"Hello!"

"Wet night!"

"Rather. Wetter'n usual."

"Better keep an eye on that light off the long pier. She's running in pretty close, I think."

"All right; good night."

Number Six disappeared in the dark of the road, bound for bed, and Halloran pulled his sweater up around his neck and fell to pacing the veranda. The surf was booming on the beach below; the rain was cutting in toward the land. Out beyond the breakers were lights—a line of them,—along the horizon.

The time had come to look ahead. In another six months his college course would be completed; his playtime would be over; realities lay beyond, —downright realities, that surround a man, that show clear through him, that bear him down and under unless he be made of stronger stuff than they. Wits were needed, and judgment; the determination that goes against things, not with them. There would be no making up of cuts, out there in the world,—no special examinations; a man must look higher than the faculty there. Mistakes would be hard to rectify, perhaps could never be rectified, where a man was already nearer thirty than twenty. He began to think he would better not make that next visit.

Brace up, Halloran, you have not begun yet. Your battle is far from being fought. Keep your wits clear, your hands free; and, remember, a man without capital needs a head.

BOOK TWO.—PINE

I.

A Decision to Fight

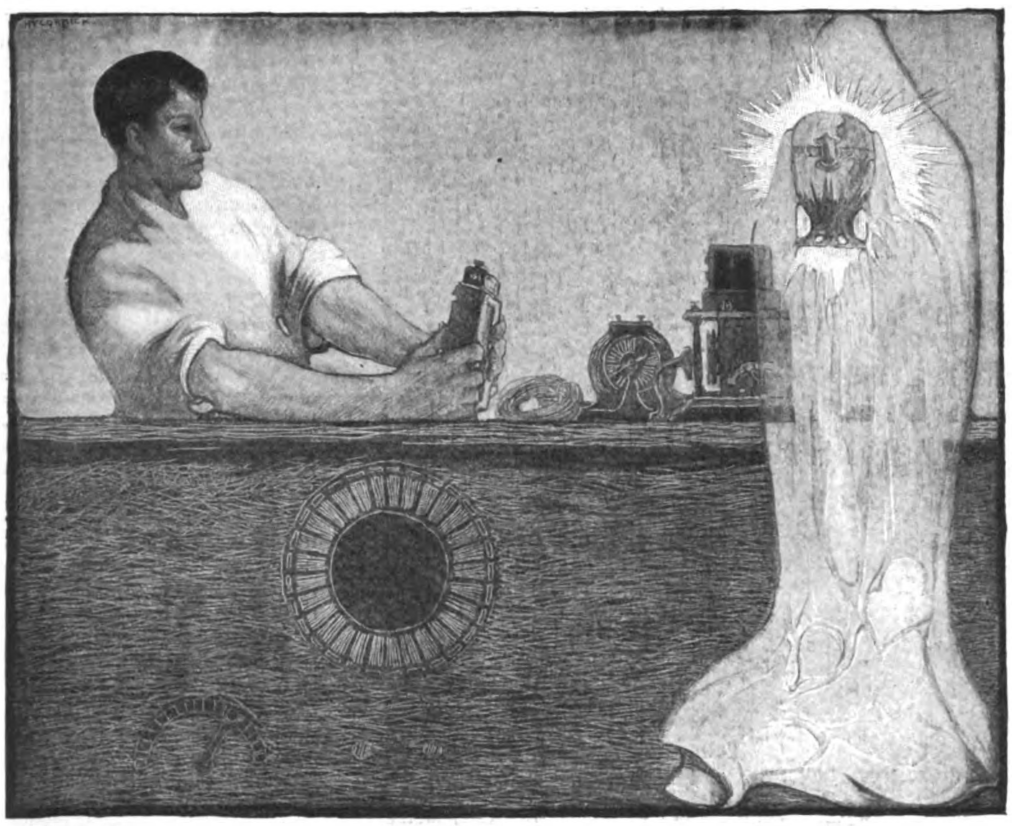
THE little City of Wauchung straggled over and between, and almost burrowed under, a chain of sand hills,—shining yellow hills, with tops entirely bald, save for a spear of rank grass here and there or a dwarfed pine. Outside the mouth of the river was Lake Michigan; behind the little city were the pine forests of the Lower Peninsula. The one interesting object of this whole region was a man,—for houses and shops were commonplace, streets were ill-paved, the railroad was wanting in energy and capital, and the inhabitants were mostly leveled to the colorless monotony of the sand hills,—a man named Martin L. Higginson.

There was one imposing building of granite and red bricks on the business street; a glance showed the name, "Higginson," over the entrance; two large mills stood by the river, surrounded by piles of lumber on the land, fronted by rafts of logs in the water, sending out their droning hum all day long, and frequently all night; inside, men were bustling and pushing in an effort to keep up with the drive of work; outside, the long runways were active with men and with moving lumber,—and on each of the mills was the name, "Higginson;" two large steamers lay at the Higginson wharves, —lake carriers, both, of the Higginson Line: a logging railroad ran back some twenty miles into the forest; it ran over Higginson land, to Higginson land, to bring what logs the little river could not bring,—for the Higginson lands extended far to the north, south, and east. There was, in fact, one rich man in the little city, one man who had done what he could to keep the railroad busy, to keep the harbor dredged, to keep the streets in better condition, to make Wauchung a real city, awake, energetic, proud,—one man who represented Wauchung to the outside world,—Mr. Higginson.

An elderly gentleman he was, a man who had passed the fighting age, who would have stopped to rest any time these last six or eight years if the business had permitted it; but it had stood until recently that the one man in Wauchung who did not take his vacation every year was Mr. Higginson. As it often falls out, however, one of his severest misfortunes had brought its blessing. For five years and more he had looked for a man —for *the* man,—whom he could trust to take up the burden that was beginning to weigh so heavily.

[Continued on pages 384 to 388]

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HE MAKES MERCURY OUR MODERN MESSENGER

Peter Cooper Hewitt Is Showing Us the almost Unlimited Possibilities in the Little Things about Us

HERBERT WALLACE

THE New York Society of Mechanical Engineers was about to hold an evening meeting. Members and guests were still arriving, when a young man stepped out of the assembly hall and fastened a long glass tube by the street entrance. There seemed to be nothing in the tube, and all the curious passer-by could note were wires extending from the end of it and passing within. The young man went inside. Suddenly the tube began to glow with a strange, greenish-blue light. The street was so brilliantly illuminated by it that fine print could be read a hundred feet away, and for blocks in either direction the long strip of light was visible. A crowd gathered quickly, and marveled at the unusual sight.

Meantime, within the hall, itself illuminated by four tubes similar to the one outside, the lecturer was beginning an explanation of his invention of a new electric light, an arc lamp which uses mercury vapor within a vacuum tube for its arc instead of the carbon points ordinarily used and commonly seen in street electric lights. A snap-shot photograph of the audience came out clearer than if it had been taken by sunlight.

Patience Wrought Wonderful Physical Discoveries

On the following morning the newspapers hailed Peter Cooper Hewitt as a great inventor. Through various channels they had learned that he had been working on the problem of producing light without heat; a year before he had demonstrated some possibilities along that line at Columbia University, and his friends had previously fallen into the habit of referring to him as a promising scientist whom it would be well to watch. Mr. Hewitt, however, was not yet ready to take the public into his confidence. He had worked six or seven years on his problem, and there were still some parts of it he wanted to study. He worked another year, and then, a few weeks ago, it was discovered that he had not only invented a remarkable electric light, but also an apparatus for converting alternating currents of electricity into direct currents and an interrupter of high-tension currents of particular value to the application of long-distance wireless telegraphy. The light was found to be eight times as efficient as the ordinary incandescent light, the converter makes possible the production of electric power at half the usual cost, and the interrupter is one of the most important discoveries in physics made in a decade.

Mr. Hewitt had the good fortune to have Peter Cooper for a grandfather. Without a doubt he has inherited much of his inventive ability. Peter Cooper once remarked:—

"I was always planning and contriving, and was never satisfied unless I was doing something difficult,—something that had never been done before, if possible."

Eight Years ago, He Commenced to Cheapen Light

The grandfather has passed into history as a great philanthropist, but his inventions and many labors for the industrial development of this country will not be forgotten. He built the first American locomotive; he was one of the first backers of Cyrus Field in the laying of the Atlantic cable, and was for twenty years president of one of the cable companies. When a young boy, to assist his mother in the family washing, he arranged a contrivance for pounding soiled clothes. Later, he constructed a machine for mowing grass, a process for rolling iron, (the first used in this country,) and a torpedo boat designed to aid the Greeks in their revolt against Turkish tyranny in 1824. He dreamed of utilizing the current of the East River for manufacturing power. He experimented with a rude flying machine and was so zealous in this labor that he nearly lost the sight of an eye through an explosion of his propelling power, which blew the apparatus to pieces. No failure daunted him; he turned with undiminished hope and courage to something else, and, as a result, was a man of many successes.

This was the man who, thirty years ago, gave his young grandson his first box of tools and instructed him in their use. The boy grew up with similar ardor for discovery and invention. Like his grandfather, he was always planning and contriving, working at something difficult, and mastering the elements of science that he might accomplish something new to the world in due time. So, when we say, figuratively, that, through three great inventions, he has mastered problems which scores of men have been trying to solve for years, by means of a glass tube, a few drops of mercury, and three or four bits of wire, we understand that there entered into the solution thousands of dollars in costly experiments, many years of labor and a personal equation.

It is now eight years or more since Mr. Hewitt began to think of the problem of electric lighting.

"I started to make a cheaper light," said he. "The incandescent electric light is the most expensive form of illumination scientists have ever brought into practical use. In producing this light, there is a loss of from ninety-seven to ninety-nine per cent. of energy. I thought it well worth while to study this problem."

Proper Vapors Will Produce Any Color of Flame

Mr. Hewitt then attacked the problem which scientists had been working on for a long time before him. There were two difficulties. The ordinary arc light could not be inclosed or reduced to the small candle power necessary for all interior use save in very large rooms, and the incandescent light was tremendously wasteful. Both difficulties could be overcome by the invention of an arc light which could be inclosed in glass so that it would be a steady light, and which could be reduced to the small units of candle power required. The solution of these problems, the scientists agreed, would mean a revolution in electric lighting.

"I had not heard of the mercury vapor arc at that time," said Mr. Hewitt, "though it had been experimented with as long ago as 1861, when an Englishman, named Way, devised one and used it on his boat near the Isle of Wight. It is said that the light could be seen for miles across the water. Other men in Europe worked on the mercury arc after that, but all of them found a good deal of trouble with it, and no considerable progress was made in its application.

"I began by studying the effect of an electric current on different vapors in vacuum tubes. I learned very many interesting things before anything practical resulted. For example, different vapors have different resistances to the electric current, and give off differently colored rays. I tried hydrogen gas, and it gave a good white light, but the heat of some of the rays broke the glass tubes, and I had to give it up."

After months of experiments, Mr. Hewitt found that he could make an arc light by using a vapor in a vacuum tube instead of the carbon points ordinarily used. The difficulty, however, was to get a vapor which would not give off hot rays which would break the glass. It is a curious fact in science that, of all the waves which make up sunlight, the red rays are the hottest and the violet the coolest. Scientist say that this is because the waves which make red light are longer than those which make violet. At any rate we must understand that, as we proceed through the colors of the spectrum from the lowest to the highest, there is a decrease in the heat produced. The X-ray, which is a ray of much shorter waves than ordinary light, must, therefore, be cooler than light, and the Hertz waves used in wireless telegraphy, which are much longer than light waves, must be considerably hotter than those of light. Now every element in the universe known to man has been subjected to a spectral analysis, and it is known very definitely just what sort of rays every element known will give off. It is easy, then, to understand Mr. Hewitt when he says that we may look forward to the time when it will be possible to secure any color of light we wish by the use of the proper vapors. Such a possibility exists with this new arc light. We may be able, before long, to purchase any color of light we wish and use it as conveniently as we now use the ordinary incandescent bulb.



The new arc globe

It has been truly said that no man, starting afresh and without the accumulated knowledge of the world, could accomplish much more than primitive man did. It was important to the development of these Hewitt inventions that electrical science had advanced to the stage of practical arc lighting, that chemical science had shown the facts of

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spectrum analysis, and that mechanics had made possible vacuum tubes and had shown the conditions which attend various gases.

Mr. Hewitt was able to succeed because the way had been prepared for him, but in this fact did not lie the whole of his success. Other men had worked on the same problems, but not with the same undiminished courage. He had not much to start on in the way of knowledge about the action of an electric current on different gases, though the discoveries of Geissler, Hertz, Renard, and Roentgen threw light on some of the problems. Of the previous work on the mercury arc by French and German scientists, he knew little when he took up the matter. He simply set to work and experimented and studied hard for several years. Then, when he understood all the conditions, or most of them, he made his light.



Photograph by Marceau, New York

Peter Cooper Hewitt

Mercurial Vapor Is Used instead of Carbon

Mr. Hewitt's principal laboratory, the one in which he worked night after night for years in working out his inventions, is the top floor of the Madison Square tower. On the floor beneath he maintains a sort of office, divided into working and demonstrating spaces. Piled high over his desk are many books,—works on chemistry, mechanics, and mathematics. They indicate that he is a student. He is the sort of man who would prefer to be left among his books and his experiments rather than to answer questions about his work. At the same time he understands the public's interest, and no one could be more patient with an uninitiated interviewer. Thus it was that the writer went to him for information.

"Suppose I first show you the light," he suggested.

The inventor stepped to one side of the room and turned a switch, much as one would turn a button of an incandescent bulb. Instantly the room was flooded with light. Suspended downward from the ceiling was a glowing tube six or seven feet long, and about two inches in diameter. Mr. Hewitt took hold of it.

"You see it is n't too warm for the hands," he remarked.

"Is this all there is to it?" asked the beholder, with a shade of disappointment.

"Yes, this is all. It's simple enough, surely."

"What is the principle of the thing? How does it work?"

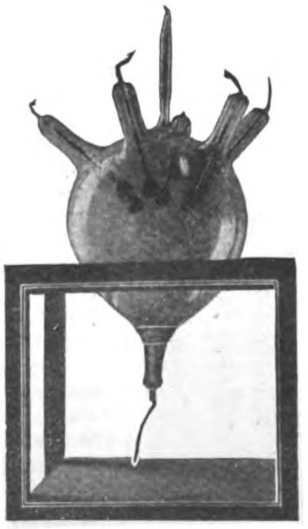
"You see this mercury in the bottom of the tube," said he, pointing to it. "Well, that's everything there is in the tube, except the platinum wires inserted at the ends. When I turn on the current the mercury vaporizes and naturally it expands throughout the entire length. This little sparking coil, which we call a booster, breaks down the high resistance of the vapor to the current, and at once the light is on. It is just like the ordinary carbon arc, except that we use mercurial vapor instead of carbon. After the resistance is once broken down, a very little amount of current is required to keep the light going. It is practically perpetual,—theoretically so, at least,—so long as the tube is not broken, for the vapor cannot get out, and when the current is turned off it liquefies again, and there is just as much mercury as before."

"How does this light compare with the ordinary electric lights?"

"It costs about one-eighth as much as an ordinary incandescent lamp of the same power. It takes three and one-half watts per candle power per hour to run an incandescent, as you know, and for my light less than one-half watt is required. Moreover, as I have said, the tubes do not need renewal unless broken. As for the carbon arc lights, my light is considerably cheaper and it has the advantage of being an inclosed arc which can be used in small candle power units."

"Is n't the color of your light a disadvantage?"

"In some ways, yes; in many other ways, no. I have always tried to be frank about its disagreeable features. It is n't a white light, to be sure, and, for that reason, is not good for house illumination in its present form. We are studying these problems, however, and before long we expect to have a perfectly agreeable light in all respects. In my laboratories, workmen use the light all the time. They prefer it to any other light, because in the mercury arc, there are no red rays, and red rays are harmful. The workmen even pull down the shades, shut out the sunlight, and work under the mercury light. It does not hurt their eyes so much as does sunlight. All kinds of workmen—indeed, all people who do not mind the peculiar appearance it gives their faces,—will welcome the light."



An arc with vaporizers

He Confidently Expects to Improve Photography

"Of course you have tried other gases or combinations to see whether or not you could get a light which had red rays in it?"

"Yes, but the red rays are too hot for the glass we have used thus far. Later, we shall be able to overcome this difficulty. One man suggested that I use red colored tubes so as to get red in the light. He did not stop to think that the reason anything is red is because it absorbs all the other colors of the spectrum and reflects only the red. If I use red glass tubes no light at all would come through, since there are no red rays in the mercury light, and a red substance absorbs all other colors.

"I have found that silk dyed in rhodamin will transform some of the orange and yellow rays into red and thus give a white light, but the intensity of the light is of course diminished when this is used as a screen. Another way to get a fairly good white light, is to blend my light and ordinary electric light in equal parts. It gives a very good light and is, even with this arrangement, almost half as cheap as if ordinary electric light were used entirely."

Mr. Hewitt then called to his photographer, and, seating himself, took one of his long tube lights in his hands and had his picture taken. It is something new in photography, but the inventor explained that, because of the absence of the red rays, much better photographs can be taken under his light than under sunlight.

"There are more actinic rays in my light," he went on, "and the photographic plate is more sensitive to these rays than to any other kind."

We passed into another room, in the center of which was a globe nine or ten inches in diameter. A quantity of mercury rested in a little cup-like depression at the bottom, and four glass projections, each sealing in a bit of stout wire, extended from the top.

If mild surprise and disappointment at the lack of complex apparatus for the production of a light so marvelous are the results of a first view of the mercury tube, surely the utmost amazement and credulity must be the emotions aroused by the sight of this curious globe. It is the converter, the most important invention, says Mr. Hewitt, which he has made,—the invention which leading authorities aver will rank Hewitt with the greatest electrical scientists of the world. It was this which inspired Lord Kelvin to say that, of all the wonderful things he had seen during his recent visit to America, the work of Peter Cooper Hewitt had attracted him most. The light is merely sensational; the converter is revolutionary.

It Worked powerfully, but without Noise

Again Mr. Hewitt turned a switch. A dynamo began to whirr and its powerful current sped along the conducting wires to the globe. At once the globe flashed out the peculiar light. That was all one could see, but much more was happening. An alternating current was being created by the dynamo and sent to the bottom of the globe, but a direct current flowed from the wires at the top and measured itself in a bank of lights and a voltmeter. A measurement of the current passing into the globe showed its intensity; the current passing out was found to be about fourteen volts less.

Here were puzzles the observer could not understand. He knew, because his eyes could not deceive him, that the little three-pound globe was doing the work of a seven-hundred-pound rotary converter,—doing it noiselessly and with smaller loss of intensity, but how? and why?—he turned to the inventor.

"What does it do in the globe?"

"It is acting as a valve; that is to say, the negative electrode acts as an electric valve; it shuts off one part of each pulsation of the alternating current and lets the other part through. It is only another principle of the mercury arc. We are using the high resistance of the vapor for the purpose of stopping one part of the alternating current. The valve operates with each pulsation of the alternating current, and simply checks the negative portion of the electric waves and lets the positive through."

"How did you discover this principle?"

"I noticed it while working on my light. In trying an alternating current on my light I discovered that with each pulsation of the current the resistance had to be broken down afresh. By changing the shape of the mercury vapor retainer into this form, I was able to get high enough resistance to stop the negative parts of the waves. This shape also allows the heat which the action generates to dissipate rapidly enough to keep the converter at a regular temperature after it is started."

The Hewitt Converter Will Simplify Automobiling

One does not need to question much to discover the value of this invention. An alternating current is produced at about half the cost of a direct current, but the direct current does the best and most efficient work. Indeed, in many operations a direct current only can be used. Alternating currents are used for most street lighting plants and the light given is an uneven, spluttering illumination. The advantage of having a convenient and inexpensive converter in this field is apparent. Indeed, the uses to which the Hewitt converter is likely to be put are many; electric traction, storage batteries, and power transmission are among the most important. Take, for example, the electric automobile. The batteries have to be charged by direct current. The automobilist of the future can carry a three-pound converter along with him and recharge his batteries at any alternating electric current plant, and most electric plants are of this kind. The expense of power will be practically cut in two. So it will be in many other applications of electric power. The capacity of a Hewitt converter depends only on the size of the globe, and, no matter what the work of conversions they have to do, the loss is always the same, something less than fourteen volts, an extremely small percentage as compared with that of the huge rotary

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converters now in use in other electric systems.

For most men the invention of an electric light which is cheaper than any other kind of artificial light would have been quite sufficient. Mr. Hewitt did not need to work for a living before the invention of his light, and certainly its commercial use will make a handsome income for him. He worked for the love of work and for the need of exercising his inventive mind. He has been for years an active member of the firm established by his grandfather and carried on by his father; and yet, though he is a member of several clubs and enthusiastic sportsman, the time which he can spare from business is more often occupied in his tower laboratory than anywhere else.

Probably, when he succeeded in getting his light, he had no thought of the other possibilities of the mercury arc. He knew that curious things were going on within the tubes. One night he discovered the principle of the converter. Two successes had scarcely been made before there came a third. It was during another night of close study.

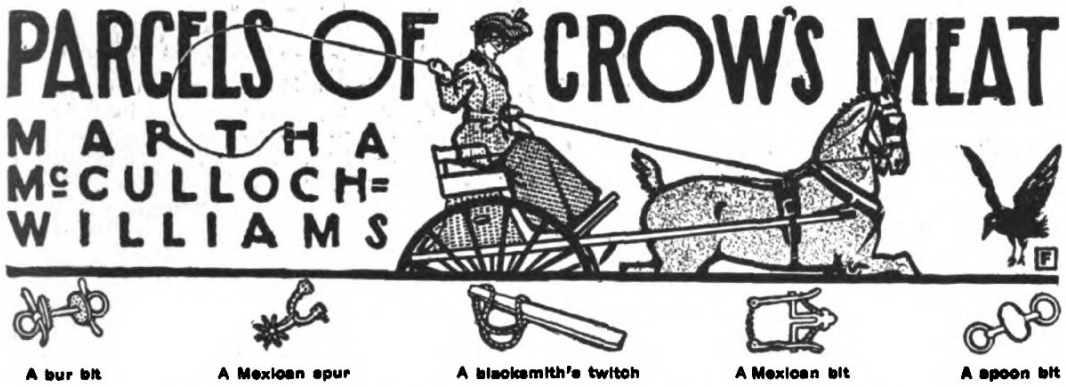
"I found that the mercury arc, besides being a light and a converter, is also a current breaker or interrupter of great effectiveness and very high frequency," he said, relating his experience.

"Wherein is this application of the mercury arc valuable?"

"It is especially so in all operations where it is necessary to make and break a high tension current rapidly,—for example, in wireless telegraphy. The present apparatus for creating the waves in the ether embraces an elaboration of the induction coil for the spark. My interrupter is a substitute for the spark gap in the sending operation of wireless telegraphy. There are many other uses for it, too."

PARCELS OF CROW'S MEAT

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS



A bur bit — A Mexican spur — A blacksmith's twitch — A Mexican bit — A spoon bit

THEY met, chance-drifted, in a haven of delight,—these piteous wrecks that once had been horses. The pasture was wide and silent, and, for the most part, sunny, yet with trees enough for grateful shade. The grass of it was rich and juicy,—young, short, full of sweetness, and so easily cropped that the wrecks could lie down luxuriously at ease, after a little grazing in the early morning or the late afternoon.

The child nearly always found them thus, when she came out to salt them. She loved the work because she loved the pasture and the open. She was tender, too, of the poor ill-used beasts that came to it every summer. The company was never twice the same. Some dropped out through change of masters, but very many more by way of the bone-yard. Sometimes, indeed, her father, who owned the pasture, would have turned away a particularly hollow-eyed and hungry beast, saying abruptly to the owner of it: "No use in wasting my grass and your money on that parcel of crow's meat," but that his daughter plucked his sleeve and whispered: "Let the poor thing come, anyway, Daddy. Do n't let it die hungry, if it must die."

Thus the most hopeless got in, and were somewhat eased of pain at the end, or else renewed their strength and went back to cruel labor. The child would have kept them if she could. She spent hours in the pasture, talking to the wrecks or dreaming of them with wide-open eyes; and once she fell asleep under the big black walnut which stood some little way from the spring branch where everything came to drink. Perhaps she dreamed then with her eyes shut. But she believes, to this day, that it was not sleep, but a sort of suspended waking, and that the wrecks, crowding around her in a lacy shadow, told her, in plain words, some part of all they had endured and suffered.

Snap, the roan gelding, began the tale-telling. Snap was big and sightly, and, at grass, reasonably sleek. He spent hours, when he might have been lying down, in stretching his neck as far as it would go, his nose held very high. In grazing he was slow, and somewhat awkward, so he kept generally apart from the others. The child thought she knew why,—he was one of her prime favorites, and, as such, was permitted to lick salt from her hand. Thus she had seen that his tongue was cut more than half in two just above the root,—the tip was of course less serviceable. She had wondered not a little how it came about. Snap told, haltingly, jerkily, but so that even a wayfarer might understand.

"First I had four good years," he said. "The man wanted me big, strong, showy. I had grass, knee deep, and grain, all summer; oats, hay, and a warm barn, all winter; sweet water, too,—and John. John was the best one of all,—he rubbed me, haltered me, and often led me about the yard, when I did not go of my own pleasure. In the last good year he would sometimes swing up on my back,—be sure I then stepped my best, and held my head very high. The man saw me do it once,—he had a stranger with him. They looked at me hard; the stranger nodded, and said: 'I'll take him. Style is what I'm after.' That puzzled me,—especially when John gave me an extra apple with my supper and two more with my breakfast,—and when he rubbed me down, put on the halter, flung his arms around my neck, and leaned against me, shaking all over. He was telling me good-by, though I did not dream it. He led me out,—the stranger took my halter-rein,—and, before I fairly knew it, I was pounding along the high-road, at the tail of another horse which quivered all over whenever its rider spoke. By and by we came to a gate, with a stable yard and many stalls inside. Not to be tedious, it was a horse-breaker's place,—my new owner had sent me there to be bitted and taught my paces.



Which is the brute?

"Do n't ask me to tell of the teaching,—the least memory of it makes me shiver. The breaker said I was stubborn and vicious, when really all I wanted was my home—and John. I was well fed, and better groomed, but nobody talked to me, or gave me a pat with my oats; as for rubbing, I got a kick or a blow for every two strokes of the brush. I paid the kick in kind until I learned better. But all that was nothing to the beatings outside. I was blindfolded, something hard was forced into my mouth, and something hot and heavy was bound tight on my back. A man got up there, too,—the blinders were snatched off,—I tried to run, and felt something hard and sharp forced down into the middle of my tongue. The pain maddened me,—I reared, plunged, leaped sidewise,—all in vain. The more I struggled, the more cruelly the bit hurt. It was a curb bit, you see, with the reins at the ends of the levers. After a while I found out that by drawing my head away from it, holding it unnaturally high, I could get some semblance of ease. Then the beatings grew lighter,—I was learning likewise what certain words and whistles and tugs of the rein meant. My master was a play-day soldier,—he had set his heart upon having me taught all the tricks of the manege. I learned them, though it took a whole year. But I never learned, do what I might, a way to go out, and come back to my stall, without having that diabolical bit fill my poor mouth with bloody froth.

"Yet I dare say some other horses envied me. From the breaker I was sent home, to live in a great airy stable, with nothing whatever to do, two days in three. I had plenty to eat, and a groom who did not beat me,—possibly because he was too lazy. I know he was too lazy to give me exercise on the stormy days when my master forbade my going out in the paddock. My master lived in the suburbs, and I am sure that he meant to give me every comfort. It was only that he did not know what comfort really is—for a horse. He took the groom's word for many things,—as that rain and mist would give me rheumatism; also that, if I were left free in the stall, I would lie down, turn on my back, and be found dead."

"We know people like him," the other horses groaned in concert.

Snap nodded. "I know it," he said. "It is one of the commonest and cruelest of all the mistakes men harbor concerning us. But picture to yourselves my condition, tied up often three days at a stretch, not allowed to lie down, my only possibility of rest the shifting my weight from one hip to the other, and often so deadly weary I nodded over the halter. How my legs did ache! Often, when I was led to the watering trough, I laid down in my tracks, for one blessed minute of ease. The groom was for giving me a drench the first time,—but, when I broke away from him, and leaped the stable-yard fence, simply to stretch my aching muscles, he decided that I was not sick, but only mischievous.

"I should have welcomed the days when my master rode me in the park if it had not been for the bit. He was a heavy man, every way,—heaviest of all in the hands, and knowing no more of horsemanship than his riding school had taught him. His one idea of control was to saw on the reins. When I reared with him,—it happened about twice each outing,—he pulled harder than ever, but let up in the effort to strike me over the head with his crop. I noticed, too, that he always gave me the bit hardest when we passed ladies mounted. It struck me that he wanted me to prance and dance and thus show him off to them,—so, by way of revenge, I learned to set my teeth on the bit, and go sluggishly, no matter what he did. Still,—he kept me ten years. In a way, I even think he was fond of me. He always brought me something—sugar, or an apple, or a carrot,—when he came to mount. I think he is dead. I know they led me saddled, bridled, riderless, in a procession, right behind something big and black,—and bands came after me, playing very loud and slow. I heard the groom say to a foxy-faced stranger that I was worth mighty little,—stiff and old, and bad-tempered,—but that, if he would send me to grass six months, I might get limber enough to be worth selling. Stiff and old! A wreck when I should be still in my prime! That is what stalls and haltering mean. Comrades, pray for me, that, wherever I go, I may at least have liberty of action."



"He's been gone long enough for six dinners"

"Seems like you were up against it good and hard," Whitey, the drayhorse, said hollowly, glancing toward his own capped hip. Whitey was narrow between the ears, although his head was big. He was also slangy,—because his driver, Mike, whom he called his best pal, talked and thought and even swore in slang. "Still, pardner, you did n't

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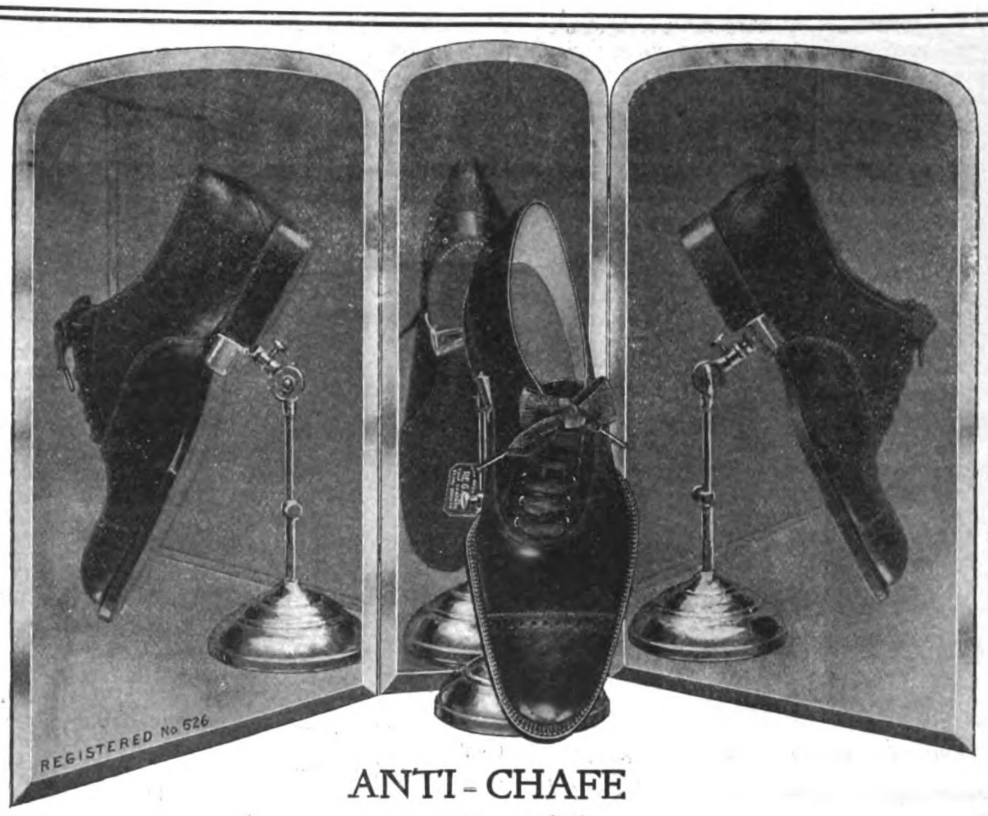


How Can a Man Use His Property So?

have the hottest end of it," Whitey went on, letting his head sink reflectively; "don't have it until you're hitched up, single, to a load for two, and made to pull it over wet pavements as slick as glass, without so much as one rough shoe. That's happened to me, times without number. I'd throw myself on the collar, and strain for all I was worth,—and under my heels would slide, and down I'd come. Then Mike would beat me, and swear. No! Mike was n't naturally cruel. He was not much freer than me; unless we made so many trips a day, he knew it would be all day with him, come Saturday night. We did n't want to part,—he knew I did my best,—never laid down on him just for meanness as some of those buck-skin fellows do,—and I knew he never stole my oats to sell for beer money,—then, too, on cold mornings, he either warmed the bit or wrapped a rag over it so it would not freeze my tongue. He beat me, of course,—it was all he knew how to do, until the gentleman showed him how to set me teetering back and forth until the wheels rocked, then make me pull hard as they rocked my way. That's a fine trick, sometimes,—only it won't work when you're dead overloaded. I was overloaded about half the time. I went back to my stall sore all over, welts touching on hips and sides, and often my quarters raw in great blotches, where I had slid and rubbed off the skin. But that was all in the day's work; of course you get stove up after some years of it. I should n't be here, with this beauty spot of a hip, though, if I had n't turned once just as I lost my heels on snowy asphalt, and wrenched myself all askew. I lay there until the big wagon came for me, with a man in it, who patched me up a little. Mike stole a carrot from a grocer, and gave it to me,—but I was hurt so bad I could not eat. I dare say Mike lost his job for hurting me,—the boss truckman said I was worth three hundred dollars, because I had sense enough to pull, but not enough to be tricky. He did n't say as much for all his horses. Of course he's going to sell me in the fall,—I hope the man who owns the grass will buy me,—I should like nothing better than to stay here, and be a family horse."

"Oh, indeed!" black Molly sniffed, wrinkling her upper lip; "that shows how much you know,—or, rather, how little. Look at me! This is what family horses come to. I was only ten years old last grass, but am stiffer and rustier than my own grandmother! Family horses, understand, work seven days in the week,—I fairly hate the sound of church bells. Think of standing tied in a shed all day long, with only a swallow of water, and a wisp of hay,—and sometimes not even that. Still, Sundays are not quite so bad as week days,—you go everywhere, then,—to mill, to market, the post office, and, worst of all, to the store. You are tied in the broiling sun, or where the wind strikes to your marrow, and left without food or water, hours and hours and hours. I wonder what men can find to talk about! I wonder, too, how they are so stupid as to let their own property be so badly used. I don't in the least mind work,—there was never one of my stock but was willing to do or die. It's the standing, the long, cruel, useless waiting that has soured me. And they won't even loose the checkrein while I wait. If they gave me my head free, I should not be more than half so tired."

"True for you, Molly! Truer than gospel," Lord Kelso, the brown hackney, said in a plaintive whicker; "I know. Checkreins have been, for me, at least, the root of all evil. They brought me to my present pass. Five years back I was a park horse, with nothing much to complain of, out of harness. I had a box stall, always knee deep in clean, bright straw, and was free to walk or roll or lie down in it, at my own sweet will. Since the windows were set so as give me light without glare,



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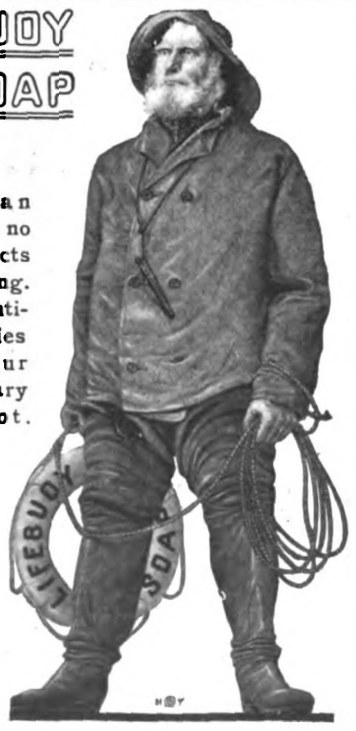
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His reward for patience and hard work

and screened to keep out flies, even my docked tail did not trouble me much. I stood by oats and hay, had apples and mashes nearly every day, and a groom who knew how to rub and curry me without hurting me the least bit. He was a good-hearted fellow, too,—so, I think, was my owner. I am sure if he had known more I should have suffered less. It was different with his wife,—she was hard-hearted,—flinty hearted, indeed. In the park she wanted him to be forever putting me through my paces,—and once I heard her say, petulantly: 'Frank, what's the use of paying so much for a horse unless you mean to make him show off?—especially when the Grimbys are in sight.'

"Sometimes I worked tandem, but oftener single. They had many traps. The one they liked best I hated worst. It was a cart, light-running enough, but with the weight of it coming down hard on my back. The seat was high,—especially on the driver's side,—and the wife nearly always sat there. She would not drive me without overdraw checks,—they made me look so dashing, she said. The bit was a bar-snaffle, so by keeping my mouth open it did not hurt very bad. But after a while she would have burrs on the cheeks. I had endured the checks, notwithstanding the agony they caused me. When I had been tortured a month with the burrs, I got desperate,—and ran away.

"It was a beautiful spring day,—I remember that the park was crowded. I had not been out for two days, so was full of life. The groom looked sober as he harnessed me, and, when he had me at the door, said respectfully to my mistress: 'If ye plase, mem, it moight be well to let the baste take his own gait.' She tossed her head, got in, and yanked the reins so hard that the burrs went in to the quick. You country ones may not know what burrs are. Well, they are round metal things with little fine prickles all over the side that goes next your skin. They are fastened on just outside the bit, so as to rest on a particularly tender spot. I reared a little as I felt them, but came down, held my head as high as possible, so as to keep from feeling the drag of the checks, and skittered down the street and on to the park. My mind was made up to kill the woman who tormented me,—and to do it where everybody could see. She was delighted,—I heard her say I had never before looked so stylish, or acted so much to please her. We went through the park entrance at a clipping pace,—I slowed down to the gait required there, and went meekly, biding my time, no matter how she drew on the lines. I knew she had headed me for a long straight stretch, with a sharpish turn at the end. A tree grew right at the turn, less than two yards from the roadway. As we came into the stretch she clucked to me and gave me a sharp cut with the whip. I set my teeth on the bit, held my head up, and began to run, blindly, furiously, heedless of anything in the way, madly resolved to leap as I came abreast the tree,—and let what would follow.

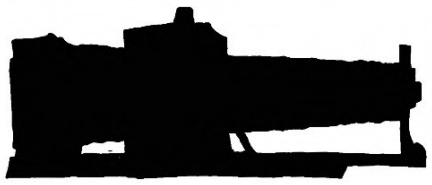
"People scattered in front of me,—some screaming, some shouting. I heard hoofs behind,—a mounted policeman was trying to overhaul me. I would not let him,—like a mad thing I tore on and on. He was lapped on me,—his hand reaching for the reins,—when, with one long, plunging bound, I crossed the footway and slammed the trap full against the tree trunk."

"And then?" Snap asked, shuddering. Lord Kelso's head drooped. "I do n't know just what happened," he said; "I think they picked up some dead people. But it was at the other end of the park they caught me. Next week I was sold, and became a cab horse. After that,—well, there is not much 'after' to cab service. I pulled a huckster's cart all last winter. The huckster beats and overloads and underfeeds me,—but at least he does not drive me with a check."

"I wonder what you would have done to the

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man that used to ride me?" Grey Friar said, pawing the earth impatiently; "master I will not call him, for he had no mastery over himself, or anything else. Yet he claimed to own me,—called me his hunter, and rode me between whiles, all about the countryside. It was to please him I suffered docking. Of all the crimes against dumb things, that is nearly the worst. You are mangled, tortured, for weeks kept from all natural motion,—and all to the end that you may gratify a foolish vanity. Further, you are deprived of beauty and a natural protection. A horse who has head and tail intact can reach any part of himself with one or the other. Take away the flowing tail and he is helpless before the armies of winged, stinging bloodsuckers which lie in wait to torment him. I was nicked as well as docked. That is to say, my tail-bone had bits cut out of it upon the under side, and was then strapped over a light block, so that, in healing, the cuts might draw it into a permanent arch,—"

"Yet—you let him live on?" Lord Kelso asked, while Black Molly nodded understandingly. "They did my colt so," she said, reflectively; "at least, they tried to. He fought them as long as he could stand, broke loose their straps and stitches,—and bled to death."

"Yes,—I let him live," Grey Friar said, shuddering a little; "it was all I could do,—unless he lived on, who would provide me shelter and oats? And sometimes he was kind to me,—at Christmas he always gave me an extra feed, with candy after it, and brought the boy out to see me. It was really the boy that made me consider him,—if I had hurt him, the boy would have had to go on the county, for sometimes my rider had a deal of money, and at other times none at all. Once I heard another man say he gambled, and had always the devil's own luck. Maybe he had lost when he used to be so cruel to me,—digging spurs into my flanks until they were bloody all over, and beating me with the handle of his crop. I had known all along that the lame boy would never get well. When he died, I was sold, and fetched enough to pay for his shroud and coffin. That was because I had the name of being a good horse. If I had been thought vicious,—well, the poor little lame fellow would have had to sleep in a box."

"Humph! From your looks you have had hard lines since," Lord Kelso snorted. Grey Friar stamped again. "Middling hard," he said; "a liveryman bought me, for a little more than half price. I earned myself out for him the first season, keeping welter-weights well up with the hounds. I am at grass now to show whether or not I am worthy a place in a gentleman's stable."

"Grass is a fine medicine,—with hope to back it," Mother Bunch, the old sorrel mare, sighed. "Maybe, together, they might help even me," she went on; "still—I do n't know. When you 're stiff, and your mane graying, and your teeth worn smooth, there is n't much left for you but the boneyard. I 'll go there next winter,—maybe even earlier. The junkman vows he will send me there if ever again I fall and break a wagon-shaft. I do n't so much mind dying,—but to die that way! I spent my strength and youth so willingly helping to bring up the children, and now that they are all well to do, it does seem they might give me a grave, and decent burial. I was just three when the children's father died,—their mother and myself were the best of friends. She fed me herself until Benny got big enough. Often, when she was tired and discouraged, she would say I was her only comfort. I did all I could for her,—carried Benny and the mail back and forth every morning, then plowed in the little field all the afternoon, or trotted about on errands for whoever would hire us. Sundays I took them all to church,—and mighty few could give me their dust. My mistress did not forget me. I had my dinner, and was taken to water after it, and again before I was harnessed for the pull home. Once I lamed myself to bring the doctor, when they thought Baby Alice was dying. Benny told me so,—and I galloped uphill and down five long, rough miles. The doctor came just in time to save her,—she is a beauty now. Benny has made money, and keeps her like a princess. If my mistress were living, or my pretty Mary,—but one never knows,—it might be that they would forget, too."

"No! They would not! I am sure they would not!" the child cried, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. She saw only the wrecks, standing patiently or lying at ease round about. Maybe it was all a dream,—the stories that she had heard,—but, if it was, how came the stories to fit in so well with what she knew of those who had told them?



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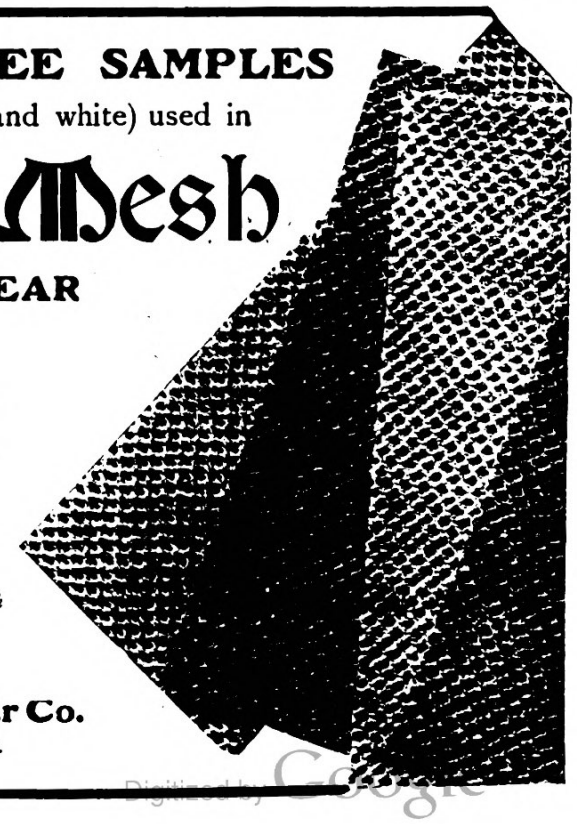
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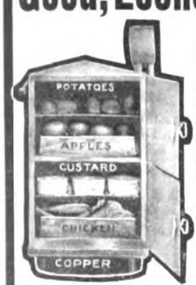
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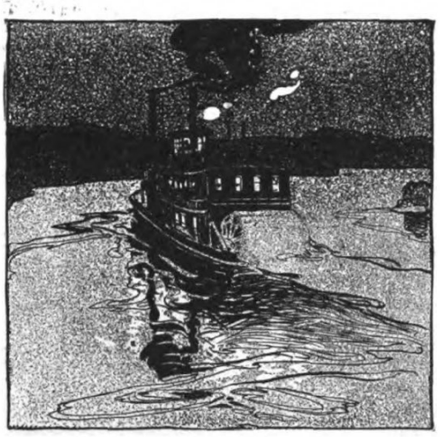


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Fred. McDermott

[Many stories are told of the thrilling incidents that constantly occur in the lives of steamboat men and travelers on the powerful, high-pressure stern-wheel steamers that navigate many of the rapid, treacherous rivers of the Far West. The following poem, written especially for SUCCESS, commemorates the achievements of one of the humble but heroic types of men that are to be met with there.]

A FULL-STROKE feed,—it was her need,—
An exhaust unchecked and free;
Two cords an hour would give her power,
With the gauge 'twixt "Two" and "Three."
Her men, by lot, to keep her hot,
Jammed full each gaping door,—
Two hundred, ten, she had right then,
And yet she needed more.

Thus gauged, in wait, below the gate
Of the Methow's thunderous stream,
The steamer lay, at waning day,
While her captain cried for steam:
"Oh, where 's the man? Find him who can,
And fetch by force or hire,—
A man of skill,—a man of will,—
To feed our blistering fire!"

The engineer cried, "None is here
To cram the old craft through;
She 'll melt him down, she 'll cook him brown,
And a dozen like him, too!"
Then "Ash-Cat" Dave the answer gave,—
And the thing was in his eye:
"I 'll pile it in and raise the pin,
Or blow her to the sky!"

All hands stand clear! You deckmen, here,
Fling fast the sap-wet fir!
Back fire, cross fire; pack fire, toss fire,—
As he rolls it into her!
Glass full,—blow down; hot sheet, white crown,
Warped tube, and bending bar!
Pulsating plates and molten grates,—
But the "ash-cat" calls for tar!

The pitch they bring, and with a fling
It feeds her seething maw;—
"Screw down the pop, she 'll never drop
When the stacks begin to draw!"
Two hundred, ten,—ten more,—and then
The "ash-cat" yells, "Let go!"
And swift from shore she swerves once more
To the river's mighty flow.

Full-stroke her now! And, see! her prow
Cuts the whirlpool's flying mane!
She sinks, she lifts, she reels, she drifts,
Then goes to work again!
Ah, ha! she gains! Ahead she strains,
Her stacks aglow with fire;—
But down below Dave shoves tar so
The pin points quickly higher.

Two, fifty-four,—a half-hour more,—
The glass is a quarter full,—
"Stand by, be brave!" cried "Ash-Cat" Dave,
"And we 'll drive her up the pull!"
Cried they: "Hold all, or back we 'll fall
To death in the 'Devil's Teeth!'"
He answered not, but kept her hot,
And cleared the reef beneath.

Nor starting joint the gauge-pin's point
Lets back to two, fifty-three;
Nor rivet head, nor stay-bolt red
Keeps Dave from victory.
'Mid shriek of steam and roar of stream,
Night dropped its shadows down,
Yet, length by length, he held her strength,
Till she whistled for the town!

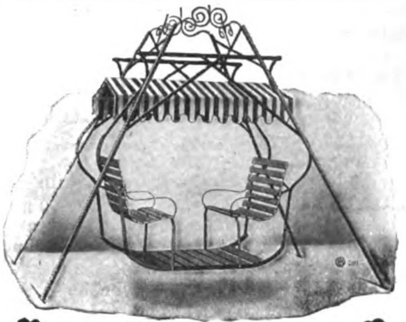
A full-stroke feed,—it was her need,—
And never a line they strung,
When "Ash-Cat" Dave, the day to save,
His soul to the furnace flung.
So 't is—"The man! Find him who can!"—
That ever the cry goes 'round,
For Methow Gate, or high estate,—
Wherever he may be found!

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A physician of Galion, O. says: "For the last few years I have been a sufferer from indigestion and although I have used various remedies and prepared foods with some benefit it was not until I tried Grape-Nuts that I was completely cured.

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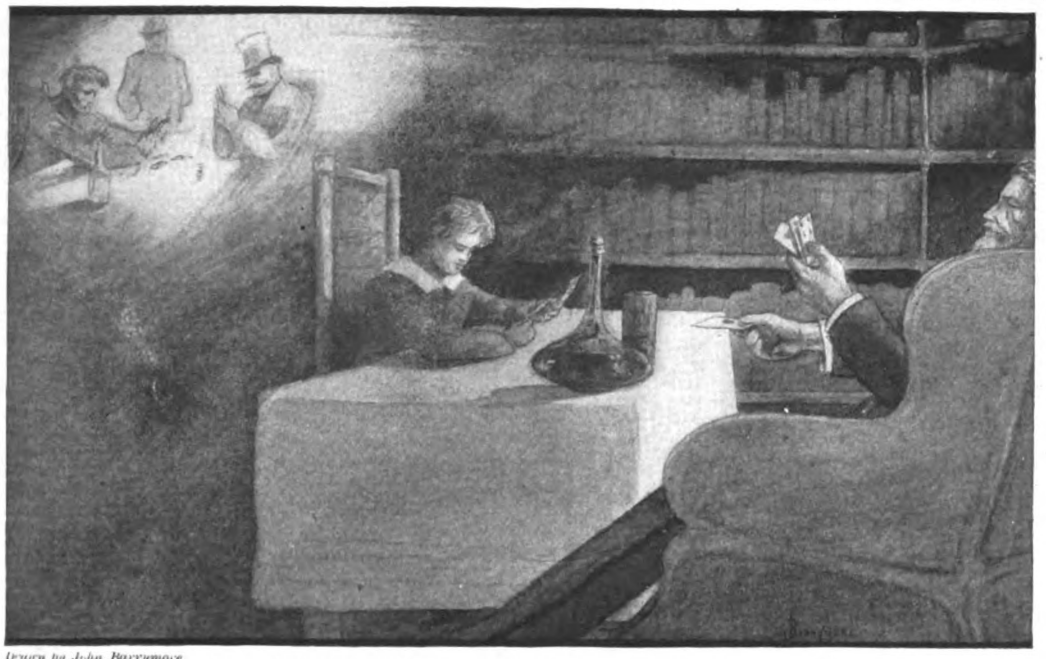
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The Editor's Chat



Drawn by John Barrymore

The child is father of the man—Wordsworth

"Habit, if wisely formed," says Bacon, "becomes truly second nature." Habit unwisely formed becomes no less truly second nature. If a father who tries to teach his son "to take a glass or leave it alone" over a game of cards in his own library, could see what such habits are likely to lead to, he would try a different sort of moral training.

The Spur that Makes Men Struggle

IT is astonishing how much power there is in an intense longing or divine hunger to achieve the particular thing which lies nearest the heart.

Napoleon used to say that a firm resolution can make realities out of possibilities.

When I see a youth who has a deep purpose stamped upon his features; when I see him working for this pearl of great price, early and late, so that he cannot be turned from his course a hair's breadth, no matter what tempts him, I feel sure that he will succeed. I never knew a person who struggled hard, persistently, and enthusiastically for years toward a certain object, who did not, at least approximately, attain his end.

On the other hand, when I see a boy shirking his duties, who is listless, shiftless, indolent, ambitionless, and shows no desire to get on, no ambition, or aspiration which leads him to look upward, I feel as sure that this boy will not succeed.

It is this divine hunger for knowledge or skill which measures our success-power. No youth can accomplish much without a clean-cut purpose, a lofty ambition, and a longing to accomplish the thing on which he has set his heart.

A worthy ambition is the spur that makes man struggle with his destiny. The surest sign of the genius that can accomplish things,—that can bring things to pass,—is a divine longing for accomplishment, or yearning to do something and be somebody in the world.

Lincoln had this divine hunger, which impelled him to tramp hundreds of miles in the forest, barefooted, to borrow books which he could not afford to buy.

This hunger for knowledge, this yearning aspiration, struggling for expansion and growth, this longing which ever looks upward and toward the light,—this is the kind of genius which every youth should cultivate.

The boy Garfield showed this divine hunger when he applied for a chance to ring the academy bell and sweep the floors for his tuition, and when he cut wood for fifty consecutive days in order to earn a few dollars to make his way at school.

Determination Is Greater than Achievement

It was thirst for knowledge—this hunger for achievement,—which gave to Governor Brooks the courage to carry his trunk on his back a long distance to the city when he started out to study law.

It was this hunger which induced Henry Wilson, once vice-president of the United States, to read a thousand borrowed books during his odd moments on a farm.

Professor Peabody of Harvard used to tell the students that a firm decision to be an educated man is in itself half an education.

When I see a youth who seizes every spare moment as if it were gold, for self-improvement; when I see him grasping upon every bit of knowledge found in a book or a newspaper, or obtained in conversation or by observation, and storing it up for future use; when I see him anxious to do everything that he touches to a finish, exerting all his energy to make the most possible of himself, and making every occasion a great occasion because he never can tell when fate will measure him for a higher place, and bid him to step up higher,—then I say that boy has a genius for achievement, the kind of genius that brings things to pass, and succeeds in the world.

The boy who does not have this thirst for knowledge, this determination to get on, and a taste for drudgery, may be sure that, whatever else he has, he does not have genius.

A determination to accomplish something and a firm resolution to make a way if no way is open indicate ability to succeed. But the desire, the determination, and the ambition must come first. It is the thing that we long for, strive for, and are determined to have, at all hazards, no matter what may stand in the way, which indicates the line of our possibilities. In other words, "the thing we long for, that we are." No achievement can rise higher than the longing and the determination.

The Stuff of which Leaders Are Made

WHATEVER else a successful leader lacks, he must be an organizer and know how to make successful combinations. Born leaders are not imitators, but original thinkers. They have strong individuality, imitators are always "trailers."

Successful leadership depends entirely upon one's ability to multiply himself through others. The great leaders must not only lay plans which are practical, but must also be able to call around them those who can carry out their orders efficiently and vigorously.

The strength of leadership is measured very largely by one's ability to profit by the work of others. As a rule, great leaders are not men of detail, but they must know what the details are, and be able to have them attended to with the utmost exactitude.

A general cannot do a private's duty. If he attempts it he will fail, and, if he commands more than one army, he should perform as little detail work as possible.

It Is Better to Make a Mistake than Never to Move

In this the generals who preceded Grant in the Civil War failed. They could not grasp the principles of large leadership. McClellan built up his own army with great efficiency, and disciplined it with skill. His army made a splendid appearance. The superb condition of McClellan's army, the love of his men for him, and the efficiency of his discipline led Lincoln to think that a man who could make such a splendid showing with his own army could do the same with several armies, but this was a mistake. McClellan did not seem to have the large view of a great commander-in-chief. The same thing was practically true of nearly all the generals Lincoln tried before he selected Grant. In him he found a man who could do things.

When Lincoln ordered another general to advance, he would send excuses for delay; the cavalry horses' tongues were sore, or he did not have enough men, or the administration did not support him properly, or he was waiting for the enemy to get into a more favorable situation for an attack, but Lincoln at length found a man who never made excuses and never apologized, but acted.

A born leader, the typical efficient man, utilizes whatever material is at hand. He does not ask for impossible conditions,—he accepts the situation, makes the most of it, and acts.

The world is full of semi-successful people,—those of mediocre achievement, and those who are "dead failures" simply because they are so organized that they will not act until the conditions are just as they wish them, and everything is favorable.

But what a relief for the head of a great enterprise to find a Grant among his employees who does not ask if the enemy is in a favorable condition or if everything is in an ideal condition, but makes the most of things as they are and pushes ahead.

It is a thousand times better to make a mistake now and then than to never move at all.

▲ ▲

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IF you are really rich, it will not be necessary to explain to every stranger you meet that you own a certain amount of real estate, or a given number of shares of stocks and bonds, or that you are the proprietor of this or that establishment. If you possess the intangible riches of which no accident of fortune can rob you, your wealth will exhale from every pore. Every one who comes in contact with you will be touched by the perfume of a rich life.

Strangers who met Daniel Webster used to say that, though they did not know who he was, they instinctively felt that they were in the presence of a great man. So, when we meet a person who is rich in character, in high aims, overflowing with good will to all, a doer of good deeds as well as a thinker of high thoughts, we feel that we are associated with genuine greatness.



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Character-Building Through Thought

II.—How the Mind Rules the Body

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

BEFORE one can do much toward controlling thought, there must be realization of its power and importance, not mere acceptance of a statement. You must feel—you must be convinced,—that a bad thought harms you, and that a good thought helps you. There must be no playing with fire, and no careless feeling that it matters little if you are off your guard part of the time. You must know in your inmost consciousness that thought alone is eternal, that it is the master of your fate, and that the thought of every moment has its part in deciding that fate. You must feel that proper control of your own thoughts will cause all good things to come naturally to you, just as all bad things will be your portion if you misuse your God-given powers. Such realization must come through consideration of proved facts.

Thought is being recognized more and more at its proper value in the work of the world, material and moral. By people of views varying greatly in detail, the power of thought is stated to be almost omnipotent in human affairs. Practical demonstrations of seemingly marvelous results are convincing unthinking and material minds. Scientific experiments, instead of destroying the claims of the thinkers, substantiate them, and give scientific explanations.

The Influence of Mind over Muscle

Professor W. G. Anderson, of Yale University, lately succeeded in practically weighing the result of a thought's action. A student was placed on a "muscle-bed," poised on a balance so that the center of gravity of his body was exactly over its center. When he was set to solving mathematical problems, the increased weight of blood at his head changed his center of gravity and caused an immediate dip of the balance to that side. Repeating the multiplication table of nines caused greater displacement than repeating the table of fives, and, in general, that displacement grew greater with greater intensity of thought. Carrying the experiment further, the experimenter had the student imagine himself going through leg-gymnastics. As he performed the feats mentally, one by one, the blood flowed to the limbs in sufficient quantities to tip the balance according to the movement thought of. By purely mental action the center of gravity of the body was shifted four inches, or as much as by raising the doubled arms above the shoulders. These experiments were repeated on a large number of students with the same results.

To test still further the mastering influence of mind over muscle, the strength of the right and the left arms of eleven young men was registered. The average strength of the right arms was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left arms, ninety-seven pounds. The men practiced special exercises with the right hand only for one week. Tests of both arms were again made, and, while the average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, that of the unexercised left arm had increased seven pounds. This showed clearly that the brain action connected with the gymnastics developed not only the muscles put in action, but also other muscles controlled by the same portion of the brain. This could only come about by sending blood and nervous force to the proper parts by purely mental action. Professor Anderson says of the results:—

"I can prove by my muscle-bed that the important thing in all exercises is the mental effort put forth. I can lie down on this muscle-bed and think of a jig, and, though apparently my feet do not move, and actually the muscles are not active, the muscle-bed sinks toward my feet, showing that there has been a flow of blood toward the muscles, and that, if I did dance a jig, the muscles would be well supplied with blood under this mental stimulus."

Bodily Exercise without Thought Is of Little Use

Sandow has long taught that bodily exercise without proper thought would do little to develop muscles, and that a very little exercise, with the mind directing it, will practically rebuild the body. Certain professors of physical culture are selling this knowledge for good prices. Professor Anderson's experiments demonstrate the truth of these statements, and, further, that exercise involving competition and lively interest in games does far more good than merely mechanical movements, performed without interest in gymnasiums. He says that walking is poor exercise for brain workers, as it is so purely automatic that it does not call the blood from congested brain centers, which go on solving intellectual problems. A run, a brisk walk, with a definite object necessitating the thought of speed, will send the blood to the legs and build them up.

Before these experiments at Yale University, Professor Elmer Gates, at Washington, had claimed that he was able, by thinking intently of one of his hands when it was immersed in a basin full of water, and willing that the blood should flow there, to make the water overflow. Thus the amount of extra blood sent to the hands could be measured, since it corresponded to the overflow of water.

Recent experiments on dogs by the European scientist, Pawlow, have proved conclusively that secretion of the gastric juice in the stomach does not, as long supposed, take place automatically when saliva is secreted or when food enters the stomach. On the contrary, it is secreted when a dog is made to anticipate that it is to be fed with a much-loved food, as raw meat, even though that meat is not given it, or, if given, is not allowed to pass into the stomach, but drops out of the œsophagus by a slit made for that purpose. All kinds of mechanical irritation did not avail to cause a flow of gastric juice unless there was excited an idea of pleasure in eating. If the pneumogastric nerve was severed, even this anticipated gastronomic pleasure, or the actual passage of the loved meat through the severed œsophagus did not cause gastric secretion. The part of the mind in what has been called mere mechanical, or physcial functions has been thus shown. The psychological side of digestion, as of every other manifestation in the body, is the more important.

MEAL TIME CONSCIENCE.
What Do the Children Drink?

There are times when mother or father feeds the youngsters something they know children should not have. Perhaps it is some rich dessert but more often it is tea or coffee. Some compromise by putting in so much hot water that there is not much tea or coffee left but even that little is pretty certain to do harm. It leads to bigger doses. Then come the coffee ills.

It is better to have some delicious, hot, food drink that you can take yourself and feed to your children conscious that it will help and strengthen and never hurt them. A lady of Oneida, N. Y. says: "I used coffee many years in spite of the conviction that it injured my nervous system and produced my nervous headaches. While visiting a friend I was served with Postum but it was not well made, still I determined to get a package and try it myself and after following directions carefully the result was all that could be desired; a delicious, finely flavored, richly colored beverage. Since I quit coffee Postum has worked wonders for me.

"My husband who always suffered from kidney trouble when drinking coffee quit the coffee and took up Postum with me and since drinking Postum he has felt stronger and better with no indication of kidney trouble.

"You may be sure I find it a great comfort to have a warm drink at meals that I can give my children with a clear conscience that it will help them and not hurt them as coffee or tea would." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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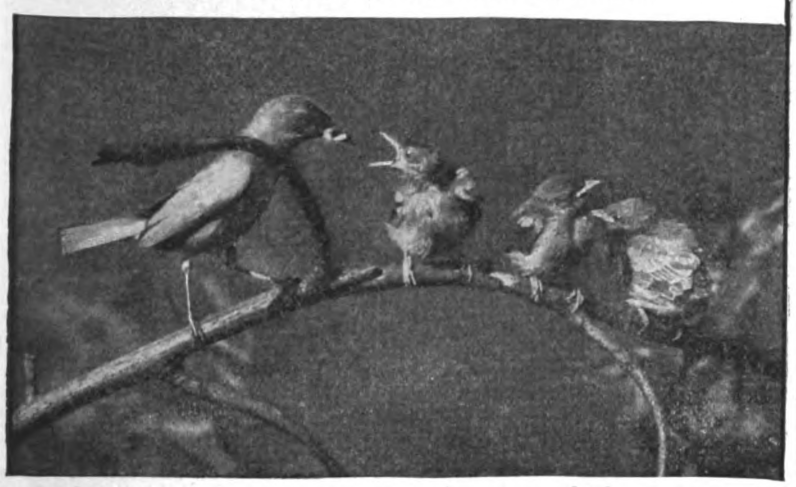
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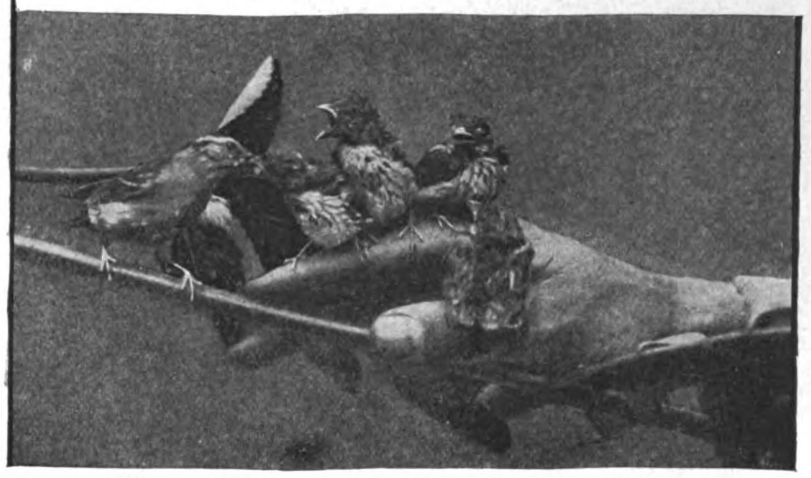
Seeking breakfast in the cool, clear lake



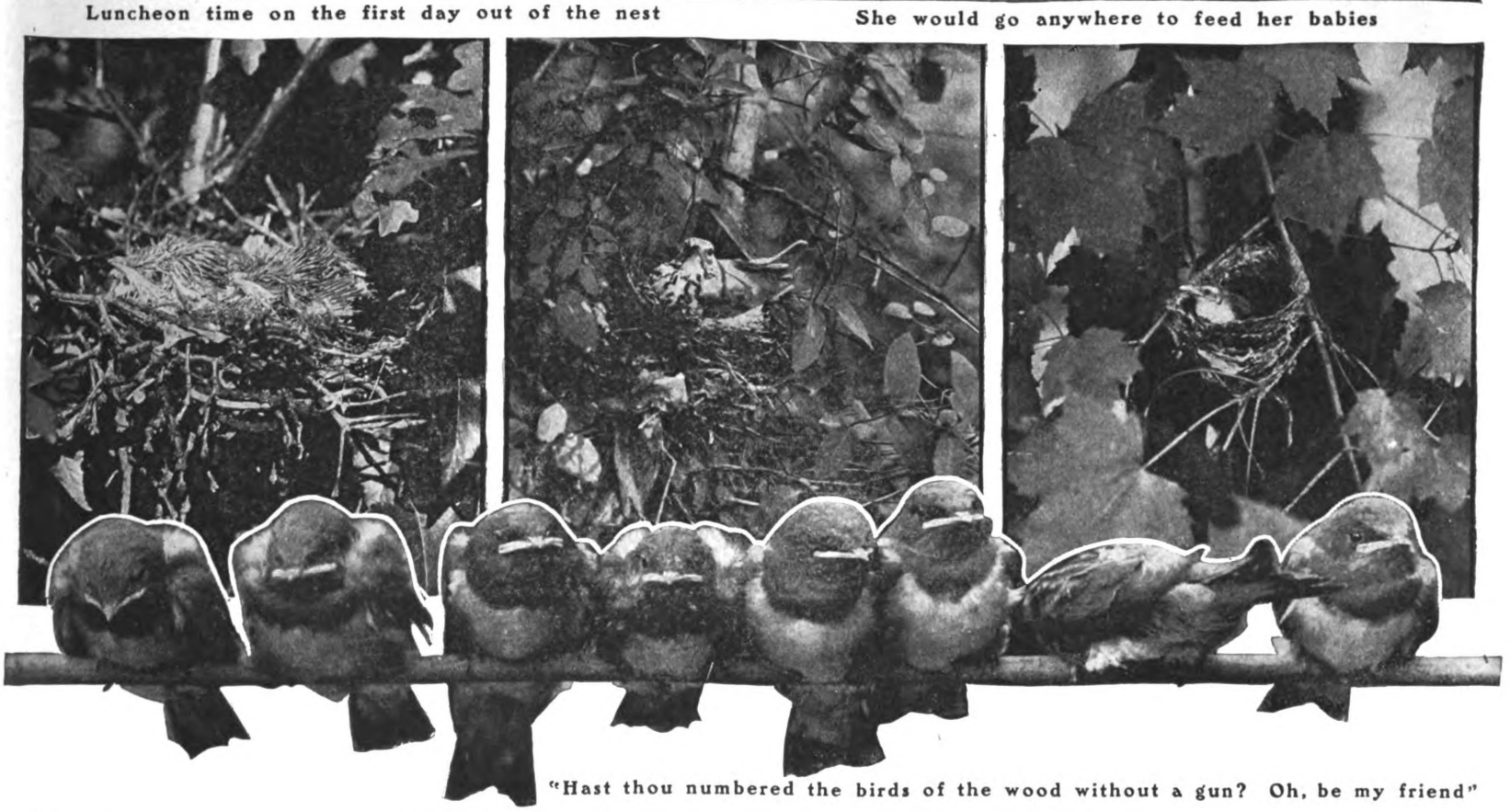
Taking the little ones for a morning swim



Luncheon time on the first day out of the nest



She would go anywhere to feed her babies



"Hast thou numbered the birds of the wood without a gun? Oh, be my friend"

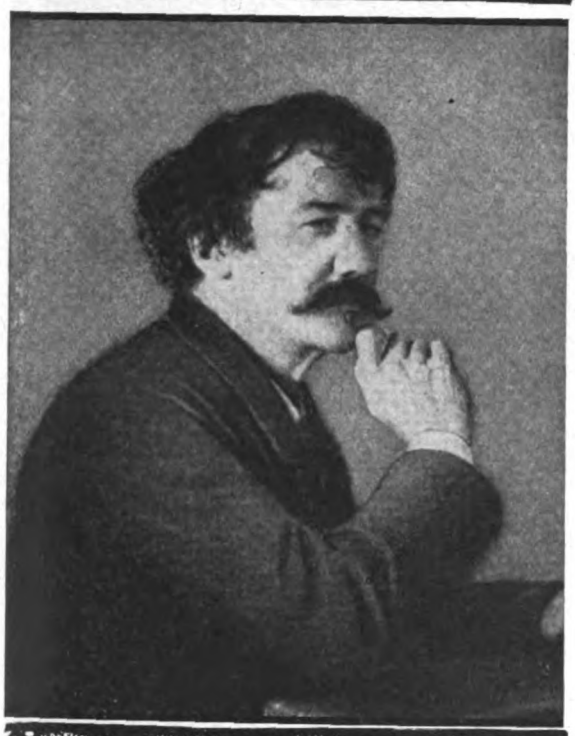
COMMUNING WITH NATURE,—WITHOUT A GUN

JULIUS NORREGARD

TO THE true lover of nature nothing is more perplexing and distressing than the destructive instinct in humanity,—the habit of killing for killing's sake. Why is it that, when some people—alas! most people,—come upon one of the beautiful wild things, their first thought is to kill it? A dainty little snake, almost certainly harmless, glides across the path. Immediately excited walking sticks are in pursuit, eager to smash all its ringed grace into formless rubbish. Maybe it is some glorious beetle mailed in bronze, and adorned with precious jewels. In vain its miracle of exquisite workmanship glitters in the sun. What is it but a "bug?"—and against all snakes and bugs, however fair to look on, humanity seems to have vowed an unrelenting warfare. In their case, however, fear and superstition afford some little explanation. Even gentle and intelligent people often find it impossible to feel kindly toward toads, for example. Over these and other suspected creatures there still hangs an old cloud of superstitious dread. A ban is upon them, as beings belonging to the dark side of nature, mysterious and sinister.

But what has the butterfly done that he cannot come floating down a lane without caps being thrown at him, and an eager chase being set up, as if he were an escaped felon? It is worth while stopping to analyze for a moment the paradoxical impulse behind the chase of a butterfly. It begins, I believe, in a desire to see this flitting, phantom-like beauty close to, to hold it in one's hand, and to give the eye that satisfaction which the butter-

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JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by J. E. Purdy, Boston

JOHN SINGER SARGENT





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FRANZ LENBACH



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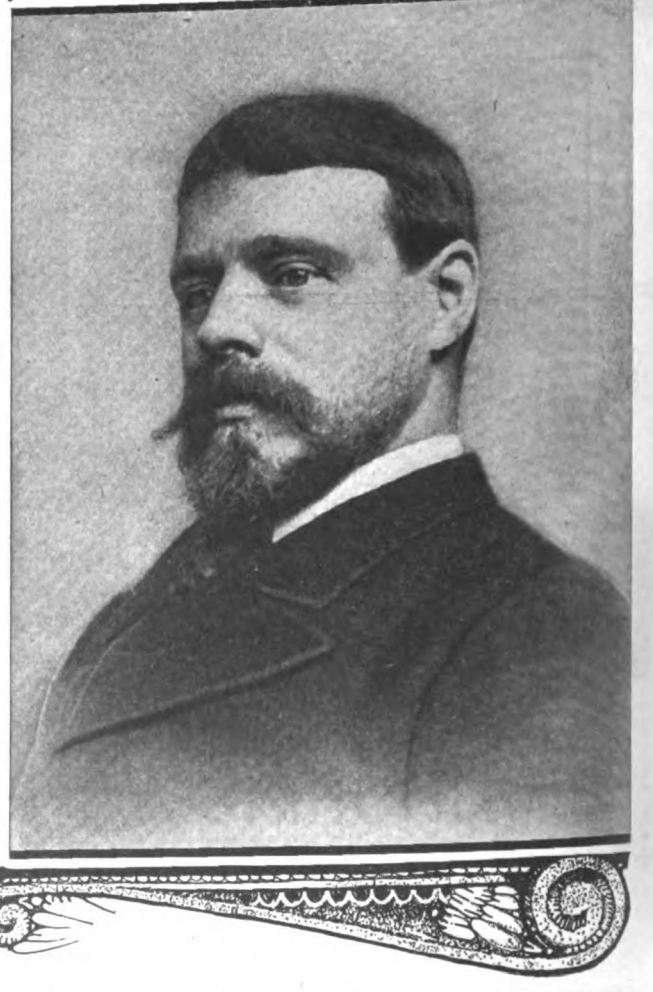


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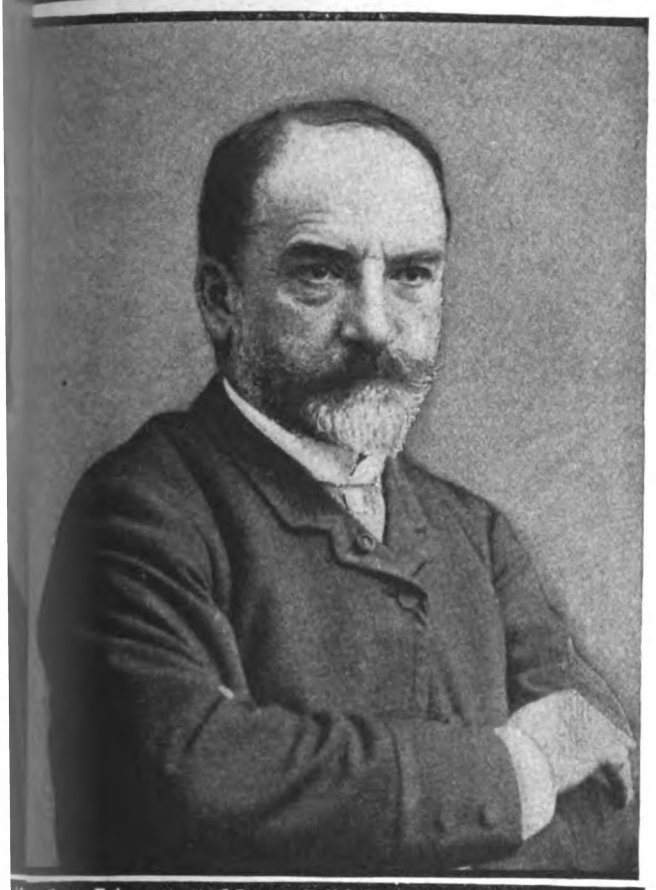
Painting and sculpture compete with literature for the first place in the development of the human mind. The two arts are closely allied; in the glory of the classical ages they were the garments of the gods. They descended again to men, but not without divinity, for Hellas was clad about them in a shining raiment. It is the glory of modern times, that artistic effulgence has begun to dawn again. Since the overthrow of classical antiquity, the rise of art has been steady, and its immortals left a rare heritage to its devotees of to-day

THE WORLD'S GREAT

III. – A

See pag

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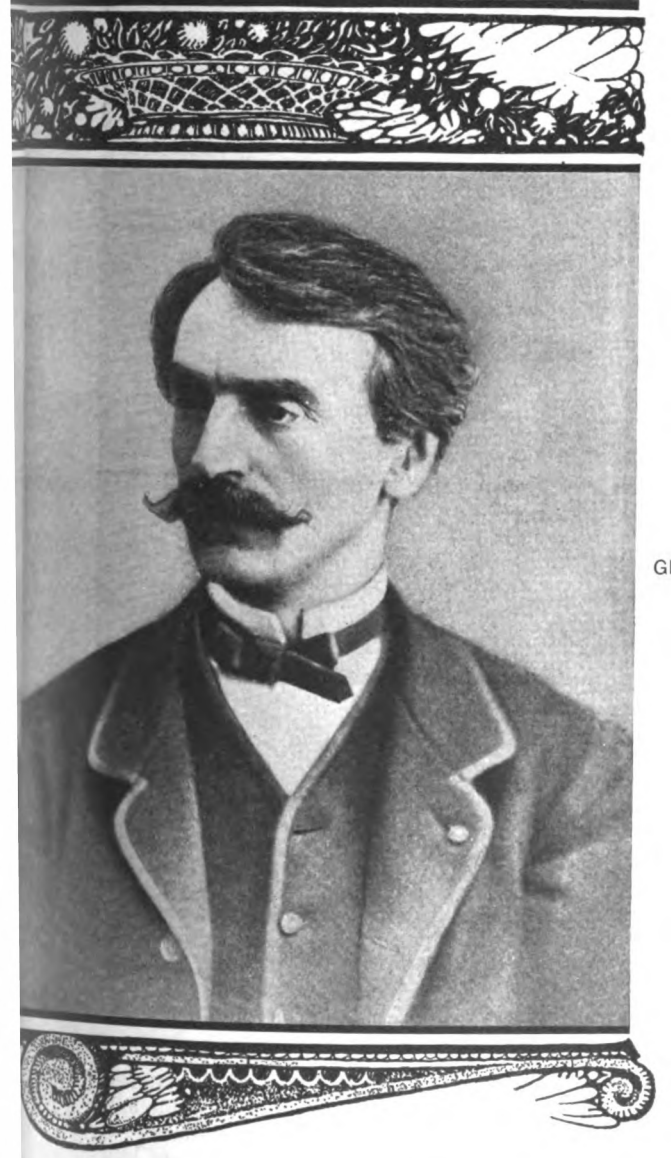
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JEAN GÉRÔME

ST MEN OF TO-DAY
RTISTS



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DOMENICO MORELLI



ADOLF MENZEL

To select the living painters and sculptors who may be called the greatest in the world to-day, is not undertaken without some delicacy and difficulty. Amid the swirl and roar of material achievement, the men whose portraits appear on these pages have helped art to flourish in its most visible forms. Some of them have overcome obstacles that seemed to be almost insuperable, and others have toiled unremittingly for years in order to win an artist's recognition. They are the great leaders and instructors who guide the modern art world



JEAN PAUL LAURENS

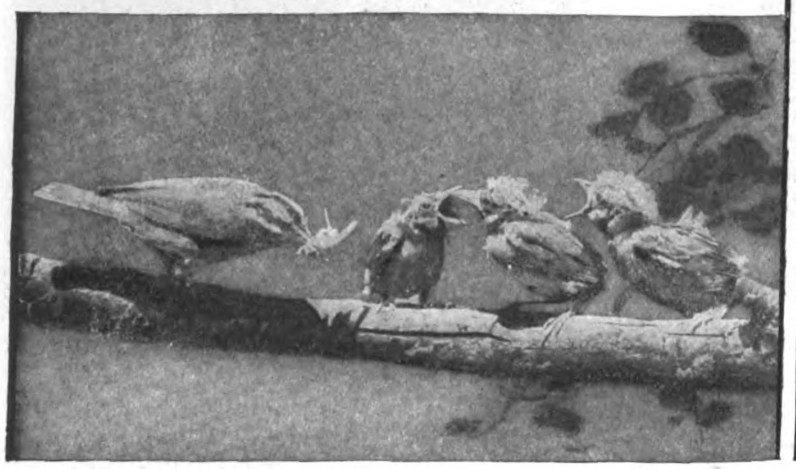
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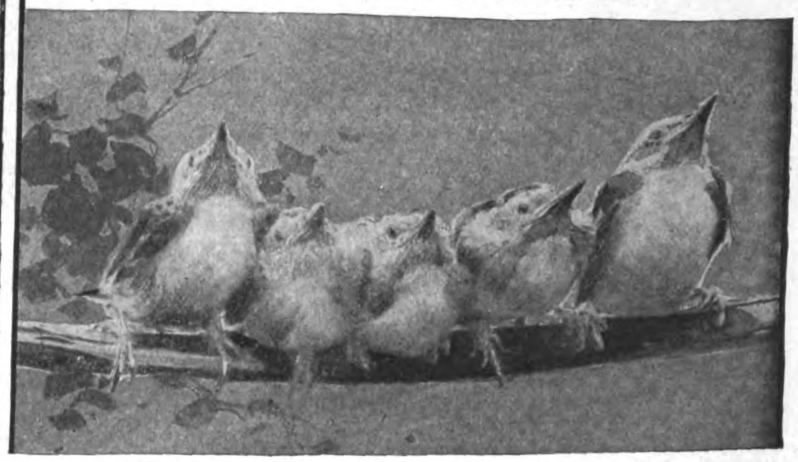
A wild turkey in her forest home



Silently the wild duck hatches her brood



"Don't quarrel, children, there's plenty for all"



"Mother said that she'd be back very soon"







"These tiny homes, watched o'er by God, are built where no men ever trod"

fly's restless flight is continually promising and tantalizingly denying. There is something of a coquettish challenge in a butterfly's flight which awakens the sporting instinct. It makes us determined not to be beaten. It turns an idle whim into something like a savage purpose, and, by the time the chase is ended and the fluttering wings are between our fingers, we are almost angry with the little painted thing. Some are content to look well at the strange living flower, and then send it zigzagging on its happy way again, but I fear that with too many the other curious side of the desire of beauty may assert itself,—for one of the most mysterious facts of our nature is that the desire to possess beauty and the desire to destroy it should lie so close to each other. Too frequently the destructive impulse is all that appears on the surface, though I believe it is but a negative expression of that fascinated interest which beauty seems always to excite, either positively or negatively, in men and women.

An element of sport, I have said, enters into the chase of the butterfly, but some there are who cannot see a flower without uprooting it, or scattering its perfection upon the winds. Here is the instinct of destruction naked and unexplained.

Happily, however, there is another type of human beings, and a type rapidly increasing in numbers, whose instincts are precisely the reverse. To them the idea of killing or wantonly destroying anything is not only full of horror, but temperamentally incomprehensible.

"A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,"—

sings Shakespeare, and a true lover of nature is no less sensitive. It would seem as strange to him to snap the dainty stalks of flowers with his cane, as he walks the meadows, as it would be to lay about with a hatchet in a cupboard full of rare china; and he would as soon think of murdering his sweetheart as of robbing some little bright-eyed creature of its life. Nature has taught him a different way with these beautiful wild things, and opened for him a door of wonder through which he is never tired of passing; or, perhaps, like the writer, in his early youth he came upon these lines of Emerson:—

"Hast thou numbered all the birds of the wood—
Without a gun?
Hast thou loved the wild-rose—
And left it on its stalk?
Oh, be my friend and teach me to be thine,"—

and has never used a gun since the day he read them, and has always felt a little guilty even when he has plucked a wild flower.

No doubt this will have a sentimental sound in some ears. Killing has recently come into fashion again. Certain popular writers have made a point of preaching it, and pity and gentleness have cut a poor figure. But that need not disquiet us. Such throwbacks to the ancestral brute within us are inevitable in the long process of man's civilization, and that process none the less goes surely, if slowly, on. Kindness is coming in again, and before long pity will be once more the fashion. The hand does not really go back on the dial, however it may seem to, and time never loses anything it has once gained. The future is with the gentle, and, some far-off day, the meek shall indeed inherit the earth. The world has been steadily growing kinder since the beginning, and, little by little, the cruel instincts of human nature have been checked, if not tamed. The world, of course, is very cruel still, but it is not so cruel as when "its portals were lit with live torches," and beautiful women gloated over dying gladiators. Nor is it as cruel as it was when it tortured its prisoners, hung men in chains for petty thefts, and

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branded its slaves with searing irons. Public cruelty has undoubtedly declined from age to age, and always the progressive element of civilization has been that which has been on the side of the law of kindness which we have come to call "humanity." Man grows to be "human" in proportion as he grows to be gentle, and replaces his old brutish instincts with instincts of protection.

Nowadays, when we read of the ferocities of Nero and Caligula, and of legal barbarities of much more recent date, we can hardly believe that they ever happened. Our imaginations cannot even conceive of a world in which they could have happened. We read of them less with horror than with incredulity. Similarly, I think the day will come, and it is not, perhaps, so distant as it seems, when the idea of killing anything for pleasure will seem so strange as to be scarcely credible. The Anglo-Saxon's proverbial pastime of going out and killing something will seem hardly less amazing than the gladiatorial shows.

Ah, yes! to know all the birds of the wood—without a gun! With a gun, how can one know them, and, by killing them instead of knowing them, what fascinating knowledge a man misses! A dead bird! A handful of bloodstained feathers! Little more than that! Carrion for the sexton beetle, or for the feasting fly! But the living bird,—what a vivid, mysterious creature it is, with its lovely bright eyes, and those sad vowels in its throat! It seems strange to think of what that little head knows, secrets of nature eternally hidden from us. Is not the bird itself one of nature's secrets? The woodland, which, to us, is a wilderness, is to him a city, of which he knows all the streets and all the inhabitants. All the invisible highways of the air are to him like well-trodden paths, and, when he darts off in that apparently casual way, he very well knows whither he is going, and what business takes him. When he sits and whistles by the hour on some swaying pinnacle of the greenwood, there is some meaning in it all beyond the music. That meaning will ever be hidden from us. If we could know it, as Tennyson said of the "flower in the crannied wall," we "should know what God and man are."

If, instead of shooting the bird, scotching the snake, smashing the beetle, and pinching the tiny life out of the butterfly, we were to watch any one of these creatures on a summer day, the day would pass like an hour, so packed with exciting experience it would seem. Through what mysterious coverts of the woodland, into what a haunted underworld of tunneled banks and hidden ditches and secret passages the snake would show us the way; and we should have strange hearts if, as we thus watched it through its mysterious day, we did not find our dislike of the clever little creature dying away, and even changing into a deep tenderness toward the small, self-reliant life, so lonely a speck of existence in so vast a world.

Watch a spider spin his web, and I shall be surprised if you ever kill a spider again. It takes him about an hour, somewhat less, for he is a marvelously quick worker, and there is something almost terrifying about the skill with which he works. There is his body, no larger than a match's head, yet, inclosed within that mere dot of nature, there is an intelligence which is able first to prospect the area for his web, then to plan it out like a geometrician, and then to carry out his plan with workmanlike precision. Meanwhile, too, it must be remembered, he is not only doing his thinking and his weaving, but also spinning the material for it, all in that mite of a body. But perhaps the uncanniest feature of the whole thing is that the spider not merely has his plan clear in his head, but knows when he has made mistakes, and you can see him breaking off misplaced threads here and there, making taut slack lines, and securing shaky connections.

But we only see and learn these hidden things when we go into the woods—without a gun. It is of no use to bid Nature stand and deliver. Only by loving her can we learn her secrets, and, when we have loved her truly and long, she will make us at home in all her hidden kingdoms.

". . . . We shall hear
The thrush's heart beat, and the daisies grow,
And the wan snowdrop singing for the sun
On sunless days in winter; we shall know
Who paints the diapered fritillaries,
By whom the silver gossamer is spun,
On what wide wings from shivering pine to pine
The eagle flies."

Do n't go to nature to catch fish, or to bag game, or to snare birds, or to collect butterflies, or even to stock your herbariums. Go just to watch and listen, and to love.



The Pearline Test
is a simple way to prove if Wash Fabrics -Silks-Laces or other delicate fabrics can be Safely Washed

The Pearline Test
How to make it.
Obtain a sample of material; soak one half of it in Strong Pearline Suds. Rinse well. If there is any loss of color The Material is not Washable

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HENRY B. HYDE
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STRONGEST IN THE WORLD

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VICE PRESIDENT

SITUATION WANTED—By elderly man who has held responsible position. Will do any honest work which will enable him to support himself Address Box 99, this office

IF
IN THE SPRINGTIME
of life, men would provide for its winter time, such advertisements as the above would never appear. An adequate Endowment policy in the Equitable will provide for a man's own mature years—and meanwhile protect his family.

Vacancies in every State for men of energy and character to act as representatives.
Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2ND Vice President

SEND COUPON BELOW OR WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States,
120 Broadway, New York. Dept. No. 101

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for
$_____ if issued to a man or woman _____ years of age.

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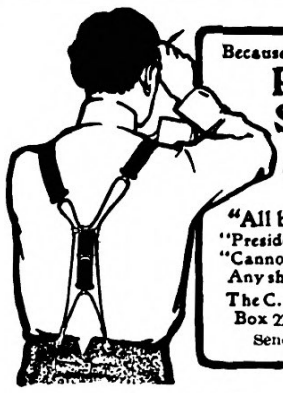


The Exact Time of the ELGIN WATCH

Runs the Machinery of Modern Life.

Wherever correct time is essential the Elgin Watch is valued.

An illustrated history of the watch sent free.
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.



Because of their construction
President Suspenders
give most
Comfort & Service
Guaranteed
"All breaks made good"
"President" on buckle means
"Cannot rust" 50c. and $1.00
Any shop or by mail prepaid
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 223-M Shirley Mass
Send 6c. for Catalogue

KLIP-KLIP



THE POCKET MANICURE
SOLID GERMAN SILVER
TRIMS, FILES, CLEANS, keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Sent post-paid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. 25c.
KLIP-KLIP CO., 586 Clinton Ave. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Name and Fame of Shine-O

[*Concluded from page 349*]

Nothing could be more unimpressive and trivial. Such ideas date back to the infancy of pictorial advertising. Russell looked at his friend aghast.

"It seems to me," he began, but Earle checked him, speaking in a rapid, high-pitched voice.

"You do n't see it, but you will," he cried; "I know what I 'm about, and I know what you can do. It 's all right; everything 's all right. And now,"—his voice suddenly changed to a very gentle tone, and his face, though still painfully flushed, lost its rigidity, so that the quality of beauty, the frank and youthful charm that made him lovable, seemed restored in an instant;—"and now that we 've got nothing else to bother us, I 'm going to sleep."

He sank down on the edge of the couch in the corner, and for a moment remained in a sitting posture with his head resting in his hands.

"By jingo!" he said, looking up with a smile, "I could sleep forever."

He fell gently back upon the pillows, and lay still.

"He may be all right when he wakes," said Russell to himself, "but, if he is n't, what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

Standing beside the table, he took up the sheets of cardboard, one by one, and the designs sketched upon them seemed to him even worse than they were,—although, in truth, they were inane enough without the exaggeration of despondency.

"This line of pictures is mighty near the limit," he said, "and the poster is far, far beyond it. Earle goes out, just as he is making a name for himself, and I am stranded again on the edge of a summer."

He stared up at the melted candles hanging inverted from the tall candlesticks, and they seemed like a device upon the shield of an advancing enemy. Craven fear crept into the artist's bones.

III.

A SHARP little tap on the door announced Lucille, who came in laden with parcels.

"How dark it is!" she exclaimed; "why do n't you light up? I've brought some things for you to take home."

"Quietly, little girl," he said; "Duncan's asleep on the couch. He's played out, poor fellow! I want him to rest an hour here, and then I'll take him up to our place and put him to bed."

"I think he'd rather go to his rooms," said Lucille.

"He gave them up a month ago," replied Russell, "for economy's sake. It is not only his time, but his money, too, that he has been putting into his brother's affairs, and he's been living in Plainfield. He's pulled his brother through at last, and won't have to go out there again for a while. Let's take him home! He may have my quarters, and I'll occupy our elegant guest chamber, seven by nine."

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Lucille.

Russell walked softly toward the couch.

"Perhaps I may as well wake him now," said he. "That couch is as hard as a rock, as every bone in my body will testify. Duncan, old man, wake up!"

There was a momentary silence. Lucille, with her back to the couch, was arranging her parcels on a table. A stifled cry from her brother and his hasty step startled her, and she turned. He was lighting the gas, that kindled with a loud explosion in a modern incandescent lamp which instantly flooded the room with a white glare.

Her brother's body shielded Lucille from the direct rays, and for this reason the prone form of Duncan Earle flashed into her view with a more sudden and absolute distinctness, as if by some well-planned trick of stage magic. His face had taken on a pallor and a deep, mysterious calm as of death; the white light so touched the folded hands upon his breast that they shone with a vague transparence, and from their utter quietude there came that indescribable suggestion of completed tasks.

Theologians used to discuss the question, "whether angels, in moving from place to place, pass through the intermediate space." The rhyme is Longfellow's, and it faintly stirred in some far corner of Russell's memory when he saw Lucille lying against the edge of the couch, with one of Earle's hands in both of hers, and pressed close to her lips to test the warmth of it. Her brother had neither seen nor heard her pass: to him she simply appeared in that spot, while his



COLORADO, the land of blue sky and perfect weather, the region of lofty mountains and picturesque valleys, where there is always vigor in the air and tonic in the breezes, where it is a joy to be alive. This is the entrancing region to which you are invited by the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
AND
Union Pacific Line

Low rates for travel, moderate charges for board, and excellent train service, Chicago to Denver, are some of the advantages offered you. A postal card will bring complete information.

E. L. LOMAX, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Neb.
F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Chicago.

"Big Four"
The
World's Fair Route
From the
Leading Cities of
Ohio, Indiana
and Illinois
To
St. Louis
Write for Folders.

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
W. P. Deppe. Ass't Gen'l P. A.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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eyes were struggling with the flash of the light.

"You frightened me so!" she sobbed, as he gently helped her to rise.

"Little sister, is this true?" he asked. "Upon my soul, I hope so."

She seemed about to evade the question, then suddenly answered, "Yes, yes; I love him." She looked down at Earle in a sort of panic, as if he might have heard. Yet, though the words that would have changed the whole world for him were uttered almost in his ear, he did not stir. Temporarily, at least, he had laid down all his burdens, even love without hope. He had sunk into such a sleep as neither Russell nor Lucille had ever seen before, and they were unable to arouse him to the slightest show of consciousness. Russell ran out for a doctor, and Lucille remained to watch this vision of death, her heart alternately caressed and tortured by emotion. Yet to the doctor, when he came at length, she showed an excellent counterfeit of calmness and common sense.

"I think your friend is going to be pretty sick," said the doctor. "At the first view of the case, this is exhaustion, but I'm afraid we'll see something else to-morrow."

"My brother has decided to take him to our home," said Lucille. "We can give him excellent care."

The doctor offered no objection, and, after Russell had hired a carriage, Earle was brought to a condition of automatic action which greatly facilitated his removal without giving him the trouble of thinking about it. The next day he developed malarial fever of the remittent type, which slowly swings from bad to worse and back again, but does not spice the life of the patient with the variety of recurring chills.

Earle's life was in no danger, but his excellent position as advertising manager of the Shine-O Company was on its last legs. It would surely die of that poster, as Russell perfectly well knew, though he did not burden any other person's mind with this knowledge. There was no use in worrying Earle about it. He was light-headed most of the time, and light-hearted always. Only at the top of his fever would he good-naturedly demand his clothes, and declare that he must get down to business; in calmer moments he would ask his friends to rejoice with him that he had been taken ill at a time so opportune, when everything was in such splendid shape, especially that poster.

On the second day, Russell went down to the studio in order to be alone with his despair. If he had been a man of ready invention, or had had any confidence in such inventive powers as he possessed, he might have boldly designed a poster to take the place of the absurdity which Earle had ordered. He dared not do it; he fell into a miserable state of indecision, as a result of which he committed the folly of sketching Earle's idea and carrying the pencil drawing across the street to the Shine-O office, to submit it to the czar. Fortunately, that exalted personage had gone out of town for a stay of two weeks, and the individual in highest authority was Guy Desmond, whose aim in life was to supplant Duncan Earle.

Russell did not show the design to Desmond. Instead, he returned to the studio, and had what he afterwards described as a hysterical fit, in the course of which he conceived an idea quite appropriate to that condition. Well aware that, if he thought of it for two minutes, his courage would fail him, he snatched up his hat and the sketch and rushed away to Mr. Desmond.

"Here is the poster that Earle ordered," said he; "of course, I'm to go ahead with it?"

Desmond slowly viewed the picture, and joy welled up from his heart, for it struck him as the very worst he had ever seen.

"I've got nothing to do with this," he said; "if you have had your orders from Mr. Earle, that settles the matter."

"I'm to see it right through," said Russell,—"lithographing, and the whole business, until it's up on the boards."

Desmond spread out his hands, palms upward.

"If that's what Mr. Earle desires, it goes," said he. "I've got no authority to countermand his orders."

Russell took the sketch and walked out of the office, his legs feeling like two pieces of string. Fortunately, he knew how many boards were to be covered, and that the arrangement for the use of them had already been made. Through Earle, he was well acquainted with the lithographer who did most of the Shine-O work, and he had taken pains to learn the tricks of the trade, so that he

American Success Abroad



Emperor Franz Josef

Wien, den 7. Feber 1903. Die grösste einzelne Bestellung die jemals gemacht wurde, ist von der Österreichischen Regierung plaziert worden.

Translation of above:

"Vienna, Feb. 7th, 1903. The greatest single order for typewriters ever given was placed by the Austrian Government."—For 1,200 Smith Premier Machines.

After three months of exhaustive competitive tests, it was ordered by the Ministry of Justice that all Courts of the Austrian Empire should be equipped exclusively with the great success,



The Smith Premier Typewriter

AMERICAN SUCCESS BOOKLET MAILED FREE ON REQUEST.

In "*The American Invasion*" of Europe, the Smith Premier is a leading and important factor.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

STEVENS

Free Catalogue of Suggestions for Your Vacation

MAKERS OF RELIABLE RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOT GUNS

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., 220 MAIN STREET CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.





"Good Luck"

Trousers $3.50.

That cheap because we own the "Catch-On" patent, have a modern equipment and make "Good Luck" Trousers on a very large scale and sell direct to wearer. Saves you $2.00 or more. Style, quality and fit as correct as your custom tailor's. If not satisfactory return them at our expense, getting your money back. You need no suspenders or buckle strap—buckle your belt as loosely as you like. There'll be no bunching caused by tight belt—the patent device within the side pockets takes it up and adjusts the waist line to any condition.

Plain Blue and Striped Serges, Outing Flannel in dark, medium and light colors. Summer styles. Send waist and inside seam measurements and $3.50. Express will be prepaid to any place in U. S. or Colonies. "Good Luck" book of samples free for the asking.

THE GOOD LUCK (Schmitz & Schroder), Dept. A, N. W. Cor. 6th and St. Charles Sts., St. Louis, Mo.



EASIEST TO RIDE, EASIEST TO MEND

G & J TIRES

FASTEST AND MOST RESILIENT OF ALL TIRES

Y and E

—Something more than a trade-mark—a symbol of work peculiarly well done

SAFE-GUARD your correspondence. No other method can provide the peculiar advantages of the genuine Shannon System of Filing. Instant location of any letter, absolute assurance that no paper can be lost, or misplaced, unlimited capacity—are among its features. Write today for complete catalogue No. "70 S."

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SMALL SECTIONS —"Y and E" CARD INDEX

containing five file-drawers for 5 x 3 cards. This new single tier section meets a genuine demand in providing a limited number of Card Index drawers fitting perfectly with our other Sectional Cabinets.

$6.75 Delivered

—charges prepaid to any point east of the Mo. River. Price: fitted with either flat or round rods, without lock, $8.00; with lock, $9.50. Write for folder "311 S."

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5 PLY 1/4 SIZE COLLARS—15c

Absolutely perfect collars. Sure cure for the 25c collar habit.

All our collars are made in ¼-inch sizes, 14, 14½, 14⅝, 14¾, 15, etc., to 18. Our anti-swear collar buttoner free.

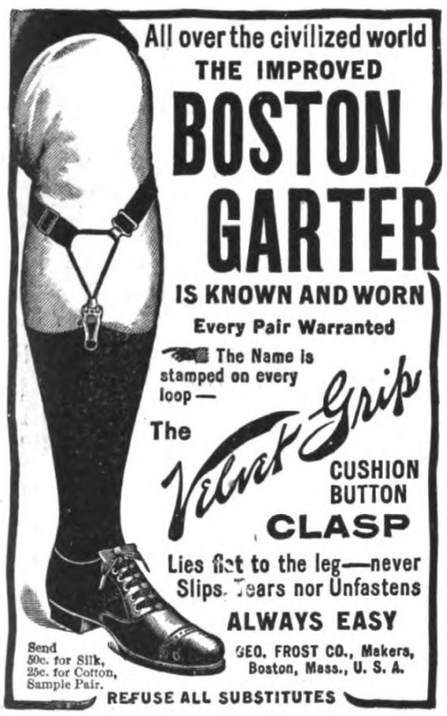
If you don't know "Tom Murray" you ought to. "He makes shirts."

We show 200 exclusive patterns of our own make of shirts—$1.50 to $2.50. Shirts different from your neighbors'. 4 cuffs to each shirt without extra charge. 200 samples for 6 cents postage.



Our handsome booklet "**Correct Wear for Men**" free. Everything in men's furnishings is reproduced in actual colors. We cater to the well-dressed gentlemen "out of town." Goods sent on approval to responsible parties. Credit accounts opened where desired.

TOM MURRAY,
126-180 Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO
We help men keep up-to-date.



All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

"A sublime spectacle"

NIAGARA FALLS

One of the natural wonders of the world. A charming place at any season of the year, reached from every direction by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

A visit to the Falls is an object lesson in geography; an exhibition of landscapes that no painter can equal, and a glimpse of the latest developments of the industrial world.

A copy of Four-Track Series No. 9, "Two Days at Niagara Falls," will be sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

INVENTIONS PATENTED AND SOLD
HIGH-GRADE SCIENTIFIC WORK.
SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET. WE KNOW HOW TO MAKE INVENTIONS PAY.
PATENT DEVELOPMENT CO.
AMERICA
150 BROADWAY, N.Y.

was thoroughly competent to see this job through.

The next day he went to work upon the poster with a will, for he was determined that his plan should not fail for lack of proper execution. He laid out a color scheme that he knew to be after Earle's own heart, bold, strong, and original,—making a poster that would "post," as the expression is.

In one of Earle's lucid intervals, Russell told him what he had said to Desmond. The sick man weakly grasped his hand and tried to wring it in the old hearty fashion.

"Out of sight!" he exclaimed. "That was a splendid idea, Langdon. Desmond might have taken it into his head to queer the whole business. But it's hardly fair to say that, when the fellow's not present to defend himself. I take it back. However, I'm mighty glad that the matter is in your hands."

Russell walked away, feeling guilty of base deception, for all this was not what it seemed.

The poster was finished in time, and put into the hands of the lithographer. Then Russell and Lucille took counsel together about the six advertising pictures, and they did bold and clever work with Hannah Jane. Earle was never able to remember those six ideas in the form in which they subsequently appeared, but he said that they were among the best that he had ever produced.

The day of the military maneuvers in Van Cortlandt Park dawned bright and clear, and vast was the throng that attended. It is on record that the show was very inspiring to a patriot's heart, and that all went well; but other matters concern us here.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Russell burst into Desmond's room in the Shine-O offices, perspiring and disheveled, his hands full of poster-sheets.

"My Aunt Maria!" he gasped. "Have you heard what they did to us up there?"

He pointed wildly toward the north.

"No," said Desmond, startled, "what did they do?"

"The crazy man who posted up our four-sheet got the thing on wrong, and all Harlem is laughing at it," responded Russell. "Look here!"

With wonderful rapidity he pinned upon the wall the four sheets forming the poster. There was Hannah Jane scouring her pan, and there was Old Jones viewing her with wonder and admiration.

"Well," said Desmond, grinning, "that's the way you made it."

"Do you know Martin O'Connell?"

"Certainly; he's the man who controls the boards."

"Local politician, is n't he?" queried Russell. "Everybody knows him. Bald, too, just like my Old Jones; that's the worst of it. People say this is a caricature of him."

"Libel suit?" said Desmond, grinning more broadly.

"Certainly not," returned Russell. "He saw the poster before it went up, and did n't notice any resemblance. Besides, I did n't know the man when I drew it."

"Description, perhaps?" said Desmond. "Or was it a photograph?"

"Never mind that," answered Russell. "O'Connell takes it as a joke. I've seen him. But I have n't told you the story yet. The point is that the man who put up our paper shifted the two bottom sheets. Look at this!"

He changed the lower segments of the poster, left and right, and there stood Hannah Jane, with a cake of Shine-O, polishing the top of old Jones's bald head!

"That's the way it stood when the crowd went up this morning," said Russell. "I saw more than a thousand people, in the field this side of the station, looking at it. I've rushed extra sheets up there, and, when the crowd comes back, about half of our boards will be right, but the rest, I'm afraid, will have to stand till to-morrow. However, I've put the right ones alongside the wrong ones, so that the people will know how it ought to go."

Desmond slowly rose from his chair, and leaned over the top of his desk.

"Who got this thing up?" he asked; "was it you or Duncan Earle?"

Russell glanced at the closed doors.

"Between ourselves," said he, "it's this way: if there's a complaint, I stand it; I take the blame; I pay the bills; but, if the czar sends a laurel wreath by express, it is for Earle. That's fair, is n't it?"

Desmond subsided into his seat.



The Clasp is Flat

and absolutely smooth—that's why the Brighton is the most comfortable garter—that's why it cannot rub the leg or catch in the clothing. The

BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garter

is the best fitting of all garters; as neat and durable as it is comfortable—very best SILK webbing—all colors. Price 25c. at dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,
718 Market St.,
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Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

"REVERSIBLE" Linene Collars & Cuffs.



Have You Tried Them?

Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service

NO LAUNDRY WORK.

When soiled, discard. **Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Send 6c. in U.S. stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. M, BOSTON.



SAFETY IN THE WATER

By wearing our Life Belt, swimmers are safe from cramps or accidents—beginners can learn with ease and safety.

It's pneumatic—Inflated by mouth in 30 seconds. Worn underneath or out side of bathing suit. Allows limbs perfect freedom. Holds body in natural position in water. If your dealer doesn't sell them, send us price, and we will mail direct. Write for free illustrated booklet containing valuable points on swimming.

Men's or Women's size, $4.00 each. Child's size, 3.50 each.

Dept. 7, MORRISON LIFE BELT CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The NATION'S BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATE IT.
Write for Booklet.
Cottrell Real Estate Co., Newport News, Va.



STARK TREES best by Test—78 Years
LARGEST Nursery.
FRUIT BOOK free. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly
STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.; Etc



An absolutely safe and convenient method of laying aside a portion of your earnings regularly, and making it earn for you.

Put your money in our Big, Strong, Savings Bank. We pay

4% INTEREST

compounded semi-annually on any amount from one dollar up. Better than Stocks and Bonds.

Our bank is one of the largest and strongest in the country.

Write for Booklet "A," "Banking by Mail."

The FEDERAL TRUST CO.,

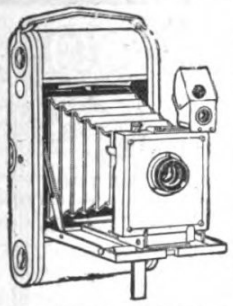
Capital, $1,500,000

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"The City of Banks."

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IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES



Having a market for old cameras, we offer big inducements to trade.

Eastman Kodaks, Century, Premo, Poco and Hawkeye Cameras are the lines we carry.

Write at once describing the camera you have and state the one you would like and see the offer we will make. **Send for Catalogue of New Cameras and Photo Supplies.**

THE FRANKLIN CO.

658-662 SUPERIOR STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO.

COLORADO

The delightful country of health-giving, light, dry air and inspiring scenery is the ideal place to spend your

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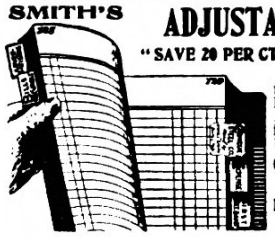
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"The wreath will come, all right," he said, gloomily; "this kind of foolishness always makes a hit with him."

"So I understand from Mr. Earle," said Russell. "And now, Mr. Desmond, why did I come here this afternoon?"

"To have fun with me, I guess," was the reply.

"To get you to go in hard," said Russell, "and push this thing for all it is worth."

Desmond drummed on the desk with his fingers for perhaps ten seconds.

"I'll do it," said he.

Shine-O had been a liberal advertiser in the newspapers, and so it happened that the story of the billposter's mistake was generously printed the next morning, and went surging westward over the land. It is said that, when the news reached Shine-O's czar, he arose and danced, though he weighed more than two hundred pounds, and was not in his first youth. Conquering his emotion, at length, he sent an extravagant telegram of congratulation to Earle, and, as the young man was much better that day, the doctor permitted him to have it and to hear the story.

Earle promptly telegraphed back that the credit for the idea and its execution belonged entirely to Russell, and he received the following laconic reply which represented a conviction that no protestations were ever able to shake:—

DUNCAN EARLE,
SHINE-O, NEW YORK.
Ha, Ha!
C. Z. R.

A few days later, Earle was out of bed, beginning to look like himself.

"Really," said he to Russell, "I must not impose upon you any longer. I have turned your home into a hospital, and you have been very kind, both you and—"

"Lucille?"

"She has been very good to me," said Earle, with tears in his eyes.

Russell took his hand.

"Then tell her that you want to go away," said he, "and tell her *just why!*"

Earle looked suddenly into his friend's eyes, and put up a hand to his forehead, drawing it back slowly over his hair, which responded with a feeble imitation of its old-time electrical waves.

"No," he said; "you can't mean that!"

Russell stepped toward the door, and stood with raised finger and head inclined, as one who listens.

"I do mean it, Duncan," he said "She is coming. Tell her now."

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W. H. TRUESDALE, president of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, was discussing the question of happiness with a friend, not long ago. Various arguments were advanced as to the best way to find contentment. "I was greatly impressed," said Mr. Truesdale, "with a little talk I recently had with the president of one of the largest banking institutions in the country.

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"These words have stayed with me ever since. There are many people in this country whose one aim in life seems to be to get money by 'hook or crook,' without working for it, and there are many others who inherit large fortunes. These persons spend their lives in dawdling in this corner and that corner of the world, trying to spend their time without doing anything in particular, and they fail utterly to find the peace and happiness of which they are in search.

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Mildred I. McNeal

THE keen winds chorused all their strident glees;
Rain, in quick varying gray smote sharp along
The ridgy tumult of the outer seas,
And, wearying, we approached our port with song.
Lovely even in tempest,—the *bonne baie*,
Of twenty fisher races, like a flower
Set in its hundred cloud heights, it lay,
A refuge utterly hidden and secure.
Among the sentrying of dark hills, as bright
As any dewy morn of June, rose one
At the bay's green misty end, whereon the light
Seemed fallen from an unseen spiritual sun,
And shone for me out of the dull drear rain,—
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The Confession of a Crœsus

[*Continued from page 344*]

I noticed that she pointedly avoided saying "Walter's wife." This confirmed my suspicion. The habit of judging everything and everybody calmly and dispassionately has made me see the members of my own family just as I see outsiders. And I could n't blame her for balking at Walter, exasperating though it was to have her thus impede my plans. "Is there anything wrong, Natalie?" I asked, gently. "Speak frankly to me,—perhaps I can smooth it out."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. It 's really delightful to see a person who can be warm-hearted, yet stop short of indiscreet and dangerous sentimentality. "But," she went on, "how can I tell *you?*"

"Is it Walter?" I asked, with a smile that invited confidence and guaranteed sympathy.

She was silent.

"Has he been disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, no!—he 's kindness itself. But—I do n't know,—I simply can't make up my mind to marry."

She did n't add "him," but she let me see that she meant it. I saw the struggle that had been going on in her mind. She did not like him, to put it mildly. She longed to give him up. Every time she thought of him, she felt that she must. Every time she thought of me and my fortune, and the position I would give my son's wife, she felt that she could n't.

"Have you talked with your mother about this?" I knew what a clear-headed, far-sighted woman Matt Bradish's wife was,—she's married off three children, all splendidly, not to speak of her catching Matt.

"If she does n't stop nagging me, she'll drive me to marry—somebody else," said Natalie, her voice trembling with anger. "I'll kick the traces, sure as fate."

"But I 'm sure you do n't care for this somebody else," I said, positively. I knew the chap,—a painter. I can't conceive why people of our sort permit youths of that kind to roam among their marriageable daughters. Even a sensible, well-trained girl, with all youth's disdain of poverty and adoration of wealth, has her foolish moments like the rest of us. "I 'm sure you do n't," I repeated.

"But at least I do n't—do n't—*dislike* him."

I was thoroughly alarmed. I saw that she was actually trying to goad me into anger against her; that she was riding for a fall; wished to force herself into a position where marriage with Walter would be made impossible. The poor child had n't the heart to refuse the prize which she lacked the stomach to take; she wished to make me snatch it from her. But the Bradish connection is far too important to my plans. I have n't had my hand on my temper-rein for forty years without being able to control my feelings,—when I wish. Besides, it was Walter that she practically said she disliked; and I can see how she might,—I certainly should n't love him if it were not my duty to do so.

"You 've got your choice, my child," said I, "of being married for your money or of marrying into as enviable a position as there is in New York. I *know* you 're too sensible to let trifles obscure your judgment."

"I simply *won't* be driven!" she retorted. "Why should I bother? I 've got a little something in my own right."

"Just enough to make you realize the possibilities of wealth," I replied,—"just enough to spur your ambition." I began to watch her face keenly. "And you sha'n't have to wait for your triumph," I said, and I made an impressive pause before I slowly added: "I 'm going to settle an annual income of a quarter of a million on you for life."

I saw her face soften. The color came and went in her delicate skin.

"I have tested you, Natalie," I went on. "I know you are the woman I want as my daughter. It will make me happy to see you outshining them all, as you will. And I 'll make you absolutely independent of Walter,—of me, even."

She was looking at me with glistening eyes. I saw that I had thrilled her through and through. Profoundly to move a human being, one must touch his or her deepest passion,—his or her particular form of vanity.

"Won't you, Natalie?" I pleaded, "won't you make me happy? Won't you let me give you what your beauty and refinement demand?"

She looked at me sweetly,—a look of surrender.

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I knew I had won. Then her eyes were twinkling, and instantly I grasped the reason. We both burst out laughing. It certainly was amusing,—a father wooing and winning for his son where all his son's efforts had made his cause only more hopeless. And throughout, what a quaint reversal of old-established, generally-accepted ideas of love and marriage! But—"Other times, other customs!" This is the twentieth century,—and New York.

I dropped Natalie at Mrs. Kirkby's and went back to my study. I rang the bell and sent the answering servant for Walter. Presently I looked up from my work,—he was standing before me, shifting his eyes from point to point, his body from leg to leg.

"You will marry on the sixteenth of April, at noon," said I. "Get yourself ready."

And I dismissed him with a wave of my hand.

It would be sheer madness for me to keep my apparent promise, made, in the heat of my earnestness, merely to save Natalie from her own folly, and therefore not really binding. To give her a quarter of a million a year absolutely and for life would be to invite disaster,—no, to compel it. She'd be in the divorce courts, ridding herself of Walter within two years.

She shall have the substance of my promise,—I shall do everything for her. But she must not have the mere letter, which would injure her, would tempt her to wreck her life and my plans and the future of her children. It was wise to promise; it would be wrong to fulfill. No, I must retain full control, must keep my steadying hand firmly upon her. And, after all, what did I pledge?

I was careful to phrase it delicately, for I'm always extremely particular in my choice and use of words at crucial moments. I was careful to say, "an annual income of a quarter of a million." All turns upon the word "an,"—if it were "the," my phrase would mean something entirely different.

I shall settle two hundred and fifty thousand on her, on the day they marry,—after the ceremony. I shall protest that a quarter of a million in all was what I meant,—and I certainly did, though I don't here deny that I may have meant for her to think I meant a quarter of a million a year. She will be—not in what you would call a pleasant state of mind. But what can she do? When she shall have calmed down, she'll probably give me the benefit of the doubt, tell herself she misunderstood me, rail at herself for her folly, and then—behave herself.

True, she's shrewd, and her parents, too. They'll try legally to commit me *before* the wedding. But surely I can circumvent them.

There's "a way out." There *always* is!

[*To be continued*]

A Boy That I Knew

Alfred J. Waterhouse

A BOY that I knew, when skies were all blue,
And fields of the morning were sparkling with dew,
With a smile on his face and a smile in his heart,
He walked from the phantom of trouble apart:
And his laughter was sweet as the lilt of a song,
For he knew not the care of the world, or its wrong;
The past and the future might bury their rue,—
The day was enough for that boy that I knew.

A youth that I knew, as he stood where the way
Leads down to the mists and the toil and the fray,
Bore a smile on his face, and kept faith in his soul,
And Hope, with her promise, "For you is the goal!"
Though others were crushed, and though others might wear
On their foreheads the emblems of doubt and despair,
He would win in the strife, standing stalwart and true,
For "Achieve" was the word of that youth that I knew.

A man that I know, worn, weary, and old,
Looks backward on years that his failure have told;
Looks backward to hope, with a promise no more,
To the faith, like a wraith from the country of yore;
To the visions that faded, the faltering feet,
The wail of the bugle that called to retreat:
And 'tis O for the morning, the sheen of its dew!
And O to go back to the boy that I knew!

"In ourselves the sunshine dwells,
From ourselves the music swells,
By ourselves our life is fed
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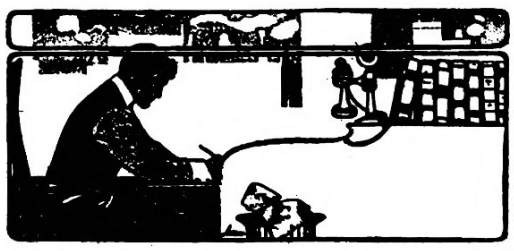
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H. IRVING HANCOCK
[Author of "Life at West Point"]

AT nine or ten o'clock in the morning, while bending over your ledger, or scanning correspondence at a countingroom desk, you may feel a sudden and painful revolt in some of the muscles of your back. Why? Simply because the position you have taken has unduly tired the muscles that complain.

The remedy is simple. A very little physical exercise, if promptly taken, will relieve the strain. Leave the room, if necessary, and go into another one where exercise can be taken. Stand with the heels together and the feet at an angle of forty-five degrees. Place the hands lightly on the hips. Retaining this position, and without bending the knees, bend forward as far as possible, doing this work very slowly. Having accomplished this, bend back as far as possible, still with the hands on the hips. Repeat the forward and backward bending four or five times, with the utmost moderation, and relief will be almost immediate.

It will be found that most "cricks" in the back result from standing in a stoop-shouldered position. This can be corrected by standing with hands opposite the hips and about fifteen inches out. Swing the arms briskly so that they cross in front, passing upward and over back of the head, then allowing the hands to fall to the side. Four or five repetitions of this exercise should be enough.

When the eyes become tired or blurred, the best relief will be found in changing the focus of vision. Look away from the work immediately in hand. Gaze at the calendar on the wall a few feet away. Then look further down the countingroom at some more remote object. If the position is satisfactory, take another look, into the street. If there is a window handy, look out through it as far as possible; then resume the work that has tried the eyesight. This method has been found most efficacious in giving relief in ordinary cases of eye strain. It originated in a German university where the peculiarity of type resulted in frequent defects of vision.

Move Your Elbows Forward and Backward

If there is a pain in your neck from bending over books, letters, or other work, place your hands at the back of your neck, palms against the flesh, and fingers touching at the tips. Bend the head forward as far as possible, and then backward to the greatest extent, holding the finger-tips firmly pressed against the back of the neck. When this movement has been repeated four or five times, use the finger-tips to massage the tired muscles. When there is pain between the shoulder blades, caused by bending over work, place the hands over the lungs, sit upright and hold the elbows out. In this position move the elbows as far forward and backward as possible. At the same time, when convenient throughout the day, practice the exercise previously recommended for remedying the stooping position.

If fatigue or pain appear in the small of the back, place the hands on the hips, with elbows out. Bring first one elbow and then the other to the front, accomplishing a brisk twisting movement of the trunk. A minute of this exercise will put the blood in better circulation and will relax the tired, cramped muscles. Similar results can be secured by holding the arms out horizontally at the sides and going through the same twisting manœuvers. If there is any preference, it is rather to be given to the former of these two exercises. Outside of their use in the office, it is an excellent idea to devote a minute or two to them in the morning and during the evening exercises at home. In addition to strengthening all the muscles in the lower back, this work will tend to reduce a too thick waist-line.

Writer's Cramp Can Be Made to Disappear

Writer's cramp comes occasionally to most men who use pen or pencil all day. At the first symptom of this annoying malady hold the arms horizontally forward, fists clenched and the palms either up or down, at pleasure. Open the fist rapidly, straining the fingers as far back as they will go. Close the fist rapidly, then open once more, as before. Keep this exercise up with great rapidity for at least sixty seconds. After a minute or two a day, for a few days, all tendency to writer's cramp should disappear. Another strengthening preventive of the cramp is found in holding the arms horizontally forward with thumbs and fingers extended. Twist the wrists as far as they will go from side to side. When this has been accomplished, and a brief rest taken, place the hands together in front of the chest, thumb-tips and the tips of the corresponding fingers touching. Press the palms closely together, briskly and firmly, next allowing the palms to go as far apart as possible without breaking the thumb and finger touch. Continue this for from thirty to sixty seconds.

Another part of the body that suffers a great deal from confining desk work is the neck. Aching in this portion can be cured, and in time prevented, by some very simple exercises. Stand erect, with the hands at the side. Turn the head until the chin is directly over one of the shoulders. Then turn the head until the chin points over the other shoulder. Repeat this several times over each shoulder. At another time stand in the same position, but bend the head forward as far as it will go without bending the trunk. Return to an erect position, and bend the head as far back as it will go without disturbing the perpendicularity of the trunk. This work should be done gradually, and with full play of the muscles. At another time vary the exercise by bending the head over to one side and then to the other, repeating as long as seems advisable and time will permit. It is difficult to perform this exercise without bending the trunk, but practice at home before a mirror will soon make one perfect in the feat.

Walking Is One of the most Beneficial Exercises

If possible, the foregoing exercises should be practiced at rather frequent intervals during the day. All of them are curative; where pain or strain or great fatigue is not felt the proper exercise will have a preventive effect for the future. A man in business who intends to remain healthy should employ all of these countingroom exercises occasionally throughout the day. He should, in addition, walk to and from the office, or, if the distance is too great, should walk as great a part of the way as is practicable. While walking is not an all-sufficient exercise, it is one of the best known. Twenty minutes deducted from sleep in the morning and expended in walking to business afford one of the best-paying investments for a man of business.

Not all of the exercises here advised can be taken in the countingroom, as some of them would attract too much attention from visitors. But most business offices are provided with rear offices or retiring rooms where such physical work can be very easily carried on. Not more than a few minutes a day are required for the work that would save ninety per cent. of our business workers from ultimate breakdowns. No reasonable employer will object to the time consumed in such training when he realizes how much fresher, more zealous and more industrious his young employee is. The man at the head of a great business who observes how much the health, endurance, and brightness of his young men is improved by five, ten, or fifteen minutes' countingroom exercise a day will soon come to the point of occasionally locking the door of his private office and trying a little office physical culture for himself.

My Salary and What I Did with It

AUGUST SJOQUIST
Dwight, North Dakota

[*Winner of the first prize in the* SUCCESS *Contest*]

AT the age of eleven years, I was employed by a farmer, who paid me one dollar a week. This was the first money that I had ever earned. My father died shortly before the Christmas of that year, and then the only prospect for support of my mother and three little sisters was the poor-farm. I was determined that they should never go there, and with this in mind I worked, and worked with a will and a determination to support them. I knew that, to be able to do this, it was necessary for me to take care of my health, and I did. A more careful boy than I was at that time it would have been difficult to find.

Allow me to tell you that, one year from that Christmas, we were all living comfortably, and to my baby sister, who was then nearly two years old, I gave a little rattle that cost three cents. My older sisters received ten cents' worth of pencils and paper, and to my mother I gave a pair of much-needed shoes, while I presented myself with a pair of overalls. Then I had left eleven dollars and thirty-seven cents. I bought a heifer for ten dollars, and with the balance, twelve chickens. Thus was my first year's salary gone, and all I could show for it was twelve chickens and one cow, but, best of all, our little family was well provided for.

The next year, I was reemployed by Mr. Thompson, with my salary increased to one dollar and seventy-five cents a week. I 'll admit that Mr. Thompson was very kind to me, allowing me to spend every Sunday with my folks, and during the evenings teaching me the common-school branches and bookkeeping. I 'll assure you, that, when the next Christmas arrived, I felt like a great man. My sisters received nicer playthings; to my mother I gave a dress, and, when we were all provided for the festive day, I had thirty-three dollars in hard cash left, one cow and about one hundred chickens. If you had seen me then, as I stood in my four-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent suit, you would have thought me a man possessing one-half of that township!

I had noticed the boys of my age used tobacco and always tantalized me for not being man enough to take a chew with them. I always would show, when thus vexed, a stiff upper lip, brace my backbone, and say one decisive "No," which soon settled the difficulty. Those boys boasted of using at least five dollars' worth of tobacco a year. When I heard this, I decided to put away five dollars a year, which I deposited in our county savings bank. Out of the twenty-eight dollars I had left, I bought three calves at eight dollars apiece, and gave my mother the balance.

I was employed by Mr. Thompson, again, he agreeing to pay me one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the next year. I worked for him six years, every year at an increased salary.

At my twentieth birthday, I owned a small farm and a herd of fine cattle. My mother and sisters took care of the farm, and I drew a yearly salary of eight hundred dollars as a bookkeeper in the bank where I deposited my tobacco money. My mother and sisters were as contented as I could make them.

I discovered other fields where I could spend my money to great advantage, and organized a long-needed library in our town, pledging myself to give one hundred dollars a year for the maintenance of the same. In connection with this, I organized an evening school, where those whose circumstances had not permitted them to gain any knowledge, could imbibe learning during evenings.

I am now twenty-five years old, and do not draw any more salary, but I am the sole proprietor of a well-paying manufacturing establishment and own six hundred and forty acres of land. I still pay one hundred dollars a year to the library and am willing to increase it if more is needed. I continue to deposit my five dollars a year tobacco money, which I have decided shall be the foundation of an anti-tobacco institute to be organized in our town.

We wear out our teeth in the hard drudgery of the outset, and at length when we do get bread we complain that the crust is hard.—WALTER SCOTT.

I would exchange a hundred years of immortality for a good digestion.—VOLTAIRE.

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Finishing Touches in Dress

MARION BELL



An embroidered stole cape

DISTINCTLY feminine and attractive are the new fads and fancies in the fashion world. Even sober and conservative tastes are tempted by them, and their greatest charm lies in that they may be readily reproduced by a girl who is ingenious, for, of course, only those whose dress allowance is unlimited will be able to procure the original models. But the girl of to-day—the business girl as well as the society girl,—rises above such emergencies, and she is always ready and able to secure excellent results by her own clever efforts.

A great deal depends upon the finishing touches of a toilet. A dress that seems hopelessly plain and impossible may be so beautified by the addition of some dainty accessory as to make it even charming. A pretty collar, belt, etc., will cause a transformation, and the time required for fashioning these trifles is sufficiently brief for even the busiest girls to make them. A bit of lace will work wonders in these days, and if one can count among one's accomplishments the art of embroidery, the problem is solved, for everything this season bears embroidery in some form or another. Fabulous prices are asked in the shops for gowns, waists, accessories, etc., that are distinguished by this form of decoration,—and which may be copied at home at a very small expenditure.



A linen shirt-waist suit

Quite the newest idea in a dressy accessory is the stole cape made of linen and elaborately embroidered. It is here fashioned of the same material as that of the dress with which it is worn, but, if a bit of contrast be desired, it could be easily achieved in the embroidery.

A perfectly plain dress of white or colored linen will be given a decidedly elaborate touch by this pretty cape, the ends of which may fall almost to the bottom of the dress, in front. A white cape embroidered in white, with perhaps a bit of delft blue, pale green, or rose pink introduced, could be appropriately worn with a white linen dress. So easily can this cape be removed as to almost instantly affect an entirely different costume,—an item of greatest importance to a busy woman. All-over lace and embroidered batiste are also admirably adapted to this novelty cape.



A negligee toilet

A happy suggestion for the use of all-over lace is the quaint pinafore which is shaped like a child's apron, cut low in the neck and fastened in the back with tiny Dresden or jeweled buttons. It



Dainty foot-gear

fall's just below the bust, and the sleeves are cut off straight above the elbow. Worn over a soft, filmy gown, having full sleeves, this dainty conceit would indeed be charming.

A freshly laundered linen dress is not only a delight to beholders, but to its wearer as well. It is an ideal summer dress for either the city or the country, and it may be made with almost tailored simplicity or with any amount of trimming. A wise girl will choose a simple mode, and add to her possessions a variety of accessories by the use of which her dress may be transformed to answer for a number of occasions. A tucked or plaited linen dress made with a blouse, and the skirt of comfortable walking length, will form a most useful acquisition to a summer outfit, whether it be of white or colored material.

Of more importance even than her gowns are a girl's dainty negligées, which, to be perfect, should express a certain individuality, together with artistic grace and comfort in their flowing lines. There are materials innumerable from which they may be made, while pretty ribbons and laces will add to their beauty. The soft India and China silks, in both white and delicate colors, are particularly well liked for this purpose, while sheer mulls, Swisses, lawns, and dimities are even more attractive. A pretty and comfortable negilgee toilet may consist of a petticoat-skirt made long, of lawn or dimity, or even of silk with lace and ribbon trimming, and a loose or semi-fitted jacket fashioned of the same material.

The girl who aims for novelty will rejoice in the present reign of fancy stockings, and, if she be able to do the embroidery (a distinctive feature of the smartest styles,) herself, so much the better, for she can easily possess a variety of really stunning effects. So thin and soft are some of these hose as to scarcely seem sufficiently strong to hold the embroidery, which is usually done over the instep in self or contrasting colors. In some of the most attractive models lace is cleverly inserted. Of course, fancy hose are to be worn only with slippers and low shoes, and these must be selected to be in keeping with the dainty affairs, else the effect is utterly destroyed.

One of the latest discoveries is a petticoat-skirt with a buttoned-on flounce. So practical is this suggestion as to insure its popularity, and especially with the girl who loves pretty things yet cannot always gratify her desires because of the extravagant amount of goods required to make them. This idea will prove invaluable to her, for she can have a silk or much-befrilled lawn petticoat at will by having several flounces made of the different materials, and all ready to button on, the same upper part answering for all, and so neatly are the buttons concealed as to make it appear that the flounce is stationary. In these days of skirts that are full around the bottom, the flounce on the petticoat will be made very full, and may be as elaborately trimmed as individual taste desires. Dainty wash ribbons in white and delicate colors are wonderfully pretty for adding an ornamental touch to undergarments, and to thin summer dresses as well. They are run through lace or embroidered nainsook beading, and tied in bewitching little bows and knots here and there over the creation.

Every girl knows how much depends upon her shirt-waist accessories, her collar, belt, etc., and how extensive the variety must be if she would always present a stylish appearance. A bit of linen, lawn, or lace may be fashioned into these finishing touches with such deftness by a clever needlewoman as to rival those in the shops that are extravagant in price. Embroidery and fancy stitches play the same important part in these as in everything else pertaining to feminine attire. Nearly all of the new models are practicable for wash stocks, the straight-around band and tab or stole ends in front being their feature of distinction. Many turn-over collars show a decoration of grapes or other fruit, which is still much in vogue.



A buttoned-on flounce



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THE WHIP HAND

SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Continued from page 355*]

and for five years he had failed. He liked young Crossman, the head clerk in the office; but Crossman, though welcome enough at the house as Mamie Higginson's regular caller, hardly showed administrative qualities,—his limitations were marked. And so the search had gone on; he had tried them, young men and middle-aged men, and had found that all of them wanted money, and none of them wanted work. What he had to offer was work, and little else,—hard work, work for head and hands, much thinking of the business, little thinking of self, the spirit that would live for the business, that would take its pride in the quality of the Higginson work, that would strive, as he had striven, to make the name "Higginson" a synonym for honest work, done on time, and a little better than the contract demanded. Where could he find a man like this?

Then, after five years, through a shipwreck of all occurrences, he had found him. He knew him at once, as he had thought he should. Looking down, from the heights of character and accomplishment, on a world of little persons, foolish persons, earnest, weak persons, dishonest persons, pompous, empty persons,—all the sorts that go to make up a man's world, and nearly all that he is likely to see, unfortunately, from the heights,—looking out, and down, and all about, he had seen a young man's head and shoulders climbing above the rabble. The young man had not yet climbed very high; but he was climbing, and that was enough. So Mr. Higginson had come to think more lightly of the rheumatism, the failing eyes, and the many other signs of age that had been brought sharply to his notice by that shock and exposure on the west coast.

At the time represented by this chapter, Mr. Higginson and Halloran were seated in the office,—Halloran before his desk, Mr. Higginson beside it,—looking at a typewritten letter or statement. Twenty-four hours earlier, William H. Babcock, of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company, had taken a train for Chicago, leaving this document behind him, and now the time had come to answer it.

This was the culmination of a long series of letters and interviews. The beginning had been when this same Mr. Babcock had endeavored to buy the Wauchung Mills, in the interest of Mr. Bigelow. It seemed that Mr. Bigelow was about to enter the lumber business. His genius for combination, and for exploitation, was to be given a new direction. Kentucky Coal, New Freighters, Northwest Chicago,—all his varied interests were prospering, thanks to the name of Bigelow, and now the lumber business was to be vitalized and vivified by the magic touch. Just how it was to be done, or what was to be done, was not known; that secret was close-locked within the Bigelow brain. Each newspaper published its own version, to be believed or disbelieved at the discretion of the reader. All Mr. Higginson knew was that the Bigelow firm could never buy [illegible] out, and that he had not spent his years in bu[illegible]g up a business for Mr. Bigelow. The business was his life, and he meant to keep it for himself and his family and his legitimate successors. So the first refusal had been a simple matter,—a plain, emphatic "No" had sufficed.

Then for a time there had been silence, until, one day, Halloran learned that the Pewaukoe Lumber Company, twenty-odd miles up the shore, had succumbed to the blandishments of the low-voiced Mr. Babcock, and had sold mills, standing lumber, and all. It had not been a prosperous company, because of the shiftless management of the children of the original owner; but there was no reason why it should not do well in good hands. There was no question now that, whatever he meant to do next, Mr. Bigelow had a footing in the lumber trade. Halloran had been watching him closely.

The document on the desk was a statement of the "understanding" or secret agreement that was henceforth to be law among the lumber producers of Lake Michigan. It had been presented and accompanied with much confidential talk from Mr. Babcock,—all tending to show that the lumbermen, with the sole exception of Mr. Higginson, were already united to forward this agreement, that the business would be organized as never before, that great economies would be brought about in the carrying side of the business, that the strain of competition would be avoided,



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that prices would be maintained at a somewhat higher figure, (a main point, this,) under penalty of fines, and that—and much more low talking and friendly disinterested confidences followed. "Our interests are identical," quoth Mr. Babcock, "and there is room for us all." Efficiency was the keyword,—efficiency, productiveness, economy, identity of interest, good prices,—thus said Mr. Babcock. Lastly there had been friendly, almost deferential intimations that G. Hyde Bigelow and Company held the key to the situation, that the combination was already a fact, and that a firm that might decide to stay out must take the consequences.

Simplified, the whole matter came to this: Within the combination there would be prosperity in plenty, but always subject to the guiding judgment of G. Hyde Bigelow, hence there would also be a certain loss of identity and of control to self-respecting heads of companies; without the combination there would be a fight to the death, a fight against the combined momentum and power of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company and the "lumber trust." Just how great was this momentum no one exactly knew, but Bigelow was a magic name,—there was no doubt of it.

"You have gone over it, have you, Mr. Halloran?" said Mr. Higginson.

His voice was disturbed, and his expression showed worry and trouble. For a year he had been changing,—very slightly, but none the less perceptibly to one as close to him, day after day, as Halloran was. Until he had assured himself that his assistant was able to take up the burden, he had kept up; but after that moment he had seemed, in a measure, to let go. On routine matters he was as strong as ever, but his mind refused to work automatically through new and difficult problems; there were sometimes gaps in his reasoning that he found it difficult to bridge over, and this worried him. So it had come about that a tacit agreement existed between the older man and the younger that, in questions where vigor was needed, of mind or body, the younger man should take the lead; and Mr. Higginson mildly deceived himself by giving more attention than formerly to routine matters and trivial details. It was Halloran, therefore, who had spent the greater part of a night thinking out the question, whether to yield or to fight; and it was Mr. Higginson, naturally enough, who had put the question:—

"You have gone over it, have you, Mr. Halloran?"

"Yes. The Bigelow part of it is what I like least. I am not sure that he is just the man you would want to stand responsible for this business, and, therefore, he is not the man to take charge of all the companies together,—and that is pretty nearly what this paper means."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, he is n't solid. He has been lucky, and just now he is on top of the wave. But his interests and investments are spread out so wide that a run of bad luck might upset him. I do n't know that it would, but it might. And then,—I have seen a little of him."

"You know him personally?"

"Yes, I cut his grass for two summers in Evanston, and did odd jobs for him."

Mr. Higginson pondered, and Halloran added: "On the other hand, his resources are large, and, if we decide to stand out, it may mean a long, hard fight. It might be harder than we think. But I believe Bigelow is about half hollow. He is a speculator: his investments are nearly all speculations, of one kind or another."

Mr. Higginson was still thinking hard, forcing his mind to take up one phase of the question after another, and the worried expression, so frequently on his face nowadays, was very noticeable. Finally he said:—

"Then you are in favor of declining to join the combination?"

This was the direct question that Halloran had partly foreseen. He hesitated, marking at random with a pencil while his thoughts came fast. At this moment he saw, more clearly than he had seen at any time during the night, what a refusal would mean. Wealthy as Mr. Higginson was, his wealth lay in the lumber lands, the logging railroad, the mills and the steamers, and Wauchung property; to a certain extent the whole town of Wauchung had grown up around Mr. Higginson, and was directly or indirectly dependent upon him, and all these interests, hanging, as they did, on the lumber business, must suffer when this business was attacked. But he caught himself,—if he ran on into this way of thinking, he would be lost.

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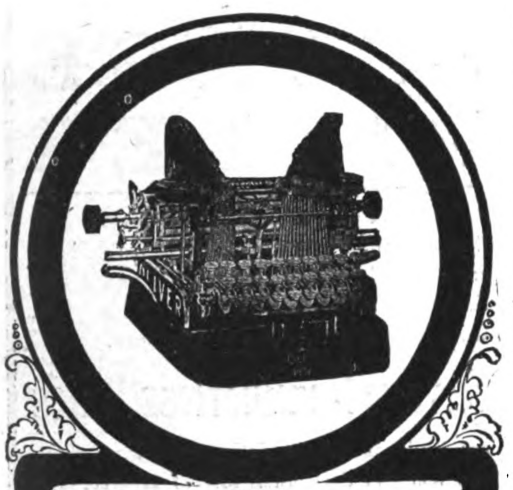
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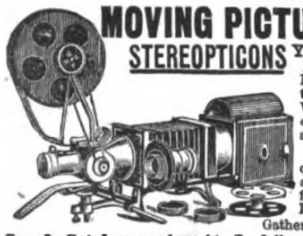
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"Yes," he replied, "I think we would better decline."

Mr. Higginson rose.

"I will leave the letter to you," he said, and then he went out, with a face that seemed to express downright dread. Honest old gentleman, he had thought to take a rest; but, instead, he found himself facing one of the hardest fights of his career.

Halloran took up his pen and made the attitude of Higginson and Company plain in three lines.

II.
Under Way

IN the parlor of the Higginson home, one evening shortly after the incident of the last chapter, sat Mrs. Higginson and her daughter with expressions hardly significant of an intense joy in life. In the library, talking earnestly behind closed doors, were Mr. Higginson and Halloran.

"Well, Mr. Halloran, what is it?" had begun the head of the firm.

"The fight is on. I got the first word of it to-day."

Mr. Higginson bowed slightly and waited.

"Bigelow has cut prices to figures below cost."

It took a moment for the older man to grasp the meaning of this.

"Below cost?" he repeated.

"Yes, it is going to be a question of endurance."

"But we have some large orders on hand. They will keep us busy for a while. How does the Carroll and Condit lumber stand?"

"It is about half cut out."

"You can go ahead with it, then, for this week. After that the Michigan City contract will keep us busy for a while."

"The Carroll and Condit business is what brought me here to-night. Here is a letter from them." Halloran laid it on the table. "They offer us a chance to meet the new price before they place their order elsewhere."

Gradually the meaning of Halloran's words had been sinking into Mr. Higginson's mind; the relations of cause and effect had been clearing before him. He looked the letter over silently,—twice,—three times.

"I—I can hardly believe this." He saw that this was useless talk, and stopped. It had been an oral order from Carroll, a man whom he had reason to regard as the soul of honor; the price had been stated and agreed to, precisely as for twenty years back; everything had been satisfactory. Good Mr. Higginson had been the victim of a delusion. After half a century of struggle he had allowed himself to believe that the fight was about over, that his personal achievement meant something, and that he could stand securely on the heights; he had forgotten that "Business is business," that "Time is money," and that "Money talks;" he had forgotten that the glorious old world was spinning along, as heedless as ever, after the ever-receding glitter, and that there could be no stopping until the last great stop should be reached.

"From what I can gather," said Halloran, "they mean to fight us all along the line. The Michigan City contract I think is good. We have it in black and white, and we can make the delivery in our own steamers; but we should have to use the railroads for those little orders, and I'm afraid we can't do it." He disliked hammering one trouble after another into the old gentleman's aching head, but it had to be done. "I am quite sure that Bigelow has influence with the railroads, and of course he will use it."

Mr. Higginson was thinking,—thinking.

"How much"—he was still thinking, desperately raking his facts together and facing what seemed like chaos,—"How much is this going to cost us, Mr. Halloran?"

Halloran shook his head.

"It is too early to tell. He must show his hand before we can play our game. He is beginning now, and, before he gets through, we'll smash him. We'll make him feel like a whipped coach dog every time he passes a lumber pile." Halloran was getting so excited that he had to get up and pace the carpet. "I know the man; I know his meanness and his vanity. I've worked for him, and I've seen him off his guard, and I know his insolence. Before we get through with him he'll wish he'd gone into a bucket shop, where he belongs, and stayed there, the old bloated frog of a tin-horn gambler! Let him wreck his Kentucky Coal and his New Freighters all he pleases, but he'll get a stomachful if he tries to wreck the lumber business."

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He stopped short and looked around at the dark, olive-tinted walls, at the stately rows of books, in their morocco and calf, and yellow and red and gold; looked at the rich carpet, and the restful chairs, and at the soft light of the polished student lamp; looked last at Mr. Higginson,—and felt a cold sweat breaking out all over his body. What had he said?

Somewhere in Halloran's make-up, deep-hidden beneath the laborious years of work and study, lay a well, a spouting, roaring geyser, of irritability. It had come into the world with him, it had been richly fed during his rough, knockabout boyhood; and now, in spite of the weights he had put on it, a year or two of Michigan lumbering had been enough to prime it.

Mr. Higginson was still thinking,—thinking. The facts were before him now; at length he had penetrated to them and brought them together. Brave man that he was, he was facing them,—meeting them squarely, without flinching. Quietly he sat, one elbow on the green-topped table, his hand shading his eyes, and the lamplight falling gently on his head. He was facing the question of himself, of his ability to conduct his own business; and another question, granting that he was unable, whether or not he could, in his best judgment, place everything he had in the world—his business, his family, himself,—in the hands of this man and bid him Godspeed in his work. So he sat thinking,—thinking; and Halloran, a little abashed, but angry still, dropped into a chair and waited. At length the old gentleman spoke,—in a low, changed voice.

"Mr. Halloran, I have not been well lately, and I think it best—to tell you that,—for the present,—the business is in your hands. I will stay here, and advise with you, but—I do not wish you to feel hampered by my presence in carrying on this fight. I am laying a heavy responsibility on you,—but I think—I trust,—you will be equal to it."

Mr. Higginson's part of the fight was over, and he had won.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Higginson was playing "clock" at the center table. She was a wiry little woman, capable of great exertion, and showing remarkable endurance when set on some purpose, such as a shopping trip to Chicago; but suffering, at other times, from languor and low spirits, and in constant need of medical attendance.

She had never been able to understand why "Mr. H." should insist on burying himself in the lumber business, when he was rich enough to sell out and take her and her daughter forth from the slumberous quiet of Wauchung into the stir of the world. Such stupidity, such meanness of ideals (to pass over the injustice to herself,—*she* was nothing; *she* did n't count;) was out of her ken. In the second place, her heart had been set for three seasons on a trip to Hot Springs; and, even if Mr. Higginson's plainness of character were to hold his interest in the business in spite of her known desires, he certainly owed it to her to give her an outing for a few months. She had borne a great deal for him,—but never mind! Dr. Brown would sympathize whith her, anyway,—would bring her medicine every day if she were but so much as to drop a hint.

Mamie had been trying to read a novel; but, being herself the meek center of an interesting little drama, she found it difficult to focus her attention.

"Ma," she said, after a time, "do n't you think pa looks a little run down?" This was a euphemism; there was no question that Mr. Higginson was looking very bad, indeed.

"A little, perhaps," replied her mother. At that moment the three-o'clock pile being prematurely completed, she gave up "clock" in disgust, and shuffled her cards for the "thirteen" game.

Presently she said, "My head has ached severely all day."

This was not encouraging. Mamie took up her book again, but not for long.

"Do you suppose he is worrying about the business, ma? He and Mr. Halloran are working almost every night now."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Higginson replied. "It would have been better for him if he had taken my advice, five years ago, and retired. Your father has no time to think of us, my dear."

Mamie felt some injustice in this, and would have dropped the subject had not her mother, aroused, continued:—

"He says himself that Mr. Halloran has shown himself able to run the business, and yet he will not go away even for a week. I think, if we could

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only get him off for a short time, he would want to stay, when once he had made up his mind to it." At this moment the library door opened, and the two men could be heard in the hall. Mrs. Higginson's face brightened. "Play something for me, my dear," she said.

"Oh, no, ma. They are just coming in here."

"Who?—Are they? Play the march Mr. Halloran likes so much."

Mamie went obediently to the piano and was crashing out the opening chords when the two men reached the parlor door. Mrs. Higginson rose and extended her hand with a bright smile. Mamie showed signs of stopping, but Halloran nodded to her to go on, and dropped into a chair.

Mrs. Higginson came over and sat down by him, leaving her cards in disorder on the table.

"I had just asked Mamie to play for me before you came in," she said, pitching her voice somewhat above the noise of the march. "I always like to hear her play when I have one of my headaches. It seems to make me forget myself for a little while, and I really think she plays very well."

Yes, Halloran thought so, too.

"I am not one of your cultivated musicians, but I know what I like; and that is all anybody can know, I guess, only most people are n't honest enough to say so. I have had a severe headache all day. It was in the back of my head, just where I had one last Thursday; and, if I had n't happened to have some of the pills left over that Dr. Brown brought me for the last time, I do n't know what I should have done. One does hate so to give up. I have always said to my husband, 'No, Mr. H., I will *not* give up; I will *not* go to bed and acknowledge myself an invalid.' Thank goodness, I have pride enough left for that!" Here the doorbell claimed her attention for a moment. "Well, here is Harry Crossman. He is such a good boy, and we are all so fond of him. And then, for a long time,"—very confidentially, this,—"he was really almost the only company there was for Mamie, and we were glad to have him drop around, on her account. The people in Wauchung are so—so,—well, I'm sure you understand. It was pleasant for the dear girl. I do n't suppose he is ever going to astonish the world, but we are always glad to see him. Good evening, Harry."

At these greetings the newcomer took a chair, and disposed himself just in time to hear Mrs. Higginson, keyed up to extra exertions by the music and the company, bring all her artillery to bear on unoffending Mr. Higginson.

"Now, Mr. Halloran, I'm just going to appeal to you to say if Mr. Higginson is n't working too hard. Do n't you think it is time he took a little vacation?"

She stopped short, for the long-suffering Mr. Higginson had turned on her with downright impatience.

"Do n't let me hear any more of that talk," he said, sharply; then, realizing before the last word was out of his mouth how sharply he had spoken, he abruptly excused himself and left the room.

He left silence behind him, and some little consternation; and Halloran, seeing on Mrs. Higginson's face the signs of a storm, excused himself too, leaving Crossman to weather it as best he might.

[*To be continued in the July* SUCCESS]

Prejudice against Weakness

THERE is such an inherent love for wholeness, such a longing for perfection, in man, that we instinctively shrink from and have a prejudice against deficiency, incompleteness, or half-development. We are so constituted that we admire strength, or robustness, and, while we may pity weakness, we can never admire it.

Health is the everlasting fact, the truth of being which is implanted in our ideal, and any departure from this normal, standard ideal may excite sympathy, pity, or regret, but never admiration.

A great German physician used to say that there is something in man which is never sick, never out of harmony, never abnormal, and never dies. We have a conviction that, as we were made in the image of our Creator, absolute perfection is possible to us, and that any departure from this is a weakness, a sin, or perhaps a crime. There is nothing else so inspiring as the contemplation of absolute perfection.

Strength and vigor give confidence. They are proofs of ability to achieve, to accomplish, to do things. We admire evidence of reserve power, which makes one equal to any emergency. We are so made up that we cannot help respecting force, power, energy, completeness, wholeness, and symmetry.

We admire people who do great things easily, while we have but a poor opinion of the weaker person who does the same thing with a great outlay of strength and energy.

There is practically no power whatever in a shifting, vacillating life.

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ESTHER J. RUSKAY

THE vast assemblage gathered within the chapel auditorium of the college sits fanning itself, apparently listening, apparently interested. On the platform, the center of a semicircle of tutors, professors, deans, right reverends and high honorables, stands a slim youth with stern face and abstracted gaze. His is the masterly oration that has won for him the prize in oratory; his the forensic ability now holding forth upon "The Influence of Civil and Religious Liberty upon the Development of the Human Race." Mark this last burst of peroration, "Far-reaching as the stars that send their shimmering splendor into endless space, cheering with heaven's uplifted harmonies the universe that moves proudly majestic across the eons of time into eternity, must ever be the influence of civil and religious liberty upon man, God's greatest, noblest achievement in the wondrous scheme of creation."

The Joy of Commencement Cannot Be Forgotten

It is a little vague and misty, perhaps, but given with a sublime assurance and faith in his opinions that carries the good-natured crowd by storm. How the audience applauds with its gloved hands and roars its acclamation after the retiring youth! Was ever monarch so assured of future dominion as is this young laurel-crowned victor, whose heart, attuned to the best and noblest enthusiasm of life, will never again beat as it does to-night? Somewhere down among the audience—probably close to the platform, that no syllable of the beloved voice may be lost,—sit the mother and father, their dull faces transfigured and glowing with the thought that not in vain have been the struggle with poverty, the hard, bitter drudgery and patient endurance, the untold sorrow and burden of their lives. Now they line up,—the honor men, the prize-winners, the honorably mentioned,—even the hundred and fifty others whose guerdons must be sought for later in the broad battlefield, where men contend for honors that are not so easy. All receive their diplomas, bow, and file past the learned professors, down the steps of the platform, to be lost and merged forever in the crowd. All around them are the fragrance of flowers, the flutter of fans, friends who are bowing, beckoning and nodding across the dividing space, and smiles and whispered congratulations from special fair ones. Oh, red-letter night! Oh, joy and triumph supreme! How fair and full is the world to-night to this youthful embodiment of life, of strength, and hope! To the onlooker what a splendid field for both speculation and introspection do these college pageants afford!

The Prose of Existence Must Banish Its Poetry

Ease and comfort are ours to-day; worldly success, the adulation and approbation of friends, blessings which, when we were young, we dreamed were the acme of human happiness and ambition. Why, then, this dull ache at the heartstrings, this sense of having fallen short of an ideal existence planned in the recesses of our souls in those early ideal days? Is it that, gazing into the gap of time between then and now, we can see how the nobler aims of life have somehow slipped from our grasp, bringing in their train failure to fathom the secret of suffering, inability to allay for one instant the thirst, the pain, and the fever of the world? The rougher places in life that we were to smooth down for another generation to tread in safety have received none of our care; the blow for right that we were to strike here, the wrong that was to be discouraged and discountenanced there, all remain as we found them, and still each lives on, furrowed, perhaps, as to visage, thoughtful, maybe, as to brow, but still merely one of the commonplace millions, only one of the many toilers and grubbers of earth. The prose of human existence has banished the poetry, changing dreams and illusions into prosaic utterances and dry facts, and pinning us down with inexorable grasp to the realities of life, the hand-to-hand struggle for mere subsistance, until, looking back and comparing the matter-of-fact and hardened ego of to-day with that soulful eager youth of long ago, we are inclined to lament with the little old woman of nursery rhyme fame: "Alas! alas! this is none of me."

The Aspirations of Youth Thrill the World's Heart

Are they lost, then, all the rhetorical effort, the persuasive metaphor, and the sweeping incisive conclusion? Is this the end of all the young enthusiasm that has lightened the hardship of student life, pointing him onward with hope to the world's arena,—just a settling down to practical affairs, a shrinking of the soul values until worldliness in all its bareness and selfishness is reached? The diploma that once meant so much, since it represented the personality of the recipient, counting for naught in all the subsequent problems of life, lost, perhaps, in the accumulation and litter of things more vital to the duty of the hour? Not so. Not a thought that has ever animated the human breast for the good of its fellow men is lost.

Not an aspiration of youth, uplifting and ennobling as are ever the dreams and aspirations of youth, but has sent its thrill into the great human heart of the world, to gain and achieve something for man's blessing and progress. Time may change the external appearance, but it does not touch the wellspring of truth and eternal justice that flows deep down in the souls of men.



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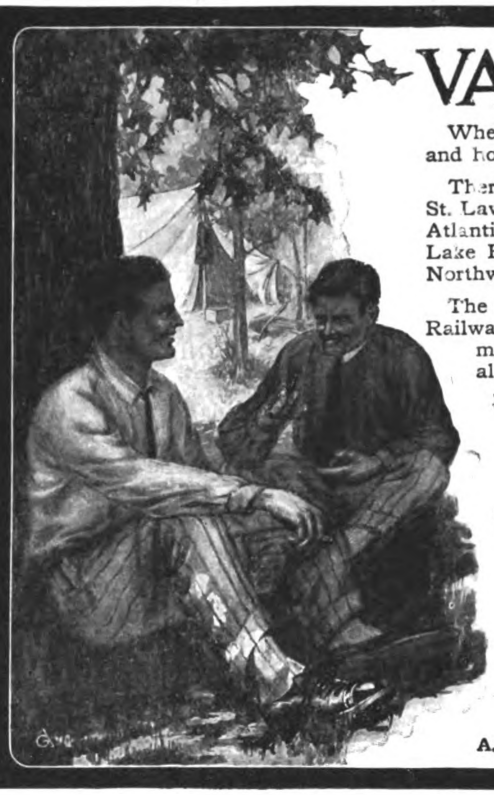
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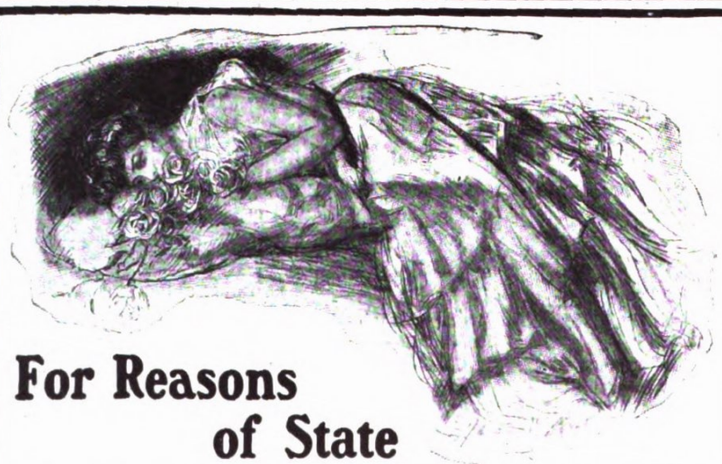
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FINANCING A NATION

FRANK FAYANT

[*Concluded from page 341*]

The credit of no other country in the world is as high as that of the United States. While the prices of English consols are making low records, our own government securities are commanding higher and higher prices. Continental ministers of finance literally go begging to the bankers when they need fresh funds; when the czar of Russia went to Paris to pay his respects to the French president, all the world knew that he was more eager to hear the ring of gold in the Bank of France than the cheers of the Parisian populace. Years ago we had difficulty in borrowing enough money to keep our military forces in fighting trim, but those days are gone by. Our government does not need to look across the Atlantic for aid in floating bond issues. The American people are so prosperous that they are able to furnish, many times over, all the funds for which the treasury may call. When the government asked for two hundred million dollars to carry on the war with Spain, the subscriptions to the loan amounted to one billion, four hundred million dollars,—an overwhelming vote of confidence in the country's credit. United States bonds command such high prices on the stock exchanges that even a millionaire hesitates to buy them as an investment. In reality, they are no longer investment securities, for the income they produce on the basis of their present record prices is insignificant compared with the return on high-grade railway bonds and stocks. There is scarcely any trading in government securities in Wall Street. The greater share of them is held by insurance companies, savings banks, and large estates. More than one third of the outstanding bonds is owned by national banks and is on deposit with the treasurer of the United States as security for national bank circulation. The amount of national bank notes in circulation is about three hundred and seventy million dollars.

Our public debt is now about two billion, two hundred million dollars, a large sum by itself, but not of such great proportions when one considers the wealth and productive power of the country. The annual interest charge has dwindled down to twenty-five million dollars; at the close of the Civil War it was six times as large. England, with a population only half as great as ours, bears the burden of one hundred and thirty-five million dollars a year in interest on her national debt; or, in other words, an Englishman finds the care of the national debt ten times as burdensome as does an American. Included in our debt account are gold and silver certificates to the value of nearly nine hundred million dollars. As these are protected by an equal amount of gold and silver coin, held in reserve in the treasury, they hardly form part of the debt. The government really owes only one billion, three hundred million dollars, of which but nine hundred and fourteen million dollars are interest-bearing, and practically all of this debt, something over sixteen dollars per capita, is carried by American citizens. The redemption of the debt is carried on through a sinking fund started in 1869. Nearly a billion dollars have been paid since then. During the past four years the government revenues have exceeded the expenditure by three hundred million dollars, and a large part of this surplus has been devoted to the purchase and redemption of bonds.

The accumulation of a surplus in the treasury removes money from circulation and tightens the money market. The cash balance in the treasury is now about three hundred and seventy-five million dollars, or two hundred and twenty-five million dollars in excess of the gold reserve. This is nearly one-sixth of the amount of money in circulation outside of the treasury. On several occasions recently the secretary of the treasury has gone to the aid of the money market by using surplus funds to purchase government bonds in open competition. This is the only way there is of putting surplus moneys in circulation quickly, but the bond speculators drive a hard bargain with the treasury. Whenever there is a cry of "tight money," Wall Street looks enviously at the gold hoard in the treasury. Within a stone's throw of the New York stock exchange are two hundred and eighty-six million dollars in government cash, and the plungers on the exchange would be glad of an opportunity for borrowing this money for speculative purposes. The treasury is anxious to supply money for legitimate business, but it does

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not want to encourage stock gambling. The careless observer is apt to think of the "cash in the treasury," which now runs above one billion, three hundred and fifty million dollars at the close of every day, as a great amount of idle money piled up in Washington. But, of this cash, nearly nine hundred million dollars are gold and silver coin which is in circulation by proxy in paper money. If you have a dollar bill in your pocket, you know that in the treasury there is a silver dollar belonging to you. Taking out the current liabilities of the government there is left a balance of three hundred and seventy-five million dollars in the treasury, of which one hundred and fifty million dollars are the gold reserve. But the government's cash is spread over the country. There are a thousand banks where government funds may be deposited, and they carry about one hundred and fifty million dollars of treasury cash. Customs receipts, day by day, are deposited in the sub-treasuries at New York, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and at all these points treasury cash lies close to the marts of trade. The sub-treasury at New York does a business of twelve million dollars a day, or three billion, six hundred million dollars a year. The assistant treasurer in charge of this important institution is the government's eye at the world's financial center, and it is for him to keep the treasury informed which way the financial winds blow.

Every fall there is a great demand for money in the West and South to "move the crops," and the West draws on the East for millions of dollars. This creates high money rates and keeps the treasury busy devising means of inflating the currency. The corn crop is about two billion bushels, and this year's wheat crop promises to touch the record breaking figure of eight hundred million bushels. If winter wheat reaches five hundred and sixty million bushels, as is now predicted, the West will need a big fund of cash to start it moving to the elevators and the seaboard.

Just now an interesting piece of treasury finance is the payment for the Panama Canal and the raising of the money to complete it. So soon as Colombia ratifies the treaty, our government will have to pay ten million dollars to her, and forty million dollars to France. The sudden withdrawal of this amount of gold from the country would be a serious financial shock, yet the money must be paid on demand. Several treasury warrants will be made out, directing the treasurer of the United States to pay the proper persons the fifty million dollars. The receivers of these warrants will turn them over to their New York bankers, who in turn will draw bills of exchange on London banks; and eventually it is probable that this fifty million dollars will be paid by the export of American goods to Europe, without the shipment of an ounce of gold. The twenty million dollars paid Spain for the Philippines found its way to Madrid in this way without disturbing international finance.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Isaac Pitman and Son, New York City.—"Isaac Pitman's Shorthand Instructor," $1.50. "Pitman's Shorthand Dictionary," $1.50.

The Century Company, New York City.—"When Patty Went to College," by Jean Webster, $1.50. "A Comedy of Conscience," by S. Weir Mitchell, $1. "Winter India," by E. R. Scidmore, $2 net.

Knickerbocker Press, New York City.—"The Gates of Silence with Interlude of Song," by Robert Loveman.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company, New York City.—"Wolfville Nights," by Alfred Henry Lewis. "The Star Dreamer," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. "Letters of an Actress."

Lee and Shepard, Boston, Massachusetts.—"Spiritual Evolution and Regeneration," by R. C. Douglas, $1.20 net.

The MacMillan Company, New York City.—"Happiness: Essays on the Meaning of Life," by Carl Hilty, $1.25 net.

The Hobart Company, New York City.—"A Daughter of the Sioux," by General Charles King.

New Amsterdam Book Company, New York City.—"The Trail of the Grand Seigneur," by Olin L. Lyman, $1.50. "William Penn, a History," by W. H. Dixon, $1 net. "A Book of Curious Facts," by Don Lemon, 75 cents.

Harper and Brothers, New York City.—"Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, $1.50.

Golden Trumpet Publishing Company, Moundsville, West Virginia.—"What Shall I Do to Be Saved?" by E. E. Byrum; paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City.—"The Nature Study Idea," by L. H. Bailey, $1 net.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.—"French Life in Town and Country," by Hannah Lynch; "German Life in Town and Country," by W. H. Dawson; "Russian Life in Town and Country," by Frances H. E. Palmer; "Dutch Life in Town and Country," by P. M. Hough; "Swiss Life in Town and Country," by Alfred Thomas Story; "Spanish Life in Town and Country," by L. Higgin; "Italian Life in Town and Country," by Luigi Villari, each $1.20 net.

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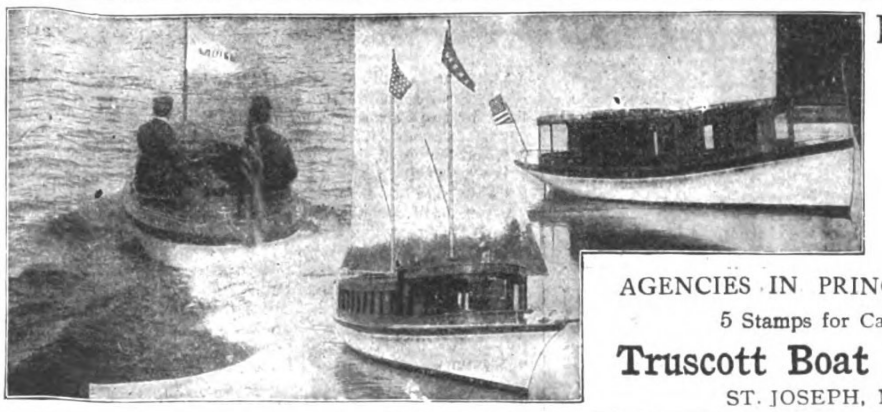
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SUCCESS JUNIOR



Miss ETTA BOLTON

A LINE of work very much out of the usual, for a young woman, is being followed by Miss Etta Bolton, of Moline, Alabama. Her father, who was a mail carrier, was in need of a substitute, and his nineteen-year-old daughter was appointed to the place. She now performs the duties of the position regularly. Her route is twenty-seven miles long, and the journey is made every week day in a wagon designed especially for the purpose. Besides delivering the mail, she furnishes stamps, issues postal orders, and registers letters.

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MISS BELLE WHITE had been very active in a Sunday school in Los Angeles which was maintained by a Gospel Union. The Union decided to abandon the school and devote its means and energies to a different object. Miss White's heart was in her work, however; and, instead of allowing it to be discontinued, when support was withdrawn, she explained the situation to the children, who began to save money to provide a house of their own. By the aid of small contributions, sufficient money was obtained to lease a lot and erect a rough but serviceable one-room building. Several firms contributed needed furnishings, and one generous citizen provided electric lights. The result of it all is that one hundred and fifty children gather each Sunday in their own well-earned schoolhouse, and several assistants aid Miss White in giving the weekly instruction.

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THOUGH but fifteen years of age, Miss Jeannette Scott is the regular organist at one of the leading churches of Delaware, Ohio. Her skill at the organ and piano has attracted much attention, and she is said to rank with some artists who have had many years of experience. She possesses the modest manner that is characteristic of true genius. Some time will be given to musical study in Europe before this promising young musician begins a professional career.

▲ ▲

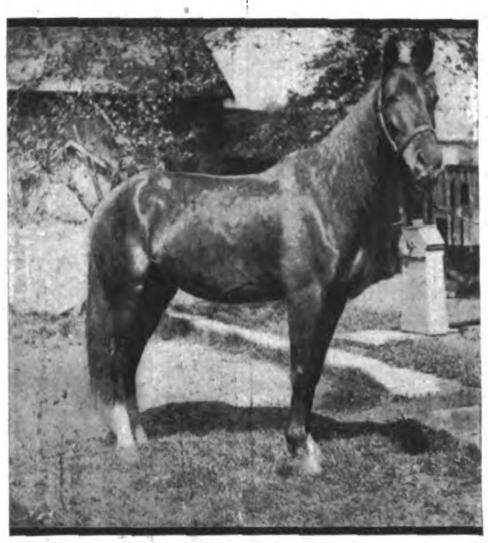
PAUL LORENZ is a native of Germany, one of a family of five children. The needs of the family made it necessary for the children to contribute early to their own support. After a short term at a public day school, Paul worked during the day and attended evening school. In this way he fitted himself for various positions, and, while holding one as a bookkeeper, studied shorthand, typewriting, and languages, and became a correspondent. When he reached the age when every healthy young German is subject to military duty, he was ordered into service. Preferring the sea, and the opportunity it would afford to study other nationalities and countries, he succeeded in being assigned to naval duty, where he gladly endures the hardships for a broader view of life. His duties at the present time are those of signalman and telegrapher on the flagship of the German eastern squadron.

▲ ▲

THE leading orator at present in the University of Michigan is Eugene Marshall, a colored boy, who is working his way by washing dishes for his board, sweeping sidewalks, building fires, and doing general porterage. His winning oration was written last summer while he was working in hotels and on steamboats. As winner of first honors in oratory, he will represent his university in the Northern Oratorical League contest.

▲ ▲

MISS ANNA WEBB, of Alexandria, Indiana, is her father's successor in the milling business. After his death the mill was not managed to her entire satisfaction, and was fast losing custom. As it was her father's wish that the business should be continued for the benefit of the family, Miss Webb undertook to manage it herself, with but one day's previous experience in that line, though she had won signal success in other ways. She has not only regained the former patronage and reputation of the mill, but has also secured new customers, and has extended the business. She is president of the Tri-Town Club of Alexandria.



"JACK," by W. D. Dunbar
[First prize in Amateur Photograph contest]



Miss BELLE WHITE

▲ ▲

FEI CHI HAO and Kung Hsiang Hsi, two Chinese students now at Oberlin, Ohio, struggled for six months against red tape to reach there. In their native province of Shanti they had risked their lives to aid persecuted missionaries, and Miss Luella Miner, a teacher, arranged to bring them to America as students. Great care was used to make their passports regular, and these bore the signature of Li Hung Chang. After enduring the discomforts of a steerage passage, they were refused admission by the Chinese Bureau at San Francisco, which discovered defects in the translation of their passports. Minister Wu, though eager to aid them, was powerless to correct blunders made in China. New passports were necessary. The death of Li Hung Chang complicated the situation. Pending receipt of the needful papers the boys were closely confined in the detention sheds, fed on poor food, and thrown with the lowest immigrants of all nations. In due time, Minister Wu secured the new passports, but again the American requirements had not been fully met. Finally, the students were permitted to go on their way under bond to return on arrival of the needful papers. They started for Oberlin, choosing, unluckily, a Canadian route. Having gone outside of the United States, they could not again enter, even under their bond agreement, and, when the frontier was reached, they were ousted from the train. Still undaunted, they made their way to Toronto and entered school there, shortly to be summoned back to San Francisco on some question in connection with their bonds. Some further time elapsed before the third passports were received. All the red tape requirements having at length been satisfied, they started for Oberlin, though not by way of Canada, and, after six months of buffeting and defeat, reached the friendly shelter of the college.



"COUSIN NINA," by James B. Blanchard
[Second prize in Amateur Photograph contest]

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Prize Awards in the April Contests

OUR boys and girls will notice that we are carrying out some of the suggestions that they have made at different times. They have asked us to publish more of the prize-winning articles, and also more stories of boys' and girls' achievements.

In the special contest it was decided that the Boys' and Girls' Department in the April number of SUCCESS was the most interesting. March was next, and February last, which shows that we must certainly be improving.

In the nature-study contest the animal described most often was the squirrel; next, the rabbit.

The stamp puzzle brought out many laboriously compiled lists of countries which have used pictures of quadrupeds on their stamps. The lists show that there are about seventy-five countries which have used quadruped pictures, heraldic or otherwise, not counting some dependent states as separate countries. The animals represented are: bears (black and honey bears,) beavers, bisons, camels, (dromedaries,)



THE BIRTHPLACE OF NOAH WEBSTER, AT WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, by Helen Sears
[Third prize in Amateur Photograph contest]

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horned cattle, crocodiles, deer, dogs, dragons, elephants, giraffes, goats, hippopotamuses, horses, kangaroos, llamas, leopards, mooses, orang-outangs, platypuses, (ornithoryncuses,) sheep, tigers, and unicorns.

The most popular contest of the month was that in amateur photography. This fact is especially interesting, since, up to April, there had been fewer entries in this contest than in any other.

The prize-winners in the various contests, in the order in which their names apnear, are:—

Drawing.—J. C. Peweff, Shelbyville, Kentucky, age, twelve years; Eleanor Peters, 406 Bowdoin Street, Ward 20, Boston, Massachusetts, age, seventeen years; Jean S. Dines, 1325 Edward Street, Springfield, Illinois, age, sixteen years.

Amateur Photography.—W. B. Dunbar, 142 East Fourth Street, Portsmouth, Ohio, age, fifteen years; James Blanchard, Chadron, Nebraska, age, twelve years; Helen A. Sears, Elmwood, Connecticut, age, sixteen years.

Special.—A. J. Price, P. O. Box 1445, Paterson, New Jersey, age, fourteen years; Walter S. Meyers, 76 Brunswick Street, Rochester, New York, age, eighteen years.

Story.—Subject: "A Brave Deed."—E. Darlington Van Deman, Delaware, Ohio, age, fifteen years; Grace Ester Mason, Redkey, Indiana, age, eight years; Arnie Trattner, Jewish Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio, age, thirteen years.

Nature Study.—Subject: "The Wild Animal I Know Best."—De Verle Munselle, R. F. D. No. 4, Jersey, Ohio, age, fourteen years; M. Elizabeth Metcalfe, De Soto, Missouri, age, seventeen years; Moore Klenk, Sparta, Michigan, age, fourteen years.

Success Club.—Ida Falls, 44 Watkins Street, Brooklyn, New York, age, thirteen years and ten months; Credon McGann, Midway, Kentucky, age, fourteen years; Ruth Gilchrist, 522 Graham Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, age, thirteen years.

Advertising.—Samuel Ralph Harlow, Grafton, Massachusetts, age, seventeen years; A. Lucile Kersey, New Providence, Iowa, age, sixteen years; Maude Nicholson, R. F. D. No. 1, Richmond, Missouri, age, fifteen years.

Stamp Puzzle.—Ford H. Parsons, 764 Hubbard Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, age, sixteen years; Raymond J. Peglow, La Porte, Indiana, age, thirteen years; Oscar Nelson, Cromwell, Connecticut, age, eighteen years.

Special.—Clara Williams, Jeffersonville, Ohio, age, sixteen years; Jesse Frazier, Seneca Falls, New York, age, ten years; Norman O. Wood, Mill Street, Hillsboro, New Brunswick, Canada, age, sixteen years.

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Prize Contests for June

THE great interest in our prize contests has resulted in the receipt of many helpful hints from our readers. We always welcome bright, new suggestions, and offer a dollar for every one that is available. In the contests, instead of cash prizes, we allow each prize-winner to select merchandise to the amount of his prize from the the "Success Reward Book." These prizes include cameras, guns, athletic goods, watches, knives, printing presses, games, musical instruments, household furnishings, etc. The "Reward Book" will be sent to any address in the world on request. The awards in each contest will be: First prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, three dollars.

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

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



PAUL LORENZ



MISS ANNIE WEBB



MISS JEANNETTE SCOTT

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

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

Nature Study.—Give a description, in five hundred words, or less, of the appearance and habits of a bird that you know.

Stamp Query.—What stamps bear representations of explorers?

Drawing.—A landscape.

Advertising.—Write a verse or jingle about any of the advertisements in this issue of SUCCESS.

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A Brave Deed

E. DARLINGTON VAN DEMAN

[Winner of first prize in the Story contest]

IT is customary, in the petroleum regions of the United States, to "shoot" a well after it is drilled, if the yield of oil is slight. That is, a hundred or more quarts of nitro-glycerine are put into a cigar-shaped receptacle, and dropped into the well, where it explodes and sometimes causes a fresh flow. The men who engage in this hazardous vocation have many close calls and hairbreadth escapes. The following story is true in every detail, and happened a few years ago in the Lima oil district, Ohio.

Bill C—— was one of the best shooters in Ohio. One spring he was employed to shoot a well, near Findlay, which had come in with a slight showing of oil, but it was thought that, by exploding the nitro-glycerine in the well, a crevice would be opened, and an increase would be the result. The old shooter, upon the day assigned, was present, and filled the cans with the dangerous explosive. Quite a crowd of eager curiosity-seekers was standing about. Bill ordered them away, telling them that something might happen, but they were disposed to stay and would not quit.

After parleying some time, he lowered the cans through the casing, and the "go-devil" was dropped. Then a strange thing occurred. The percussion cap failed to explode the nitro-glycerine. Another "go-devil" was about to be dropped, when the shooter heard, to his horror, a rushing, whirring sound that told his frightened senses that the gas was throwing up the can. He uttered a hoarse shout of warning to the bystanders, but it was too late for them or himself to escape by flight, for in a second it would fall and the concussion would explode the can.

Men think quickly when death stares them in the face. There was but one thing for him to do,—to catch the can. With grim determination he waited. Then, as the can shot from the casing, he leaped forward and hugged it to his breast,—and it did not explode. The excited crowd said it was "luck." The old shooter, with a tear upon his cheek, simply murmured, "'T was Providence; that 's all."

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The Opossum

D. V. MUNSELLE, age, fourteen years

[Winner of first prize in the Nature Study contest]

THE opossum inhabits North America, and is hunted with almost as much perseverence as the raccoon; not, however, for the sake of its fur, but for its flesh.

When it perceives a hunter, it lies still between the branches; but, if disturbed in its hiding place, it attempts to escape by dropping among the herbage, and creeping silently away.

It may often be seen hanging by its tail or by one or more of its feet, eating wild grapes or persimmons, or robbing birds' nests. In the night it usually prowls around looking for food. It lives chiefly on nuts, berries, and tender twigs and roots, but eats also insects, worms, birds, mice, and other small animals.

It never digs in the ground, but builds its nest in the hollows of logs, and in holes at the roots of trees. Into these it will carry leaves to make itself a bed, when bad weather is coming on. Opossums get very fat in the autumn, and are then much prized for food in the Southern States, especially by negroes, who take great delight in hunting them; but dogs will not eat them. Their flesh, when cooked, is much like roast pig.

When attacked, the opossum looks very fierce, snarls, growls, and will often bite; but, if struck, it will make believe dead and will not stir even if it is hurt, but it will watch slyly and crawl away as soon as its enemy is gone. From this comes our phrase, "to play possum."

The opossum uses its tail for climbing and swinging from branch to branch and as a support for its young.



"TIRED OUT," by Eleanor Peters
[Second prize in the Drawing contest]

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The Great Artists of To-day

BENJAMIN DURAND

THE world has never been able to understand why a Muse was not appointed for the presidency of painting and sculpture. These arts are certainly as deserving of eternal recognition as comedy and dancing,—even more so, in fact. They seem to have been bound together and left without a special deity, yet they have fared well.

It will be noticed that in the list of artists given herewith, the majority of them are natives of France. This probably is due to the fact that the French government is a larger patron of art than any other nation in the world. The Beaux-Arts which it supports is the most conspicuous art school in the world, and the French nation pays the highest *honorarium* to its instructors whose classes contain students from all parts of the world. Not only this, but the French government purchases the work of artists exhibited in the Salon, and the *prix de Rome*, sustained by it, is coveted by every student, and, once this prize is gained, the possessor is on a fair road to fame. Artists have been employed by France to paint notable canvases, and all this up-building and supporting of art is accomplished without any political difficulty, a matter for which France has received the praise of the world. The artists presented here must not be weighed according to the order in which they are given.

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, the noted American painter and etcher, is especially known as an extreme colorist, and is a man of daring and effective portrayals of nature. In England, he is regarded as a leader of all art matters, and his criticisms are considered final. He was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, and began painting while a very young man. For the past quarter of a century he has held a distinguished place in foreign art centers.

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JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME, the most noted painter in France, and, perhaps, the most startling and original in the world, was a pupil of Delaroche, whose studio he entered in 1841, when he was but seventeen years old. He has been an instructor at the Paris School of Fine Arts for a number of years. One of his famous paintings, "The Death of Cæsar," is considered the most impressive canvas by a modern author. Auguste Rodin, the original sculptor, Jules Adolphe Breton and Léon A. L' Hermitte are three other Frenchmen who, with Gérôme, are doing much to elevate the standards of art.

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EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY was born at Philadelphia, in 1852. He was a pupil at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His specialty is figure painting. His professional life was spent in New York until 1878, when he went to England. While in New York he devoted himself principally to illustrations for periodicals and to paintings in water colors. One of the latter, "The Stage Office," was in the Paris Exposition of 1878. He became a member of the Royal Academy in 1898. One of his most recent important works is "The Search for the Holy Grail," in the Boston Public Library. His commission to paint the scene of the coronation of King Edward VII. may be considered his crowning success.

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CAROLUS DURAN, a French portrait painter, has been much sought as a tutor by American pupils, of whom the most prominent one in the art world to-day probably is John S. Sargent. Mr. Duran was born at Lille, France, in 1837, and was a pupil of Souchon at the Lille Academy of Art. In 1853, he went to Paris, and repeatedly copied old masters in the Louvre, his principal model being Velasquez. In 1861, he went to Rome, and in the Paris Salon of 1863 was exhibited his first important work, "The Evening Prayer."

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LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA is a Dutch-British painter whose fame rests upon his remarkable work in revealing upon his canvas the ancient life of the Greeks and Romans. He was born in West Friesland, Holland, in 1836. He was educated in the gymnasium of Leeuwarden and especially interested himself in archæological research. In 1852, he studied under Leys at the Antwerp Academy of Fine Arts. In 1870, he went to London. At the Paris Salon of 1864 he received a medal, and was similarly honored at the Universal Exposition of 1867. In 1873, he was created Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor in France, and, in 1879, he was elected Royal Academician. He attracted English attention at once, in 1870, when he exhibited, at the Royal Academy, London, "Un Amateur Romain" and "Un Jongleur."

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JULES JOSEPH LEFEBVRE, figure and portrait painter, was born at Tournay, France, in 1836. He studied under Léon Cogniet. The grand *prix de Rome* was awarded to him in 1861, his exhibit being "The Death of Priam." He has won several medals. His most widely known works are "Nymph and Bacchus," "Pandora," "Truth," "Mignon," and "Diana Surprised." A well-known picture, "The Grasshopper," was sold in New York, in 1878, for $2,950.

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JEAN PAUL LAURENS, historical painter, was born at Fourquevaux, Haute-Garonne, France, in 1838. He was a pupil of Bida and Léon Cogniet. Among his important works are "The Excommunication of Robert the Pious," (1875,) and "Release of the Prisoners Walled Up at Carcassonne," (1879,) both in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris; "Austrian Staff Officers around the Death-Bed of Marceau," (1877,) bought by the city of Ghent; "Honorious," (1880,) in the D. O. Mills collection, New York; "Death of Sainte Geneviève," at the Pantheon, and "The Interdict," at the Museum of Havre.

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ADOLF FREDERICK ERDMANN MENZEL, historical and *genre* painter, was born at Breslau, Prussia, in 1815. His pen-and-ink drawings won for him early recognition, and his works in oil and water-colors are much admired. Many of his pictures are scenes from the life of Frederick the Great. He is a member of Berlin, Vienna and Munich Academies. At the National Gallery in Berlin are "The Round Table of Frederick, 1750," "Modern Cyclops," and "Flute Concert at Sans-Souci."

▲ ▲

LÉON JOSEPH FLORENTIN BONNAT is a noted French portrait painter, born at Bayonne, in 1833. He was a pupil of Frederic Madrazo, at Madrid, and later of Léon Cogniet. He went to Italy, in 1858, and studied for four years. His first work to attract attention was "Adam and Eve Finding the Body of Abel," a picture that was bought for the gallery at Lille. His portrait of M. Thiers and Don Carlos have called forth the highest admiration. Some of his best-known works are "Christ on the Cross," a commission for the Palais de Justice, "Martyrdom of Saint Denis," "St. Vincent de Paul Freeing a Galley Slave," "The Wrestling of Jacob," and "Neapolitan Peasants before the Farnese Palace."

▲ ▲

GUILLAUME ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU is a French artist regarded as excelling in painting flesh. He was born at La Rochelle, in 1825. While employed with a business house in Bordeaux he became a pupil of Alaux, and, deciding to become an artist by profession, he entered the studio of Picot, in Paris, and later l'École des Beaux-Arts. In 1850, he went to Rome, and in 1854 his fame dawned in "The Body of St. Cecilia Borne to the Catacombs." Other well-known paintings are "Vierge Consolatrice," "Youth and Love," "Homer and His Guide," "Nymphs and Satyrs," and "On the Way to the Bath."

▲ ▲

JEAN JACQUES HENNER, *genre* painter, was born at Bernsviller, (Alsace,) France, in 1829. He was a pupil of Drölling and Picot, and won the grand *prix de Rome*, in 1858. The following are a few of his most noted works: "Bathing Girl Asleep," "Chaste Susanna," "John the Baptist," "The Evening," "Fabiola," and "Nymph." "The Magdalene," sent to the Salon in 1878, was received with great favor. Henner subjects are painted with infinite care for detail, and the simplicity of his style has given his work charm and effectiveness.

▲ ▲

GABRIEL MAX, painter of figures and interiors, was born at Prague, in 1840, the son of Joseph Max, a sculptor. He was a pupil under Engerth, at Prague Academy; of Blaas, at Vienna Academy, and of Piloty in Munich. The superior character of his work is evidenced by its unquestioned popularity. Among his notable works are "Gretchen," said to be a favorite with himself, "The Lion's Bride," "The Young Christian Martyr," "The Anatomist," "The Melancholy Nun," "The Infanticide," and "Light." Several of this artist's paintings are owned in the United States.

▲ ▲

JOHN S. SARGENT, portrait and *genre* painter, was born of American parents at Florence, Italy, in 1856. He is one of Carolus Duran's most successful pupils, and has lived in Europe for many years, having a studio in Paris. Among his works are "Fishing for Oysters at Cancale," which was sold in New York, in 1878, to Samuel Colman, "En Route pour la Pêche," "Neopolitan Children Bathing," and a portrait of Carolus Duran. He received honorable mention at the Salon, in 1879, and a medal in 1881. The great scheme of decoration which Mr. Sargent has designed for the special libraries floor of the Boston Public Library will represent, when completed, the development of the Christian faith. The first part was finished several years ago, and pictures the foundation of Christianity on the growth of Judaism. The second part, on which Mr. Sargent is now at work, is intended to depict the dogma of the Redemption. The third part will be a continuation of the second. The work is strikingly illustrative of Mr. Sargent's genius. It is bold and unlike any previous aspect of his art. One forcible part of the frieze shows the figures of Adam and Eve bound closely to the body of Christ on the cross. This represents the symbolism of the central theme,—that man and woman are one in nature with the Saviour. Mr. Sargent's recent canvas of President Roosevelt added glory to his already long list of clever portraits.

▲ ▲

FRANZ LENBACH, portrait painter, was born at Schrobenhausen, Bavaria, in 1836. He studied at Munich Academy and as a pupil of Piloty's, and was such a favorite that he was sent to Rome at the expense of his tutor. In 1860, he became a professor at Weimar Art School, resigning in 1862 and visiting Italy and Spain. Again returning to Munich, he devoted himself to portraits, imitating Rembrandt, and to-day his fame is that of a painter of princes and emperors.

▲ ▲

DOMENICO MORELLI, historical and *genre* painter, was born at Naples, in 1826. From the Naples Academy he was sent to Rome, where he was a pupil of Camillo Guerra. In 1855, he took the first prize at the Naples Exposition. At the National Exposition of Italy, in 1861, and at the Paris Exposition of 1867, he received gold medals. Among his works are "Cesare Borgia at the Siege of Capua," "Christian Martyrs," in the Gallery of Capo di Monte; "The Assumption," in the Royal Chapel at Naples; a "Madonna and Child," in the Church of Castellani; a "Christ," painted for the composer Verdi; "Odalisque After the Bath," and "The Temptation of St. Anthony."

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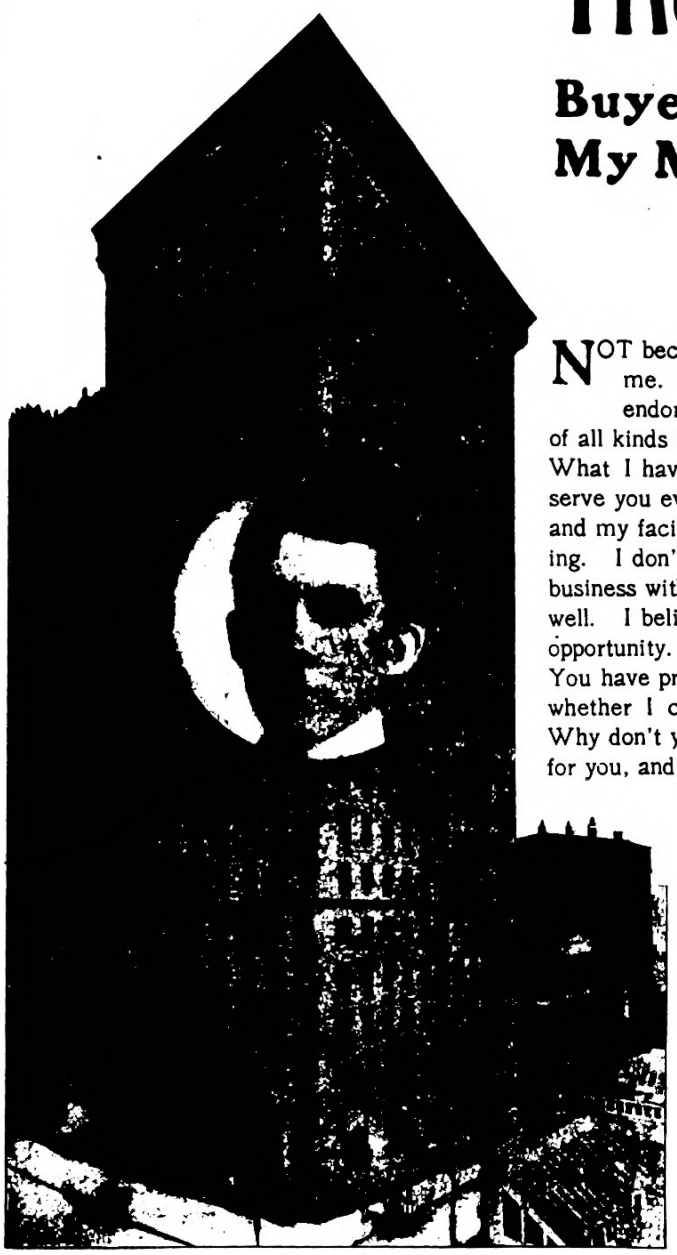
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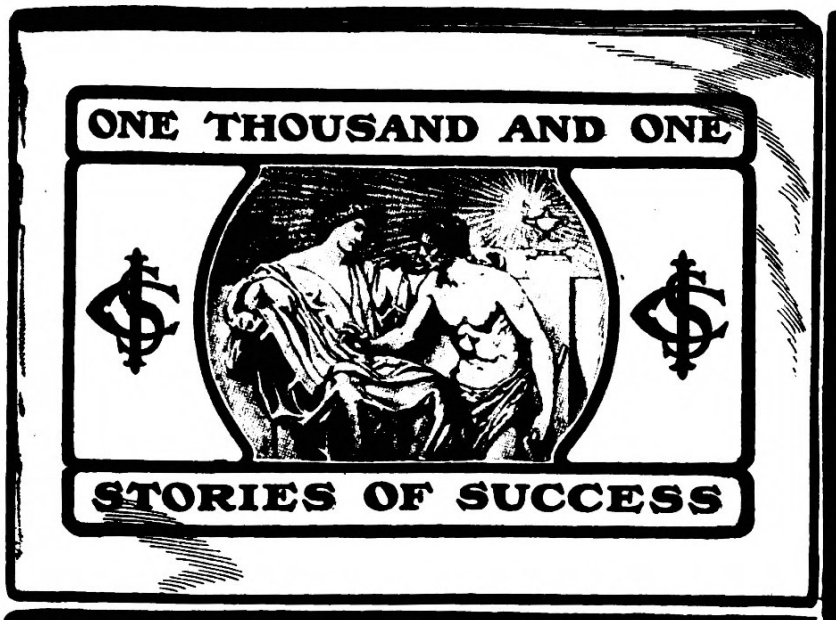
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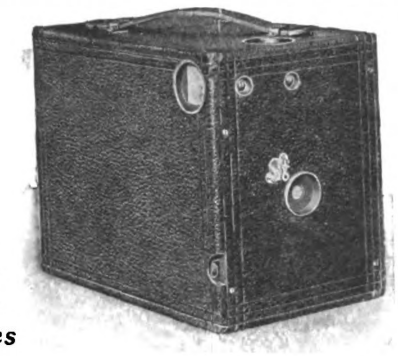
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No. 37—REVOLVER. We offer a 32-caliber, central fire, double-action Revolver, first class in every particular, for five subscriptions and twenty-five cents additional. Postage prepaid.

HENTY BOOKS. We offer any one of the well known Henty Books for two subscriptions. Postage prepaid.

No. 82—STEVENS FAVORITE RIFLE. We offer the famous Stevens Favorite Take-Down Rifle, single shot, with 22-inch barrel, 22 caliber, rubber plate, plain open front and rear sights; weight, 4½ pounds, for only twelve subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

No. 213—BILL FOLD. We offer a fine Bill Fold, in real seal or alligator with snap button clasp, for two subscriptions. Postage prepaid.

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. 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. 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. 47—HAMMOCK. We offer a fine cotton wove Hammock, with pillow, fluted valance, steel spreader, and wooden bar at foot, measuring 84 x 40 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.

No. 130—ELECTRIC FAN. We offer a famous Rex Motor, with 3½-inch nickel-plated fan, just the thing for hot weather which is sure to come, for securing three subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

No. 451—BOXING GLOVES. We offer a set of four Boxing Gloves, regular pattern, either men's or youths' size, for two subscriptions. Receiver to pay express charges.

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.

No. 460—WHITLEY EXERCISER. We offer a Whitley Exerciser, complete in every particular, ready to be set up, for four subscriptions and thirty-two cents additional. Postage prepaid.

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This consists of the Reward Book, sample copies of SUCCESS, receipt blanks, instructions to Club Raisers, etc.

THE SUCCESS REWARD DEPARTMENT,
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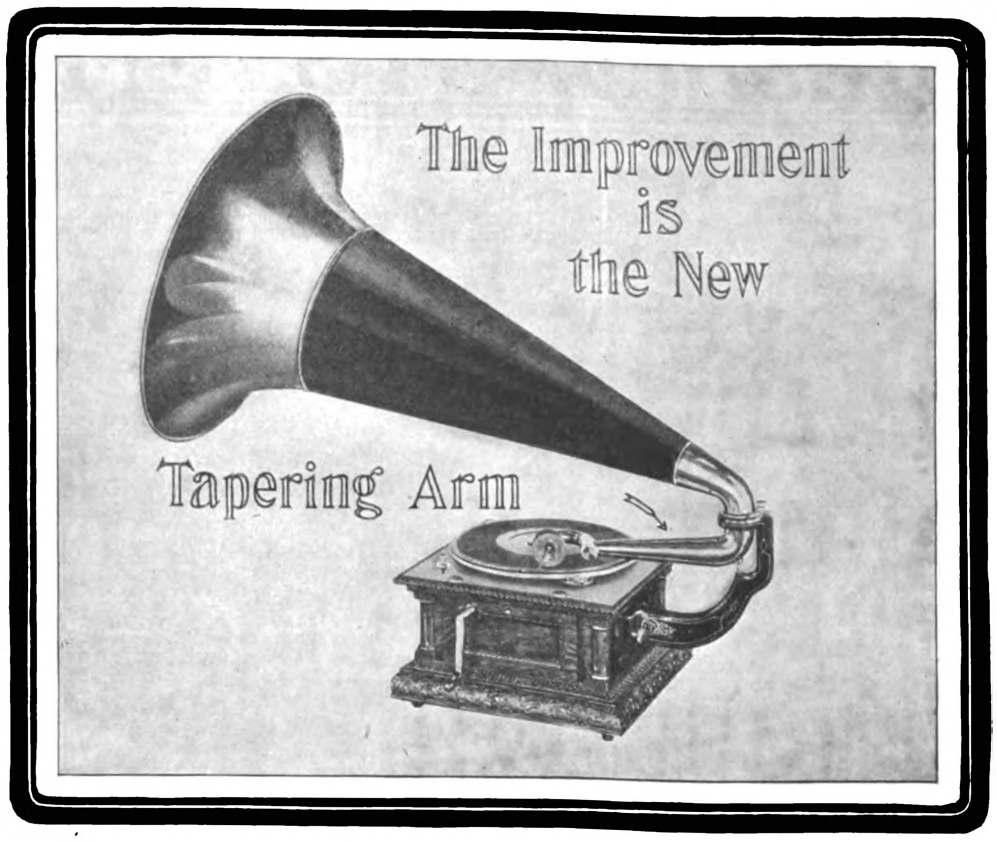
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The Improved Victor TalkingMachine

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will bring the living voices of the greatest opera singers to your summer home—for the first time in the history of the world.



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The *Victor Talking Machine* is more than a reproducer of sound. It is a musical instrument of high order.

This great improvement comes just in time to enable you to hear to the best advantage the voices of

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Caruso	**De Lucia**	**Van Rooy**	**De Luca**
Renaud	**Vialtzeva**	**The violin of Kubelik**	

and many other beautiful things—send for catalogue of *Red Seal Records.* Send also for catalogue of records of other singers, of great bands, orchestras and performances of every sort.

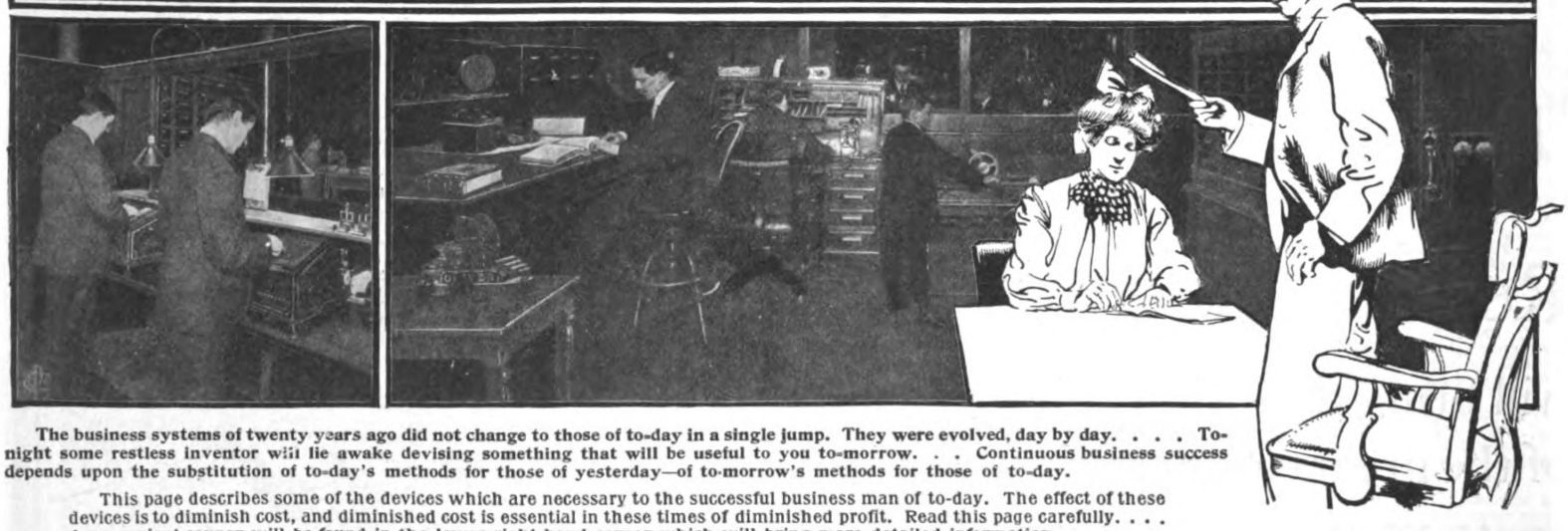


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Practical SYSTEM in BUSINESS



The business systems of twenty years ago did not change to those of to-day in a single jump. They were evolved, day by day. . . . To-night some restless inventor will lie awake devising something that will be useful to you to-morrow. . . Continuous business success depends upon the substitution of to-day's methods for those of yesterday—of to-morrow's methods for those of to-day.

This page describes some of the devices which are necessary to the successful business man of to-day. The effect of these devices is to diminish cost, and diminished cost is essential in these times of diminished profit. Read this page carefully. . . . A convenient coupon will be found in the lower right-hand corner which will bring more detailed information.

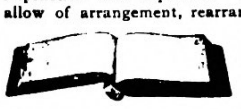
Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard VisibleWriter," 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.**



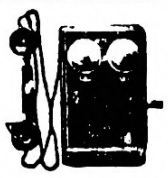
Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S No. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute 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.



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 PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S 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 PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S 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.



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.



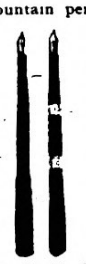
The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to the modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and 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.



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.



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 ADJUSTABLE 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.



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 8 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.



To save time and labor, to insure neatness and accuracy and to facilitate work use the THEXTON ELECTRIC ENVELOPE SEALER. It is practical, durable and simple. Endorsed by over 1,000 concerns as a paying and profitable investment. It performs the labor of several people, requires no attention, is always ready for instant use. So simple any boy or girl can use it and feed envelopes at a minimum speed of 100 per minute.

Sent out on free trial to sell strictly upon merit. Ask now for catalog 11.



The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

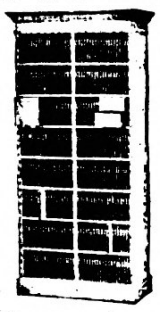
in strictly indelible ink upon any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and ineffaceable. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, 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.



File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscript. Every busy man—literary, business or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc.

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The LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the problem of classification. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference. Send today for Catalogue 8. It gives valuable information that cannot be acquired from any other source.



No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in *your* office. You probably will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Simply cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better still write us a letter stating your business, and we can suggest methods to meet your requirements.



No matter what you want to file—information, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets—Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send today for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.



The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, that you ought to know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the leading mercantile houses.



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DOLLAR OFFER

There are many little things—and big things—in your business which will need improving to-morrow—which, perhaps, need improving to-day. **System**, the 96-page magazine, will show you how to improve them—brimful of brightness that will help you to devise clever systems for yourself.

This is really a half-price offer. Beginning with May 15, the Publishers will double the price and treble the value of SYSTEM. Two dollars the year will be the cost. But this introductory offer is available: send a single dollar now and you will receive the next six numbers of SYSTEM and six valuable back numbers for immediate reading. Or, better still, send two dollars for a full year's subscription and the six back numbers. Send the coupon or write a letter TO-DAY. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO CLOSE YOUR CASH DRAWER AGAINST SYSTEM.

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