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SUCCESS

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"Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, one clear, unchanged, and universal light"



"As patient as a human mother, she watches her fluffy brood"

Citizens of Nature - JULIUS NORREGARD

THE city man delights to mock the countryman's simplicity in town, his "hayseed" ignorance of the bewildering mechanism of city life; but, when the city man goes up state the countryman has his revenge. When in town, maybe, the countryman had stood in astonishment before a "ticker," and the city man, to whom it was a somewhat familiar object, had smiled a superior smile. Never to have seen a "ticker,"—think of that! But surely the countryman has the best of the laugh when the city man walks gingerly about his farmyard, with his eye on his city boots, and is filled with wonder at the laying of an egg. Never saw a hen lay an egg! Well,—..... And here's a fellow, too, who has to be told from what quarter the wind is blowing, who sees a cow milked for the first time, and asks, "What is that?" every few minutes. When you think of it, it is rather amazing how ignorant we who live in cities are of the forces and processes back of us,—back even of our breakfast, or our quick lunch. Our city mechanism would wither like an unwatered flower, without the new milk, the fresh eggs, the fish out of the sea, the ducks in reedy ponds, the frogs that sing in the marshes sweetly as any birds, the bees in a million hives, and the cattle in a thousand stockyards. You who love scallops in the evening, you whose passion is for mushrooms on toast, and you who hardly give anyone else a chance with the olives,—have you ever seen pictures, as you sit in your gastronomic dreams, of the romantic natural processes that work each day, unseen and afar, to bring about all this music of digestion? Have you gone out with the catboats in a stiff breeze, and hauled your dredge, and sorted out your treasure from the uncanny *débris* of the sea? Have you stolen about the meadows in the half-light of morning and filled your basket with the earth-fragrant dots of dewy whiteness? Have you climbed the terraces of little crooked, sunburnt trees, with long floors of shining flowers making the staircase? Probably not,—and yet, if you had, how much more your scallops, your mushrooms, and your olives would mean to you! In fact, instead of being merely so many delicacies, these common objects of a dinner table would be like words in an index instantly referring you to the book of nature. To know how things have come about is by no means a necessity.

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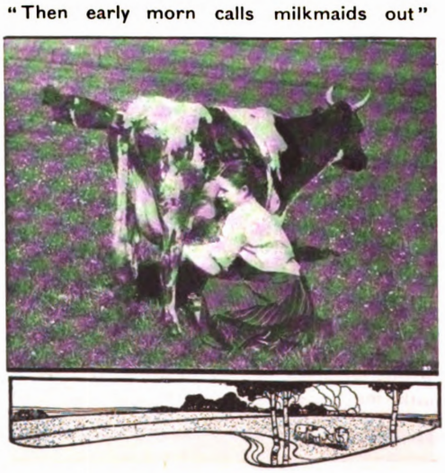


"The Spring's gay promise melted into thee, Fair Summer, and thy gentle reign is here"

Sometimes, indeed, it is as well for our enjoyment that we are ignorant of processes, and rest content with the product: *pâté de foie gras*, for example, or the hats of beautiful women. But I am not thinking of the cruel methods of man, but of the innocent processes of nature. I am thinking of how the wheat grows and is reaped and ground, and is finally Vienna rolls; of how the grape tendrils its way up tall poles and blossoms and hangs in purple clusters, and finally writes its name on a wine list; I am thinking of quiet places where crops are growing and apples are ripening, of pastures where herds are feeding, of sunny silences where the bees hum and the doves coo and the hen proudly cackles her great news; of all the golden sap of silence that wells beneath the noisy surface of the world.

And when I said that the countryman had the best of the laugh, I meant that, of the two learnings, his was that most worth having. Who cares whether or not he knows his way about town? He knows something far better. He knows his way about the fields and woods; he knows the names of trees and the haunts of birds and the secret places of the flowers. He is learned in the winds and the rains and the changes of the moon, and he is a "close-bosom friend of the maturing sun." He stands near the springs of the river of life. We townsfolk are down among the wharves and the shipping. Yet we, too, in a pathetic, exiled fashion, are children of nature. Our spirits rise and fall with the barometer. We make the weather as much our concern as if we had growing crops to think of, and as, speeding to our offices on the street cars of an April morning, we catch glimpses of the neighboring country at the shimmering ends of streets, our hearts rejoice to see that the foliage is turning green again,—as if it really concerned us poor prisoners of brick-and-mortar. Yes! the deep significance of our morning inquiries as to the weather probably strikes us but seldom. You would say that it matters little to men and women whose lives, from eight in the morning till six in the afternoon, are spent in twenty-story buildings, whether the sun shines or not, or whether it rains, snows, or hails. Under cover all the day, one might almost say all their lives, what, to them, are the vagaries of the elements? Yet so close is the bond that binds even her most estranged children to the Great Mother that even a chief accountant, though you buried him deep within the steel and concrete walls of burglar-proof safes, or sunk him nightly under water, guarded by clock-work combination locks that would defy their inventors to crack them,—even he, at certain times of the year, would hear the earth, his mother, calling him, and feel an ache in his heart for the green woods or the salt sea.

"Then early morn calls milkmaids out"

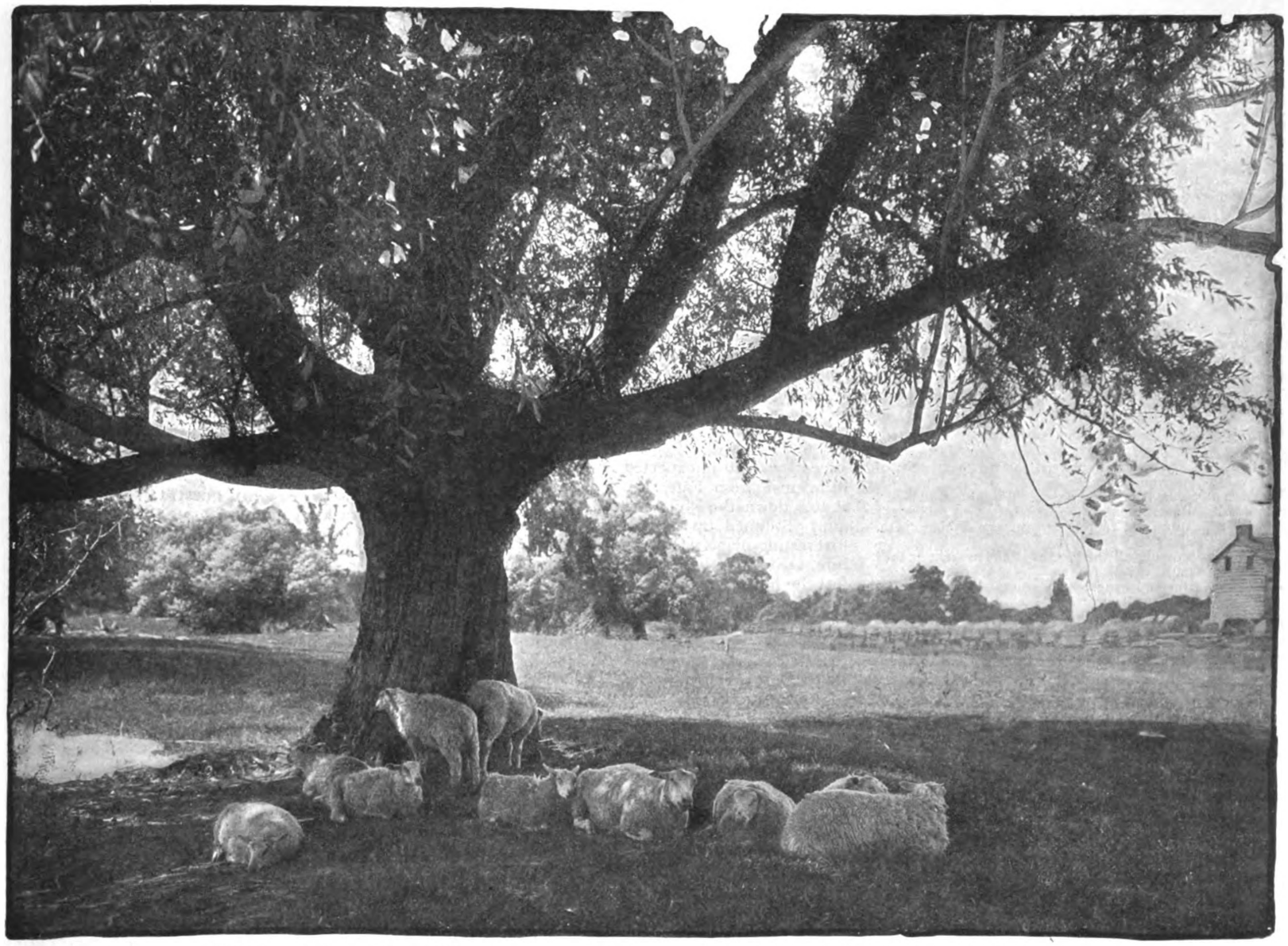


I think no city man ever takes his poor little yearly holiday without realizing sadly how artificially the majority of his days are spent, and where his heart really lies. Almost pathetic is his happiness as he walks about a farm and watches, with a child's eagerness, all the ancient, ever-new processes of the earth, or baits his hook for flat-fish in exciting summer seas, or climbs the lonely hills and stands in astonishment that there is so much cleansing solitude in the world. Ah! here is the work he would fain be doing. Here is his real home.

One of the healthiest signs of the times is the way in which the younger generation, and some of the older, are turning their thoughts to the country life. The ideal of cities, the money ideal, is on the wane. Young men everywhere are asking themselves, "Is it worth while, when, with less money, we can be just as happy, nay! far happier, and do the work and live the life we really love?" We are all in revolt, literary men amongst the rest,—in revolt against brick and mortar and pen and ink. Says Marcus Aurelius, in one of his meditations: "In the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present: 'I am rising to the work of a human being.'" But it is to be feared that this counsel has lost its force for most modern men and women; for how many of us can say, at rising, "I am rising to the work of a human being?" On the contrary, if we are honest and not cowards, we are compelled to say that we are rising too often to work entirely inhuman and unnatural, work artificial, wearisome, and unprofitable; work in which we take no pleasure, unless, indeed, we have become denaturalized by habit, and work which we do merely because we must, or think we must, if we are to go on living at all.

Of course, we cannot all be farmers or fishermen, nor is rose-growing all roses. Even in the most simplified community, there must be some merchantmen to handle our produce, and bookkeepers to register our transactions and figure up our accounts. Still, there are many signs that mankind is determined in the near future so to simplify the conditions and the processes of living as to reduce the dreary and disagreeable work of the world to a minimum. As machinery grows more and more human, men will be less called upon to be machines. This good time, which is surely, if slowly, coming, will come all the sooner the more individual men and women feel the call of the more simple, natural life, and realize that, the further away from nature we live, the more life costs, and the less satisfaction it brings. The reason we are happy working in a garden, and less happy working at a desk, is that one occupation is nearer to

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"Nature hath made nothing so base but can read some instruction to the wisest man"

nature than another. Do you remember that charming story in Stevenson's "Inland Voyage,"—how, landing one evening from his canoe, he found himself at a boat club on the riverside, and listened to the enthusiastic boat-talk of the young Frenchmen just escaped from their offices and warehouses? In the daytime, they told him, they worked at trivial occupations, were lawyers, doctors, clerks, or what not, but in the evening, when they came down to the riverside and took to their boats, "Then," said they, "*nous sommes serieux:*" then the serious work of the day began. And, quite seriously speaking, there is a very real sense in which a man's holidays are the most important time of his year,—for in them only is he brought in touch with the vital elements of his nature, spiritual as well as physical. Detached the year round, absorbed in some more or less mechanical occupation, he runs the risk of forgetting his own nature, and of acquiescing in his own banishment from the larger, cosmic world to which he belongs as much as any bird in the air or fish in the sea. In his holidays he comes back for a while to that power house of being, the very existence of which he had almost forgotten in the city, lost, indeed, as one who snaps on and off his electric light, without giving a thought to the mysterious force that feeds it, so the city man draws his breath, eats his food, and generally lives his life, in isolated ignorance of what he is and whence he came.

It is only when he has left the city behind and united himself once more with that world of nature from which, for so much of each year, he is an exile, that he really comes to himself and a realization of his proper significance in a universe so vast that the roar of the greatest city is lost like the murmur of a fly in its dread profundity. In town, maybe, he would boast himself a citizen of no mean city, an important unit in its earnest, ambitious life, but here, under the solemn stars, or amid "the sacred spaces of the sea," it is not only his own littleness that is borne in upon him, but a new greatness, a greatness he had all but forgotten,—a spiritual importance. Though here he is a unit so infinitesimally small, the scheme of which he rediscovers himself a part is so mysteriously magnificent that it dignifies its humblest unit, and even a blade of grass is a modest kinsman to the stars. In the great growing silences of nature, in the punctual rhythms of her times and seasons, in her giant energies, in her vast peace, in her immortal beauty,—O weary child of cities! there is for us forever healing and a home.

The Great Mother, I said, in another part of this article, and the expression is so much a commonplace of poetical symbolism that we are apt to use it with hardly a thought of the reality behind it. Nature is actually the Great Mother, not merely in poetry, but just day by day, in the experience of us all; and the test of her motherhood is that in times of happiness, times when the world goes well with us, we forget that we have such a mother: it is only when we are humiliated by sorrow or sin that, instinctively, we cry out to her, run to her, remembering that we have one friend who understands, and, if need be, will forgive it all. However complex our nature, however difficult the conditions of trial in which we find ourselves, there is no human friend that understands it all, no one that we dare venture to seek, no one whose voice we dare invoke with the same certainty of comprehension and consolation as that which sends us to the sea, or takes us to the hills.

"I have no friend so generous as this sun
That comes to meet me with his big, warm hands."

If I need a confidante for my tears, it is no human friend I seek. I blend them with the rain. And more tranquilizing than the hand of any human friend is the starlit hand of the silent night on the fevered pulses of the heart. How human and universal was the instinct of the heartbroken lover in Swinburne's "Triumph of Time," when he cried out,—

"I will go back to the great, sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea . . . ."

Why is it that the first instinct of the nerve-tired child of the town—instinctive it would seem as the yearning of the swallow for the south,—is to throw himself into the arms of the sea, or to lay his aching and haunted head on some green shoulder of the hills? The reason is that Nature is indeed his mother, and that though in moments of his confidence and his pride he may have forgotten his relationship, he, however old, however sophisticated, however important, even financially, he may be, is still her little, dependent child.

What an impartial mother she really is! In her work of making men she does not prefer names or ancestors, but often "forms a piece for admiration from the basest earth." Him who seems to be cast for a beggar's lot she molds in perfection, and him who seems to be destined to greatness, "polished and glossed with titles," she makes an object of sport and pity. Like the chicks of the barnyard, the cows "that browse like peaceful friends on flowered fields," the eagles in their pine-girt homes, the tiny workers that build like human beings, and the birds, "the happy commoners,"—we are all children of the one Great Mother. This is the time to be in her company. She has much to show you and much to teach you,—and especially you who hug the city and find no balm save in the noise of its marts.

"Browsing on the daisy-dotted meadows"

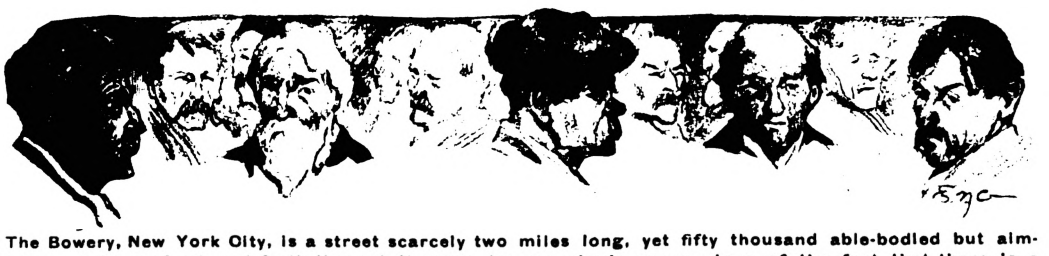


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The Requiem of the "Has-Beens"

OWEN KILDARE

[Author of "My Rise from the Slums to Manhood," "My Good Old Pal," "The Ward Captain," etc.]



The Bowery, New York City, is a street scarcely two miles long, yet fifty thousand able-bodied but aimless men tramp back and forth through it every day, seemingly unconscious of the fact that there is a world beyond its boundaries. There are similar thoroughfares in other large cities throughout the world. The men who traipse through them represent the great crowd that has lost all interest in life, and has no psychological idea of a golden future. They are the men of yesterday,—the faces that do not smile.

Brother, you are gazing backward toward the scenes of
your mistakes;
You are weeping o'er your errors till your proud heart
almost breaks.
You're repenting and regretting, you are sighing, "Oh,
alas!"
And you're missing all the glories of the present as they
pass.
Leave the grim and gruesome picture,—look the other
way awhile,
For the face that's toward the future is the face that wears
a smile.—S. W. Gillilan.

"IF I had only known! Oh, if I had only known!" Time and time again have I heard this cry wrung from the breasts of men who, according to all Laws of nature, should have been in the midst of the struggle of life, with no time for vain regrets. The wail is pathetic and full of self-reproach, and it excites pity, but the men who give utterance to it are not always entirely deserving of commiseration. They are puzzling mysteries, not only to casual observers, but also to the men and women who have made this particular class their life-study.

"If I had only known! Oh, if I had only known!"—with all its pathos,—is nothing more or less than a confession of inability to battle with the least adverse of circumstances. Ignorance of the existence before them can not be pleaded by the "has-beens." A week's stay in a great city like New York affords one enough side-lights on the lives of these wrecks to understand their dreariness. The news columns, police-court records, and hospital reports leave no phase of this life untouched; yet along the Bowery of New York—that great highway of the foolish and the miserable,—are seen, daily, new recruits for the army of the hopeless.

Would that I could say to you, "Come, let you and me go out into the morass and drag from its slimy suction a fellow man." But I can not. The battle is fought without ceasing, the cures are lavishly applied, and much of our pitying love is given, but still others come along the highway, not to fill the vacancies, for there are few, but to swell the ranks of this sinister army. If I can not suggest an effective remedy for the curing of this condition, I can, at least, give you the truth concerning it.

As in all other great cities, one section of New York is given up almost entirely to the flotsam and jetsam of population. The Bowery—always condemned, often defamed,—and its immediate vicinity have long been the camping-ground of the homeless. Being an important thoroughfare, it is traversed by many people, and many attractive stores are rivals in luring prospective buyers. The resorts of ten years ago have vanished, and the day life of the Bowery is not at all what a stranger would expect. The street is kept as clean as many others in this metropolis, there are both well-dressed and shabbily-dressed people to be seen on it, and in no essential does the Bowery differ from other busy thoroughfares. Even at night—with only a minimum of resorts open,—the Bowery always disappoints a frisky sight-seer.

The "yellow" danger of the Bowery does not parade on the sidewalks; it can not be found in the many rumshops, but creeps, like a stealthy, poisonous germ, into the very hearts and minds of men, who, in the end, become actually fascinated with this repelling Bohemia of the nether world. It is their mental attitude, or, rather, their moral and mental deficiency, that makes these men mere milestones on the miserable highway. I know, and you know, how we are influenced by our environment, in spite of normal brains and bodies. What, then, shall be said of the man who, unbalanced by some unexpected happening, receives a little push from Fate, is unable to resist it, and shoots down the chute of misery to its very bottom? Stunned by his descent, he crawls to the first resting-place. Something has snapped within him, as it were; he looks about him, and does not feel the horror of his situation, is but mildly surprised at his emotion, and mutters to himself: "Oh, what's the use of making an effort to-day to get away from here? I'll do that to-morrow."

But lo! to-morrow he is infected by the germ that makes the men of the Bowery mere shadows of the specter-world,—men who are dead, but unburied, who, like the bats of subterranean passages, are flitting aimlessly in constant gloom, gazing backward on dead conditions, unwilling to face about and enter a kindly future.

It is not profitable to deal in generalities when facts, solid facts, are close at hand. The tidal wave of political controversy, which appears about a month before election, delights in juggling with the term, "floating population." It is a misnomer, when applied to the Bowery. A "has-been" might "float" from one house to the one next door; but he never, once there, floats away from the Bowery. That is known to every politician, who feels himself in duty bound to throw the accusation of utilizing the "floating population" to overcome the opposing faction. It is merely a trick in the trade of patriotic statesmanship.

The statesman! As the Romans clothed the men of wisdom and love of country in the flowing robes of dignity and called them "senators," so do we take—take by the will of the people,—the men, fat of jowl and round of body, from beneath us, place them above us in the seats of the mighty, and give them power over us. Should a man growl because I say "from beneath us . . . . . and give them power over us," and should he wrathfully confront me with the lacerated slogan of political and other equality, I would not wish to stand in the way of his claim of being their equal, but would have trifling respect for his integrity. As I tell the stars by seeing them and find but small difference in their luster, so do I tell the rascals by their rascality, and there is small difference in the degree of rascality. Engineered by these statesmen, we have the pitiful spectacle every year of seeing men who have lost the last vestige of will-power coaxed into the belief that, for once, they are exercising their own sovereign will to perform the most important duty of citizenship. That most of the "has-beens" are intoxicated on election day is, perhaps, a coincidence.

The term "floating population" belongs distinctively to the Bowery, though, on rare occasions, it is also applied to other localities. "Floating population" and "lodging-house population" have become synonymous. The lodging houses being the abodes—they can not be called the "homes,"—of the "has-beens," it behooves us to examine their condition and numerical strength.

The "lodging-house population" is one well worthy of a politician's attention. From Brooklyn Bridge to Cooper Union, a distance of about two miles, there are over one hundred lodging houses. A lodging house, to be a paying investment, must shelter at least two hundred and fifty men. Many houses, notably the Mills Hotel and the Salvation Army Hotel, exceed that figure by several hundreds. The most conservative estimate places the number of men who sleep in the Bowery every night at fifty thousand. This does not include the storekeepers and their families, who live on the floors above the shops. Barely two miles of street and fifty thousand homeless men to people it! Is it any wonder that the wily politicians, who control the "lodging-house vote," are the most powerful of their party?

Lodging houses are not run from philanthropic motives. They are business agencies, like other hotels, and competitive rivalry results in keeping the houses in fair sanitary condition. Some of them are almost excessively so in their use of disinfectants. Such places fairly reek with a pungent, sharp smell, and with every breath one inhales doses of aromas, of a germ-killing nature, which, no doubt, are healthful, but far from agreeable.

The doorways of these houses are graced by shining brass plates stating the name and rate of each hotel. Above each plate swings a transparency, on which, again, the name and rate are given. Besides this notice there is another which should at once remove all lodging-house patrons beyond the pale of criticism. Here is a front-door sign:—

"The Norwood. Single bed, ten cents; single room, fifteen cents, per night. For Gentlemen only!"

Is there a fashionable hotel which would or could guarantee all its guests to be "gentlemen," even at their extravagant rates? Hardly! Here, on the Bowery, provided his dime is accepted, the lodger has his social standing blazoned from a glaring sign.

The payment of his ten or fifteen cents entitles the guest to all the conveniences the house affords. Very few houses, if any, are without bathing facilities. Some have both shower and tub baths. Washstands and a plenitude of towels are on every floor. The sanitary condition is rigidly enforced by the health department. Whisk brooms, clothes brushes, and shoe brushes are hanging on stout chains in convenient places. The clerk, the foster father of his homeless charges, has many conveniences to distribute. Pins, needles, thread, buttons, and even patches; also writing material can be had.

The social life of the guests is looked after by the proprietor. After ascending the stairs, covered with oilcloth and trimmed with shining brass, we find ourselves in the reading or sitting room. In the most conspicuous place stands the office, a cage-like affair, affording a complete survey to the clerk on duty. Solid wooden tables, chairs, and benches furnish the room. Indistinct ornamenta-

A shadow of the specter-world



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tions and very distinctly printed rules decorate it.

The following is an exact copy of a table of rules and regulations, not without its subtle irony:—

1.—This room is open for guests only from 6 A. M. to 11.30 P. M.
2.—Loud talking, whistling, or profanity is not allowed. Guests must not discuss religion or politics.
3.—Dominoes, checkers, or chess can be had at the office and must be returned. Gambling for money is strictly prohibited.
4.—All beds and rooms must be paid for in advance. No money refunded.
5.—Intoxicated persons will not be permitted in the house at any time.
6.—The proprietor will not be responsible for clothing, goods, or personal effects left in the rooms.
7.—A safe for jewelry, money, and valuables is provided in the office.
8.—Guests occupying rooms should bolt and lock their doors before retiring.
9.—Keys must be left at the office.
10.—No trust whatever.

THE PROPRIETOR.

Here I must guard you against stumbling into an erroneous impression. Although the sign, the transparency and the table of rules emphasize the importance of the "room," it is but a poor one. A "room" at a lodging house is a rather dismal thing. A wooden partition, eight feet high, incloses the "room." The inside space is seven feet by five feet. Between the cot and the opposite partition there is just room enough for a closet one foot square for clothes. This, as a rule, is all the furniture contained in a "room,"—called a "box-stall" by the *habitués*,—only a few houses augmenting it by a stool. To insure the occupant of a room against unwelcome calls from his neighbors, heavy wire netting "tops" the "room" partitions. The "single beds" are in large dormitories.

This is the *scenarium* for the tragedy of the "has-beens." With all its meagerness, cheapness, and other drawbacks, the physical character of the environment is not the worst it could be, for a modicum of cleanliness is to be found everywhere, but the moral atmosphere, or rather its absence, is the thing of horror.

Several occupations in the city are exclusively followed by the "has-beens." There are the "sign-carriers,"—the walking advertisements; the men who distribute circulars and pamphlets;

"He is satisfied to carry a sign for food"



barroom cleaners, whose wages are generally of a liquid nature; coalmen, who travel the streets in search of a ton of coal to be "put in;" the penmen, who grind away at addressing envelopes; the lunchmen, who prepare the free "spreads" in the ginmills; the firemen, who attend to the fires in the smaller boarding houses; the dinner-waiters, who work for two or three hours during the rush of noon in down-town lunch rooms; and men of other similar and diversified callings. The average earnings of a working "has-been" never exceed a dollar a day. Thousands of them only earn fifty cents, a weekly total of three dollars, which sum must feed, clothe, and house them. It is done and can be done readily on their plane of life.



"He asks for trust, just for a night"

Seventy cents pays for a week's lodging. To eat more than twice a day is not deemed necessary. On Park Row and the Bowery are several cellar restaurants where five cents procures a "square meal." The meals are not totally bad, and the bill of fare is quite pretentious. Pork and beans, pea soup, stew, hash and hard-boiled eggs comprise the *menu*, and with each item four slices of bread and a bowl of coffee are served. "Has-beens" who are out of work or who belong to the positively idle class resort to the penny soup stands, where a cup of soup, or a cup of coffee, and one slice of bread, are sold for a cent. Two meals, at five cents a day, bring the board bill up to seventy cents for the week. Subtracting this, as well as the hotel bill, from the original sum of three dollars, the "has-been" finds himself the possessor of the substantial balance of one dollar and sixty cents. Free barber schools, where apprentices to the barber's trade perfect themselves, take care of a "has-been's" tonsorial effectiveness. His hair is cut and his beard shaved off for no other expense than a few occasional drops of blood or a bit of skin. His laundry work is done by himself at his lodging house. If the wardrobe needs replenishing, the old-clothes market, where sales occur daily, at Bayard and Elizabeth Streets, is visited. Pieces of wearing apparel, hats, shoes, and linen, not good enough to be bought by the second-hand dealers, who have first choice of the wares brought from up-town by the "old clo'es" peddlers, are offered on the street corner, and are passed from hand to hand until bought for a mere pittance. After a purchase, a "has-been" makes the necessary repairs, and feels a real satisfaction in his bargain.

The sitting rooms of the lodging houses, from the time of opening to the time of closing, are never vacant. Shortly after they are opened, the wanderers of the night creep in to take stolen naps. They are a pitiful crew,—the "banner-carriers." Night after night, at the closing hour of the sitting rooms, this troop of sorry shadows steps into the street to wear away long hours in the silence of their undying memories. Some of these men sit in the sheltering room all day after the weary travel of the night before. I have known men who had not slept in a bed for a week. They are the "has-beens" who have stepped down from the "comforts" of their own world into that deplorable condition in which men merely wait around to die.

They start,—up-town, down-town, cross-town,—who cares where?—so long as time is killed, until the morning hour. Some walk in couples, others walk alone, with naught for company excepting their past. Stops are made here and there, for even at night charitable people are not entirely unmindful of these drifting beings. Thousands of loaves of bread are dispensed after the sun has folded his golden wings by several large bakeries, and even coffee or some other warming drink is given. By night or by day, a "has-been" need not starve, and it is claimed by some that that is one of the reasons for his being a "has-been." He knows that he can always find food somewhere and snatch a bit of sleep now and then, but the one unfailing condition that brings a man to his senses is hunger. It can bridge the awful chasm between desperation and chance with more precision than anything else I know of, for it clings to one more inexorably than the gadfly clung to Io.

When men live from hand to mouth, as these people do, a shortness in finances is easily incurred. These embarrassing periods are not without moment to both the lodging-house keeper and the lodger. Every proprietor is a political captain, and, if you will note that some of them own as many as ten houses, you will understand the significance of their power. They are in close touch with their lodgers, and, being keen judges of human nature, know how to sift their material.

Ten cents is a small sum, yet, when it stands between one and his bed for the night, it has the conjuring power of making a time-worn cot as inviting as the canopied couch of a monarch. It may be raining,—perhaps snowing; in the rules of the house there is the threatening clause, "No trust whatever," but you are courageous from despair and ask the proprietor to "trust" you just for one night. He listens, and, seeing that you are in straits and making sure that you have a vote, he grants the request and, for once, the petitioner is spared the harrowing experience of "carrying the banner."

Is it surprising that a man who has been rescued from a pitiless storm and saved from a "bedless" night by the proprietor will have a feeling closely akin to gratitude as he slips under the shabby blankets? Perhaps he is compelled to ask his landlord's indulgence several times during the year, and, when election day comes, he, oppressed by his debt of obligations, readily obeys the command of his captain, who, besides having been kind to him, saves him the trouble of thinking.

Many lodgers, without regard to the difference in the price, prefer the large dormitories to the stuffy wooden "rooms." Let us visit a dormitory,—the place where the lesser brethren seek their slumber. It is an immense room, accommodating about one hundred men. All beds must be vacated by eleven o'clock, to permit the cleaners and "bed-makers" to perform their work. Every available window is opened, and brooms and scrubbing brushes are vigorously applied. Beds are turned upside down, and, after airing for an hour or two, are covered with clean linen. They are then ready for the next occupants. In the late afternoon everything is in shape, and the proprietor, inspecting the condition of the dormitory, is justified in challenging criticism. The smell of soap and of disinfectants hangs in the air, and you are forced to admit that the place is very clean. The beds are in four measured rows from wall to wall, with an exact space, prescribed by law, between. It does not require a great deal of imagination to find a simile for the quiet, untenanted place. Does it not resemble a graveyard? It does, and, more's the pity, it is one.

Each cot, the mound above dead hopes and ambitions, waits but the midnight hour to mock the waning spirit of its prisoner. Yes, these are cruel beds. On their hard pillows many a tear has fallen, and from them many "has-beens" have started for the great unknown. Still, they each night benumb victims into drowsiness to have their sport of dreams with them. The day aspect suggests the horror; the scene at night shows it in all its hideousness.

The long room, never brilliantly lighted, is in almost complete darkness. Just one dim, flickering flame of gas makes feeble resistance against the blackish gloom. But with each draught coming from the stairway the shadows dance on the walls as if swaying with an overhanging pall. The order of the beds is gone, and in its stead are rows of twisting, squirming bodies. Yes, it is quiet, and, therefore, the sudden noises falling on one's ear are so much the more accentuated.

Here, a strong, young, and well-proportioned lodger, after a day spent in idleness, feels now in slumber the energy left unawakened during the day. His muscles swell, his chest heaves heavily with some dreamed-of exertion, and the "has-

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been" is his former self at the midnight hour in the dormitory. There, one is wrestling with his waning intoxication. He mutters, growls, and curses soft or loud, while in his face no intellect can be traced. No "has-been" can claim to have a normal mind; if he further deadens it with poisonous fusel oil, he can not blame his face for showing the reflection. One's eyes often speak louder than his voice.

Dreams are magicians of no small degree. In yonder darkened corner, a man, gray-haired and on in years, sleeps fairly restful sleep, for he has rested on this cot for many years,—a veteran "has-been." Yet even he is not without his fantasies. A smile flits about his mouth, and, ever and anon, he mumbles softly a name which, you feel, was once to him the dearest one on this earth. A few more hours will pass, and, with his waking, he will be many, many years distant from the scenes which, in his slumber, he lived over again.

Not all are wrapped in the veil of sleep, no matter how comfortless. From a cot, not far from the solitary gas jet, two dark, wide-open eyes are staring at the ceiling. No sleep has come or will come to him. A new recruit, but recently arrived, he is yet stunned from his descent, while conscience is making the last effort to save him from the fate before him. He spends his night by sneering at destiny, without once resorting to the best of all relief,—prayer. Though his eyes are open, he is blind to all the fleeting shadows born of the flickering flare, and deaf even to the rasping noises about him, for throughout the room, from many, many a bed, there comes the sound of a hacking, hollow cough,—the herald of a life's last lapse.

Often we have our sympathies stirred by a realistic tale of prison misery. I do not wish to detract one iota from the charity spent on the inmates of our jails, but, for one, I can see no more pitiful sight about me than this moaning midnight sea of sighs and sobs and suffering. The men here have sinned only against themselves, and they are here, many of them apparently hale, hearty, and intelligent, just because a little cog slipped in their moral make-up.

It is at night, either at his "hang-out," or in the sitting room of the lodging house, that we can get the true picture of a "has-been." Then, because he lives over pieces of his past, you can discern what he was once.

Beginning with the afternoon, the sitting room becomes crowded with patrons of the lodging house. A few play dominoes or checkers, but most of them prefer to talk. They form into groups and have their own particular corners where they hold their nightly meetings. Some weighty matters of moment are weighed in their sodden brains, and they live in the glory of a soap-bubble importance. I have often listened to their conversation, and as frequently have learned something from them. To this very day, a group composed of ex-representatives of several professions meets every evening in the sitting room of a fifteen-cent lodging house. Of the six, two have been lawyers; one, a physician; one, a brilliant editorial writer; one, a professor of literature and recognized authority on Shakespeare, with several books to his credit; the last, a colonel of a southern regiment during the Civil War, and, since then, president of various banks and corporations.

Their shabbiness and deep-lined features are not noticed by any one who has an opportunity to listen to them. The shafts of wit are brilliant, the repartee is swift and caustic, the diction is a model of linguistic accomplishment, and one becomes forgetful of the surroundings and personalities of the scene. Yet, in it all, the rightly sounding note is missing. They all talk of "When I was," "When I had," or "When I did,"—all tales of yesterday, none of care for the morrow. They live in the past; they are blind, deaf, stolid, and indifferent to the great glories of the future. They all chat and babble of the days behind them, and veritable epics of the past are sung. One speaks with awkward tenderness of mother, wife, and children, perhaps not seen in years, and in his uncouth way he shows all the remnant of the better feeling, still harbored in his heart. Another, of more material turn of mind, tells of the meals and feasts, which mother "used to cook," and which he "used to have," when he "used to live at home."

By every two, or three, or larger group of these men of yesterday, the requiem of the "has-been" is chanted in its dull minor key. It is not hopelessness, or resignation; it is absolute indifference which tones the monotony of a "has-been's" life.

His first duty of the day is to procure his "bed-money" for the coming night. After that is obtained he "takes chances on his grub." Of course, this only pertains to the "has-beens" who have absolutely no means of procuring a precarious living. They are the men who make the gruesome, living statues hanging to lamp-posts, reclining against sunshiny patches of outer walks, with dreamy, unseeing eyes, or bleared and befuddled by the aftermath of their "good times" of the night before.

Again let me emphasize the fact that most of these men come from social and intellectual spheres far removed from a Bowery level. I know a man who, to my personal knowledge, has led the existence of a "has-been" for twelve years. In all that time, his appearance has seemingly remained the same. If he has changed his hat it must have been an exchange of his very old head-covering for one just a trifle less old. Winter and summer the same short overcoat hangs upon his gaunt figure. His hair and beard are always in the same tangled mass. During the day he is not a whit different from other tramps or hoboes. Then, his "bed-money" obtained, he mopes about in morose and sullen silence. But with the coming of the artificial glimmer of evening, that streams adown the highways, a brighter sparkle creeps into his eyes, his form grows more erect, and he strides forth to one of those hell-kitchens on the Bowery that thrive and ruin and brazen in spite of the milk-and-water protests made against them at long intervals. There the constituents of the lowest, the most fearful scum, masquerading in the guise of human beings, pass many hours, and, after spending their pittance,—mostly pennies, watch for some straggling Samaritan inclined to keep ablaze the fire of forgetfulness kindled within them.

This environment, with its reeking stench and degraded faces, has become a necessity to the "has-been" in question. Night after night he sits at the soiled table, his listless air of the day supplanted by a certain dash of bearing, and speaks and lectures to the crowd around him of Greek, Roman, Chaldaic, and Hebrew literature and history as he did in the days when he was a celebrity in Germany and professor at the University of Heidelberg. Chance acquaintances of different social shifts have often offered him opportunities to put his attainments to good use. First he accepted these offers, but always returned. Now, when they are made, he only smiles and gives the stereotyped reply:—

"I am all right. I sleep, eat, and drink, sometimes and as often as possible,—what more do I need? My life is the essence of a philosophical existence. I'm done with what you call the "striving life."

"Up-town, down-town,—who cares where?"



And there are many, many who, like our professor, have attainments, skill, and perfect training in their particular professions, and yet they waste, and persist in wasting, every minute and hour of their lives. They sing and live their requiem, and with the selfishness of unfelt misery have lazily formed a world within a world for themselves.

But a few weeks ago I saw a man at a corner of Canal Street and the Bowery. I had known him for years,—a man of not more than thirty-five years, of which at least five had been wasted on the Bowery. His position at the moment was characteristic of his class. It was late afternoon. Over the housetops the homing sun shone his dull, tired farewell after a day of blazing toil. A target for the golden rays, the "has-been" stood in the focus of their sheen.

To stand squarely on one's feet, one must use an infinitesimal particle of exertion. Therefore the "has-been," being what he was, leaned, yes, lay against a lamp-post. His hands were in his pockets, and his unshaven face was lifted to such an angle as also to find a resting place for a cheek against the iron post. His eyes—unseeing eyes,—gazed straight into the departing orb of day.

There was a doubt. Why not give him the benefit of it? Perhaps, I hoped, instead of idly loafing, he was making a determined effort at rehabilitation and pledging himself to greet the sinking sun on the morrow with the energy of one long ill and ailing, but now anxious for work,—glorious, honest work, with all the desire of a delayed convalescence.

I spoke to him. My question had to be repeated three times before he slowly turned his head in my direction. He listened to my hopeful expression as if I had spoken to him in a foreign tongue.

"Do n't you know any better than to talk to me of work?" he asked, listlessly, without even a shadow of anger. "What would I work for? I lost the knack of my trade, and, besides, I eat and sleep more or less, as it is, so what is the use of going back to work? Besides, I would have to chase around for about two days before I could find a job."

The pity, the bitter pity of it is that this is not a manufactured speech, formed to illustrate my point. It was spoken to me almost *verbatim* by a man skilled in the trade of an engraver, one of certainly average intelligence and of normal body. But the mind was one from which normality had gone and where nothing reigns but the indifference of a "has-been." It is a curse, this indifference. Hopelessness, despair and dissatisfaction entail a degree of mental activity,—but indifference is like a mind's Sahara without a horizon.

Do not think me unfeeling or too harsh when I speak of the "has-beens." I feel for them, and am sorry for them; still, I am not blind to their condition. If there is one point on which I cannot express myself convincingly, it is on that of how to help them. It is a glorious fact that much is done on the East Side for children and young men. There are settlements, schools, clubs, and institutions to teach them how to learn and how to play. But little is done for the "has-been."

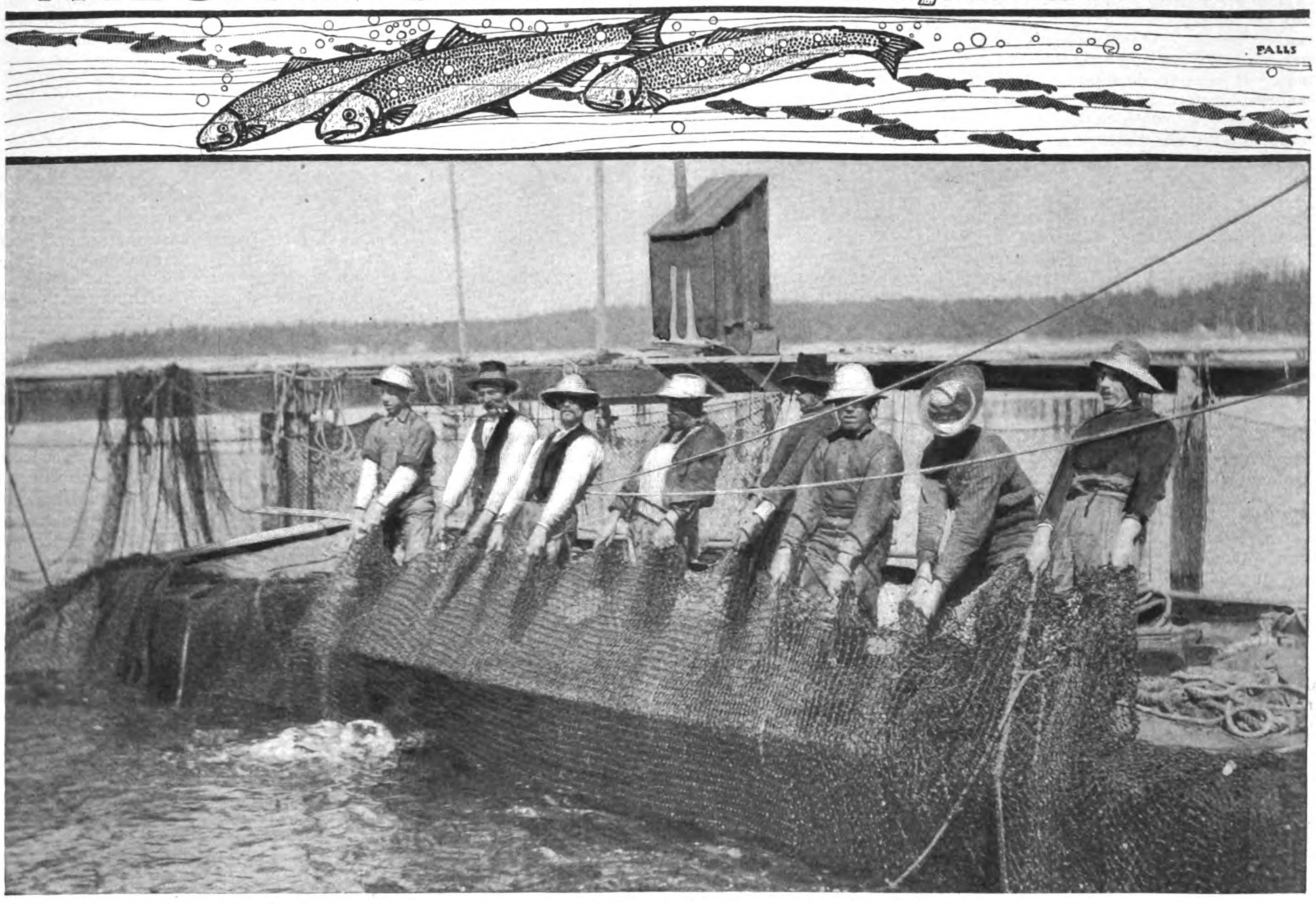
From Brooklyn Bridge to Cooper Union there are only two places on the Bowery where religious services are held. Both places are doing splendid work along their special lines. One is the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Its avowed purpose is to help the man who, through some misfortune or *mistake*, has reached the edge of the abyss, to right himself again by the best medium possible,—work. A "has-been," however, is too far gone down the incline to be considered a fit subject for the moral instillation of the Bowery Branch. It would not be right to place the recent arrival on the same level with the seasoned "has-beens." The other place is the famous old Bowery Mission, named elsewhere, by me, the Church for Sinners. It opens its doors every night for the lowest of the low. Whatever the ingenuity of Mrs. Sarah Bird and Mr. Hallimond can suggest to make the evening services more attractive is done. But, alas! the main province of this mission is the religious side of the "has-been's" life, for the funds are not at hand to help him in any other way.

Thus the threads of many lives run into hopeless tangles in this social phase, and you and I sorrow, grieve, pity, and pray, perhaps, but what else do we do to change the requiem of the "has-been" into a newer, better song of hope?

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THE SALMON FOOT

Joseph Blethen



With "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," the brawny boatmen raise a net filled with thousands of salmon in the great Rosario trap

Freight Conductor Scanlan, who "ran on his rights" in emergencies, uses the same tactics as "admiral" of a fishing fleet and vanquishes the salmon pirates of the North Pacific

"'CAN'T!'—'can't!'—'can't!'" exclaimed the manager of the Pacific Canning Company, in disgust, his picturesque sarcasm betraying its healthy American exaggeration. "Every man on our pay roll sits up nights to study up 'can'ts' to spring on me. You line up here like a gill-net men's lobby and sing your chorus of obstacles at me. 'Can't stop salmon piracy!'—'Can't stop gill-net men from cutting trap-nets!'—'Can't combine canneries into a big company!'—'Can't legalize traps unless you buy legislative protection!' Every man of you has a proposition based on a 'can't.' Why 'can't' some of you come here with a 'can?' Why not devote a little time thinking over the possibilities of the salmon business, instead of voicing the threadbare threats of its enemies? Get out, the whole lot of you! I am looking for a man with a salmon 'can,' and when I find him I will promote him over all the 'can'ts' in this cannery!"

Five crestfallen heads of five departments walked out of Manager Hardwood's office feeling very much abused, leaving the manager to storm about an empty room and to settle himself into a state sufficiently calm to do some vitally necessary thinking.

Finally, sitting at his desk, Manager Hardwood faced the problem before him. Mr. Gates, president of the Pacific Canning Company, which owned several salmon canneries on Lower Puget Sound, had journeyed to the Atlantic Coast to meet other salmon cannery owners in Boston, there to consider the formation of a monster canning company which should take over all the Puget Sound canneries and operate them under the newly developed American plan called a trust. The company which was headed by Mr. Gates was the largest one represented at the meeting, and Mr. Gates had made an important thing a condition of the sale of the Pacific Canning Company to the trust; he had stipulated that his home city, with its great canneries and its proximity to the salmon traps, should be made the headquarters, and his plant the executive depot of the new consolidation. The Boston capitalists, who were proposing to fund the enterprise, promptly took him at his word, and added that, his property being the biggest and his forces the best organized, the test of traps and the investigations of the cannery operations should be made at his plant. Thereupon Mr. Gates had written Manager Hardwood a letter, part of which read:—

> This honor of preference brings its obligations. Our traps will be taken as typical of the industry, and the number of salmon taken in our traps will be set down as a law upon which to base the calculations of the salmon supply. Therefore, we must let nothing interfere with the operation of our traps during the test run.
>
> I have decided that the big trap in Rosario Strait shall be the scene of the tests. Our enemies, the gill-net men, when they learn of this, may resort to their favorite nocturnal pastime of cutting our pound nets. Such a move on their part might upset this deal and send our plans out with the tide. You must strengthen your forces and protect the traps from damage during the tests. The big Rosario trap is, by its isolated position, favorable to a gill-netter's spite or a British Columbia pirate's raid.
>
> I want you to realize how nearly we have pushed this proposition to success. These Boston men have money chests that are deep and wide. Their one creed is "five per cent." Just as quickly as the investigation committee from the land of small codfish and heavy literature can report that an investment in Puget Sound salmon canneries will pay five per cent. on their money, just so soon will the papers be signed. You and I are dealing in red salmon, and the day on which that committee visits our trap will be a red-letter day for us. Write that in red ink over your desk, for when I return the committee of Boston blue blood goes with me.

Manager Hardwood's problem was this: the gill-net fishermen of Puget Sound had for years fought the owners of the fish traps, both on the floor of the state legislature by argument and political combinations, and on the open Sound by vengeful knives and by secret aid to the pirates from across the international boundary line. A salmon cannery could, by the use of two or three fish traps during a salmon run, take all the salmon its men and machinery could pack. This use of traps decreased the market of the gill-net fishermen, who could sell only to such Puget Sound canneries as made contracts with them, or to the canneries across the line, for the law of British Columbia prohibited traps in the waters of the Fraser River, and all its salmon canneries depended on gill-net men for fish.

The spirit of progress had aided the trap men on the Washington side of Puget Sound in so far as law was concerned. Traps were made legal and the gill-net men were reduced to sullen and vengeful silence. A pirate crew on a nocturnal raid from across the line could count on a safe passage through any number of gill-net fleets. If the watchman of a trap was thrown into the Sound and left clinging to a net, he generally changed occupations next day in a spirit of thankfulness that his life had been spared. If, by chance, the watchman was thrown into the trap itself, he sank below the hundreds of salmon that crowded over him and held him relentlessly down to his death. Then, when the coroner's jury sat on his remains, the verdict was "came to his death by falling into a fish trap, cause unknown." The pirates, with the eight-oared scows, or wide bottom smacks, loaded with salmon from the rifled trap, crept among the islands, hiding by day and traveling by night, till they reached their own side of the international boundary line, where they sold their cargo to unquestioning cannery men.

The condition had literally become one of guerrilla warfare. Some bold stroke on the part of the trap owners was necessary to check the ardor of the pirates, and to quell the open sympathy which the gill-net men manifested for any form of trap destruction. But even the heads of departments in the great Pacific Cannery Company were afraid of the problem, so strong and widespread sympathy for the gill-net men was there in the smaller towns of the islands and on the water ways where lay the traps. The few white men who manned each cannery and directed its army of Chinese cleaners and working-girl packers were alone

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against an army of gill-net men who opposed every possible obstacle to the efforts of the owners to capture the pirates. Officers of the law were dilatory, for the gill-net men had many votes and the cannery men but few. Men known to be pirates went free, for every jury numbered one or more gill-net men. It was only on the floor of the state legislature and before the higher courts that owners received their just consideration; on the Sound, the battle was to the daring. President Gates and Manager Hardwood had not only to prove the value of salmon packing to capital, but also to prove to capital that salmon trap men could defend themselves against pirates, gill-netters, and a general popular distrust of trusts.

Manager Hardwood closed his office and began a wandering tour of the great buildings. He was at his wit's end to find a man who would say, "I *can* protect the big Rosario trap during the test." Should he be forced to do it himself, Manager Hardwood feared that such an extraordinary effort would be noticed and that it would result in an adverse verdict by the investigation committee.

"It's funny,—real funny,"—mused Hardwood, with a grim smile, as he walked. "This is the twentieth century. Puget Sound is partly in the United States and partly in the proud Dominion. I am wearing a frock coat and my wife is a church member. Yet last night a crew of real live pirates cut my nets and stole forty thousand fish from a trap. Would n't that jar the gentlemen from the city of the historical tea party if they only knew it! We must break up this relic of barbarism, or the relic will break us."

In the power house, Jerry Scanlan was packing the cylinder of a monster stationary engine. As he worked he talked with ample good humor and easy similes, and as he talked he narrated personal history to the foreman of Cannery A.

"When I went up against the main 'gazabe' in Omaha for my papers to run a passenger ingine, the boys put me on. I had all my papers from the shops to the roundhouse, but the guy at the head office had to examine the ingineers on their headwork. On any old railroad you have to know your ingine, and you have to know your run. But on the 'Q' a man has to know himself. So I went up against the main 'gazabe' and had my hand on the air for any flag he might wave at me.

"'Suppose,' says the main squeeze, 'you are running on the Chicago-Los Angeles express over your division. The right-hand track is blocked, see? You get an order to cross to the left-hand track and run to the next station. What are you going to do,' says he, 'when you get there?' 'Look for an order,' says I. 'Suppose there is n't any!' says he. 'Then,' says I,—'if I'm on time,' says I,—'the con signs the book and I crosses back to my own track and runs on my rights.' 'What rights?' says the quiz committee, looking like that was news to the main office. 'Time-table rights,' says I. 'But suppose you run smash into the Sunset Limited hiking east?' says he. 'It would serve it right,' says I. 'But suppose the dispatcher ordered them to your track?' says he. 'Then he should have been hanged,' says I, 'for not holdin' 'em off my track till I got by.' 'But suppose,' says the counsel for the prosecution, 'that the general manager of the road is on your train when you smash into the Sunset Limited?' That was the flag and I let the air in hard. 'Then,' says I,—'supposing that I am able to walk,' says I,—'I goes back to that general manager and observes to him that a railroad that gives an ingineer rights an' can't remember 'em long enough to keep 'em itself has got what is comin' to it.' 'You would get fired,' says the guy, stickin' out his chest at the notion of me raggin' the general manager. 'Of course I would,' says I. 'Many a man gets fired for running on his rights,' says I. 'But,' says I, 'you'd never got to be head wrangler in this debatin' society if you had n't run on *yours*.' Then the main 'gazabe' laughed. 'You're accepted,' says he, and the next day I got my injine."

"That's very interesting," said a voice from behind them. Turning, Scanlan and the foreman saw Manager Hardwood looking on.

"Tell me," continued the manager, "were you ever obliged to 'run on your rights' while you had that engine, Mr. Scanlan?"

"Every single day I had it," replied the engineer, frankly. "There's no other business on earth where a man must look out for himself as in railroading. The minute you get scared to use your rights, you're gone. You can't haul an overland express on anybody's nerve but your own."

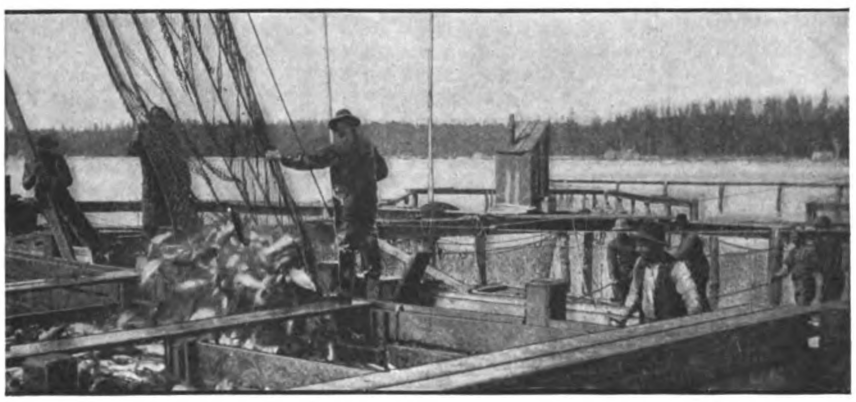
The manager's eyes were taking on a new brightness. He was measuring the engineer's words for their unusual depth.

"In other words," said the manager, "a railroad man learns to say 'I can,' instead of 'I can't.'"

"Yes, sir! You've got to run for a shaky trestle and say to yourself, 'I *can* get over it.' 'You've got to buck a bad rail and say, 'I *can* get through on time.' It's heaven, hell, or the roundhouse on schedule time when you're hauling express trains on the main line."

The manager's eyes danced. "In a general way, Mr. Scanlan, would you say that a business man was justified in running on his rights, as you did on your engine?"

The engineer hesitated. He suspected a red flag, but he replied, frankly: "Certainly. You hire me to run this injine that runs the machinery in your cannery. At 7:30 I blow the whistle and turn this steam valve. If a Chinaman gets mushed up in the wheels somewhere around the works, it's not my fault. My orders are to turn the machinery, not to keep the Chinese Empire from getting into it. I propose to obey orders even if I break owners."



The huge salmon are loaded from the traps directly into the scows

Then the manager waved the flag. "Suppose, Mr. Scanlan, I should offer you three hundred dollars a month to take charge of our fish traps. Would you 'run on your rights,' even if it should mean a battle with salmon pirates?"

"If I took the job," replied Scanlan, slowly, "I should run the traps according to orders. If the pirates got on my track it would mean another Sunset Limited smash, and God be with the man under the wreck."

"And also with the man under the feet of the salmon," said Manager Hardwood. "Well, Mr. Scanlan, my offer holds good. Come to me in the morning and I'll lay out the work before you. If you accept, you will find that this company will not forget the 'rights' it lays down to you."

Scanlan stood speechless at the unexpected offer, and Manager Hardwood walked away. Then Scanlan ran after him, for at forty he had a wife and two daughters, the latter taking music lessons, and one of them was agitating the question of taking painting lessons. Men with daughters studying music are not afraid of promotion.

"Excuse my disrespect, Mr. Hardwood. You took me by surprise. Of course I'm grateful for the offer and I'll accept. I'll do my best to please you."

"I know you will," said the manager, extending his hand. "I need a man of your nerve to run those traps. Good night."

Then the manager went home and, for the first time in a week, enjoyed his dinner.

The next morning Scanlan turned over his ponderous engine to his successor, and went, neat and presentable in his street suit, to the manager's office. Mr. Hardwood locked the door, determined that no interruption should endanger his plan of nerving the man from the Burlington school to a sharp campaign among the pirates.

"It is only fair to tell you, Mr. Scanlan, that your life will be in danger on shore as well as at the traps. The gill-net men will do nothing against you overtly, as they are afraid of the law, but they will shield the pirates in every possible way. In some of the smaller towns among the islands, murders have been committed. Trap men have been shot from upstairs windows, and the officers, who fear the local vote of the gill-net men, are always a safe distance behind till the fleeing murderer is lost across the line. You must keep closely to your boats and traps. Avoid going about much at night, even in this town. One of your three tugs is fitted up with a cabin for the trap superintendent. Better make that your home for a few weeks. By that time I hope we will have taught these pirates a few lessons in the progress of events."

"I've been through more than one railroad strike," said Scanlan. "I've pounded 'scabs,' and then again I've been shot at as a 'scab.' I don't believe these pirates can think up any more meanness than I can."

"You would better pick out a few men whom you can trust, and arm them well. Use your three tugs as a fleet, and your own tug as a flagship. Have a few spare rifles, and an extra guard or two on each of them. If you get a chance to chase a pirate boat, go after both the crew and the craft. Dead or alive, I want any pirate you meet. Dead, he goes to the coroner; alive, he will find that the juries of this town are wearying of him and are ready to send him to state prison.

"But your clash with pirates will probably come at the big Rosario trap when the sock-eye salmon begin to run. I want you to take the guarding of that trap as your personal task. Let your deputies take the smaller traps. The pirates will come in the night. They will try first to scare you away. Failing in that, they will try to throw you into the trap. A man down under the feet of a hundred thousand salmon never rises to identify a pirate. Furthermore, his body bears no marks of violence, and the pirates can fill their scows and go, leaving the trap without damage, and thus block any possible detection. What I want you to do is to get a look at their faces and shoot the leader. The company will stand behind you. It is just as sensible for you to put a bullet into a salmon pirate while running a trap on its rights as it would have been for you, while running a Burlington locomotive on its rights, to send an express train smashing through a middle-of-the-road Populist convention. Express messengers are expected to kill train robbers; trap guards are expected to kill pirates. The trouble on Puget Sound is that traps are comparatively new, and the right kind of guards is hard to get. The gill-net men, by the change in the fisheries, are being driven into the logging camps and coal mines for work, and they naturally resent it."

Scanlan's appointment as superintendent of the traps was written and posted on the big board outside the office. With a free rein to adequately guard the traps during the test run, which would



"But the bold fish thief knew his power"

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The struggling salmon are hoisted out of the traps in large transfer nets, dumped into the scows, and finally emptied on the cannery floor

be witnessed by the committee from Boston, Scanlan went about the work of organizing his forces. A few days before the committee was to arrive with President Gates, Scanlan reported to Manager Hardwood:—

"I've lined the flagship like an arsenal. That's my private car. I've towed a big pile driver over to the great Rosario trap and rigged up a big search light. That's my wrecking train. I've sent up into the lumber camps and hired a lot of the ugliest prize fighters in the state of Washington to help me on guard duty. They'll be my boosters. Any pirate that tackles my outfit finds himself signed up for a finish fight and no cops handy to stop it when his boosters find their man in trouble. I've two small boats tied to my special,—to my flagship. If we get to chasing pirates it won't help 'em to run into shallow water; we can row right up to any beach to which they can. And when it comes to scrappin' on land, why, that's where I learned my trade."

Manager Hardwood laughed with pleasure over Scanlan's enthusiastic description of his work. Here was a man who would prove a new sensation to the ancient and most dishonorable body of Puget Sound pirates.

"I reckon I'll take my special,—my flagship, sir,—and go out to the big Rosario trap to-day and stay there till after this test run. All the other traps are well guarded and I don't want those pirates to find me out when they call."

Manager Hardwood bade him good-by, and Scanlan went out to the dock where his fleet of three tugs lay with all their colors thrown to the sunshine. This railroad man saw much humor in calling the captains of his fleet of tugs "conductors," and in referring to his flagship as the "roadmaster's special." Besides, it was a naïve admission of his ignorance of things nautical. But he knew the philosophy of work, and wrote for his "conductors" a lively "schedule."

Of late Scanlan had been unpleasantly reminded that he was known to the pirates and had been marked by them. A fleet of gill-net men lay in his flagship's course, one day, and, as his pilot deftly took his way among them, there were many



"I should run according to orders"

calls of ridicule for "that land-lubber," "that man who ran a 'pig' on the Burlington," and other more pointed threats of coming trouble. Later, a man stood on a small wharf, deep among the islands, when the flagship stopped for water, and openly promised to "see you later, when you don't expect me." To this Scanlan replied that he would endeavor to be at home and provide agreeable entertainment.

Scanlan purposed to cruise among the islands that day, with his fleet of three tugs, and to touch at a certain small town near the big Rosario trap. Rumors had come to him that a certain pirate was there, loitering about the saloons and boasting to the gill-net men that he alone could head off the proposed salmon trust. Scanlan desired to show his pugilistic guards the real character of the men whom they might be called upon to fight, and he felt that this was an opportunity.

When the tugs were made fast to the one pier of the small town, Scanlan told his guards not to leave their posts unless he should call to them or they should see that he needed aid. They were to keep him in view as much as possible, for he proposed going into the village unarmed. The pier was piled high on one side with cordwood. Along the opposite side a number of gill-net men worked over their meshes. Scanlan noted their sullen looks as he walked the length of the dock.

At the first turn into the water-front street, he met the pirate, who whipped out a revolver and covered the trap superintendent. Profusely profane, angered by whisky, and inflated with his own swaggering, the fish thief began berating Scanlan and boasting of the doom he had planned for the trap men.

"I will throw you into your own trap. Under the feet of the salmon that you steal from the gill-netters is where you belong,—you and the silk-hatted swells from Boston. I'll be there during the run.' I'll throw you and your whole salmon trust into the robber traps you build to take fish from us poor men."

An angry criminal with a gun is poor company and Scanlan blamed himself for his own carelessness in being so easily caught.

"If you'll put that gun down," said he, "I'll be glad to argue this with you."

But the bold, unscrupulous, night-loving fish thief knew his power. He laughed harshly and began again. "Did you ever see a salmon foot? A land lubber like you often misses the beauties of the sea. On the under side of a salmon's foot is a pretty picture. It is the seal of doom. No man ever felt that brand on his neck and lived,—not even if he had a rabbit foot in his pocket."

The pirate continued until he was tired, and ordered Scanlan out of the town. No effort was made by the proprietors of the near-by stores and saloons to disarm the pirate. Instead, he was joined by the admiring circle of gill-net men, who applauded the fish thief. As Scanlan turned to go, the pirate followed, jabbing him in the back with his revolver.

Scanlan's temper was rising. He struggled to control it, for only by being cool could he get an opportunity to turn the tables. As the procession turned on to the pier, Scanlan saw the town marshal and immediately demanded that the pirate be disarmed.

The pirate laughed and the gill-net men jeered.

"No marshal ever disarmed me," he cried. "We put him in office, didn't we?" he added, appealing to the gill-net men.

"If you don't disarm him," said Scanlan to the marshal, "you are a coward. An officer who is a coward is liable to be hauled into a high court. You disarm him, or I'll have that star off your coat in less than a week."

The gill-net men rose and jeered, but the marshal thought that his office was of more importance than his duty. He covered the pirate, and, apologizing for the act, relieved him of his revolver. Quick as a flash Scanlan sprang at the pirate, who struck blindly at a big man who would not stand still, missed and went down under a crashing blow on the chin. Scanlan was conscious of a sharp pain in his right hand, of a rush toward him of angry gill-net men, of another rush which sent the gill-net men stampeding, and then that he was standing over the fallen pirate, with his trap guards around him.

"That's first blood for the trap men," said Scanlan; "but look sharp at this fish thief: we may see him again." Then, greatly to the relief of the confused marshal, Scanlan led the guards back to the tugs and cast off, the flagship to go to the big trap, the other tugs to begin patrolling.

Scanlan's plan of guarding the big Rosario trap was a departure from the usual defenseless custom of the trap men. He mounted a search light on a monster pile driver, training the light to flood the trap and its immediate surroundings. Then the two men on guard, instead of patrolling the narrow plank around the pound net,—the center net of the trap,—where they would be in easy reach of the attacking pirates, were placed on the roof of the pile driver. With darkened windows, the engine room on the pile driver was invisible, though the little engine that ran the dynamo throbbed and raced, and four arc lights marked the outposts of the trap. But the pound net hung in dark water, the search light cut off to await an attack. No pirate would suspect the existence of extra precaution, for the four arc lights were regularly used during a salmon run.

For six nights guards relieved guards in the monotony of Puget Sound calmness. A new moon crept over Rosario Strait, revealing the white-topped mountains on all sides. Farther out, steamers passed, their lights tracing as even a line as if the sleeping Sound were a mill pond. On the seventh night a flashing of phosphorus was noted in the deep water, telling of the vanguard of the salmon. In the morning word was sent to the canneries, and the reply came that the next day Mr. Gates, Mr. Hardwood, and the committee would come.

"We are not the only ones who know the salmon are running," said Scanlan to his men; "the pirates know it and the gill-netters know it. I'm afraid you boosters will lose your beauty sleep to-night."

The flagship was moored to the side of the big pile driver. With steam up and lights veiled, the powerful craft was to lay ready for a dash after the pirates, for Scanlan proposed not only to repulse but also to chase and capture any attacking party. Early in the afternoon the run commenced in earnest and the trap began filling with salmon.

Scanlan stood on the plank above the pound

[*Concluded on pages 436 to 439*]

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THE CONFESSION OF A CRŒSUS

PART IV.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Synopsis of the preceding parts

[Without hesitation or trepidation, the Crœsus, James Galloway, a millionaire of the world, lays bare all of his intrigues and machinations. As a youth, he went to New York City from the country, entered the dry goods firm of Judson and Company, and, having amassed a fortune through fraudulent means, turns to the field of speculation. He is rated at forty or more millions of dollars when the family troubles begin which find husband and wife in a new era of domestic quiet, founded upon a common hate for a disinherited elder son, James, who previously taunted his father with having stolen his start in life, and also thwarted family ambitions by marrying a young woman not belonging to the most exclusive society. Walter, an irresolute, selfish youth, is made principal heir in his place. Shortly after, the Crœsus plans a marriage for him, with Natalie Bradish, a wealthy and beautiful society girl, and finally persuades her, with beguilement and a false promise of a settlement of a quarter of a million of dollars annually, to consent. Walter hesitates, but his father arranges the wedding without his knowledge.]

IT was necessary for me to find, calculating liberally, about eight million dollars,—the four millions definitely promised to my university, a quarter of a million to redeem my promise to Natalie, a million properly to set Walter and her going in an independent establishment, two millions to provide them with the income to maintain it, and about half a million for my own and my family's regular annual expenses. Further, an investment of twelve millions that had been sending its seven per cent. securely and regularly for the past nine years was about to fall in through the payment of the debt it represented.—I could write a volume on the harassments and exasperations of hunting investments. Finally, I was hoping that Aurora would marry Horton Kirkby,—which might mean a million, perhaps several millions, more, if he should demand a dowry.

This situation commanded me to plan and carry through some new enterprise which would afford me a safe investment for my released twelve millions and in addition would net me enough to cover well the other demands upon me. Years ago—as soon as I had my first million put by,—I resolved that I would never for any purpose whatsoever subtract a penny either from the principal or from the income of my fortune. Gifts of all kinds, expenses of all kinds, outgo of every description, must come from new sources of revenue; my fortune and its income and the surplus over the previous year's outgo must be treated as a sacred fund of which I was merely the trustee. That rule has put me often in straits, has forced me to many money-making measures that in the narrow view would be called relentless. But to it the world owes my highest services as a financier and industrial leader, and to it I owe the bulk of my fortune.

The brain earns in vain, however hugely, if the hands do not hoard; and, thanks to my rule, my hands have been like those valves which open only to pressure from without and seal the more tightly the greater the pressure from within.

I could not break my rule. Yet I must properly marry my children and must keep my promise to my university; and to have left twelve millions of capital idle would have been to show myself unworthy of the responsibilities of great wealth. I was thus literally driven to one of those large public services which are so venomously criticised by the small and the envious. Every action, of no matter what kind, produces both good and bad consequences. To wait until one could act without any unfortunate results to anybody would be to sit motionless, even to refrain from eating. The most that conscience demands is that one shall do only those things which in his best judgment will show a balance on the side of good.

I had long had my eye on certain mines and appendant manufactories situated at several points on two of my three lines of railway. They were doing well enough in a small way; but I knew that, combined under the direction of such a brain as mine, they would become immensely more profitable. I now saw no alternative to taking them and making them as valuable and as useful as they were clearly intended to be. In preparation for the *coup* I withdrew from the directory of my third railway, substituting one of my unrecognized agents, himself a millionaire in a small way; and I put my stock in the names of others of my agents and did not deny the report that I had ceased to have any financial interest in the road. Thus I was in a position to alter its freight rates without the change being traced to me by those prying meddlers who are so active in their interference in other people's business nowadays. When it was universally believed that I no longer had any connection with my third road, and that it had passed to a control hostile to me, I ordered it to give large secret rebates upon all freight of the kind I wished to affect.

The result was that the owners of those mines and factories, being compelled to ship by my two other railways, which stiffly maintained rates, were no longer able to compete. Their competitors, shipping by my third line, easily undersold them with the assistance of the secret rebate. They came in a stew and sweat to my two presidents and said that secret rebates by the third line were the cause of their impending ruin. My two presidents agreed with them and opened a fierce war of words upon my third president,—him whom they and everyone else thought hostile to me. He retorted with a sweeping denial of their charges. "It is nothing new in a world of self-excuse," said he, "for incompetent business men to attribute their misfortunes to the wickedness of others instead of to the real source,—their own incapacity and incompetence." And so the sham battle raged by mail and newspaper interview. But—the mine and factory owners I was gunning for got nothing tangible out of it. Their competitors continued to undersell them; their business rapidly languished.

When I saw that they were in a sufficiently humble frame of mind, I came to their relief. I sent word to them that, as I had a warm personal feeling for the towns dependent upon the prosperity of their works, I would take a hand in their languishing businesses, if they wished, and would do my utmost to maintain the apparently hopeless battle.

My offer was received with enthusiastic gratitude,—as it should have been; for, while it is true that I had precipitated the crisis which their antiquated methods of doing business would have inevitably brought sooner or later, is it not also true that I have the right to do what I wish with my own? And are not those two railways, and the third, as well, my own? But for the present rampant spirit of contemptuous disregard for the rights of private property and the impudent intrusions into private business, it would not have been necessary for me to disguise myself and act like a housebreaker in order to exercise my plain rights,—yes, and do my plain duty; for can there be any question in any judicial mind that it is the duty of men of the commercial and financial genius which I possess to use it to bring the resources of the country to their highest efficiency?

After some negotiations I got control of the properties that I needed and that needed me. I agreed to pay altogether fifteen millions for a controlling share in them,—about half what it would have cost me before I brought my rebate artillery to bear, but about twice what control would have cost had I battered away for six months longer. I might have accomplished my purpose much more cheaply; but I am not a hard man, and I do not flatter myself when I say that conscience is the dominant factor in all my operations. I felt that, under the circumstances, the owners were entitled to consideration and that to make my victory complete would be an abuse of power. It is hardly necessary to add that my generosity had its prudent side, as has all rational generosity. To have assailed the properties too long in order to get them cheap would have permanently impaired their value; to have wiped out the owners utterly would have caused a profound, possibly dangerous, public resentment against my class, too many members of which had been guilty of the grave blunder of using their power without regard to public opinion. But while prudence was a factor in my general settlement, the main factor was, as I have said, conscience,—not the narrow conscientiousness of ordinary men, which is three parts ignorance, two parts cowardice, and five parts envy,—for is it not usually roused only when the acts of others are to be judged?

When my offer was accepted, I organized a combination to take over the properties, and I paid for them with its guaranteed bonds and preferred stock. Then I countermanded the order for a heavy secret rebate against their products and, instead, issued an order for a small secret rebate in their favor,—letting the public think I had by some secret audacious move regained control of my third railroad. The combination's business boomed, its stock went up, and all that it was necessary for me to sell was eagerly bought. What with the bonds and the stocks I sold, I had gained control without its having cost me a penny. It is not vanity, is it, when I call that genius?

But control is not possession, and these properties are worth possessing. I must possess them. It is not just that so large a part of the profits of my labor—of my act of creation,—should go to others.

I have anticipated somewhat. The operation took considerable time, but not long in view of the great results. When one has my vast resources and my peculiar talents, men and events *move*, obstacles are blown up, roads are thrust swift and straight through the thickest tangles, and the objective is reached before feeble folks have got beyond the stage of debate and diplomacy. Still, nearly a year elapsed between the start and the finish, and many things happened which were the reverse of satisfactory,—most of them, as usual, in my domestic affairs.

I had got the enterprise only fairly under way when the invitations for Walter's wedding were issued. Natalie's father had seen me several times and had shown his determination to intervene in the matter of her dowry by bringing up the subject at our business conferences whenever he could force the smallest opening. Like all my associates, from capitalist to clerk, he is in awe of me. I see to it that in the velvet glove there shall always be holes through which the iron hand can be plainly seen. That often saves me the exertion of using it. An iron hand, when once it has an established reputation, is mightier when merely seen than when felt. He would always begin by some vague, halting reference to my promised generosity.

"A royal gift, Galloway!" he would say, enthusiastically. "You certainly are a king, much more powerful than those European figureheads."

But he never had the courage to speak the exact sum, the "quarter of a million dollars a year," that I saw in his hungry, glistening, hopeful, yet doubtful eyes. And I would not take the hint to discuss the gift further, but would put him off by showing how completely I was absorbed in the forming combination. Probably at the time he was letting his greed blind him into believing I would make the fool of myself I had under stress promised, and so was fearful of irritating me in any way. Two days before the wedding invitations went out, he forced himself on me for lunch. I saw determination written in his face,—determination to compel me to something definite about that "quarter of a million a year" for his daughter. So, at the first pause in the conversation, I played my card.

"Matt," said I, "I really must arrange the formalities for that settlement on *our* daughter. I'll have my lawyer,—will the latter part of the week do? He's up to his eyes in the combination just now."

Bradish looked enormously relieved. He could hardly keep from laughing outright with delight,—the miserable old seller of his own children.

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"Oh, I was n't disturbing myself," he replied; "your word 's good enough, though, of course, you 'd—we 'd,—want the thing in legal shape,—before the marriage."

"Of course," said I, waving the matter aside as settled, and beginning again on the affairs of the combination. I had let him into it on attractive terms and had put him on my board of directors. He reveled in these favors as the mere foretaste of his gains from the powerful commercial alliance he was making through his daughter.

Out went the invitations,—and the first danger point was rounded.

On the following Sunday night I left suddenly in my private car for an inspection of the new properties. Every day of nearly two weeks was full to its last minute. When I returned to New York five days before the wedding, I was utterly worn out. I went to bed and sent for my doctor,—Hanbury.

He is one of those highly successful New York physicians who are famed among the laity for their skill in medicine, and in the profession for their skill at hocus-pocus. He is a specialist in what I may call the diseases of the idle rich,—boredom, exaggeration of a slight discomfort into a frightful torture, craving for fussy personal attentions, abnormal fear of death, etc. He is a professional "funny man," discreet but depraved gossip, and tireless listener,—and is handsome and well-mannered. He has a soft, firm touch,—on pulse and on purse. The women adore him,—when they want to rest, they complain of nervousness and send for him to prescribe for them. One of his most successful and lucrative lines of treatment is helping wives to loosen the purse-strings of husbands by agitating their sympathies and fears. He never irritates or frightens his clients with unpleasant truths. He does n't tell the men to stop eating and drinking and the women to stop gadding. He gives them digestion-tablets and nerve-tonics and sends them on agreeable excursions to Europe. Of all the swarm of parasites that live upon rich New Yorkers none keeps up a more dignified front than does Hanbury. I've found him useful in social matters, and, as I've paid him liberally, he is greatly in my debt.

"Hanbury," I said, from my bed, "I'm a very sick man."

"Nonsense,—only tired," replied he. "A good sleep, a few days' rest,—"

I looked at him steadily. "I tell you I'm desperately ill, and here 's my son's wedding only five days away!"

"You 'll be all right by that time. I 'll guarantee to fix you up, good as new."

I continued to look at him steadily. "No, I sha'n't,—it's impossible. And I sha'n't be able to transact any business whatever. I must n't be allowed to see even the members of my own family. Do you understand?"

He glanced curiously at me, then reflected, twisting the end of his Van Dyck beard. He looked at my tongue, listened to my heart, felt my pulse, and took my temperature. "I'm afraid you're right," he said, gravely; "I see you 're worse off than I thought. We must have a trained nurse."

"But I must have you, too," said I. "You must move into the house and I do n't want anybody but you to attend me."

"Very well. You know I'm at your service. I'll—*superintend* the nurse."

"Thank you, Hanbury," said I. "You understand me perfectly. I can trust you. And—something might happen to me,—I 'll write you a check for ten thousand at once,—a little personal matter quite apart from your bill."

Hanbury reddened. I think he thought he was hesitating. But when he spoke it was to say: "Thank you,—if you wish,—but I'm sure I'll pull you through."

"I shall be able to see *no one*," I went on. "But I've set my heart on my son's marrying,—the wedding *must not be put off*. I'm sure it would kill me if there were to be a delay."

"I understand." His eyes were smiling; the rest of his face was grave.

"And not a word of the serious nature of my



"'You won't ask me to, will you, father?'"

illness must get into the papers. You will deny any rumor of that kind, should there be occasion. My stocks must not be affected,—and they would be, and the whole list—"

"And the prosperity of the country," said Hanbury.

This illness of mine, while primarily for smoothly carrying through Walter's marriage, was really inspired by an actual physical need. I had long felt that the machine needed rest. The necessity of preventing Natalie from making a fool of herself gave me the opportunity to combine rest with accomplishment. Before shutting myself in I had put my affairs into such shape that my lieutenants and secretaries could look after them. I dozed and slept and listened to the nurse or Hanbury reading, or talked with Hanbury. The nurse had little to do,—and I suspect could do little. What Hanbury did not do was done by my stupid old Pigott, half crazed with fear lest I should die and he should find that he was right in suspecting he had not been handsomely remembered in my will. Hanbury's manner was so perfect that, had I not felt robustly well on long sleep, short diet, and no annoyances, I might have been convinced and badly frightened. My family,—Hanbury managed to keep them from thinking it necessary to try to impress me with their affection for me by pretending wild alarm. He had most difficulty with poor little Helen,—not so very little any more, though I think of her as a baby still. It's astonishing how unspoiled she is,—another proof of her unusuality.

On the third day Hanbury said: "Your wife tells me she must see you, and that, if she does n't, the wedding will surely be postponed."

"It's impossible to admit her,—when I'm just entering the crisis," replied I. "Tell her—you know how to do it,—that, if Bradish acts up, she shall as a last resort go to Burridge, who will let him see my will. And can't you call—do n't you think you had better call—someone,—say Doctor Lowndes,—in consultation?"

He reflected for several minutes. "I'll call Lowndes," he said. "You could n't possibly have picked out a better man." And he looked at me with the admiration I deserved.

"Let Bradish know you've done it," I added.

"Certainly," he replied, in a tone which assured me he knew what to do at the right time.

Lowndes came,—and went. A quarter of an hour before he came, Hanbury gave me a dose of some strong-smelling, yellow-black medicine. The blood bounded through my arteries and throbbed with fierce violence in my veins; I sank into a sort of stupor. I dimly realized that another man was in the room with Hanbury and was making a hasty examination of me. It must have been an amusing farce. Lowndes indorsed Hanbury, and—yesterday I paid Lowndes's bill for twelve hundred dollars.

I fell asleep while he was still solemnly studying Hanbury's temperature chart. When I awoke the latter was reading by the shaded electric light on the night stand. I felt somewhat dazed and tired, but otherwise extremely comfortable.

"What news?" I asked.

"Your wife says the wedding is to go on,—a quiet ceremony at Mr. Bradish's house. I fear I gave him the impression that, while there was no immediate danger, you would—"

"Hardly pull through?"

"I fear so."

That amused me. "Did he see my will?" I asked.

"I believe he did. I think that was what decided him."

And well it might, for not only had he read that I had willed three-fourths of my entire estate to my son Walter, but also he had read a schedule of my chief holdings which I had folded in with the will in anticipation of this very contingency. It must have amazed him—it must have stirred every atom in his avaricious old body,—to see how much richer I am than is generally supposed. No, it would have been impossible for him to take any chances on losing my principal heir for his daughter after that will and that schedule had burned themselves into his brain.

I've not the slightest doubt that he knew his daughter would never get the dowry she was dreaming of, for he is a sensible, practical man. If I did not know how glibly young people talk and think of huge sums of money nowadays, I 'd not believe Natalie herself silly enough ever seriously to imagine me giving her outright the enormous sum necessary to produce a quarter of a million a year.

Hanbury urged that Walter and his bride go down to the country near town, assuring them he could give them several hours warning of a turn for the worse. The change in the wedding plans had started a report that I was dangerously ill. As the best possible denial of this stock-depressing rumor they yielded to Hanbury's representations.

I ordered Hanbury to give it out that I was much better, as soon as I heard that the marriage ceremony had been performed, and I began to mend so rapidly that he, in alarm for his reputation, begged me to restrain myself. "I want people to say I worked a cure," he said, "not to say I worked a miracle,—and then wink." In two weeks I was far enough advanced for Walter and Natalie to sail on the trip which my illness had delayed.

I was now free to give my entire attention to my down-town affairs. My long rest had made me young again and had given me fresh points of view upon nearly every department of my activity. Also I found that my success with my big combination and my stupendous public gift had enormously increased my reputation. Half one's power comes from within himself, the other half from the belief of other people in him. My star was approaching the zenith, and I saw it. I always work incessantly, regardless of the position of my star,—no man who accomplishes great things ever takes his mind off his work.

Not that I am one of those who disbelieve in luck. Luck is the tide. When it is with me, I reach port,—if I row hard and steer straight. When it is against me, I must still row hard and steer straight to keep off the rocks and be ready for the turn.

At my suggestion, my down-town confidential man intimated to a few of the principal men in the towns dependent on my mines and factories that it would be gracious and fitting to show in some public way their appreciation of what I had done. Usually these demonstrations are extremely per-

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functory, betraying on the surface that they are got up either by the man honored or out of a reluctant sense of decency and a lively sense of the right way to get more favors. But in this instance the suggestion met with a spontaneous and universal response. All that my agents had to do in the matter was to organize the enthusiasm and relieve the entertainment committee of the heavier expenses,—such as railway transportation, catering, music, and carriages. The people did the rest.

They regarded me as their savior,—and so I was. Could I not have destroyed them had I willed it? Was I not inaugurating for them a prosperity such as the former small-fry owners of those properties had neither the genius nor the resources to create?

The trouble with those who criticise the morality of the actions of men like me is that they are trying to study astronomy with a microscope.

Jack Ridley and I fell into an argument along these lines one evening after dinner, and the only answer he could make to me was, "Then a murderer, on the same principle, could say: 'I'm killing this man so that his family, to whom he's really of no use, may get his life insurance and live comfortably and happily. I'm not doing it because I want what he has in his pockets,—though I'll take it to partially repay me for risking my neck.'" I could n't help smiling,—he put it so plausibly. I should have reasoned precisely like that twenty years ago. But my mind and my conscience have grown since then. I no longer look out upon life through the twisted glass of the windows of the House of Have-not; I see it through the clear French-plate of the House of Have.

When the programme for my testimonial was perfected, a joint delegation from the city governments, the chambers of commerce, and the ministers' associations of the five towns waited upon me to invite me to a grand joint reception and banquet to be held in the largest town. They invited my wife, also, but I did not permit her to accept. In the first place, she had done nothing to entitle her to divide the honor with me; and, in the second place, she would have had her head even more utterly turned than it now is. On the appointed day, I went up in my private car, taking Burridge and Jack Ridley with me. I had outlined to Ridley what I wished to say and he had expanded it into the necessary three speeches. In the main he caught the spirit of my ideas very cleverly. The only editing I had to do was in striking out a lot of self-deprecatory rubbish which would have made me minimize my part in the new era for the towns. A man is a fool who assists his enemies to rob him of what is justly his. How could I expect anyone to have a proper respect for me if I did not show that I have a proper respect for myself?

Where this so-called modesty is genuine, it is a dangerous weakness; where it is hypocrisy, it is cowardice.

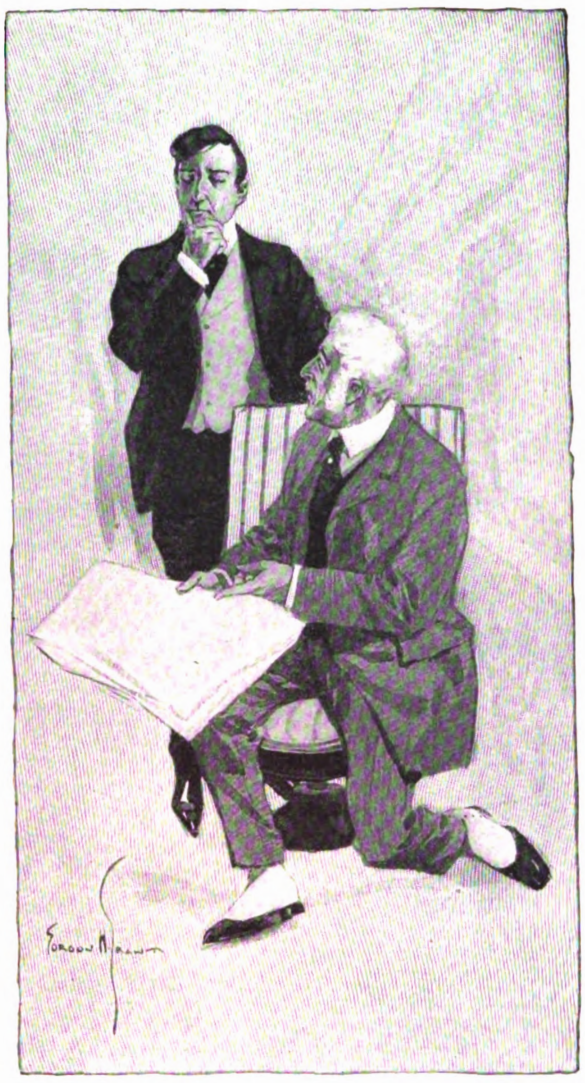
As the train carrying my car drew into the station, I stared amazed, much to the delight of the reception committee, which had joined me at the station below. Before me I saw ten or twelve thousand people. The school girls, each dressed in white and carrying flowers, occupied the front space,—there must have been a thousand of them.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"There has n't been such an outpouring of the people," said a gentleman who stood near me, "since Mr. Blaine passed through here when he was a candidate for the presidency."

I noted that several of the committee grew red and frowned at him. Afterwards Ridley told me why,—the Blaine demonstration had led them to expect that he would carry the county by an overwhelming majority; instead, he had lost it by a "landslide" vote against him.

When the train stopped, a battery of artillery began to fire a salute of one hundred guns. Several bands struck up, the children sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and the crowd burst into frenzies of cheering. I was overcome with emotion and the tears streamed down my cheeks. At that the cheering was more tremendous and I saw many of the women and little girls crying.



"'Did you see that newspaper yesterday?' I demanded"

I entered the carriage drawn by six horses, the mayor of the town beside me, and the march to the Court House began. I had given my workingmen a holiday and my excursion trains had poured the people of the four other towns into this fifth town, about quadrupling its population for the day. The streets were therefore thronged from the house-walls to the edges of a lane just wide enough for the procession. The houses were draped with bunting; arches of evergreens and bunting, each bearing my name and words of welcome, spanned the route of march at frequent intervals. I stood all the way, my hat in hand. As I bowed, the cheers answered me. The bells in all the towers and steeples rang, cannon boomed, and the procession, in five divisions, each with a band and militia, wound in my wake. My heart swelled with triumph and with grateful appreciation. I fully realized myself for the first time in my life.

As I have said, I always did have a self-respecting opinion of myself, even when an over-nice and inexperienced conscience was annoying me with its hair-splittings. As I have grown older, and have seen the inferiority of other men and the superiority of my own mind and judgment, naturally my early opinion has been strengthened and deepened. But on that day I realized how my own sight of myself had been obscured by a too close view. My domestic exasperations, the necessary disagreeableness and pettiness of so many of the details of my great projects, the triviality of my routine of business and its harassments,—all these had combined to make me belittle my own stature and bulk. On that day I saw myself as others see me. I felt a great uplifting, a supreme disdain for those who oppose me or cavil at me, a high and firm resolve to devote myself thereafter more confidently and more boldly to my plans.

But—the more splendid the crown, the more splitting the headache.

At the banquet in the evening I observed that the enthusiasm of the daytime was not being sustained. I was amazed and irritated by the large number of vacant places at the tables, when my agents had been instructed judiciously and quietly to distribute free tickets should there not be a sufficient number of persons able to pay the five dollars a plate we were charging for a nine-dollar dinner. I was puzzled by the nervous uneasiness of those who sat with me at the table of honor and who had been all geniality a few hours before. The speeches seemed to me halting and inadequate,—my own speech, well calculated to rouse local pride, was received with a faint hand-clapping which soon died away. After the dinner I, Burridge, and Ridley drove alone to the station. It was filled with weary throngs taking the returning excursion trains. They did not cheer me; they only stared curiously.

When we were on our way back to New York, I wished to discuss the triumph with my two companions, but Burridge was dumb and Ridley morose. In the morning I called for the New York dailies; they were haltingly produced. Imagine my amazement when I saw, in many kinds of type, now jubilant, now regretful, now apologetic headlines, all agreeing that my reception was a *fiasco*. Only my stanch —— printed the truth, and it laid entirely too much stress upon the "act of malicious and mendacious demagoguery." That act was: some enemy of mine had discovered inside facts as to my manipulation of freight rates to get control of the mines and factories, and, late in the afternoon, in the interval between the reception and the banquet, a New York newspaper containing what purported to be a full account of my machinations had been hawked about the streets, and was read by everybody,—except me.

I do not here deny that the basic facts were practically true as printed. But the worst possible color was given to them, and the worst possible motives of rapacity and conscienceless cruelty were ascribed to me. Instead of showing that I was like a general who sacrifices a comparative few in order that he may save millions and advance a great cause, that wretched rag held me up as a swindler and robber,—no, worse, as an assassin!

I understood all, and sympathized with my hosts, the people of those five towns, in their embarrassment. As their local newspapers, which I got the next day, assured me, they did not believe the slanderous story. But I can readily see how nervous it must have made them. It is fortunate for them that they had the good sense to discern the truth. Had I been insulted, I should have taken a terrible revenge, even though it had cost me several hundred thousand dollars.

While I was reading those New York papers, Jack Ridley was smoking a cigar at the opposite side of the breakfast table. When I had finished, I spoke. "Did you see that newspaper yesterday?" I demanded, my rage hardly able to wait upon his answer before bursting.

Ridley nodded.

"And Burridge?"

"Yes,—he saw it."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

"Bad news will always keep."

I shouted for Burridge, and, when he came, ordered him into a seat. "At every step in my career I've been harassed and hampered by petty minds," I said,—"not among my enemies, for there they have been a help, but among my employees and servants of every kind. How often have I told both of you never to think for me? I do n't pay you to *think*,—I pay you to *do* what *I* think. Had you told me, I could have met this slander when and where it showed itself and would have choked it to death. As it is, everybody except you two believes I knew and was silent. Fortunately my reputation is strong enough to compel them to put a decent interpretation on my silence. But no thanks to you! I discharge you both."

Burridge rose and went to the other part of the car,—and I did not see him again. Ridley fell to whimpering and crying, and for old friendship's sake, and because the poor devil is useful in his way, I took him back at two-thirds his former pay. His gratitude was really touching,—sometimes I think he's honestly fond of me, though no doubt the wages and what he has free enter into it. He's one of those fellows who actually enjoy licking the hand they fear. Burridge did not try to get himself reinstated. Probably he thought himself indispensable and held aloof in the belief that I would beg him to come back. But I was on the

[*Continued on pages 432 to 435*]

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Sonnets to My Mother - - Zona Gale

I.

One dawn she woke me when the darkness lay
Faint on the summer fields, and all the air
Was like a question, and the green was gray
With dew distilled of silver essence where
The wild night-people wrought. She said, "Dear one,
This is our holiday,"—and forth we went
To find new kindred, new bequests of sun,
New glories for the spirit's nourishment.

Oh, it was long ago,—so long ago!
The dead years lie upon her grave like flowers;
The sorcery and alchemy of hours
Have made me some one whom she does not know.
I am become the nurse of days that were,
The mother of the memory of her.

II.

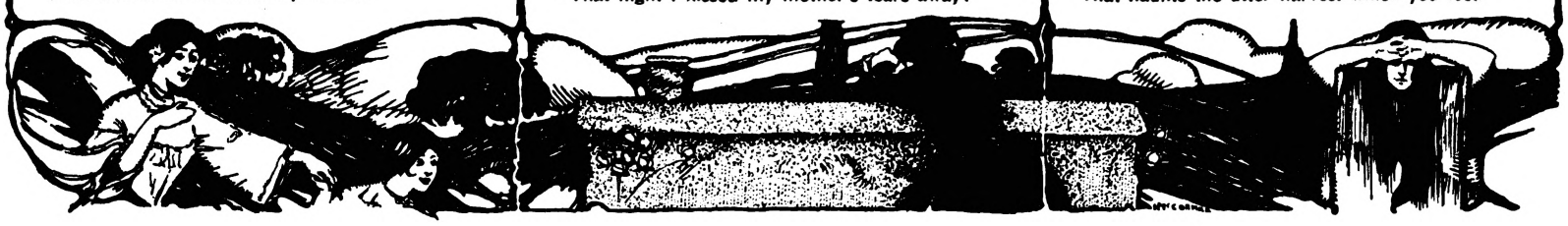
I heard her weeping in the night. Her sobs
Came pulsing and went out as if her heart
Were beating breath, not blood. As silence throbs
With pain, so throbbed the sound. And yet apart
I lay as if asleep,—sick for the peace
Of other nights whose coming did but seem
The kiss with which we sealed the day's release
And watched the window change to door of dream.

I cannot tell what things bring penitence
To other hearts. I know not if regret
For all the ancient sins of soul and sense
Be holier than a longing to forget
The little wrongs. But oh, if I could say,
"That night I kissed my mother's tears away!"

III.

Am I the one to be made happy, dear,
By all the harmonies you never knew?
Are all the sweets and glories of the year
To come to me and never come to you?
I give them to you,—see the merry hours,
The sun of youth, the scented fields of bloom!
You only take the sad, white, withering flowers
That blow but for the tomb,—but for the tomb.

Oh, was there ever gold upon your hair?
And were there wishes in your heart like mine?
Or did you yearn and dream, and did your prayer
For all I have die voiceless? Lo! the sign
Is in your eyes, and I am but the ghost
That haunts the utter harvest which you lost.



The Home as an Environment for Women

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

"A MAN can live and roam, but women are skeery critters whene'er they have n't a home," says Will Carleton; the book is not at hand to give his exact words, but the sentiment is correctly quoted. It has met wider acceptance than it deserves.

"Homekeeping lives are best," is our popular opinion,—meaning especially for women. A male traveler may complacently boast, "I take mine ease in mine inn;" but an untraveled woman must take hers—if she takes any,—at home. The seclusion of women is a very old custom.

There Would Have Been No Society if Men Had Stayed at Home

In the most ancient civilizations remaining to us, those of the oriental nations, the seclusion is absolute,—that is, it is technically absolute. They endeavor to make it so by every form of compulsion. Among the great masses of the poor, however, where women are still economic factors of a primitive sort, they have, perforce, more freedom, but not much more. They may go to the spring for water, but they must go veiled. As fast as a man's wealth enables him to support women in idleness, they are promptly incarcerated "behind the Purdah's fold." Even Greek civilization held that good women should not be seen or heard of outside the home. Rome strove to maintain the same ideal, though not effectually. All down the dark ages the tendency continued, and to this day we are inclined to consider staying at home as a virtue in itself,—for women. Meanwhile, men, active and untrammeled, have traversed the globe in every direction, and following that freedom of movement comes the march of civilization.

The condition of society, if men had stayed at home, is beyond imagination,—because there would be no society! All social progress is extra-domestic. Ability to undertake and carry out large social functions is developed by social contact only. "Traveling expands the mind" is a well-worn adage. Staying at home, conversely, narrows the mind; or, at least, it prevents it from expanding,—keeps it in its original condition of narrowness.

Development Has Been Restricted by the Prison Walls of Domesticity

The cross currents of heredity make it a little difficult to show the exact limits of the relative effects of seclusion and freedom; but exactness is not necessary, for this is a question of general results. The development of mind in the free father is inherited by the secluded daughter, and the narrowing effect of seclusion on the mother is inherited by the free son. The immense difference in our treatment of men and women has been steadily compounded by the influence of a combined heredity, but has none the less resulted in lowering the average. Whatever growth is made by either parent is to the child's advantage; on the other hand, whatever growth is denied to either parent is to the child's disadvantage. If giant men marry pygmy women, there will be some giants produced and some pygmies, but mostly persons of an average height. The effect on women of the home as an exclusive environment has been counteracted by the effect of the world at large on men; but it is, nevertheless, a strong factor in maintaining a low general status.

What is that effect? What happens to a human creature who always stays at home? The mind of man mirrors his environment and his activities. A lifetime spent in a grocery store develops certain mental traits and tendencies; a lifetime spent in a coal mine develops others; a lifetime spent in a cotton mill, still others; yet all of them have one important modification,—the worker goes home at night. A man, whatever his work, has two environments,—a woman has but one. Even a sailor sometimes comes ashore,—even a miner breathes free air on his way to and from his work,—but a woman's limits steadily press down on her by day and by night, awake or asleep. She is always in the home. "And why not?" we ask, in bewilderment; "what better place is there on earth—for a woman?" For a woman, of course; not for a man!

Let a man be kept at home three days by some illness or accident, or lack of work,—how does he like it? How does he like the constant contemplation of his own things?—his own necessities?—his own affairs? It is not only the physical constriction which oppresses him,—the desire to get out of doors, to go somewhere; it is the mental and moral constriction of a social creature reduced to pre-social conditions. Humanity is a social relation. Without social relations we are not human. The family relation is not a social one: to mate and to rear young are by no means distinctively human processes.

The family relation is essential *to* society, but it is not society; and to be confined exclusively to the family relation is to be debarred from all social relation whatever. Yet this sub-social position is that which we have so long endeavored to force upon half the world!—and that we have done it so successfully is one great reason why our social development has been so slow and so peculiar. The effect of the home *and nothing else* upon women has been precisely what it would have been on men,—cramping, dwarfing, blinding, choking, keeping down the higher human instincts; keeping up the punitive instincts which ought long ago to have been reduced to their true proportions as but a small part of real human life.

The Home, however, Is the Indispensable Basis of All Civilization

I say, "the home and nothing else." The home, taken in moderation, is an indispensable base and background of human life. We come out of it to do our human work, to act together for the service of society; we go back to it for that sub-social rest and comfort which is so essential to health and happiness. Right human life must have large social contact and expression, but it cannot keep it up continuously; it must go back for rest and refreshment to its base,—the home. But right human life cannot be carried on at all if confined to that base. There we have confined our women, or tried to confine them, with varying success. When successful, we have to exhibit a type of woman characterized by ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality,—the harem type. Those nations which lead the world's advance have the freest women. The women of England and America have not lost their homes. Nowhere is the home better loved; nowhere is family life cleaner and higher; but these women are not confined to their homes for life. In proportion to their release is their growth. Mere outdoor freedom and exercise give new growth to our women and so to our children,—to the race. That is physical growth, and it is good, but we need a commensurate mental development. The mind must be let out as well as the body; the mind needs to be exercised to its full powers as well as the body.

Human beings can not exercise the full powers of their minds in the exclusive contemplation of their own affairs. Animals can; human beings cannot.

There has been complaint, from the beginning of history, that women are "curious." What is curiosity? It is the uneasy appetite of an ill-fed mind. People fully educated and fully employed are not curious. Civilized woman has inherited the mental growth of man, and then has had to confine that enlarged capacity to precisely the same field of activity which was sufficient for a squaw. Women have been accused, for centuries, of a tendency to "gossip." What is gossip? It is small talk about other people,—the discussion of personal affairs which are not our own. The tendency to this vice is a reaction from the persistent presence of our own affairs.

Constant Dealing in Spoonfuls and Drams Narrows One's Perspective

People who are useful in large social relations, being occupied with the interests of many people, do not develop this tendency. It is found among men if they are isolated or confined to petty details. It is a natural consequence of exclusive home life in either sex,—bred most in women, and transmitted to men through heredity, as well as developed by association. Women are distinguished by a passion for details,—a disproportionate interest in, and sensitiveness to, very small matters. This, too, is an inevitable effect of the smallest retail business on earth,—home life.

The last and littlest toilings of all human things; the administration of affairs by the teaspoonful and half-ounce; the final personal application of what the world has made and distributed; the dribbling expenditure of farthings and pennies,—these are the concerns of women. No wonder that they get excited over small matters: those small matters are their daily and hourly business. A bookkeeper may get excited over a misplaced fraction;

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a drillmaster, over a misplaced bayonet, for these small matters are their principal concern. There was a prisoner once who had a tame mouse for his only companion and only comfort. His jailer, by an oversight, killed the mouse, and the prisoner furiously killed the jailer. He got very much excited over a mere mouse!

Having the home for her only field of action and expression, a modern woman, inheriting all the time the rising capacity of the racial mind, seeks to find scope for action and personal expression in that home. The amount of expression that a full-grown human being of to-day, confined to this peck-measure arena, can cram into a home, is a wonder. Our houses bristle with complicated things. The work of the home increases, the expense of the home increases, the care and anxiety of the home increases, while the social capacity of to-day, confined to the domestic limitations of a thousand years before yesterday, pumps steadily away at its absurd task until it breaks down and is borne to the sanitarium.

Then we talk about the simple life. "If only our home life could be simpler!" we exclaim. Our ancestors were contented and healthy in their simple homes; if our women would only *remain ancestors*, they could be contented and healthy, too. No one suggests that the shipping industry should revert to the simple form of the canoe, that the locomotive engine should be discarded for the simple horse, or that the well-plumbed house should revert to the simple wigwam. How on earth do we expect to maintain a stationary sex in a moving race? Civilization is complex; it has to be complex; but it could be just as healthy and easy as simple savagery, if we were all freely and rightly at work in it. All the world moves. The home does not,—not if we can help it! It has moved some, but that was in spite of us. All men move, but women must not. They must stay at home, "always and always." The effect of the unchanging status of home life upon women is one steadily increasing injury.

The very marked and rapid growth of humanity in the last few centuries finds expression in women as well as in men. The race is swinging forward grandly into broad, national social relations, even international relations. Industries have grown to mammoth proportions, requiring governmental administration. The churches are broadening and joining hands for our common good. Everywhere human life grows larger, richer, and more hopeful.

The home we endeavor to maintain on the same basis as that which was practicable in our dim beginnings, and we try to keep woman in the same contented isolation in that home. Since this cannot be done, for both woman and home *must* respond to the world's great impulse of growth, we see much change and much improvement in both. More and more are our women realizing that they are citizens of the world, with its duties, rights, and privileges. More and more is organized industry forcing its way into this stronghold of ancient "hand-labor"—by "sewing women."

Visible as this growth is, it is but a tiny fraction of what we need. Our progress is still checked to a painful degree by the homebound woman. The tendency of home life is still to exalt the individual and to neglect the general good. Too constant service to our own makes us indifferent to the service we owe to the whole world. Most women, owing to their long seclusion, frankly believe that they have no duties save personal ones. Civic duty, public spirit, and social service,—these are not bred at home. Where the home is one of poverty, the woman, working endlessly to meet each day's demands, cannot rise to a broader view of life's problems. Butlers and footmen do not readily become statesmen, nor are statesmen commonly born of house-servants. While so many of our women are still confined to the grade of house-servants, we can scarcely expect large public spirit of their sons; and we must instead accept as inevitable the keen self-interest, the shortsighted public policy, the false economy of our servant-born voters.

Where the home is one of wealth we find an even worse effect. The position of a rich and idle woman, bedded in a luxurious home, with all the arts and crafts ministering to her personal gratification and the extension of her vanity, from body to dress, from dress to home and furniture, and with all the endless fripperies of display, is one of painful abnormality. A woman working all the time in her home is primitive, but genuine. She represents an early period of development, it is true, but one of use and beauty and righteousness in its time. A woman who works neither in the house nor out of it, who greedily accepts all that human labor and human wisdom and human skill can do for her, and who does nothing in return for any human creature,—this pitiable being can only be regarded as a morbid by-product of the home. She does not make the home, she does not pay for it, she does not serve it, and she has no vital use or place either in the home or in the world; yet she is, in her way, an inevitable result of too much home,—just as a toiling, narrow-minded drudge is another.

A rightly proportioned home is one of life's greatest blessings. It is as essential to human peace and progress as is a healthy body. But to maintain a healthy body is not the end of human life, nor is it to maintain a peaceful home. We give a disproportionate place to the home, requiring the time of half the world to keep it up, and we therein injure half the world by confining it to the home for life. You cannot hurt half the world without hurting the whole of it.

When women realize that homes may be better and more cheaply maintained by civilized methods of industry than by this primitive method of woman-sacrifice; when they realize that the home is the indispensable beginning, but not the end, of human life; when they come out of their long imprisonment into full freedom,—returning, as men do, to the blessed relaxation of the home; then the effect of the home on women, and on men, and on children, will be far better than it yet has been.

The United States Leads in the Consumption of Coffee

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, Jr.

Of the sixteen million bags of coffee estimated as the world's crop for the year ending June 30, 1903, over eight million bags were sold in the United States. Twelve pounds of coffee annually is the average consumption of each inhabitant of this country.

THE consumption of coffee in the United States has increased till it is now estimated that we consume a little over twelve pounds of coffee *per capita* annually.

An idea of the proportion of this consumption may be formed when it is stated that Great Britain consumes less than three-quarters of a pound per individual annually; Italy, less than one pound; Austria-Hungary, two pounds; France, four and one-half pounds; and Germany, six pounds. But we are not the largest coffee-consuming country *per capita*, although, judging by our increasing consumption, we are fast approaching it. For the year 1901 Monsieur Lecombe, the European statistician, gives Denmark as the largest coffee-consuming country in proportion to its population. His figures are 5.87 kilograms per inhabitant, while Norway and Sweden are placed next on the list, with an annual consumption of 4.63 and four kilograms, respectively, and the United States next, with a consumption of 3.95 kilograms; but, for some unknown reason, he omits Holland, which is known to be a large coffee-consuming country. A parliamentary paper containing an official document on tea and coffee, in 1900, gives the consumption of coffee in Holland for that year as 16.57 pounds *per capita*, while 9.81 pounds is given as the amount consumed in the United States. Our rate of increased consumption is shown, however, by a table carefully prepared by the London board of trade, showing that in 1890 we consumed 7.83 pounds *per capita*, which increased to 7.99 pounds the following year, jumped to 9.61 pounds the next year, but decreased the next two years to 8.24 and 8.01, and went up again in 1895 to 9.22 pounds. Our consumption for 1898 was 11.45 pounds, but fell off the following year to 10.55, although since it has steadily increased.

Prices Continued to Fall until a Crisis Came

Our imports for 1898 reached 823,853,680 pounds, which was nearly twenty per cent. greater than those of the year previous, fifty per cent. greater than in 1893, practically double those of 1880, and more than three times those of 1874. For some reason our importations fell off during the years 1899 and 1900, but in 1901 they rose again till the total for the crop year was 854,871,310 pounds, valued at $62,861,399. But we find that in 1892 we paid a great deal more money for coffee, our importations for that year amounting to only 640,211,000 pounds, but worth $128,042,000,—more than double the value of our importations for 1901. The average price of coffee fell from twenty cents per pound in 1892 to 6.05 cents in 1900, and is still decreasing. Hence came the coffee crisis in the producing countries which led to the coffee conference in New York, to which representatives were sent by all the coffee-producing countries with the exception of Colombia and Hayti, the internal affairs of which were in such a state as to scarcely permit it.

The World's Stock of Coffee Would Last a Year

It is estimated that there are now some eleven and one-quarter million bags of coffee in stock in various parts of Europe and the United States, so that, if no more coffee were imported from the coffee-producing countries, there is nearly a sufficient stock on hand to supply the world's consumption for another year. By this may be judged the difficult proposition which was before the delegates to the international conference from the coffee-producing countries to increase the price of their product. As long as Brazil continues to grow fifteen and one-half million bags of coffee, which was nearly the amount of her last year's product, and about the estimated amount of the world's consumption, there is little chance of getting a better price.

The high price obtained in 1892 stimulated coffee-growing all over the world, and consequently led to an increased production which has brought about the present low price. But there is a question connected with this subject which appeals to the popular mind; namely, do we pay less for coffee now when it is sold on the exchange for less than five cents a pound than when it averaged twenty cents a pound, in 1892? An interesting paper on the consumption of coffee in the United States, read before the chamber of commerce at Rio de Janeiro, last year, by the Brazilian minister to this country, calls attention to that point. In this paper he made the statement that the fluctuations in the price in the wholesale market affected very little, if at all, the price of coffee at retail. The price of a cup of coffee in the United States, he said, is the same as when a pound of the product cost in the wholesale market three times what it is sold for at the present time.

Brazil Has No Equal in Its Exports of Coffee

He further stated that the price of roasted coffee has remained about the same, and that five-sixths of all the coffee consumed in the United States is the Brazilian product, although it is commonly sold in the retail market as Mocha and Java. In favor of Brazilian coffee he stated that Brazil supplies Arabia with coffee, and also Holland, which country controls the Java product. He claimed that the Mocha product is scarcely more than a myth, and figured that the people of the United States are paying one hundred and sixty-five million dollars yearly for Brazilian coffee, less than a quarter of which amount is paid for the coffee in the wholesale market.

There may be a great deal of truth in the statement of the Brazilian minister, as one may deduce from the figures of our coffee imports from the Dutch East Indies and Arabia. For the year 1900 we imported 133,182 bags directly from the Dutch possessions in the East, while for the year 1901 we imported only 73,338 bags, but a little more than half as much. From Holland we imported, for 1900, 23,104 bags, and for 1901, 12,198 bags, all of which coffee was received as genuine Java. From Aden we imported 12,276 bags during 1901, which were received and sold as genuine Mocha. These figures show conclusively the very small proportion of Mocha and Java coffee we actually get in comparison with the amount obtained from Brazil. The country which supplies us with the most coffee, next to Brazil, is Venezuela, our imports thence equaling about one-tenth the amount imported annually from Brazil.

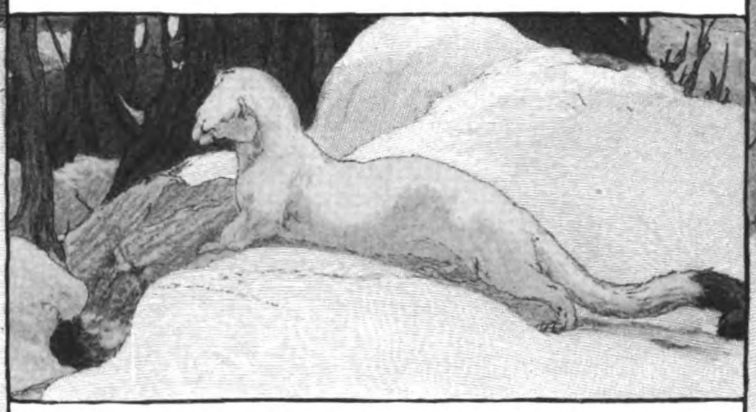
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The One Who Was Hated

The Story of a Weasel

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT







THERE was a great contrast between the interests in life of the weasel and those of some of his neighbors. The beaver built dams and houses. The squirrel laid up for himself a rich store of nuts, that he might not starve in the coming winter. The buck seemed to be mainly interested in living and growing, and in building up on his forehead, each summer, a pair of antlers a little larger and more ornamental than last year's. But the weasel killed,—and killed,—and killed. Of course these were not the only things that the forest folks thought about. Really, the great objects of all of them were to keep themselves alive and to give their children a good start. But these were the things which, in great measure, gave them their individuality, so that the beaver was industrious, the squirrel thrifty, and the buck tall and handsome, while the weasel was cruel and bloodthirsty.

Just why he should have been so fond of killing I do not know, but it seemed to be an inborn instinct or tendency, and it may possibly have come down to him from far-away ancestors, who had lived in stormier times than these, and who had been so surrounded by enemies that they had had to fight constantly for their lives. At any rate, it was there, and it manifested itself quite early in life. One afternoon in his first September he and his two brothers were having a romp in the grass when their father stalked a jumping-mouse and sent him flying straight toward them. With a tremendous leap the frightened little creature landed almost on top of the weasels, as much to their surprise as to his own, and for the next few minutes a game was played which was fun for them but agony for him. The weasels scattered, and no matter which way he turned or how far he jumped, there was always one of them in front of him when he alighted, ready to nab him if he sat still for even a fraction of a second. So up and down he went, up and down, up and down, like a rubber ball bounding and rebounding on a marble floor. His long hind legs tossed him this way and that as if he were some new kind of giant grasshopper. They were good legs,—wonderful legs,—and if he could have once broken through the circle of his tormenters he might have escaped. But he was almost wild with fright, and was getting so badly "rattled" that he hardly knew what he was doing, and suddenly he plumped down almost in the arms of our own particular weasel, who promptly seized him by the back of the neck and made an end of him.

Then there was a tug of war between the three brothers, each trying to get him away from the other two. One took hold by a fore paw, another by a hind leg, and the third by the left ear, and they pulled and hauled with all their might, and hissed softly at each other in their excitement. I do n't think they were really very hungry, however, for, after scrapping over him for a while, they compromised by each drinking a little of his blood, and leaving the carcass in the grass. It was a very characteristic incident.

A Weasel generally Prefers to Travel Alone on a Hunting Expedition

That same afternoon the weasel lost all his immediate relations, and was left alone in the world. His father seemed to have had his appetite whetted or his hunting instinct stirred by the capture of the mouse, and a few minutes later he called his family together, and the seven of them started off in Indian file along the bank of the Tahquamenon River. Weasels do n't often hunt in packs. Much more frequently they go out alone on their deadly errands. But this family was a very united one, and now and then its members took a stroll together to see what they could find. They were an interesting sight. A red squirrel in the top of a tall tree hid himself in terror, a rabbit bounded frantically away among the tamaracks, his pop-eyes round with horror, and a pair of fly-catchers scolded and swore in angry excitement. Seven lithe, slender little animals they were, with long, thin bodies, long necks, long heads, and long tails,—long everywhere except in the legs; and, though the legs were short, they were stout enough to carry their owners with easy grace and fairly good speed. There was much of the serpent about the weasels, not only in their length and slimness, but also in their gait and their pose,—heads up, noses forward, and a smooth, rapid, undulating motion,—in the flattening of their heads, in their sharp, white teeth, and in the glitter of their little black eyes. There was, withal, a certain knowing air,—an air of determination, of fearlessness, and of self-confidence and cruelty. It was not strange that the squirrel and the rabbit and the birds did not like the looks of them.

Presently they emerged into a small clearing beside the river, and here they suddenly stopped short, for squarely in their path, with his back to a stump, his pipe in his mouth, and his feet hanging over the edge of the bank, sat a man. If they were surprised, he was even more so; for, though he was an old trapper who had spent most of his life in the woods, he had never before seen seven weasels in line. They stopped short and stared at him for a minute or two, and he stared back. If they had been prudent they would have turned around and gone back the way they had come, but prudence is not a strong point in a weasel's character. The leader, the father of the family, had made up his mind that he wanted to visit a small, deserted log building that stood in the middle of the clearing, and that looked as if it might possibly harbor some rats or mice, and, when he really wanted to do a thing, he generally did it. So, after a moment, he started on again, with the procession at his heels. Unfortunately, the trapper's dog had gone off after a rabbit, for otherwise everything might have been different. The leader did go out of his way a few yards to avoid actually running over the man,—so much he grudgingly conceded to the enemy's superior strength,—but, when this little detour had been made, he went straight to the house and in at the open door, his family close behind him. Just then the dog came back, found the weasel's scent, and followed it in great excitement. The man went in after him and closed the door, and the trouble began.

When Father Weasel Was Attacked His Family Stood firmly by Him

Seven little brown-and-white animals went rushing round and round the one-room house, looking for a way of escape but finding none. Suddenly a rank odor filled the cabin, as the old father weasel was driven into a corner and held at bay by the dog, for he had a weapon very much like that of a skunk, though not quite so formidable. Not content, however, with that rather intangible style of warfare, he rose on his hind legs, showed his teeth, squealed with anger and defiance, and said, as plainly as words could say it: "Come on. Pitch right in. Dast you to." His fur was on end, his ears lay back flat upon his head, and his jaws were open and ready for business.

For a moment the dog hesitated. The old weasel, though not one-tenth his own size, looked decidedly tough, and he was n' t quite sure whether he wanted to tackle him or not. But he was game, and in a second or two he advanced and tried to catch the weasel by the shoulders. The weasel did n' t wait to be caught. Instead, he sprang straight into the dog's face, struck his teeth into his nose, and held on like a pair of dentist's forceps. The dog howled with pain and swung the little brown devil round and round in the air several times before he could shake him off, and while he was doing that our own weasel attacked him in the rear. As I have already said, the weasel had some very good points. Courage and audacity were two of them, but perhaps the best of all was family affection and loyalty. When he saw his father in danger he did not hesitate an instant, but went right to work. In the meanwhile the other five, finding that they could not get away, had assumed the offensive and were dancing around the man, snarling and showing their teeth in angry defiance, and making little leaps toward his face, as if they would like nothing better than to take him by the throat if only they could reach high enough. He laid about him with a stick which he had picked up out of doors, and, after a sharp fight, he and the dog managed to kill the father and mother and four of the children, though they got a good many bites and scratches in doing it.

Our own weasel was now the only one left, and, as the man struck at him again, he dodged the club, made a spring, and seized the forefinger of the trapper's right hand. The man straightened up with an oath, and gave his arm such a swing that the needle-like teeth tore through the flesh, and the weasel went flying across the room and landed on the top of the log wall, just under the roof. For a second he lay still, stunned and dazed. Then he saw a little hole beside him, and beyond it the sunlight and the river. It was a very small hole and a very tight fit, but he turned his head sidewise and wriggled through, and the trapper never saw him again.

Perhaps this experience hardened him still more. I do not know; but,

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however that may have been, thenceforward he seemed to make killing his profession, and no conquering trust was ever feared and hated by all the little fellows in its line of business as the weasel was feared and hated by all the small fry in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. As he went up and down through the woods he often saw the beaver busy with his engineering projects, the squirrel with his winter hoard, and the buck growing larger and handsomer with every passing year. Each had his work, and it was good and injured no one. The world was a happier place because they were there. But he, the weasel, was the destroyer. He spread terror and horror wherever he went. Panic was his herald and death marked his trail. The worst of it was that so much of his butchery was utterly useless and unnecessary. Many of his victims, of course, went to satisfy his hunger, but often he merely sucked their blood or ate their brains, and sometimes he cast them aside entirely and did not even taste them. Behold him on a night in June, when the full moon is flooding the woods and the swamp with glory! The frogs are singing with all their might, in shrill, childish trebles, and deep, manly basses, and the woods and the night are alive with sound. Silently the weasel comes stealing through the grass toward a big bull whom he has marked for his own. There is a sudden rush, and the lusty green soloist is cut short in the middle of his choicest selection. Frogs' legs fried are not to be compared with frogs' brains eaten warm in the heart of the Great Tahquamenon Swamp.

He Goes on Hunting His Prey, Regardless of Its Size or Prowess

Or it is daylight, and up in the maple woods a hen partridge sits upon her nest. Close by, on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, stands her mate, endeavoring to lighten the monotony of her task by drumming out a lively tattoo for her entertainment. Louder and louder his long roll echoes through the woods as his wings beat the air faster and faster and faster, till every one for half a mile around hears it and knows just what it means. The weasel is there, and now, with his little black eyes gleaming with excitement, he creeps silently up over the rear of the log, stepping cautiously, that his sharp claws may not rattle on the rough bark. The partridge is looking the other way, and he sees nothing till, with a sudden leap, the enemy is upon him, fore paws clasping his neck, and long, snake-like body sprawling across his back. Almost before he knows what has happened, something has caught him by the back of the head. There is a quick bulging of the big masses of muscle on the sides of the weasel's face, the jaws come together like the jaws of a vise, and he is brained at a single bite. His blood is sucked, and his pretty little brown body is left on the hemlock log for the first hungry fox or skunk that may pass that way.

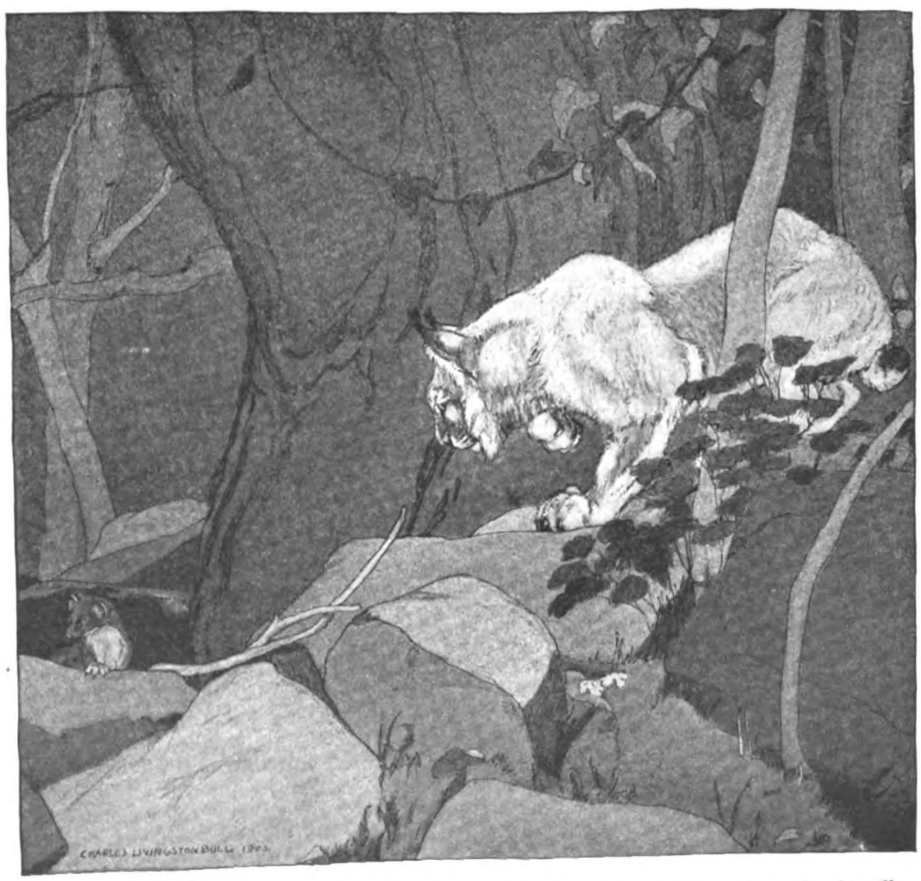
One thing may be said in the weasel's favor. He seldom tortured his victims, or played with them for fun, as the fox and the wild-cat and the lynx sometimes did. Unless they were many times larger than he, one bite across the back of the head was usually enough to finish them, and he generally gave it as quickly as he could. He did not always waste what he could not immediately eat. In his burrow under the roots of the big pine-tree that stood beside the river, there were many halls and chambers. In one was his nest, made of dry grass and leaves and mouse-skins. Another was a sort of dumping ground, where he threw the bones and hides of his prey. But a third was his storehouse, and there he sometimes had scores of dead meadow-mice and squirrels and chipmunks stacked up for a rainy day. Even when he did leave a dead body untasted on the ground, there was occasionally a good reason for it, as, for instance, when he killed a shrew. A shrew has such beautifully soft blue-gray fur that you would think, to look at it, that it would make a delicious morsel, but if you were to smell of it you would probably change your mind. It has a horrible odor, and the weasel, as you know, perhaps, by this time, was rather particular about what he ate. So the shrew was one of the animals whose lives and flesh were oftenest wasted.

But, in spite of every excuse that can be brought forward, the weasel's load of guilt was very black and very heavy, and he was probably dreaded by more of his neighbors than any other creature in the forest. It seemed as if there was no getting away from him, for he followed everywhere. The fate of a certain red squirrel, one of the fleetest of his kind in all the Michigan woods, is a good example of our hero's methods. The weasel chased him one day, and he scurried away at the top of his speed, and soon left his pursuer out of sight. Through the cedar swamp he went, over the pine ridges, down into the gullies and up again, now leaping over a brook, now crossing a larger stream on a fallen tree, now scampering up a tall maple and out to the end of a long branch, and now launching himself on the air, with his legs spread out like those of a flying squirrel. Down he came, and the instant he touched the ground he was off again, scattering the dry leaves in his flight, and scaring a partridge almost out of her wits. Last of all he rushed into a hollow log and curled himself up in its farthest corner. Surely he was safe now. The enemy could never find him here, after all that running and turning and twisting and doubling. But the weasel had a nose, and it was a good one, and he followed the squirrel's trail swiftly and unerringly, past swamp and ridge and gully and brook and river, up into the tall maple, and out upon the long branch. There he lost the scent, but he easily guessed what had become of it, and he, too, leaped out into the air, and struck the ground within a few feet of the spot where the squirrel had landed. Back and forth he ran, this way and that, nosing the dry leaves, until he found the trail again, and a few seconds later his victim saw his fierce black eyes peering in at the end of the log. The squirrel was one of the sauciest and most impudent of all the woods-people, but that sight was altogether too much for him, and his nerve forsook him completely. With a scream of terror he collapsed, and lay there in a trembling heap till the weasel came in and put an end to his career.

That was the way it went. All the year round it was just the same, except that game was always rather scarcer in winter than in summer, and that the weasel himself was a very different-looking animal. Every autumn, about the time that the snow came, his coat turned white, and the fur grew longer and softer and finer and warmer. His father had had, on certain portions of his body, a light yellowish tinge, which stayed with him summer and winter, but our weasel was like the snow, everywhere except on the last three inches of his tail, which was black. Just why Nature should have failed to make that white, too, is more than I can tell. Light-colored surfaces radiate warmth more slowly than dark ones, so that, with the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero, it must have been easier for him to retain his animal heat when dressed in a white suit than if he had been in his summer patterns, and this fact was probably one reason for the change. One would think, therefore, that the end of his tail must have been peculiarly liable to frost-bite. The change also helped him to hide from his enemies, of whom there were a few, though not very many who were really dangerous, and here, again, it would seem as if the metamorphosis ought to have been complete in order to produce the best results. Some of the experts in such matters say that a hostile eye is attracted by the little spot of black trailing behind the weasel, and, consequently, that it is less likely to see the weasel himself. To this humble scribe it would seem as if it would be much better for him that a hostile eye should not be attracted to him at all, but I suppose Nature knows what she is about.

He even Entered the Burrows of Field-mice in His Work of Devastation

All winter the weasel went hunting on the snow. Sometimes it was a rabbit that he chased,—a rabbit who was far larger and swifter than he, and who could have easily distanced him in a straight-away race, but who was so stupid that he kept stopping and looking back to see if the weasel was still on his trail, or perhaps tried to hide in his burrow, or possibly got rattled and began to go in a circle, and so, in one way or another, was run to earth and slaughtered. Sometimes it was the mice,—not the pretty little jumping-mice, for they had gone to sleep in their underground nests and would not wake up till spring, but the big, homely, short-tailed, short-legged meadow-mice, who often came out, even in the coldest weather, to romp in the snow, to call on their neighbors, or to look for provender. Very frequently the weasel surprised them on their errands, and if he could n't do that he searched for their burrows, entered, and killed them in their own beds. If it happened to be quite late in the winter he would now and then find a nestful of baby mice, and they, too, met their death, no matter whether he was hungry or not. Sometimes, when neither rabbits nor mice were at hand, he stalked the spruce hen, where she sat on her roost in the wooded swamp, and treated her as he had treated her cousin, the drumming partridge.



"Creeping quietly around the foot of a big tree, he met a Canada lynx"

Thus the winter would drag by, and even in the times of the greatest scarcity he seldom failed to kill a good deal more than he needed. About the time the snow melted away, brown patches would appear on his head and back and sides, and would keep growing and spreading until they covered the whole upper surface of his body, from his nose clear back to the end of his tail. Then, a little later, the frogs would be singing again in the marshes.

The long and short of it is that the weasel was successful—very successful,—in his chosen field.

It was in one of those spring seasons that he fought the greatest fight of his life, and the killing that he did that day

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was not murder at all, but very justifiable homicide. He was fully grown by this time, and was about a foot and a half in total length, thin, muscular, tough as a whip, and supple as a snake. He had donned his summer coat, and was glossy brown above and pure white beneath, with a sharply-defined, waving line between. Most weasels have dark feet, but his were white, like his throat and breast. In winter he wore hairy moccasins that covered them completely, but now the fleshy pads on his soles were bare. His whiskers were long, though rather scanty. His ears were large and upright, and added greatly to his alert, wide-awake look. His mouth was thin-lipped and cruel, and reached away back under his small, bright, black eyes. His teeth were sharp, and were white like ivory, and, in proportion to his size, there was hardly an animal in the world whose jaws were better armed than his. Altogether, he was splendidly equipped for a life-and-death struggle.

Early in May, four baby weasels came to the burrow near the river, where he and his mate were living. The weasel's mate, by the way, was exactly like him, except that she was somewhat smaller. She was a very pretty little animal, and he was very fond of her, as they both were of the children. Thenceforth there was much to do raising those babies and helping them to make a good beginning in life, and the killing went on more merrily than before. One afternoon the two started out at about the same time to see what they could get for supper. They set off in different directions, but half an hour later, as it chanced, they met in a meadow beside the river, a very good place to look for mice. But it happened that somebody else was looking for mice, too,—or for weasels, he did n't much care which,—and they had hardly had time to tell each other what luck they had had when a hawk dropped down out of the sky. They started to run, but the hawk was so close that before they could find a hiding place the smaller weasel was caught, one set of talons clasping her around the head, while the other gripped her halfway down the back. Then it was that her mate showed the stuff that was in him. With a scream of rage he sprang at the hawk, who had already risen a foot or two from the ground and was beating the air heavily with his wings, and in another instant he was on the bird's back, and his long, supple neck was reaching down toward his throat. It is sometimes very convenient to be as limber as a snake. The feathers began to fly, and in a moment more the blood was dripping. It was the hawk's turn to scream now, and he dropped his burden and scratched and tore at the weasel with his beak and talons so frantically that he lost his balance and came tumbling down head first to the ground. Then, for the next few minutes, there was an awful struggle in the meadow grass. The weasel held on in spite of everything, and would not be shaken off, and his keen teeth never stopped digging and tearing deeper and deeper into the bird's throat and breast. By the time it was over he was bleeding from a dozen wounds, all over his back and sides. But his enemy was dead, and his mate, his babies and his home were saved.



"Then a hawk dropped down out of the sky"

It is a pity that the story cannot end here with this, his most glorious victory in a most noble cause. But it cannot. For the next few days he spent most of his time in the burrow, resting and recuperating after the battle. Then, one evening, he started out again, just at sunset, and that night he took more helpless and innocent lives than in any other ten hours of his life. He who had fought so valiantly for his own wife and children had no more mercy on the wives and children of others than an imp of Satan. The first thing he did was to climb a tall tree and invade an old woodpecker hole, now occupied by a wood duck and her nestful of eggs, and there he worked a deed of darkness. Presently, emerging again into the light, he clambered down to the ground, going round and round the trunk in a spiral path, for he was not quite as expert a climber as the squirrel, and it always bothered him a little to go straight down head first. Close by he found the nest of a rabbit who had a young and interesting family. He entered it, and when he came out again he was licking his chops, there was blood on his white breast, and the green light shone in his wicked little eyes. But I sha'n't try to tell you all that he did that night. Luck seemed to be with him, and, as sensational journals say, he held a carnival of crime.

His own hour came at sunrise. Creeping quietly around the foot of a big tree in search of one more victim, he met a Canada lynx face to face, and in another minute his successful career had come to a fitting close. All his life he had been a shedder of blood, and now the day of reckoning had arrived and he must pay the price. He paid it.

Still the beaver worked on his dam, building it each year a little longer and higher; and still his pond grew deeper and broader, and lay like a beautiful gem in the green bed of the woods. Often, in the long, hot days of June, the buck came in search of coolness, or to look for succulent lily-pads, or to rid himself of the swarming mosquitoes, and, as he stood in the edge of the pool, with his shapely form, his glistening red coat, and his velvet-covered antlers reflected in the clear water beneath him, he made a noble picture. Still, as autumn came around, the squirrel—not the one that the weasel killed, but another,—gathered his winter's store of nuts; and still his cheery voice rang loud and hearty and self-confident among the beech trees and the hazel bushes. Still the jumping-mice played about their homes, and the gossipy meadow-mice went junketing among their neighbors, and prattled much to one another over their private affairs. Still the frogs sang their shrill chorus to the moon from the cool, wet heart of the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. Still the wild duck reared her brood of pretty little yellow ducklings, and the hen partridge led her chicks out and taught them how to hustle.

All these were successful, each in his own way, for each and every one of them was playing a part—a happy, healthy, harmless part,—in the life of the woods. The world was the better because they were there.

The weasel, too, had played his part, but it was a different part, played in a different way, and all the woods were happier because he was gone.

Intimations of the World-Soul

GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH

COME to the hillside with its crown of woods
And see the springing grass and vine and tree
Answer keen nature's kiss with leafy glee;
See blushing maples don their verdant hoods
With the long lines of climbing hemp for snoods,
The young brake's crosier and the errant bee,
And hear the blackbird's glad garrulity,
And the hoarse ravens talking to their broods!
Ye say: "Of old, these lives were weeds that first
Sprang from the soil, the soil itself from rocks
Plowed by the glaciers, and the rocks were, erst,
The molten lava heaved with billowy shocks
In the slow curdling of the thin fire-mist;—
Where, then, did life-germs hold their ante-nuptial tryst?"

A life diffused through universal space,—
Name it or not, it lifts your soul in awe,
Ever evolving, through unerring law,
The myriad forms of every breathing race;
In the heart's warmth survives a vital trace
Of the old fire-mist, whence the loves that draw
The aspiring heavenward, and the pangs that gnaw
The lost soul groping in some desert place:
Ye see no darkness but the shadow cast
By Being basking in the Eternal Sun;
There is no void; through all the hollow vast
Flows the Great Soul that makes the cosmos one.
Not man alone, but every creature moves
To its fulfilling, even as through invisible grooves.

Is it for nothing that our loveliest
Aspire to be more lovely, and the wise
Sink deeper mines for wisdom's golden prize?
Who more pursues the better than the best?
Who sooner toys with danger in the quest
Of new horizons than the brave whose eyes
Have seen all perils under alien skies,
From austral snows to Hecla's burning crest?
What means the insatiate hunger of the herd,
The inveterate instinct that persists and clings
To the black robes of Mystery till it wrings
From her shut lips a syllable of that word,
Letter by letter, that the ages spell,
Till wild-eyed prophets dare pronounce the ineffable?

No planet wheels around an utter void;
No orb goes aimless through the gloomy deeps,
But still to some determinate good it sweeps.
When, world by world, the starry host deployed
With many a sun and glimmering asteroid,
In maddening gyres adown the shuddering steeps,
Some leash invisible ensphered their headlong leaps
Around their crater through each vast cycloid.
The very pebble, high at random tossed,
Holds the same curve and seeks a kindred goal;
One law attends them, that no waif be lost.
Are dumb clods wiser than the human soul?
Are worlds centripetal, and must man alone
Down the sheer tangent shoot into the vast unknown?

Have souls no central sun whence life proceeds?
Is man's vast yearning to no whitherward?
His love a snare, his high ideal, adored
In silent awe, a fate-fire's lamp that leads
To the dark fens of all unlovely creeds?
Where marched the heroes whose keen shafts have gored
The threatful dark, with all its lies abhorred,—
To soulless Nothing, or Faith's golden meads?
Not all go darkling, but all seek the same,—
The infinite Something longed for or denied,
Nameless, or marked with many a fatal name,—
Baal, Teutates, Moloch,—deified
Distractions of the Unknown God, or One
The Soul of all our souls, creation's central Sun.

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The Habit of Not Feeling Well

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

The outer is always the shadow and form of the inner.—MOZOOMDAR.

GOETHE stated a truth when he said,—"All men would live long, but no man would grow old." Every normal human being desires health,—beauty,—life, in all its joy and fullness. The realization of such desires would effectually prevent us from growing old, no matter how the years might be counted.

Is it possible for us to actualize here and now what we so ardently long for? If it were not the longing would not be so strongly implanted in us. If we accept this conclusion, we must go a step farther and acknowledge that the conditions we desire are under our own control.

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Few people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into a habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition, they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to any one who will listen. Instead of combating the tendency to illness by filling the lungs with pure fresh air, they dose themselves with "headache tablets" or some other patent specific warranted to cure whatever ill they think they are suffering from. They begin to pity themselves, and try to attract pity and sympathy from others. Unconsciously, by detailing and dwelling upon their symptoms, they reënforce the first simple suggestions of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease, until they are unfitted to do a day's work in their homes or offices.

It is said that man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying down or lounging on a sofa because they think they are tired or not well. Much so-called invalidism is simply laziness, fostered and indulged from childhood.

There is great danger that young girls who are delicate while growing up, and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least bit out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity.

How often do we see such girls "brace up" at once when anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception or a ball, or any other pleasant social function, acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody until after the entertainment.

Indulgent mothers are frequently to blame for this physical and mental laziness—for it is nothing more,—on the part of their daughters. A lounge or sofa is a positive curse in many a home, because it is such a temptation to lie down and succumb to trifling suggestions of illness or the least indisposition. A habit of giving in whenever you "don't feel like it" is fatal to all achievement, and ruinous to self-discipline, self-poise, and nobility and dignity of bearing.

When some one asked a noted opera singer if she was ever sick and unable to fill her engagements, she replied: "No, we singers can not afford to be sick. We must fill our engagements; we are not rich enough to give up."

Actors and actresses, as well as singers, are compelled by the necessities of their profession to set aside personal feelings and keep faith with the public, no matter whether they are well or not. They simply can not spare themselves even when they are really sick, not to speak of giving way to moods or fancied ailments. What would become of their reputations, their careers, if they should fail to appear in public every time they "don't feel like it."

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What is the result of this compulsion upon actors and singers to conquer moods and feelings? Is it not well known that, in spite of the exacting nature of their duties, the late hours they are obliged to keep, the constant wear on the mental and physical faculties, if they take proper care of their health, they retain youth and vitality to a far more advanced age than men and women in other callings? Joseph Jefferson, Denman Thompson, Adelina Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, and many others of the past and present might be cited as examples.

The body is like an easy-going horse that will become lazy and jog along in an indolent, slouching gait if not kept up to "standards" and "style" by its coachman. If the mind, the driver of the body, lets the reins hang loose and allows the body to follow its inclinations, standards will soon be lowered.

No one feels "up to concert pitch" all the time, and it is necessary to train oneself to keep at his task whether he likes it or not.

What if the business man who is compelled to work all day, and who has neither time nor opportunity to coddle himself whether he feels well or not, should become the slave of whims and fancies? Supposing he should say to himself, 'I am liable to be ill this summer so I am going to prepare for the worst. I shall have a couch put into my office, so that I can lie down when I feel seedy, and I'll lay in a stock of medicine so as to be ready for any emergency." Why, a common-sense business man would consider it a disgrace to even think of such a thing. He knows perfectly well that, if he were to act in that way, his business would soon "go to the dogs." He knows, also, from experience, that it is not necessary to give up every time he "don't feel like it."

Suppose that a general should find his soldiers lounging about the camp, lying under the trees and taking it easy, and many of them not feeling like drilling, and should decide to wait until they should all feel like it. What kind of an army would he have? What kind of discipline? No, the men must fall into line and commence the drill on the appointed minute, whether they feel like it or not. If they are positively sick, they must go to the hospital; but they must either be in the hospital, sick enough to be under a doctor's care, or they must drill.

The world is a camp. We are all soldiers under the command of a Supreme General, who expects us to be on drill every day unless we are actually disabled.

The moment you allow yourself to be governed by your moods and fancies, you open the door to a host of enemies to your health, success, and happiness. Don't under any circumstances sympathize with sick, diseased, or lazy thoughts. If you once yield to such thoughts, before you know it you may be their slave.

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Some people actually attract illness to themselves by constantly thinking about it. They feel sure that, if they should happen to get their feet wet, they would soon be sick with pneumonia or influenza. If they happen to be in a draught for a few minutes, they are confident that dire results will follow. They will have chills or sore throat. If they cough a little they have dreadful visions of consumption. Is it not in the family? They thus fix images of sickness in the mind, and so lessen its power of resistance to disease and make the body more susceptible to the very things they fear.

A conviction that we should be master of ourselves under all conditions would protect us from many of the ills to which we fall easy victims. If we think diseased thoughts we attract disease. If we think healthy thoughts we attract health.

The best safeguard you can throw around yourself is a determination that you will be master of yourself,—that you will not be dictated to by moods or whims or fancies of any kind. You will find that, if you expect great things of yourself, if you always exact a high standard and accept no apologies or excuses from Mr. Liver, Mr. Stomach, Mr. Nerve, or Mr. Head, your health will be better and you will accomplish infinitely more than if you allow your feelings to hold you in subjection.

It does not take a great deal of practice to be able to throw off any ordinary symptom of indisposition by holding firmly in the mind the opposite thought,—health and cheerfulness. Insist that you will not give up; and that you will do your day's work to the best of your ability, and it is probable that, before the day is half done, you will feel better. This is not theoretical; it is scientific.

We all know people who have fallen into a habit of never feeling well. No matter how soundly they sleep, how good their appetites, or how healthy they appear to be, every inquiry in regard to their condition receives the same stereotyped, depressing answer, conveyed in a dismal voice,—"Not very well," "About the same," or "Not so well." These are the people who "enjoy poor health." The only subject of conversation in which they take any interest is themselves. They never weary of discussing their symptoms. They will dilate by the hour on the attack of indigestion, the peculiar sensations which they feel in their heads, stomachs, or backs, or the shooting pains in various parts of their bodies.

Like sailors who tell their "yarns" so often that they really come to believe them themselves, these people dwell so persistently on their fancied or merely temporary petty ailments that they take it for granted that all their imaginings about themselves must be true.

The ailing habit is especially active during spring and summer. When the weather changes and the temperature becomes more variable, the chronic ailers take it for granted that they are not going to feel so well, and so they prepare mentally and physically for the worst. The moment they experience the slightest debility from the warm weather, they begin to try new remedies and to complain more than ever before; and the more they coddle themselves and the more they complain, the less they feel like doing anything. All day long they lounge on sofas or recline in easy chairs. The mind sympathizes with the posture of the body; the recumbent or lolling attitude quickly reacts upon the mentality, and standards all drop.

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If you ever expect to amount to anything in the world, you should resist an inclination to loll or lounge around as you would a temptation to any other evil tendency. You can never make the most of yourself if you succumb to the lounging habit. It is so insidious that, almost before you are aware of it, it will sap your ambition and lessen your chances of success. Compel yourself to get up, to brace up, and to keep up to your proper standard whether you feel like it or not.

Have no fellowship with slouchy, slipshod, "don't feel like it" moods. Drive them all away from you as you would drive a thief from your house.

How can you expect to be healthy and robust physically and mentally when you are half the time in a lazy, horizontal attitude? Until you arouse yourself and act as if you were a vertebrate animal, you will be neither healthy nor successful. You can not accomplish good work until you put yourself in the attitude of achievement. You can not have confidence in your ability to do things while your mental and physical standards are low.

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Self-confidence has a great deal to do with one's health. If, for instance, you have anything of importance to do, and if failure to do it would mean a great loss to you, you would not allow any ordinary feeling of indisposition to prevent its accomplishment. The conviction that you must do a thing, the belief that you can and your determination to do it at all hazards have a great deal to do with the suppression of mental or physical discords.

The influence of expecting yourself to do a good day's work and demanding it of yourself works like magic. It is a powerful tonic.

Remember that your resisting power, that innate force which was given you for self-protection, is your safeguard not only against mental but also against physical ills.

The moment a fighting general and his army give up they are beaten. The moment your will capitulates,—the moment you admit to yourself that you are going to be captured by the enemy,—you have laid down your arms and virtually surrendered.

A habit of asserting stoutly and defiantly your determination to do a good day's work every day of your life, unless positively sick, will accomplish more for you than all the sanitariums in the world.

How many, who were really life-long invalids, seldom free from bodily suffering, have achieved remarkable success! Charles Darwin, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Herbert Spencer, Robert Louis Stevenson, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Kane, the explorer, and many others more or less eminent, conquered real physical ills in order to pursue their work. If those people had waited for a favorable mood until they felt like it, they would probably never have accomplished anything of note. If the men and women who have pushed civilization up from savagery had dropped their work every time they "did not feel like it" where would the world be to-day?

This matter of feeling well or ill, or of working or not working, is largely a question of mental dominion.

The writer knows a physician's wife, a very estimable lady, who has been subject for years to occasional severe attacks of headache which last for three or four days. While these attacks last she is completely prostrated. She says, however, that, when anything of supreme importance makes it imperative that she should fulfill the duties of her position, she is always able to postpone an attack, sometimes for days at a time.

Now, if any one can postpone a sick headache or other ailment for days at a time in order to attend some special function, is it not reasonable to suppose that it could be postponed indefinitely?

When Douglas Jerrold was told by his physician that he must die, he replied: "What, and leave a family of helpless children? *I won't die.*" His resolution helped him over the crisis and he lived many years longer. The way to be well is to think health-thoughts.

Determine that you will have nothing to do with abnormalities of any kind. Resolve that you will keep yourself up to a high standard mentally, morally, and physically, and that you will always be ready to take hold of the duty which lies nearest with vigor and determination.

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Do not allow yourself to get into the way of staying at home whenever you do not feel like going to your office, store, or place of business. Oftentimes, especially during summer, the temptation is very strong in the morning, when one feels languid or lazy from the heat, to say to oneself, "Well, I do n't feel like it to-day. I think I shall take it easy and let things take care of themselves until I am up to the mark." Now this is just the encouragement the lazy body wants, and you can not afford to let the temptation conquer you. You must always be master of the situation, and, when your faculties and functions are like soldiers who do not care to drill, but whose duty it is to do so, you must assume the office of commanding general.

Don't allow yourself to become a slave to the miserable little absorbers of your health and happiness. Every time a diseased thought, a thought inimical to your health or achievement comes to you, expel it at once. Don't stop to discuss, or weigh, or consider it. Drive it off if it is not a friend, and replace it by a strong, healthy, beautiful thought. If you persist in this course you will fill your mind with hosts of health-thoughts, beauty-thoughts, and achievement-thoughts which will make you physically and mentally vigorous, successful, and happy.

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JOAQUIN BARANDA,
Former Minister of Justice and Education



GEN. BERNARDO REYES,
Former Minister of War and Marine



PORFIRIO DIAZ,
Mexico's popular President, who is about to retire



RAMON CORRAL,
Minister of the Interior, formerly Governor of Sonora



ALFREDO CHAVERO,
President of the "Circle of Friends of General Diaz"



The Next President of Mexico

JUAN DE ALBERTO
[Special "Success" Correspondent in Mexico]

THE fact that the question of the presidential succession in Mexico cannot long be deferred gives great interest to the personality of José Ives Limantour, at present minister of finance of his country, who, in the opinion of his fellow citizens, is marked out as the next president of the Mexican republic.

In order to understand the place of Limantour in his country's politics, it is necessary to take a retrospect of Mexican history to the extent of stating that, from the time when the independence of the country was established, in 1821, until the first accession of General Diaz to the presidency, in 1876, the aim of the various rulers who succeeded one another was not to govern or administer public affairs in the sense in which those functions are understood in stable countries, but merely to keep public peace and hold their own against revolutionists, in which it must be said that none of them really succeeded, for Diaz is the first executive of Mexico whose authority was first tranquilly and afterwards heartily accepted by all Mexicans. The function of Mexico's earlier presidents, in other words, was that of a superior sort of police; the social, economical, legislative, and international problems that claim so much of the attention of other governments were either unknown here or deliberately set aside, or, when, as in the case of foreign complications, they had to be considered, were handled so clumsily as almost always to invite disaster.

In plain words, the governments of Mexico were of the most rudimentary character, and nothing further was ever expected of them by the people of the country than that, at best, they should protect life and property, and maintain reasonable order. The finances of the country were in chronic chaos, and the task of setting them in order was regarded by the ablest of ministers of finance with a feeling little short of despair. This feeling lasted for years after the second accession of General Diaz to power, in 1884.

The significance of the former financial disorder is better comprehended when it is remembered, as Francisco Bulnes, one of the ablest of Mexico's thinkers and writers has pointed out, that all the political unrest and all the turbulence of Mexico's history have been due fundamentally to the chronic fiscal embarrassment of its governments. This was but natural, for the first thing that successive governments did when in pecuniary straits was to scale down the salaries of the civil and military servants of the nation. But the neglect in financial matters was only typical of the indifference with which all the functions of government, except the rudimentary ones above mentioned, were regarded.

President Porfirio Diaz has gradually changed all that. His administration has been the first one worthy of the name that the country has ever known. The administration of foreign relations by Ignacio Mariscal, under Diaz, has ever been above criticism. But the finances of the government continued, as above shown, to be a dark spot on the horizon of the Diaz administration. The recurrence of yearly deficits, large when compared with the resources of the country, evidently could not be allowed to continue indefinitely. The embarrassment was accentuated by the decline of silver and by failure in the crops during the years 1891 and 1892.

President Diaz, with the rare decision and judgment in the choice of instruments that have been prominent among the strong points of his administration, called Limantour to his councils. All that was known of Limantour at that time was that he was a young man of blameless habits, rather delicate, of French parentage, but born in Mexico City on December 26, 1854, and, according to the laws of the country, a Mexican citizen by birth; that he had distinguished himself by his ability in the chamber of deputies; and, though possessed of large inherited wealth, that he held the chair of political economy in one of the government schools. Furthermore, it was said that his ability had been first recognized by the late Manuel Romero Rubio, minister of the interior, and father-in-law of President Diaz.



JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR, MEXICO'S NEXT PRESIDENT

The Republic of Mexico is to have a new president. Before the end of the year, it is evident that Jose Ives Limantour, the Mexican minister of finance, will occupy the position which Gen. Porfirio Diaz has held since 1876. President Diaz will be renominated and re-elected, but, as his closest friends say, he will resign the office shortly afterwards in favor of Senor Limantour, whom he has personally selected as his successor. President Diaz will take this action in order to save his country from an election agitation for which, in its present condition, it is wholly unprepared

Diaz did not at once make Limantour his minister of finance, perhaps on the ground that the immediate appointment of so young a man would have been criticised. He offered the portfolio of finance to the late Matias Romero, then Mexican minister at Washington, who had previously held the same position. Romero accepted, and Limantour was made assistant secretary. They were sworn in on May 27, 1892.

Romero and Limantour worked hard to draw order out of chaos, and, in September, 1892, the former gave to his countrymen a remarkable review of the nation's finances, showing what a desperate pass they had reached little more than ten years ago. The National Bank had, until then, helped the government tide over some of its most acute periods of crisis, but the situation had become at that time so discouraging, and there seemed to be so little prospect of an early change for the better, that the bank intimated to the minister of finance, as he frankly stated in his review above referred to, its desire that the government should have recourse to other agencies to relieve its necessities in the future. Luckily the government was able to borrow six hundred thousand pounds in London, which enabled it to pay its way until such time as the reform work of Romero and Limantour should begin to produce its results.

On February 23, 1893, Romero returned to Washington, and Limantour took the oath of office as minister of finance on May 9, 1893. All that was known of Limantour for a time was that he was working unremittingly to reorganize his department. It was reported that he was spending twelve to fourteen hours a day in his office in assiduous work, and that his health was breaking down.

The first tangible result of this sustained effort came in 1895, when it was announced that, for the first time in Mexican history, the revenue of the government had exceeded its expenditure, and that the previous fiscal year (1894-95,) had ended with a surplus. Experienced business men, when they heard this, could hardly believe it, and many of the older generation of statesmen were somewhat chagrined that what some of them had pronounced to be an impossibility in 1888, and what seemed still more hopeless in 1892, had, only three years later, been accomplished by a young man who, a few months previously, was only known as a professor of political economy, and a hard worker in committees in the chamber of deputies.

The wonder was not lessened when it was considered that Limantour had achieved this result by dint of sheer executive ability and efficient administration; by modernizing the old Spanish fiscal methods; by extirpating vicious practices; and by securing for the government the full value of every dollar of revenue collected. Since then every fiscal year, in spite, sometimes, of adverse conditions, has ended with a surplus, until, at present, the government has a reserve of between thirty and forty millions, though its annual expenditure is nearly double what it was only fifteen years ago.

The credit of laying the specter of national bankruptcy, of rescuing the government from its chronic penury, of winning abroad the standing of a solvent nation, and of enabling the country to undertake and encourage public works without crippling its resources, belongs, therefore, to Limantour.

But in the meantime, and partly as a consequence of Limantour's own work, the character of the public administration has been undergoing a transformation. Mexico has entered the current of modern life and is beginning to experience the exigencies of her new condition. All sorts of problems, financial and social, demand administrative ability of a far different and higher order than that which sufficed in the old days, when the sole aim of the government was to maintain order. It is the recognition of these changed conditions that has led to the formation of what is known in Mexico as the "Scientific Party," of which Señor Limantour is presumed to be the head, though, with characteristic poise and caution, he has never ac-

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knowledged his affiliation with this or any other party.

The "Scientific Party" includes practically all the men of intellectual prominence in the country, foremost among them, after Limantour, being such men as Joaquin D. Casasus, Pablo and Miguel S. Macedo, Justo Sierra, Rosendo Pineda, Enrique C. Creel, José Castellot, Emeterio de la Garza, Jr., and others. These men believe that Mexico's present prosperity is but a shadow of that which she may attain; but that, to attain it, she must be ruled by men who know thoroughly the requirements of efficient government and are able to solve the problems with which the life of modern nations is beset. Mexico, they say, is no longer in a position in which, isolated and forgotten by the rest of the world, she can afford to neglect the duties entailed upon her by the modern science of government. The monetary question, for instance, is only typical of the problems with which the country is likely to be confronted, and to the solution of which the old type of Mexican administration—the superior police type,—would be totally inadequate.

By the methods of Senor Limantour, Mexico was dragged out of a chaos of serious financial difficulties

It is a proof of the discernment of President Diaz that he has given full weight to the "Scientific Party" in public affairs, and that he has availed himself of the ability of its most prominent men, who have rendered him loyal service. But it is hardly to be expected that this party, in the case of the withdrawal of President Diaz, would be content to give the same service to an extraneous candidate for the presidency. Counting in its ranks the men who are best equipped for the direction of public affairs, it would naturally want to assume that direction itself, and not do the hard work while allowing others to enjoy the credit.

The candidacy of Limantour, therefore, rests on the assumption that the time has come for efficiency in government, and that the long and admirable administration of President Diaz, himself the highest personification of the Mexican military element, has carried the country beyond the stage of military dictatorship, and paved the way for the harmonious development of its resources and its definite induction into modern conditions under the guidance of a brilliant civil administrator. Although the masses of the people are well disposed toward Limantour, he would have, for a time, to contend against some special difficulties which may be forcibly mentioned. Save President Diaz, there is not a man in the republic who has the full support of the people.

Señor Limantour is without military prestige, a qualification so necessary to the rulers in all Spanish-American republics, wherein fear remains a strong political emotion, voluntary obedience to law is regarded by most men as evidence of a lack of spirit, and its violation is considered something to boast of. But it may be said for the minister of finance that he has crushed two of his rivals in the cabinet, and that, with his genius for finance and his rigorous methods of administration, he administers the most efficient department of the government. Besides, the people of Mexico are making rapid strides in civic virtues. Diaz is more loved, to-day, than feared. The attitude of the army is no longer that of a master, but that of a defender of the country. There is no longer the sensational and theatrical prominence given to army affairs that characterized their administration by Bernardo Reyes. The present minister of war is eminently loyal, and there is every reason to believe that the Mexican military element will attend to its own business and leave politics alone. Indeed, there is not a real military leader among the possible opponents of Señor Limantour. Before Diaz's time, the army deserted the government because the soldiers were not paid. Señor Limantour has announced his intention of increasing their pay soon.

The old, turbulent, revolutionary element has not entirely died in Mexico. There are still men without much talent or prestige, it is true, who would cheerfully, if possible, precipitate the country into civil war. These men are gifted with the ability to string together high-sounding, sonorous, but meaningless phrases, which catch the ears of the ignorant and impressionable. This is why the government of Mexico has had to restrain the press and arrest agitators. During the Diaz *règime* several incipient revolutions have been nipped in the bud with a strong hand. Mexico will continue, for some time, to breed men like Garcia de La Cadena, of the state of Zacatecas, and Rafael del Castillo Calderon, of the state of Guerrero, and whoever succeeds Diaz must cope with such political agitators; but, with a loyal army and rapid communication to all parts of the country, these men cannot constitute a serious danger to the republic. Without doubt, the most delicate task that Diaz's successor will be called upon to perform will be that of holding an even balance and a firm hand between the church party and the radicals or Jacobins. The church party is steady in its policy of accumulating wealth and regaining power, and all that it needs to reënter active politics is a leader. As a matter of fact, it has overcome the provisions of the reform laws which forbid ecclesiastical corporations to hold real estate, and gradually it is acquiring such properties, both in the towns and in the country. Some of the finest sugar plantations of Morelos belong to the clergy, and the law is bound hand and foot, as the properties belonging to the church are held apparently in the name of individuals. If this is the case within little more than a third of a century since the definite promulgation of the reform laws, it is to be inferred that not only will it continue, but that the process of clerical enrichment will also advance with an accelerated pace in the future.

On the other hand, the laws which sought to check the power of the church in other respects have also proved impracticable and are almost openly infringed. For example, the law forbids religious congregations of men and women, when every one knows that even in the capital city there are a score of such communities living according to their rules. The extremists of the Liberal Party, or Jacobins, note these things with regret and would like the old anti-clerical laws to be strictly enforced or new and more sweeping ones made. The moderates in the Liberal Party, forming a wing thereof styled the Party of Conciliation, deprecate any new legislation against the church and think that the time has come when Mexico can almost afford to imitate the broad policy of non-interference that obtains in such matters in the United States. There can be no doubt that the only lasting solution of the clerical question is the spread of education among the masses.

In the meantime the ruler of Mexico has no easy task, in the midst of these contrary currents of opinion, to steer an independent course, which, if not exactly satisfying all, may give serious offense to none. Diaz has succeeded in doing this, though the extreme Liberals do not hesitate in a platonic way to reproach him for contemporizing as they call it, with the church, and the policy of "conciliation" is a constant pretext for harmless shafts aimed at the Diaz administration. The extreme partisans on both sides will give more trouble to his successor than they have to him, for of late years men of all shades of opinion in Mexico have tacitly agreed not to thwart seriously any essential feature of the Diaz policy. They will not, however, feel the same consideration for any other president, and a new one will consequently need great tact and firmness to overcome this difficulty. Limantour is regarded as a moderate man, and is certainly far removed from the rabid extremes of the anti-clericalists who were inclined to build more hope on Reyes.

I have purposely refrained from mentioning among the possible difficulties of Limantour the fact that, though of Mexican nationality, he is of foreign parentage, a circumstance which one or two newspapers formerly urged against him. If the Mexican constitution means anything, Limantour, born in Mexico City, and no reservation having been made by his parents, is a Mexican by birth. But, setting aside that aspect of the case, it may be presented in a more practical form. The Mexican constitution requires Mexican nationality, or citizenship by birth, for the holding of office in the cabinet; in other words, the requirements are exactly the same for the office of cabinet minister as for the office of president. Therefore, if Limantour for the past ten years has held the office of minister of finance without impairment of the constitution and with the unanimous applause of his fellow citizens, it is evident that the question is *res judicata* in his favor as far as the presidency is concerned. Moreover, in the past, and under the present constitution, there have been presidents of Mexico who, although born in Mexico and held to be Mexicans, were the sons of foreign parents.

Limantour does not appear to be forty-eight years old. Notwithstanding the fact that his hair, for years past, has been prematurely gray, his face is unwrinkled, his steel-gray eyes keen and alert, his carriage erect, his form, though slight, well set up, and his step elastic. His face, of ivory-like pallor, is intellectual and commanding, being characterized by an ample forehead and a pronounced and well-shaped nose. He is apt to strike those who meet him for the first time as somewhat cold and reserved. This impression gradually wears off as one talks with him and comes under the influence of his personal magnetism. Nevertheless, if the interview hinges on business, Limantour never lays aside his caution, and it would be a hopeless task to try to entrap him into unguarded statements or inconsiderate promises. It is not easy to win his confidence, but, when it is once bestowed, his kindness is inexhaustible.

His strength as a public man lies in his mature and well-balanced judgment and self-control. He has no weak points, and his character is so well rounded that it causes sore perplexity to his enemies, who try in vain to find a flaw in his armor. Unlike many other Spanish-American political men, he has an absolutely clean record in public and private life, and the "*Tiempo*," a conservative daily newspaper, remarked, at the time when some journals were disparaging him on the score of his foreign parentage, that it was infinitely to that statesman's credit that the worst thing that his enemies could lay at his door was that his name ended in "our." Much of the equanimity which he opposes to all of the vicissitudes of public life may be attributed to the fact that he is, like Roosevelt and Balfour, a man of a wide range of activities, and of intellectual and artistic tastes, in which, during his leisure moments, he finds relaxation from the strain of business. A happy and model domestic life inures to the same end. Limantour has always been an enlightened friend of Americans and American enterprises. One of his latest acts was to invite three American experts to Mexico as the guests of the nation, that they might give their advice to the government commission which is now considering, under his auspices, the advisability of a monetary change. These experts were Edward Brush, secretary of the American Smelting and Refining Company, Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell University, and Charles A. Conant, treasurer of the Morton Trust Company, of New York.

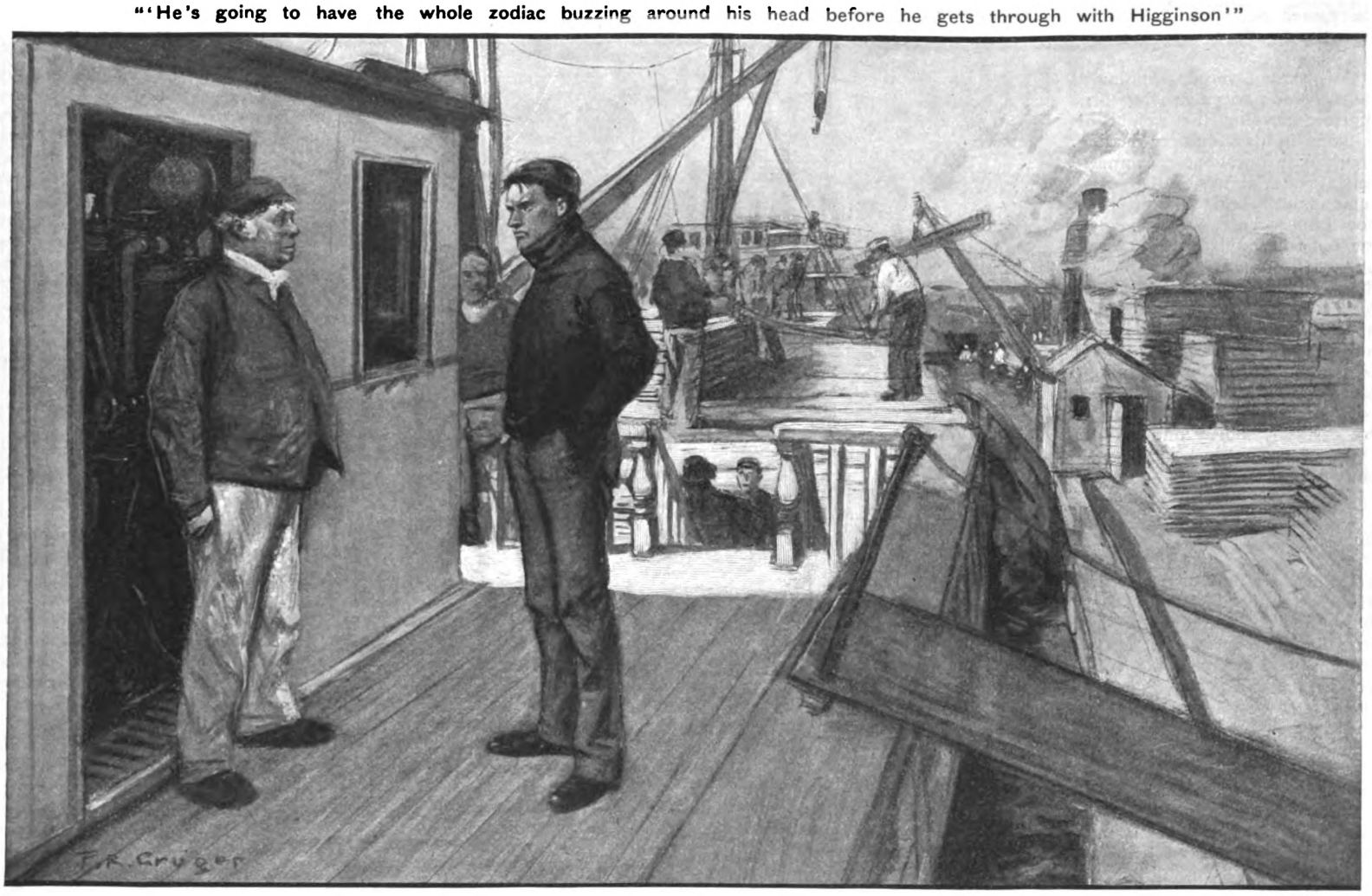
It is not easy to compare Limantour with his illustrious chief, Diaz. They are the products of different conditions. Diaz is the outcome of the turbulent period of Mexico's domestic and foreign wars, and his ability as a civil administrator and his determination to give his country tranquillity were born of his bitter experience during that period. His ability as a ruler was developed by stern necessity. He has not always been equally well advised. He has had to tolerate vicious elements in his administration, eliminating them by degrees, as opportunities came. Thus his administration has constantly improved, and he seems to have made it a feature of his policy constantly to keep certain reforms in reserve, as if he were reluctant to exhaust all at once the resources of his popularity. Everyone knows, for instance, that, while considerable electoral freedom exists in the state gubernatorial contests, the central government exercises a decisive influence over the result. Now there are governors whose administration is, during successive terms, an incubus to their respective states, and, though Diaz is well apprized of the inacceptability of these men, he is slow to turn them out of office or prevent their reëlection. But at length there comes a moment when his fiat goes forth, and they are governors no longer. Then the people, not remembering how long they have had to wait, shout plaudits to the righteous and all-powerful executive to whom at length they owe their deliverance.

Senor Limantour stands forth as the man who can take up the reins of government under the favorable conditions evolved during the last twenty years. He is the intellectual prodigy of the administration of President Diaz

Happily the race of men whom it has been necessary, merely in compensation for certain services in turbulent times, to place in power, is almost spent, and Limantour stands forth as the man who can take up the reins of Mexico.

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"'He's going to have the whole zodiac buzzing around his head before he gets through with Higginson'"



THE WHIP HAND

A STORY OF LUMBER — SAMUEL MERWIN



Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters

[John Halloran, an intrepid young student at the Northwestern University, while leader of a life-saving crew, rescues Martin Higginson, a lumber merchant and owner of a vessel wrecked in a storm off the coast of Lake Michigan, thereby winning his friendship. Mr. Higginson has a business rival in G. Hyde Bigelow, of Chicago, a pompous self-made man who aims to combine the lumber interests of Michigan into a gigantic trust. Just as he has reached the pinnacle of his ambition, possessing wealth, position, and an attractive family, he is suddenly startled by the appearance of a woman who makes an appeal for her children, George and Lizzie Bigelow. He treats her gruffly and shows little sympathy, but finally, as if conferring a great favor, promises to get her a position in a factory. Just about this time, a party of young people, including Miss Davies and John Halloran, take up settlement work. Among those who belong to the settlement are George and Lizzie Bigelow, the children of Mrs. Cragie. Miss Davies and Halloran become interested in the boy and girl and resolve to help them. One of the party, Appleton Le Duc, or "Apples," as he is called, becomes infatuated with Lizzie Bigelow. George Bigelow disappears mysteriously and is finally traced by Halloran to a boat shop far down on the wharves among filth and squalor in a secluded spot. He has gambled and lost, and shame and fear keep him from returning home. Halloran straightens him out with a loan and persuades him to return to his mother and sister. Young Halloran is taken into the confidence of Mr. Higginson, and made manager of his affairs. G. Hyde Bigelow and Company try to absorb Mr. Higginson's firm, but, not succeeding, seek to crush it. In this he is being thwarted by Halloran's business sagacity. Mr. Higginson's health begins to fail from the long strain and years of hard work, and his wife and daughter, Mamie, seek to persuade him to take a rest, which he emphatically refuses to do.]

BOOK II.—CHAPTER III.

Tightening the Blockade

MR. BABCOCK had come in early, depositing a small traveling bag behind the door of his office, and then looking at his watch to see if Mr. Bigelow was not about due. Somewhat travel-stained was Mr. Babcock, as a glance at the mirror told him, and there was time to wash and change his linen before his senior should arrive.

Shortly entered Mr. Bigelow,—entered largely, grandly, even pompously,—for it would have been childish not to recognize himself for what he was. There was nothing assumed in this large manner, nothing inflated or overacted, nothing vain or empty; such as it was, it came from the heart. Should you sneer or object, had he not the right to demand, "Why should I not enter largely? Am I not G. Hyde Bigelow?" To this could only be answered,—meekly, humbly, truthfully,—"You are."

Within the threshhold he paused. "Good morning, Mr. Babcock. Did you find Michigan City still on the map?"

Mr. Babcock, giving a last flick at his coat collar before the mirror, turned, listened, and laughed,—laughed silently and decorously, but so heartily that, for the moment, he could not reply. A rare jest, this; a Bigelow jest, this! The stenographer, sitting in her corner by the window, smiled and giggled, for the generous Mr. Bigelow had included her salary within the soaring tending of the time; young men at desks in the outer office snickered and chuckled over their books; the round-eyed office boy tee-heed outright, and then, covered with fright and confusion, disappeared behind the water-cooler, as the head of the firm passed on to the inner office. Who so witty, who so happy in phrase and intonation, who so light of touch, so deft and sure, as Mr. G. Hyde Bigelow! If there can be humorists in high places, surely here was one.

The arrival of Mr. Babcock, with a traveling bag was, it seemed, to be considered important; more important even than the glancing of Mr. Bigelow through the heap of letters that lay, ready-opened, on the mahogany desk, which glancing, by an unwritten law, was to be got through with before the head of the house could be disturbed; for Mr. Babcock had been summoned to the Presence, the stenographer had been dismissed to some work in the outer office, and Mr. Bigelow, closely attentive, and Mr. Babcock, with much to communicate in that low voice of his, were settling down to consider a problem.

"The price appealed to them," Mr. Babcock was saying; "but they are afraid of Higginson. They admit it. Higginson, they say, has their written order to cut out the timber at the old price. Higginson, on his part, has agreed to deliver the entire bill, two hundred thousand feet or more, at the wharf at Michigan City, by the fourteenth of this month."

Mr. Bigelow's eye strayed to his desk calendar.

"Yes," went on Mr. Babcock, "to-day's the eleventh. That gives us three days in which to stop it."

At this point there was an interruption. As had happened once before, when these two gentlemen were talking, the door opened and the small office boy appeared, catching his breath hurriedly before getting out the words:—

"Lady t' see yer, sir."

A decisive utterance was hanging on Mr. Bigelow's lips; a hand was raised to make it more emphatic; but the lips closed and the hand fell.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Babcock."

"Certainly."

"I shall be engaged only a moment."

The discreet Mr. Babcock withdrew, and the head of the firm, with a glance at the heap of letters, still untouched, turned, without rising, toward the door. There was a curious expression on his face, that of a man who feels himself at length in a position to cut knots, and knows that he commands the situation. A person who might choose to break in on such a weighty conference need not be surprised at summary treatment. As the woman entered and softly closed the door, the great man leaned a little forward and drew his brows together, his whole appearance saying plainly: "My time is money, madam. Speak to the point."

The woman faltered, and waited for his question. He said not a word. She started to speak, but seemed unable to break through the heavy silence. He waited, his brows coming down more and more. At length, when the words did pass her lips, they were not at all what she had meant to say.

"I have tried not to come to you again. God knows how it hurts me. But I had to come. I

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was turned out of the New York Store ten days ago, without warning."

Once started, she was finding it a little easier to go on; but Mr. Bigelow, carrying the weight of millions on his shoulders, dealing hourly with questions of importance, greater or less, to the whole commercial world, had no time now, kind as he may have been in the more leisurely past, to waste on trivial matters. He had given the woman a chance; was he to blame for her failure? Does not potential success exist within every human being? Is any man to blame for the shipwreck of another? His conscience was free.

"I know nothing about that," he cut in, shortly and finally; "there is no use in bringing your story here."

She quailed before him.

"But I have a right,—the law—"

"The law is yours to use. If you think it will help you, use it." He rose, opened the door, and bowed her out. And she, baffled, humiliated, at the end of her resources, went out without a word, crossed the hall as steadily as any young stenographer, stepped into the elevator with a composed face, and out into the street,—and all this while there was nothing to mark her out from a thousand other ill-dressed women, nothing to show that her hopes were gone; simply a plain woman on La Salle Street, quietly walking—whither? Where could she walk now? Were there still depths to sound, or had she reached the bottom?

"Mr. Babcock?"

The junior partner came out from his own private office at the sound of his senior's voice.

"You were saying," said Mr. Bigelow, taking up the thread where they had laid it down, "that Higginson and Company have agreed to deliver the timber by the fourteenth. Now, of course, a blockade, to be effective, must be complete."

That was self-evident to Mr. Babcock.

"And so long as these people are free to deliver lumber the blockade is not complete. What is your plan regarding this?"

"The Michigan City people, as I said, are afraid of Higginson. But they will accept our price the minute we can show them that they're safe in doing it. They received a letter from Higginson's manager, yesterday, stating that the Higginson steamer, with the timber, will reach Michigan City on the night of the thirteenth or the morning of the fourteenth. That means that it will be ready for loading on the twelfth,—to-morrow,—and that the steamer will start the morning of the thirteenth. Now, I think the Higginson manager can be so delayed that he won't be able to get the boat off in time; and, if he fails to deliver on time, we are promised the order."

"How do you mean to do this?"

Mr. Babcock glanced around cautiously, leaned forward, and buzzed along rapidly for a few moments, his eyes keen with eagerness. The senior partner listened closely, and slowly nodded to show that he understood. Even Mr. Bigelow, as we have seen, was not wholly free from annoyance. Head of the lumber trust was Mr. Bigelow, but not, unfortunately, sole owner of the lumber trust. Fighting is expensive, and voting heads of constituent companies are sometimes unreasonable about expenses. Mr. Bigelow was skillful and resourceful; he knew well how to paint rainbows that should dazzle even the hard-headed, hard-fisted old lumbermen of Michigan; he understood how to make it plain that money spent in defeating Higginson would come back threefold when the defeat was over, the price up where it should be, and the "economies" of the trust in working order; he was shrewd, and he knew that the sooner Higginson could be run out of business the better it would be for him, to say nothing of the trust and its directors. And so it was, indeed, important that the blockade should be made effective. The railroads were practically closed to Higginson already, and his customers were to be had for the buying, but the steamers of the Higginson Line were still afloat and ready to deliver Higginson lumber at contract prices. The Michigan City contract was not a matter of money; there was a principle at stake. Higginson *must not* deliver that lumber on the fourteenth! When once he had attacked a principle, Mr. Bigelow was adamant. He seldom changed his mind when once he had made it up.

"Very good," he said, nodding again; "have you the right man for this work?"

Buzz,—buzz,—from Mr. Babcock,—more words from Mr. Bigelow.

"You will have to move quickly."

"Yes, I am off now,"—and the junior partner started across the room for the traveling bag, and began feeling in his pockets for a time-table.



"Here was her master sitting on Halloran's bed"



William H. Babcock

IV.

Mr. Babcock Breakfasts Late

THE thirteenth was a storm center at Wauchung. At six in the morning, while William H. Babcock was sleeping peacefully in a Grand Rapids hotel, dreaming sweet dreams and smiling childlike smiles, conscious, even in slumber land, that his work was accomplished; while the "Martin L. Higginson, No. 1," was lying at a Higginson wharf with two hundred and fifteen thousand feet of lumber aboard, Halloran was up and tumbling into his clothes. Captain Craig, master of the steamer, was sitting grimly on the corner of the bed.

"Do you know the man?" Halloran was asking.

"No."

"Did he say who he was acting for?"

The captain shook his head.

At seven o'clock the vessel should be leaving the harbor; but here was her master sitting on Halloran's bed, his seamed old face set hard with the thoughts that were boiling behind it. Down by the mills, where the first early risers were lounging in, and where the lumber piles, stretching far along the wharves, glistened yellow under the light of the new sun, all was quiet, even to the steamer, whose stoke-room was cold, and whose boilers were giving out no sounds of preparation for the twelve-hour journey. Over at Grand Rapids Mr. Babcock was still sleeping the sleep of the just, dreaming once more that his man had just come in by a late train to report that all was well at Wauchung. And still Halloran was jerking himself into his clothes, pulling on his old purple sweater rather than waste time over a collar and tie.

"All right," he said, "I'm ready." Then he paused. The next move was not to be settled off-hand. "You went around to Billy's house, Captain?"

"Yes, I've just come from there. The way that fellow talked bothered me so last night that I couldn't sleep much. I got to thinking it over after I'd gone to bed, and it struck me that if he wanted to cripple the line he'd hardly stop at me. He would go for Billy, sure, for a good engineer is n't an easy man to replace. And they tell me Billy has not been seen at his boarding house since noon yesterday."

Very true, Captain Craig! A good suggestion, just now, when Halloran was still shaking the sleep from his eyes, and trying to get these amazing facts in hand, and to relate them with certain suspicions that had arisen at the first word. It will probably occur to Halloran, when once he shall get facts, suspicions, and all the rest firmly gripped in his mind, that heads of trusts do not fight at haphazard, and that, if deliveries of timber are to be prevented, heads of trusts are not accustomed to move in vain. It was Mr. Bigelow's habit to arrive at results,—no getting off at way stations for G. Hyde Bigelow; and obstinate persons who venture on open warfare with the great must shake the sleep out very carly in the morning if they hope to reach even a way station along the Bigelow line. Steamers can not be run without engineers: engineers can not always be had for the whistling in far-away Michigan ports with but forty hours of grace,—forty valuable hours, not a whit longer than other everyday hours,—even shorter,—hours that were diminishing, were growing more valuable, and would soon be precious.

"How much did this man offer you?" Halloran asked.

"Five hundred a year more salary and a bonus of five hundred extra, cash down."

"Did he show the money?"

"He had a big roll."

"Meant business, did n't he?" asked Halloran, drily. "First thing we do, we'd better go down and see if we have anybody left. Then we can talk better."

So they went down to the wharves, where they found a few wondering deck hands by the silent steamer. Evidently deck hands were not important to trusts.

"I guess Billy took the bait," Halloran observed; "he is never as late as this, is he?"

The captain shook his head.

"Well, there is only one thing to do next, Captain. We've got to get her down to Michigan City before to-morrow night whether the trust likes it or not. Do you suppose they have gobbled up the tug men, too?"

It was not a hard fact to ascertain, for there were only two tugs in the harbor. And sure enough, when, twenty minutes later, the manager for Higginson and Company and the captain of the "Martin L. Higginson, No. 1," met again on the wharf, they were both beginning to understand how clean a sweep the trust people had made of it. The captain was growing angrier every minute, and so was Halloran. The rascality of it was what aroused the captain. Waters and winds he could understand, but the ways of men were beyond him. Two days before, in Chicago, Mr. G. Hyde Bigelow had announced that Higginson and Company must not make the delivery at Michigan City; and this resulting moment, with Halloran sitting on the iron cap of a snubbing post, and the captain standing silent before him, was a very dark moment for the Wauchung interests.

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"The blank old rascal!" said Halloran, reflectively.

Craig's dull eyes suddenly flashed.

"I ought to have foreseen it!" he burst out; "it is the kind of thing to expect from that Bigelow."

"Yes," replied Halloran, "that is what I have been saying to myself. This is a very fair sample of Bigelow's methods." He was chagrined to think that it could be done so easily. He had thought of anything—everything,—but this."

"I should like to set Bigelow's head on that pile of two-by-fours," Halloran went on, "and have about three shots at him. I do n't believe he would know himself the next time he looked in the glass."

The captain glanced at him mistrustfully. He liked this manager,—really believed in him,—but this was not the time for jokes. A very serious old Scotchman was the captain, who could hardly be expected to understand the peculiar forms that Halloran's anger was likely to take.

"Did you ever see him?" asked Halloran, swinging a leg on either side of the snubbing post, and letting a twinkle come into his eyes, as his thoughts seemed to run on Bigelow.

The captain signed an impatient negative.

"He's a big, vain man. You ought to see him come into church, Sunday mornings, and swell down the aisle, with his wife and children trotting after him. He is proud of being thought the big financial man in the church; and, whenever they'll let him, he gets up after the sermon and makes a speech about the church debts. He's a great temperance man, too,—likes to preside at prohibition meetings and plead for the sanctity of the home."

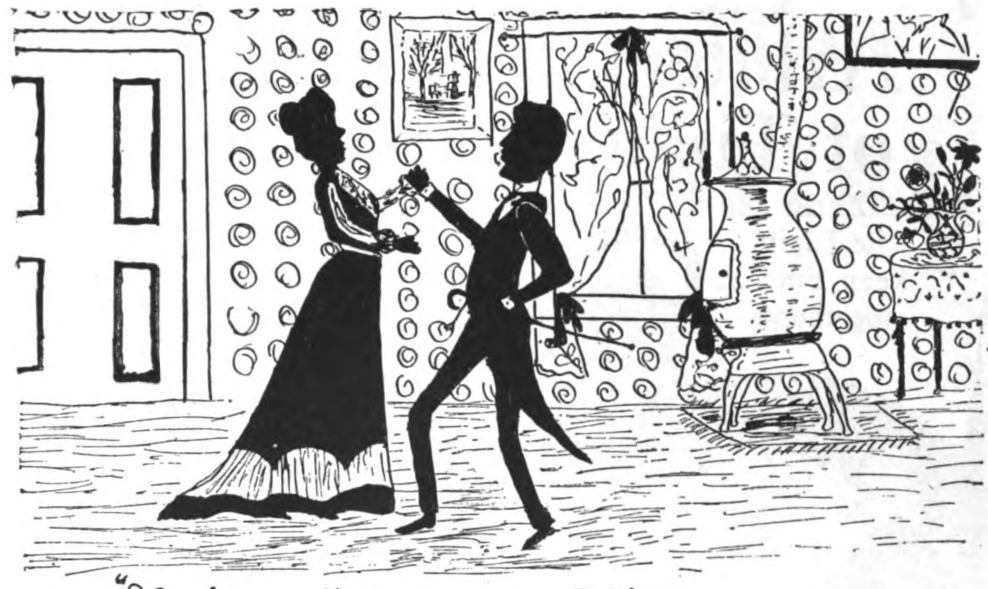
Captain Craig was scowling. Every moment the situation was growing more serious, and here was the manager of the company sitting on a snubbing post and swinging his legs. "Men are needed now," thought the captain, angrily; "grown men, not children."

"One spring housecleaning time,—I generally worked in the early mornings and the evenings there,—G. Hyde called me in,—I was putting down the hall rugs just then,—he called me in to light the gas. I had a match ready to strike, and he reached over and took it away from me, and put it back in the box. 'Young man,' he said,—he never liked to remember my name,—'do you know how I rose from nothing to be the owner of this property?' Then he picked up a burnt match, held it down to the grate, and lighted the gas with that." Halloran smiled a far-away smile. "Are n't some of his steamers up at Pewaukoe now?"

The question was asked in the same careless voice, and it took the captain a moment to realize that the subject had been changed. Then he answered, with a puzzled expression:—

"Yes, the 'G. Hyde Bigelow' should have come in there two or three days ago. The other boats are

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at Chicago, or else they are on Lake Superior."

"Big boat, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"Got a good crew for her?"

The captain, all at sea, could think of nothing but an affirmative to this.

"What's the captain's name?"

"Carpenter."

"Who's the engineer?"

"Robbie MacGregor."

"Good man?"

"Robbie? Certainly,—none better!"

Halloran slid down off the post, and looked at his watch.

"Old G. Hyde is getting up just about now. He is a great hand at early rising,—preaches a good deal about it,—likes to say that, if he had n't been brought up on the maxims of a good old gentleman known as B. Franklin, he would never be where he is now. Well, maybe he would n't."

The captain's temper was hanging on the edge of an explosion, but Halloran went on.

"There is nothing to be done here now. Try to keep everything ready,—if you can pick up a man to fire up, I should,—and we shall probably get off this afternoon sometime." Then he strolled off, leaving the captain to stare after him, and give vent to the first rumbling of a storm.

Halloran, in his old clothes and faded purple sweater and college cap, was headed for the railroad station. At the station he took the Pewaukoe train; at Pewaukoe he walked down to the mills, fairly certain that none of Bigelow's men there would recognize him. The "G. Hyde Bigelow" lay at the wharf, as Captain Craig had said. She was taking on a cargo.

The mills were on the low ground by the river. From the road he could overlook them and the great piles of lumber that crowded close to the water's edge for hundreds of yards up and down stream, and he leaned on the fence to take it in. As far up as he could see, the river was blocked with logs. The mills were singing and buzzing and humming,—it was plain that the Bigelow vitalizing process had begun, and that all hands were being crowded on the work in order to sell lumber at a loss to Higginson's customers. Rather amusing, this, to saunter into the enemy's country and have a look around; a useful experience, one that might be productive of ideas later on! He thought he would walk down through the yards toward the steamer.

As the unknown man, wearing a purple sweater, and somewhat in need of a shave, walked past the shore end of the nearer mill, the eyes of the superintendent fell upon him. A moment later the two met.

"How are you?" said the superintendent, suspicious but civil.

"First rate; how are you?"

"Want to see any one?"

"No,—just looking around."

"Where were you going?" asked the superintendent, trying to veil his suspicions.

"Nowhere especially. I did n't suppose there'd be any objection if I watched 'em loading the steamer."

"No,—certainly not." This was said reluctantly.

"Got a great lot of lumber here, have n't you?" Halloran was looking, as he spoke, at a long pile that extended to a point within fifty feet of the mill.

"Yes,—working nights right along, with all the men I can get. That pile does n't stay here; but we are so crowded that I had to leave it over night,—just until I get the 'Bigelow' loaded up. I'm going to put on a big force this afternoon, and carry it all down on the wharf. Some days lately we've been so crowded that I really have n't known how I was going to get things done."

Slowly it was dawning on Halloran that he was suspected of being, not the manager of Higginson and Company, but a lynx-eyed insurance inspector, out running down violations of the clear-space clause. This would n't do. It was not on his books to be drawn into an extended conversation with Bigelow's superintendent. He would have to fall back on lying, if this were to be kept up much longer.

"Say," he observed, "what was that fellow doing down in the water, hopping around on the logs with a long pole?"

The superintendent was beginning to lose interest.

"He picks out logs of the right sizes."

"You do n't mean to say he can tell by looking at a log in the water what size it will cut to?"

A curt nod was the only reply.

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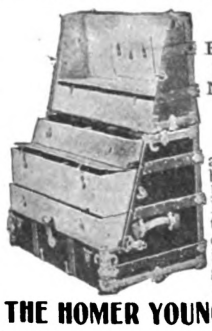
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"Is n't it remarkable how a man can get trained to things? Now, if I were to try a thing like that,——"

But the superintendent had fled.

Halloran walked slowly on to the wharf, and stood watching the gangs that were carrying the heavy sticks over the rail of the steamer. Two steam hoists were clanking and rattling as the booms swung back and forth. Bosses were shouting and swearing; everywhere was confusion, but confusion that moved steadily onward toward the loading of the steamer. Halloran dodged around the laborers and walked along the wharf until he was opposite the engine room door. Within was a fat man in overalls, tinkering over the machinery. Halloran climbed up to the deck and stood in the doorway.

"How are you?" he observed. "Nice day!"

The engineer nodded.

"You must be Mr. MacGregor, are n't you?"

"That's my name."

"Mine is Halloran."

MacGregor looked up, surprised.

"Not from Wauchung?"

"Yes; I am with Higginson and Company."

MacGregor did not know what to make of this. Halloran, however, went right on.

"How do you like working for Bigelow?" And, without leaving time to reply, he added: "Mean old humbug, ain't he?"

"What do you know about Bigelow?"

"Used to work for him, myself. I had all I wanted of him. He is n't square. That is what brings me here. We need a good engineer, and Captain Craig tells me you are the best on the Lakes. Is that so?"

MacGregor's mind had not caught up yet, and Halloran continued:—

"I want to take you back to Wauchung with me. We will raise your salary five hundred dollars, and engage you for as long a time as you think right. You know Higginson and Company,—and you know we keep our promises. Then you can tell Bigelow to go elsewhere, if you want to. I know how his men feel." He looked at his watch. "We can get the nine, fifty-three train down."

"You do n't mean to go this morning?" said MacGregor.

"Yes, right off. You surely have an assistant you can leave in charge of the engine."

The fat man backed up against the opposite door and looked at Halloran.

"See here," he said, "what does this mean?"

"Mean?" Halloran's anger, that had been rising since six o'clock, began to boil over,—"Mean? It means that Bigelow has come into the lumber business with the idea of running Higginson out, and, if you know anything about Martin L. Higginson, you know that old Bigelow has bitten off the biggest hunk he ever tried to get his mouth around. It means that G. Hyde Bigelow is going to get such a hobnailed roost in the breeches that he'll be lucky to come down at all. He's going to have the whole zodiac buzzing around in his head before he gets through with Higginson,—that's what it means! I've come up here this morning to tell you that we want an engineer, and that you are the man we want. And we want you to go on the nine, fifty-three train,—that's about forty minutes from now."

MacGregor was thinking hard. He knew a little about Bigelow, and a good deal about Higginson. He liked the phrase, too,—what was it?—oh, "the best engineer on the Lakes."

"Can't you give me a day to think it over, Mr. Halloran?"

"Sorry,—but I'm afraid not. We need you right off."

"What did you say your offer was?"

"What you think is fair. But I'll tell you flatly, we will pay you more than Bigelow will,—five hundred a year more. You have just about comfortable time to get up to your house and change your clothes. I will meet you at the station."

"What if Bigelow should make trouble about my contract?" asked MacGregor, dubiously.

"Don't you worry a minute about that. We will back you up to the last notch."

MacGregor thought it over a little longer. Then he turned his ponderous frame and called to his assistant.

"All right," he said, over his shoulder, to Halloran; "I will meet you at the station."

At that moment Mr. William H. Babcock was rising from a hotel breakfast in Grand Rapids and reaching for toothpicks. As he strolled out to the office to buy a paper, he picked his teeth and

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smiled softly. He had done a clever thing, had Mr. Babcock,—a very clever thing.

* * * * * * *

Feeling painfully outside of it all,—almost inclined to wonder if his troubles were real, if the mills behind him, the lumber piled on either side of him, the laden steamer before him were real,—if this round world, even, with its mixture of ups and downs and ins and outs, were real,—Mr. Higginson stood on the wharf at Captain Craig's side. The steamer's fires had not yet been started, and it was after eleven o'clock. The engineers had disappeared, and with them the oilers and stokers; the wheelsmen were gone, and the lookouts; the only ones left in Wauchung were a few deck hands. Now, to cap all, Halloran had vanished, had dropped suddenly off the surface of the earth, leaving a certain old Scotch captain to rumble internally and now and then burst into eruption with scorching phrases about boys that ought to be back in the nursery,—about babes that had been prematurely weaned.

Into this scene of gloom and desolation came Halloran, recognizable halfway up to the mill by the purple sweater, carrying a bulging canvas telescope; and following him, somewhat scant of breath, hurried a fat man with a patent leather valise. The gloomy ones observed them at the same moment: Mr. Higginson gave a nervous start, then was swept by a feeling of relief that almost brought a smile to his face; the captain looked—and looked,—and—the internal rumblings ceased. Nothing further was heard that day about nursing bottles.

"Hello, Robbie!" was all Craig could bring himself to say, when the fat man had reached the wharf, set down his valise, and begun swabbing his face with a handkerchief that showed signs of use since he had fallen into Halloran's hands.

"How are you, Cap'n?"

Mr. Higginson drew his manager aside.

"Who is this man?"

"He is the new engineer."

Mr. Higginson's eyes shifted from Halloran to the fat man and back again. Then, as time was pressing, he decided to ask no questions.

"There is a man up the river that understands firing," he said. "Crossman has gone up to get him."

"Have we any wheelsmen?"

"Yes, one of Craig's old men is in the mill. When do you plan to start?"

"Right away,—as soon as we can fire up."

Mr. Higginson was on the point of suggesting a wait until the next morning, but he withheld this, too. And so Halloran, who had promised to deliver the lumber by the morning of the fourteenth, and who would have taken the steamer down himself rather than give Bigelow the pleasure of delaying him fifteen minutes, went on with the work of preparation.

At three o'clock, that afternoon, they were off, with one man in the wheelhouse, a quartet of clumsy hands in the stoke hole, a devoutly profane fat man in the engine room, and one combined lookout and deck hand by the name of Halloran,—every man of them facing twelve solid hours on duty. Never before had a steamer gone out between the Wauchung piers in such a plight. If the white-clad Swede in the lookout of the life-saving station could have seen through the walls of the good ship "Martin L. Higginson, No. 1," and could have known the facts that lay behind that brave front, he would have wagged his head severely and long.

But the stars were kind on that thirteenth of the month. Captain Craig, standing on the wheelhouse and guiding her out toward deep water, found himself looking on a flat mirror that blended, miles away, into the blue sky. Streaked with wide reaches of green, and purple, and corn color, was Lake Michigan that day,—wearing her gladdest dress over a calm heart; and Halloran and the captain, both of whom knew her temper,—who had met once, indeed, when she was angriest, near Evanston, a few years earlier,—recognized themselves as very lucky men.

So the "Martin L. Higginson, No. 1," headed southward, and plowed deliberately down past Point Sable, and heaved out a long line of black smoke just as if she had been a real full-handed steamer with real firemen throwing coal into the greedy furnaces. There was even some enthusiasm aboard; not one of the eight or nine but knew dimly that they were fighting, that somebody had bucked the "old gentleman" and Halloran, and that Halloran and the "old gentleman" were bucking back, and were going in to win. The

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younger ones felt like men marching into battle; and, when the "Martin L. Higginson, No. 1," was fairly out on the lake, and swinging around on her course, one amateur fireman, of the watch below, ran down the ladder to pass the good news to his less fortunate brethren on duty; and, if the heat and work had been less trying, down below, these grimy fellows, stripped to the drawers and covered with sweat and coal, might even have given three cheers.

They ran down slowly. It was getting on toward daylight when the "Martin L. Higginson, No. 1," steamed into the harbor at Michigan City, and tied up at the wharf of the lumber company, and it was a thoroughly exhausted set of men that rolled into their bunks to snatch a wink before day should come, bringing more work with it.

At eight o'clock Halloran walked over to the company's office and inquired for the manager.

"I'm Halloran," he said, "of Higginson and Company. How soon can you begin unloading?"

"Right away," replied the manager, civilly, but with an odd expression. "I am just sending some men down." His surprise was so great that it had to find some expression. He seemed to be thinking it over as he left his desk to go to the wharf. Finally, with an effort at an offhand manner, he added, "You are prompt!"

"Sure!" replied Halloran; "why not?"

V.

A Shut-down

THE weeks went spinning by. Both sides were losing so heavily that the fight was becoming grim. On the one hand, Bigelow, with his unreasonable directors to keep in line, was closing in relentlessly on the Wauchung interests; on the other hand, Higginson and Company were holding on with an endurance that puzzled Mr. Bigelow.

It was at this time—when affairs were leaping along toward a crisis,—that Doctor Brown, of Wauchung, took a hand by ordering Mr. Higginson to bed. Nothing but rest, complete rest, could save him from a breakdown, said the doctor,—news which brought Mrs. Higginson down with nervous exhaustion, which set Mamie's wits fluttering, and which complicated matters somewhat for Halloran. The longer Halloran studied the business, the longer he pored over statements of profits and statements of losses that could not be brought together, the plainer became the facts. Ideas were floating in his head, ideas so nearly what he wanted that he knew it would be only a question of time before he could catch one or the other of them and bring it down into the world of reality,—ideas that were later to be brought to bear, perhaps, on Bigelow and his trust; but meanwhile his course was clear. The logical next step was to shut down the mills.

He dared not think of all the details in connection with such a step, and of what it would mean to Mr. Higginson, to the hundreds of men who had grown up in the work, and to what few other business interests there were in Wauchung; the mere consideration of the moral issue involved led into such a maze of casuistry that he resolutely set it aside and kept his mind fixed on the business facts. If this step were not taken, the heavy expense of maintenance would swamp Higginson and Company, and everybody connected with them, so deep that all the king's horses could not drag them out: by shutting down, on the other hand, he could prolong the fight. The trust would be free to continue selling at a loss; but Higginson and Company would be enabled to leave their timber growing in the forest until prices should reach a normal standard again.

As Mr. Higginson's whole fortune was in the business, the income was next to nothing, but Halloran believed he could hold out for six months longer. On the other hand, he did not think Bigelow could last so long at the head of a losing venture. Indeed, if for one moment of those tense days he had lost faith in his cause, or if he had lost his belief that Bigelow could be beaten, Halloran would have dropped out of this story on this page.

One evening Doctor Brown received a call from the manager.

"Now, Doctor," said Halloran, when they were seated in the office, "what can you tell me about Mr. Higginson? Is he better?"

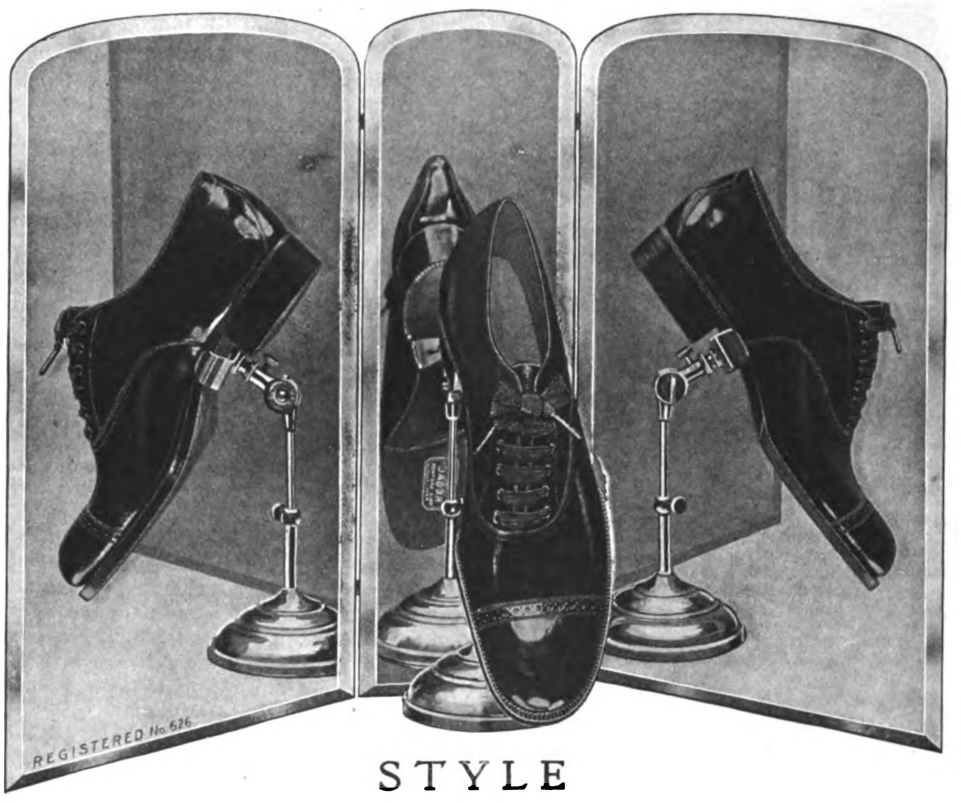
The physician shook his head.

"No,—no better."

"You consider his case serious?"

"Yes,"—gravely,—"it is serious."

"I will tell you, Doctor,—for you must understand it before you can answer me,—that the busi-



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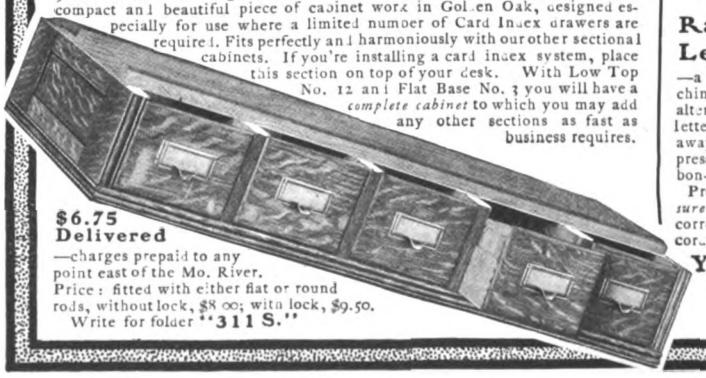


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ness is in a situation that demands his attention, if he is able to give it,—even for five minutes."

Doctor Brown shook his head again.

"Could I not lay a decision before him, Doctor, if I make it as clear and simple as possible?"

"No, a decision would be the last thing to bother him with."

Halloran sat thinking. This was difficult,—very difficult, indeed. Shutting down another man's mills without his knowledge was not the sort of thing he liked to do. The physician spoke again.

"His mind *must* have a rest, Mr. Halloran; that is the only way we can save him from a severe illness."

This was final, and Halloran went out, to return to his room and pore again over accounts and statements, to think again of Bigelow, and to grope again for those ideas that seemed so nearly what he wanted. For another week he watched the expense account mounting up, then one day he sent for Crossman to come to his office.

"Mr. Crossman," he said, "the mills will shut down Saturday night. Will you please see that the men are notified?"

Crossman looked at Halloran for a moment, to make sure that he understood; then, with a puzzled expression, he left the room. Later in the day he met Halloran in the yard.

"Am I,—do you want me to leave Saturday?" he asked, his voice full of emotion.

"No," the manager replied, shortly; "you stay; I want you."

That evening Halloran was at work in his room, when Crossman came in.

"I just happened around at Higginson's," he said, evidently somewhat embarrassed, "and Mamie said that her father wants to see you."

"When?—now?"

"Yes, I believe so."

Halloran pushed aside his work with a thoughtful face. Presently he said:—

"If you are going back that way I'll walk along with you."

The door was opened by Mamie.

"Oh, Mr. Halloran," she cried, "I don't know what to say! Father isn't well at all,—he's very nervous and excitable. Doctor Brown told me, this morning, not to let him see you at all, but he says he must see you,—he made me send Harry as soon as he got here. I haven't known what to do."

Halloran heard her through, and then went directly upstairs. Mr. Higginson's room was dimly lighted, and it was a moment before his eyes could distinguish clearly; but, when he finally made out the thin figure propped up on the bed, he was shocked at the change the sickness had wrought.

"Sit down," Mr. Higginson was saying; "tell me what this means." His voice was tremulous with feeling. "What is this they have been telling me about closing the mills?"

"It is true that I have arranged to shut down Saturday night."

"True, is it?" The lean old figure stirred on its pillows; the thin fingers closed tightly on a fold of the bedclothes. "Do you know what you are saying, man?"

"We cannot afford to pay men for doing nothing, Mr. Higginson."

"Do you realize what this means?" The old gentleman raised himself on his elbow; he found it difficult to control his voice. "Do you know I brought those men here?—that I have supported some of them for thirty years? Do you think they can be cast off to starve? Why did you not come to me with this? What do you mean by settling it out of hand?"

"I have not been allowed to see you."

"Not been allowed. Is this a conspiracy? There is some meaning to this, Halloran. I insist upon knowing it. Do you mean that I have got to the end? Have we lost?" The last few words were spoken with a sudden return to calmness, but his eyes were shining.

"No, not at all. I think we shall win."

"You think!—for God's sake, Halloran, speak out and have it over with. What is the matter?—what has happened?"

Halloran came over and sat on the edge of the bed, where he could talk in a quiet voice.

"We have not lost, Mr. Higginson, and what is more, we are not going to lose. Bigelow's people have got to keep on selling below cost until something happens. We certainly could not go on running full-handed without a cent of income. By shutting down we can hold out longer than they can. It is hard on the men, but it is hard on the



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rest of us, too. 'T is the only way to meet them."

Even a sick man could see the soundness of this, and somehow the presence of his manager, with his air of health and confidence, went a long way toward restoring the balance of Mr. Higginson's mind. He fell back on the pillows, unstrung after his excitement, but somewhat relieved.

Halloran bade him good-night and went down stairs. Mamie heard his step, and, leaving Crossman in the sitting room, she met him in the hall.

"I meant to tell you not to come down yet," she said, with lowered eyes. "Ma said she wanted to see you. I'll go ahead, if you do n't mind."

He followed her to another upstairs room, where he found Mrs. Higginson on a couch, dressed in the daintiest of lace-trimmed dressing sacks. She looked up when he entered, and motioned wearily to a chair.

"It is kind of you to come," she said; "Mamie, dear, won't you get me my heavy shawl?"

Mamie, seeming to understand, left the room and did not hurry back.

"I want to talk with you about our dear girl," began Mrs. Higginson. "Of course, if the worst should happen,—you understand,—" Here her emotion overcame her for a moment. "You can understand what a shock it has been to me. Mr. H. had not told me of the trouble, and the news that he had failed came like a thunderbolt. I do n't mind for myself,—but, if anything should happen,—if the worst,—I could go so much,—so much easier,—if I knew that Mamie was provided for. You will be good to her, John. You will forgive me for calling you 'John?' It is the way Mr. H. has always spoken of you at home." She was obliged to pause again. "I am afraid he will never c—call you John again."

Her handkerchief went up to her eyes, and Halloran looked hard at a picture of the first Higginson mill, in oils, that hung over the mantel.

"I suppose we shall have to sell the house," she went on, rallying. "You will know best about that, John. I am sure you will act for the best, and save what you can for our little girl. You will be good to her,—I am sure you will. She has learned to admire you very much, John. And when we are,—when we are no longer here,—and the house is gone,—"

"Nothing of that sort will be necessary," broke in Halloran, glad to relieve her mind and the gloom at the same time. "The house need n't be sold. I think we shall have the mills running again before very long."

He saw, as he spoke, that his words struck a discordant note. She looked at him incredulously.

"It is n't so bad as it sounds,—" He meant to make it better, but, failing, stopped.

"Do you mean we have been given this shock for nothing?" she asked, with returning strength.

The only way out was a retreat. He rose, saying, "I hope to have good news for you soon," and bowed a good-night.

He found Mamie sitting on the stairs in the dark, with the shawl across her lap. She got up, with a little sob, and stood back against the rail for him to pass.

"Cheer up, Miss Higginson," he said, in a low voice; "it is n't a failure at all. We are getting on as well as we could expect."

She put both hands on the railing to steady herself, and looked up at him in amazement.

"You do n't mean that," she whispered,—"what you said?"

He nodded. "You need n't bother about it at all. Everything is all right."

She still doubted. "But the mills?"

"The mills will be running soon."

"Oh, really!" she said, almost wonderingly.

The sobs were coming again. She caught his hand in both of hers, and held it tightly. "Then there is n't any failure,—and you are going to save our home for us!"

This was a change from the frying pan to the fire. Halloran answered hastily:—

"It won't be necessary to save it. We shall be all right again soon."

His matter-of-fact tone brought her to herself. She released his hand, and, suddenly plunged into confusion, hurried upstairs.

On his way out Halloran paused in the hall. Through the wide doorway he could see Crossman, out in the sitting room, striding around with his hands in his pockets.

"Good night, Crossman!" he ventured.

But the other would not hear him; and Halloran, feeling as if he had been put through a wringer, went out.

[*To be continued in the August* SUCCESS]

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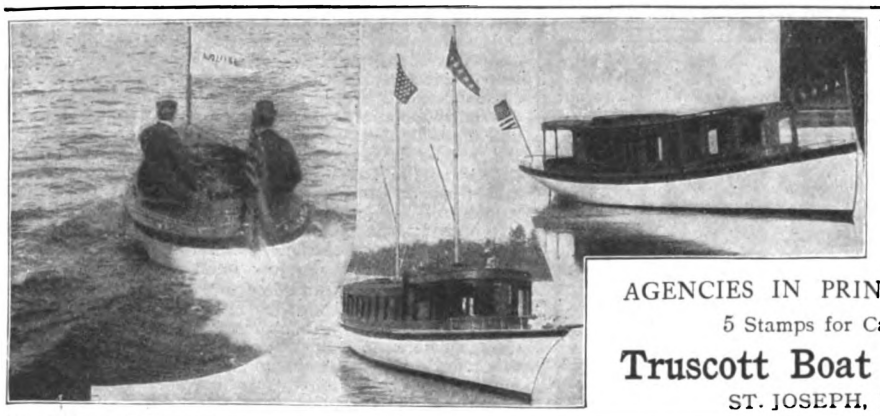
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Suggestions in Dress

MARION BELL



Renaissance lace mitts

A GOWN attracts admiration because of a certain indescribable something that gives it style and distinction. This smart touch may perhaps be only a slight variation from some conventional accessory feature, yet one that so perfectly harmonizes with the gown and brings out the good features of the wearer, as at once to give it individuality. In the selection of these dainty feminine fancies, one can not be too careful, and she is wise who first studies her gown and adds accessories that bring out its beauty and grace, rather than place this here and something else there, merely because they are pretty and fashionable. One is apt to fall a ready victim to the innumerable dainty trifles that are exhibited in the shops at prices that seems ridiculously small, but wisdom should rule, and each sash and collar, each pair of gloves and stockings, each hat and parasol should be selected with distinct reference to its effect on one's wardrobe, and never be bought at random.

A women possessing just a bit of ingenuity can very readily add to her supply of stocks, etc., by using odd ends of linen, ribbon, and lace, and copying some of the most expensive creations seen in the shops. She who is depending upon her own resources will be able to add a comfortable sum to her income by making these pretty trifles for those who need not consider expense yet are far better pleased with something original and unique. Fagoting and other fancy stitches contribute much to the attractiveness of these neck accessories.

There are great possibilities of charming effects in the new sash ribbons that abound in the shops and are of wonderful colorings and softness. The shaded ribbons are particularly beautiful, and are indeed one of the season's most pronounced fads, for it is truly the picturesque that is the order of the day.

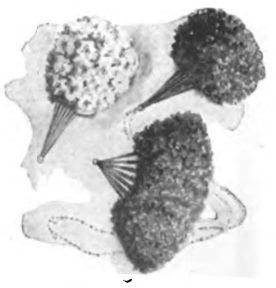
No girl who wishes to be up-to-date can afford to be without at least one fitted girdle, made of broad ribbon, to wear with her dainty summer frocks, and of sashes she must have a vast assortment. But not so extravagant as they sound are these pretty trifles, for one gown may be so changed and glorified by the different sashes that one's wardrobe may appear to be vastly more extensive than it really is.

The days of our grandmothers seem to have been revived in the quaint lace mitts that are included in the summer girl's outfit, and certainly no more pleasing suggestion of the other days can be offered, especially to those who possess well-rounded arms and perfectly formed hands. There is such variety in these mitts that it is possible for all tastes and occasions to be easily suited. The long white Renaissance lace mitt will be selected for evening wear, while the short lengths, in both black and white lace, crochet or open-mesh silk, will be correct for semi-formal and street wear.

One of the prettiest fancies of the season is the flower fan, and almost any girl, after carefully examining the dainty things, can easily make one for herself. Roses, carnations, pansies, violets or other flowers, in their natural colorings, are merely glued to a plain fan in such a way that, when closed, it suggests a huge bouquet of blossoms with only their fragrance lacking. In shaded effects these pretty fans are indeed charming and provide just the essential touch of color to a somber-hued toilet, while with ribbons, etc., to match, or harmonize, the effect is artistic in the extreme.

If you can you should have among your summer possessions, a novelty parasol. Not so mystifying as it would seem is this parasol; for it is only an ordinary coaching style, with quite the oddest little pocket in the world cleverly made in one side. As the summer girl's gowns scarcely ever possess a pocket, the little handkerchief receptical supplies a much-needed place, and rather adds to the smart appearance of this young woman. Both plain and figured taffetas are used to make this parasol, and the handle is in keeping. A stylish effect would be achieved if the parasol, made of pongee with a colored taffeta border and natural wood handle, were carried with a dress fashioned of pongee. Additional charm may be given this sunshade, if one has artistic ability, either with the brush or the needle, by painting or embroidering some dainty floral design upon it.

A long, loose wrap of some sort is absolutely essential to a well-appointed wardrobe in these days of "outing" and of daily traveling back and forth in dusty cars and trains. There is perhaps nothing so altogether satisfactory as a black taffeta coat, though the silky brilliantines and pongees are very close rivals this season. The admirable cleaning and dust-shedding qualities of these fabrics make it quite possible to select very light shades, of which tan or *café au lait* are the most fashionable choice. The heavy Cluny and Antique laces lavishly trim some of these coats of pongee when they are intended for carriage wear, but for actual service they are rather simply made, with perhaps machine stitching, braid, and buttons to give the decoration. The variety of designs in these wraps is so extensive as to make it possible to possess several without fear of similarity, and the woman who anticipates traveling to any great extent this summer will be wise to plan at least two to her outfit, one of black taffeta and one of pongee in its natural color. "Angel"



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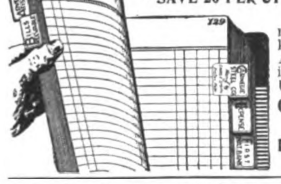


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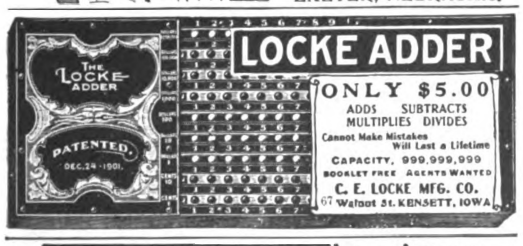
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A novelty parasol

sleeves distinguish a new model of unusual good style, made of Shantung,—a pongee weave. The garment falls in semi-fitted style from a short yoke, and braid, showing a light tan and golden brown, is used to effectively trim the yoke, which is collarless. A smart little hat in the same shades is worn with this up-to-date traveling wrap, which even the business girl who goes off on her summer vacation may easily possess.

What woman is there who, once possessing a mohair gown, would ever again leave it out of her summer wardrobe? The lustrous, dust-resisting qualities of this material are points in its favor that cannot but have weight in the mind of the practical woman, while its adaptability to various modes is another consideration. The new mohairs are finer, softer, and are almost invariably figured in either a self or contrasting color. For the business woman's costume there is no more suitable material. Traveling wraps and dresses made of mohair retain their freshness even after a long journey. Dark blue and brown are the colors best liked for general utility, while pure white and cream are fashioned into charming toilets. So silky and lustrous are some of the fabrics having a mercerized finish as to be scarcely discernable from silk. Frequent laundering will in no way mar their beauty; consequently they cannot but become extremely popular, and the girl who dons a costume made of any one of these materials, no matter how simply designed, will rival her more extravagantly gowned sister in attractiveness.

A shirt-waist, made of mercerized duck, was recently added to the wardrobe of a young woman who is the admiration of her associates in that her shirt-waists, each and every one, bear a certain mark of distinction, an original touch that stamps them as being good style. The severe lines upon which this shirt-waist is cut and shaped make it especially well adapted to wear with her tailored skirt and jacket. Large pearl buttons and machine stitching give a correct finish to the garment.

In sheer summer gowns a graceful fulness is evident, the effect being obtained by shirring or plaiting. The girl belonging to the tall, willowy type, will rejoice in this fancy, and she will be wise to make the best of her golden opportunities in this direction. As a rule, the shirring on the skirt resolves itself into a close-fitting hip yoke, beneath which the billowy fulness begins. The bodice intended to be worn with a skirt of this description will have a deep-shirred yoke, and the top of the bouffant sleeves will be shirred. Crêpe de chine, nun's veiling and other soft goods are desirable for this simple style.

Lace collars are innumerable. Such a variety, both as to shape and quality of the lace, is arrayed for the shopper's gaze that, unless one is restricted as to price, a selection is difficult. These dainty accessories count for so much in the toilet of every woman that too much care can scarcely be given to their choice. Not only will a plain and oft-worn bodice be given distinction by one of the newest of these lace collars, but a dainty summer gown, of inexpensive fabric, will be made charming with no other attempt at ornamentation save this same deep cape collar which falls from the throat over the shoulders. A particularly fascinating example shows the collar as the feature of a simple albatross gown. Nearly every variety of lace is used for these pretty and effective accessories.

Dainty *lingerie* means much to the girl of to-day. She may indulge her individual taste to any desired extent, in the fashioning of the fascinating garments in which soft, fine materials, laces and ribbons play such an important part. For wear beneath her sheer waists she will have the most daintily trimmed corset-covers, and so attractive are they as to furnish really interesting work for leisure hours. One clever girl made a corset-cover of lace-trimmed handkerchiefs joined together with a lace beading through which pale-blue satin ribbon was run. The ribbons were tied over the shoulders to form straps. Another design, made by this same girl, was entirely developed from lace insertion and ribbon-run beading.



A traveling coat of pongee

There is something extraordinarily alluring about all the fluffy, billowy materials that are so temptingly displayed in the shops, to say nothing of the laces, embroideries, etc., that suggest all sorts of decorative possibilities. Now, if ever, will one be extravagant, and the extravagance presents itself in such insidious guise!

There are filmy fabrics over which flowers run riot, that would delight the most prosaic tastes, and she is wise indeed who studies the effect of these sometimes very inexpensive goods. That the summer girl should appear other than charmingly clothed is inexcusable.

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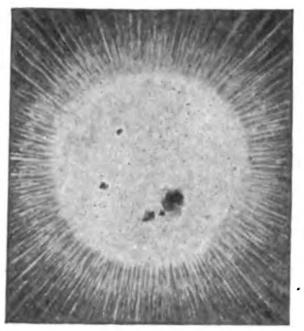
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The Editor's Chat



Looking for Flaws

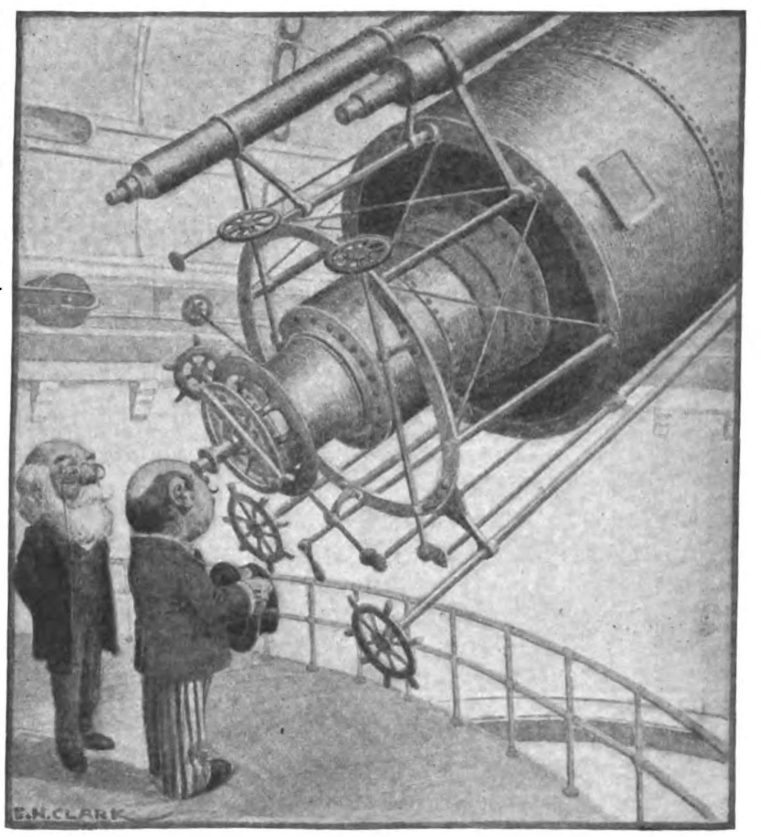
CHARLES LAMB tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at whist, because he had so few trumps. By some artifice, his companions managed to deal him the entire thirteen, hoping to extract some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever before.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "have n't you trumps enough?"

"Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

This chronic grumbler of Lamb's is found in endless variety. Perhaps the most numerous of the species is represented by the man who is always looking for flaws,—one of those blue-spectacled people who see nothing but mud when they look on the ground and only clouds when they look at the sky. One of those gentlemen was once asked to look at the sun through a powerful telescope and describe what he saw.

"Why," he said, after a few moment's study, "I see nothing but a few black specks!"



Paralyzed by a Little Prosperity

IT is remarkable that nearly all of the great achievements of the world have been accomplished by men under the stern spur of necessity. Very little has been accomplished by men and women of leisure, or by those who have not been spurred on by want. There is something in ease and comfort which draws the energy out of a man. Necessity, in a way, takes the exertion out of effort, and not only makes it endurable, but even, after a while, pleasant.

We often see a poor but ambitious boy from a farm work his way through school or college under the greatest difficulties, and establish himself in business in a way which challenges admiration and raises the hopes of all who know him for a most brilliant future; yet, strange to say, as soon as this young man has got fairly well established and secured an income large enough to support a family upon comfortably, his ambition begins to wane, and his energy gradually to ooze out. He likes to take a few days off to go fishing or hunting in the country. After a while he does not rise so early in the morning as he did, or stay quite so late at his office at night. In other words, there is a general letting down of standards or release from the strenuous life.

A young man would not for a moment admit that he is not just as ambitious as ever and determined to reach the goal he has first marked out for himself, but everybody who knows him realizes that there is a gradual suspension of activities, like the cessation of a volcano after a violent eruption. He seems to take life easily. In fact, he gradually becomes like a locomotive which has been running at a frightful speed until the fires have cooled under the boiler, and speed has been gradually slacking until the engine has come almost to a full stop.

This is one of the great dangers of a youth who starts out to become a self-made man,—the danger of losing energy,—the temptation to allow comfort to rob one of ambition, until a promising life becomes a common life, and great ability is doing the work of mediocrity.

Somehow, when the spur of necessity is withdrawn and a man finds that it is a little easier to get a living than it was formerly, and that he is not absolutely obliged to stick quite so closely to business, it requires great resolution, persistence, and determination to run with the same head of steam as when pushed on by want, and spurred forward by expectation.

Under the softening influence of comfort and the withdrawal of necessity, all except very extraordinary characters become listless and drop to the commonplace. It takes a great deal of staying-power, grit, and determination to keep up the race after the withdrawal of the spur.

It is a remarkable fact that the greatest work people ever do is done when they are climbing the ladder, not after they have reached the top, or what to them is the top. After this, there is a sort of self-satisfaction, a certain patting oneself on the back for having done so well, and a gradual cessation of energy.

When a young man feels that his position is thoroughly established, and that he has solved the problem of caring for a family,—when he feels that he is in a good position with a good salary, or is making enough money to get along,—he is in danger of paralysis of effort.

There is great danger in an established position. Though one climbs to it with determination and energy to go beyond it, yet, after once tasting the comfort and luxury of ease, it takes great strength of character to get up and go on.

Ask the young men who are in fairly comfortable circumstances if they work as hard as they used to, and they will tell you that they do not, but are taking life a little easier, which, in a way, is all right. We are merely discussing the paralyzing influence of comfort, ease, and an established position. It is a curious fact that we slacken our pace when the load goes easier.

Epitaphs in the Cemetery of Failure

He lacked tact.
Worry killed him.
He was too sensitive.
He could n't say "No."
He did not find his place.
A little success paralyzed him.
He did not care how he looked.
He did not guard his weak point.
He was too proud to take advice.
He did not fall in love with his work.
He got into a rut and could n't get out.
He did not learn to do things to a finish.
He loved ease; he did n't like to struggle.
He was the victim of the last man's advice.
He was loaded down with useless baggage.
He lacked the faculty of getting along with others.
He could not transmute his knowledge into power.
He tried to pick the flowers out of his occupation.
He knew a good deal, but could not make it practical.

Personal Magnetism

THERE is something in a magnetic personality which cannot be expressed. It is intangible. It eludes biographers and photographers alike. This mysterious something, which we sometimes call individuality, is often more powerful than the ability which can be measured, or the qualities that can be rated. It makes a man popular and successful far beyond one who, though having more ability, is lacking in this indefinable power.

Politicians and statesmen know its value. James G. Blaine had it in a remarkable degree. The mere mention of his name in a convention or an assembly would be greeted by an outburst of applause, while the names of other men, as able in many ways as he, would not arouse the slightest enthusiasm. Henry Clay, also, had this wonderful gift of a magnetic personality. Calhoun, on the other hand, although Clay's equal intellectually, utterly lacked it.

Many women are endowed with this magnetic quality, which is entirely independent of personal beauty. It is often possessed in a high degree by very plain women. This was notably the case with some of the women who ruled in the French *salons* more absolutely than the king on his throne.

At a social gathering, when conversation drags, and interest is at a low ebb, the entrance of some bright woman with a magnetic personality may instantly change the whole situation. She may not be handsome, but everybody is attracted toward her and considers it a privilege to speak to her.

People who possess this rare quality are frequently ignorant of the source of their power. They simply know they have it, but cannot locate or describe it. While it is, like poetry, music, or art, a gift of nature, born in one, it can be cultivated to a certain extent.

Much of the charm of a magnetic personality comes from a fine, cultivated manner. Tact, also, is a very important element,—next to a fine manner, perhaps the most important. One must know exactly what to do, and be able to do just the right thing at the proper time. Good judgment and common sense are indispensable to those who are trying to acquire this magic power. Good taste is also one of the elements of personal charm. You cannot offend the tastes of others without hurting their sensibilities.

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Character-Building Through Thought

III.—Thought Causes Health and Disease

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SCIENTIFIC experiments and discoveries showing the power of the mind over the body were cited in the last paper of this series. It is not necessary, however, to appeal to scientific experiments alone to prove the control of mind over health and disease. Everyday experience gives ample demonstration. Striking and interesting incidents by the hundred have been collected and published by physicians, but a few will suffice.

We are so accustomed to the deadly effects of certain kinds and degrees of thought that we do not think what it is that causes illness and death. Someone dies of "shock." What does that mean? Simply that some sudden and powerful thought has so deranged the bodily mechanism that it has stopped. Fright—that is, a thought of fear,—stopped the action of the heart. Excitement set it beating so hard that a blood vessel burst in the head. Sudden joy caused a rush of blood to the brain that ruptured delicate membranes. A loved one died, and the thought of grief prevented nutrition, repair of waste, and the performance of other bodily functions dependent on a normal mental condition, and the person pined away and died, from some disease the enfeebled body could not resist, or from no disease at all but the sick and mourning thought.

Recently a trolley wire in London broke and fell into the street with a sputtering of fire. A young lady, seemingly as well as any one, was about to board a car, but, on seeing the accident, fell dead. Nothing had touched her. She had suffered no harm. She simply thought she was in danger, and thought so intensely that something gave way and separated her spirit from her body. A mind more composed, less easily startled, would have saved her life.

Diseased Thoughts Will Destroy Health

A beautiful young lady was struck in the face by a golf stick. It broke her jaw, but that was healed in a few weeks. However, a scar was left that marred her beauty. The idea of disfigurement so preyed upon her mind that she shrank from meeting people, and melancholia became habitual. A trip to Europe and expensive treatment by specialists did no good. The idea that she was marred and scarred took all joy from her life, all strength from her body. She soon could not leave her bed. Yet no physician was able to find any organic disease. This seems very silly, no doubt, but it illustrates what diseased thought can do in overcoming perfectly healthly bodily functions. Had she been able to dismiss the idea she brooded over, her health would have been restored.

Fright and grief have often blanched human hair in a few hours or a few days. Ludwig of Bavaria, Marie Antoinette, Charles I. of England, and the Duke of Brunswick are historic examples. The supposed explanation is that strong emotion has caused the formation of chemical compounds, probably of sulphur, which changes the color of the oil of the hair. Such chemical action is caused suddenly by thought instead of gradually by advancing years.

Men have died because they thought they were terribly wounded, when no wound existed. The story of the medical student who was frightened to death by fellow students who pretended to be bleeding him has often been told. A man who thought he had swallowed a tack had horrible symptoms, including local swelling in the throat, until it was discovered that he was mistaken. Hundreds of other cases have been verified where belief sufficed to produce great suffering, and even death.

Saving a Statue Cured Cellini's Illness

Benvenuto Cellini, when about to cast his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi, at Florence, was taken with a sudden fever. In the midst of his suffering, one of his workmen rushed into his sick chamber and exclaimed, "O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it." Cellini said that, when he heard this, he gave a howl and leaped from his bed. Dressing hastily, he rushed to his furnace and found his metal "caked." He ordered dry oak wood and fired the furnace fiercely, working in a rain that was falling, stirred the channels, and saved his metal. He continues the story thus: "After all was over, I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there, and ate with a hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew. Afterwards I retired to my bed, healthy and happy, for it was two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as if I had never felt a touch of illness." His overpowering idea of saving his statute not only drove the idea of illness from his mind, but also drove away the physical condition and left him well. It was a triumph of mind.

Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, lying ill in Europe, was made well by a cablegram from his daughter, acting as his regent, stating that she had signed a degree abolishing slavery in his country, fulfilling a lifelong plan of the sick emperor.

Whence comes the power which enables a frail, delicate woman, who has been an invalid for years, unable even to wait upon herself, with hardly strength enough to walk across the floor, to rush upstairs and to drag out sleeping children from a burning home? Whence comes the strength which enables such a delicate creature to draw out furniture and bedding from a house on fire? Certainly, no new strength has been added to her muscle, no new strength to her blood; but still she does what, under ordinary conditions, would have been impossible for her. In the excitement she forgets her weakness, and sees only the emergency. The danger of her children and the loss of her home stare her in the face. She believes firmly, for the time, that she can do what she attempts to do, and she does it. It is the changed condition of the mind, not changed blood or muscle, that gives the needed energy. The muscle has furnished the power, but the conviction of the abilty to do the thing was first necessary. The fire, the danger, the excitement, the necessity of saving life and property, the temporary forgetfulness of her supposed weakness,—these were necessary to work the mind up to the proper state.

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The Confession of a Crœsus

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[*Continued from page 410*]

whole glad to get rid of him. He was too much of an alleged gentleman for the work he had to do. There's room for only one gentleman in my establishment.

Into his place I put a young chap named Cress who had been near me at the office for several years and had shown loyalty, energy, and discretion. He was not at his new work a week before my wife came to me in a hot temper and demanded that he be dismissed. "He has insulted me!" she said, her head rearing and her nose in the air.

"How?" I asked; "I can't discharge a faithful servant on a mere caprice."

"He has dared to question my accounts," she replied, in her grandest manner.

This was interesting! "But that's his business," said I; "that's what I pay him for."

"To insult your wife?"

"To guard my money."

"Mr. Burridge never found it necessary to insult me in guarding your money. He ventured to assume that as your wife I was to be respected, and—"

"Burridge had no right to assume any such thing," I said. "He was nothing but my machine,—my cash-register. I instructed him, again and again, to assume that everybody was dishonest. A ridiculous mess I should make of my affairs if I did not keep a most rigid system of checks upon everybody. You must remember, my dear, that I am beset by hungry fellows, many of them clever and courageous, waiting for me to relax my vigilance so that they can swoop on my fortune. I'm moving through a swarm of parasites who prey upon my prey or upon me, and the larger I become the larger the swarm and the more dangerous. I must have eyes everywhere. You should be reasonable."

She gave me a curious look. "And you're so sublimely unconscious of yourself!" she said. "That is why you are so terrible. But it saves you from being repulsive." I was instantly on the alert. Flattery tickles me,—and tickling wakes me. "Can't you see, you great monster of a man," she went on, "that you must n't treat your wife and children as if they were parasites?"

"They must keep their accounts with my fortune straight," said I.

To that point I held while she cajoled, stormed, denounced, threatened, and wept. The longer she worked upon me, the more set I became, for the more firmly I was convinced that there had been some sort of chicanery at which that weak fool Burridge had winked. She was greatly agitated—and not with anger,—when she left me, though she tried to conceal it. I sent for Cress and ordered him to hunt out Burridge's accounts and vouchers for the past fifteen years, or ever since I put my domestic finances on the sound basis of business. I told him to take everything to an expert accountant.

After two days' search he reported to me that he could find accounts for only nine years back and vouchers for only the last three years. The rest had been lost or deliberately destroyed,—contrary to my emphatic orders. One of the curses of large affairs with limited time and imbecile agents is the vast number of ragged ends hanging out. I never take up any part of my business after having disregarded it for a while without finding it raveled and raveling. A week later I had the accountant's report, reviewed by Cress. I read it with amazement. I sent at once for my wife. I ordered Cress out of the room as soon as she entered, for I wished to spare her all unnecessary humiliation.

"Madam," said I, without the slightest heat, "you will kindly make over to me all my money and property which you have got by juggling your accounts. It's about half a million, I think,—Cress and I may presently discover that it is more. But, whatever it is, it must all be made over."

"I have nothing that belongs to you," she replied, as calm as I, and facing me steadily.

"We won't quibble," said I, determined to keep my temper; "all you have must be made over. I give you until—day after to-morrow morning."

"I shall answer then as I answer now," she said,—and I saw that she felt cornered and would fight to the last.

"I've often heard," I went on, "that some wives take advantage of their husbands' carelessness and confidence to—to,—I shall not use the



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proper word,—I shall say to *reserve* from the household and personal allowances by overcharges, by conspiring with tradespeople of all kinds, by making out false bills, by substitution of jewels,—"

"That is true enough," she interrupted. "Women who thought they were marrying men and find they are married to monsters sometimes do imitate their husbands' methods in a small, feeble way, and for self-defense and for the defense of their children, and I'm one of those women. I'm ashamed of it,—you've not hardened me beyond that extent yet. But in another sense I'm not ashamed of it,—I'm—"

"We won't quarrel," said I; "I'm not the keeper of your conscience. All I say is,—disgorge!"

"I've nothing that belongs to you," she repeated.

"Then you deny that you have sto—" I began.

"I deny nothing. I have learned much from you since you ceased to be a man, but I've not yet learned how to educate my conscience into being my pander."

I smiled and pointed significantly at the cooked accounts. "Yes,—here's the evidence how sensitive your conscience is and how it must trouble you!" I could n't resist saying this. It was a mistake, as retorts always are,—for it was the spark that touched off her temper.

"My conscience does trouble me!" she blazed out,—"troubles me because I have remained in this house all these years. I have permitted myself and my children to become corrupted. I have been content with merely trying to provide against your going mad with vanity and greediness, and turning against your own children. I am guilty,—though I stayed first through weakness and love of you,—guilty because afterwards it was weakness and love of what your wealth bought that kept me. But I thought it was my duty to my children. I should have gone and taken them with me. I should have gone the day I learned you had stolen Judson's—"

In my fury, I almost struck her. The very mention of Judson's name makes me irresponsible. But she did not flinch. "Yes," she went on, "and if you persist in your demand, if you don't call off that miserable spy of yours, I tell you, James Galloway, I'll walk out of your house publicly and never set foot in it again!"

"After you have disgorged," said I, getting and keeping myself well in hand.

"I shall go," she continued, "and what will become of your social ambitions, of your pet scheme to marry Aurora to Horton Kirkby, of your public reputation? If I go, the whole country shall ring with the scandal of it."

I had n't thought of that! I saw instantly that she had me. With a scandal of that kind public, it would be impossible to marry Aurora into one of the oldest and proudest and richest families in New York. I knew just how it would impress old Mrs. Kirkby, who, if her notion of her social position were correct, would find all New York on its knees as she took the air in her victoria. Then there was Natalie,—it would surely stir her up to do something disagreeable when she learns that she is n't going to get the quarter of a million a year she's dreaming of.

I studied my wife carefully as she stood facing me, and afterwards, while we went on with our talk, and saw that she meant just what she said. I pretended to believe her statement that she had n't more than a small part of her "commissions" left,—indeed, it may be so. With this pretense as a basis, I let her off from disgorging. "But," said I, "hereafter Cress manages the household,—*all* the accounts,—I can't trust you."

"As you will," she replied, affecting indifference. Probably she was so relieved by my consenting to drop the past that she was glad to concede the future.

If women were as large as they are crafty, it would be the men who would stay at home and mind the babies. As it is they can only irritate and hamper the men. It is fortunate for me that women have never had influence over me. I'd not be where I am if I had taken them seriously.

Soon after this shocking discovery, there happened what was, in some respects, the most unpleasant incident of my life.

One afternoon, as the heating apparatus in my sitting room was out of order, I went down to the library and was lying on the lounge thinking out some of the day's business complications. I was presently disturbed by the sound of excited voices —my wife's and my daughter Helen's. The

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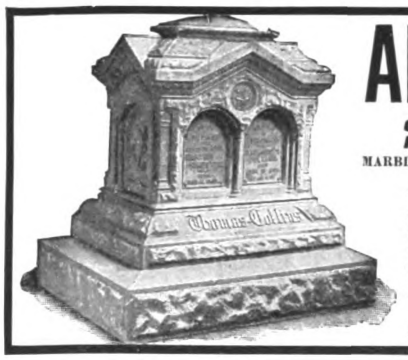
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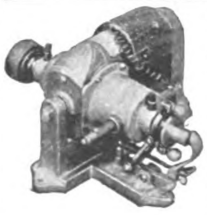
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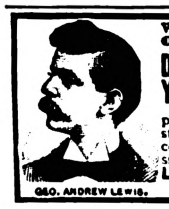
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noise came from the small reception room adjoining the library. It is very annoying to hear voices, especially agitated voices, and not to be able to distinguish the words. I rose and went quietly to the connecting door and listened.

"I won't have it, Helen!" my wife was saying. "You know, that is the most exclusive dancing class in New York."

"I don't care; I shall never go again,—*never!*" The child's voice was as resolute as it was angry.

"Helen, you must not speak in that way to your mother!" replied my wife. "Unless you give a good reason, you must go,—and there can't be any reason."

"Don't ask me, mother!" she pleaded.

"You must tell me why. I insist."

There was a long silence, then Helen said: "I can't tell you any more than that some of the girls —insult me."

"What *do* you mean?" exclaimed my wife.

"Several of them turn their backs on me, and won't speak to me, and look at me,—*oh!*" That exclamation came in a burst of fury. "And they sneer at me to the boys,—and some of them won't speak to me, either."

There was another silence. Then my wife said: "You must expect that, Helen. So many are envious of your father's—of his wealth, that they try to take their spite out upon us. But you must have pride. The way to deal with such a situation is to face it,—to—"

All the blame upon *me!* I could not endure it. I put the door very softly and very slightly ajar and returned to the lounge. From there I called out: "Don't forget the other reason, madam, while you're teaching your child to respect her parents." Then I rose and went into the reception room.

Helen was white as a sheet. My wife was smiling a little,—satirically. "Eavesdropping?" she said,—apparently not in the least disturbed at my having heard her insidious attack upon me.

"I could not help overhearing your quarrel," I replied, "and I felt it was time for me to speak. No doubt your lack of skill in social matters is the chief cause of this outrage upon Helen. Of what use is it for me to toil and struggle, when you can not take advantage of what my achievement ought to make so easy for you?"

"Father,—" interrupted Helen.

"Your mother is right," I said, turning to her. "You must go to the class. In a short time all these unpleasant incidents will be over. If any of those children persist, you will give me their names. I think I know how to bring their fathers to terms, if your mother is unable to cope with their mothers."

"Father," Helen repeated, "it wasn't on *her* account that they—they,—"

This exasperated me afresh. "Your mother has trained you well, I see," said I. "Now—I tell you that what you say is—"

She started to her feet, her eyes flashing, her breath coming fast. "I'll tell you why I came home to-day and said I'd never go there again. I was talking to Herbert Merivale at the dance, this afternoon, and his sister Nell and Lottie Stuyvesant were sitting near, and Lottie said, loud, so that Herbert and I would hear: 'I don't see why your brother talks to her. None of the very nice boys and girls will have anything to do with her, you know. How can we when she's—she's,—'"

Helen stopped, her face flushed, and her head dropped. My wife said: "Go on, Helen; what was it?"

"'When she's the—the—daughter of a—*thief!*'"

I was so overwhelmed that I fairly staggered into a chair. Helen darted to me and knelt beside me. "And I *won't* go there again! I didn't show her that I was cut. I didn't feel cut. I only felt what a great, noble father I have, and how low and contemptible all those girls and boys and their parents are. I stayed until nearly the last. But I'll never go again. You won't ask me to, will you, father?"

I patted her on the shoulder. It was impossible for me to answer her. Whether through fear of me or to gain her point with her child, my wife concealed the triumph she must have felt and said: "The more reason for going, Helen. Where is your pride? If you should stay away, they would say it was because you were ashamed—"

"But that is n't the reason," interrupted Helen. "And I don't care what *they* think!" she added, scornfully.

I have never been in such a rage as possessed



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me at that moment. I felt an insane impulse to rush out and strangle and torture those envious wretches who were seeking to revenge themselves for having been worsted in the encounter with me down-town by humiliating my children. But the matter of Helen's holding the social advantage we had gained when we got the Merivales to put her in that class was too important to be neglected for a burst of impotent fury. I joined with her mother and finally we brought her round to see that she must keep on at the class and must make a fight to overthrow the *clique* of traducers of her father. When she saw it her enthusiasm was roused, and, —well, she can't fail to win with her cleverness and good looks, and with me to back her up.

What that miserable girl said in her hearing, and her expression as she repeated it, came back to me again and again, and, somehow, I felt as if old Judson were getting revenge upon me. First James,—and now Helen! But James believed it, while Helen, splendid girl that she is, knew at once that it was untrue. At least, I think so.

What an ugly word "thief" is! And how ugly it sounds from the lips of my child,—even when there is no real justification for it! I know that all who come in contact with me, whether socially or in business, envy and hate me. It seems to me now that I know the thought in their spiteful brains,—know the word that trembles on their lips but dares not come out.

Yesterday I turned upon my wife when we were alone for a moment. I have felt that she has been gloating over me ever since that afternoon.

"Well," I said, angrily,—for I have been extremely irritable through sleeplessness of late, "why do n't you say it, instead of keeping this cowardly silence? Why do n't you taunt me?"

She showed what she'd been thinking by understanding me instantly. "Taunt you!" she said; "I'm trying to forget it,—I've been trying to forget it all these years. That's why I'm an old woman long before my time."

Her look was a very good imitation of tragedy. I felt unable to answer her and so begin a quarrel that might have relieved my mind. The best I was able to do was to say, sarcastically, "So that's the reason, is it? I had noted the fact, but was attributing it to your anxiety about falsifying your accounts."

I hurried away before she had a chance to reply.

[*To be continued in the August* SUCCESS]

Some Beasts Learn Quicker than Others

IN intelligence, elephants lead the class of animals that are trained for circus and stage performances. This statement was made to SUCCESS by an old-time trainer. He declares that they learn with remarkable readiness, and seem to feel none of that aversion to their tricks that is so manifest in lions and others of the cat tribe. It has been stated that some elephants whose performances have included such tricks as walking on three legs, kneeling, and bowing their heads to the ground, have been seen practicing these movements of their own accord. The average monkey is even more quick to learn than an elephant, but is considered to have less general intelligence, for its memory is not so good, and it has less of what may be called stability of character. Except as pony riders, monkeys have been almost altogether abandoned by trainers, as no dependence can be placed on them. They learn a trick in a week and forget it as soon.

This same fault is encountered in individuals of other species. There are lions and tigers that show unusual adaptability, acquiring in a month a trick that others of their kind cannot learn in less than six months. But these "bright" beasts are by no means always the most valuable. Their versatility seems to lessen thoroughness. The plodders are frequently the most useful members of a troupe. Ordinarily, it takes a lion that has been trained about six weeks to learn a simple trick. A bear requires about the same length of time. Tigers and leopards are a little slower, and the females are a trifle less apt than the males. It seems surprising to hear that a horse has less capacity for learning than these wild animals, but such is the opinion of a successful trainer. He calls attention to the fact that three or four years are required to teach a horse to rise and take a few steps creditably on its hind legs, while a tiger can be made to perform the same feat in as many months. The position is probably less natural to the former than to the latter, but the horse's comparative dullness is, according to this trainer, shown in various other ways.

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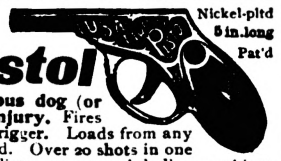


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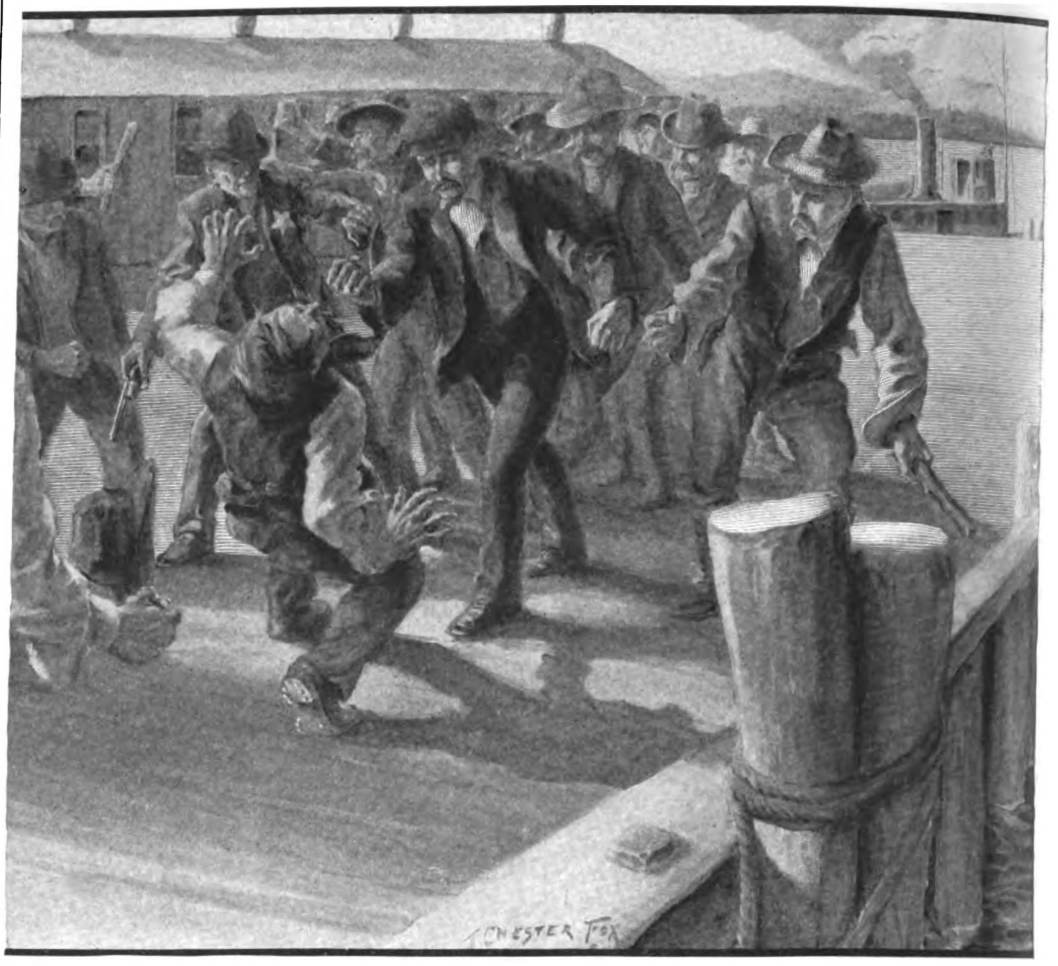
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THE SALMON FOOT

JOSEPH BLETHEN

[Concluded from Page 407]



"'That's first blood for the trap men,' said Scanlan"

net and watched the great salmons—magnificent specimens of the king fishes of the North Pacific,—whip the salt water in their battle against their fate. "The trap will be full by midnight," he said, for he was thinking of the pirate's threat. "No man could fall into that trap and live. He would be as helpless under the feet of those red salmon as under the hoofs of a hundred thousand bay steers. That pirate's poetry about the seal of doom is no joke. Well, I, for one, do not propose to be walked on by any fish."

Then the unexpected happened. A small launch, steaming saucily across the strait, headed for the big Rosario trap and uttered its tiny landing signal. Scanlan was about to take a line from the tiny craft, when he saw on board the marshal of the small town where, four days before, he had battled single-handed with the pirate. Instantly he suspected the truth.

"Keep off there," he shouted to the launch, "and state your business."

"You are under arrest," answered the marshal. "Come aboard here and don't make any trouble."

For a moment each man watched the other, the surprised trap superintendent standing on the deck of his powerful tug, the nervous marshal standing on the small launch. In Scanlan's mind a lively debate was going on. Should he surrender or not? Should he leave the big Rosario trap to the pirates, or should he resist this petty officer of the law and stand by till the test was done? For a moment he came near surrendering. He had been commissioned to guard a trap, not to resist an officer. Then the thought of those music lessons flashed on him and he became practical. He began questioning the justice of this attempted arrest, and instantly the flimsy trick of it all flashed upon him. Why had the marshal waited four days to arrest him for that simple street fight? Clearly, he was acting at the instigation of the gill-net men, who, in turn, were probably seeking to remove him from duty on the eve of an attack on the traps. If that were so, it was gill-net men against trap men; the company against an officer who enforced the law only when it pleased the gill-netters that he should do so. Scanlan thought of the morrow, with its test run, the visiting committee, President Gates, and Manager Hardwood. Then he thought of his wife, his two daughters, and what his promotion had meant to them. His breath came deep. The man who had "run on his rights" was not ready to be imposed on in so evident a manner.

"This is not my day to quit," he called back to the marshal. "Come and get me." Then he sprang inside his cabin and whispered something to one of the guards. The man smiled and stepped out to the deck of the flagship. As the marshal scrambled aboard he was tripped and sent sprawling. Before he could rise he had been disarmed.

"You fellows throw your rope," said Scanlan to the men on the launch. "You will all sleep in my cabin to-night. I don't propose to have you warning any pirates that I'm on duty here."

Two guards thrust rifles out of the cabin windows, making the flagship bristle grimly in the afternoon sun. All of the crew of the launch were unarmed. They obeyed wonderingly.

"You will catch it for this," roared the exasperated marshal; "you are resisting an officer!"

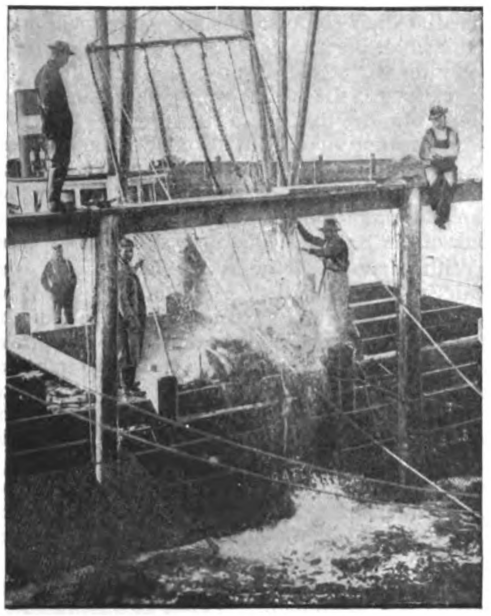
"We will talk about that in the morning," replied Scanlan. "If the pirates should happen to come to-night you might find it hard to explain why you waited four days to come after me, and then came just in time to spoil my plans."

The marshal was disturbed, but he blustered: "You won't talk so flip when I've got you behind the bars."

"You never will get me behind the bars," said Scanlan, fingering the marshal's star. "The company will send an attorney with my bail, but they can't spare Jerry Scanlan just now. Then there will be a hearing at which you will be asked to explain some things. Now, you gentlemen won't mind my locking you in, because I've lots to do. Besides, it's my cabin. Cheap skates like you generally ride in the caboose. You don't get into a private car—I mean a flagship,—like this but once in a lifetime."

But Scanlan, despite his external cheerfulness, was nervous. At heart, he loved order and respected the law. He despised this marshal and the evident prostitution of the law to further some ulterior purpose, but he regretted that the name of Jerry Scanlan must be recorded as that of a lawbreaker. His wife would grieve over it. Even

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A big dip net, raised by steam

the congratulations of his admiring guards did not quite restore him.

As evening approached, the prisoners were given their supper and locked in the cabin for the night. The marshal was too depressed to reply to Scanlan's "Good night!"

"The sounder you sleep, the better for you," said the trap superintendent. "If there's a rumpus in the night and you fellows try to warn your friends outside, I'll treat you accordingly. If that star on your coat twinkles in my fight, I'll surely take a shot at it."

As the hours wore on Scanlan became numb to all thought of consequences. In the quiet unrealities of the night all matters of business seemed far off. The committee, the trust, the prisoners, and even the pirates seemed but memories. But under his numbness there was a growing wish that an attack might come, and that something definite might take shape out of the darkness and out of his night-born fancies.

When the attack came it was with the suddenness of a railroad disaster. From the calmness of a drowsy fish trap the scene changed to a quick battle where passion, hatred and panic were met and overcome by courage and the dare-devil response of strong men to their duty. Scanlan was leaning on the great upright of the pile driver, thinking. A guard touched him and whispered: "Listen!"

Scanlan heard, dimly, the dragging of heavy boots on a plank. He switched on the great search light. There, in the flooding light, were disclosed four men on the plank around the trap. Just below was a large rowboat containing other men.

Scanlan experienced a number of sensations with lightning rapidity. He was conscious of pulling the cord that rang the alarm gong. He saw that the leader on the trap was his piratical friend on whose account the marshal had called. He saw that leader impulsively raise a revolver and shoot at the search light. He heard the shot and heard the clang of metal as the bullet cut clean through the great reflector. He heard the report of a rifle at his side and knew that his guard had returned the fire. He heard one of the pirates yell with pain and saw him drop to the plank, seizing the leader for support. He saw the two thieves sway together for a moment, heard the leader's oath as he threw the wounded man from him outward toward the boat just as the other two pirates jumped for it. Then he saw the leader slip, lose his balance, and fall back into the trap!

There was a moment's pause of horror. Scanlan and his guards stared at the trap, waiting,—waiting. The man who had promised to throw others into the trap had met that fate himself. "Under the feet of a hundred thousand salmon," rang in Scanlan's ears in the tones of the pirate. "On the under side of a salmon's foot is a pretty picture. It is the seal of doom."

The great salmon continued to stir the surface of the water in the trap, but no human body rose among them. The boat with the thieves, moving off under the light, caught the eyes of the guards and they opened fire upon it. The thieves rowed hard to get out of the zone of the search light. Scanlan and his men scrambled down to the tug, cast off the lines, and gave chase, a man at the light training it on the fleeing boat. The prisoners



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cursed at their confinement and stared wildly out of the small portholes. The guards cut to foam the water about the fleeing boat, and drove the pirates toward the beach, where they landed and sprang into the timber.

Leaving one guard with the crew of the tug, Scanlan and three others embarked in a small boat and rowed in pursuit. The cries of the wounded man led them on till, in the heavy undergrowth back of the beach, they surprised the pirate crew.

With their leader gone, the fish thieves were panic-stricken and fled. One of the guards remained with the wounded man, but Scanlan and his companion gave chase in the dark. The pirates ran to a cabin and entered, with the two trap men at their heels. A knife flashed in Scanlan's face, but he kicked at the man's shins and dropped him to the floor with a leg broken below the knee. The guard's rifle cracked and another pirate went to the floor wounded. Then the panic-stricken thieves fell on their knees and cried for mercy. Scanlan, looking closely at them, recognized gill-net men in four of the five.

The wounded men and prisoners were conveyed to the tug. The guard and crew at the pile driver cheered as they returned, and again as Scanlan left them in charge of the trap and lights while the tug stood off for her home dock.

"We'll be back with the coroner," shouted Scanlan to them; "the man in the trap won't bother you."

The three wounded men were cared for as well as possible. Scanlan took the uninjured thieves, one at a time, and showed them the imprisoned marshal. Their exclamations clearly proved how extensive had been that man's connection with the night raid.

The long run of two hours to the home dock was made a grim experience for the crew by the sufferings of the wounded men. Scanlan found an unnatural cheerfulness possessing him. He had beaten off the pirates, had captured six, and had left the leader dead in the trap. Even the marshal was clearly at his mercy. There would be no formal charge on the records against Jerry Scanlan.

At the dock Scanlan called Manager Hardwood from his bed by telephone. "Come down here with a bunch of doctors and see my layout," exclaimed the excited trap superintendent. "I've got three boosters in my special that need some fixin' up. Besides, I've got more who can ride in the patrol wagon. The main 'gazabe' is holding down the bottom of the great Rosario trap and tickling the salmon feet with his war bristles. We'll need to take the coroner back with us."

Manager Hardwood summoned officers and surgeons and soon had Scanlan relieved of his fish thieves. But it was not till the tug was steaming back, with the coroner and Manager Hardwood on board, that Scanlan told his superior of the prisoners in his private cabin.

Manager Hardwood could hardly believe this evidence of collusion, even with his own knowledge of the sympathy of the islanders for the gill-net men. He frankly gave the marshal his choice of withdrawing all charges against Scanlan, or being the subject of an official investigation.

"For years," said Manager Hardwood, "we have worked to break up piracy. But between gill-net juries and marshals elected by gill-net voters these islands have been a haven of refuge for fish thieves. We have taught you a lesson to-night, and we won't close school right away, either. The canneries are here to stay, and the traps are here to stay. You belong in state prison along with the thieves you have served. Now, if you want Scanlan's bail, you may have it; but, if you are wise, you will forget your former masters and begin your official life anew."

The marshal was sullen, but he did not care to press the matter. He was glad to escape so easily from a night in which the keenest torture had been that he had gone too far with the gill-net men. He was content to again sit in the tiny launch and steam for home.

Indeed, he was not the only man who learned a lesson that night, for Scanlan's capture of the pirates started a movement among the fish-trap men which broke up organized fish thieving and taught gill-net men respect for a new manner of trap guard, a man who relentlessly chased meddlesome fishermen into their own cabins and broke their shins at their own firesides,—a landlubber who was not afraid of the sea, who applied railroad lingo to nautical equipment, and who preached a strange doctrine about running on somebody's rights.

At early dawn they emptied the great Rosario

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trap of its fish and found the body of the pirate leader at the bottom. The coroner remarked a bruise on the chin, and Scanlan exhibited its mate on his own knuckles. The tug then returned to its home dock with the dead man, and later brought out Mr. Gates and the unsuspecting committee for the test which had been so anxiously awaited.

The wonders of a salmon run made a vivid impression on the financing committee. The long net leads, from open water to the traps, told their own story. The traps were emptied before their eyes and then lowered into the water to be slowly filled by the swarming salmon. The scows, loaded with fish, were towed to the canneries by their tugs, there to be emptied upon the cannery floor. Day after day this was repeated till the committee, convinced beyond all argument of the extent of the industry, cried "Enough!" The contract was promptly signed for the consummation of the deal. Among their other conditions it was agreed that President Gates, of the Pacific Canning Company, should become general manager of the new American Salmon Company, and Manager Hardwood should become assistant to Mr. Gates in his new position.

In the main office, when the committee had returned to Boston and these two westerners sat at their planning, only one man was called in to be honored by their confidence. The heads of departments who had been so quick to say "can't" were passed over. Scanlan only was called in. Word was sent to him and he was found in blue jeans, with pitchy hands and bright eyes, setting a pace for a crew of net-menders. He washed his hands and slipped out of his jeans to present himself before his superiors.

"There will be a fleet of tugs, whole navies of scows, acres of net-yards, forests of pile drivers, and many traps," said Manager Hardwood to him. "If you can run them all as well as you have run these few, we have a very decent raise of salary for you."

Scanlan's eyes danced. "Many a man has gone from division superintendent to roadmaster and failed," said he, "but I'm free to say that I'd like to take the risk."

"And will you continue to 'run on your rights?'"

"Sure, sir, even if the company has to forfeit bail now and then."

The officers of the new American Canning Company laughed. "As often as necessary, Mr. Scanlan," replied Mr. Gates.

Then Manager Hardwood rose and went close to the man who ran on his rights. His tone was firm, but his hand shook a little as he grasped the brawny fist of "the admiral." Looking earnestly in his face, he said, in a tremulous voice:—

"Mr. Scanlan, you do not fully realize how much you have done toward effecting this new consolidation. It all depended on that test at the great Rosario trap, and to you alone we owe that test's success. Nor do we propose to pass it by with mere words. You fought better than you knew. You helped turn a great opportunity into positive wealth. When we began this movement, Mr. Gates very kindly offered me a block of his stock in the new company, should the plans be successfully consummated. That stock, I may say to you, makes me a rich man. Mr. Gates and I have decided to present you, also, with a block of the stock made up jointly from our holdings. It will provide a comfortable start in life for yourself. As soon as the transfer of the old stock for the new is made you will receive from the new company, direct from Boston, your certificate. Allow me to congratulate you on becoming a stockholder of the new company, as well as one of its most highly respected officers."

The astonished Scanlan stood speechless. He had at first been gratified by his promotion, then touched by the confidence of his superior. But the sudden realization that he had been dealt with as a brother went deep,—far deeper even than the thought of the property which went with the honor. His hand shook as he grasped in turn the extended palms before him, and struggled for words which would not come.

Suddenly he seized Mr. Hardwood by the arms. "You are not quizzing me, sir!"

Mr. Gates drew a document from his pocket. It contained the list of stockholders in the new company. He showed Scanlan his name thereon. Opposite it, Manager Hardwood had written:—

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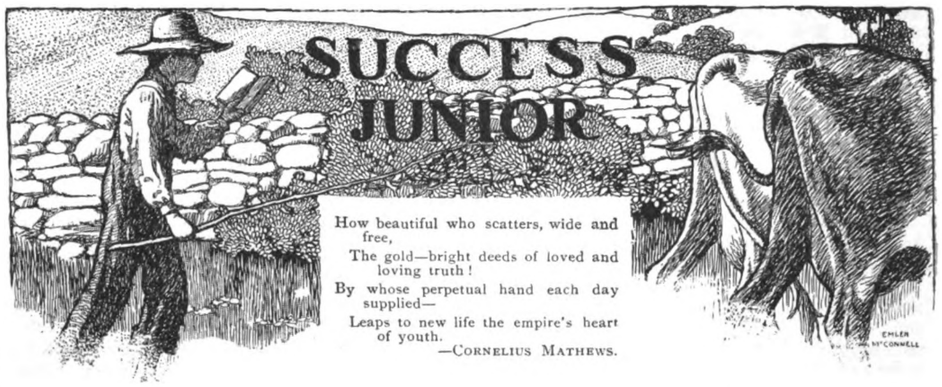


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How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,
The gold—bright deeds of loved and loving truth!
By whose perpetual hand each day supplied—
Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.
—CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

IN England, a few years ago, Marie Hall, a little girl eleven years old, accompanied by her father, helped to support the family by playing a violin in the streets. So well did she use the rare gift which nature had bestowed upon her that she attracted the attention of persons who recognized in her a musical genius, and they made it possible for her to study with the best teachers in Europe. Under their instruction she did hard and faithful work, and so interested the teachers that they did everything in their power to aid her. At her first public appearance in Prague she was recalled many times. In Vienna her success was no less marked, and recently she has surprised and delighted large audiences in London. Kubelik takes a deep interest in her work.

▲ ▲

PAULINE WATSON is another young musician who has had little time for the development of her powers. She is an Ohio girl, ten years old, who has played the violin four years. Her first violin was of only half-size, the next one three-quarters, and now she has a full-sized instrument. Her parents are musicians, and her father was her first teacher. Then he secured abler instruction for her. She has appeared in public in several places, and is now making a tour with a musical company.

▲ ▲

WILLIAM EDWARD MCCANN, a New York boy, has a remarkably brilliant and powerful soprano voice. He practices vocal exercises with great persistency, and the quality of his tones is unusually fine. He makes a specialty of concert and recital work.

▲ ▲

CHESTER A. MCCORMICK, of Knox, Indiana, is the author of a book, "Starke County, Past and Present," which gives the political, commercial, and religious history of the county, describes the drainage of some valuable lands, the bird life, and other natural features of the county. Of its publication he says:—

"My first reason for writing a history of my county (Starke,) was, of course, a financial one. Being a junior in the Knox High School, it was necessary to provide means to carry me through school. I am correspondent for an Indianapolis paper, also for a number of metropolitan dailies, and, having occasion to write many articles about the county and towns, especially for the Indianapolis paper, I necessarily learned much about the county, and through the assistance of old residents, county officials, and other citizens, I was able to procure various sorts of valuable information. I saw the need of a little history of the county, as none had been published thitherto. Receiving much encouragement and assistance from people with whom I talked, I decided to publish a volume, small in size,—containing only facts of permanent value,—so that it could be sold at a moderate price, and thus come within the reach of everybody in the county. The book is issued in both paper and cloth bindings, and is sold for fifty and seventy-five cents, respectively. I thought it best to have some illustrations of interest,—as of some of the most prominent citizens, older residents, and public buildings. Some of the business men of the county thought it would be a good place in which to advertise their business, and wanted me to reserve a few pages in the back for that purpose. I decided that this might be a good idea, as it would help to pay the expense of publishing. I charged ten dollars a page for advertising, and five dollars for half a page, and admitted business cards at one dollar and a half and two dollars and a half each, according to their length. There was no trouble in disposing of the advertising space, which almost paid the expense of publishing the book. The entire expense for the one thousand books was about one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Of course, this was a big undertaking, but it proved successful. The book is on sale all over the county. It is selling not only in this county, but I receive orders from people and schools and universities all over the country, especially from big libraries."

▲ ▲

MUCH has been written in the newspapers of Roy Field Fitts's discoveries of mica in Colorado. We give the following from his own account:—

"That the events of my life can have any interest to other young men or women by way of example, or as a thrilling romance, I can scarcely believe. . . . To my mind there is nothing else so embarrassing as to have one's abilities overestimated,—nothing more injurious to one's self-respect than to be thought better, brighter, or more capable than one knows himself to be. Think how a fellow must feel to have it blazoned to the world that he has stumbled upon and secured thirteen million dollars, when his actual available cash is less than one hundred dollars. . . . Think how he must feel to be called, to his face, 'A bright little fellow,' when he knows in his heart that he is not half so smart as one of his age should be. When you contemplate things from this standpoint, you will understand what Roy Field Fitts has been fated all his life to endure. It is true that I did go to Colorado; I was sent there to romp and to grow. It is true that I did discover mountains of mica. It is true that I did succeed in getting possession of them, a clear title to one hundred and fifty acres, in my mother's name, because I was not of age. It is true that I assisted to survey those claims, and engaged expert miners to work upon them, revealing their wealth, and that I cooked for the miners, kept their time, rode ten miles every morning on horseback to procure provisions for the camp, and paid off the help. It is true that these deposits are the richest known beds of mica in this country, and probably in the world, for the encyclopedias claim that mica is found to run from the surface to a depth of thirty feet. As a matter of fact our deposit is one hundred and fifty feet deep, with no evidence of reaching the bottom, and some of our claims average from sixty to eighty per cent. of sheet mica, when ten per cent. would be an enormous average. I did not think of forming a stock company in connection with the development of these mines until I found it to be too stupendous an undertaking for private enterprise * * * * * * * *

"As I look back on my first weeks in Colorado, the only credit I think due me is because I remained in that country nearly two years away from home, with no relatives or friends near me, and was homesick only once, when my horse threw me and stepped on my back, breaking two ribs. I mounted the horse again, rode two miles to attend the camp dance at Guffey, and danced, too, but the next day I could not turn myself in bed, and it was discovered that my ribs were broken. I shall always think that my tears at that time were excusable, and a longing for home a creditable feeling.

"I acted as first superintendent of our mines for five months, when I was called home to take a position in the company's offices."



MARIE HALL

▲ ▲

PRIZE CONTESTS

IN the May SUCCESS we increased the length of time given for competing in our contests; and because of this the announcement of the winners and the publication of the prize-winning articles in the May contest can not be published until August. We feel that all of our readers will be glad to have a little more time for the preparation of their articles.

In the contests, instead of cash prizes, we allow each prize-winner to select merchandise to the amount of his prize from the "Success Reward Book." These prizes include cameras, guns, athletic goods, watches, knives, printing presses, games, musical instruments, household furnishings, etc. The "Reward Book" will be sent to any address in the world, on request. The value of the awards in each contest will be: first prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, three dollars.

RULES

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

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

Story.—This story must be founded on an adventure at some festival or celebration, such as the Fourth of July or Memorial Day. It may be either fact or fiction, and should contain five hundred words, or less.

Photograph.—This must contain the pictures of children. It may be mounted or unmounted. On the back it must bear the name, address, and age of the contributor, and the name of the camera used.

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

Nature Study.—Subject: "Why I Enjoy Nature Study."

Drawing.—Subject: "Summer Sport."

Success League

If you are thinking of forming a branch of the Success League, either now or next Fall, send four cents in stamps for the new hand book of information. Address **Success League, University Building, New York City.**



PAULINE WATSON

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SUCCESS

A Monthly Home Journal of
Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*
THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Publishers
University Building, New York City

FOREIGN OFFICE:
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England

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In the United States, Canada, and Mexico:—
$1.00 a year. Ten cents a copy.
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Important Notice to Readers

WE desire to announce that, having exercised the greatest care in admitting to SUCCESS the advertisements of responsible and honest concerns only, we will absolutely guarantee our readers against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue. It is a condition of this guarantee that all claims for losses sustained shall be made within at least sixty days after the appearance of the advertisement complained of; that the reader shall mention in his communications to advertisers that he is acting upon an advertisement appearing in SUCCESS for July, and that the honest bankruptcy of an advertiser, occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us, shall not entitle the reader to recover loss from us, but only to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of the money. We cannot, moreover, hold ourselves responsible for the accuracy of ordinary "trade talk," nor for the settling of minor disputes or claims between advertiser and reader.

NEW PRIZE CONTESTS

"How I Started Without Capital"
$40, $25, $15

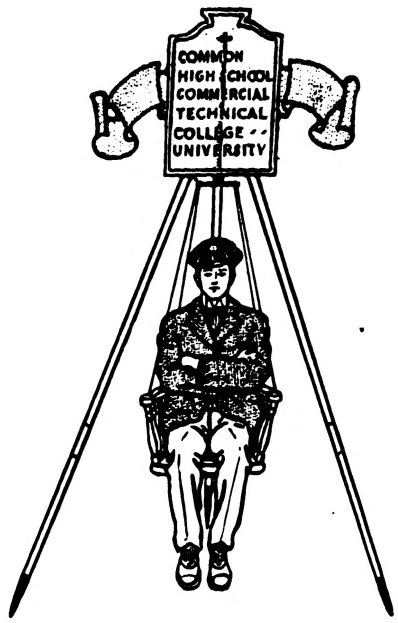
"IF I only had some capital," is the wail of thousands of people desirous of starting in business. So many things seem possible if only a little money were available,—so much could be done with only a little. Nevertheless, some of the most remarkable successes in the world have been made when capital was lacking, or very hard to get. Many have started with almost nothing and have succeeded. Are you one of these people? If so, try to win one of our prizes by telling us how you "started without capital" and how you succeeded. The length of the article should be two thousand words, or less. The scale of prizes will be as follows:—First, forty dollars; second, twenty-five dollars; third, fifteen dollars. All articles must be received before September 1, 1903, and each must bear on the first page the name and address of the writer. If return of manuscripts is desired, they must be accompanied by postage.

Address, Capital Editor, SUCCESS, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.

How to Keep a Boy at Home
$25, $15, $10

FOR the three best and most practical papers on this subject, SUCCESS offers three prizes: twenty-five dollars, fifteen dollars, and ten dollars. Tell what should be done to keep a boy at home, what attractions should be offered him, what suggestions made, and what plans devised in order that he may learn to believe that his home is the best place on earth, and not care to wander away and seek new pastures. The articles must not exceed fifteen hundred words each, in length, and must be legibly written, or typewritten, on one side of the paper only, and each manuscript must bear on the first page the name and address of the writer. If the return of a manuscript is desired, postage must be inclosed. All manuscripts must be received at the office of SUCCESS before August 15, 1903.

Address, Practical Editor, SUCCESS, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.



Are You Worth Educating?

OF course you want an education—everyone does nowadays—but the question is, how much of your time, energy, and money can you afford to spend in order to obtain it? Have you ever seen a ten dollar man on whom a ten thousand dollar education has been wasted? On the other hand, have you ever seen a ten thousand dollar man handicapped by a ten dollar education? These things should make you think seriously about your own education. It is your most important life problem. If you solve it correctly your success is assured, but if you make a mistake your whole life may be only a half success, or, perhaps, a total failure.

The device at the top of the page would be a most excellent invention; but as yet no one has had sufficient ingenuity to build such a machine. If you want to find out how much education you are worth, weigh yourself in your mental balances. Put your tastes and tendencies into the scales, add to these your inherent abilities, your natural gifts, then put in all of your other qualities, both physical and mental.

The quality that will weigh most is ***determination.*** You can almost measure the amount of education that you are worth by the amount of your determination to get it. Thousands of college graduates are in inferior positions because they lack the necessary grit and stamina to conquer the difficulties which lie in the way of higher positions. An education without grit is not as desirable as grit without an education. If you have not sufficient grit and determination to conquer the difficulties that lie between you and an education, then you had better remain in your present position.

If You Really Want an Education We Can Help You to Obtain It

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the thing that keeps a young man or young woman from obtaining an education is a lack of money. If this is your case, then you need not be troubled further, for the Success Bureau of Education can help you to obtain the money to pay, not only your tuition, but also your living expenses while you are in school. We have helped hundreds of others, many of whom, doubtless, were not as well situated as you are. Read what two Success Scholarships winners say about our plan:



MISS MAUD SCHLENKER

MISS MAUD SCHLENKER SAYS:

I began work in June after school closed. I worked mostly among the prominent people and gained many friends. Most of my work was done in the morning, as it was often too warm to be out in the afternoon. This was my first attempt at canvassing, so I was very timid, but, reading from your little book "What Others Have Done," I took courage and started out.

My plan was to secure ten subscriptions per day. Some days I fell below this number, and on others I went beyond. In a neighboring town a former pupil and friend of Carlton College gave me great help by introducing me to many of his friends. I thus secured forty-six subscriptions there,—thirty of them in one day. On the whole I was treated with the greatest respect. By diligent effort I secured the number of subscriptions for my scholarship in six weeks, and *received three prizes in addition.** I am now in school, but expect to take it up again as soon as school closes.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON SAYS:

I have now gotten my scholarship. I worked about one month and a half, and succeeded in sending in two hundred subscriptions. The people all seemed willing to help in so good a cause.



WILLIAM RICHARDSON

There is ample time for any enterprising young man or woman to win a Success Scholarship between now and the day when school opens in the fall, but it is important that every moment of time should be made to count. If you have not yet decided what school you wish to enter, we can help you to select one; or, if you have any other problems concerning your future education, we will try to help you solve them. Write right away. Address

The SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION
University Building, Washington Square, New York.

*This refers to the liberal cash prizes offered in addition to the scholarship. The amount of cash prizes for the four summer months is $3,525.00.

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111 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir: Please send to me, without cost, a copy of the careful reproduction of the classic painting, "Love and Life," by F. G. Watts, R.A., WHICH WAS BANISHED FROM THE WHITE HOUSE during the Cleveland Administration and recently RESTORED.

Also send me, by mail, table of contents of the "Classic Library of Famous Literature," of which the above picture is one of the illustrations, and your special offer.

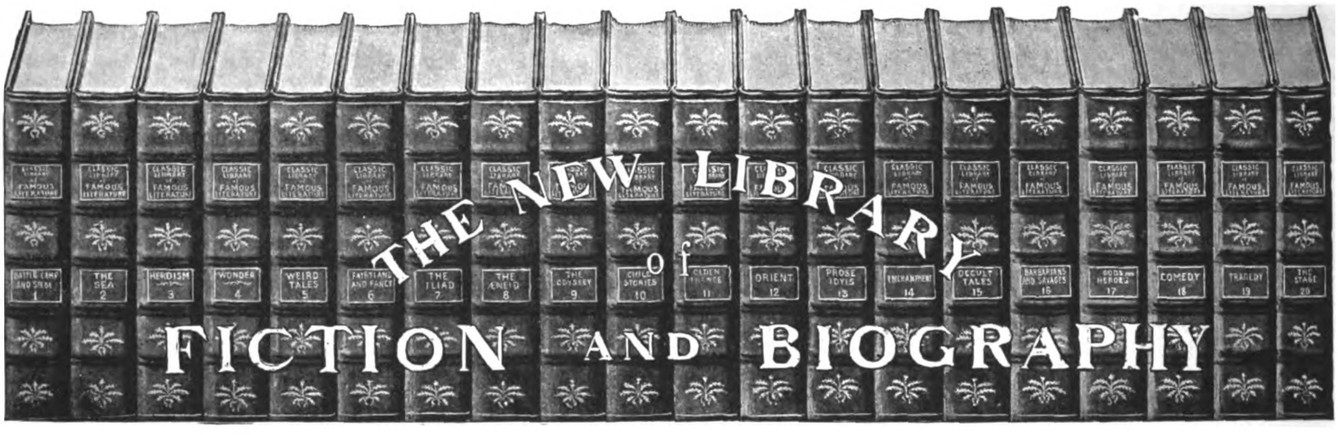
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*Name*_____

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WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

March 12, 1903.

My Dear Mr. De Berard:

I have greatly enjoyed your very handsome edition of Classic Tales. I think it an admirable collection. I shall at once give it a prominent place in my library.

With regard, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Frederick B. De Berard,
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It not only contains the collections but each masterpiece is accompanied by a ***critical synopsis*** which tells the story in brief, and a ***biography*** of each author of the masterpieces. More details when I hear from you. Address:

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