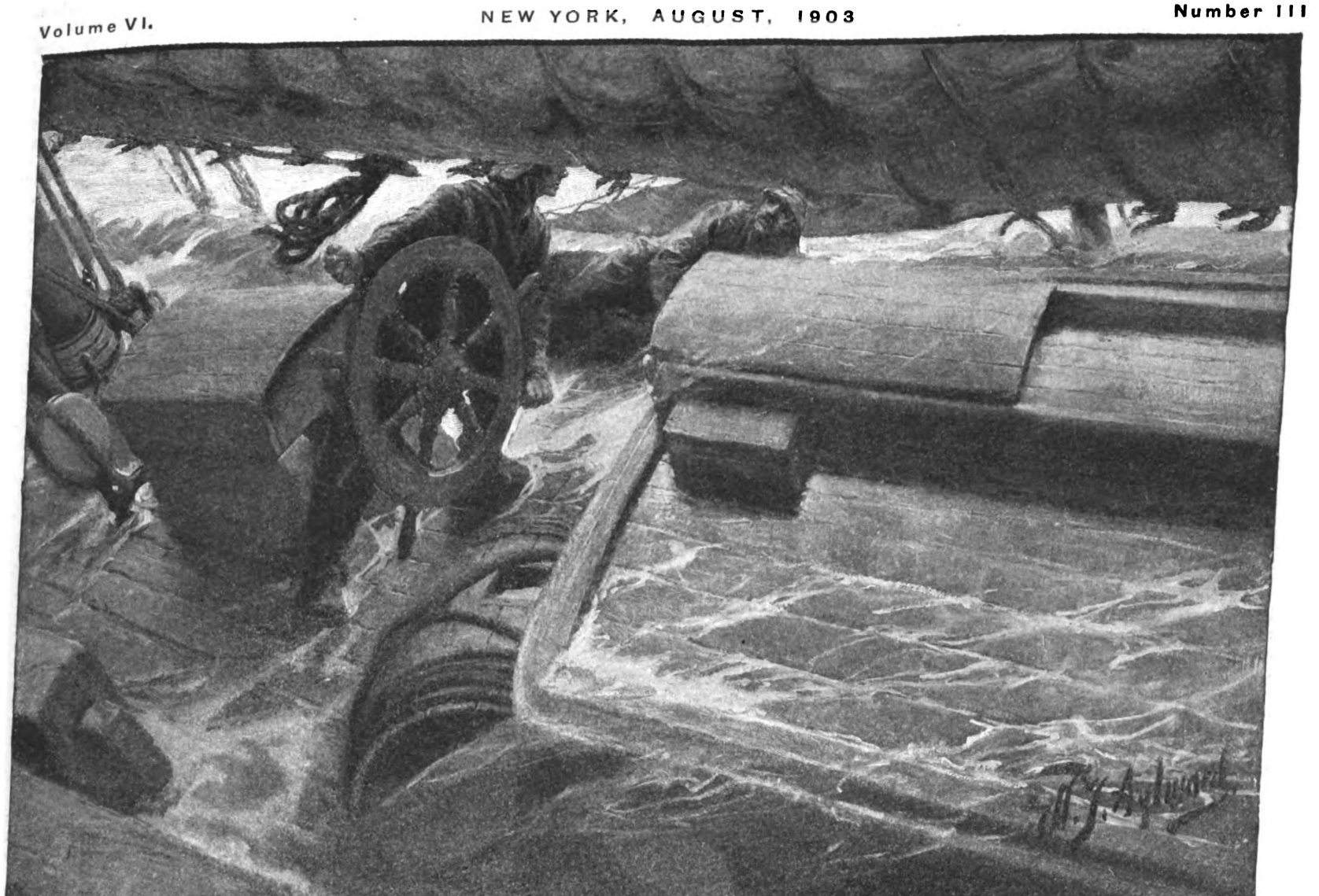
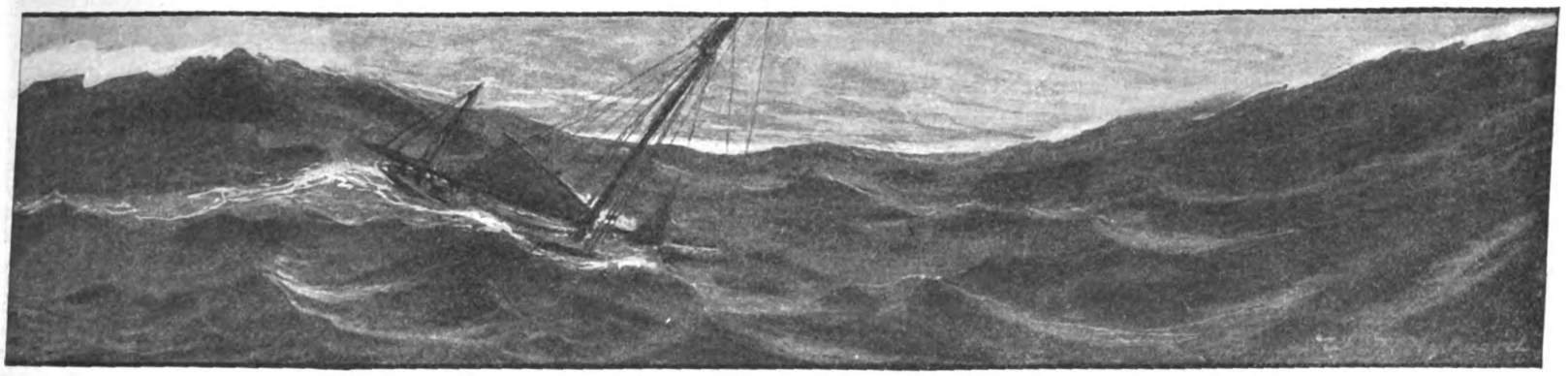
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"It would have been folly to try to drive her into that appalling sea. If anything had started we should have been lost men"



CLAWING OFF THE CAPE

A TRUE STORY

T. JENKINS HAINS

[Author of "The Wind-Jammers," "Captain Trunnell," etc.]



Captain T. J. Hains

WE had raised the great tower of the Hatteras Lighthouse in the dim gray of the morning. The huge spark flamed and faded as the lens swung slowly about its axis, some fifteen miles to the south'ard of us. Objects began to be more distinct, and our masthead could be made out against the leaden background above. Up there, the fierce song of the gale roared dismally as the little vessel rose upon the giant Gulf sea and swung her straining fabric to windward. Then, quartering the heave of the foam-crested hill, she would drop slowly down the dread incline and roll desperately to leeward as she started to meet the rushing hill to windward and above her.

With a bit of gaff hoisted, and the leach and luff lashed fast down, we were trying to forereach to the eastward and clear the death trap under our lee,—the fatal diamond of the Hatteras Shoals. Buck and I had been on deck all the day before and all night, and we welcomed the growing light as only hard-pressed men at sea can welcome it. It meant a respite from the black tumult about us, and the heavy snore of some giant comber would no longer make us catch our breath for fear that it might be the beginning of that white reach from which no vessel that enters comes forth again.

We could see that we had many miles between us and the end,—miles that meant many minutes which might be utilized in the fight for life. We were heading nearly east, and the stanch little craft was making better than south, while the gale had swung up to nor' nor' east. She was forereaching ahead, though going fast to leeward, and it looked as if we might claw off, into the wild Gulf Stream, where, in spite of the sea, lay safety. To leeward lay certain death, the wild death of a lost ship in the white smother that rolled with the chaotic thunder of riven hills of water.

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Buck's face was calm and white in the morning light and his oilskins hung about him in dismal folds. White streaks of salt showed under his eyes, which were partly sheltered by his sou'wester, and the deep lines in his wet cheeks gave him a wornout look. He must have been very tired, for, as I came from behind the piece of canvas lashed on the weather quarter to serve as a weather cloth, he left the wheel and dropped down behind the bulwarks.

"Begins to look better," I bawled, taking off the becket from the wheel spokes, which had been hove hard down all night. "She needs a bit of nursing,"—and Buck nodded and grinned as he ducked from the flying drift. She was doing well, and after trying to ease her awhile I put the wheel back into the becket and bawled down the scuttle to our little black boy to get us some junk and ship's bread.

Our other man, John, a Swede, had turned in, dead beat out, an hour before, and, as we four were all hands, I thought it just as well to let him sleep as long as he could. As master, I would have to stay on deck any way.

Buck and I crouched in the lee of the bulwarks and the tarpaulin, munching the junk and watching the little ship ride the sea. We could do nothing except let her head as close as we dared to the gale. As long as the canvas held all would be well. The close-reefed mainsail would have been blown away in the rush of that fierce blast, and it would have been folly to try to drive her into that appalling sea. If anything had started we should have been lost men. She was only a twenty-ton vessel, but she had good nine feet of keel under her and could hold on grimly. We had used a sea anchor for twenty-four hours, but, while it held her head to the sea, it caused her to drift dead to leeward, so we had at length cut it adrift and put a bit of storm staysail on her to work ahead.

"I'm glad we did n't run durin' the night," said Buck; "she would n't 'a' done it an' gone clear,—just look at that fellow!"

As he spoke, a giant sea rose on the weather beam,—a great mass of blue water capped with a white comber. The little vessel's head dropped down the foam-streaked hollow until we were almost becalmed under the sea that followed. It was a dirty, dangerous sea to run in.

"I thought you might have run when you saw how bad it ware,—an' trust to luck to go clear. But fight on, says I, even when you know you're losing. If you'd started to run you'd never 'a' been able to swing her up agin if we'd had to,—an' now we'll go clear. She'll stand it."

Buck was an American and John a Swede. The latter had hinted at running off before the storm when we found ourselves close in. Buck thus berated him, in my presence, in true American fashion:—

"'Never give up a fight because you're beat at the start,' says I; 'it's them that fights when they have to, an' because it's right, that always win.' We did seem dead beat last night, an' when that light flashed out bright I was almost willing to say 'Amen.' But I knew it ware wrong, an' we must fight it out. A man that fights to win is no sailor. It's the one that fights when he knows he will lose,—an' then maybe he won't lose, after all."

The sun showed a little through a break in the flying scud, and the water looked a beautiful blue, streaked with great patches of white. Buck was gazing hard to the southward, and could make nothing out except the Hatteras light. He was tired, and refused to move from a wash of foam along the deck where he sat.

"You see," he said, wiping the spray from his face, "a man can't tell nothin' in this world. There's no use tryin' to at sea,—an' the more you risk, sometimes, the more you win. It is n't always judgment. There was Old Man Richards. He knew the coast, but he trusted his judgment too much,—an' I'm the bum ye see now. I do n't mean nothin' again your boat, Cap'n.

"You remember Richards? He had the ole 'Pocosin.' Used to run her from Nassau to Hunter's P'int. 'T ain't much of a run, even for that kind o' hooker, but in the winter this cape is hell, an' that's a fact. You kin almost jump from wrack to wrack from the Core Bank to Bodie Island. I've seen forty vessels, big an' small, on the beach here in one season,—an' we ain't out o' the business yet, either."

We were drifting down fast on the outer shoal, and I could see, or fancied I could see, the Ocracoke Lighthouse. The wind had increased a little, as usual, in a northeaster, with sunrise, but it seemed to be working a bit more to the northward and getting colder.

"It ware just such a day as this. We hove the 'Pocosin' up when she ware almost in sight of the capes, and not ten hours run from Norfolk. But she ware ramming her nose into it harder and harder, an' there we ware. We could n't get no farther.

"It ware pretty bad when we started in shore with the glass a fallin' an' the sky like the inside of a lead pot. Then came the breeze and big northeast sea what stopped us.

"We could n't push her through that sea. It ware more'n common heavy, and, even with the whole mainsail on her, she would n't do a thing but rear up on her hind legs an' throw herself into it so she'd go out o' sight to her foremast. Man, she ware an old boat, an' if she'd kept the racket up she'd have split in two!

"We could see Cape Henry Light by dark, but it war'n't no use, so we wore around before it ware too late, an' got the foresail an' jib stowed safe. Then we came to on the port tack, lowering down the mainsail and reefing it to balance the bit o' staysail for'ard. It ware a piece o' work, takin' in that mainsail, an' that's the truth. You may search me if it did n't fair blow the hair off yer head by this time. I do n't mind a bit o' breeze, Cap'n, but, when I say it ware blowin' then, it ain't more'n half the truth. It ware fair howlin'.

"We got the sail on the boom an' then that same boom took charge for twenty red-hot minutes while she threw it from port to starboard,—an' all hands hangin' onto the main sheet, tryin' to get it in when it slacked with the throw.

"'Balance reef her,' says the old man, an' we lashed her down, givin' about ten feet o' leach rope hoisted taut, with the peak downhaul fast to windward. Then everything was made snug, an' with the bit o' staysail hauled to the mast we hung on to see what would happen next."

Buck rose for a minute and gazed to the southward as if he had seen something. Then he settled down again.

"Me? I was mate, you know. I'd been with Richards over a year. He had his wife and daughter aboard that trip,—yes, sir,—about as fine,—she was,—she was about seventeen,—"

A sea struck the vessel while Buck was looking to leeward, but he paid no attention to it as the spray filled his collar. He seemed to be so deeply occupied in some object that I began to get a bit nervous and reached for the glasses to try and pick out a new danger. But he evidently saw nothing, for he went on slowly, after a bit.

"There ware six of us men and a little coon boy in the galley. It gave us three men in a watch, and that ware enough. I saw we ware goin' to the south'ard fast,—the sea was northerly yet,—but the wind was working fast to the eastward and we ware n't reaching off a little bit. She was heavy with lumber an' goin' sideways like a crab,—not shoving her nose ahead like we are now. It ware dead to leeward and you know how that is to the north'ard of Core Bank, or Lookout.

"The old man had the wheel fast hard down and was standing there watchin' her take them seas. It ware growin' dark an' them fellers from the Gulf looked ugly. They just wiped her clean from end to end, roarin' over her an' smotherin' everything.

"'We got to fight fer it to night,' said I; 'better try close-reefed mainsail before it's too late, in a bit o' fore-reachin', an' we'll clear.'

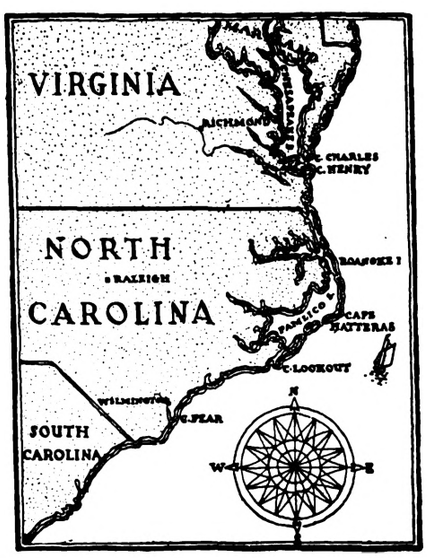
"'T won't stand,' says he; 'twon't stand ten minutes in this breeze. Let her go. If she won't go clear we'll run her fer Ocracoke. It's high water at eight bells, to-night.'

"That may have been good judgment, but you know that entrance is a warm place at night in a roarjn' northeaster. I got a bit nervous an' spoke up again after an hour or two.

"'Better try her with the mainsail,—we've got to fight her off,' I said again.



"'It ware just a smashing crash. Ye could n't hear or see nothin'"



The graveyard of the Diamond Shoal

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"'T ain't no use,' said he, 'let her go. A man never dies till his time comes.'

"I'd heard that sayin' before, but I never knew just how a feller could reckon on his time. Seemed to me somebody's ware comin' along before daylight. Finally I kept on asking the old man an' argufyin',—for there ware the two women,—an' he gave in. Before ten that night we had her under a single reef and shovin' off for dear life. It ware blowin' harder an' the first thing away went that staysail. Then we tried a bit o' jib, but she gave a couple o' plunges and drove her head under a good fathom. When she lifted it up the jib ware gone.

"There we ware with the old hooker a broachin' to an' no headsail on her. The seas ware comin' over her like a cataract and the dull roar soundin' louder an' louder. There ware the two women below.

"Still the fight ware n't half over. There ware the new foresail to close reef. It would have held an hour or two. That would have driven us off far enough to have gone through the slue. But no! The old man had had enough. 'Take in the mainsail,' he bawled, and all hands wrastled for half an hour with that sail, while all the time we ware goin' fast to the south 'ard.

"'Close reef th' foresail,' says he. 'We 'll try an' run her through.' Then he took the lashin's off the wheel.

"There ware no use sayin' nothin' more. We ware hardly able to speak, as it ware. We put the peak o' that foresail on her an' the old man run the wheel hard up. She paid off an' streaked away before it through a roarin' white sea, an' just as she struck her gait we saw the flash o' the Hatteras Light.

"The old man saw it. It ware bright enough for all hands,—so bright my heart gave one big jump an' then seemed to stop.—There ware the two women below, the girl,—we tore along into the night with six men an' one little black boy holdin' on to anything they could an' lookin' out over the jibboom end."

Buck was silent for a moment; then he went on.

"It had to come. I saw it first,—just a great white spout o' foam in the blackness ahead,—it ware the out edge o' the Diamond Shoal."

Buck's voice died away in the roar about us, and, close as I was to him, I could hear nothing he said, though I saw his lips move. I went to the binnacle and peered into it. The lighthouse was drawing to the westward. The roar aloft was deafening, as she swung herself to windward, but she was making good weather of it and holding on like grim death.

"How did you get through?" I asked, ducking down again behind the shelter.

"We did n't. We did n't get through. The 'Pocosin's' there yet,—or what's left of her. One more hour of fightin' off under that reefed foresail, an' we 'd have got to sea,—we 'd have gone clear. There ware n't nothin' happened,—just a smashing crash in the night. Man, ye could n't hear or see nothin',—both masts gone with the first jolt an' up she broaches to a sea what ware breakin' clear out seven fathoms. I tried to get aft,—I tried to get to the companion."

Buck was looking steadily to leeward and the drift was trickling out of his eyes.

When he turned, he smiled and his tired face looked years older as he wiped it with the cuff of his oilskin. The gale roared and snored overhead, but breaks in the flying scud told that the storm center was working to the northward, and the cold meant it would go to stay.

"I do n't know but that's so about a feller not goin' till his time comes, Cap'n. I came in the next day on a bit o' the mainmast, a little more dead than alive, but I 'm tellin' you fairly, Cap'n, if it ware n't fer you an' your little ship, I 'd just as soon have gone to leeward this mornin'. A feller gets sort o' lonesome at times, especially when he 's got no ties,—"

"Have n't you any?" I asked, cheerfully.

Buck looked slowly up and his eyes met mine. They rested there for a moment. His lips moved for a little, but I heard nothing he said. Then he let his gaze drop to the deck planks and bowed his head.

A long time he sat there while I watched the lighthouse draw more and more to the westward. Suddenly he looked up.

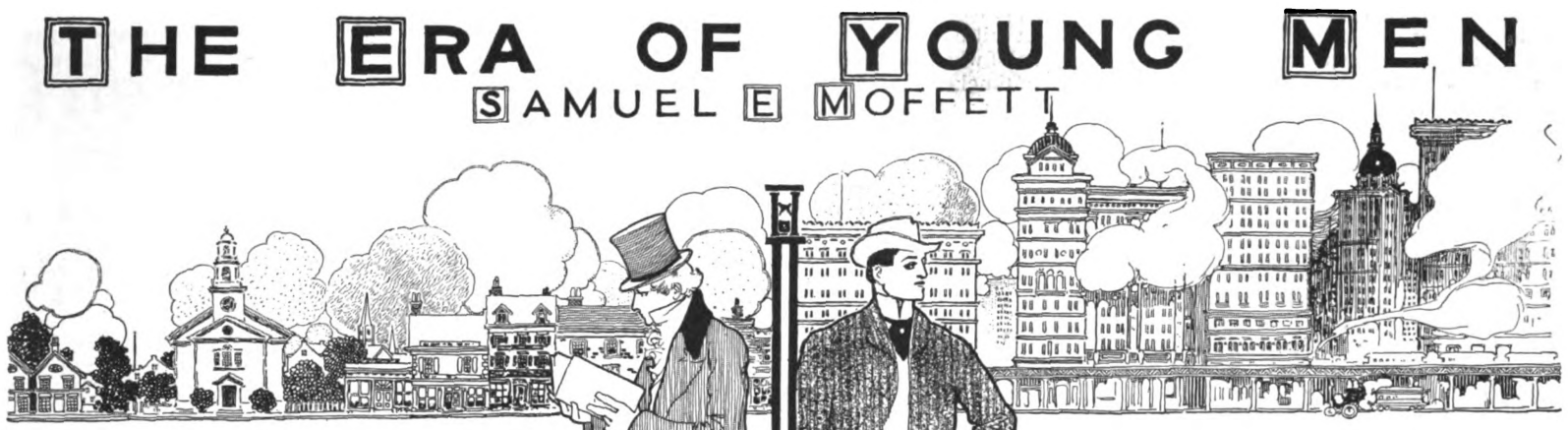
"She 's all clear now, sir an', if you say so, I 'll go below an' start a bit o' fire."

"Go ahead, and tell Arthur to come here," I said.

I watched him as he staggered below. He was tired out, wet, and despondent. The fate of the "Pocosin" was too evident for me to ask questions. I respected him for not mentioning the girl again. It was evident what she had been to him. It was long before, but the memory was fresh. He was passing near the grave of the one woman he had loved, and there was more than the salt drift in his eyes as he went down the companion way. In a few minutes a stream of black smoke poured from the funnel in the deck and was whirled away to leeward. Soon the smell of frying bacon was swept aft and I went below to a warm breakfast to be followed by a nap, while the plunging little vessel rode safely into the great Gulf sea. We had gone past the graveyard of the Diamond Shoal.

THE ERA OF YOUNG MEN

SAMUEL E MOFFETT



[This is the first of two articles on the widely-discussed statement that the young men of to-day have not so good chances to succeed as had those of fifty years ago. Mr. Moffett holds that there has been no diminution in a man's possibilities, but, instead, a substantial improvement. The opposite view will be presented, in our September issue, in "The Pursuit of Progress," by W. J. Ghent, author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism."—The Editor.]

WE are visibly and rapidly entering upon a new organization of society. Watching the unprecedented revolution upon which we have embarked, it is not strange that millions should be anxiously asking themselves: "How is this upheaval going to affect us and our children? Are the opportunities for material success going to be as great under the new system as they have been under the old? Can a young man face life with the same confidence with which he could have faced it twenty years ago?"

To answer these questions we must first understand what we mean by material success. In all ages this term has had three meanings to three different elements of the population. First, for the vast majority, it has meant a bare living. A workman who has been able to give his family enough to eat, decent clothes, and a sufficient shelter from the weather, has considered himself a successful man. Second, for a very much smaller, but still considerable element, success has meant the command of the comforts and some of the modest luxuries of life,—an agreeable dwelling, books, art, amusements, and refined society. Finally, for a very small but very conspicuous class, it has meant the capture of colossal prizes of wealth and power.

Taking these classes in their order, how do the chances under the new system compare with those under the old? The fundamental fact that confronts every young man, whatever the scope of his ambitions may be, is that he is entering an organized society, while the society which his father entered was unorganized. Does that difference affect his individual prospects?

First, if he belongs to that great majority to which success means an assured living, there can be no doubt that his opportunities are better than they would have been at any former time. Wages have risen and employment has become steadier all along the line. It is true that, after we reached the trough of the sea of hard times in 1896 and 1897, the cost of living began to rise faster than wages, so that, for awhile, those who had been lucky enough to have steady employment through the dull period found that prosperity was making it harder for them to make both ends meet. But there is nothing new in that. On a rising market wages are always the last thing to go up. But they are up now, and, what is still more important, there is employment enough at the new level to go around, which there was not at the old level.



SAMUEL E. MOFFETT, author of "Suggestions on Government"

Coincidently with the growth of great combinations of capital has come the growth of great combinations of labor. The average workman is no longer in a state of abject terror about his job. His union makes him a power, to be treated with respect even by a trust. It protects him from the caprices of employers, and gives the man of merely average capacity the same security that was formerly enjoyed only by the one of unusual skill. It is bringing back some of the conditions of the Middle Ages, when the guild gave every artisan a recognized position in the community and protected him against the vicissitudes of fortune. It will not be surprising if the historian of the future shall look back upon the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as the most awful and most dreary and depressing period in the annals of labor. In that age, the old bonds that had united and humanized society were dissolved, and the helpless, friendless individual was left to stand alone with his pitiful strength in a confusion of merciless economic forces. Now the chaos of individualism is giving way to a new order, in which the worker is no longer an isolated atom, but a cell in a social organism.

Under the old system, or lack of system, the moderate prizes were almost always dependent upon that peculiar talent called "business ability." The human brain has many convolutions, and the knack of making shrewd bargains occupies only a small part of it. There may be a total lack of

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that knack together with ability amounting to genius in other directions. But when industry was unorganized, these other forms of ability had hardly any commercial value to the owners, although they often had a great deal to the men who knew how to exploit them. Their possessors worked at small pay for the men who had the art of managing the "haggling of the market." Under the new system, all forms of talent are in demand, and their value is fixed on general principles. The chief chemist of a great corporation engaged in the manufacture of dyestuffs may be as innocent as a baby in financial matters. If he had been left to make his own bargains in a world of unlimited competition, which is another name for a state of industrial anarchy, he probably would have been living in a garret. But there is a liberal salary attached to his position with the dye company. He gets the position by his skill as a chemist, which has been under expert observation ever since the company took him on his professor's recommendation out of the graduating class of a school of technology, and when he gets the position the salary goes with it as a matter of course.

What Is only a Salary, to-day, Used to Be an Independent Fortune

In regard to the brilliant prizes to be won by the exceptional man, the new conditions are most promising. Except where empires were to be looted by conquerors, wealth and power were never before so invitingly spread before ambition. The mere salaries of the higher industrial positions would formerly have been considered independent fortunes, and the salary is the least of the advantages open to a man who is able to grasp the levers of the modern social dynamo.

"What do you think of a young man's chances of success under the new conditions?" I asked one of the rulers of the Standard Oil dynasty,—a man who amassed his own gigantic fortune by helping to bring those conditions about. He took fire at once.

"There never before were such opportunities in the world!" he exclaimed. "If I were only twenty years old now, I would n't ask a dollar of anybody."

Twenty years was just the age at which Oren Root, Jr., nine years ago, came from college to New York, looking for a job. He did n't care how dirty the job would make his hands, if it would offer a future. Mr. Root is now general manager of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York City. If you should see him on the street you would take him for a young lawyer's clerk, or perhaps an assistant teller in a bank. His smooth, boyish face does not charge him with a single day more than the twenty-nine years that belong to his account. Yet within nine years after his graduation from college he has worked up from a job as one of a construction gang to the management of the greatest street railroad system on earth, with the command of twelve thousand men, some of whom were running street cars before he was born. He has been a timekeeper, motorman, conductor, and assistant manager. Now he occupies a position more permanent and a good deal better paid than that of his uncle, Elihu Root, the secretary of war.

Mr. Root's experience helps to answer the question whether the opportunities for success open to young men now are as good as they were under the old conditions of business. He himself has no doubt upon that point. When I raised it with him he remarked that in the street railroad business the new methods have not merely improved the young man's opportunities, but they have also created opportunities. Before the new system came into existence, there was no such thing as a career in street railroading. If a man succeeded in getting to the top in the service of a horse-car line on a single street, what had he accomplished? The position was nothing. It took no particular ability to run such a line. The president of such a company was usually its principal owner, and, if there were any desirable positions connected with it, they were held by his brothers, sons, and nephews.

No Influence Is now Required, but All Must Begin at the Bottom

Now the Metropolitan has a civil service system more complete in some respects than that of the national government. Anybody who desires to enter its service must begin at the bottom, and no competent young man has any difficulty in obtaining a trial. No influence is required. The candidate for a position as a motorman, for instance, simply signs his application, and gives any references he may have. His case is investigated, and, if the report be favorable, he is put on the rolls as an extra man. He receives a number, and for the next five years he is advanced by absolute seniority, just as an officer in the navy is advanced During that period neither merit nor influence will alter his relative position. If he is considered fit to stay in the service at all, he keeps always just behind the man who entered ahead of him, and just ahead of the man who entered behind him. Within a few months after beginning work, he gets a regular car on an undesirable run. Then he gets a better run, and, meanwhile, his record keeps growing. "The moving Finger writes," and every item, of complaint or commendation, is preserved. After the five years are up the aspirant becomes eligible for the first time to promotion to an inspectorship, or to a position as a starter or a money-taker. And now comes the revenge of the "step lively" passenger. The rule of seniority is relaxed at this point, and merit begins to count. The records are examined, and every complaint stands out like a black mark. A glance over the account tells the appointing officer all he needs to know of the qualifications of the candidates for promotion. The best men are picked out to fill the vacancies. Openings in the higher grades are filled in the same way. The old days when favorites of capitalists or of politicians were pitchforked into positions of trust are gone. Occasionally, but very rarely, it is found necessary to go outside the service to find the right man for some important place, but as a rule promotion from the lower grades furnishes all the high officials that are needed.

The men who have no conspicuous abilities, but are just plain, useful doers of common work, have their consolations, too. The Metropolitan Street Railway Association will take care of them in sickness up to ninety days in a year, and by an arrangement adopted last year every employee earning less than twelve hundred dollars a year and remaining with the company for twenty-five years is entitled to a pension upon reaching the age of seventy years, or of sixty-five if he lack strength to work longer.

The conditions in the Metropolitan service are a fair type of those prevailing elsewhere. The insatiable demand of the great corporations that are organizing the national industries is for brains. They are wallowing in money, but the brains to keep their huge machinery working as it should be worked are not to be bought. Why is the stock of the United States Steel Corporation selling at a price that pays the holder from nine to twelve per cent. on his investment? The material position of the company is unassailable. Its ore deposits alone, as Mr. Schwab has explained, are worth more than its entire capitalization. But its stock is cheap because the market is not yet satisfied that it will be possible to find a continuous supply of the superb ability that is necessary in the management of its colossal operations. As the brilliant group of men that launched it thins out, will fit successors emerge to keep their work going? That is the problem that is worrying the steel trust, and its whole vast army of employees is under daily microscopic scrutiny for brains. Every man who shows more ability than his fellows is marked for advancement. No price is too high for the qualities that must be had. What difference does it make whether a Schwab receives a hundred thousand or a million dollars a year, if a single mistake in policy might cost thirty or forty millions in profits?

One Firm Fears that the Supply of Adequate Ability Will Diminish

The Amalgamated Copper Company, launched under the most favorable auspices, got into trouble immediately afterwards. Do you know why? Marcus Daly had been the copper dictator of Montana. He had made the Anaconda Mine the wonder of the world. It was expected that he would manage the properties combined in the Amalgamated Company. But Daly sickened and died, and then it was found that he had left no successors. Nobody had been trained to do his work, and his death left a yawning void. The eastern capitalists who had financed the consolidation had to undertake the active management, and, naturally, the results did not come up to the original expectations.

In talking with the men who have raised the Standard Oil Company to such a dazzling financial height, I find that their chief anxiety concerns the supply of ability to keep up the gigantic business they have created. They were young men when they blazed the trail which so many corporations have followed since; they are elderly men now. In the natural course of things they must transfer their interests to others before many years, but where are the Rockefellers, Rogerses, and Flaglers of the new generation to be found? That is a matter more vital to the trust than the discovery of new oil fields. The story that Mr. Rockefeller offered to pay a million dollars a year to anybody that could take his work off his hands may or may not be true, but if he could secure such a man at such a price he would be getting him dog cheap.

The Standard Oil Company was the leader in the creation of our modern industrial system. It was the first of the great trusts, and has been by far the most successful of all. In ten years it expanded a million dollars of capital into seventy millions, all made out of the business, and in twenty years more it has seen that grow to a market value of eight hundred millions. There are men in the employ of the Standard Oil Company who entered its service as office boys and are now millionaires. Like the United States Steel Corporation and the Metropolitan Railroad Company, the Standard Oil Company is always on the watch for fresh brains. It keeps up a circulation of talent in its staff. It makes it a rule that every new recruit shall begin at the bottom, but it gives him every opportunity to work up. It has in operation a complete civil service system of promotions, by which every vacancy is filled by the best man in the grade below. When age begins to warn an employee that it is time to think of economizing his strength, he is honorably retired on a life pension.

This point suggests an advantage of the new organization of industry that will be especially appreciated by the average worker. Under the old system of individual enterprise it was only a prize-winner who could feel any security for old age. Nobody could expect any support after his working days were over except from his own savings. Very few salaries were large enough to permit such savings,—it was only a successful business man who could accumulate a protection fund.

Community of Interest between Employer and Employee Is Increasing

A worker drawing a salary from an individual employer had no claim on that employer for anything beyond the weekly pay for his week's work. When he stopped working he stopped earning. But now the great corporations are more and more recognizing a community of interest between themselves and their employees. They are developing pension systems that relieve their workers of the fear of destitution in old age. Thus even the rank and file of the workers for such corporations—the men who do not win the hundred-thousand-dollar salaries, but merely succeed in earning a comfortable living,—are able to enjoy life without a haunting fear of the future. The Rhode Island Company, which controls the street railroads of Rhode Island, introduced a very liberal disability and pension system not quite two years ago. The care of sick and disabled employees is secured by a fund contributed jointly by the company and by the employees. This protection is unlimited in time. It carries the incapacitated worker along, if necessary, until he is seventy years old. At that age he is taken up by the pension system maintained at the exclusive cost of the company, and supported for life.

HALFWAY UP THE HEIGHTS

ROY FARRELL GREENE

I deeply sympathize with him
Who 's toilsome climbed to reach the top
Of Mount Success, and then by whim
Of circumstance been forced to stop.

But then, since half the height he 's scaled,
I 'd fain this altered phrase let fall:
'T is better to have tried and failed
Than never to have tried at all!

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Faces as well as fortunes are sought by those too proud to work

There Effort Is Bound by Caste Fetters

FRANK FAYANT

FEUDAL England dies a slow death. One often hears it said that the government of Great Britain is more democratic than our own,—that the British king has less power as a ruler than the American president. True it is that the British sovereign is a mere hereditary figurehead. He does not have the appointment of his own ministers. Even the prime minister, the real head of the government, is the choice, not of the king, but of the party in power, and, therefore, of the British people. Parliament listens respectfully to the address from the throne, and then goes ahead making laws to suit itself; and the sovereign stands aside, not venturing to interpose his veto. British freedom is the most highly developed freedom in the Old World. England has ever been the haven of the oppressed of other lands. But, while she has political freedom, she is still far from having social freedom. Take away the regal figurehead, and she would be a political democracy, but not a social democracy. You may give a people a constitutional government and all the outward forms of a pure democracy, but you cannot crush the spirit of feudalism by an act of parliament.

European Philosophers Said that without Caste a Nation Must Fall

The sturdy pioneers who laid the foundation of the first real democracy crossed the broad ocean and faced the hardships and perils of a life on the rough frontier, that they might gain the social freedom that had been denied them in the Old World; and in later years their children gave their blood and treasure in a long, bitter war, that they might keep that freedom for which the pioneers had struggled. This new freedom is a greater thing than political or religious liberty. The builders of our republic declared that all men are created equal. We know that all men are not created equal. To some is given one talent; to others, two. In America, we believe that all men must have full liberty to develop their talents. This is a purely American doctrine. Ours is the only land where caste never has had a foothold. Old World philosophers predicted the downfall of a nation founded on such a principle, but within an incredibly few years this new freedom has developed a world-power on the ashes of a primeval forest. The world-mission of the American people is a far nobler thing than to lead the march of material progress. It is to spread the new gospel of freedom of effort.

England inherits the feudalistic conventions of caste. Nobility is inherited; so is obscurity. Every English child bears an indelible birthmark, and this mark determines the social level of the man. He cannot choose his sphere of action; it is chosen for him by society. He is branded for life. If one of the lowly-born, spurred on by divine discontent, attempts to scale the barriers of caste, the well-born do not offer him the helping hand of human fellowship. They sneer at his birthmark. The lowly-born are herded apart, like branded cattle. Ignorance is bred with ignorance; poverty, with poverty; crime, with crime. The English lower classes, thus interbred, are a race by themselves, a race physically and mentally and morally stunted. So long have they been bound by the fetters of caste, they are ignorant of high ideals of social freedom, and they have no inherent power or desire to rise. Their condition is the severest condemnation that can be imagined of English caste ideas.



FRANK FAYANT

Freedom, as we know it in America, is freedom of opportunity,—the freedom which gives to every man full liberty to choose his calling in life, and to work out his destiny, restricted only by the limits of his ability. It is but a trite saying that every American may seek his own goals, unfettered by caste conventions. But the meaning of it is more apparent after a study of social conditions in the mother country.

Training Gentlemen's Sons Is Different from Training Useful Citizens

England has not freedom of opportunity. A storm of protest was aroused in America by the statement of a high officer in the navy that, on the ground of efficiency, it is not a wise thing to give commanding rank to enlisted men. This honest opinion was distasteful to the spirit of democratic equality. But officers of the navy can, with justice, demand that all officers must undergo the rigorous training of Annapolis. The government's training school is a democratic institution, and all Americans, however lowly their station in life, are welcomed at Annapolis without regard to the caste of their fathers. This is the American idea of individual freedom. But in the mother country the navy is set apart for the sons of gentlemen, and the spirit of the country is opposed to educating for the navy any Englishman who is not of gentle birth. So it is with the army, the church, and the bar. These four are the ancient gentlemen's professions,—close corporations, as it were, asking of every applicant for admission, "Are you a gentleman's son?" So it is, too, with the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The lowly-born are not wanted there. They are, primarily, institutions for the training of British gentlemen. There can be no doubt that these universities do train as fine-fibered gentlemen as are to be met anywhere in the world; but the American, with his inbred ideas of equality, thinks that it is a national duty to seek timber for American gentlemen in all classes of society, giving the lowest, as well as the highest, opportunity to develop the talents with which they have been endowed. While the British universities train gentlemen, our American universities train thinkers and useful citizens, and seek to raise all the people to a higher plane of living.

English caste conventions arbitrarily label certain occupations as gentlemen's professions, and reserve them for gentlemen's sons. A young man who is branded with the birthmark of the lower classes knows that the army, the navy, the bar and the church are not for him. He does not ask why. He inherits no high ambition, no divine discontent. He accepts, without protest, what the world gives him, as did generations of his ancestors. It would be heresy to do otherwise. Young men of humble birth have entered the reserved professions, but they are rare. When a London shopkeeper's son, by sheer merit, enters the sacred portals of the bar, and attains national distinction, all England marvels. So it is in occupations not reserved for gentlemen,—there are the same barriers against the rise of the lowly. America is the only land where rail-splitters and mule-drivers may become presidents; shop clerks, cabinet ministers; day-workmen, heads of railways; mechanics, directors of vast industries. An engine-driver on an En-

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glish railway has no hope of ever becoming superintendent, or even a minor operating officer. A mechanic in a factory is content to remain a mechanic all his life. A clerk in a bank knows there is no room for him at the top.

We believe in America that every man should earn his own living. We abhor idleness. "We have but little room among our people for the idle," said President Roosevelt, at Minneapolis. "Sometimes we hear those who do not work spoken of with envy. Surely the willfully idle need arouse in the breast of a healthy man no emotion stronger than contempt,—at the outside no emotion stronger than angry contempt. Poverty is a bitter thing, but it is not as bitter as the existence of restless vacuity and physical, moral, and intellectual flabbiness to which those doom themselves who elect to spend all their years in the vainest of all vain pursuits,—the pursuit of mere pleasure as a sufficient end in itself. The willfully idle man has no place in a sane, healthy, and vigorous community." The American idea is that all honest work is noble work, and distinction may be won in the study, the field, or the workshop. We honor the ironmaster, the bishop, the railway builder, the judge, the banker,—we honor the man who achieves things, whether he builds bridges in Burmah, harnesses the cataract of Niagara, or wins a case before the supreme court.

The Nobility of Germany no longer Looks on Work as Degrading

In England the higher classes taboo work. To be a toiler is to be of low caste. A gentleman must not be tainted with commercialism. When Prince Henry of Prussia was in America, he asked to meet the men who are making the nation great, and the hundred distinguished Americans who were brought together from over the land were the captains of industry,—the railway builders, shipbuilders, electrical engineers, inventors, mine owners, ironmasters, merchants, bankers, textile workers, and publishers,—the men who are leading the march of material progress. An American can wish for no higher rank than to be a captain of industry, but an English gentleman would spurn such a title. England has had her great captains of industry. It was the Saxon kindred, as Carlyle expressed it, who, a century ago, "burst forth into cotton-spinning, cloth-dropping, iron-forging, steam-engining, railwaying, commercing, and careering toward all the winds of heaven." But still the aristocratic spirit of England regards industry as vulgar. No English gentleman thinks of sending his sons to an engineering school to train them for industrial careers. Well-born young men would be ashamed to don overalls and take their places with humble workmen in the machine shops, as do young Americans. English conservatism has not given way to the industrial tide as has Teutonic feudalism. The rich German nobles no longer look on labor as degrading. Every Hohenzollern learns a trade.

When one considers that England rose to a high position in world-affairs as an industrial nation, the abhorrence of the English aristocracy for trade seems almost a paradox. Napoleon dubbed the English "a nation of shopkeepers," and England has never forgiven him for the phrase. While the continental countries were wasting their treasure in devastating wars, England went ahead building workshops. She captured the world's markets and won her proud place as "mistress of the seas." English manufactures were carried in English merchantmen around the world. England sacrificed her agriculture that she might throw all her energies into manufacturing. To-day, America is building better workshops, and is taking England's place as a world-provider. A wave of pessimism has swept over England because she is losing her command of the world's commerce. Yet the very Englishmen who should enter the workshops and put new vigor into the country's industries still talk about the "taint of trade," as if worthy work could stain any man's hands.

The American Industrial Struggle Is Called a Mad Rush for Gold

Because the American people have recognized that work is noble, and that national greatness is built upon the solid foundation of national industry, we have been accused of being mere money-worshipers. The English aristocracy sees in the American industrial struggle only a mad rush for gold. But democratic Englishmen, who have given thought to American social conditions, see that there is something deeper than mere materialism in American life. Lord Rosebery, in his public speeches, has repeatedly pointed out to his countrymen that the strenuousness of American life is due far more to love of achievement, for achievement's sake, than to any desire for mere wealth. An expert of the English government, recently returned from America, says: "We should make a great mistake if we were to conclude that the American always devotes himself to making money for money's sake. He is glad enough to have the money, but his dominant passion is to succeed in the struggle, to command power. America is in the hands of young men. Nowhere else in the world is there such a resolute and vigorous body of young men, determined at all costs to make their country the chief commercial and industrial nation in the world." The energy of young America, the enthusiasm with which she plunges into the strenuous life of industry, amazes all English observers. The writer of the striking series of American articles in the London "Times" thus concluded one of his letters: "To me it appears one of the most disquieting factors in the problem before us that the United States has trained a body of young men who are determined to make their country great, and who have been educated to a living, practical interest in the things needful to that end."

Why should the working classes be educated? Why should the mechanic's son be taught things that would only make him dissatisfied with his lot, and sow in his mind the seeds of that divine discontent whose harvest is social revolutions and the effacement of caste lines? All men cannot be gentlemen. There must be aristocrats to govern and plebeians to toil. Was it not the great philosopher, Plato, who taught that laborers need no education whatever? The lower classes are born to be mere human machines; if the children of the lower classes are enlightened, if a spark is set to the dead fires of their ambitions, who will be left to do lowly service? What are the educated lower classes to do?—enter the professions and crowd out gentlemen? If they are educated, they will be unfitted for humble toil; there will be no room for them in the higher occupations; for them there will be only idleness. Educate the lower classes and you invite social revolution and national destruction. Such is the English idea.

Caste conservatism opposes social reorganization. What is, is,—this is the gospel of the English Tory. This same spirit has fought the introduction of labor-saving machinery in the birthplace of the steam engine. A distinguished English economist, discussing American industrial progress, expresses the opinion of many of his countrymen when he says that machinery cannot be used in England as it is in America, for there must be manual labor for the under millions. Put machines in the shops, and what are the toilers to do? An army of unemployed would become an army of anarchy. So the "Times," in a leading article on the opening of a technical school at Manchester, warns the nation of the social evils of too much education. "If we put everybody, without discrimination, through the entire educational course," says the "Times," "we shall raise hopes that can never be fulfilled, and spoil a good many people for the humbler work which they are naturally fitted to perform."

For a year, the foremost political question before the English people has been the educational question. It seems strange to an American observer that education can be brought into party politics. Popular education enters so deeply into our national life that it is a thing apart from party politics. But the debates in the house of commons on the Education Bill, forced through by the strength of the ponderous government majority, have been as strenuous and as bitter as any tariff debates in congress. And all over the country members of the government and leaders of the opposition have spoken at great mass-meetings. The newspapers have been filled with articles and letters on the question, showing how strongly it has taken hold of the people. But is the educational controversy in England a question of educational reform or educational improvement? Not at all. It is a quarrel between clashing religious factions. Through all the struggle has loomed the aristocratic church—sullen, obdurate,—battling to retain its feudal sway over the national life. The family which rules England has freely confessed that the object of the Education Bill is to prevent the church losing control of the schools. The church is alarmed by the rapid growth of democratic schools, and the most bitter opposition comes from the dissenting churches. The nonconformists rail at paying taxes to support schools controlled by the Anglican Church. Their cry is the cry that was heard so vigorously more than a century ago, "No taxation without representation."

The Common-School System in England Is Destroying Its Democracy

England's common-school system is peculiar. It is a chaotic dual system. There are, first, the voluntary schools,—church-controlled schools, founded and supported by voluntary effort, with the aid of the government. Then there are the board schools, organized within the last thirty years, maintained by the municipalities, with government aid. The board schools have been called "Godless schools" by the churchmen, because they are founded on this provision: "No religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school." The twelve thousand church schools, with twenty-five hundred other voluntary schools of Roman and nonconformist churches, instruct three million, two hundred thousand children; the new board schools have two million, six hundred thousand children enrolled. Under the cloak of nationalizing the school system, and bringing all the schools under popular control, the Education Bill charges the taxpayers with the support of the church schools. As a sop to the nonconformists the church-controlled government appropriates an added two million pounds a year for all the schools. In a word, it is a Tory effort to stem the rising tide of democracy in England,—to postpone the inevitable separation of church and state.

These free schools are only elementary schools. For the higher education of the people there is no system of free schools as there is in America. The governing classes deny the right of the under millions to anything more than a rudimentary education. The great public schools of England—like Rugby, Eton, and Harrow,—are not public schools at all in the American sense. The higher education provided in these schools is only for the higher classes. They are for gentlemen's sons. A lowly-born boy would be as much out of place in an English public school as a cab driver would be at a levee at St. James's Palace. The public schools train English gentlemen. As for the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, since their foundation in mediæval days they have been institutions set apart for the higher classes. They have had no other aim than the education of gentlemen. A school of engineering at Oxford would be a sacrilege.

England's feudal spirit, which looks upon trade as vulgar and unfit for gentlemen, and which has denied the right of the lowly-born to higher education, has ignored the value of technical training in higher institutions of learning. Antiquated industries are the result. Germany and America have plunged into technical education with a vigor that makes England gasp. Now that this scientific training of industrial leaders—this university education of captains of industry,—has resulted in England's loss of her supremacy in the world's trade, the English are reluctantly and tardily founding technical schools on German and American lines.

"The Nation Which Is Satisfied Is Lost," Lord Rosebery Has Said

The growth of technical education in England will be slow. On the one side are the higher classes refusing to taint their blood by training their sons for industrial careers; on the other, the conservative manufacturers, shutting their eyes to the need of science in their workshops. A great democratic university like Cornell, "giving instruction to any person in any study," and raising engineering workshops beside halls of classical learning, will be impossible in England in this generation.

One of the most interesting developments of this century will be the growth of democracy in England. She has ever moved slowly. The national spirit opposes change. But, as Lord Rosebery tells his countrymen, "the nation which is satisfied is lost; the nation which is not progressing is retrograding." The industrial revolution now sweeping over the world must strike England's heritage from mediæval times,—the heritage of feudalistic caste. The day must come when an Englishman, without regard to the caste of his ancestors, will have liberty and opportunity to seek the highest goals. The American commercial invasion of England is but an insignificant thing compared with the invasion of American democratic ideas,—the breaking down of the barriers of caste.

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THE SHYNESS OF BETH CROFT





THE STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED WILD FLOWER

ZONA GALE

WHEN the front door closed upon Miss Holly, Beth ran back to the dining room with shining eyes. "Is n't it wonderful?" she cried. "And think of it happening to me! Oh, I wish we could all go,—I wish we could!"

Beth's mother was standing at the window, and when she turned Beth saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Mrs. Croft held out her arms.

"Oh, Beth," she said, "It does seem hard that other people can do for you what I've always wanted to do, and have lain awake nights planning to do for you some time. You can't understand that till you have a little girl of your own,—oh, but I'm so glad and thankful you can have this, however it comes. What will your father say?"

"Why, here he comes," said Beth, "and even the tablecloth is n't on. I did n't know it was so late. Who'll tell him, mother? You tell him!"

Henry Croft came in through the kitchen. He was large-boned and slow-moving, and one noticed first his kindly, tired blue eyes, and his great hands, broad across the knuckles, and always held in a singularly helpless, inefficient fashion. He entered without greeting. When family life is simplified it is always done by omitting first the amenities.

"Father," said Mrs. Croft, tremulously, "Miss Holly has asked Beth to go to Sea Hills with her for two months, and she'll pay all her expenses!"

Beth's father stopped in the act of reaching for his tobacco jar on the clock shelf.

"No!" he said, "has she?"

"Yes," said Beth, "and, father, they have a band every day and fireworks every night and the ocean all the time! It's a great big place, Miss Holly said."

"And people, too," said Mrs. Croft; "there's crowds there all summer, and I s'pose plenty of beautiful dresses and style and all that. Just think, father, Miss Holly has a carriage from the stable at her beck and call all the while she's there, and she says Beth can have it to go out alone in when she wants."

"Oh, I wish you and father could go, too," said Beth, wistfully; "It makes me sick to think of riding all alone, with room for both of you."

"The Shaw girls said," pursued Mrs. Croft, unmindful of supper time, "that when they were there five years ago the dining room covered almost a block, they thought. I s'pose you'll have all your meals in there with the rest."

Beth was bringing the tablecloth from the china closet, and she stood still with a troubled face.

"Oh," she said, "I know, I know! I forgot all that part of it. What shall I do,—around where so many people are?"

"Well, I guess," said Mrs. Croft, with spirit, "that you know how to act as well as the Shaw girls do. Do n't she, father?"

Henry Croft was cleaning his pipe and testing, with one eye closed, its power to draw.

"I can remember when Jabe Shaw was drivin' a delivery wagon," he replied, tersely.

Beth shook her head.

"Emma and Eveline Shaw have been away, both of them," she said, "they know what to do. They always act as if they do n't mind who they meet. They always seem to know just what to say, even if it's nothing when they get it said."

"They can both chatter," said Mrs. Croft, skeptically, "but I do n't know anybody that can make a better appearance than you can, Beth."

Beth smiled.

"That's just it," said she, "I 'make a good appearance,' like any other country girl trying to be somebody. But I do n't ever dare be myself for fear I should be all the time making mistakes."

Beth went about the preparations for supper with a cloud on her face, but even the certainty that she was facing a situation to which she was unequal could not take away her joy in the prospect. By the time they were seated at supper she was deep in plans for the journey.

"We must get up early in the morning, Beth," said her mother, "and have the work out of the way in good season, so 's to get at your clothes."

While Mrs. Croft's skillful, nimble fingers rebound and re-lined, and while her pride and delight in Beth's contemplated journey grew, Beth found her misgivings and dread increasing every day. How could she go among the strange people who almost spoke another tongue?—how could she go, knowing that her own speech and manner were crude and commonplace and labeled "Warwick Junction" for all to see? Oh, if she might have stayed in school! Then it would all have come right, and she would be going to Sea Hills now to meet her own sort of people instead of leaving her own sort in the Junction itself!

As the time drew nearer a great weight settled upon her, and she had difficulty in forcing back the tears as she worked. On the afternoon before she was to go, she left her mother performing some last little offices, and slipped out into the garden. What a farce it was, she thought,—all the simple, dainty girlish garments, all her mother's sacrifice and her father's good-natured interest,—why, could n't they see that she was going down to Sea Hills to be laughed at, and probably to be taken for Miss Holly's maid?

Once in the yard, sweet-smelling and shadowed and bee-haunted, her momentary anger fell from her like an unbecoming veil. She walked straight to the sweetbrier bush beneath her mother's bedroom window, and stood close in the boughs, and shut her eyes. Have you never done that? When you do, the little spirit that lives in the sweetbrier will come for an instant to her fairy door to greet you. It came to Beth as she stood so, and I do not know whether petals or fragrant fingers were laid upon her eyes, but a hand was laid the next moment on her arm, and she heard Miss Holly's voice, and Miss Holly herself stood beside her, smiling from a cloud of lavender muslin and white curls. Beth turned to greet her joyfully, but the greeting died upon her lips when she saw that Miss Holly was not alone. Beside her stood a tall, sweet-faced girl, exquisitely grave and exquisitely gowned, and a good-looking youth in duck. Miss Holly was presenting them.

"Beth," she said, "this is my niece, Margaret Bliss; and this is Mr. Sidney Bliss, my nephew. They are back on an earlier steamer than they planned, and I am talking fast to get them to Sea Hills with us for the month. Help me, dear. Would n't it be charming?"

Beth smiled, and stood close by the brier rose. She tried to speak, but the words blurred in her throat. She looked in the attractive, interested faces before her, and with all her heart she longed to say some of the humbly happy things she meant. But all she did, standing close to the brier rose, was to smile on and say faintly:—

"I hope so."

For at the mere sight of these two perfectly poised strangers, it was upon her again,—a flood of the unconquerable shyness that could drown her simple, gentle personality, and make of her the awkward, frightened little country girl she looked, with the shyness that was worse, she often thought miserably, than ugliness itself. Here she was, steeped in the sun and sweetness of the afternoon, and yet, at the mere approach of these three who were in perfect accord with the day and with her mood, she stood stricken dumb. Her eyes wandered helplessly away from their faces to the cedar, the well-house, and the row of silver poplars, and finally rested on the hem of Miss Holly's lavender skirt and would not be moved. She was conscious of nothing but an acute wish that she had on her white muslin. She made a nervous little step forward and parted her lips and was inexpressibly relieved to hear Miss Holly speaking.

"I wanted them to see your garden, my dear," she said, "and I suggested that we might stop and drive you over for tea. Do n't you want to leave us out here while you get your hat? I'll stop to see your mother on the way back."

"I should be pleased," said Beth, stiffly,—"this way."

She led them down the path, bordered by flowering currants and honeysuckle, to the garden back of the house.

Like a long green room, the garden was, with a high, grassy bank all about it, surmounted by a picket fence, overrun with trumpet blossoms and wild cucumber. The beds were filled with scarlet salvia and shower-of-gold. The paths were of thick, soft grass, patterned with shadows. Bees drowsed in powdery beds among the petals, and butterflies flickered like puffs of white flame blown from the fire of flowers below. Beth loved the garden. Yet now its little voices called to her in vain. She opened the gate,—its weight, made of a pail of stones hung on a chain, creaked lazily,—while her hand was still on the wooden button that was the latch, another hand was outstretched and Sidney Bliss pushed the gate back. Beth started forward and brushed against Miss Holly, and drew awkwardly aside for Miss Bliss to pass.



MISS ZONA GALE

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Beth's hands hung at her sides, a little before her, and she stood with one shoulder lowered. She remembered that her collar must be awry, and she raised her hand to it.

Slim and erect, and faultlessly gowned in white, Miss Margaret Bliss passed through the wicket gate. Her black "picture hat" shaded her delicate face. As she went by, she turned to Beth and smiled. Sidney Bliss followed her languidly and closed the gate.

"Don't be long, dear," called Miss Holly.

Beth hurried up the path. She was sick with the old heartsickness that had come with the consciousness that she was in some way pitifully unlike the people she most wanted to be like. It was the ancient misery of her brief school experience come back upon her. She was angry with herself for her awkwardness and her silence. She writhed at the memory of her manner of greeting Miss Holly's guests. She closed her eyes and bit her lip with a kind of torture as she recalled the moment by the gate. Oh, what was it,—this that wrapped her round and held her fast and would not let her speak? The thought of her stiffness and stupid formality was the keener as she contrasted it with the charm and quiet and perfect repose of Miss Margaret Bliss. A sudden intolerable anger burned in the girl's breast against her, against Miss Holly, and against that bored, indulgent figure in white duck. Why, she was more beautiful than Miss Bliss, with the beauty of youth and freshness which, exquisite as was her loveliness, the older woman lacked. There came to Beth a sudden picture of herself as she had stood at her mirror the night before, her loosened hair about her face, her lips parted, her arms above her head, her white gown falling away from her delicate shoulders. That was the Beth she knew herself to be, the Beth nobody else ever saw, the Beth who was as a beautiful butterfly to the ugly moth she must have seemed just now. She was Beth, loving the things they loved, secretly at one with them in taste,—but how could she ever prove it? How could she ever make them know that she was really like themselves, and not like Lucy Burchard, and Allie Marsh, and the rest of the Warwick Junction girls? Was there nothing she could say, nothing they could talk about, that would let her prove herself? A sudden fierce desire filled her to have Miss Bliss somewhere alone, so that she might talk with her; surely, if they could be alone together, she could make her understand that she was not what she seemed,—oh, she was not what she seemed!

The drive to Miss Holly's home was an exceptionally pretty one. Miss Holly's house, a mile from the main street of the Junction, was one of great distinction, for there were a mansard roof, double front doors, and a stone horse-block, all of which no other house in the Junction boasted. Beth sat beside Miss Holly on the way, and faced the other two.

They passed an open meadow where the afternoon sun was so golden on the green that it gave happiness but to look across it. A bird sang, and Beth's heart sang with it, and her eyes filled with tears. The wonder and the magic of the moment were almost herself!

Miss Bliss raised a little silver lorgnette and looked at the field.

"How exquisite," she said, "how delicate! The shadows are like ashes of the light."

Beth caught her breath with joy at the words. Oh, to look like Miss Bliss, and to speak like her, the things that were just as truly in the heart of her—Beth,—as on the lips of Miss Bliss herself! Yet all she could say, looking at the glory of the green and gold with its edges of gray, was a trite "It's lovely."

Presently Sidney Bliss spoke to her.

"Don't you take a good many long walks in this wonderful country, Miss Croft?" he asked.

For a moment Beth's face looked as if a lamp were behind it. Did she not walk? What of the hours when she lay two feet deep in the grass of the red meadow, with black-eyed Susans and Marguerites blowing high above her? What of the early mornings when she touched the moss, soft as water, on the wet fallen trunks? What of the sunny afternoons when she walked miles and miles down the "plank road" by the river willows? It was all in her face for just a moment. Then she smiled faintly.

"Yes," she said; "I walk quite often."

The reply naturally closed the incident. Beth felt how impossible it was for them to talk with her, though she was longing to say all that these three, who loved beauty, thought. Her whole soul was in revolt when she reached Miss Holly's house. Her impulse was to run straight down the leafy walk that led home, and never again try to be with people, or like them. What was the difference between her and these two strangers?—what was it that made them say what she meant, while she could only stammer the obvious thing?

Miss Bliss entered the pretty white drawing-room and crossed to the tea table. She threw her boa on a chair, and her hands moved about their little offices among the cups. She made the tea, and her brother handed the cups, and they chaffed each other and Miss Holly. They seemed so utterly unconscious, Beth thought miserably,—was it possible that any two people could be so utterly unconscious? Why, Miss Bliss crossed the floor with her cup as if she were alone! As for Miss Holly, she seemed to Beth suddenly grown remote and alien. Miss Holly, her Miss Holly,—it was too terrible to find her just as much at home with these people as she was with Beth herself. Miss Holly might be nice to her, but she was different, after all, and the older woman must be just as conscious of it as Beth. That comfortable, motherly, gentle air,—after all, it was the grand manner, too! How silly she had been to be deceived by Miss Holly's kindness into believing that she herself was of her world!

Beth looked at Miss Holly,—her white veil thrown back, her delicate face flushed as she told some incident of her day. Something about the fall of her lavender gown on the rug, or the curve of her hand about the handle of her cup, filled Beth's heart to bursting. She looked down at her own skirt limp about her shoes; she saw her hands laid flatly on her lap. She had declined tea simply because she dreaded the responsibility of the selection and management of the pretty cup. Why had she not chosen a chair with arms? Her hands would look better so; she must remember next time. There was an armchair by the window, but she shrank from moving. How did Miss Bliss manage to sit in her high-backed chair as if it were a throne, and her pretty white skirt, wrapped about her bewilderingly, were a coronation robe? What would they all think of her? That was the worst of it,—what would they think? They would believe that she was dull and without joy in their world of beauty. If she could only make them know she was like them!—she was like them!—she was like them!

Beth looked at Sidney Bliss. He said very little and his languor was extreme. The truth suddenly smote her. This man talked very little because he seemed interested in nothing. How wonderful to be silent, waiting to be amused and conscious of it, rather than silent from fear of saying the wrong thing! The gulf between them seemed immeasurable.

"Do have some sponge cake, Miss Croft," he begged at that moment, in his soft, tired voice.

"I have plenty, thanks," murmured Beth.

"I will, thank you," said Miss Bliss; "you know, Sidney, you never can eat your cake and have it; but, if you are modern, you can eat it and—have more!"

Miss Bliss had a voice exquisitely low and distinct, and it was trained to all delicate little intonations and subtle inflections,—a voice whose coquetry was indefinable and surprising. Miss Bliss knew the possibilities of her voice as intimately as she knew those of her pose, and she managed both with no artificiality, only with intent. She had all the little devices of words, all the inversions and elegancies of phrase which can vulgarize the speech of one uncultured, and glorify that of another. Of all this Beth felt the effect, though the cause was remote enough from her; but, listening, she remembered the provincialism of her own retort, and was more miserable than before.

"I must be going now," she said, suddenly, and rose.

Miss Holly came forward with a surprised expostulation. Beth shook hands with her, and hesitated before Miss Bliss, and did not look at her brother at all. She stood, expecting something to happen. The others were standing; but, having announced her intention to go, she was uncertain how to leave. She had a vague feeling that the moment would come when she could get to the door. Just what was to make the opportunity did not occur to her. She lingered, looking at the others. There was silence, and she felt the desperate need to say something.



"She longed to say some of the humbly happy things she meant"

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"How the dust settles on everything!" she said, finally.

"Oh," she stammered, "I did n't mean here. I meant—"

Then Miss Holly slipped her arm about her waist.

"I must show you my poppies," she said; "they have come up this year without being planted."

Beth knew that Miss Holly had saved the day for her, and the utter humiliation of being the one set at ease—always the one set at ease,—reddened her cheeks. To be pitifully awkward and not to know it is an offense, but to know it so acutely as did Beth is a tragedy.

As they went out Miss Bliss set down her cup with a sigh.

"Poor little soul!" she said.

"Heavens, what a sin it is," commented Sidney Bliss, and all the weariness in his voice had given place to earnestness, "to let a girl live nineteen years in a little hole like this town! Why do people do it! Do n't they want anything better for their daughters than a Warwick Junction husband, and a Warwick Junction kitchen, and a Warwick Junction baby?"

"She might do worse than that," said Margaret Bliss.

"Not a great deal," said her brother. "It's a crime against beauty and civilization both—and it's one of the few things the two have in common,—to let a beautiful girl suffer as that little girl did. She is as keenly miserable about it now as you or I would be over a lost fortune or a lost love."

"Yes," said Margaret Bliss, "and all she needs is being used to things. She has beauty and a certain style, if she knew how to make the most of herself, and she has exquisite appreciation, Sidney: did you notice that her face always lighted at the right minute?"

"The whole thing is an outrage," said Sidney Bliss.

"Yes," said Miss Holly from the doorway, "it is. I really do n't know whether I am doing her a kindness or not, taking her to Sea Hills. She is so exquisitely sensitive that she suffers not only at every mistake she makes, but also for every grace she lacks. She is quite another being, alone with me. I wish somebody could take her in hand."

Miss Bliss stood up, her face shining.

"Sidney," she said, "when do you have to be in New York?"

"I ought to be there, off and on, for two months now," he answered.

"Oh," she said, "come! Let's go to Sea Hills,—Aunt Marcia and you and I,—and among us make this child ready to live in the world!"

"I do wish you'd do it," said Miss Holly, fervently.

"Please, Sidney," urged Margaret Bliss, "I'm no good at flannel petticoats, and endless chains, and farthing boxes; but this is missionary work that I know I could do."

The tears were in Miss Holly's eyes as she came to join them.

"Dear little soul," she said, "let's do our very best by her!"

Meanwhile, Beth hurried along the shadowed street, not thinking at all, only feeling dumbly and trying to keep back the tears. She reached their gate just as her father did. He put a small package into her hands.

"It's for yourself, Beth," he said, simply.

Beth opened the package in the hall. It was a little silver belt, more valuable than anything she ever owned before.

"If he'd only let me had the same money to do with!" said Mrs. Croft, regretfully, afterwards. But someway the little gift was the last straw, and Beth put her head down on the table and cried as if her heart would break.



"'Is it really you, at last?' said Beth, putting out her hand"

"Oh, father," she said, "you and mother,—you are both so good to me. Do n't you see it's no use? Do n't you see I can never be anybody at all?"

Henry Croft turned a troubled face to his wife.

"Why, what is it, Beth dear? What is it?" she cried, her arms around her.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Beth; "I've got to tell you. I can't bear to see you doing things for me and believing I can do and act like other people,—like the Shaw girls. I can't do it, and you must n't think I'm like them, or like Miss Holly, either. I'm just a great big awkward country girl, and I do n't know what I'm going to do down at Sea Hills. Do n't make me go! Let me stay at home,—let me stay at home!"

"Why, Beth!" said her mother, "why, Beth!"

"I know, dear, I know," sobbed Beth, "how ungrateful it all seems. But it does n't seem to me as if I can go where all those people will look at me and laugh. Let me stay here!"

"Of course you shall stay here," said Henry Croft. "My Beth ain't going to do anything she's miserable over. Stay here and have the belt besides, and nobody the wiser."

Mrs. Croft stood, one hand folded and pressing the palm of the other.

"Indeed she sha'n't stay here," she said, with determination; "we ain't been able to give her much, Henry, nor do much for her. We've got to stand by and see other folks take her to places we'd like to have had her see long ago. We could n't do it, no matter how we'd pinched and saved. But what we can do is to see that she goes, now that she's once got the chance. Now, I do n't talk like this very often, but when I do I mean it. Beth Croft's going to Sea Hills tomorrow morning!"

She went from the room without waiting for a reply. Beth's astonished eyes met those of her father, and he smiled back into her eyes, which were still wet. Then, through the open door, she saw the little trunk, and the tray of hardly-won garments; and the little silver belt lay in her hands.

"She's right, father," said Beth; "I'll go."

Henry Croft glanced nervously at the kitchen door.

"Beth," he said, in an undertone, "do n't you go unless you want. I know what you meant—about the other. I'd rather be shot than go to the church sociables. An' it's for the same reason as you."

Beth kissed him tenderly.

"I'll go, father," she said.

* * * * *

In the late afternoon at Sea Hills, after the bathing, the beach promenade was filled with white gowns, as if the foam on the sand had suddenly put forth flowers. Blue sea and yellow sand and the great gray hotel were asleep in the sun when Miss Holly's carriage rounded the curve in the drive, but the promenade was filling. Little tables under the veranda awnings were nearly all occupied, and smart traps and automobiles were being ordered. Men and women were coming in from the links and courts, and a few late bathers raced up to the tents.

To Beth, in the corner of Miss Holly's brougham, the picture was fairylike. She had seen Warwick Junction and Hillboro, and had been for two days in N——, a great city; but she had never before been so near the heart of the life for which she had so longed. She had had fleeting glimpses, at car windows, of women whom she had wished passionately to be, but they had been picture-women, sitting stiffly idle. Here she was where the pictures came to life, and the images of beautiful ladies spoke and laughed. But she herself seemed the picture-woman now, unreal because she was so unlike the others.

Margaret Bliss gathered her pretty linen skirts about her and stepped from the brougham. Several at the table turned to welcome her, and there was a chorus of pretty, excited speech, all vowels, as they greeted her. There were three or four *débutantes* of about Beth's own age, and a half dozen men. Miss Holly and Miss Bliss approached the table, and Beth followed. Miss Bliss stood still, smiling as they rose.

"How good to find you all here!" she said. "How do you do, Juliet? Aunt Marcia, this is Miss Fairchild and this is Miss McCord. How do you do, Miss Standing? I want you to—why, where is Beth?"

Beth had disappeared. As the first note of introduction sounded, she looked aghast at the rustling, rising group, and saw a blur of modish gowns and strange faces, with a background of men like Sidney Bliss, and she turned and ran away. Down the steps and across the sands she went, her eyes hot with tears, her heart beating and bursting with reproach and shame and resentment at she knew not what. They ought to have warned her, to have told her what to say, and to have helped her to know how to act. She was not fit to leave Warwick Junction. She ought to go back there and live and die like the rest. There could n't possibly be anybody in the world so ridiculous as she had made herself.

The sand was firm and warm beneath her feet, and she hurried on across the promenade, and sank down by a deserted sand fort barricaded with shells. She did not wonder how she could go back or what Miss Holly and Miss Bliss would think,—she only looked out across the unshadowed water and was utterly miserable.

To Margaret Bliss, coming across the beach behind Beth, the little blue figure, with its pathetic droop and the very angle of its displaced cornflower hat, was a mute sermon.

"The sins of the fathers!" she thought. "Why,

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Vacation as an Investment

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"Better to hunt in the fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend."

ALL the drugs in all the apothecaries' shops, all the sanitariums, and all the physicians in the world could never effect the wonders which are wrought by Nature in the millions of city dwellers who flock to the country each year to be made anew.

What a change is wrought in our city populations between the months of June and October! Pale, emaciated, careworn, nervous, excitable men and women are transformed as if by magic. Ruddy, sun-browned cheeks take the place of faded ones; dull eyes regain their luster; weak, lagging steps are quickened into vigorous, elastic ones; stooping forms are made erect: looks of anxiety and discouragement yield to serene, hopeful expressions; buoyancy and cheerfulness chase away gloom and sadness; the disheartened return to their tasks with new courage, and the emaciated and flabby-muscled, with firm, healthy flesh, and tough muscles. Away with the suggestion that you can't afford a vacation! There could not be a greater mistake. As a matter of fact, you can make your vacation pay.—You can make it the most valuable investment of the year. You can get more real value out of it, more of the capital that will help you in your business, to say nothing of the increased happiness from your physical improvement, than you can get out of the same amount of time spent in any other way.

How is it possible for any one to make a more profitable investment of his time than that which will give him a firmer grip on his business, increased ability to cope with the problems of every day, a more cheerful outlook on life, and a renewed power of accomplishment in every fiber of his being?

There are some endowed with rugged physiques who can work on, year after year, without apparently losing energy. But, unconsciously, they lose in some way: in keenness of perception, soundness of judgment, breadth of vision, cheerfulness, or in some moral or spiritual quality, if not in physical strength. We cannot wholly divorce ourselves from Nature without suffering loss, as we cannot associate with her without gain.

Notice the average business man, at the end of a year's strain. How irritable and exacting he becomes as the long hot days still find him sweltering in his city office! How the anxious lines deepen on his face, and the driven, worried expression grows more and more pronounced! Observe the writer who has been working for months "on his nerves." His pen lags; the thought behind his pen lags still more; his ideas no longer flow spontaneously; his physical and mental machinery are out of gear, and no longer respond readily to his will; he has become so irritable and "touchy" that even his family and friends avoid him. Look at the hard-working lawyer and physician: exhaustion is plainly written on every feature; nervous energy sustains them, but Nature is calling loudly for repayment of overdrafts. Notice the busy wife and housemother, who has been confined in the close air of the home, coping with the exactions of family life, day in and day out, for the past twelve months. Worn out and nerve-racked by the incessant petty cares and annoyances that fall to the lot of even the most capable and cheerful housewives, it is plain that she needs to go to the great Mother for a season of rest and healing. Watch the pale student and clerk, as they pore over books or wearily add rows of figures, or bend over counters. How they droop like flowers and plants after a long period of drought! Notice the toilers in every trade and avocation in our city streets, and see how they languish and fade for need of the tonic of woods and fields.

The wise ones among those jaded workers make up their minds to take a vacation at any cost. After two or three weeks or months they return; and oh, what a marvelous change! They have literally been born again. Rejuvenated, refreshed, tingling with new hopes, new plans, new and broader visions of life,—for they have sipped power at the very fountain head,—they take up once more the duties of their different callings. They are no longer burdens to be carried somehow, but positive pleasures.

Like Antæus, the giant wrestler whose strength was reinforced every time he came in contact with his mother, Earth, these later children of the great Mother have drawn stores of energy and vitality from her bosom. They have felt the touch of her fresh and invigorating breadth. The medicinal tonic of oak and pine and beech has penetrated every pore. The plash of the brook, the scent of the meadows and flowers, and the song of the birds have harmonized all the elements of mind and body that were put out of tune by the jar and strife and turmoil of the city. A new life, a new world has been opened to them.

Would n't it be a foolish question to ask whether those people gained or lost by their vacation-investment? What would a little more money saved, a few more goods sold, a little more study crowded in be, compared with the buoyant health and new blood which they have received in exchange for the expenditure of a few dollars more or less than it would have cost them to stay in town? The person who tries to save time or money by denying himself a vacation puts a mortgage on his life. He is like the untutored savage who eagerly exchanges jewels or stuffs of great value for a few glass beads.

There is no other rejuvenator equal to a vacation taken in the right spirit. But the right spirit is indispensable if you would get full returns on your investment. If you go away with your mind filled with your business, your profession, your household cares, your studies, or your plans for the future, and if you keep thinking of those things, you might as well stay at home. If your eyes look inward instead of outward; if your ears still hear the hum of the factory and the noise of the busy streets; if you carry with you the burdens and perplexities which have been pinning you down and robbing you of sleep and comfort, you will gain nothing from your outing. You will return the same weary, fretting, unhappy mortal that you were when you went away.

It is with recreation as it is with everything else in life. To make a success of it you must give yourself to it with your whole heart. You can do nothing by halves or with a divided mind and get good results. Make up your mind, when you get your ticket for your destination, that that will be the last of your business or your workaday life, whatever it may be, until you return. Close the doors upon the past and give yourself up absolutely to the re-creating principles of Nature. Go out with the determination to enjoy yourself, and to abandon yourself to the music, the harmonies, the beauties of the universe. Sing with the poet, but in the present tense,—

"Then lived for me the bright creation,
The silver rill with song was rife;
The trees, the roses shared sensation,
An echo of my boundless life."

If you do this you will never regret the time or money spent on your vacation. You will not only come back rejuvenated or re-created, but you will come back also a wiser as well as better man or woman. You will have learned scores of lessons from Nature which you never knew before. The habits of animals, of birds, and of insects, studied at first hand, will instruct and entertain you as books and lectures and professors never can. Nature speaks to you in a thousand ways, in a language unknown to man. She whispers her secrets to you in the wind, in the song of the birds, in the ever-varying expressions of river, mountain, valley, meadow, and woodland. She teaches you lessons in chemistry which no human chemist can impart. She opens to you without reserve the mysteries of her laboratory, and shows you her wonderful processes of canning the juices and pulp of plums, peaches, apples, and pears. Her legerdemain in calling beauties of tint and color into plant and vegetable, flower and fruit, out of the black soil and the vacant atmosphere, fills you with wonder and admiration. Before your eyes she extracts the secret of power from the sunshine and bottles it in fruit and vegetables for your use when the snow shall have covered the earth and the nipping winds of winter shall have destroyed vegetation.

Yet in spite of all the wonders and beauties which Nature holds out to attract us to her, how often we hear people, especially business men, say, "No I am not going away this year; I cannot afford the time."

When a man tells me he can't afford the time to take a vacation, I am compelled to think that there is something wrong somewhere. Either he is not large enough for his business, and lacks the ability to multiply himself in others, or to systematize it so that it will run smoothly in his absence; or else he is too mean and stingy to take even a few weeks from the year's work of piling up dollars. Of course, if he has no programme, or system; if everything comes to a standstill when he leaves his store, factory, or office, a vacation might prove disastrous. But if he is a business man worthy of the name, and has any executive or organizing ability, his vacation will be the best investment he can put into his business, for he will return from it stronger and richer in resources than before.

A vacation pays as much from the standpoint of character as from any other point of view. Just as "every man is a rascal when he is sick," so the best-intentioned man in the world may be a brute when he is worn out physically, and working and planning, or trying to do so, with a fagged, weary brain. The brutal qualities in a man's nature come to the surface when he has drained his vitality to the dregs. He loses his self-control and his passions get the better of him. He does things which in his soul he condemns, and says things for which he afterwards hates himself, and all because he lacks physical stamina. The long strain of the year has made him so irritable and exacting that the merest trifle upsets him. He goes all to pieces over little things which he would not even notice if he were in good bodily condition.

A few weeks or even days in the country change all this. If the jaded city man heeds Nature's warning and goes away before it is too late, he wonders at the quick rebound which he experiences. Face to face with the great creative energy, which unfolds the germ, develops the bud, brings out the flowers, and packs the sweet juices into the fruits, he quickly finds his center and regains his poise. He feels a new power creeping through his veins. His heart pumps the blood through his system with renewed vigor. The cobwebs which clouded his brain and made thinking and planning difficult or impossible vanish. Where he was weak and hesitating before, he is now strong and positive. The things which he dreaded to attempt in his worn-out condition, and which seemed like drudgery, are now done with ease and enthusiasm. His will power returns to him. He is no longer the sport of conflicting motives. The ramifications of his business are clear to his mind. A new force nerves his arm and quickens his brain. He feels that he is master of the situation, and equal to any emergency that may arise. The obstacles which loomed high as mountains a few weeks before have dwindled to molehills. He is jubilant, harmonious, and full of creative energy.

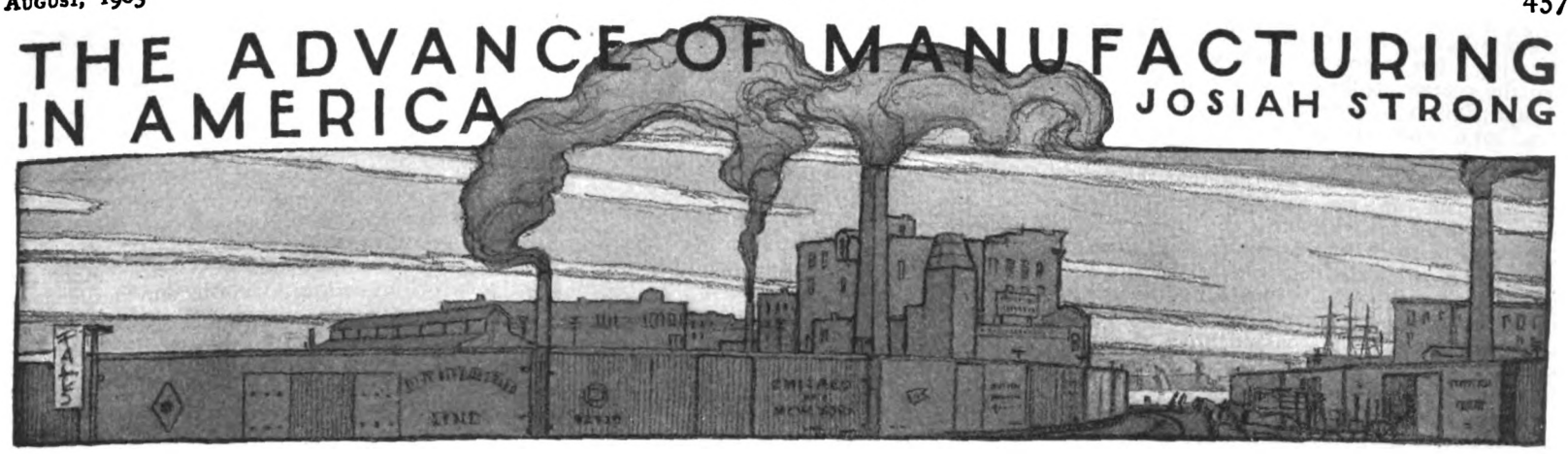
How quickly the scars and stains of a year's campaign in the city disappear in the country! How quickly we forget the petty annoyances that vexed and hindered us but yesterday in the city! There is no place in Nature's environment for narrow prejudices, hatreds, or jealousies. There the

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THE ADVANCE OF MANUFACTURING IN AMERICA

JOSIAH STRONG





JOSIAH STRONG,
President of the American Institute of Social Service

TWENTY years ago a friend of mine—a far-seeing, enterprising Yankee,—went to England to study the knitting industry, which, in the United States, was then in its infancy. He bought English knitting machines for American factories. The Englishman of whom he made the purchase remarked: "Of-course, we're glad to take your order for machinery, but why should you Americans try to manufacture? You have no talent for it. You are an agricultural people, and we are a manufacturing people. It is your mission to produce food and raw materials for us, and ours to provide you with manufactured goods."

This is a fair illustration of a conviction which was common among Englishmen only a few years ago. Now they are sending commissioners over here to study our manufactures, and to guess, if they can, the secret of their superiority.

"Uncle Sam did very well raising pumpkins and potatoes, but he would better not fool with machinery, because he was not a mechanic." But this awkward farmer, whose attempt to use tools was regarded as a rather amusing impertinence, has, in twenty years, become the master workman of the world.

In the history of the world's economic development there is nothing to compare with the chapter which records the phenomenal progress of manufactures in the United States. This progress was foreseen by Mr. Gladstone, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, when he wrote of this country: "She will probably become what we are now,—head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed, because her service will be the most and ablest." In its issue of December 26, 1901, the "London Daily News" admitted that Mr. Gladstone's prophecy, that the United States would replace Great Britain as the premier commercial nation had, on the whole, been realized.

In the decennial census of the nineteenth century the government "took account of stock" every ten years, but the statistics of manufactures, prior to 1850, are more or less apocryphal. Beginning, then, with the middle of the century, let us mark the wonderful growth of our manufactures.

From 1850 to 1900, population increased two and one-quarter fold, and the value of agricultural products a little less than doubled; but the value of manufactured products increased about twelvefold; the average number of wage-earners, about four and one-half fold; the amount of wages, about ninefold; and the amount of capital invested in manufactures, nearly seventeenfold.

America Leads in the Great International Race

We have considered ourselves, primarily, an agricultural people, but our manufactures surpassed our agricultural products in value some twenty years ago or more, and, in 1900, notwithstanding the fact that our agriculture produced the enormous sum of four billion, seven hundred and forty million dollars, we realized from our manufactures nearly twice as much; viz., eight billion, three hundred and seventy million dollars, "net" value.

Not only do these figures show that manufactures have now become our supreme industry, but they also place us at the head of the manufacturing nations. In the great international race of the past thirty years, we have outstripped France and Germany, and, at length, England herself; and it is said we now produce one third of the manufactured goods of the whole world.

It was this increase of our manufactures which established the commercial supremacy of the United States at the beginning of the new century. The accompanying table shows not only the respective exports of the four great commercial nations, but also the rapid advance of the United States from the fourth place in 1870 to the first in 1901:—

EXPORTS

1870	1880	1890	1901
United States,—			
$376,600,000	823,900,000	845,200,000	1,460,400,000
United Kingdom,—			
$971,200,000	1,085,500,000	1,282,400,000	1,362,600,000
Germany,—			
$551,600,000	688,500,000	791,700,000	1,054,600,000
France,—			
$540,800,000	669,300,000	724,400,000	744,400,000

During these thirty-one years, the exports of France increased thirty-seven per cent.; those of the United Kingdom, forty per cent.; those of Germany, ninety-one per cent.; and those of the United States, nearly two hundred and eighty-eight per cent.

In 1870, Great Britain's exports were nearly six hundred million dollars greater than ours. In 1901, the tables had been turned, and ours were nearly one hundred million dollars the greater.

In 1901, Great Britain, France, and Germany, together, bought, more than they sold, to the amount of one billion, one hundred and fifty-three million dollars. We sold more than we bought, to the amount of six hundred and thirty-seven million dollars. Of all the great commercial nations, we alone had a "balance of trade" in our favor.

Ten Thousand Million Pins Are Made yearly

Our foreign trade, however, is only a small part of our entire commerce. The statistician of the government estimates that, last year, our internal commerce amounted to twenty billion dollars. Fifty years ago it was only one tenth of that amount. Our manufactures are now nearly double those of Great Britain and Ireland, and about equal to those of Germany, France, and Russia, combined.

If the government estimate of domestic commerce is correct, it falls short only one billion dollars (one twentieth,) of the entire international commerce of the world.

Having noticed the astonishing development of our manufactures as a whole, let us glance briefly at a few specific industries which have grown with the growth of the nation.

It may interest the average reader to state that we produce ten thousand million pins a year. Assuming that these pins would average an inch in length, they would, if laid end to end, reach six times around the world. "What becomes of all the pins?" is a question frequently asked. Formerly, each process in the manufacture of a pin was performed by a different workman.



But an American, L. W. Wright, transformed the pin industry by inventing a machine which produced a perfect pin with each revolution of a single wheel. Here we have a good illustration of the service rendered mankind by machinery. Prior to Mrs. Browning's day and the division of labor, one workman, in the time of Adam Smith, could hardly make a dozen pins a day. At that rate, in order to supply the world's present demand, our entire manufacturing population, men, women, and children, would have to abandon all else and devote their entire time, every working day in the year, to making pins; and this takes no account of one hundred and sixty-one million hairpins and as many more safety pins.

The manufacture of boots and shoes is another industry which was revolutionized by a series of American inventions. The factory system may be said to have begun with the introduction of the McKay sewing machine, in 1860. In no other industry has the division of labor been carried so far. It now requires sixty-four persons to make a shoe, with the result that there has been a great increase in production, an improvement in the quality, and, at the same time, a reduction of more than one-half in the cost.

Imported Shoes Can not Be Marketed here

In 1855, seventy-seven thousand "hands" made forty-five million pairs of boots and shoes. Twenty years later, forty-nine thousand operatives made nearly sixty million pairs, and, in 1890, of boots, shoes, and slippers, there were two hundred and nineteen million, two hundred and thirty-five thousand pairs manufactured. In 1860, our total product of factory and custom work was valued at ninety-one million dollars; in 1890, at two hundred and fifty-five million dollars. Between 1897 and 1900, our export trade in shoes increased nearly threefold. American shoes sell in France because they are as graceful as the French, and more durable; they sell in England because they are as durable as the English and more graceful. No foreign shoes can be marketed in the United States, because they are not equal to the American make.

An Englishman, John Foster, discussing, in "The Nineteenth Century," the success of American manufactures, says: "The British boot manufacturers tried to laugh American competition out of existence. Then they took to American methods, and, to-day, all the largest British boot manufactories are fitted with American machinery. Indeed, all the most ingenious devices in the manufacture of a shoe came from the other (the American,) side of the Atlantic."

The spinning and weaving of cotton constitute, of course, one of the great manufacturing interests of the world. In 1861, a member of the British parliament stated that its manufacture, up to that time, had yielded the United Kingdom a profit of five billion dollars.

Great Britain has been the principal producer of cotton fabrics, and still has more than twice as many spindles as the United States; viz., forty-seven million against our twenty-one million, five hundred and fifty-nine thousand. But the number of our spindles is increasing much faster than hers. During the last five years she has added two million, one hundred thousand, while the United States has added four million, two hundred and three thousand. Notwithstanding her large excess of spindles, we consumed seven hundred and eighty-four thousand more bales of cotton last year than she did. Indeed, she used less in 1902 than five years before, while we used one million, seventy-five thousand bales more.

The fact that we can spin more cotton than Great Britain with less than half as many spindles is due to the great improvements in cotton machinery made in the United States during the past thirty years, which enable us, with the same labor and substantially the same power, to double the production of cotton yarn. Moreover, there has been as great advance in weaving as in spinning. Indeed, the great improvements in cotton machinery during the last quarter of a

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century have, substantially, all originated in America. For some years we have been able to sell the coarser grades of cotton in Manchester, though England has excelled us in the finer fabrics; but it is now claimed that the best American goods are quite equal to the best English.

Our looms are weaving far faster than the swiftest train can run; viz., thirteen miles a minute. Every working day we make a web long enough to stretch from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, on across the Pacific to Japan, and still on to China, to a point five hundred miles beyond Shanghai. Altogether we produce upward of two million, five hundred thousand miles of cotton cloth, a yard wide, in a year,—enough to reach from the earth to the moon ten times.

The manufacture of silk has made great progress in this country in recent years, and is now carried on in no less than twenty-six states. The United States has reached the first rank with respect to the quantity of silk manufactured, and stands second with respect to the value of the goods, France being first. The value of our product has increased twenty-onefold in the course of thirty years.

Many other illustrations of the surprising development of manufactures in the United States might be given, but this will suffice. Let us now inquire as to the causes which have raised us to the first rank as a manufacturing nation.

If we desire "to see oursels as ithers see us," there is no lack of opportunity, for, ever since Europe awoke to the fact of our industrial supremacy, visiting commissions have investigated us, and studied us, and interrogated us, and discussed us, seeking to fathom the mystery, as unwelcome to them as it is unquestionable, that the greatest agricultural people have now become the greatest manufacturing people in the world.

The most serious and thorough inquiry was that of the so-called Mosley Commission, which was made up of twenty-three secretaries of as many leading trades-unions of England. They were cordially welcomed, and given every facility for investigation. The general attitude of manufacturers was expressed by one of them in the words, "See all you like, and welcome, and beat us if you can."

It was estimated by our visitors that the American workingman, on the average, received as much for two and a half days' work as the British workman for a week. Alfred Mosley said: "Better wages are earned here, I believe,—infinitely better wages,—than we pay on the other side." He pertinently asks, "Why is it that the workmen in America can earn so much better wages, and the manufacturers can make large profits, and yet can compete in the world's markets?" To answer this question correctly is to account for American industrial supremacy.

Mr. Mosley finds the answer largely in the greater extent to which the piece system prevails in this country. That system undoubtedly affords a stimulus to a workman, but this is only one of many reasons why an American workman accomplishes more than his English cousin. He is better fed, and, therefore, has more energy. He has more opportunity to rise, and is, therefore, more ambitious. He knows that many of our greatest captains of industry have risen from the ranks of labor, and the democratic atmosphere in which he lives inspires hope.

He Was Surprised to See a Workman Run

Moreover, the climate has much to do with the result. Ten years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, Francis Higginson wrote: "A sup of New England air is better than a whole flagon of English ale." From president down to newsboy we, as a nation, live "the strenuous life," because of the stimulating air we breathe.

An intelligent Englishman told a friend that, every time he visited America, the more astonished he was at the prosperity and growth of this country. His friend asked him what was the most remarkable thing he saw during a recent visit. After thinking a minute, he replied that in two instances he saw a workman *run* to get a tool.

Again, the British workman is handicapped by his "flagon of English ale" or his beer mug. This fact is recognized by our visitors. Touching this point, one of them writes: "I have spoken to numbers of employers on the subject of men being late at work on Monday mornings, as is so much the case in towns like Northampton, England, where there is practically no work done on Mondays, and even on Tuesday mornings the men do not appear to have recovered from the effects of the holiday. Such a thing would not be tolerated in the United States."

The same writer goes on to say that the British workman drinks just twice as much as the American, and proceeds to back his statement with statistics.

But, in addition to these reasons why the American workman accomplishes more than the British, there is the decisive fact that, in this country, we make more use of machinery than they do in Great Britain or on the Continent.

An eminent English statistician, the late Michael G. Mulhall, said, in 1896, "Nearly all American manufactures are produced by machinery, while, in Europe, more than one-half is still handwork." It is to this fact that he attributes our success over all European competitors. It is in recent years that our proportion of machine-made goods has greatly increased; and it is during these same years that we have sprung to the first place as a manufacturing people. General Francis A. Walker, who was superintendent of the censuses of 1870 and 1880, stated, as recently as 1869, "The contribution to the wealth of the country by its hand workers is far more valuable than that of its machine workers." In 1900, the contribution to our wealth by this class, which includes the building trades, like carpentering, masonry, painting, and the like, was only a trifle over nine per cent.

The most surprising fact brought to light by the last census was the enormous increase of machinery employed in manufactures in the United States. The total horse power so employed in 1890 was 5,954,655. Ten years later it had risen to 11,300,081,—an increase of nearly ninety per cent. As one horse power is equal to ten men, we had machinery at work for us at the beginning of the century which was equivalent to the muscles of one hundred and thirteen million men.

Progress Shortens the Life of a Machine Tool

Compared with this enormous force, how insignificant was the number of employees engaged in all our factories; viz., 5,316,802, counting men, women, and children! That is, more than nineteen twentieths of the work was done by iron and steel men, who never tired, never got drunk, were always on hand Monday morning and every other morning, were never lazy, never shirked behind the back of the superintendent, and never struck for higher wages.

When we remember that 53,454,000 such employees were added to our factory force between 1890 and 1900, we need not wonder that our manufactures went forward with a bound.

It is the opinion of our visitors that English mechanics, generally speaking, are better all-around workmen than American. Very likely; but why should we spend years acquiring knowledge and skill which are rendered superfluous by our machinery? Probably there is not a single American workman in one of our great watch factories who could make a complete watch by hand, as a Swiss workman can. But why should he, when he has machinery which enables him to turn out about four times as many watches in a year as his Swiss competitor can make by hand?

Again, it is claimed that American machinery will not wear so long as English. But in this particular also the American practice is more economical. With us the progress of invention is so rapid that the natural life of machinery is short, and the old is quickly supplanted by the new. An American locomotive, for instance, is expected to work about ten years. By the expiration of that time, improvements are such as to render it antiquated, and it is no longer good policy to use it. On the other side, an English railway official will point with pride to an engine he has had in use for forty years, which is, in fact, a confession that he is about thirty years behind the times.

With us it is a rule, very generally observed, that the best machinery is the cheapest, that the successful manufacturer cannot afford to use anything except the best, and that machinery, no matter how new, has become antiquated as soon as anything better has been produced.

Labor is a very important element in the cost of production, but low labor cost is much different from low wages. A lower labor cost is possible here in connection with higher wages because we use machinery more than foreigners do

Some years ago, ex-Governor Pillsbury was showing me through his great flour mills in Minneapolis. Pointing to some new machinery, he said: "We had just put in forty thousand dollars' worth of new machinery when some one invented a process just a little better. So we ripped out our new machinery and threw it into the river; then we put in this."

Later, I was visiting a great factory in Massachusetts. Standing in a room where there were a thousand looms at work, I told the foregoing incident to the superintendent. His comment was as follows: "Do you see that machine by your side? Well, the one that stood there twelve months ago has been supplanted three times during the year."

These are illustrations of American administration, which the English concede to be superior to their own. John Foster, in "The Nineteenth Century," says, "The chief reason America is bounding ahead as an industrial nation is not excellence of workmanship, but ability in administration, in control, in being adaptable to the necessities of the day."

Will American Supremacy Prove Permanent?

Our present manufacturing supremacy is acknowledged, but the question arises, "Will it prove to be permanent?" The facts already brought out by SUCCESS, in the earlier papers of this series, warrant an affirmative answer. For manufactures in this industrial age, the great conditions of successful competition in open markets are five; viz., cheap raw materials, cheap power, low labor cost, effective machinery, and easy access to markets.

We have seen, in earlier papers, that our extended latitude and longitude give to us a great variety of climate and a corresponding variety of agricultural products, that our mineral resources are unequaled, so that, with few exceptions, we produce our own raw materials, and at favorable prices.

Again, it has been shown that we have practically a limitless supply of coal,—several times that of all Europe,—and coal is power in the concrete. Cheap coal, of course, means cheap power, whether steam or electrical.

Again, labor is a very important element in the cost of production, but low labor cost is a very different thing from low wages. Notwithstanding the fact that wages are higher here than in Europe, the cost of labor and of other elements entering into the cost of production is so much less here than there that, in many lines, American manufacturers can undersell European in their own home markets. For instance, the German government sent a commission here to investigate the shoe industry in Massachusetts. The expert reported to his government that he found the average wages of operatives fifteen dollars per week, and the labor cost per pair of shoes forty cents, while similar workmen in Germany received four dollars per week, and the average labor cost per pair of shoes was fifty-eight cents. In this instance, the German wages of sixty-six cents a day were forty-five per cent. more expensive than the American wages of two and one half dollars a day. An American captain of industry who has works both in the United States and in Germany was asked how much he paid his men. He replied: "To my workmen in America I pay two dollars and twenty-five cents; to those in Germany I pay one dollar and twenty-five cents; but the Germans cost me more than the Americans."

A lower labor cost is possible in connection with higher wages chiefly because we make more use of machinery and carry the principle of the division of labor farther than any other people; and, further, because American workmen are more intelligent and more energetic than any others.

Again, it was shown in SUCCESS for April that we are the most inventive people, and reasons were given to justify the expectation that we shall continue to produce the most effective machinery.

Once more, in the January number of SUCCESS, attention was called to the fact that our location among the nations—our business stand,—gives to us the easiest access to the world's markets. Thus it appears that all five of the fundamental conditions of success in manufactures meet in America, and constitute a fivefold advantage which, like an outstretched hand, can hardly fail to grasp and hold the industrial supremacy of the future.

The world is now entering on a new type of civilization, created by the industrial revolution. The harnessing of nature's forces has conferred on man the Midas touch of gold, and with it the enormous possibilities of unprecedented power both for good and for evil. There are coming, with the new civilization, new problems, and new perils; and, because we have become, and are doubtless to remain, the world's leaders in organized industry, we of all the nations must first face the new problems and find their solution.

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The Immortality of Song

EDWIN MARKHAM

[Author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems"]

In his deep breast the kingly poet bears
  Eternity, the stir of mystic tides;
And so the thing he touches ever wears
  Some mark of the Eternal, and abides.

The kingdoms crumble and the banners go:
  More real than they is Richard's ghostly dream,
Iago's smile, the sigh of Romeo,
  Or that thin song of "Willow" by the stream.

There is no chart of Prospero's secret isle
  Where Ariel made a comrade of the bee;
Yet to some sun it will forever smile,
  And listen to the music of some sea.

While empires sink to shadow and depart,
  Miranda, Juliet, Imogen, all pure
And folded in the memory of the heart,
  Live on in Song's eternity secure.

And that frail cloud that Shelley saw go by,—
  It will not crumble, it will never fade:
Now is it blown about a magic sky,
  And all hearts tremble to its flying shade.

That skylark, soaring in the fields apart,
  Passed through his soul, and now the whole world hears:
Now the glad bird that caroled to his heart
  Scatters its silver music on the years.

Huron may waste and Andes bow with time,
  Yet that green Wood of Arden will stay fair,—
Still will Orlando weave his tender rhyme,
  And fill the forest with his sweet despair.

As long as Chimborazo's summit keeps
  Its ancient vigil in the lonely skies,
There will be violets where Shakespeare sleeps,
  And leaves alive with light where Shelley lies.

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The Confession of a Crœsus

PART V.

David Graham Phillips



THE CRŒSUS



D. G. PHILLIPS

Synopsis of the preceding parts

[Without trepidation, the Crœsus, James Galloway, a millionaire, lays bare all of his machinations. As a youth, he entered the firm of Judson and Company, and, having amassed a fortune fraudulently, turned to the field of speculation. Galloway plans a *coup* by which he gains control of mines and factories situated on his railroads, thereby placing the townspeople dependent upon the prosperity of their works so at his mercy that they eagerly accept his offer to buy them out. James, the elder son, displeased his parents by marrying, and is disinherited. As the wedding day of his son, Walter, to Miss Natalie Bradish, approaches, the Crœsus feigns illness and Dr. Hanbury assists him in a plan to escape fulfilling his promise of a dowry to the bride. After the wedding, he makes rapid recovery and takes part in a celebration given in his honor, which ends in a *fiasco*, because of the exposure by the press of his questionable business methods.]

I think I see place and duties for a nobleman in every society, but it is not to drink wine and ride in a fine coach, but to guide and adorn life for the multitude by forethought, by elegant studies, by perseverance, self-devotion, and the remembrance of the humble old friend—by making his life secretly beautiful. How fine a picture of the democratic nobility is that!—Emerson.

A CURIOUS kind of cowardice has been growing on me of late. Whenever I feel the slightest pain or ache,—a twinge I'd not have given a second thought to a year or so ago,—I send post-haste for my doctor, the ridiculous, lying, flattering Hanbury. My intelligence forbids me to put the least confidence in him. I know that he is a medical ignoramus. I know he'd no more tell me or any other rich man a disagreeable truth about his health than he'd tell one of his rich old women that she was past the age of pleasing men. Yet I send for Hanbury; and I swallow his lies about my health, and urge him on to feed me lies about my youthful appearance that are even more absurd. I'm thinking of employing him exclusively and keeping him by me,—for companionship. Cress is worse than worthless, Jack is getting stale and repetitive with age, and I really need amusement.

At this moment I happen to be in my mood for mocking my fears and follies about the end. The End!—I'm not afraid of what comes after. All the horror I'm capable of feeling goes into the thought of giving up my crown and my scepter, my millions and my dominion over men and affairs. The afterwards? I've never had either the time or the mind for the speculative and the intangible,—at least not since I passed the sentimental period of youth.

Each day my power grows,—and my love of power and my impatience of opposition. It seems to me sacrilege for any one to dare to oppose me when I have so completely vindicated my right to lead and to rule. I understand those tyrants of history who used to be abhorrent to me,—much could be said in defense of them.

Early last month I found that down at Washington they were about to pass a law "regulating" railway rates, which means, of course, lowering them and cutting my dividends and disarranging my plans in general. I telephoned Senator ——, whom we keep down there to see that that sort of demagoguery is held in check, to come to me in New York at once. He appeared at my house the same evening, full of excuses and apologies. "The clamor is so great," said he, "and the arguments of the opposition so plausible, that we must do something. This bill is the least possible."

I rarely argue with understrappers. I simply told him to go to my lawyer's house, get the bill I had ordered drawn, take it back to Washington on the midnight train, and put it through. "You old women down there," said I, "seem incapable of learning that the mob is n't appeased, but is made hungrier, by getting what it wants. Humbug's the only dish for it. Fill it full of humbug and it gets indigestion and wishes it had never asked for anything."

My substitute was apparently more drastic than the other bill, but I had ordered into it a clause that would send it into the courts where we could keep it shuffling back and forth for years. To throw the demagogues off the scent, Senator —— had it introduced by one of the leaders of the opposition,—as clever a dealer in humbug as ever took command of a mob in order to set it brawling with itself at the critical moment. Our fellows pretended to yield with great reluctance to this "sweeping and dangerous measure," and it went through both houses with a whirl.

The President was about to sign it when up started that scoundrel ——, who owes his fortune to me and who got his place on the recommendation of several of us who thought him a safe, loyal, honorable man. The rascal pointed out the saving clause in my bill and made such a stir in the newspapers that our scheme was apparently ruined.

I quietly took a regular express for Washington, keeping close to my drawing-room. By roundabout orders from me a telegram had been sent to a signal tower on the outskirts of Washington, and it halted the train. In the darkness I slipped away, hailed a cab, and drove to ——'s house. He was taken completely by surprise,—I suppose he thought I'd be afraid to come near him, or to try to reach him in any way with those nosing newspapers watching every move. The only excuse he could make for himself was a whine about "conscience."

"I am taking the retaining fee of the people," said he: "I must serve their interests just as I served you when I took your retainers." This was his plea at the end of a two hours' talk in which I had exhausted argument and inducement. I felt that gentleness and diplomacy were in vain. I released my temper,—temper with me is not waste steam, but powder to be saved until it can be exploded to some purpose.

"We put you in office, sir," I replied, "and we will put you out. You owe your honors to us, not to this mob you're pandering to now in the hope of getting something or other. We'll punish you for your treachery if you persist in it. We'll drop you back into obscurity, and you'll see how soon your 'people' will forget you."

He paled and quivered under the lash. "If the people were not so sane and patient," said he, "they'd act like another Samson. They'd pull the palace down upon themselves for the pleasure of seeing you banqueting Philistines get your deserts."

"Do n't inflict a stump speech on me," said I, going to the door,—it just occurred to me that he might publicly eject me from his house and so make himself too strong to be dislodged immediately. "Within six months, you'll be out of office,—unless you come to your senses."

So I left him. A greater fool I never knew. I can understand the out-in-the-cold fellow snapping his fangs; but for the life of me I can't understand a man with even a job as waiter or crumb-scraper at a banquet doing anything to get himself into trouble. He proved not merely a fool, but a weak fool as well; for, after a few days of thinking it over, he switched around, withdrew his objection, and explained it away,—and so my bill was signed. But we are done with him. A man may be completely cured of an attack of insanity, but who would ever give him a position of trust afterwards? Not I, for one. Too many men who have never gone crazy are waiting, eager to serve us.

Still, looking back over the incident, I am not satisfied with myself. I won, but I played badly. I must be careful,—I am becoming too arrogant. If he had been a little stronger and cleverer, he would have had me thrown out of his house, and I do n't care to think what a position that would have put me in, not only then, but also for the future. As long as I was engaged in hand-to-hand battle and had personally to take what I got, it was well to have an outward bearing that frightened the timid and made the easy-going anxious to conciliate me. But, now that I employ others to retrieve the game I bring down, it is wiser that I show courtesy and consideration. I get better

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service; I cause less criticism. Enemies are indispensable to a rising man,—they put him on his mettle and make people look on him as important. But to a risen man they are either valueless or a hindrance, and, at critical moments, a danger.

Next luck, plus strong rowing and right steering, swept me on to another success,—this time a brilliant marriage. The element of luck was particularly large in this instance, as in any matter where one of the factors is feminine. Every wise planner reduces the human element in his projects to the minimum, because human nature is as uncertain as chance itself. But while one can always rely, to a certain extent, upon his human element, where it is masculine, where it is feminine there's absolutely no more foundation than in a quicksand. The women not only unsettle the men, but they also unsettle themselves; and, acting always upon impulse, they are as likely as not to fly straight in the face of what is best for them. Women are incapable of coöperation. The only business they understand or take a real interest in is the capture of men,—a business which each woman must pursue independently and alone.



"She would not attend"

Fortunately, Aurora, like most of the young women of our upper class, has been thoroughly trained in correct ideas of self-interest.

She was born in the purple. When she came into the world, I had been a millionaire several years, and my wife and I had changed our point of view on life from that of the lower middle class in which we were bred, (though we did n't know it at the time, and thought ourselves "as good as anybody,") to that of the upper class, to which my genius forced our admission. Aurora was our first child to have a French nurse, the first to have teachers at home,—a French governess and a German.

James had gone to a public school and then to Phillips Exeter; Walter had gone to a public school a little while, and then to ——, where he was prepared for Harvard, not in a mixed and somewhat motley crowd, as James had been, but in a company made up exclusively of youths of his own class, the sons of those who are aristocratic by birth or by achievement. Aurora was even more exclusively educated. She—with difficulty, as we were still new to our position,—was got into a small class of aristocratic children that met at the house of the parents of two of them. Each day she went there in one of our carriages with her French nursery governess, promoted to be her companion; and, when the class was over for the day, the companion called for her in the carriage and took her home.

All Aurora's young friends were girls like herself, bred in the strictest ideas of the responsibilities of their station, and intent upon winning social success, and, of course, successful marriages. At the time, my wife, who had not then been completely turned by the adulation my wealth has brought her, used to express to me her doubts whether our children were not too sordid. I was half inclined to agree with her, for it is n't pleasant to hear mere babies talk of nothing but dresses and jewels, palaces and liveries and carriages, good "catches," and social position. But I see now that there is no choice between that sort of education and sheer sentimentalism. It is far better that children who are to inherit millions and the responsibilities of high station should be over-sordid than over-sentimental. Sordidness will never lead them into the ruinous mischief of prodigality and bad marriages; sentimentalism is almost certain to do so.

My wife was extremely careful, as the mothers of our class must be, to scan the young men who were permitted to talk with Aurora. Only the eligible had any opportunity to get well acquainted with her,—indeed, I think Horton Kirkby was the first man she really knew well.

It was a surprise to me when Kirkby began to show a preference for her. His mother is one of the leaders of that inner circle of fashionable society which still barred the doors haughtily against us, though it admitted many who were glad to be our friends,—perhaps I should say *my* friends. Kirkby himself keenly delighted in the power which his combination of vast wealth, old family, and impregnable social position gave him. Everyone supposed he would marry in his own set. But Aurora got a chance at him, and,—well, Aurora inherits something of my magnetism and luck. Kirkby's coldness to me at the outset and his mother's deliberately snubbing us again and again make me think his intentions were not then serious. But Aurora alternately fired and froze him with such skill that she succeeded in raising in his mind a doubt which had probably never entered it before,—a doubt of his ability to win any woman he chose. So she triumphed.

But after they were engaged she continued to play fast and loose with him. At first I thought this was only clever maneuvering on her part. But I presently began to be uneasy and sent her mother to question her adroitly. "She says," my wife reported to me, "that she can't take him and she can't give him up. She says there's one thing she'd object to more than to marrying him, and that is to seeing some other girl marry him."

"What nonsense!" said I; "I thought she was too well brought up for such folly."

"You must admit Kirkby is—clammy," replied my wife, always full of excuses for her children.

Before I could move to bring Aurora to her senses, Kirkby did it,—by breaking off the engagement and transferring his attentions to Mary Stuyvesant, poor as poverty but beautiful and well-born. Within a week Aurora had him back; within a fortnight she had the cards out for the wedding.

The presents began to pour in; two rooms downstairs were filling with magnificence, and we had sent several van loads to the safety deposit vaults. There must have been close upon half a million dollars' worth, including my gift of a forty-thousand-dollar tiara. Everyone in the house was agitated. I had given my wife and daughter *carte blanche*, releasing Burridge and Jack Ridley to see that extravagance did not spread into absolutely wanton waste. But this does not mean that I was not in hearty sympathy with my wife's efforts to make the full realization of our social ambition a memorable occasion. On the contrary, I wanted precisely that; and I knew the way to accomplish it was by getting five cents' worth for every five cents spent, not by imitating the wastefulness of the ignorant poor. I was willing that the dollars should fly, but I was determined that each one should hit the mark.

Jack Ridley said to me, once: "Why, to you five hundred dollars is less than one would be to me."

"Not at all," I replied; "we cling to five cents more tightly than you would to five dollars. We know the value of money because we have it; you do n't know because you have n't it."



"He devoured the papers"



"'Oh, do n't! do n't,—please do n't!' she wailed"

But the happiest, most interested person in all the household was my daughter Helen. She was to be maid of honor, and on the wedding day was to make her first appearance in a long dress. It seemed to me that she suddenly flashed out into wonderful beauty,—a strange kind of beauty, all in shades of golden brown and having an air of mystery that moved even me to note and admire and be proud,—and a little uneasy. Obviously she would be able to make a magnificent marriage, if she could be controlled. The greater the prize, the greater the anxiety until it is grasped.

When she tried on that first long dress of hers, she came in to show herself off to me. She has never been in the least afraid of me,—there is a fine, utter courage looking from her eyes,—an assurance that she could not be afraid of anyone or anything.

She turned round slowly, that I might get the full effect. "Well, well!" I said, put into a tolerant mood by my pride in her, "Aurora would better keep you out of Horton's sight until after the ceremony."

She tossed her head. "He'd be safe from me, if there was n't another man in the world," she answered.

I frowned on this. "You'll have a hard time making as good a marriage as your sister, miss," said I. "You 'll see, when we begin to look for a husband for you."

"I shall look for my own husband, thank you," she replied, pertly.

But her smile was so bright that I only said: "We'll cross that bridge, miss, when we come to it,—we'll cross it together."

There was an unpleasant silence, —her expression made me feel more strongly than ever before that she would be troublesome. I said: "How old are you now?"

"Why, do n't you remember? I was seventeen last Wednesday. You gave me *this*." She touched a pearl brooch at her neck.

No, I did n't remember,—Ridley attends to all those little matters for me. But I said, "To be sure," and patted her on the shoulder,—and let her kiss me, and then sent her away. For a moment I envied the men whose humble station enables them to enjoy more of such intercourse as that. I confess I have my moments when all this striving and struggling after money and power seems terribly unsatisfactory, and I picture myself and my fellow strugglers as so many lunatics in a world full of sane people for whom we toil and to whom we give a bad quarter of an hour now and then as our lunacy becomes violent. But that is a passing mood.

The next I heard of Helen, she had set the whole house in an uproar. Two days before the wedding she shut herself in her apartment and sent out word by her maid that she would not be maid of honor,—would not attend the wedding. "I can do nothing with her," said my wife; "she's been beyond my control for two years."

"I'll go to her," I said; "We'll see who's master in this house."

She herself opened her sitting-room door for me. She had a book in her hand and was apparently calm and well prepared. The look in her eyes made me think of what my wife had once said to me: "Be careful how you try to bully her, James. She's like you—and Jim."

"What's this I hear about your refusing to appear in your first long dress?" I asked,—a very different remark, I'll admit, from the one with which I intended to open.

She smiled faintly, but did not take her serious eyes from mine. "I can't go to the wedding," said she. "Please, father, do n't ask it! I—I hoped they would n't tell you. I told them they might say I was ill."

I managed to look away from her and collect my thoughts. "You are the youngest," I began, "and we have been foolishly weak with you. But the time has come to bring you under control and save you from your own folly. Understand me: you will go to the wedding and you will go as maid of honor." I was master of myself again and I spoke the last words sternly, and was in the humor for a struggle. She had roused one of my strongest

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passions,—the passion for breaking wills that oppose mine.

There was a long pause, and then she said, quietly: "Very well, father; I shall obey you."

I was like a man who has flung himself with all his might against what he thinks is a powerful obstacle and finds himself sprawling ridiculously upon vacancy. I lost my temper. "What do you mean?" I exclaimed, angrily, "by making all this fuss about nothing? You will go at once and apologize to your mother and sister."

She sat silent, her eyes down.

"Do you hear?" I demanded.

She fixed her gaze steadily on mine. "Yes, sir," she answered, "but I can not obey."

"How dare you say that to me?" I said, so furious that I was calm. I had a sense of importance,—as if the irresistible force had struck the immovable body.

"Because what you ask is n't right."

"You forget that I am your father."

"And you forget that I am"—she drew herself up proudly and looked at me unafraid,—"your daughter."

There seems to be some sort of magic in her. I can't understand it myself, but her answer completely changed my feeling toward her. It had never before occurred to me that the fact of her being my daughter gave her rights and privileges which would be intolerable in another. I saw family pride for the first time and instantly respected it. "If I only had a son like you!" I said, on impulse, for the moment forgetting everything else in this new conception of family-line and its meaning.

The tears rushed to her eyes. She leaned forward in her eagerness. "You *had*,—you *have*," she said. "Oh, father,—"

"Not another word," I said, sternly; "why did you refuse to go to Aurora's wedding?"

"Tuesday night she came into my room and got into my bed. She put her arms round me and said, 'Helen, I *can't* marry him! He's—he's just *awful!* It makes me cold all over for him to touch me.' We talked nearly all night,—and,—I feel sorry for her,—but I felt it would be wrong for me to go to the wedding or have anything to do with it. She would n't break it off, saying she'd go on, if it killed her. And I begged her to go to you and ask you to stop it, but she said she wanted to marry him or she would n't. And,—but when you said I must go, it seemed to me 't would be wrong to disobey. Only,—I can't apologize to them—I can't,—because—I've done nothing to apologize for."

"Never mind, child," I said,—I felt thoroughly uncomfortable. It is impossible clearly to explain many matters to an innocent mind. "You need not apologize. But pay no attention to Aurora's hysterics,—and enjoy yourself at the wedding. Girls always act absurdly when they're about to marry. Six months from now she'll be the happiest woman in New York, and if she did n't marry him she'd be the most wretched."

"Poor Aurora!" said Helen, with a long sigh.

But Helen could not have said "poor" Aurora on the great day at St. Bartholomew's. It was, indeed, an hour of triumph for us all. As she and Kirkby came down from the altar, I glanced round the church and had one of my moments of happiness. There they all were,—all the pride and fashion and established wealth of New York,—all of them at my feet. I, who had sprung from nothing; I, who had had to fight, fight, fight, staking everything,—yes, character, even liberty itself,—here was I, enthroned, equal to the highest, able to put my heel upon the necks of those who had regarded me as part of the dirt under their feet. I went down the aisle of the church, drunk with pride and joy. I had not had such happiness since that day when, smarting under Judson's insults, I suddenly remembered that, if he had honor, I had the million and was a millionaire. As my wife and I drove back to the house for the reception, I caught myself muttering to the crowds pushing indifferently along the sidewalks, intent upon their foolish little business, "Bow! Bow! Don't you know that one of your rulers is passing?"

Just as I was in the full swing of this ecstasy, I happened to notice a huge stain on the costly cream-colored lining of the brougham,—I was in my wife's carriage. "What's that?" said I, pointing to it.

She told a silly story of how she had carelessly broken a bottle in the carriage a few days before, and had ruined a seven-hundred-dollar dress and the carriage-lining.

Instantly the routine of my life claimed me,—my happiness was over. I made the natural comment upon such stupid indifference to the cost of things; she retorted after her irrational, irresponsible fashion. We were soon quarreling fiercely upon the all-important subject, money, which she persists in denouncing as vulgar. We could scarcely compose our faces to leave the carriage and make a proper appearance before the crowds without the house and the throngs within. As for me, my day was ruined.



"I came upon Helen, sitting in the alcove, sobbing"

But the reception was, in fact, a failure, though it seemed a success. Aurora, the excitement of the ceremony over, was looking wretched; and, as she came down to go, her face was tragical. I could feel the hypocritical whisperings of my guests. Exasperated, I turned away and stumbled on Helen, crying as if her heart were breaking. My new son-in-law bade me good-by with a cold, condescending shake of the hand, and in a voice that made me long to strike him. It set me to gnawing again on what Helen heard at the dancing class three years ago. When everyone had gone away my wife came to me, her eyes sparkling with anger.

"Did you see old Mrs. Kirkby leave?" she asked.

"No,—she must have gone without speaking to me," I replied, trying to recollect her departure.

"She left less than a minute after Aurora and Horton. When I put out my hand to her, she just touched it with the tips of her fingers, and all she said was, 'I hope we'll run across each other at my son's, sometime.'"

"They'll change their tune when I get after them!" I exclaimed.

"What can you do?" sneered my wife. "They know your money goes to Walter. Besides, it's all your fault."

"My fault?" I said, in disgust,—everything is always my fault.

"Yes,—it's your reputation," she retorted, bitterly; "it'll take two generations of respectability to live it down."

I left the room abruptly. The injustice of this was so hideous that reply was impossible. After all my sacrifices, after all my stupendous achievements, after lifting my family from obscurity to the highest dignity,—this was my reward! Yes, the highest dignity. I know how they all sneer. I know how they whisper that ugly word that Helen heard at the dancing class. I see it in their eyes when I take them unawares. But—they cringe before me, they fear me, and they dare not offend me. What more could I ask? What do I care about their cowardly mutterings which they dare not let me hear?

In the upper hall I came upon Helen, sitting in the alcove, sobbing. "Poor Aurora! Poor Aurora!" she said, when I paused before her.

"Poor Aurora!" I retorted, angrily. "Your sister is married to one of the richest men in New York."

"He tried to kiss me as they were leaving," she went on, between sobs, "and I drew away and slapped him. When Aurora hugged me she whispered, 'I do n't blame you,—I detest him!' Poor Aurora!"

I went into my apartment and slammed the door. I knew how it would turn out, and this hysterical nonsense infuriated me.

When Aurora and Kirkby came back from their trip through the South and burst in on us at lunch, [It was a Sunday.] probably I was the only one at the table who was n't surprised by their looks. Helen, I knew, had been expecting Aurora would return with a face like the last scene of the last act of a tragedy. Instead she was radiant, beautifully dressed, and with an assurance of manner that was immensely becoming to her,—the assurance of a woman who is conscious of having married brilliantly and is determined to enjoy life to the uttermost. It was plain that she was on the best possible terms with Kirkby. As for him, he looked foolishly happy and was obviously completely under her control, as I knew he would be. He is certainly in himself not a dignified figure,—short and fat and sallow and amazingly ordinary-looking for a man of such birth and breeding. But the instant people hear who he is, they forget his face, figure, and mind.

Aurora had been sending home the newspapers of every town in which they had stopped, so we had a pretty good idea of the ovation they had received. But as soon as she was alone with us, she went over it all,—and we were as proud as was she. "I don't think Horton liked it particularly, but there was n't a single place where they did n't know more about me than about him," said she. "You noticed, did n't you, that the headlines often read, 'James Galloway's daughter and her husband?' Horton was awfully funny about the excitement over us. At first he kept up the pretense with me that he thought it vulgar. But he soon cut that out and fairly devoured the newspapers. Of course, we did n't drop our exclusiveness

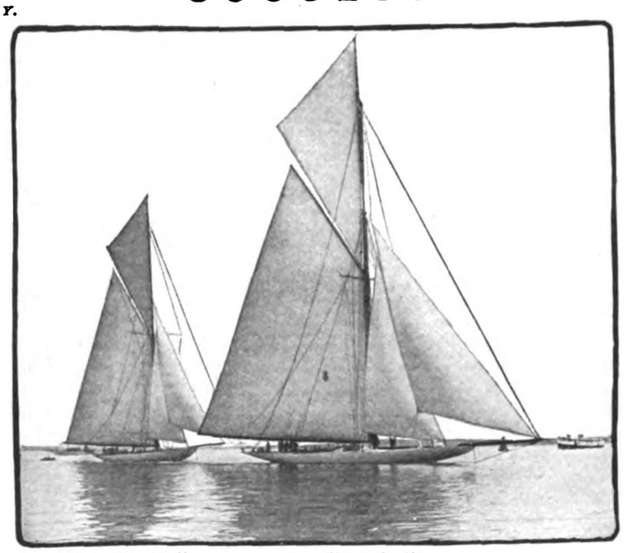
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JOHN B. HERRESHOFF,
the blind designer of the "Reliance"



"COLUMBIA" "RELIANCE"
The new defender leading the old in a trial race

American Cup-winners and Their Builders

WALTER WELLESLEY



C. OLIVER ISELIN,
managing owner of the "Reliance"

"Lo! call in Father Neptune, sirs, and, when the storm-king smites,
Take in the reefs and haul the sheets,—who cares for summer kites
When Columbia and Britannia, with their yachting flags unfurled,
Contest with gallant rivalry the Trophy of the World?"

THE love of aquatic sports seems to be inherent in nearly all created beings. Doubtless the first two ants that chanced to voyage side by side on separate leaves, or the first two squirrels that happened to cross a stream near each other, floating before the wind on pieces of bark, with their tails raised as sails, became animated with the emulous spirit of contest before their little journeys were half completed. Certainly the most primitive men of whom we have reliable records were very fond of tests of skill in navigation, whether they merely made their way through the surf on single boards or attained greater speed in long trips with canoes, catamarans, or flying proas, or, later, with coracles, galleys, junks, or feluccas. The early Chinese, Phenicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Britons, Jutes, and other peoples struggled fiercely for local supremacy in their maritime tournaments, first with oars and later with sails or with both combined.

In spite, however, of the universality of the love of aquatics, and its unquestioned influence as the underlying cause of the modern passion for marine struggles, it led only indirectly to the wonderful development of yacht racing as we know it to-day. British yachting is the immediate offspring of British smuggling; American, of American privateering, oyster piracy, slave-trading, whaling, pilot-boat and clipper-ship competition, and blockade-running. The smugglers of Wivenhoe, the Isle of Man, and other convenient places along the coast of Britain used the vessels of the British navy as trial horses, in effect, and developed such skill in building and sailing their little craft that they almost laughed at government opposition, which merely furnished enough of the spice and zest of danger to make their occupation interesting without seriously interfering with its successful prosecution. When at length honest trials of speed in the sailing of pleasure-boats were introduced into Great Britain by her "Merrie Monarch," Charles II., 1660–1688, it was said that, for a long time, the most successful contestants were manned by hired or volunteer crews of Wivenhoe smugglers. The first club, the Cork Harbor Water Club, now the Royal Cork Yacht Club, was organized in 1720, at Queenstown, Ireland; the first English club, however, the Yacht Club of the Isle of Wight, was not formed until 1812. In America, the first club, the New York Yacht Club, was not established until July 30, 1844, its first regatta, the first in this country as well, occurring on July 16, 1845.

The early progenitors of American yachts, the privateers of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812, more than shared with British smugglers the privilege of using British men-of-war as trial horses; but, inasmuch as our privateers were hunted much more fiercely than the British smugglers, and lives instead of only liberty were at stake, the former were "tuned up" much more efficiently than the latter. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," even to the last ounce of his muscular strength, the utmost limits of daring and endurance of his "nerve," and the fullest capacity for hardy plans and cunning stratagems of his most ultimate brain cells. Visions of possible yardarms on the one hand, and dreams of great wealth on the other, as privateersmen dodged in and out of closely watched harbors, or fled from pursuing frigates, inspired to many an improvement in hulls, sails, and rigging, and to many a "Yankee trick" in handling them.

Naturally the immediate successors of our privateers, our clipper ships and pilot boats, could outsail the corresponding vessels of any other nation. The "America," which won the famous "Queen's Cup," August 22, 1851, the first time it was offered, and before it had ever been in the possession, as a trophy, of any British yachtsman, was built on the model of a typical New York pilot boat, commanded by "Old Dick Brown," a famous Sandy Hook pilot, and manned by a crew mostly experienced pilots, with pilot Nelson Comstock as mate. An American poet thus aptly expresses the consternation abroad at the loss of Britain's most highly valued cup, and the confidence at home in our ability to retain what we so audaciously won:—

"'As badly scared,' the 'Times' declared, 'as sparrows by the hawk,'
All England's yachtsmen trembled at the stranger from New York,—
Lo! she entered in a sweep, not to cross in vain the deep,
And swept ahead, and swept away the trophy that we keep.
And there it is, and fair it is,—fit prize for gallant race,—
We'll furnish gales with shortened sails, and also second place.
Oh, we will do our Burgess best to afford them every test,
And Herreshoff will help us keep the jewel of the West."

All England had been intensely eager to meet and beat her until she arrived at Cowes. She approached in the night, and a dense fog and deep darkness forced her to anchor some five or six miles from the port. The next morning the crack cutter "Laverock" courteously offered to show her the way in, incidentally intending to show her "a clean pair of heels" at the same time. The "America" was in no condition to race, being loaded with extra spars and sails, and provisions enough for an East India voyage, and resting four or five inches too deep in the water; moreover, it was no part of the plan of her owner, John C. Stevens, to show her full speed until several formal contests could be arranged. But by the time the saucy "Laverock" had gained a lead of two hundred yards, a genuine Yankee racing fever was raging in Stevens's veins, and he trimmed his sheets with great care and gave chase. It was a dead beat of six miles and proved the deadest beat the "Laverock" had ever received. The English yachtsmen were as courteous as before, but all their eagerness had evaporated, and it is rather doubtful if they would have tried in the great race but for the fact that seventeen entries gave them the confidence usually inspired by numbers and kindled the hope that at least one might win over a course so familiar to them all and very unfavorable for the stranger, as even the "Times admitted. Mr. Stevens posted all sorts of challenges in vain, and to as little purpose offered all kinds of bets, the only wagers he could secure being the price of a spar furnished by Ratsey, at Cowes, and that of a flying jib ordered of a sailmaker. These were carried away early in the race.



HENRY HOFFMAN,
only "America" survivor

Still more disquieting to the British mind was the information that the "America" was by no means our fastest vessel, she having been easily beaten by the large sloop yacht, the "Maria," which, indeed, was defeated only once,—in a gale. She once sailed seventeen nautical miles an hour, equivalent to more than twenty miles on shore.

How was it that the Americans, in only half a dozen years, had made more progress in yachting than the British had in two centuries? Their superior training in kindred construction and navigation does not account wholly for the remarkable readiness and rapidity with which they met and mastered the new conditions. In many lines of manufacture British mechanics surely did more reliable work than did our average artisans. In making furniture, for instance, where we used only glue, they used pegs; where we used pegs, they used nails; where we used nails, they used screws; where we used screws, they used bolts; and where we were satisfied with mortises and tenons, they dovetailed the parts, keeping one step ahead of us throughout in thoroughness. But when it came to boatbuilding, the order of things seemed to change at once, and our shipwrights led in every important detail. One prominent reason for this was that the Briton was fettered by an almost unshakable faith in precedents and traditions, while the mind of the American, although conservative of past excellence, was also kept eagerly attent in its keen outlook for the newest of new ideas. The Briton, too, believed implicitly in bulk of material and extremes of construction; the American relied upon lightness of material, made adequately strong for all stress of weather conditions by ingenuity of

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arrangement, and trusted to golden means in models.

"Though fathoms deep the course, let it blow till steeples reel,
We *can* afford to back the board against the cutter keel."

The Briton, with blunt bows and bagging canvas, would start in to crowd the whole wide ocean before him, and then seek release from all this fuss by a long, tapering stern, or, later, sailed in a narrow "plank on edge" cutter, with "a lead mine on the keel," out-Heroding the veriest maritime Herod as a "tonnage cheater;" the American sought, as much as possible, to sail over the water instead of through it, and at first leaned toward centerboards and "skimming dishes," but finally compromised by developing the "fin keel." The Briton, to meet excessive strains on a hull, would increase the full circular or square section of the metal he used; the American would really outdo him by opposing a greater diameter in the direction of the greatest strain, but would cut the metal away elsewhere to oval sections, to flanges, or to angle irons and skeleton frames, thus securing greater strength while keeping down the weight. In short, by natural preference, the Briton made bulk, brute strength, "beefiness" and sturdiness his ideals; the American, grace, lightness, closest adaptability, quickness of eye, deftness of hand, and keen audacity of brain and nerve. The Briton, taught much against his will by repeated defeat, has abandoned or modified many of the ideas here alluded to, but he still retains at least a strong tendency toward the old characteristics; the American, encouraged by repeated victory, has seen no reason to make rapid or radical changes in his fundamental ideas, and so has simply but steadily advanced in the path of evolution in which he first set foot. The Briton has had the advantage of definite standards to imitate or advance; the American, with no superior model furnished by others, has had something of the task of a vine forced to upreach its tendrils into empty air, but has upheld them there by the solidly supporting fiber of correct ideas.

"A good sailing craft must have a cod's head and a mackerel's tail," was a British aphorism of boatbuilding, meaning that a vessel's greatest breadth of beam should be well forward, with a long, narrow run aft. Yet the "America's" bow was narrow, and her greatest width just forward of the mainmast. The "Maria's" bow was long, hollow, and so sharp that it had to be widened where the bowsprit entered the hull, and her greatest beam was well aft. "The sails should run freely," was another axiom; yet both the "America" and the "Maria" had their sails laced closely to either or both masts and booms, so as to utilize every bit of the wind. "The sails should bag a little," was still another old saying; yet the "America's" sails were trimmed to avoid the least trace of bagging, and doubtless furnished the original idea to Ratsey and Lapthorne, whose splendid flat sails are now so famous the world over. Indeed, in this matter of sailmaking Ratsey has out-Yankeed his foremost Yankee competitors, and has rendered a world-service to navigation in sailing vessels of the very highest order. Thus far, he is the only man who has a demonstrated right to share with Herreshoff the kingship of modern boatbuilding. What one is in creating a matchless body, the other is in adding inimitable wings.

"But the Eagle screamed defiance, as he pierced the western skies,
And laughed to see the Lion snarl his whiskers in surprise."

"There was awful crying and moaning about Cowes that night," said a passenger on the "America," after her victory. "Ratsey and other builders were much chagrined, but they all said that they would build a boat that would beat ours; they said that she was a 'mere shell,' a 'Yankee trick,' and that we had exhausted ourselves and could never do it again." How little did either victors or vanquished, and how much less did the proud sailors of the unconquered "Maria" imagine that, far from the excitement of national or international regattas, on a little farm at Point Pleasant, Bristol, Rhode Island, two children were playing who would give yachting and rapid navigation generally an all-round, far-reaching impetus such as, in all the wide world, they had never felt before. The elder, John B. Herreshoff, a sandy-haired, blue-eyed, earnest-looking boy of ten, although foredoomed to a life of blindness, could then see, and had already begun to whittle out pretty toy boats. Only three or four years later he built his first boat for actual use, which was considered a marvel of beauty and



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If I have one thing more than another to be thankful for, it is her care in childhood and her sympathy through life.—John B. Herreshoff, 1899

speed. At fifteen, his eyesight failed him forever, but he would not let anything discourage him, so he continued to study boats, and to build them, too. The younger, "Nat," a rather reddish-haired, ruddy-faced, roguish toddler of three, at the time of the Cowes contest, was noted chiefly for an irrepressible inclination to run away to the shore near by, at every favorable opportunity, and lie down on his back in the sand and kick his heels exultantly in the water. He was often found asleep in this position by his anxious mother, one chubby hand clasping a wisp of seaweed, the other full of wet sand, with the rising tide washing his bare feet. Whenever he was missing, he was first sought for on the shore, where, if he was awake and saw that his movements were noted, he would generally spend his time in watching passing ships or sailing chips or toy boats.

When older grown, he attended the primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, and, later, the high school, under the principalship of Thomas W. Bicknell, now living in Providence, who says he was always well-behaved and studious, only an ordinary pupil in grammar, reading, spelling, or history, but bright in physical geography, algebra, geometry, and chemistry, and remarkably keen in natural philosophy. At this time he was tall for his age, thin, rather slender, somewhat loosely built, and had a noticeable forward inclination of the head which became more and more pronounced from a habit he had of closely watching rivals in his many boat races, craning his neck in order to see them from under the boom. It used to be said that whichever of two boats he sailed was sure to win. Once, when a sharp competitor of one of his brothers purposely allowed his copy of the rules of a local race to blow overboard, and then won by varying the conditions in his own favor, Nat took the defeated boat and fairly "walloped" that of the tricky victor. "The Herreshoffs won't give a man a chance to win in Bristol," growled the latter, in disgust, as he filled his sails for home.

"If anything on earth can make
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the boys and girls
A thorough education."

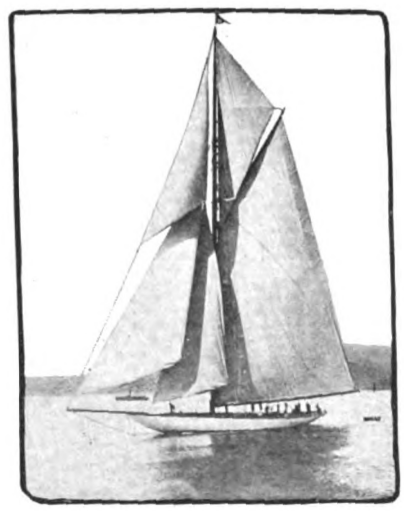
Mr. Bicknell says that the mother of the young Herreshoffs, although a very busy woman, managed to visit the high school two or three times a week, on an average, and encouraged her children, some of whom were blind, in all ways possible. "My mother," said John B. Herreshoff to the writer, in 1899, "is eighty-eight, and still

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enjoys good health. If I have one thing more than another to be thankful for, it is her care in childhood and her sympathy through life. She is one of the best of mothers, and I feel that I owe her a debt I can never repay." She has since died.

When Nat was graduated from the high school, he took a full three years' course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, followed by a special technical course in higher engineering at Brown University, which conferred upon him the degree of master of science. He then began at the bottom in the works of George H. Corliss, the eminent inventor and builder of improved steam engines, who employed two thousand mechanics or more, and there he rose to be superintendent of construction. He set up the famous Corliss engine of fourteen hundred horse power at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, which ran with almost the steadiness of a chronometer. He also studied marine engineering abroad, built and raced a boat on the Mediterranean, and visited most of the noted shipyards of Europe and America. Thus it will be seen that he brought to his work almost unrivaled cosmopolitan training of the highest scientific order, when he joined the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company in 1877, fourteen years after the works were opened by the blind John Brown Herreshoff.

During these fourteen years, however, Nat, as subsequently, had frequently assisted the firm in its plans. For years John B., his father, and his brothers, James B., Lewis, and Nat,—sometimes the mother as well as the father and all of their children, seven brothers and two sisters,—were accustomed to get together frequently in the dining room of the old farm homestead on Point Pleasant, and talk and plan in regard to boatbuilding. Of a summer evening, it is said, President John B. would sometimes informally take as his chair the family cooking stove, the fire being out, and listen to the advice and suggestions of the others. Frequently, Nat would have made the first model on lines previously agreed upon in a general way, the others would give their opinions, then John B. would carefully feel it over, and suggest changes, probable defects, and possible improvements, which would be acted upon in a second or a third model, and the consultation repeated until all had proved satisfactory.



THE CHALLENGER, "SHAMROCK III."

"We have always been together, from boyhood," said John B. to the writer, speaking of Nat; "we have had the same pleasures, the same purposes, and the same aspirations; in fact, we have almost been one, and we have achieved nothing for which a full share of credit is not his just due. Nothing has ever been done by one without the other. Whenever one found an obstacle or a difficulty, the other helped him to remove it; and he, being without my disadvantage, makes no mistakes."

The triumphs of the Herreshoffs exemplify the specialized genius of a thoroughly united family flowering in the highly trained skill and perfectly honest thoroughness of Nat, the designer, and blind John B., the builder.

Their great-grandfather, John Brown, of Providence, owned several successful privateers, and had forty merchant ships on various seas, one of them first carrying the stars and stripes into Chinese waters. He weighed four hundred pounds, with a brain and heart in proportion. He moved a troublesome hill containing one million, five hundred thousand cubic feet of earth, with which he filled an equally troublesome swamp, making dry land now worth millions. He bridged the principal river of Providence, paved the busiest street, helped endow Brown University, and did many other lesser things, usually without charge, for the public good. Washington always visited him when in Rhode Island. He had one of the first grand pianos made.

Tradition says that Carl Friedrich Eshoff, a Prussian or German engineer, called Herr Eshoff, meaning Squire Eshoff, in England, where he lived awhile, came to America, worked for John Brown, married his daughter Sally, and settled in Bristol in the Point Pleasant farmhouse, whose frame was brought from England.



JOSEPH G. CANNON

Joseph G. Cannon

The Prospective Speaker of the House of Representatives

LINSLEY F. TERBUSH

ILLINOIS was just emerging from the formative state when Joseph G. Cannon, the prospective speaker of the next house of representatives, moved to that state from Indiana, and opened a law office in Tuscola, Douglas County. It was in 1859, and he was twenty-three years old. Plainness was the rule of the hour.

The spiders had not spun their first cobwebs in the Tuscola law office of J. G. Cannon before the tenant was marching in the front rank of the plain people of that plain state. "Uncle Joe" Cannon saw the force and effect of the direct, straightforward code of the frontier, and he has adhered to it through life. He had been born to the rough and ready way of the frontier. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, who, with others of the sect, had been driven from Massachusetts by persecution, and had formed a Quaker settlement called New Garden, near Guilford Courthouse, in North Carolina, where Joseph G. Cannon was born. The first hard bumps he ever received in life, he says, were against the oaken sides of a "prairie schooner," in which the family made the long journey from New Garden to Indiana. His life in Indiana had been that of most frontier boys. He worked on the farm, went to school, and his father, a poor country doctor, was even able to give him two terms at the Friends' Manual Labor Academy at Bloomingdale. When Joseph was fourteen years old, his father was drowned, a calamity that terminated the boy's school life. He became a clerk, and, for five years, he was among the thousand and one things that, in those days, comprised the stock of a country store.

At nineteen, Mr. Cannon had five hundred dollars, which he had saved while a clerk. He decided to study law, and entered the office of Usher and Patterson, in Terre Haute, and, in 1858, he was admitted to the bar. A year later, being unable to make a living in Indiana, he moved to Illinois. The practice of law was very different in those days from what it is now. There were few or no precedents. Only a small number of the decisions of the Illinois supreme court had been printed. The lawyers had to reason out a proposition in conformity with their knowledge of fundamental principles, instead of searching for support of their contention in reports of adjudged cases. The sittings of court at a county seat were great occasions, and the sessions were attended by many who had no part in the litigation. The trials were generally before juries, and the lawyers depended as much on their wit and eloquence for winning a case as they did upon the legal points brought out and sustained.

Mr. Cannon rode the circuit on horseback. He was an indefatigable worker, and, in less than a year, he gained an enviable reputation for thoroughness and for resourceful wit. The rough and tumble passages which he had with the other circuit riders gave him good training for his subsequent career in congress. They taught him how to use his great natural wit to the best advantage.

It was during his early residence in Illinois that the Republican party of that state began to reach out for the control of its institutions. Like most lawyers of that day, Mr. Cannon was greatly interested in politics. He traveled on horseback to attend the Decatur convention which indorsed Abraham Lincoln for president and nominated Richard Yates for governor. Even now, notwithstanding the stirring times in which he has participated, he refers to that meeting as the greatest event of his life. It is said that, in his youthful enthusiasm, he became such an admirer of Lincoln that he decided to wear the same style of beard. Be that as it may, the fact remains that never since has Mr. Cannon's upper lip been otherwise than clean-shaven.

Mr. Cannon's political career dates from the Decatur convention. The year after he was elected state attorney for Douglas County, and he held that office until December, 1868. During that time, he was ever active in politics. It was not until 1870 that he began to look upon himself as a congressional possibility. When he makes up his mind to do a thing, he sets about doing it. Traps were set and wires pulled, and, after a stormy convention lasting two days, he secured the nomination and was elected. His first speech in the house was full of wit and laconic sayings, and it marked him as a coming man. He was assigned to the post-office committee, and plunged into the work with his accustomed thoroughness, good sense, and energy. In a short time he knew more about postal matters than any other representative. His interest in his first work never left him, and to this day Mr. Cannon keeps a sharp eye on all postal legislation. In the forty-sixth congress, he was assigned to the committee on appropriations, and his ability to comprehend figures soon made him one of the strong men, not only in the committee, but also on the floor of the house.

Thomas B. Reed was speaker in the fifty-third congress, and, although defeat had lost for Mr. Cannon his place on the postal committee, he was made chairman of the committee on appropriations. To do this, Mr. Reed had to make David B. Henderson, who was the ranking member of the committee on appropriations, chairman of the judiciary committee, and also a member of the committee on rules. Mr. Cannon rapidly attained his present important place in the house. He has a remarkable faculty for seeing all sides of a ques-

[*Concluded on page 486*]

SOME WORK TO DO

Robert Mackay

IT is not wealth or fame I ask,
But just some plain and simple task
By which to ease my brother's load
That halts his footsteps on Life's road.

Long as the day this work should be,
Then, when night comes to shelter me
'Neath her dark wings where nestles sleep,
As, under gloaming clouds, the deep,
I'll calmly rest with dream-sealed eyes
Amid my homely harmonies.

Some work to do;—some work, forsooth,
To drown the idleness of youth.
It matters not, the wage, the moil,
If but the Master's love assoil.—
On some high crag that guards the main,
Guiding a lone bark home again;
Sowing the seeds of plenty where
The whistling plowboy points his shar
Cleaving the mountain's rock-ribbed side,
Trimming a sail adown the tide.
Oh, this were fortune! just to be
A workingman, contented, free
As some great eagle that defies
The sun to dim his splendid eyes,—
To feel in blood and breast and breath
The force that flings its glove at Death;—
To find in toil the careless glee
That wild birds lilt from tree to tree.

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THE SHELTERING BEES:

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS [Author of "The Kindred of the Wild"]

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C. G. D. ROBERTS

A story of the brave Colonial days, when the chance of strange adventure was the birthright of the poor

WHEN the Sanfields, in 1743, moved from their rocky New Hampshire farm to a fertile district on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, they took with them a small colony of bees. Among all their household treasures these were the most difficult to transfer; but, as their New Hampshire home had been set in the midst of beehives, and as honey had grown to seem, in their eyes, one of the necessities of life, they could hardly have called their new abiding-place a home had not the bees been humming about it. Finally, the problem of transportation was solved by carrying the hive on a schooner that sailed from Portsmouth in January, while the bees were wrapped in their winter sleep.

John Sanfield's family consisted of his wife and two boys, Alec and Jim, aged twelve and sixteen, respectively. They settled on a roomy island not far from where now stands the little village of Chester. In the course of three years they had wide and fruitful clearings to show for their labor; and the bees, finding abundant pasturage, and thriving particularly on the buckwheat sown so plentifully among the stumps of the half-cleared fields, had multiplied beyond their utmost expectations. In fact, the little, wide-roofed cottage, set in an open field with a fine disregard of the comforts and beauties of shade trees, was half surrounded with beehives.

The Sanfields did not depend altogether upon their farm for support. They owned a snug fishing boat, and made short runs up and down the coast for cod, haddock, and mackerel, in their season. At these times the care of the farm devolved chiefly upon Alec and his mother; and, as for the bees, they were almost exclusively Alec's charge.

On sultry days, when the busy insects were ready to sting other people on the slightest provocation, Alec could go among them with perfect safety. The late swarms, too, always the hardest to handle, became good-tempered under his hands. The impulsive young bees which made up these swarms, forgetting to fill themselves with honey before leaving the parent hive, were always ready to resent some fancied offense; but for Alec their stings were kept sheathed.

He had the deftness and delicacy of motion which these insects seem to like. They abominate abruptness and clumsiness, and no one who has not a cool head and a light, neat hand should undertake the management of bees.

About this time the Indians, incited by the French of Beauséjour and Louisburg, began raiding the English settlements. Atrocities such as we have learned to look for in Indian warfare were perpetrated in several sections of the province; but the Sanfields, imagining themselves secure in their secluded island, were not much alarmed. Their life in New Hampshire had taught them little of the ways of hostile Indians.



"The leader had almost reached the door"

But their feeling of security was sadly misplaced. One afternoon, about four o'clock, when Alec was searching for a strayed calf in the thickets which clothed the northwestern corner of the island,—the point nearest the mainland,—he caught sight of a small band of Indians on the opposite shore. They had three large canoes, and he divined at once that they were a war party preparing to attack the island.

His interest in the strayed calf vanished. Gliding swiftly, with lowered head, through the densest parts of the underbrush, he soon reached a point where he could not be seen from the shore. Then, at the top of his speed, he darted across the clearings to his home.

The cottage stood about two hundred yards back from the shore of a little, narrow bay, which formed a sheltered harbor for small craft on the southwestern shore of the island. It was open to attack on all sides at once. Mr. Sanfield and Jim were away fishing, and could not be expected home before high tide, which would be about eight o'clock in the evening.

Mrs. Sanfield and Alec realized that their position was one of gravest peril. But they were of stout old Puritan fiber, and made ready to defend themselves to the utmost. Their hope—a rather feeble one, in truth,—was that they might be enabled to hold the enemy at bay till the arrival of the boat.

The two fishermen had taken guns with them, according to their custom, as there was always the possibility of a few shots at ducks or other waterfowl; but they had left behind them weapons which both Mrs. Sanfield and Alec knew well how to use. There were two rifles, a heavy smooth-bore musket for firing buckshot and slugs, and a couple of big, clumsy pistols.

These weapons Mrs. Sanfield loaded carefully, while Alec was busy barricading the doors and windows. The stock had previously been all turned loose, and driven into the woods beyond the bay, that the savages might not wantonly destroy it. When their poor preparations were complete, the little garrison waited in suspense for fifteen or twenty minutes, till suddenly Alec exclaimed:—

"Mother, I've got an idea. If those red rascals will only keep off a little longer, I'll arrange a reception for them that will give them a surprise. We'll let the bees take a hand in the fight."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Sanfield, incredulously, "I don't see how you are going to manage it."

"You just wait a minute and you'll see," replied the boy, smiling to himself as he began to unfasten the door again.

But at this point his mother interfered with some alacrity.

"You're not going to open that door," she said, "unless I know just what it's for. Maybe just as you get it unfastened the redskins will be upon us."



"Others stood their ground for a few moments"

Upon this Alec unfolded his scheme, to which Mrs. Sanfield yielded a reluctant assent. She did not think much of the plan, but she had at heart a very high opinion of his resources in general. Concluding that he might be wiser in the matter than herself, she let him have his way. She told herself, in excuse for yielding to so youthful a judgment, that she did not know much about bees, anyway.

While Mrs. Sanfield kept watch, holding the heavy smooth-bore, [She was not a very good shot, and therefore left the rifles to Alec.] the boy slipped out and began quickly but gently moving the beehives and placing them in a circle around the house, at a distance of about thirty-five feet from the walls. The insects swarmed around him, astonished, but did not resent the disturbance.

Then he gathered all the ropes and clothes-lines he could lay hands upon. These he made fast to the hives, cutting them into suitable lengths, and carrying the free ends into the house. When this was done, the door was again secured.

After a few minutes of suspense, Mrs. Sanfield began to grow half skeptical.

"Are you quite sure those savages were on the warpath?" she queried, peering through the loophole at which she kept guard.

"I'm afraid, mother," replied Alec, "we'll be only too sure of it, before long."

"As likely as not it was nothing more than a fishing party," persisted Mrs. Sanfield.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when Alec exclaimed, "Here they come!" and he raised his rifle to the loophole.

The Indians, evidently aware of the absence of the men of the house, came boldly forth into the open. The next moment, with a hideous outburst of yells, they dashed through a field of green buckwheat toward the house, counting upon an easy victory.

Alec's face was very white, but his mouth was firm. "Don't fire yet, mother," he whispered, vehemently, taking careful aim at the foremost of the assailing band.

There was a sharp report, and one of the redskins threw up his arms with a screech. Alec handed the smoking weapon to his mother to be reloaded, and seized the other rifle. He fired again instantly, and a tall feather leaped from the headdress of a brave. His aim had been too hasty.

"Load! Load, mother!" he cried, snatching the big musket.

But he did not fire. The Indians, taken aback by this energetic reception, and confused by the fall of one of their leaders, were retiring hastily out of range, carrying the wounded man with them. They took refuge behind the cover of the barn, a stout log structure about fifty yards from the house.

Alec turned to his mother with a fierce light in his eyes. His voice rang as he cried, "They don't like that kind of dose, do they?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Sanfield, checking with Puri-

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tan rigor her impulse to praise the boy for his good shot, "do n't flatter yourself they 're beaten yet. They have just gone behind the barn to be out of the way of your gun while they plan some wickedness."

"Well," said Alec, "we' re ready for them, anyhow."

"Yes, God helping us," answered his mother, solemnly, the lines about her chin and lips sternly belligerent.

For fully half an hour they waited, and still the enemy kept out of sight. They could hear, however, from time to time, sounds as of boards being ripped from their places, and knew that the savages had got into the barn through the little windows in the rear. What was going on, however, they could not guess; but they took it for granted that some unpleasant surprise was being prepared for them.

"There 'll be more than us that 'll get a surprise, though," said Alec to himself, as he strained his eyes for a glimpse of what was going on behind the barn.

Suddenly, with an appalling series of yells, the Indians charged in two bodies around both sides of the barn. But at the sight they presented the little garrison was astonished. It was as if two board fences were moving toward them. The savages were covering themselves with strong, rough-hewn planks taken from the interior of the barn, and the protection was pretty complete.

Alec fired one rifle, and was fortunate enough to wound a savage in the leg; then Mrs. Sanfield's great musket roared its defiance. Charged with a heavy load of buckshot, and little powder, it scattered freely, and must have wounded several of the assailants. One dropped and commenced crawling briskly to the rear; but the rest dashed forward without hesitating.



"These weapons Mrs. Sanfield loaded carefully"

And now Alec's scheme was put to the test. Dropping the rifle, he grasped the ends of the ropes which lay beside him, and, in quick succession, pulled over several of the beehives. As each hive crashed to the ground, the bees puffed forth in a fury, being already in a doubtful temper from having been disturbed.

By this time the assailants were fairly among the hives. The foremost had almost reached the door, when Alec brought him down by a shot from the rifle which his mother had just reloaded.

Then came a sudden confusion in the ranks, or, rather, the mob, of the attacking party. The shields of boards were thrown down, bepainted arms beat furiously about bepainted and befeathered heads, and a storm arose of angry grunts and execrations.

The savages, but very scantily clad, had absolutely no means of protecting themselves against the wrathful insects. About half the band fled at once back into the grainfield, where they would throw themselves down groveling for a moment, then spring up and make another mad rush for the thickets; and the bees, thoroughly infuriated, kept pouncing upon them in clouds.

Other Indians forced their way to the doors and windows of the house, striving desperately to break in, and thus at the same time both accomplish the purpose of their attack and escape from the stings of their vindictive adversaries.

Others stood their ground for a few moments among the hives, battling blindly, as an obstinate dog will sometimes do when he has come in collision with a hornet's nest. But this was only for a moment; and, coming to their senses, they fled wildly and ignominiously across the buckwheat fields.

Mrs. Sanfield and Alec, standing at the loopholes and firing with intent to disable rather than to kill, wounded more or less severely several of the savages who were battering at the barricaded windows. Presently these, too, the most determined and courageous of the band, realized the futility of their efforts; and, unable to endure longer the fiery torture of the bees, they fled away, with yells, in the footsteps of their comrades who had succumbed earlier to the bees.

In three or four minutes there was not an Indian in sight. At the same time, some distance out from shore, the sail of the Sanfields' boat came into view around the woody point.

"God has been very merciful to us, my son!" said Mrs. Sanfield, dropping weakly into a chair. Now that the peril was past she was no longer a stern Puritan warrior, but a trembling woman almost ready to burst into tears. She was determined to reserve this luxury, however, until her husband's return.

"Do you suppose, mother," said Alec, "we 're quit of them for good?"

"They 'll certainly not make another attack before your father and Jim get here, anyhow," was Mrs. Sanfield's reply.

"I reckon," said Alec, "the bees 'll follow them pretty near to the shore. They 'll not stop on the island, I 'll be bound, for they 're likely feeling pretty sick of this contract about now. I do n't believe we 'll see an Indian around this place again."

"I hope you 're right," answered Mrs. Sanfield. "But they 'll not be back to-night, anyhow, so you 'd better go call up the cows, so 's we 'll get the milking through before your father and Jim get here."

"Mother," exclaimed Alec, with a chuckle, "do you suppose those bees are going to be able to tell the difference between me and an Indian, *now*, when they 've got their mad up this way? It would be as much as my life 's worth to show my nose outside the house."

"Then, how on earth are they going to manage when the boat gets in?" queried Mrs. Sanfield, in sudden consternation.

"Father and Jim 'll just have to wait down on the shore till well after sundown," said Alec, "till the bees quiet down and get back into the hives."

When, a little later, the boat came to land and the tired fishermen started toward the house, they were hailed by Alec from a loophole and warned to keep their distance. In spite of warnings and explanations, however, they persisted in approaching, for they scorned the idea of being kept away from their supper by anything so insignificant as a few bees.

About half way up the shore one of the advance guard met Mr. Sanfield and stung him on the neck. He uttered an angry exclamation and brushed the insect off. At the same time others shot viciously into his hair and beard, and a couple of red-hot needles lanced his nose. Then Jim began beating the air wildly with his cap, and cried, angrily; "It 's no go, father; let 's cut!"

It was not till after dark that they were able to return, much crestfallen, to their well-guarded home. As for the Indians, it was as Alec had predicted: they never again found courage to brave the strange perils of Sanfield's Island.

Using One's Leisure

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THERE are some men and women whose work is so heavy and engrossing that they have no leisure; but such people are relatively few in number, and are, as a rule, at the head of great enterprises. Practically all young men and women have some hours from work which need not be devoted to exercise and sleep,—two things which ought never to be overlooked or neglected. These unoccupied hours are of priceless worth if they are wisely used. They determine the value of the working hours because they educate a man to use and enjoy what the working hours bring him, for a man's ability to enjoy success depends on his intelligence, his tasks, and the variety of his interests. Many of the most successful business men have so many interests, outside of their business, that they can always give themselves the rest of a change of occupation, and can get pleasure and profit out of any form of leisure. They understand that, in order to use wealth with judgment, and to get satisfaction and happiness out of it, a man must grow rich in mind as fast as he grows rich in pocket.

One of the most substantially successful men of the time recently said that in his boyhood he revolted against poverty, not because it denied him the luxuries of life, but because it curtailed his freedom, and he resolved that he would gain freedom at all costs. Having an unusually clear mind, this boy decided to get an education first, and become rich afterwards; he went through college and then made a fortune. His extraordinary influence and usefulness are largely due to the fact that he has kept his inward growth in line with his outward advancement, and has understood how to make the most of every dollar.

On the other hand, there are few more pathetic spectacles than a man who has grown rich and remained ignorant. Every increase of his wealth only makes his inward poverty more apparent, and he gets out of his fortune only his housing, his clothing, his food, and a small sense of power.

Now, it is the use of the leisure hour that equips a man to use wisely what the working hours bring him. The working hours develop his character, if his principles are good, while they increase his fortune, but they do not give him broad views of life, knowledge, and love of the best things. These are the gifts and fruits of the leisure hours, for the leisure hours constitute a man's educational opportunity. No man who has a few hours every week which can be used as he pleases should remain uneducated. Education is not a matter of schools, colleges, and universities; these are valuable instruments and aids to education, but they are not so essential that the man who cannot command their privileges needs remain uneducated. Some men are better educated out of college than in it. All highly educated men, no matter how liberal their opportunities may have been, are self-educated. The school and the college teach men how to study and what tools to use, but, when they have done with the school and the college, they are only at the beginning of education. From that point they educate themselves by individual work.

This is what boys and girls can do who have persistence enough to use well their leisure hours; to read for a purpose, and to observe flowers, trees, and animals, instead of walking through the fields and woods with blind eyes and dull ears.

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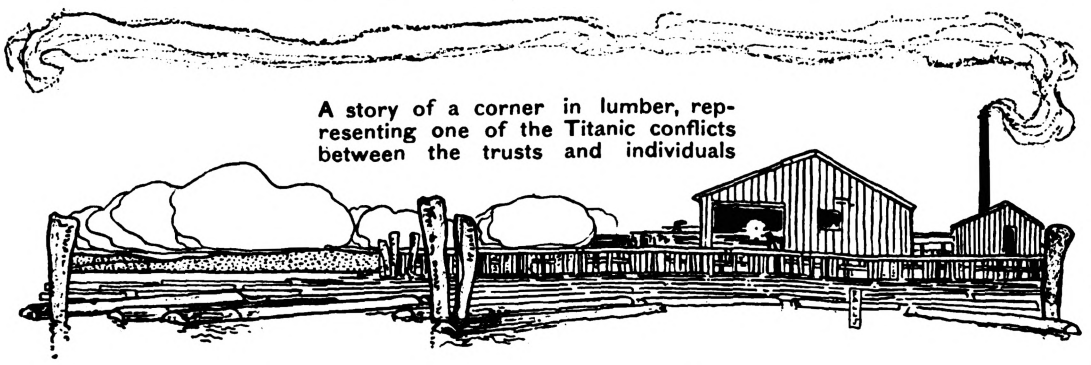


"'Crossman, we're going to buy lumber'"

The Whip Hand

Samuel Merwin

A story of a corner in lumber, representing one of the Titanic conflicts between the trusts and individuals



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 down on the wharves among filth and squalor. 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 business manager. The firm of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company tries to absorb Mr. Higginson's firm, but, not succeeding, seeks to crush it. In this it is thwarted by Halloran's business sagacity. Mr. Higginson's health fails from the long strain and years of hard work, and he is forced to take a rest, leaving Halloran in control of his affairs. Mr. Babcock, Bigelow's business partner, contrives to force a blockade with Higginson and Company, to prevent that firm from carrying out an order with a Michigan City concern. If the lumber were not in the city by the thirteenth day of the month, the order was to be canceled and given to the Bigelow company. Halloran outwits the Bigelow company and secures one of its own engineers and eight or nine other men, to run the steamer "Higginson, Number 1," into Michigan City, and thereby wins the day.]

BOOK TWO.—CHAPTER VI.—Halloran goes to Chicago



SAMUEL MERWIN

THE next morning chanced to be Friday. Crossman came over to Halloran's desk. "Have you a couple of minutes?" he asked.

"Surely,—more than I want. Sit down."

Crossman did not take the offered chair, but leaned on the desk.

"Miss Higginson spoke to me last night," he said, with visible effort, "about the family expenses. She thinks they ought to reduce them all around, but you, she says, are the only one that knows about their affairs. I suggested that she should talk the matter over with you herself; but she did n't want to, for some reason."

Halloran swung back in his chair.

"I do n't know how well you understand this business, Crossman,—it simply amounts to this: the trust people are selling lumber below cost to run us out of business, and we have shut down to let them go ahead until they're sick of it. When the price rises, we 'll start up again. Of course all this makes a big difference in Mr. Higginson's income. I suppose that there is no use trying to make that plain to women, but, if you can do anything to clear the air, you'd better go talk to them. Anyhow, do n't let them make any difference in their living. We must n't do anything that will scare people; the Higginson credit is good, and it's our business to keep it good."

He meditated a moment, then looked up and said abruptly:—

"Look here, Crossman, you can do me a favor if you want to. Mr. Higginson's sickness seems to have left me in charge of his family finances. Now, suppose you take the whole business off my hands. You know both Mrs. Higginson and Miss Higginson better than I do, and I think it would be a good deal easier for them to talk things over with you than with me. You can let me know if anything especial comes up, and I'll help you work it out. How does that strike you?"

"All right," Crossman managed finally to say, "I'll try it."

"I do n't believe this giving away lumber can last much longer," said Halloran.

Something about those phrases that had been floating in his mind for weeks, "giving away lumber," "selling at a loss," "selling to our customers,"—stuck in his thoughts now. He sat there, leaning back in his swivel chair gazing at the rows of pigeonholes,—Crossman still leaning on the desk,—while his mind sailed off to Pewaukoe. He saw again the great yards of the Bigelow Company, crowded full of lumber,—the mills droning ceaselessly, the scores of men swarming over the work, the steamer hurrying her cargo,—and he thought again, "All this is to be sold below cost to our customers."

Then his chair came down with a bang, and his open hand slapped on the desk. He had it! The idea that had evaded him all these weeks was finally run to cover, and bagged securely. The simplicity of it all—the feeling of utter imbecility at having failed to see it before,—left him limp, but he recovered.

"Crossman," he said, "I'm going to Chicago to-night, and may not get back before the first of next week. You look out for things here, will you?"

The assistant was growing hardened to surprises. He merely nodded, with a curious expression.

Halloran had an idea. For a moment he could only say to himself, over and over, "What a fool! What a fool!" He could think only of that tremendous output of lumber thrown on the market for a song. "Selling to our customers, eh?" he thought; "selling to our customers!"

"Crossman," he said, when he felt that he was on his legs again, "we're going to buy lumber."

Crossman did not grasp the idea at first.

"We're going to buy lumber,—all we can get," Halloran repeated; "and I'm going down to get the money."

It was sinking into Crossman's head,—slowly he was gripping it, this idea of Halloran's. Higginson and Company were going to buy lumber, were going to buy it below cost,—great quantities of it, to buy it secretly, in many places, under many names, at half the normal price; they would sell it, later, at or above normal. Then at length Crossman looked at Halloran and grinned,—broadly, happily; and Halloran said to himself again, "What a fool! Oh, what a fool!"

There was much to be done that day. Crossman must have full instructions for prompt action: the moment Halloran's message should come up from Chicago he must cross the lake to Milwaukee, and from there command the Wisconsin shore. Halloran himself would set the Chicago end of the line in motion. Scattered here and there around the lake were men who had occasionally handled business for Higginson and Company. These were to be retained, wherever possible, and set to buying trust lumber. Everything must be done secretly; every opportunity must be seized. There would be storage to arrange for in a dozen cities, and insurance; there were a score and odd contingencies to be foreseen and provided against, and a maximum price to be agreed on for each necessary step. But the figuring and the talking had an end; and when Halloran finally jumped on the night train and was rolled off toward Chicago, he felt that Bigelow's flank was as good as turned.

There was one bank in Chicago with which Mr. Higginson had been doing business for twenty years. Thither Halloran went, shook hands with the cashier, and laid bare the situation. The cashier knew a good deal about the fight already, and was interested to fill up the gaps in his information.

"What is it you plan to do, Mr. Halloran?" he asked, when they had talked over the situation.

"We are going to buy lumber."

The cashier inclined his head to show that he understood perfectly.

"We can buy it now for one or two dollars less than it costs us to get it out of our own woods," Halloran added.

This interested the cashier very much indeed. Higginson and Company were good, all the way through, and their manager seemed to have a keen business sense. Mr. Higginson's sickness entered his calculations, but still the investment was sound. The amount must be discussed, and one or two details mentioned. But it was after only a very few minutes of talk that the cashier said:—

"We shall be very glad to let you have the money, Mr. Halloran."

The arrangements were soon made. Then Halloran bade the cashier good morning and went down to the telegraph office in the basement of the building, and, as this short message hummed over the wires to Crossman,—"*Mr. Crossman: Go ahead. Halloran,*"—he walked out into the street to begin the battle. All idleness was over now, for Halloran,—all merely defensive work, all waiting for results. From now on it was to be straight-out fighting, and he knew that the best man would win.

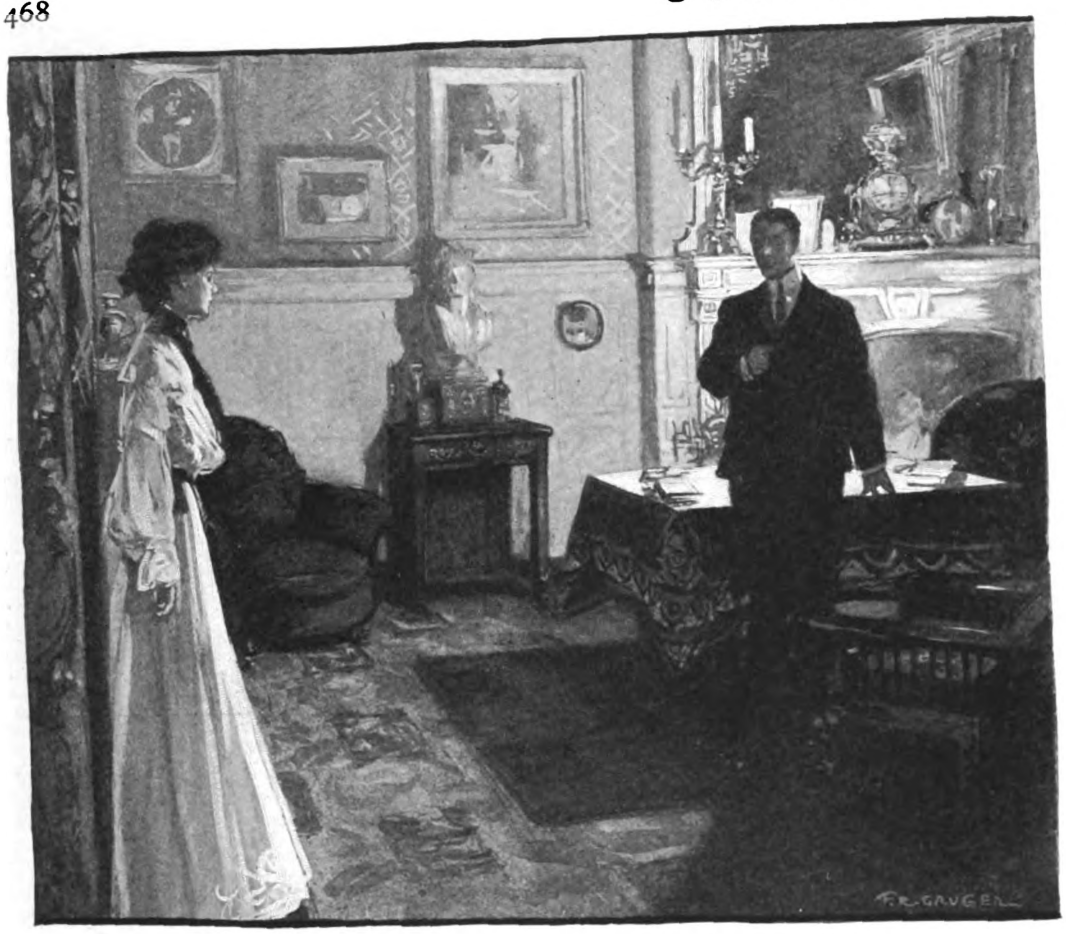
Before that Saturday afternoon was far advanced Halloran's agents were at work. Their instructions were simple. "Buy all the one-inch and two-inch stuff you can get, pine and hemlock, in regular lengths and widths," was what he had said, in starting them out, and before evening orders had been placed in Chicago alone for nearly a million feet. The work would be pushed still further on Monday and Tuesday. Every company in the trust would be given an opportunity to sell heavily.

Farther up Lake Michigan Crossman was working with equal energy. It was a chance for Crossman, an opportunity to show his mettle, and he realized it. There had been some pulling at odds in the office, and the assistant had been inclined, perhaps, to misunderstand Halloran in more ways than one; but all that was now swept away and the enthusiasm of vigorous work was in him. For the first time since the work began, he fully understood it; he had been made to see that there was a possibility of winning. When Halloran's message reached him that morning, and he realized that no regular steamer would cross the lake before evening, he hurried a tug into commission, and, with Captain Craig and MacGregor to get him over, made the passage to Milwaukee in less than seven hours. Late as it was when he arrived, he not only organized the work for Monday, but also succeeded in placing a few orders.

So it fell out that the reduction in price, made solely to ruin Higginson, was suddenly and unexpectedly turned to his advantage. The busy companies that were scattered about the northern half of the lake did not know this yet,—did not dream that they were crowding extra shifts of men into their mills to help out Higginson, that the logs floating down a score of rivers in both peninsulas were to be cut for Higginson, that the steamers loading at a score of wharves were running for Higginson, and that the long list of lake towns from which had arisen the heavy demand for lumber were buying for Higginson. They did not know these things, and Halloran did not mean that they should know them.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of all this and the natural elation after such a day's work that between them took Halloran's actions out of his own hands that Saturday evening. There were times when he was likely to surprise himself; this seemed to be one of them. During the preceding three years he had been in Chicago a number of

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"He was standing with his back to the table and the light"

times, but always only to transact his business and go directly back to Wauchung,—always heeding that stubborn quality somewhere within him that had had so much to do with pulling him up from nothing and pushing him on in the world, and that had kept him out of foolishness on at least one important occasion. He had managed, until now, to side with the stubborn quality against a certain impulse that had occasionally given him trouble; but to-night the impulse caught him off his guard. There were a good many things he might have done, —there were even one or two details of the fight still to be studied out,—but the impulse, once securely planted in authority, swept aside every other thought. So, after dinner, Halloran took a train for Evanston.

An odd feeling took possession of him when he found himself once more, after three years, amid the scenes of his struggles. It did not seem very long ago. That he had greatly changed, he knew: since the days of furnace-tending, and study, and work as a surfman, and all the other interests that had crowded those earlier years, he had thrown himself out into the world. He had come to know something of the joy of directing men and events, and playing a positive part in the life about him. He had come to love the fighting, to love the play of fact upon fact and mind upon mind. During the last year he had begun to understand the feeling of a trained swimmer when he plunges into deep water. There was the exhilaration of not only keeping afloat when weak men sink, but also of laying a course and following it, sure of his strength and endurance. While this change was taking place in him, he had been inclined to forget that these three years were, after all, but a ninth or a tenth part of his life so far, and that the other nine-tenths were also real and tangible. But to-night, as he walked up toward the ridge, where the big houses stood, he felt that he was taking up his old life where he had laid it down that day when he took the boat for Wauchung. Somehow, he was not so sure of himself as he had been when he bade good morning to the cashier.

He was almost relieved to find that Miss Davies and her mother had stepped across the way. They would be back soon, he was told; so he went in, left his hat and coat in the hall, and walked in through the parlor to the long sitting room, where there were rows upon rows of books, and a round-edged table covered with other books and magazines, and a great fireplace with a wood fire burning to take the edge off the evening air. He sat down in the Morris chair by the table, and picked up a book,—he had not had time to read much of late years. But after a moment of turning the pages the book was lowered to his knees, and his eyes looked over it at the fire. There had been a time when he had laid that fire regularly every morning, and now to be sitting here, suddenly conscious that his life had taken a new direction, that he was older, and that his clothes were better,—that he was, in fact, another person altogether,—was odd, haunting, and almost disconcerting.

He heard the front door open. There was a rustle out in the hall, and voices. He let his head fall against the back of his chair and turned his face toward the parlor door. He hardly knew what to make of himself, this active, vigorous man; he was almost afraid he had emotions. Certainly a peculiar disturbance was going on somewhere within him, such a disturbance as hardly could be looked for in the manager of a lumber company. He did not like it at all. He wondered why she was so long about coming in. Perhaps she would go on upstairs, not knowing he was there. That would be awkward. Altogether, it was probably a good thing that Halloran had come out to Evanston before the new life had succeeded in withdrawing him finally from the old,—before the proportion of one-tenth to nine-tenths had been evened up, and he had wholly changed into Michigan lumber,—a very good thing indeed.

She came in through the parlor, and paused, surprised. He felt himself rising, and standing with his back to the table and the light. She came slowly forward, inclining her head a little to get the light out of her eyes so that she could see his face. The disturbance now increasing in that strange new part of him, out of all proportion to the occasion, called his attention to her reserve, to the something—was it pride?—that had disturbed him in other days; it taunted him with her firm carriage, her fine thoughtful face; it reminded him of her real superiority, the superiority that comes only from pride in right living; and so Halloran, the vigorous, the elated, at the moment of greeting an old friend in her own house, was so far from equal to the situation that for the life of him he could think of nothing but certain raw facts in his own bringing up, or fighting up, whichever it might be called. Not a word did he say,—he simply waited.

She came a few steps nearer—into the wide doorway,—and hesitated. Then, after an instant, her whole expression changed. Her eyes lighted up with gladness, so real that even he could not misread it; and she came rapidly forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, John Halloran!" she cried, "where did you come from?"

VII.

The Question

HE took her hand, and their eyes met. Until now it had not occurred to him that she, too, had changed. Her expression, even, was different; three years earlier she had been living earnestly, intensely,—she had felt the unequal burdens of the world and had plunged fearlessly into vast problems,—but now she seemed more impersonal, more detached.

"Sit down," she said, withdrawing her hand; "I will speak to mother."

There were more greetings to be gone through. They sat about the fire for awhile, and Halloran had to give an account of himself, and had to listen to Mrs. Davies's open approval of him. She had heard of him now and then; she had known from the first that he would get on; she was downright proud of him, in fact. This was something of an ordeal, and he felt relieved when she withdrew and left Margaret with him.

The two stood for a moment looking into the fire; then she nodded toward the Morris chair, and he dropped into it. She sat down on the other side of the table, and propped up her chin on her two hands. For a moment they sat looking at each other. Finally they both smiled.

"Well," she observed, "we've both been growing up, haven't we?"

So she had remarked it, too.

"Yes, I guess we have," he replied,—"rather more than I had thought."

"You didn't expect to find me the same girl you left here, did you?"

Halloran gazed moodily into the fire.

"I don't know. I couldn't say just what I did expect."

"But it's different, anyway, isn't it?"

He nodded.

"And now you don't like it because you think we shall have to begin all over again getting acquainted?"

He nodded again, then, looking up, was reassured by her friendly smile. She slowly shook her head at him.

"That isn't quite fair," she went on; "here I have been staying right at home and doing the same things all these three years. If I have grown a little older, I couldn't help it very well. But you have got to be a business man with ever so many interests, and I suppose you are very successful,—anyway you have changed so much that I hardly knew you. How long are you going to be here?"

"Until Monday or Tuesday."

"You must come to dinner to-morrow, then. You'd better come planning to spend the rest of the day."

"Thanks! I will. How is George?"

Her face grew serious. "He has been giving me a good deal of trouble lately. I don't know what to make of him. He lost his home, you know,—or maybe you don't. Have you heard the story?"

"No."

"It is a strange one. To begin with, his sister Elizabeth eloped with Mr. Le Duc."

"Not Apples?"

"Yes,—they were married in 'St. Joe,' and she went on the stage with him. Jimmie McGinnis is with them, too. They call themselves the three Le Ducs, I believe. Then Mrs. Craig lost her position. The Le Ducs are in Chicago now, at a cheap theater, and Mrs. Craig is living with them; but they refused to take George, too. They seem to grudge her even the little they do. So George was turned out into the street and got into bad company, and now he is in jail. I don't think it's as bad as it sounds. His companions are a good deal older, and Mr. Babcock, who has been looking after him, says he will undoubtedly be released. I almost wrote you about it a little while ago."

"I wish you had."

"Well,"—she hesitated,—"I didn't know,—it had been so long,"—she looked up. "To tell the truth, I didn't know whether or not you were still interested."

He rose, and went over to the mantel. The fire was low and he heaped it with the largest sticks in the wood box; then, dropping on one knee, he took up the bellows and had it roaring in a moment.

"I like a big fire," he said, over his shoulder.

She nodded, and let her eyes rest on him as he worked over the fire. Yes, he was a good deal older; his frame had filled out and settled; and in his manner, too, some of the rough edges had been rubbed down,—a fact she whimsically regretted. She got up, and pushed the big chair up beside the fire, and sat across from him. For a time they said nothing,—he sitting on a stool at one side of the hearth, she in the chair at the other, he applying the bellows in a moody, desultory way, she leaning back watching first him and then the leaping flames. Finally he said, letting the bellows swing between his knees, still keeping his eyes on the fire:—

"Margaret."

She started a little, and a quick, almost shy glance shot from her eyes; but he seemed wholly unconscious that he had never directly called her by that name before. He swung the bellows slowly to and fro like a pendulum.

"What made you think I wouldn't be interested?"

"Why,—I don't know that I meant exactly that—"

He went on, still without looking up: "Was it anything in what I wrote before?"

Yes, there had been some writing before,—when he was first at Wauchung, and she, eager for her little *protégé* in the city, had kept him informed of George's progress, and had relied on his counsel. And now as he brought that correspondence up in his mind, and remembered how it had bothered him, how he had avoided every personal reference and had made it easy always for her to stop when she chose, and how she finally had stopped,—when he had these facts before him, he was thankful that the fire could partly explain his color.

"I'm afraid I was n't a very satisfactory correspondent," he added, "but those were n't very satisfactory days. I was sailing pretty close, then,—I had some college expenses to pay back, and I was learning the business, and altogether I did n't see much fun in living. If you have thought of me since as the same sort of fellow I was then, I don't blame you for not wanting to write."

He looked up at her for a reply; but she only smiled a little, and slowly shook her head.

And so they talked on, these two, for a long time; they drifted on into a dreamy, personal mood,—into a land where only common interests could get a footing, and where there was no clock,—nothing but the red flames, and the dim rows of books, and the hushed house, and themselves. They forgot that night those three years of divergence,—forgot that there was one set of facts centering about the Michigan lumberman and another about Margaret. To Halloran, all of life had slipped away except that dreamy figure in the Morris chair, with the late red glow of the fire on her face, and the shine of gold in her wonderful hair. Her eyes were half closed, and she turned them toward him, now and then, without moving her head. A smile hovered on her face,—now on her lips, if he spoke to her,—and at other times flitted about her eyes. Her hands lay motionless on the arms of the chair. To both of them it was a rich, glad time, so glad that it could best be explained by silence, tempered only at intervals by low voices; so rich that it poured its warmth into their very souls, and quieted them, and gave them to know that such high moments are rare, and that they must be conserved and guarded,—must be lived through reverently.

He looked at her—shyly at first, with stolen glances,—until in some silent way she gave him her permission; and then he looked long, not from his eyes alone, but from the new self within him which had risen almost to equality with that other self of hers. He knew this now,—knew it to be gloriously true,—and he felt a defiance of all life, including all the pressing facts and things that had crowded into his existence,—a defiance, a consciousness of self, that thrilled him with its reality. For the first time in his life he knew that those solid things were not the real ones, and his soul was awed and humbled.

And she looked at him,—shyly always, yet conscious of what she was too honest to deny. The occasional pressure of her sensitive mouth and the twitch of her eyelids as the light wavered over them were not needed to show him that she, too, was wholly given up to reality, and that her life was gathered up, to-night, with his, into one full hour of happiness.

Into this Arden came the distant whistle of a locomotive. Her eyes sought his, and at the expression they found there she shook her head.

"That is going the other way," she said, softly.

"I'm sorry,"—he looked at his watch,—"I have just time for the last train."

He rose, and stood a moment looking at the fire. Then he went over and leaned on the back of the chair, and reached down and raised her hand in his. She almost shivered at his touch, but he held it firmly; and after a moment, in which the blood seemed to leave her face, her fingers closed on his, and clasped them tightly.

Then he forgot all about the last train. He knew that

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"Apples"

the impulse that he had feared so long had at length mastered him, and he was wildly, exultantly glad. He slipped down on the broad arm of the chair, and held her hand on his knee, and looked down at her hair; whilst she, still with that occasional compression of the lips, gazed into the fire. For her, too, everything had slipped into oblivion,—everything but the red, red glow of the dying fire, and the clasp of his hand in hers, and the touch of his other hand on her hair. There was nothing else in the world for her to-night; and her happiness was so intense, so poignant, that she felt herself swept blindly along with him, past all the obstacles of convention, of small misunderstandings, of outside interests, on up to heights that had never before during her quiet, honest lifetime even entered her imagination. At moments her fingers would tighten on his, and strange, happy tears would fill her eyes, to be kept back only by an effort. Once she could not keep them back;—and he looked down and saw them on her cheek, and she did not care. Tears were trivial, now that her soul was laid bare to him.

At another time she spoke, so softly that he could not hear, and he bent down his head.

"You are not going to try to get back to the city?" she repeated, in a voice from which all the strength, all the body had gone.

"No, I'm going down to the hotel."

Her clasp tightened again by way of reply.

So the wild sweet message came to this man and this young woman. It told them how deeply those earlier years of friendship had entered their natures, and let them know how much stronger it was than will or habit, and how it had chained their two lives so firmly together that only a few moments had been needed to-night to show it plainly to them both. A look of the eye, a tone in the voice,—and it was done. From that moment their lives had changed; and wherever the new current might lead them, whatever might be waiting in the dim luminous years beyond sight, the new fact must control their thoughts. The old days were gone; the new had begun.

Was it strange that he should think of this, and that the meaning of it all should flash through his mind,—whilst she, with her sensitive young nature wholly bound up in this moment, should be thinking of nothing, should be conscious of nothing save that he was here? Was this strange? Her eyes were still fixed on the embers; she seemed unable to raise them to his. In all her life she had never before given up. Her impulses had never before swept her reason from its seat, and held her, trembling and amazed in their grip. It was new and wonderful to her.

"Margaret," he said, in the low voice that expressed the most, "dare I look at my watch?"

She smiled and tightly held his hand.

"No?"

She shook her head.

He caught up a lock of her hair and held it against the light. It glistened like fine-spun gold. He leaned down and pressed it to his lips; and again he felt that tightening of her fingers, that slight shiver passing through her. He bent forward and saw that the tears had escaped again.

"Margaret," he whispered; "look up."

Her eyes lifted a little, then dropped. He waited, and then whispered again, "Look up, dear." Slowly she raised them until they met his fairly, and their two souls were gazing straight, each to each. Her fingers tightened and tightened; she was trembling. Then at last he caught her wildly with both arms, and drew her against him, and kissed her forehead, her eyes, her mouth, and her tears fell without restraint.

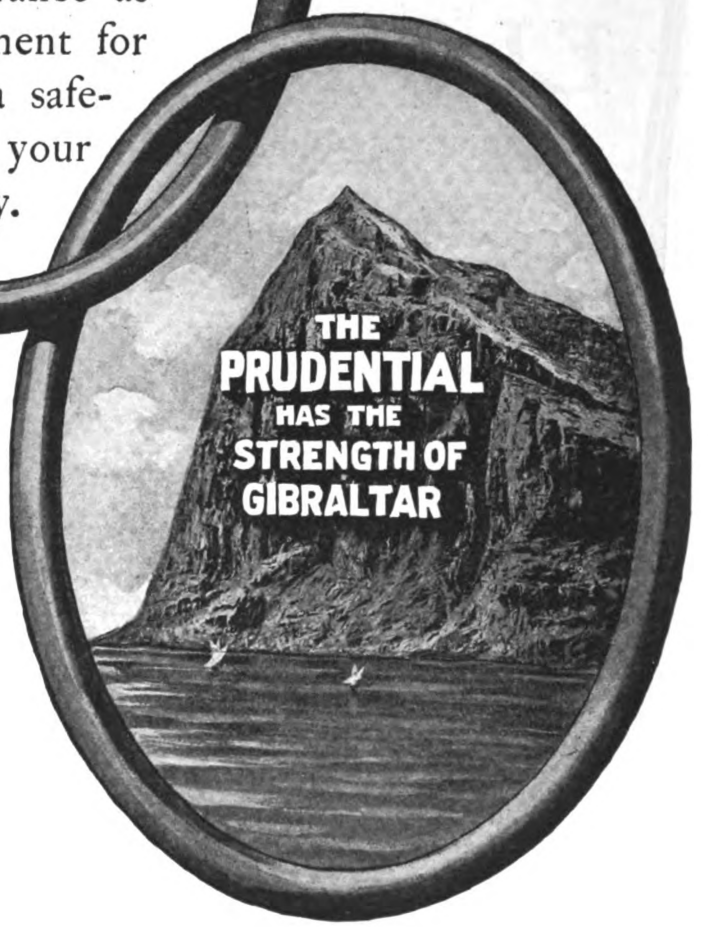
"Dear girl," he whispered, his mouth close to her ear, "dear girl, you love me,—I know you love me. I have waited,—it is a long while that I have waited,—but all the waiting is over now. Tell me that it is all over,—that we are going to begin our lives—our life,—anew again,—tell me that we are going to be happy."

There was a moment during which she struggled to free herself. "Don't, oh, don't!" she cried, brokenly. "Please stop, John!" And he, hurt and wondering, released her, and stood up, watching her stupidly as she fell back in the chair, covered her eyes and sobbed.

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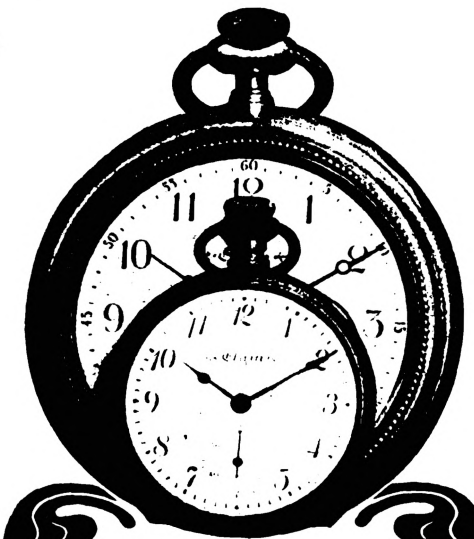
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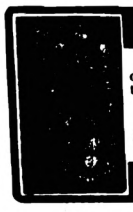
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Poor Halloran! He had been supposing that he understood her, and that he could really see a little way into that complex nature. The discovery that he was still far, far on the outside of her personality brought a cruel shock. He could not know that, while his thoughts had rambled ahead, constructing their life, hers had been absorbed in the happiness of that one golden hour. He could not understand how his words, and the realization of what this evening meant to them both had burst upon her with a force that left her weak and frightened. He could not be expected to know what a struggle had come with this first open thought of giving herself up to a man,—what questions it raised, what problems of wholly reconstructing a life; how the great question loomed before her in dimensions that seemed almost tragic. He could not understand this; and so, when he finally spoke, it was with a touch of quiet dignity.

"Margaret," he said, "I have asked you to be my wife." There was a more and more appealing quality in his voice as he went on. "I have asked you to be my wife. Can't you give me your answer?"

She shook her head without uncovering her eyes.

"Shall I come for it to-morrow, then, Margaret? I think I have told you everything. You know that I love you. I can't live without you,—I dread even to think of waiting. It means so much to me, Margaret, so very much, that I don't know—"

He paused, for his voice was beginning to shake a little. Still she was silent.

"Have you"—it was getting difficult to speak,—"have you nothing to tell me?"

"Oh, John," she managed to say, "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

"Is—is that all, Margaret?"

"You must not come to-morrow,—I can't let you."

"A week, then, Margaret?—a—a month?"

"I don't know,—you must not stay."

He waited a little, then walked slowly to the hall. When he had his coat nearly on, she went to the doorway. He waited again, hat in hand.

"Good—good night," she said.

"Is that—"

She shook her head, nervously, hurriedly, and he opened the door and went out.

When he had gone, when his last step had died away in the still air, she sank down on the stairs and sobbed, trembling in the power of this passion. What had she done? What had she done! Her thoughts ranged madly. She thought of the three years of divergence; of his habits, and of hers; of all the things, great and trivial, that bore on the question; and she tried to remember what had happened this night, and could not. She only knew that this strange power had mastered her; and she was afraid of it, and of him.

VIII.
A letter

AS TIME went by, the wisdom of Halloran's method of buying lumber became apparent. If the orders had not gone in almost simultaneously to the offices of the different companies, the directors would have put their heads together and declined meeting such an unusually heavy demand. As it fell out, however, when the heads did finally go together, it was discovered that the mischief had been done, for six million feet of lumber had been sold, in thirty or forty different lots, and for about fifty thousand dollars less than it would have brought at the normal rates. The possibility of speculators buying in the lumber had been discussed from the first; but the directors had not dreamed such a movement could actually be completed before they could know it was going on. Then they found that each of the twenty-odd companies had been pledged to these orders, through its own authorized agents. Even now, after the door had been closed on an empty stable, it was not plain what per cent. of the sales had gone to speculators, for nearly every order had come from a regular dealer, in one of a score of different cities and towns.

Halloran soon found it difficult to buy, except in occasional small lots. His instructions to his agents still held good, however, and he hoped to increase his stock until he should have enough on hand to make good all the losses resulting from the fight. That was his idea,—to make Bigelow pay the bills. When this point was reached he would show his hand by bringing all the lumber to Wauchung.

At this stage of the fight there was a pause. On one hand Halloran's counter move was practically ended; on the other, the Bigelow forces appeared as determined as ever to keep down prices and force Higginson out of business. Rumors were floating, now and then, to be sure, that there was trouble in Kentucky Coal, but there was nothing at all definite. Bigelow loomed as large as ever on the business horizon: and, whether or not all his investments were not so prosperous as they appeared, men were still afraid of him.

One morning in the office,—a nearly idle morning, as came about frequently now,—Crossman remarked, casually, over his paper:—

"There's a big fight on in corn at the Board of Trade."

"Something new, eh?"

"Yes,—it seems that the secret has just leaked out. A man named Le Duc—"

"Le Duc!"

"Yes,—Appleton Le Duc,—sounds like a French name, does n't it?"

Halloran left his chair and went over to Crossman's side.

"Excuse me," he said, "may I see it?"

"Certainly,—take it if you like; I'm through with it. It's a queer story." He went on talking while Halloran was reading. "It seems that he's a new man at the business, but they're calling him the new corn king already. They say that he shows a regular genius for it. It looks as if he was going to corner the market,—the paper says he used to be an actor."

Halloran laid down the paper and perched himself on the corner of Crossman's flat-top desk.

"That's queer business," he observed. "The last time I heard of Apples he was playing at a third-class variety house"

"Friend of yours?"

"I knew him in college. If the paper were n't so sure about it, I'd say it was a mistake. He never did it himself,—he has n't any money, to begin with. Somebody's

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"We soon made a discovery, we were enchanted with the delightful flavor of the food and to my surprise I began to get well. My breakfast now consists of a little fruit; 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts; a cup of Postum, which I prefer to coffee; graham bread or toast and two boiled eggs. I never suffer the least distress after eating this and my stomach is perfect and general health fine. Grape-Nuts is a wonderful preparation. It was only a little time after starting on it that wife and I both felt younger, more vigorous, and in all ways stronger. This has been our experience.

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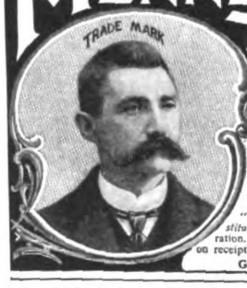


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using him for a cat's-paw, plainly enough; but I'd like to know how he ever got hold of a snap like that?" Halloran shook his head over it. "Do you ever read Mark Twain?"

"I have—some."

"Do you remember the story of the bad little boy that got rich, and went to congress, and died universally respected?"

"Never read that."

"Well, it makes me think of Apples. The two poorest skates we had in college are turning out about the same way. The other fellow was a lazy beggar from down in Indiana,—went up to college to play baseball, but did n't have grit enough to make the team. He never got anywhere in his work,—spent three years in his fourth year's academy, I believe, before he gave it up. And no one ever knew how he lived. But one of the directors of a big steel company used to live out there, and this fellow scraped up money enough to buy a dress suit and join the local club, and took to playing billiards and drinking with the director's son, and finally got invited around to meet the family. Now he is the assistant secretary of the steel company, and has announced his engagement to the director's daughter. It's enough to make you wonder a little sometimes, is n't it?"

The office door opened, just then, so abruptly that they both started. Looking up, they saw Captain Craig standing in the doorway, hatless, holding an open letter in his hand. He looked straight at Halloran, as if he saw nothing else in the office.

"I want to see you," he said.

At the odd sound of his voice, Crossman got up without a word, and brushed by him into the outer office, gently pushing the door to behind him.

"Sit down, captain," said Halloran.

The captain took the chair by the desk.

"I went up to the house to see the old gentlemen, but they would n't let me in."

"No, he is not allowed to see anybody. Will I do?"

Craig seemed not to hear the reply.

"I got a letter just now,—and I wondered if I could n't get away for a little while,—I guess I won't be needed on the steamer?"

"Certainly not."

It was a strange story that the captain had to tell. Years before, his daughter had gone to Chicago to take a position with a successful young business man. He had fallen in love with her and married her against her father's wishes. Two children were born to them; then he had left her and she had been granted a divorce. Years of suffering had followed, the alimony had not been paid, and now, finally, she had given up the fight and had written to her father to ask if she might come home. Her daughter was married,—she had eloped with an actor and gone on the stage with him,—but she would like to bring her boy home with her. This was the story; but what held Halloran's attention, on reading the letter from the captain's daughter, what brought a bewildered expression to his face, was the signature, for the daughter was Mrs. Jennie Craig;—her divorced husband was G. Hyde Bigelow, and her son-in-law was Appleton Le Duc.

Halloran gazed at the letter until the silence grew oppressive, and then he looked out the window. Finally he spoke.

"I think I know your daughter, captain.".

"Oh! You know her?"

"Yes, I saw her several times a few years ago. I can tell you a good deal about George, too."

"She's a good girl,—we used to think she took after me a little. I think, may be,—I think I'll bring her right back with me, to-morrow, and then you can come around and see us."

"Yes,—what would you say if I were to go down with you, captain? Perhaps I could help you to find her and George." He hesitated a moment. "We'll bring the boy back, too. I guess we can manage to keep him busy around the office until the mills start up again."

"Do you know how old he is?"

"George must be—about sixteen, I should say."

"And the girl is married,—she must be older,—I guess I'm a little bewildered." He got up now, and stood silent by the desk.

"I'll be ready for you in half an hour, captain."

There seemed to be nothing more to say, and, after another silence, Craig went out. But later, during the hours on the train, Halloran had to tell him over and over what he knew about George and Lizzie, their mother, and Le Duc. He was greatly interested in Jimmie McGinnis, too.

And so they found the captain's daughter and grandson, and brought them back to Wauchung. Halloran, when he had left the captain in Mrs. Craig's room, hurried out to Evanston and up to the big house on the Ridge, only to find that Margaret and her mother had gone East,—to Woodlawn Valley, in the Catskills,—and no one could say when they would return. So she had gone for a long stay, without a word to him.

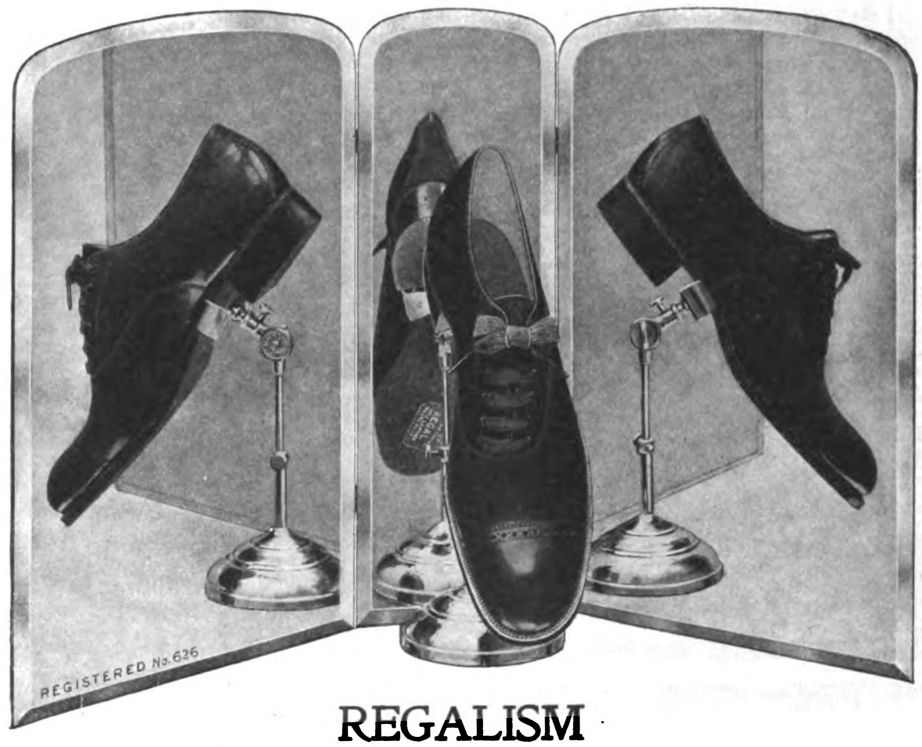
[*To be continued in the September* SUCCESS]

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Or go with a smiling face;
It is hard, I know, to endure, ah, me!
When we feel the javelin;
But if all things went right there would be
No victory to win.

And so, I think, 't were better to take
The bitter, as well as the sweet,
And bravely bear, though the heart must ache,
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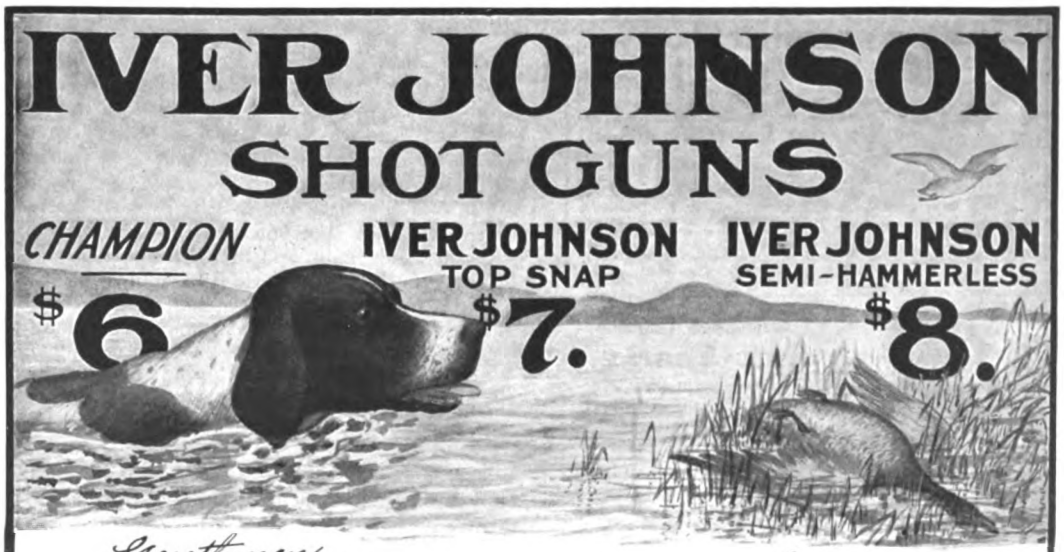
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The Shyness of Beth Croft

ZONA GALE

[Concluded from page 455]

the crime of that child's lack of training is almost as great as an inherited tendency to evil. It is n't her mother's fault. Her mother's eyes are so sad that I am sure she has done her best. It's farther back than that, and it is the sort of ancestral sin that goes utterly unpunished. At least this child shall be spared the reproaches of her own children and grandchildren, and I think I can make her own life bearable to her, as well."

She sat down beside Beth, and did not take her hand.

"It did n't make the slightest difference," said Margaret Bliss; "nobody saw you go. Aunt Marcia thought the reason was that you had your first glimpse of the sea and could n't resist it. It delighted her. She is telling everyone."

Beth looked up through her tears.

"You knew, though?" she said, gratefully.

"Yes, I knew," said Margaret Bliss.

Beth looked back at the sea, and spoke at length out of the bitterness of her heart. "I wish I had n't come," she said; "there is no use in my trying. I can't do it. I wish I had n't come."

"Beth," said Margaret Bliss, "have you ever had it out with yourself, and asked yourself what it is you are afraid of when you are with people?"

"Yes," said Beth, simply; "I'm afraid because they know more than I know. They know how to act. They dare move about a room,—and when I do I'm awkward and my hands are awkward. I can't wear my clothes as they do, or speak the way they do. I can't forget anything about myself,—I can't forget that I am all the time trying and trying so hard to do my best. *They* do n't seem to be trying at all, yet they are what I'd give anything in this world to be. And I just can't. I do n't know how, and I never shall know how."

"Have you tried?" asked Miss Bliss, quietly.

"Yes," said Beth, "I have tried. I bought a book. It told how to come into a room, and what to say to certain remarks. There was a whole long list of things to answer when people said the simplest things to you. I learned them all. When I tried to say them the day the minister's wife entertained, the words seemed so horrid and stiff that I could n't. I thought I'd rather keep on saying just plain 'yes' and 'no.'"

"You were quite right, there," said Miss Bliss.

"I'm not that way with Warwick girls," Beth went on; "I do n't seem to mind, with them. But what I do mind is the very way they all are! Everything they do I hate. I hate their voices, and the way they laugh and talk and run one another. And yet they are the only ones I feel at home with. The minute I'm with anybody else who acts the way I want to, I can't say a word. See how I was that day you came to the Junction! I shall never forget that day. I knew the way I seemed, and was so afraid you would n't know I knew better,—oh, you did know, did n't you?"

"Yes," said Margaret Bliss; "I knew, Beth."

"I used to go down to the railroad station when the flyer came in at four o'clock in the afternoon," Beth went on, "and stand in the agent's window. That was right opposite where the parlor car stopped. And I used to wait there just to see the women in that car. Sometimes they'd be old and ugly, and sometimes they'd look just like the pictures over the cigar stand. But, oh, sometimes they would look like you and the lady up there with the gold chain, and then I knew there must be such people in the world, if I could only find them. I saw that kind first at Hillboro. Some of the girls' mothers would come down over Sunday,—beautiful, tall women, with a way of talking and of acting at the table that I'd never known before. I knew the girls would grow up like them, and then despise me. What did I know of the way they did things? There was n't one woman in Warwick that was that way. I did n't have anybody to watch. When I came home I used to see them cut cake at the church socials, and I hated everything they did and said. Oh, I know I was wicked,—but I hated the way they laughed, and the way they talked, and the way they sat down. They acted as if they were all in one family. They always went in one another's kitchen doors without knocking, and it got into their manners. I used to want to stand up and tell them to play they were all strangers or company and not be that way. Miss Holly was the only one that was different, and I used to sit in church where I could watch her. There was something about the way she walked

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down the aisle and came into her pew that made me happy. Oh, Miss Bliss,—I want to be that way! I want to be like you, and I'm just born and made the other sort, and I never, never can change!"

Miss Bliss smote her hands softly together in her lap, and there was light in her eyes.

"Beth," she said, "look at me. You are not going to be shy with me any more?"

"No," said Beth, "no."

"I am not different from you, now that we know each other. Neither are the rest. Remember that, dear."

"But they—" began Beth.

"They do have charm of manner,—yes," said Margaret Bliss, "and that you will have, too. But you have an attractive manner now when you are yourself. These women whom you envy are not all so pretty as you, or so clever. So everything lies with you."

"What shall I do?" said Beth; "tell me what to do."

Margaret Bliss looked at a far-away ship with the sun on its sails, and pondered. It had seemed so easy that day in Miss Holly's drawing-room to show her what to do. But now that she looked at the quivering little face, so wistful of its rights, it suddenly appeared to her that she had come to teach the habits of stones to one who was expecting to hear about flowers. All forms of conventionality that can curse with inexpression a nature so rich and wistful of fellowship as was this little girl's seemed suddenly ugly to her. Miss Bliss looked at the ships, and at the wavering line where the firm, creamy sand met the gray water, and at the cliffs.

"I don't think," she added to herself, "that a girl was ever cured of shyness in society by studying beauty in solitude; but I'm going to try it."

"Beth," she said, "see how the wind touches the water over there, like a veil. See how white the sky is, down low, near the sea,—like a great, blue, aquatic flower, whose roots are always pallid, and think of that white sea gull over the cliff flying alone in the night, dipping close to the water,—only the water would be too dark to reflect. You like to think of these, do you not?"

"Yes, yes," said Beth, "more than anything else in the world."

"That is because you love beauty," said Miss Bliss. "Now, do you know what made you long to be like the women in the parlor-car window? It's because you love beauty. The same thing that makes you hate shyness and awkwardness makes you love the cliffs and the gulls and the sails out there. That is why you can be anything that you want to be. The girl who loves beautiful things has no right not to be beautiful and satisfying in everything she does and says."

Beth watched her with wide-open eyes. Margaret Bliss looked into the sensitive face; it was like a single petal crowned with shadows.

"Why, little heart," she said, "fancy your looking at women of the world as a superior race of beings! Your wish to be like them is just the love of beauty in you crying for expression,—as in another the love for the same thing might cry for expression in art or music. You must stop being shy, simply because awkwardness is n't beautiful. Dear, you hold the keynote of all soft voices and beautiful motion and pleasant speech, and you know why it is worth while to do everything delicately,—that is, to do everything without shyness or self-consciousness. But many of those you have been envying have n't this keynote. They are well-bred and at ease simply because they have been brought up so. That you have not been so brought up need make no difference in your life. You can be at ease because you know why one ought to be: it is more beautiful."

Beth's face was turned toward the sea, and Margaret watched her, smiling.

"Sidney would say," she reflected, with quiet humor, "'The way to teach good-breeding is first to catch your ancestor.' I've caught this little ancestress, and I mean that the best in her shall live and not the worst. I am taking a risk,—but at least I am not criminal, and books of etiquette are."

"But I do n't know the right things to do!" said Beth, doubtfully. "I would n't have had the least idea, if I had met those people there on the veranda, whether to shake hands with them or not."

"My dear Beth," said Margaret, "that sort of thing need not trouble anybody. Ask me, and in half an hour you can probably settle all the little uncertainties like that. The main thing is to meet people as if they were human beings, not judgment seats. Do n't always wonder whether you 're going



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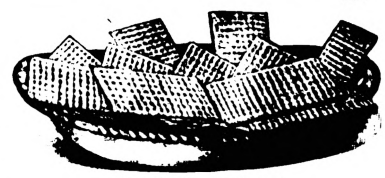


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to please them. Wonder a little, just at first, whether they are going to please you."

Beth looked up into the beautiful, serene face above hers, and there was a new light in her own eyes, as if flowers had unfolded.

"There is only one aristocracy in this world," said Margaret, "and that is the fellowship of those who worship beauty,—the caste of those who understand. You do, dear, but you are not conscious. You don't yet see that your feeling for beauty and humor and mystery are your real life. You are accustomed to think of these as your own little secret joy in living. But instead, these are the essence. As soon as you realize this, you will have new standards for everybody. You will see, for instance, that the woman with the gold chain has not the slightest conception of all this. I once walked with her, here on the promenade on a glorious morning, and she said, 'After all, isn't nature wonderful?' Fancy envying her! If you talk to that pretty butterfly band up there around the table, you will find one or two whose faces will light up at a quick bit of color on the cliffs, or at a good simile, or a bit of fancy or a subtlety of phrasing. But most of them will miss these things just as surely as they occur. Hold the candle of a good adjective before their eyes and the eyes change expression no more than those of the blind. You are alive to all delicate aspects of things, you miss nothing, you have exquisite cultivation and instinct, Beth, did you know that?"

"Is it that?" asked Beth, softly; "is that what it means?"

"That is what it means," said Margaret, "you have simply been mistaking cultivation of manner and 'the habit of ease' for cultivation,—and you were shy because you felt a false inferiority. It is a common mistake. Now think it over for a minute and see yourself as you are, and your nature as you know it to be, and tell me whether you can ever be afraid of anyone again. Why, Beth,—think of your being afraid of people who are not alive!"

Beth stood up suddenly, a trim, graceful little figure when she was unconscious, as she was now. She stretched out her hands, and laughed suddenly and joyously.

"Oh," she said, "if I dared believe it! If I dared believe it!"

"It is true, dear," said Margaret, rising also; "now prove it."

Had it not been for the daily contact with Miss Bliss, Beth would have faltered many times in the weeks that followed. It had all sounded easy and wonderful that day on the sands, and she had gone back to the hotel as to a new world. But the glare and the glitter of the dining room at the very first dinner nearly overcame the new theory. Beth walked down the slippery aisles between tables filled with gay people, and her courage forsook her. It sounded easy, but Miss Bliss's doctrine didn't deal with all the looks that were cold and curious and inquiring and critical,—how could she bear those when she was sure she was making a mistake that called forth such looks?

"Beth," said Miss Bliss, when they were seated, "stop looking dazzled. Besides, it is the mirrors and chandeliers that awe you, if you analyze it. And it is the noise,—isn't it? Well, just fancy! Where is your humor?"

Beth laughed and took courage. The ordeal of ordering dinner Miss Bliss took upon herself, for Miss Holly had a headache and was in her room. Beth listened, and realized that minute observation of other people is a better teacher even than questioning.

"Criticism is a dangerous method," said Miss Bliss, once, "and don't let it enter your kindly little heart too often,—but do it justly and enough to give you confidence. Look at those people at the next table. I have never seen worse manners. Hear the women laughing who just came in. Well, dear, you wouldn't like to be like them, would you?"

Gradually the big, dizzy, confused aspect of things vanished, and Beth learned an important fact,—that to look at individuals as individuals, and not as members of a big, hostile force, helps immeasurably to give people their proper values. The mere idea of facing the great, brilliant dining room was an ordeal; actually to face a few at a time, busy about their orders and their service, was far less formidable.

Miss Bliss and Beth joined a group on the veranda the next morning, nearly the same group from which Beth had fled the day before.

"Remember," said Miss Bliss, as they approached the others, "that you are not meeting the group. You are meeting one at a time. You

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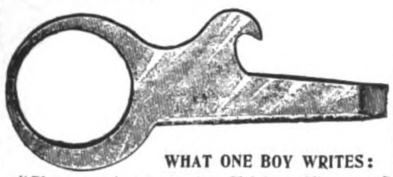
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are curious about them! Look in the face of each one, and listen to what she says, just to find out whether she, too, has the key to the things which you and I know make up life. If one has, then you have found a new friend at once. Say the thing that interests you most at the minute; it may be a touchstone. Remember that,—and don't shake hands with anyone,—and we have won the day!"

That was not very difficult. Beth found herself near a little plump quarto of a woman, bound in white muslin, whose eye took in every detail of Beth's gown in a moment. Beth shrank from her scrutiny, but she resolutely recalled Miss Bliss's words,—"You are curious about them! Look in the face of each one, and listen to what she has to say."

The thought gave Beth courage, but she wondered how to begin. Instinctively she rejected the sort of comment she heard all about her. Everyone was saying: "How long are you going to be here?" "Isn't the water a little cool today?" and "What a noise the children make!" That was no way, she felt at once, to meet people on a real basis. Miss Bliss was right. Beth had exquisite cultivation and instinct, and in no way did she reveal it more unerringly than in her refusal to babble about nothings, without even cleverness. "Say the thing that interests you most at the minute," Miss Bliss had said; "it may be a touchstone." So Beth cast about her for the thing that interested her most, and she was conscious, with a little pleasurable thrill, of the self-possession that came with the attitude. How utterly different it was from her old blind waiting for a chance to say the first poor, obvious thing! Her eye fell on the sweet-faced old lady in a wheel-chair whom she had several times noticed.

"Isn't she exquisite?" said Beth, suddenly, to the little quarto girl; "she looks as if she had violet water in her veins!"

Then she was frightened for a moment. All her life her mind had been ready with fancies and vagaries and odd similes, but she never remembered to have spoken one before. She was not reassured by the little quarto girl.

"What a funny idea!" she said, curiously.

"But she does look so, doesn't she?" said a girl, suddenly, from the other side of Beth; "she is so fragile and little. I am sure her guardian angel must be silver. You know," she added, "they say our guardian angels each has his color. I've been thinking yours must be either silver or lavender, Miss Croft."

"Then yours is white," said Beth, smiling, "with gold hair and gold wings."

Delicious nonsense it was, but the two were friends from that moment, while the little quarto girl looked on and said, "How odd!" Beth felt a warm glow at her heart when she left them, and a new happiness was astir with her blood. She felt an actual eagerness to try again and again,—to play this strange, new game that had been in the world all the time, though she never knew it.

When she went to the tea room the next afternoon with Miss Holly and Miss Bliss, she looked about at the people with a curiosity and interest she had not known how to feel before. Those to whom she was presented she did her best to meet with the new idea in her mind,—to say the thing that should, in a measure, reveal each to each without the old, weary journey through banalities. She trusted quite to the impulse of the moment, and sometimes, when an unusually grand personage faced her, no impulse came, and a flood of the old shyness enveloped her and made her mute. But often she was able, by some comment about a book on the table, or a brass bowl of yellow flowers lighting a dark corner, or the sound of the sea that throbbed above the tea-table chatter, to start a moment's conversation that meant something.

"You must put yourself at your ease, you know, Beth," Margaret Bliss had said, "by taking the initiative."

Beth was amazed to find how potent was the new feeling of responsibility she had for the success of a momentary conversation. It was this that put her at ease,—the realization that she had a part to play in making interest for other people. She was surprised to see how many seemed to be doing the same thing. She had just learned to recognize it, and, when she met some one who said something at once that arrested her attention, she knew that she must not be content with a monosyllabic reply, but must add something on her own account. Why, they all knew how to play the game, and they were all playing it consciously! All the time before she had not known

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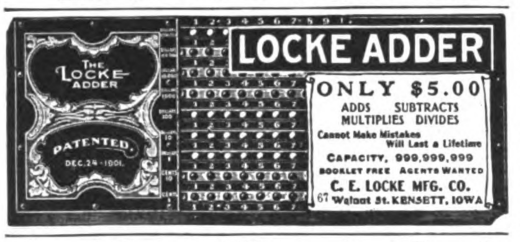
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that, but she had been thinking it was all a haphazard affair, in which she was, in some way, bound to be the loser.

She woke every morning with new interest and new happiness in life. Gradually, as the days went by, she found herself more able to follow Miss Bliss's suggestions. Sometimes it was hard, and once or twice, after a particularly unfortunate meeting with somebody unresponsive and critical and self-important, Beth went to her room with a heavy heart and tears that she could not keep back. But she was brave, and she had found the way out of her bondage. The rest lay with her. It would take time and many meetings, and there would doubtless be little mortifications; but in the end she saw herself able to meet people with open mind and simple speech, ready to take their message and to give them hers.

Sidney Bliss had a heart of gold and it beat out many golden intentions, not all of which survived the process. He reached Sea Hills three weeks after he said that he would. He strolled down to the veranda the first evening, dressed for dinner and looking able to take praise for his final arrival rather than reproach for his delay. The veranda was virtually deserted. One slim little white figure sat in a far-away hanging chair, and, tracing there a dim likeness to Miss Dolly Peck, he roved toward that end of the piazza.

"Is it really you at last?" said a gentle voice, as he neared the spot.

Beth put out her hand. She spoke to him simply and directly, and answered what he said with interest. She did not seem to him to agree with him from sheer embarrassment, or to disagree from a nervous thirst to be original. Sidney Bliss's well-bred amazement was a delight to Beth. It never ceased to be wonderful to find herself noting the mood of another instead of being panic-stricken at her own.

When Miss Holly and his sister appeared, Sidney Bliss passed absently over their chiding and walked to the dining room with Margaret.

"Margaret," he said, "you are wonderful. How did you do it? The girl is awake!"

"It is she who is wonderful," said Margaret Bliss. "Do you know, Sidney, I have learned more than she has? She has given me a doctrine!"

"But how did you do it?" her brother asked; "did you teach her how to act, one thing at a time?"

"No," said Margaret, "no. She did ask me, of course, about a dozen little formalities, and, naturally, I corrected provincialisms of speech and manner whenever I noticed them. But the real transformation did n't come from lessons in etiquette, and I believe it never can to anyone."

"But what did you do?" persisted Sidney.

Margaret smiled.

"'I took her soul—a little wingèd thing,—and drew it softly from its cage of bones,'" she quoted.

The Handicap of Lack of Education

MANY men of wonderful natural endowments are dwarfed and hampered in their life-work because of their lack of education. How often do we see bright minds in responsible positions, serving on boards of directors, as trustees of great business houses or banking institutions, men who control the affairs of great railroads and manufactories, who have good judgment and great natural ability, but who are so stunted and cramped by their lack of early development that life does not yield them one tenth of what it might had their intellectual and æsthetic possibilities been unfolded in youth. In social life, on public platforms, in debate, in the higher fields of the world's work, enjoyment, and progress, they are constantly baffled, embarrassed, and handicapped by the limitations of ignorance.

Again, thousands of young men and young women are working to-day in inferior positions because of their lack of mental culture. Conscious of dormant powers which they cannot get control of, many of them fret and chafe under the restraints imposed upon them by their own ignorance. They are in the position of the Chinese and other non-progressive peoples, who have great mineral, agricultural, and other natural resources, which, however, do not yield them a hundredth part of their value because they do not know how to utilize them. In the very midst of potential wealth and vast possibilities, those people live in poverty and degradation, just as an uneducated man or woman, who has never developed his or her mental wealth, is doomed to perpetual ignorance and its consequences.

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IV.—The Greatest Enemy of the Human Race

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

THOUGHT'S most deadly instrument for marring human lives is fear. It demoralizes character, destroys ambition, induces or causes disease, paralyzes happiness in self and others, and prevents achievement. It has not one redeeming quality. It is all evil. Physiologists now well know that it impoverishes the blood by interfering with assimilation, and cutting off nutrition. It lowers mental and physical vitality and weakens every element of success. It is fatal to the happiness of youth, and is the most terrible accompaniment of old age. Buoyancy flees before its terrifying glance, and cheerfulness cannot dwell in the same house with it.

"The most extensive of all the morbid mental conditions which reflect themselves so disastrously on the human system is the state of fear," says Dr. William H. Holcomb. "It has many degrees or gradations, from the state of extreme alarm, fright, or terror, down to the slightest shade of apprehension of impending evil. But all along the line it is the same thing,—a paralyzing impression upon the centers of life which can produce, through the agency of the nervous system, a vast variety of morbid symptoms in every tissue of the body."

"Fear is like carbonic acid gas pumped into one's atmosphere," says Horace Fletcher; "it causes mental, moral, and spiritual asphyxiation, and sometimes death,—death to energy, death to tissue, and death to all growth."

Yet from our birth we live in the presence and under the dominion of this demon. A child is cautioned a thousand times a year to look out for this, and to look out for that; it may get poisoned, it may get bitten, it may get killed; something terrible may happen to it if it does not do so and so. Men and women cannot bear the sight of some harmless animal or insect because, as children, they were told that it would hurt them. One of the cruelest things imaginable is to instill into a child's plastic mind the terrible image of fear, which, like the letters cut on a sapling, grows wider and deeper with age. The baleful shadows of such blasting and blighting pictures will hang over the whole life, and shut out the bright joy of sun and happiness.

An Australian writer says:—

"One of the worst misfortunes which can possibly happen to a growing child is to have a mother who is perpetually tormented by nervous fear. If she gives way to fear,—morbid, minute, and all-prevailing,—she will inevitably make the environment of her child one of increasing dread and timidity. The background of fear is the habit or instinct of anticipating the worst. The mother who never makes a move, or allows her children to make a move, without conjuring up a myriad of malign possibilities, embitters the cup of life with a slow poison.

"I know that thousand of boys and girls are to-day tremulous, weak, passive, and unalert on the physical side, simply because they were taught, in the knickerbocker stage, or earlier, to see the potency of danger in all they did or tried to do. A mother assumes a terrible responsibility when, from silly fear of possible injury, she forbids a child such physical abandon as will promote courage, endurance, self-reliance, and self-control."

Not content with instilling fear of possibly real things, many mothers and most nurses invent all sorts of bugbears and bogies to frighten poor babies into obedience. They even attempt to induce sleep by telling children, "If you don't go right to sleep, a great big bear will come and eat you up!" How much sleep would a grown man get in a situation where this was a real possibility? Fear of the dark would seldom exist if parents carefully showed children that nothing is different in the dark from what is in the light. Instead of so doing, they take pains to people the mysterious gloom with every sort of ogre and monster which human imagination has been able to conjure up. Some one has thus expressed in verse this cruel but too common sin against healthy-minded childhood:—

> "He who checks a child with terror,
> Stops its play and stills its song,
> Not alone commits an error,
> But a grevious moral wrong."

Mothers waste much energy in worrying about their children. Some of them cannot take a moment's comfort while their boys or girls are out of their sight. How many times, in imagination, have you seen your children tumble out of trees, and off sheds? How many times have you pictured them drowning when they went to sail or skate? How often have you had visions of your boy being brought home from the baseball or football grounds with broken limbs or scarred face? When none of these things happened, what had you to compensate for the hours of mental anguish, with consequent lowering of vitality and physical tone? Such useless imaginings of evil make many women old and haggard before their time.

With fearsome and anxious mothers surrounding children with an atmosphere of dread, and suggesting to them new and unthought-of objects of fear, it is not astonishing that the whole world seems burdened and bowed down under a fearful weight of fear and anxiety. Go into almost any gathering, no matter how gay and happy the crowds seems to be, and you will find, if you question any one of even the gayest, that the canker worm of fear gnaws at the heart in some form. The fear of accident, of sickness,—of the development of some terrible disease,—of poverty, of death, or of some great misfortune, still lingers during the greatest apparent gayety.

Many men and women narrow their lives by worrying over what may happen to-morrow. The family cannot afford to have any little, legitimate pleasure, to travel, or to take the leading magazines or papers. They cannot afford to take much-needed vacations. They must economize on clothes, on food, even, and every form of culture or recreation costing money, simply because times may be hard next year. "There may be a financial panic," urges the pessimist. "Some of the children may be sick, the times may be bad, our crops may fail, or some business venture may not succeed. We can't tell what might happen, but we must prepare for the worst." The lives of hundreds of families are mutilated, sometimes utterly ruined, by this bugbear of misfortune just ahead.



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The World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

IT is the opinion of a French geographer that, slowly but steadily, the circulation of water on the earth's surface is giving place to a system of underground streams, with a corresponding change of entire regions from fertile fields to arid or desert places. This

Is the Earth Swallowing Up Our Streams?

is due to the descent of the surface water into caverns, which must ultimately take place in all fissured regions; and these regions, it is alleged, constitute a large part, perhaps the major part, of the earth's surface. Instances are given where this action is evidently going on at the present time, and, although it may not be as widespread as is claimed, there is no doubt that it is taking place in more localities than we should suspect.

▲ ▲

THOSE who desire accuracy in thermometers should avoid cheap ones. In an editorial article on what it calls the "vice of cheap thermometers," the "Medical News" tells us that many of our hospitals are full of inaccurate clinical instruments. Some were recently found to be in error by several degrees, an amount that would vitiate more than one diagnosis. The "News" draws a pleasing picture of well persons bathed in ice-water for fever and sick people discharged as well, by physicians who have relied on the indications of these inaccurate instruments. A good thermometer is not only costly in the first place, but should be compared and tested yearly, as, owing to molecular changes in the glass, a scale that is correct to-day may be wrong several months hence,

Look Out for Your Thermometer

▲ ▲

THE region of Ophir, once regarded as mythical, and located at one time or another in every country near the Indian Ocean or the Red Sea, is now believed to have been certainly in the Zambesi region of Africa, in what is now Rhodesia. A writer in the "Engineering and Mining Journal" tells us that the mines there must have been fabulously rich, for the Bible declares that three thousand talents of the gold of Ophir (about eighty million dollars,) went into the temple at Jerusalem. The old mines in the recently discovered region number many thousand, and several hundred of them are being worked over again. There are also ruined cities, forts, and temples, and the whole region was apparently once inhabited by an Arabian people. The fact that Arab traders handled the gold accounts for the ancient belief that the Biblical Ophir was located in Arabia.

The Whereabouts of Solomon's Mines

▲ ▲

ACCORDING to a theory advanced by Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English physicist, it is possible that matter may be nothing more than an aggregation of minute electric charges, although he cannot explain how isolated charges, such as he supposes, can exist. In a single atom of matter there may be, he says, hundreds of thousands of these electric points, or electrodes, but they are individually so small that their distances apart may be relatively as great as that of the planets in the solar system. The idea that an atom of matter is further divisible was suggested several years ago by Professor Thomson, of Cambridge, England, in a theory that has since become famous. He believes that an atomic "chip" constitutes a charge of negative electricity. On this theory electricity is nothing but finely divided matter. Lodge has reversed the idea, and makes matter the sum of myriads of tiny electric charges.

Is all Matter Electric?

▲ ▲

THE presence or absence of different salts in the blood is assuming greater importance daily as the results of experiments on the subject become known. The latest discovery along this line is that of Dr. Jacques Loeb, late of Chicago, but now of the University of California, who announces that the twitching of the muscles known as St. Vitus's Dance is due to the deficiency of salts of lime in the organism. Symptoms of the disease at once appear when a reagent that will neutralize the normal lime is injected into the blood, while adding more lime cures the trouble. Experiments like these may result in systematizing the kind of treatment that patients now receive when they are restricted to some particular diet or forbidden to eat some particular kind of food. The physician of the future may remove the objectionable element from the blood or add the desired one, in a moment's time, by injecting the proper salt or reagent.

Lime and St. Vitus's Dance

▲ ▲

THE sense of muscular tension that we experience when we sustain or raise a weight is really distinct from any or all of the so-called "five senses," and is entitled to be considered a sixth sense. Physiologists who have tried to measure it, however, are confronted by numerous difficulties. Not only is it hard to separate its indications from those of the sense of touch, as experienced by the skin on which the weight rests, but the feeling of heaviness differs when the sustaining member is moved in order to "heft" the weight, as the provincial term has it. A recent French experimenter avoids all this trouble by causing the subject to hold the weight suspended by a thread, between his thumb and forefinger. When the weight is suddenly supported from below, by raising a board till contact is made with it, the person who holds the weight feels a sensation, if the weight be sufficient, and this is entirely independent of all the elements that have hitherto proved troublesome. The smallest weight that is necessary to produce the sensation is the measure of the muscular sense in the person experimented upon.

The Muscular Sense and How to Measure It

▲ ▲

PHYSICIANS have always told us of the evils of overdoing athletics, but here is a danger, not of excess, but rather of transition, described by a medical man who is also an athlete. To pass, he says, from athletic to ordinary life—to leave off "training,"—always gives a shock, and it may be an injurious or a disastrous one. In his own case, he says, the breaking away from the old life is as hard as the giving up of narcotics or alcohol. Every athlete must give up his athletics some day, owing, perhaps, to change of occupation or to advancing age. Then comes the danger. His limbs and his internal organs are all bigger than he needs for a quiet life: they suffer from partial disuse; there is weakness, degeneracy, and disease. This, the writer says, has been the history of many athletes, and all must look out for it, though of course many may escape. It is generally conceded that the Maker never intended that men and women should over-exert themselves in athletics. Quiet, stimulating exercise is very necessary, from a scientific standpoint, but the "athletic habit" should not be forced.

The "Athletic Habit" and Its Evils

▲ ▲

THE eastern continent has generally been regarded as the first home of civilized man, and the similarity of certain Central American games and customs to those of Asia have been held to indicate that they were brought hither across the Pacific. In a recent article, Dr. Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, affirms his agreement with the late Dr. Brinton, one of the most distinguished of American archæologists, who believed that, at the time of the discovery of America, there was not a dialect, an art, a plant, a tool, a weapon, or a symbol, that had been brought hither from any other continent. This being so, it is evident that the similar games, customs, etc., must have arisen independently on both sides of the Pacific, or that the Asian cases must have been derived from the American. Dr. Culin believes that the latter is the true supposition, and he thinks "that ancient America may have contributed, to an extent usually unimagined, her share of what is now the world's civilization."

Was Civilization Cradled in America?

▲ ▲

THE veteran writer, John Burroughs, whose books on nature delighted American readers long before the present fancy for studying nature and natural objects had arisen, protests, in a recent article, against the abuse of truth in recent widely-popular books on animals. He objects especially to the stories of Ernest Thompson-Seton and Rev. S. J. Long, whose truth he flatly denies. As both these authors claim to have related "cold facts," their rejoinders will be readable. In the interest of science it is to be hoped that the matter may be definitely settled, for the tales of these authors have always been regarded as "interesting, if true," though the layman would scarcely venture to dispute the veracity of the narrators. The surest way to gain credence for a wild tale nowadays is to tell it soberly as accepted scientific truth.

Truth and Falsehood in Popular Animal Stories

▲ ▲

AN attempt to replace our earth in the position of importance which it held in old astronomical systems, and from which it has apparently been removed by modern science, is made in a recent review article by the veteran English scientist, Dr. Alfred R. Wallace. The facts that our earth is only one among the smaller planets and that our solar system is only one of countless similar systems in the visible universe in no wise detract, Dr. Wallace thinks, from the importance of our globe, or of man as its inhabitant. He regards it as demonstrable that the universe is limited and that our solar system is as nearly as possible at its center; that the earth, as a planet, occupies the only position in that system where life is possible, and that no other celestial body can possibly be inhabited. Man's position in the universe is, therefore, unique, and Dr. Wallace believes that those who regard the promotion of his welfare as the sole and sufficient reason for its creation are by no means to be put out of court.

The Earth's Position in the Universe

▲ ▲

He Could n't Fool Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S kindness of heart frequently caused him to be imposed upon, but in most cases he submitted to imposition with a silent knowledge of the fact. He could be as firm as a rock, however, when he thought that justice should be vindicated, and he often handled doubtful cases with the crafty wariness of a criminal lawyer. Moreover, he rarely failed to flame into righteous anger whenever insult was offered to his person or his office. A gambler, who assumed for the occasion the rôle of a minister of the gospel, was civilly received by the keen-eyed President, when he called upon him; but, attempting to practice the fraud a second time, he met with a reception little to his liking. "He went into the President's room," writes Stoddard, "and he came out; and, when he came through the door, there was a strange vision of a large foot just behind him, suggesting to a naval contractor the idea of a propeller." The gambler "did not, for the twinkling of an eye, succeed in deceiving Mr. Lincoln as to his real character. He was received from the first as a rogue, a wolf in sheep's clothing, but his criminal audacity went beyond the limits of patient endurance,—and so he was also sent beyond the limits." The eagle eye and the keen brain of the great commoner were very capable in picking men out of the multitudes.

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DRESS SUGGESTIONS . . Marion Bell



A hat of burnt Tuscan straw

THIS is a season, above all others, when the summer girl seems to have reveled to her heart's content in sheer mulls, soft batistes, filmy laces, and marvelous embroideries; and what is more irresistible, more daintily beautiful than the girl who is dressed in these airy, fairy creations that suggest all that is pure and fair and charming? The tailor-made girl may flaunt her velvets and furs, when the chill winds blow, but even she is not so fascinating as the dainty summer girl.

To appear as picturesque as this season's styles demand, is a comparatively easy undertaking to a girl who appreciates that it is the little things that count. A bow here, a bit of lace or ribbon there, and any amount of fluffy frills and flounces will transform the most inexpensive frock to one possessing a rare and individual charm; and, if this girl be clever, she can have several really beautiful dresses for the price of one purchased in the shops.

A gown to wear to the outdoor *fêtes* that every girl looks forward to attending during the summer season is almost a necessity, and it need not be the costly creation one at first might imagine. Perhaps one is fortunate in having among her possessions some fine Swiss or nainsook embroidered flounces. If so, a perfect "dream" of a gown may be fashioned after the illustration shown. The skirt with its three deep flounces and cord-shirred hip yoke fulfills the very latest and most approved dictates of fashion, and the bodice shows an unusually graceful disposition of the narrower flounces with shirring introduced.

Nothing else so stamps a girl's attire as perfect as a



A gown of embroidered nainsook



A collar and cuff set of Mexican drawn-work

careful heed to all the little details, for in these does success lie. An otherwise attractive waist may be utterly ruined by neck fixings that do not harmonize, or a belt that is not in keeping. Just a bit of embroidered linen, or drawn-work, or lace, may be transformed into quite the daintiest of neckwear, and with very little trouble or expense. One can not have too many of such trifles, as their greatest charm lies in immaculateness. Mexican drawn-work on finest linen is one of the season's fads, and fortunate is the girl who can do the pretty work for herself.

While 't is said that woman's crowning glory is her hair, it must be confessed that in these days it is her hat! Frequently the plainest features are enhanced by a becoming hat. Never before has the summer girl had such a variety from which to choose. There are shapes that suit every individual wearer, but the greatest care must be taken to arrange the trimmings so as to accentuate these becoming lines. The pretty burnt Tuscan straw hat shown will appeal to the girl who realizes the beauty in soft, simple lines and trimmings. The *écru*-colored lace on the brim lends a softening air, and the long, white plume, the quill of which is run through the straw crown with the tips falling over on the hair, gives distinction not possible to attain in any other trimming. There is no end to the decorative possibilities of a beautiful ostrich plume, and, while costly at the beginning, its purchase is not an extravagance, because it is durable and may be used season after season.

The charming possibilities in inexpensive nets and dotted Swisses are fully realized, and at least one gown of either of these materials is considered a necessity for a summer wardrobe. To make it in some pretty, simple, yet effective style one need but put her wits together to follow some of the picturesque frocks exhibited. As a touch of black lends distinction to white and delicate-colored dresses, there could be nothing else prettier than to trim the airy creation with bands and narrow flounces of fine black dotted net and lace, and the design shown offers an extremely attractive suggestion. The bolero bodice with its cap sleeves, in elbow length, is wonderfully girlish, and a relief from the ribbon sash is one of the net with bands of the black net introduced on the ends, which fall almost to the bottom of the skirt. A slip-skirt and bodice of white lawn are worn beneath.



A negligee gown



A diaphanous summer toilet



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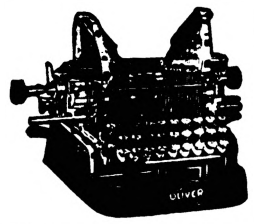
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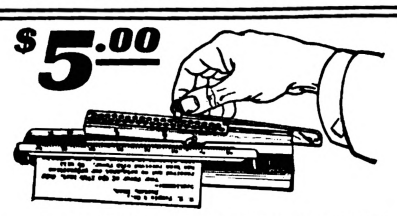
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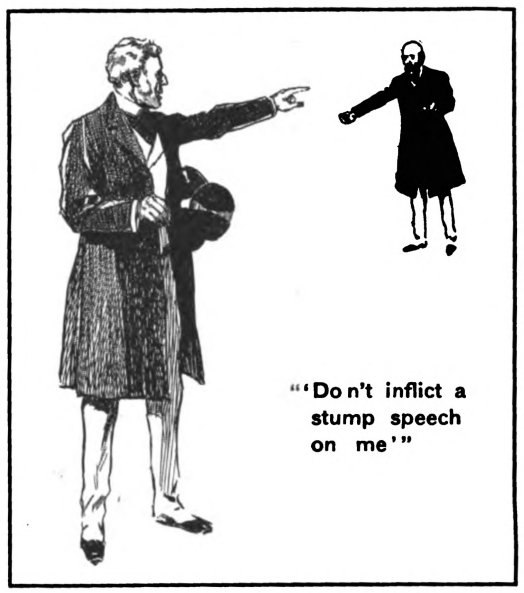
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The Confession of a Crœsus . . David Graham Phillips

[Continued from page 461]



"'Don't inflict a stump speech on me'"

before people,—everywhere they talked about how anxious we were to avoid notoriety. Whenever the reporters came near us, my! but did n't Horton sit on them."

She made only one criticism of him,—and that a laughing one. "You thought," said she, "that we started in a private car. Well, we did n't. When we reached Jersey City he put me into a regular stuffy old Pullman with all sorts of people. And he said, with the grandest air, 'I took the drawing-room, as I thought you'd like privacy.' I saw that it was my time to assert myself." She laughed. "We had a little talk," she went on, "and at Philadelphia he rushed around and got a private car."

She soon brought his mother to terms. Mrs. Kirkby called on my wife three days after they got back, and took her driving the following afternoon. That drive is one of the important events in my career. It marks the completion of my conquest of New York. Thinking it over, I decided to double Aurora's portion under my will. Next to Judson, she has been the most useful person to me,—no, not next to Judson, but without exception. I should have got my million-dollar start somehow, if I had never seen him; but I should have had some difficulty in reaching my climax if I had not had Aurora.

My flood tide of luck held on through one more event,—the settlement with Natalie.

Naturally, I had put a good deal of thought upon this problem. The longer I considered it the more clearly I realized that to give her anything at all would be an act of sheer generosity, perhaps of dangerous liberality. As I have said before, it did not take me long to absolve myself from the impossible letter of my promise. If I had been capable of keeping a promise to give six million dollars—the sum necessary to produce "*an* income of a quarter of a million,"—to a person whom it was absolutely vital to have financially dependent upon me, I should have accomplished very little in the world. At first my decision to keep the spirit of my promise by giving "*the* income of a quarter of a million" seemed as fair as it was liberal. But now that she was safely married to my son, I began to see that to give her anything would be to strike a blow at his domestic happiness, and that would mean striking a blow at her own happiness. It could not fail to unsettle her mind to find herself with an independent income of ten or twelve thousand a year in addition to the five or six thousand she already had. Nothing else is so certain to destroy a husband's influence or to unfit a wife contentedly to fill her proper place in the family as for her to be financially independent.

I have never been lacking in the courage to do right, no matter what moral quibble or personal unpleasantness has stood in the way. I resolved not to give her anything outright, but, instead, to provide for her in my will,—the income of a quarter of a million to be hers for life, unless Walter should die and she should marry again.

There now remained only the comparatively simple matter of reconciling her to this arrangement when she was expecting at once to receive the equivalent of six millions.

A weak man would have put off the issue until the last moment, through dislike of disagreeable scenes. But I am not one of those who aggravate evils by postponing them. The day after Walter and Natalie sailed from the other side for the homeward journey, I sent for her father. "Matt," said I, "as you probably remember, I made up my mind to do something for your daughter as soon as she decided to become my daughter, too. I finally got round to it this morning. I thought I'd tell you I had made the necessary changes in my will."

He looked at me narrowly, with an expression between wonder and suspicion. "I do n't understand," said he.

"I promised your daughter she should have the income of a quarter of a million," I replied, "and this morning I put the necessary provision into my will."

His mouth dropped open. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief several times. Then all of a sudden he flushed a violent red and struck the table with his fist. "Galloway," he exclaimed, "you promised her you'd settle *an* income of a quarter of a million on her at once!"

I looked at him as if I thought him crazy. "Where did you get that notion?" said I. "I never heard of anything so preposterous. Did you think I'd gone stark mad?" I let him see that I was getting angry.

"She told me so,—told me within an hour of your promising it," he replied; "and, by heavens, you'll stick to your promise!" He banged the table with his fist, again.

As I had made clear my intention,—which was my only purpose for that first interview,—I rose. "I permit no man to talk to me in this fashion," said I; "not even an old friend who has apparently gone out of his mind. I do not care to discuss the matter further."

I went into my inner office and shut him out. I knew he was too practical a man ever really to have believed that I intended to give his daughter any such stupendous sum. I was certain he had pretended to her that he believed it, because he was as eager for her to marry Walter as I was. Assuming that he did believe it, he could not but see there was nothing but disaster for him in offending me. Therefore, I had not the slightest fear that he would persist in his anger; I knew he would calm down, would at most cook up some scheme for trying to frighten some sort of a settlement out of me, and would break the news to his daughter at the first opportunity, so that he might caution her against doing anything impulsively.

I heard nothing from him and did not see him again until we all went down to the dock to meet Walter and Natalie. The exchange of greetings between the two families was far from cordial,—her father and I barely nodding at each other. Natalie and her mother and Walter went up town together. I saw that her mother could hardly wait to get her alone so that she could coach her.

I did not allow her to see me under conditions which would have permitted her to talk freely until nearly two weeks had passed. Then her friendly manner was rather strained, but she said nothing about her settlement,—and, of course, I'm not the one to poke a sleeping dog. I was delighted to find such a striking confirmation of my good opinion of her. Doubtless she does n't feel especially kindly toward me, but she has given no sign,—and that is



"'You promised a quarter of a million!'"

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the important fact. A less intelligent woman would not have seen how useless it was to make a fight, or would have given way to her temper just for the pleasure of relieving her feelings.

To these two triumphs was now added a third, which, in its many-sidedness, gave me more satisfaction than either of the others.

It came in the course of my campaign to push out of my industrial combination the minor elements that had to be conciliated when I was forming it. These were the little fellows who were the chief original owners of the various concerns of which it was composed. They were no longer of the slightest use to the industry; they were simply clinging to it, mere parasites fattening upon my brains. I felt that the time had come for shaking them off, and forcing them to give up their holdings. I needed every share either for my own investment purposes or to bind to me the men I had put in direct charge.

Having always had the shaking off of the parasites in mind, I had never let the combination develop its full earning capacity. As my first move toward complete possession, I caused it to be given out that I was privately much disappointed with the outlook for the industry and for the combination, and was thinking of disposing of my holdings quietly. When this rumor that I was about to "unload" was brought to my attention, I refused either to confirm or to deny it. I followed this with some slight manipulations of rates, prices, and the stock market. I was, of course, careful to do nothing violent. I never forget, nowadays, that I am one of the bulwarks of conservatism and stability; I and my fellow-occupants of the field of high finance sternly repress all the stock-raiding moves of the little fellows who are struggling to get together in a hurry the millions that would enable them to break into our company.

My moves against my combination sent its stock slowly down. The minority stockholders unloaded,—the most timid upon the least timid; then, as fear spread and infected the most hopeful among them, all unloaded upon the public. Finally, I gave the stock a hard blow that sent it tumbling,—almost openly I sold ten thousand shares, and the sale was regarded by the public as ominously significant, because it was known that I no longer speculated, and that I frowned upon speculation and speculators. When I had gathered in what I wanted, at bottom prices, I came to the rescue, put up the price with a strong hand, denounced those who had attacked it, expressed my great faith in the future of the industry and of my combination,—and caught in the net, along with a lot of *bona fide* sellers, a vast shoal of wriggling and gasping speculators in "shorts."

The one of these fish that peculiarly interested me was—my son Walter. I knew he would be there, and had known it since the third week of my three-months' campaign. As I have never permitted him to see into the machinery of my financial plant, he fancied that he could operate without my finding it out. But one of my spies had brought the news to my chief brokers when he placed his second selling order. I was astonished that another son of mine had gone into such low and stupid and even dishonorable business,—yes, dishonorable. My own speculative operations were never of the petty character and for the petty purposes that constitute gambling. I sent at once for a transcript of his bank account,—a man in my position must have at his command every possible source of inside information, and I have made getting at bank accounts one of my specialties. My astonishment became amazement when I learned that four cash items in that account, making in the total nearly the whole of his gambling capital, were four checks for fifty thousand dollars each,—from his mother!

I had tried many times to get hold of her bank account; but she, partly through craft, partly through the perversity of luck, did business with one of the banks into whose secrets I had never been able to penetrate. I understood at a glance where the two hundred thousand had come from. They were her "commissions" got from me by stealth, by juggling household and personal accounts. I saw that I had the opportunity to give Walter a terrible lesson, to get back my money, and to reduce my wife once more to a proper complete dependence. So I talked business with Walter a great deal during those three months, taking always a gloomy view of the prospects of my combination. From time to time, through my spies, I learned that he was eagerly taking advantage of these "tips," and was plunging deeper and deeper in his betting that the stock of my industrial would continue to fall. When I suddenly put up the price of the stock, he was on the wrong side of the market to the extent of all his cash, and, like scores of other fools, far beyond.

I went home to lunch on the day I hauled in my net, for I wished to be where I could brand the lesson indelibly upon my wife. I had ordered my men to give out my strong statement and to rocket the market not earlier than a quarter past one and not later than half past,—our lunch hour. We had been at table about ten minutes when my wife was called away to the telephone. She was in high good humor as she left the room; indeed, for nearly two months her confident hopes of a million or more in her own right had made her almost youthful in looks and in spirits. She was gone a long time, so long that I was just sending for her when she entered. The change in her was shocking. For a moment I was alarmed lest my lesson had been too severe.

Helen started up, upsetting her chair in her fright at her mother's gray old face. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "what is it?"

Her mother tried to smile, but gave me a frightened, cowed glance. "I—I,—I'm not well all of a sudden," she said. Then she abruptly left the room, Helen following her.

As I and Ridley and Cress were smoking our after-lunch cigars, she sent for me. I found her alone in her darkened sitting room, lying on the lounge. She asked me to sit, and then she began: "I wish to speak to you about—about Walter."

"About his gambling?" said I.

She did not move or speak for fully a minute. It was so dark in her corner that I could not see her distinctly; besides, when I spoke, she had quickly covered her face. At length she said: "So you knew all the time? You set this trap for—"

"Both of you," I said, as I saw that she did not intend to complete her sentence.

Presently she went on: "Then I need n't explain. What I want to say is,—it's all my fault. It was my fault that Jim speculated. It was my fault that Walter did it. He's down at your office now. He did n't have a chance to recover, the stock went up so fast. He's lost everything, and—but I suppose it's to you that he's in debt. I'm sick,—sick in body, and sick in mind. I give up. I've made my last fight. All I ask is,—do n't punish him for what's all my fault."

"So you set James to gambling?"

"Yes,—and I'd have confessed, but there were the other children just at the age when they most needed me to protect them from you. And—I—I,—could n't. Besides, he begged me not to,—and there was his forgery. I never thought he had it in him to do that."

"But he was your son," said I, "and he had your example. He knew how you got the money you gave him—"

"Oh, do n't! do n't,—please do n't!" she wailed, breaking down altogether. "If you could see yourself as others, as my children and I see you, you'd understand.—No! No! I do n't mean that. Forgive me,—and do n't punish Walter for my sins." She burst into such a wild passion of sobs and tears that I rang for her maid, and, when she came, left to go down town.

In my office sat Walter, looking dejected, but far from the sorry figure I had expected to see. He followed me into my inside room and stood near my desk, his eyes down.

"Well, sir!" said I, sternly. In fact, I was not in the least angry; my complete victory, and the recovery of my control over my family had put me in a serene frame of mind. "Your mother has told me everything," I added, not wishing him to irritate me with any lies.

"But she does n't know everything," said he. "I—I risked half of Natalie's money,—and—I,—her father loaned me two hundred thousand."

I frowned still more heavily to conceal the satisfaction this news gave me. "Did Bradish know what you were going to do with the money?" I demanded.

"Yes," replied Walter, in a voice that came out of a desert-dry throat; "he—he sold twenty thousand shares short on his own account."

This was better and better. For the first time in years I felt like laughing aloud. "You did n't by any chance draw Kirkby in?" I asked, with a pretense of sarcasm.

Walter shook his head. "No,—Kirkby does n't care about stocks."

That gave me a chance to laugh. But it was n't a kind of laughter that Walter found contagious. If anything, he got a few shades whiter. "I've known you were in this for two months and a


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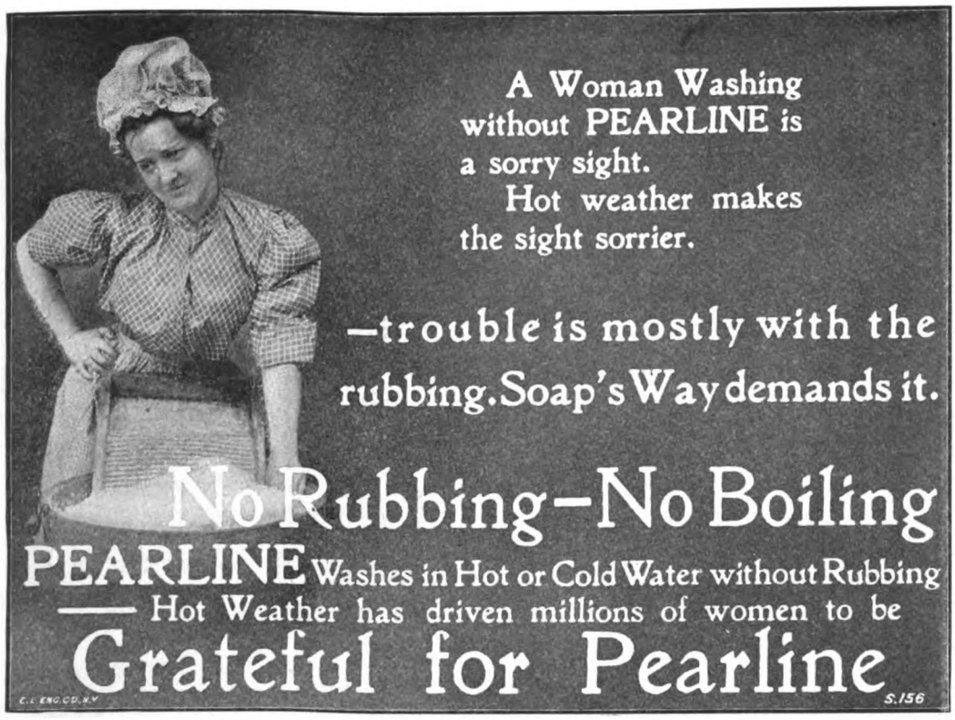
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half," said I. "I wished to give you an object lesson that would make you appreciate why Kirkby does n't care about stocks. I've known every move you made,—we who rule down here always know about the small people,—about the idiots like you. We are rarely able to fool each other. What chance have you and your kind got? I told you all this, and now I've taught it to you. I've not decided on your punishment yet. But one thing I can tell you: if you ever go into the market again, you will—join your ex-brother!"

He was silent for a moment, then began: "Mother,—"

"I know about her," I interrupted; "I wish to hear nothing from you."

He straightened himself and looked at me for the first time. "She telephoned me she was going to take all the blame," he said, resolutely. "It is n't true that she led me into this. I started with my own money, then added Natalie's, then some from Mr. Bradish, and it was n't until then that I went to mother and induced her to risk her money."

For the first time in his life I admired him. There was no mistaking the truthful ring in his voice. "Marriage has improved you," said I.

"That's true," he replied. "Natalie's a very different woman from what we thought,—or from what she thought herself, and she's making a different man of me."

"A stock gambler?" said I.

He reddened, but knew better than to show his teeth at me, when he was, if possible, more dependent than ever before.

"A fine story you tell for your mother," I went on; "but she told me everything,—about James, too."

"If she says she led James into speculating, that was n't so, either," he replied, and again his voice was honest. "Jim was deep in the hole, and she tried to help him out."

"And how do you happen to know so much about James and his speculating?" I asked, sharply.

His eyes dropped and he began to shift from leg to leg in his old despicable fashion. "I—know," he said, doggedly.

But I was n't interested in James,—or, for that matter, in the comparative guilt of Walter and his mother. I had no more time to give to the affair. I sent Walter away, after repeating my warning as to the consequences of another lapse, and then I gave my whole attention to business,—to punishing the other wretched "shorts" and to putting on full steam throughout my combination,—mine now in its entirety and therefore ready for the utmost development of its earning power.

Six months later—that is, last week,—I doubled the outstanding capital stock and at the same time increased the dividend from five per cent. to six. It is now earning forty-two per cent. on my total actual investment,—a satisfactory property, quite up to my expectations.

My wife has gone abroad with Helen. Poor woman! She has never been the same since her dream collapsed. However, she no longer irritates or opposes me. And Natalie is the most satisfactory of daughters-in-law, and Walter the most docile of sons. As for Aurora, I have been unexpectedly able to get a hold upon her, and through her upon Kirkby. She rules him in every matter except one. He keeps her on short, absurdly short, supplies for the household and her personal expenses. "When I found that he carried a change purse," said she to me, the other day, "and when I saw how he looked as he opened it, took a nickel out and closed it, I knew what I had to look forward to." I have raised her hopes for a large allowance from me in the near future, and a fortune under my will. Presently, through my efforts, combined with hers, I think I shall have Kirkby for a colossal undertaking I am working out.

Altogether, my affairs are in a thoroughly satisfactory condition, if it were n't for old age, and certain pains at times in the back of my head,—though they may be largely imaginary. Then there is the matter of sleep. I have n't had a night's sleep in seven years, and for the last year I have had only three hours, pieced out with a nap in my carriage on the way uptown.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" but,—it wears a crown!

[*To be concluded in the September* SUCCESS]

"In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never overtopped, love is never outgrown."

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The Editor's Chat

Expect the Best Things

A HABIT of expecting good things to come to us and cultivation of the feeling that we were made not only to work, but also to enjoy, will bring inestimable blessings and sweetness into our lives.

Somehow, we in America have conceived the idea that we were intended for work-machines, not pleasure-machines; that happiness is a side issue; that, if it happens to come to us, well and good; if not, it does not matter much, because it is not the real issue of life. An American youth is brought up with the idea that he is a sort of mechanism intended to turn out dollars, and that pleasure and happiness are incidental, and the result is that his capacity for enjoyment is never developed, except as he attempts to unfold it a little from time to time after a hard day's work, often when he is totally unfitted for anything but absolute rest. Instead of regarding enjoyment as a duty, and looking upon it as playing a great part in life's programme, he picks up his pleasure here and there, as if afraid it were wrong; and, instead of a clean, beautiful pattern, running through his life, he has a patchwork, a crazy-quilt of happiness and unhappiness, with very few happiness-blocks.

Man's natural instinct for constant enjoyment is shown in the fact that the severest toil, even slavery, or imprisonment, or approaching death, cannot prevent him from seeing a joke, or from appreciating pleasant deeds or beautiful sights, if his mind is ready to see them and to enjoy them.

If you want to get the most out of life, just make up your mind that you were made to be happy, that you are a happiness-machine as well as a work-machine, and that no one shall rob you of real enjoyment, no matter what your environment, whether you are rich or poor, free or enslaved by circumstances.

Expect delightful things to come to you and pleasant things to happen. There is a great pleasure in expectancy. If you build air castles, build beautiful ones. Never mind the things which are past, do not hunt for things which are lost, and do not waste time over lost opportunities, lost prospects, lost property, or lost health. Live all your life and be glad, content, and happy now; fling all your energy into the present moment; do not waste time regretting yesterday or longing for to-morrow. Be a magnet to draw all that is beautiful, pleasant and desirable out of day; then you will have multiplied your own power of enjoyment so that you may get more out of to-morrow, and then more out of the next day; but, as long as you waste your energy mourning over the past, and thinking what you might have been and of what might have been done,—as long as you squander your vitality trying to re-live badly spent yesterdays, or to live to-morrows before they come,—you will cripple your power to live properly the day which is before you. Cut off the past, and do not touch the morrow until it comes, but extract every possibility from the present.

Never allow yourself to think that fate is against you, or that destiny has decided your future. Think of yourself as always lucky, and always on the up-grade, and feel that abundance of all that is good will be yours if you will cherish productive, creative thought. Remember that destructive, tearing-down thoughts will drive away from you all that produces. You will destroy your magnetism for attracting abundance by thinking of limitation, poverty, and failure. Think positive, creative, happy thoughts, and your harvest of good things will be abundant.

▲ ▲

Don't be afraid of Truth; she is no invalid.—O. W. HOLMES.

▲ ▲

Ambition *versus* Aspiration

CARDINAL WOLSEY, in his fallen estate, taught by bitter experience, says to his follower:—

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

There are two kinds of ambition, a higher and a lower. The higher is really aspiration. They differ as does day from night.

Ambition labors for self alone; aspiration works for the good of all. Ambition makes a fortune for self-gratification, or selfish enjoyment; if aspiration makes a fortune it is to use for the world. Ambition seeks notoriety, or reputation; aspiration, character and nobility. Ambition is a mental quality; aspiration, a spiritual quality. Ambition urges a man to use his power to outdo his neighbor; aspiration aims to help a neighbor along.

A man who is guided by a low ambition is cold, unsympathetic, and grasping. One who is led by aspiration is magnanimous, helpful and sympathetic. Ambition tends to deteriorate health and morals; aspiration, to improve them, for high ideals elevate everything above one. They express themselves in the body as surely as the thought of the artist expresses itself on canvas. Ambition desires to have more; aspiration, to be more. Ambition often lures us, even to our own destruction. Aspiration is the ladder by which we climb to true greatness.

Lincoln aspired to save our republic and to free its slaves, and his aspiration was fulfilled. He had no thought of self or fame, but his name is written forever on the pages of history. Benedict Arnold was ambitious, and his ambition lead him to betray his country. He thought of self and power, and his name, also, is written forever on the pages of history.

▲ ▲

If you are acquainted with happiness, introduce him to your neighbor.—SELECTED.

▲ ▲

Unconsciously Immortal

EVERY mechanic whose invention or improvement has emancipated man from drudgery even a little; every artisan whose contrivance or ingenuity has been an endless benefaction in the home; every carpenter whose honest nail or joint holds a building in safety; every blacksmith who has forged a reliable anchor to steady a ship in tempests; every seamstress whose conscientious work has protected a soldier on the battlefield, no matter how long ago each lived, is still toiling for humanity.

Every man who has organized a great business which has given steady employment to men, and whose discipline has been a help to the community, no matter how long ago, is still toiling for men.

Every telegram reminds us that Morse is still a force in civilization; every cablegram tells us that Cyrus W. Field is still a power in the world. Every railroad is a reminder that George Stephenson is not dead. The busy fingers of toilers, no matter in what age they lived, are still weaving clothing for the poor or helping humanity in some way.

Thousands of comforts and immunities from drudgery are perpetual reminders of the presence of thousands of noble men and women who are unconsciously immortal.

There can be no higher fame than that of an ameliorator, an uplifter of life's burdens. This is the test of greatness,—to be of use in the world. Individuals die, but those we have helped, those we have inspired and assisted and encouraged to nobler effort, still live; and they, in turn, will help others. The initial influence, wherever it started, becomes immortal.

The greatest secret of success is that of finding and feeding the hidden springs of life.

It is not the fountain half full, or even full, but the overflowing fountain which makes the valley green and glad. The overplus of strength,—the surplus of fertilizing energy,—is the reserve which counts in the struggle for success. The man who uses up all his energy in every effort he makes is never a power in the world. It is the oversoul, or surplus of life and energy, which bespeaks an overflowing, perennial fountain of strength and power which is the secret of all great achievement.

The man who accomplishes great things in the world is he who has found the grand secret of life, and is able to keep the fountainhead full and overflowing, not the one who always seems pushed to the wall and always impresses you as making a tremendous effort in everything he does. Emerson says that a man does his best thing easiest. It is not what an orator says which impresses us so much as the reserve which he manifests; not so much the things which he actually says as what he might say if emergency required. This is the test of power,—the reserve which a man leaves unused. A man who seems to struggle and strive with all his might, and agonizes in his effort to do some great thing, impresses us with weakness rather than strength.

▲ ▲

Man's failure in the world may often be attributed to the fact that he uses blank cartridges when firing at the target of success. SELECTED.

▲ ▲

Usefulness, not Mere Money, Counts

THE time is rapidly coming when the mere possession of money will not entitle a young man to respect and admiration. In the future he will be measured by what he does, not by what he has, or what somebody gave him. One who merely has money, without doing anything to earn the respect of his kind, will only be held in contempt because he squanders his opportunities to do something and be something, wasting great chances. Money, the representative of value, should be secured by doing something which is valuable. If one has money without having made or done anything of value, he has what does not belong to him, for some one else has earned it. In comparison with a youth who fights his way to victory, an idle, useless man with money cuts a sorry figure.

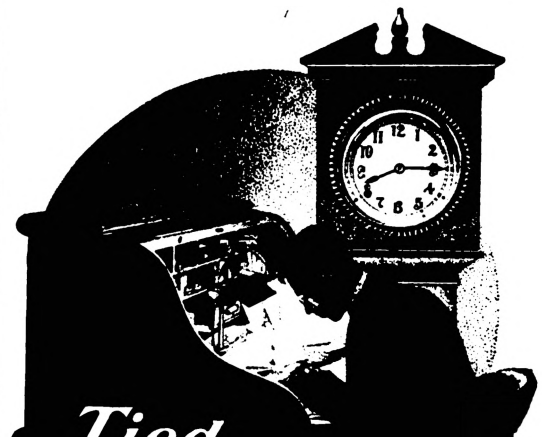
What is there in him? What can he do? What has he done? How much manhood has he developed? How much has he helped the world? These will be the test questions of the future.

There is a growing feeling of decided prejudice against the wealthy idle,—the useless rich,—the "do-nothing" millionaires. There are, however, magnificent exemplars among the sons of multi-millionaires, who don overalls and work in shops or factories, or take up the routine work in offices or stores, to learn the business from the bottom up, that they may be useful workers, so that when they come to be entrusted with the management of great interests they may be equal to the task. They realize that they must develop power while climbing which will enable them to remain at the summit when they reach it. Experience has shown that the sons of rich men, without drill or discipline, or special training, cannot maintain or increase the business left them by their fathers; that they drift and deteriorate and finally fail, dissipating their fortunes.

Untrained millionaires who attempt to conduct business soon find that scores of young men in their employ have developed infinitely greater skill and power and are much better able to manage the business because they have grown up in it. Money gives a certain advantage, but to it must be joined personal power, if it is to produce permanent and beneficent effect.

Epitaphs in the Cemetery of Failure

He had no reserve.
He lacked stamina.
He could n't decide.
He was *almost* a success.
He clung to his prejudices.
He was strangled by selfishness.
He failed to digest his education.
He did everything "just for now."
He died of an overdose of advice.
He did not keep up with the times.
He lacked the fire that kindles power.
He was a clerk who hated the yardstick.
He never learned to let go of the rubbish.
He was crushed by an avalanche of details.
He became sidetracked by salary and comfort.
He was not a man before he became a lawyer.
He ruined his own judgment by not trusting it.
He could not put grit in the place of education.
He could n't see the man at the other end of the bargain.
He was too much wrapped up in himself to appreciate others.



Tied to the Desk by DETAIL

When the little things keep you till late at night and the big things get put off till to-morrow, there is something wrong with the system in your business or profession. The savings and the short cuts that come with the right kind of system are worth knowing about, whether you are a business man or a professional man, whether you are an employer or an employe. The way to learn about practical systems for your own needs is to read SYSTEM, the 96-page monthly magazine devoted to the improvement of business methods. SYSTEM is full of the brains of successful men. Its every page contains helpful ideas that will lessen your hours and lengthen your profits.

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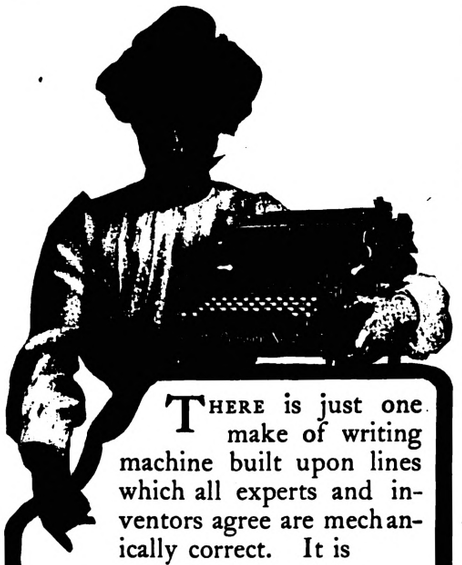
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RED CLOVER, by Blanch Schafer [Second Prize]

"GOING TO MARKET," by John C. Metger [Second Prize]



NARCISSUS, by Jessie Gibson [First Prize]

Too Much "How-do-you-do"

JEAN BENNION, age, 17 years
[Second prize winner in Story Contest]

GRANTSVILLE, UTAH, is "greatest city" to a colony of Utes whose camping grounds are located out on the desert, some miles distant; and a visiting native, parading in all the glory of his best blanket and feathers, is not an unusual spectacle.

Mr. Riley Judd, a gentleman widely known for his bright sayings and overflowing good humor, one day met an Indian of his acquaintance, riding through the streets on a young broncho, and malice entered his soul. As the horse drew near a wet, unpleasant place, the wit advanced and gave greeting with a low bow, sweeping the ground with his stiff hat and flowing duster. This friendly salutation was not lost on the Indian pony, who promptly returned it after his own fashion; and the noble red man was unceremoniously thrown down into mud and ignominy.

To the infinite entertainment of bystanders, the injured brave slowly gathered himself and addressed his white friend with this mild complaint: "Too much 'how-do-you-do,' Riley Judd! Injun heap sit down."

Riley Judd and his innocent victim have long since renewed friendship in the happy hunting grounds, but "too much 'how-do-you-do'" is to this day a proverb among those who witnessed the amusing incident.



"OUR PET COW," by Hilda R. Kennedy [Special Prize]

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How to Make a Pocket Size Pipe Organ

RUSS H. SLAUSON, age, 14 years
[Second prize winner in Handicraft Contest]

ALL a boy needs in the construction of this miniature pipe organ is, a common size cigar box, a stick of sealing wax, a knife, and a few straight, smooth, willow sticks.

Procure a bit as near the size of the willows as possible, and bore ten or twelve holes in the cover of the box, in a straight line. Next tack down the cover, and seal all the cracks with wax. From the sticks of willow cut as many whistles as there are holes in the box. The whistles should vary enough in size that there will be a difference in their tones.

Fit the whistles into the holes and seal them in with the wax.

In one end of the box cut a hole to fit the nozzle of an old kitchen bellows. Place your fingers over the open tops of the ten whistles and have some one pump steadily on the bellows. By lifting and letting fall one finger after another, the scale, and, after some practice, tunes may be produced.

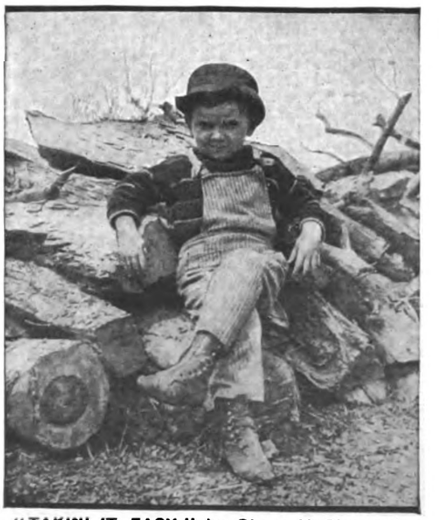
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The Fragrant Magnolia

ETTA BALDWIN,
age, 14 years
[First prize winner in Nature Study Contest]

PERHAPS the most fragrant and also the most beautiful flower is the magnolia, so named after Pierre Magnol, a botanist of the seventeenth century. This large, beautiful flower, which has from six to nine snow-white petals and many stamens and pistils, grows in the United States and Asia. The carpels are arranged in a cone.

The seed have a pulpy skin, are shaped somewhat like a heart, and hang downward with a long white thread which is formed from the middle. If the petals are crushed, touched, or even breathed upon, they change from the beautiful white to an ugly brown. These odoriferous flowers grow upon trees or shrubs and have large leaves, called alternate, because each grows higher or lower on the stem than the corresponding one. When the flower grows old the petals turn brown and fall off, leaving the cone. This cone is covered with small cells in which are stored the seeds. The fragrance of the magnolia and also its beauty make it a favorite with every one.



"TAKIN' IT EASY," by Glenn McClymonds [Third Prize]

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Prize-Winners in the May Contest

Drawing.—Jessie Gibson, age, fifteen years, Windsor, Missouri; Blanche Shafer, age, fourteen years, Richmondville, New York; Harry Schuler, age, seventeen years, New York City.

Special Prize.—Ed. Geiler, age, eighteen years, 608 West Chestnut Street, Bloomington, Illinois.

Amateur Photography.—J. Willard Holler, age, eighteen years, 101 Lexington Avenue, Albany, New York; John C. Metger, age, sixteen years, Petersburg, Ohio; Glenn McClymonds, age, fifteen years, Rochelle, Illinois; Hilda R. Kennedy, age, sixteen years, Goodyear's Bar, Sierra County, California; Clifton Corley, age, sixteen years, Cartersville, Georgia.

Handicraft.—Robert Williams, age, fourteen years, 5628 Union Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Russ H. Slauson, age, fourteen years, Lysander, New York; Ralph W. Bott, age, fourteen years, Ashland, Ohio.

Advertising.—Edith C. Sheldon, age, sixteen years, Lynn, Pennsylvania; A. C. Newell, age, ten years, Hensel, North Dakota; George Wilson, age, eighteen years, 121 Alger Street, Saginaw, Michigan.

Story.—Jean Bennion, age, seventeen years, Vernon, Toole County, Utah; Maud Nicholson, age, fifteen years, Richmond, Missouri; Ralph L. Roe, age, sixteen years, Calvin Block, Toledo, Ohio.

Nature Study.—Etta Baldwin, age, fourteen years, 223 St. Joseph Street, Dallas, Texas; Blanche E. Blodgett, age, twelve years, Harvard Junction, Illinois; Grenville Whitney, age, nine years, 112 Huntington Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

Stamp Query.—Alfred J. Jollou, age, seventeen years, 125 Vernon Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; Warren Ware, age, sixteen years, 1138 Monroe Street, Memphis, Tennessee; Jerome Eagle Town, age, seventeen years, 307 North Nineteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Success Club.—N. Antrim Crawford, Jr., age, fifteen years, 740 First Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Ruth L. B. Ridges, age, fifteen years, 2642 Girard Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Asa Sprunger, age, sixteen years, Berne, Indiana.

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New Prize Contest

THE plan begun in May, of increasing the length of time given for competing in our contests, is hailed with approval from all quarters. There were nearly twice as many entries in all of our contests. This of course makes it more difficult to award the prizes, and in consideration of the number of competitors, we have decided to award five prizes instead of three.

The correct answer to the Stamp Query of May was Chile,—the portrait of Columbus; and Japan,—Princes Arisugawa and Kitashirakawa. Neither country ever printed the portrait of a ruler on its stamps, the Japanese believing that it would be offensive to the majesty of the Mikado to deface his portrait by cancellation. Most contestants did not take the wording of the query literally enough, and gave stamps bearing pictures of imaginary personages.

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 as follows:— first prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, three dollars; fourth prize, two dollars; fifth prize, one dollar.

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Rules

Contests are open to all readers under twenty years of age. A contributor may send only one contribution a month; not one of each kind. Articles must be written in 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 cannot be returned; but drawings and photographs will be returned if stamps are inclosed. Drawings must be in black,—India ink or wash drawings.

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



PANSIES, by Harry Schuler
[Second Prize]

Story.—The story must be founded on some true or imaginary adventure of a vacation this summer, and should contain five hundred words, or less.

Photograph.—The photographs in this contest must portray houses or buildings of some kind. They may be mounted or unmounted. On the back each 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 girl.

Poetry.—A poem having for its subject, "When School Begins."

Drawing.—The subject must be autumn fruit.

❦ ❦

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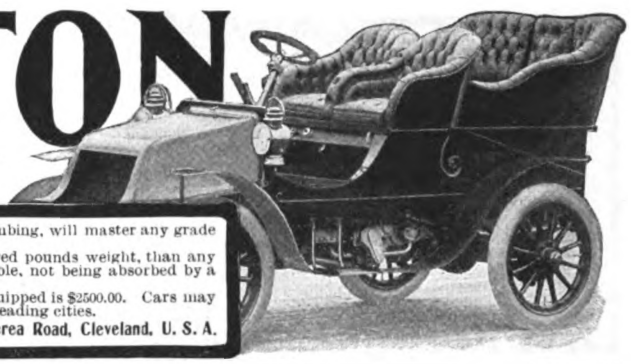
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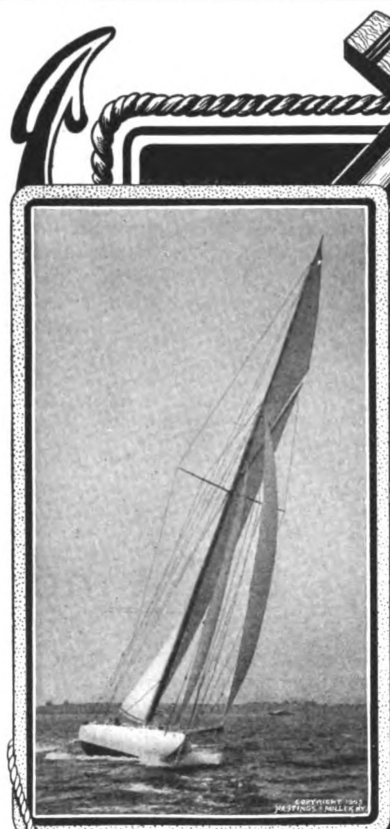


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Vacation as an Investment

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[*Concluded from page 456*]

mind as well as the body is made healthy and pure. In the freedom from restraint of the country artificiality, timidity and fear fall away from us. Our power is multiplied, and we are ready and eager to do in the spirit of conquerors the things which a short time ago our exhausted nerves and dulled brains cried out against as impossibilities.

Another phase of a vacation, that must not be overlooked, is that it keeps us from getting into ruts. The routine of business or professional life, or of any vocation, tends to bring into play, day after day, and year after year, the same set of faculties, the same brain cells. We get into settled grooves, into certain lines of thought and action which confine us within a circle. We lose in breadth and freshness and vigor of thought. A vacation corrects this tendency. It gives a complete rest to the overworked faculties and brain cells, and brings an entirely new set into action. We are transported into a new world of thoughts and ideas. The change readjusts our physical and mental machinery, and makes us more symmetrical and harmonious.

The earth itself teaches us the necessity of rest and change. During the snows and frosts of winter it lies dormant. In rest it gathers force for the rejuvenating processes of spring. We must follow the earth's example, and gather force in rest and recreation, or we can no more go on growing and gaining in strength and power than it could go on producing the grains and fruits and vegetables of summer and autumn without an annual rest.

We rob ourselves of more than we can ever compute by being niggardly in the matter of a vacation. Economize on anything else rather than this, on which the very wellsprings of being depend. Health is the "pearl of great price" for which, if need be, we should be willing to exchange all our possessions. Without it all other things are powerless to make us happy. Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for his millions sighs for what all his wealth cannot restore.

"Oh to be strong! Each morn to feel
A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to meet
What e'er of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me! Each night to sleep
The dreamless sleep that health can give;
No weary ache, no wearing pain,—
Ah, then, indeed, 'twere joy to live!"

Joseph G. Cannon

[*Concluded from page 464*]

tion. His colleagues recognize his keen and comprehensive power of observation, and they know that he is fair. That is the reason, when Mr. Cannon goes out to kill or pass a measure, that he usually succeeds. He is an intense partisan. He regards anything that bears the Republican trademark as gospel. In a speech, his words come in a peculiar, sing-song manner, and while, usually, there is a rasp and twang to his voice, he can tone it down until it is as soft as a woman's. He never attempts to produce an oratorical effect, but he resorts to many ingenuous devices to attract and hold the attention of his auditors.

It was in the fifty-fifth congress, during the times that preceded the declaration of war with Spain, that Mr. Cannon reached the full measure of his greatness. He was a part of the conservative element in the house, as he always is, and, while he looked with disapproval upon the radical course advocated by some members of his party, he was not content with merely disapproving. He took care to make a close examination of the situation. He was satisfied that war was coming, and acted with the decision and self-reliance of the frontier. The bill placing fifty million dollars at the disposal of the president was drafted and introduced without a word of consultation. Even Mr. Reed, or the chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Mr. Hitt, did not know of it.

The news of the introduction of the measure caused a great sensation in congress. The fact that Cannon, the conservative, did it, made the situation more alarming. Excited members rushed to the committee room to learn if the president had received information which made the step necessary. Mr. Cannon tilted back in his chair and said: "We've got the men; we've got the guns; we've got the money, too."

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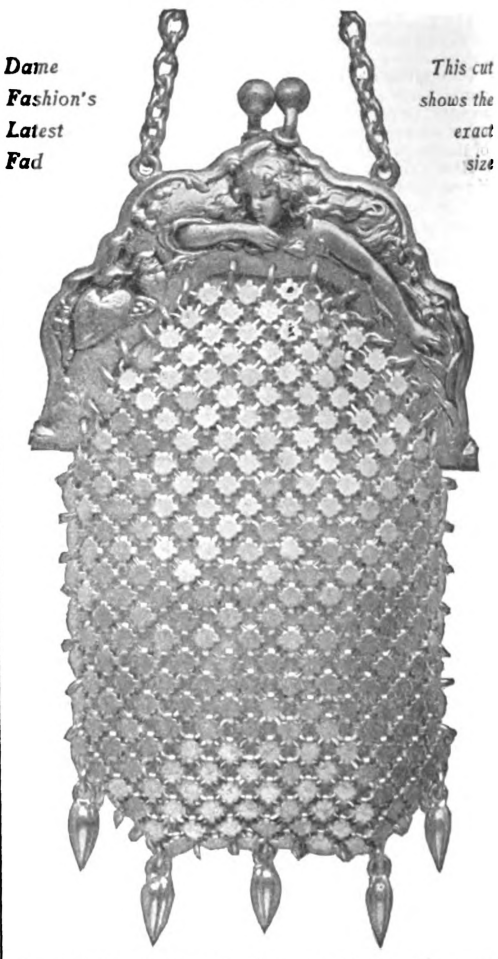


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