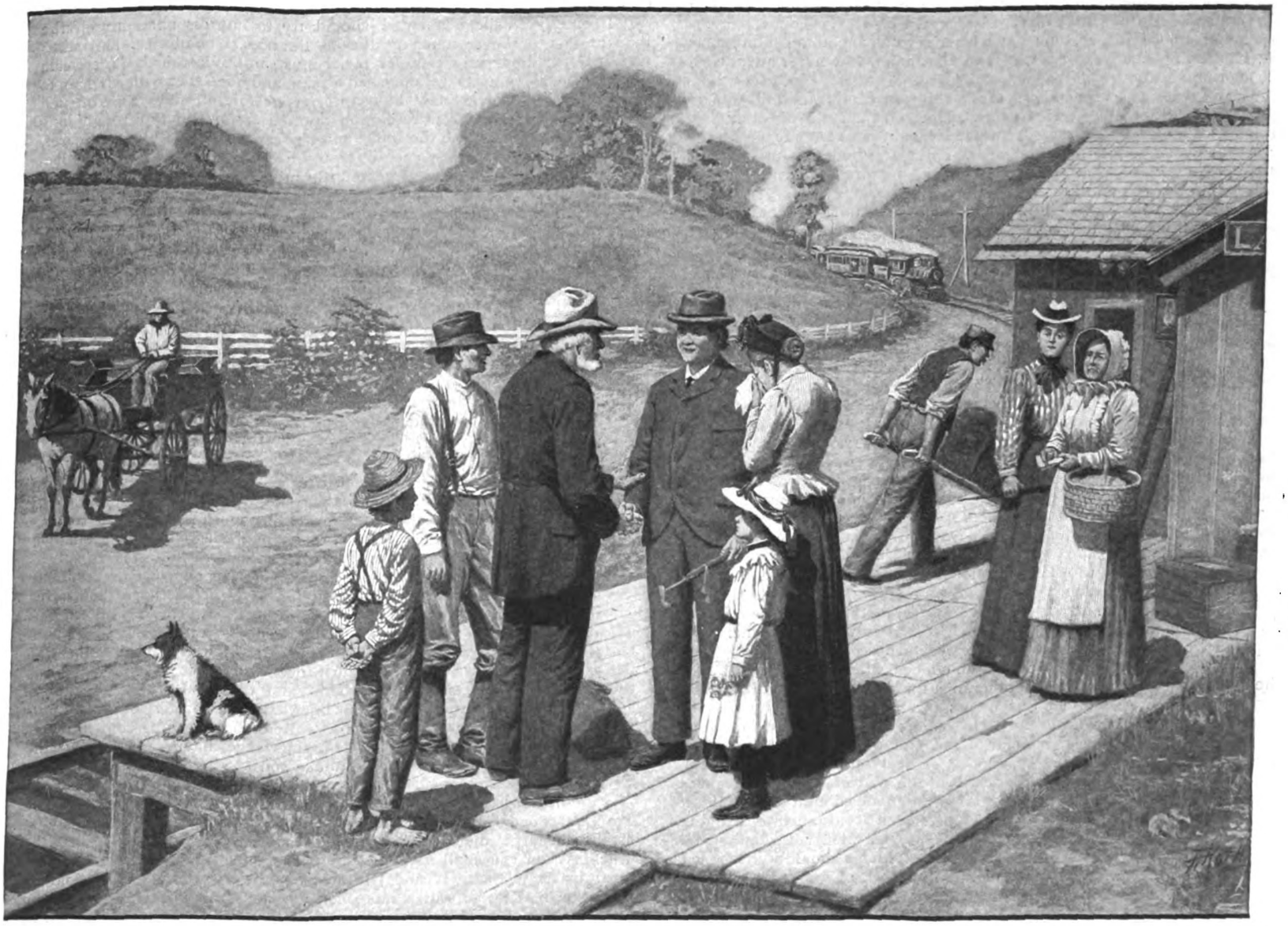
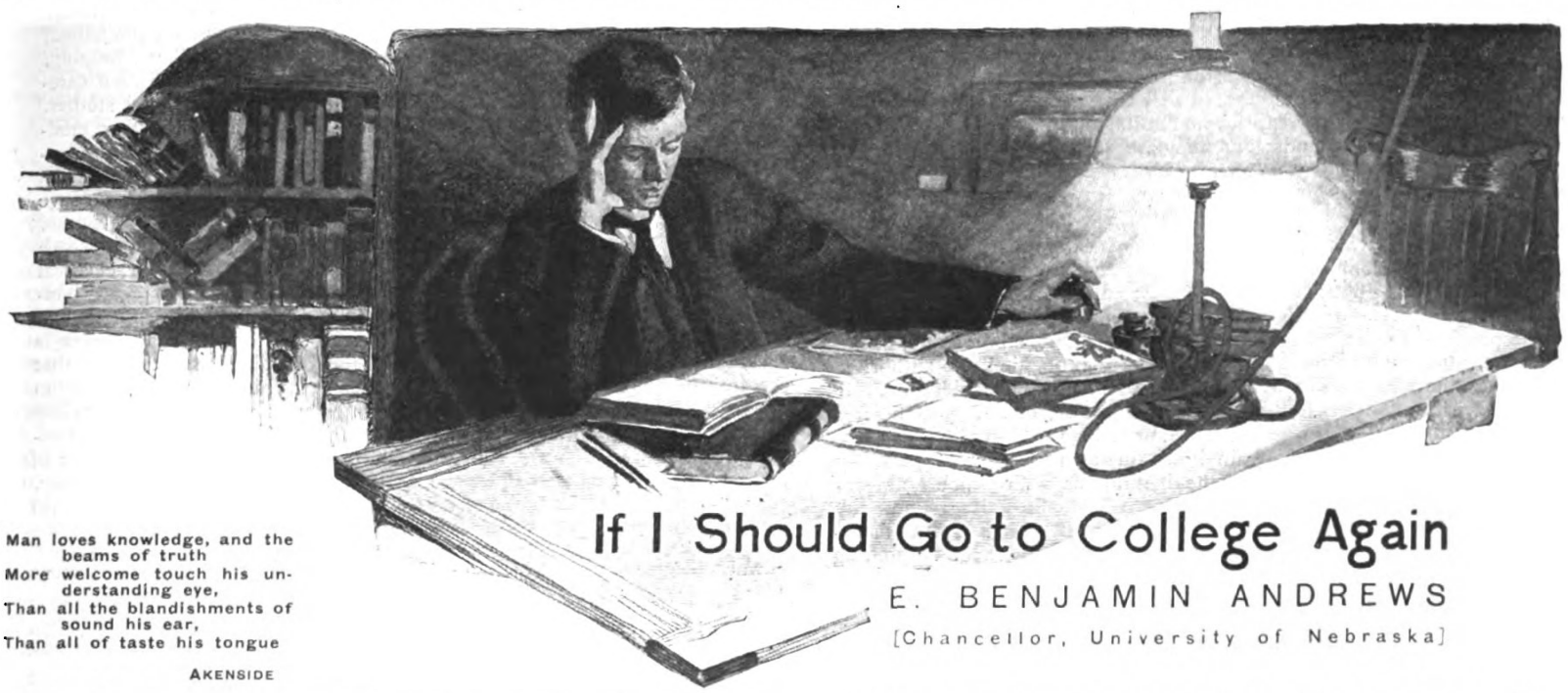
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S U C C E S S

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The remembrance of the time when they left home for college brings back a wonderful picture to many men. The misgivings of the mother, who is always fearful of some unforeseen disaster, and is afraid that something will befall her darling boy, the steady assurance and sternly-rendered admonition of the father, who is anxious to see his son "make a man of himself," the quiet wonderment of the younger brothers and sisters, and the surprise of the neighbors, who appear as if they think something strange and new has happened, all add a touch of sentiment that you would not care to part with. It was a great event in many of our lives, and it will be as great an event in the lives of thousands of others. It is the first important step in the world



If I Should Go to College Again

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

[Chancellor, University of Nebraska]

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue

AKENSIDE

THE following observations must not be construed as dogmas. Equally wise and capable schoolmasters have different views of college aims and methods; and, in a subject so vast, touching life at such an infinity of points, no type of conviction ought to regard any other superciliously. The personal equation may justly be allowed wider sweep here than in almost any other field of discussion. I write not as a reformer by mission, only incidentally as a critic, and not at all as an iconoclast. Collegiate teaching in the United States is, generally, in a prosperous way. The thoughts advanced mainly express preferences. If the judgments at any point assume to be objective, that fact will duly appear.

No one wishes all youth to have precisely the same school preparation for life. Rome can be reached by any of many different routes. Also, you may walk thither, ride horseback, take a diligence, or go by train. When there, you will, likely enough, forget how you traveled.

Suppose there were a very best college curriculum, a given *quadrivium* of collegiate study in detail, demonstrably better than any other, it were the height of folly to force all would-be bachelors to take precisely that course on pain of being refused the degree. If you know of a perfect *régime* it does not follow that you should force a man to pursue it, even if you can; for one forced to it it will not be a perfect *régime*. In the choice

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of studies and in methods of mastering them amplest latitude and liberty should prevail. Let people who can not or will not travel the best road, supposing there is a best, go by any road running toward the goal.

Let not the goal itself be too narrowly defined. There are diversities of gifts with the same spirit. Power and culture are the great *desiderata:* let men attain them how they may. Among the choicest specimens of intellectual manhood in our time have been several, including John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Edward von Hartmann, who never attended a college or university.

Were I again entering college, the maintenance and solidification of health would be among my chief cares. Not that I should affect athletic eminence or train for trick performances; I should simply endeavor to put my heart and lungs, and my digestive and circulatory system,—the physical basis of mental life,—and also my locomotive powers, as permanently as possible into a sound and usable condition.

Students can hardly be guilty of greater folly than that of making gymnastics their main business. College sport is good as a means to promote physical and mental health and enlarge life. It is like eating: we eat to live; we do not live to eat.

A Certain Amount of Systematic Exercise Will Right Many Ailments

The benefits of physical exercise by students are not confined to the conservation of their health and mental alertness for the time being. Those benefits are of incalculable reach and of the most varied value. Systematic exercise in college cures many grave and even congenital ailments. It relieves complaints which can not be cured. It wards off many physical and mental ills to which persons of a sedentary life are especially prone. It lengthens the active and the total years of men and women who are free from specific diseases. It lessens in violence, in frequency, and in duration, such attacks of illness as befall quite strong people. It puts ease and cheer into hard work and good temper into all the relations of human beings. It tends to impart permanent strength, sanity, and order to the mind, and to develop that firmness of will without which, particularly in the great crises of life, the most gifted of mortals become the sport of fate. City youths are very apt to be ill-developed in their vital parts. Even if they romp and play much, which many of them will not do, they rarely engage in the strenuous exercises needed to steel the muscles of their hearts, lungs, and diaphragms. For most farmers' sons and daughters this result is produced by hard work, making that work a blessing.

Most city young people coming to college still have time to perfect their physical condition, but not one in a hundred of them will take the proper means to accomplish this unless prompted by a faculty rule or a student custom. Youth from the farm require to continue and to systematize bodily exercise; else baneful if not fatal weaknesses will occur in special parts, or a general breakdown, recovery proving impossible. I have known many cases of early death on the part of titans who came to college from rural homes. Being strong, they fancied that they could not but continue so. Sad illusion! They had been accustomed to taxing exertion, and the sudden remission of this proved fatal. Regular drill in the gymnasium is, of course, precious. All students should utilize it to be taught where they are weak and to obtain the idea of system in schooling the body. But outdoor exercises should be copiously indulged in, partly for fresh air, and partly for the invaluable zest of play. To perfect this zest of play match games, duly regulated, are not only admissible, but also desirable.

At the risk of being thought queer, I shall commend, particularly to such as do not play ball or tennis, certain outdoor exercises not now very popular, which might be made exceedingly useful. It is not golf or cycling that I have in mind. Both these, I dare say, are praiseworthy, but each requires an outfit of some cost, and also, most seem to think, its own uniform. The exercises which I should like to "boom" are slow running, walking, especially with some object in view aside from mere exercise, and accurate throwing either of balls or of pebbles. I wish these exercises might become fashionable, like golf. They call for no outfit, no special uniform, no elegantly graded and kept grounds; and they are suitable for well people of either sex, whether older or younger.

The Influence of Some Fraternities Promotes Cliques and Shibboleths

Many sports prevalent in colleges are of extraordinary intellectual value. Football excels in this. Good play proceeds much more from brain than from muscle. The same is true of baseball and tennis. Nearly all earnest sport properly carried on also has immense moral value. It develops independence of action, a sense of individual responsibility, and, at the same time, fits for joint activities, coöperation, and obedience to authority. It cultivates the will, particularly the power of instantaneous decision. It trains the sense of fairness. It imparts moral poise, or ability to be fair when under provocation to take advantage or to be a partisan.

Were I entering college again I should at first, however warmly solicited, join no fraternity. At some institutions with which I am acquainted I should never join, and anywhere I should wait to know my ground. Fraternities do great good. As they exist at many a seat of learning they can hardly be criticised. I often use them with effect in holding their members to hard work and exemplary conduct. They are susceptible of indefinitely large service in this way, as in other ways. But at some centers their influence painfully promotes cliques, shibboleths, and partisan temper. Where it is so I should utterly avoid them, preferring the risk of losing whatever good a fraternity might do me rather than that of falling into this antisocial spirit. American manhood needs toning up in individuality of thought and action. In matters of opinion we go too much in droves. Instead of strengthening this tendency college life should help annul it.

Fraternity electioneerers sometimes seek to dragoon their victims into the Valley of Decision by crying: "Now or never. This is your last chance; unless you join us at once you are hopelessly 'left.'" This insults the man to whom it is said. It means that when you are better known you will not be wanted. It may be that men unite with fraternities who, should they wait, would wait in vain; yet upper-classmen are taken into the best fraternities every year. I would not enter a fraternity under this or under any other pressure. However desirable to be in a fraternity, such membership is not absolutely necessary for college success. If you wish to join, provided you are worthy and your initial college record is good, the way will open, even if you are not rushed in on the ides of your freshman October.

If entering college anew, I should try to impress upon myself the thought that, however much professors, libraries, laboratories, and stimulating associations might do for me, I must, in the last analysis, educate myself. A college never yet educated a man, and none ever will. If I am to stand among those who know, the central, responsible, ultimate cause of such promotion must be my own resolution applied unremittingly through long years. Books can not do the work; masters can not. Nothing is clearer, upon a survey of American institutions of learning, than that the intellectual productiveness of colleges bears little proportion to the wealth of their material outfit or to the ability of their professors. It, however, bears a very close proportion to the zeal, enterprise, and industry of their students. I should elect a truly collegiate or liberal curriculum, containing little or no professional study, and not letting it be narrowed or shortened much by specializing, and I should complete it mostly as if I had no professional purpose; with a view, that is, of taking a full professional course afterwards if I should wish to enter a profession. There is scant occasion for the anxiety which many show to shorten young people's period of general study. Students who must hasten should be enabled to do so. That is why I like the joint courses offered by our best universities, permitting a student who desires this to attain in six or seven years both the bachelorship and also his professional degree. Yet such doubling is no ideal resort, and young people ought to be dissuaded from it rather than encouraged to it.

Soul, and not Self, Spirit, and not Gain,—that Is the College Goal

How inestimable the privilege of three or four years sequestration from a youth's ordinary life for the express purpose of thought, study, and silent meditation! How golden the opportunity, during such a term, of retiring from one's usual world and making it one's main business to drill, enlarge, and replenish one's mind! The benefit possible from this modern substitute for monasticism is absolutely incalculable. No one can overestimate its importance; none can even surmise this save such as have themselves enjoyed the privilege. Such a novitiate proves its worth in proportion as its central purpose is building the man,—general culture, not bread-and-butter proficiency. Soul and not pelf, the life which is more than meat,—that is the true college goal. In spirit, even where not in matter, there is the utmost difference between liberal and technical study. Technical study primarily regards the object of knowledge, the mastery of certain utilitarian facts, processes, and methods, while liberal learning contemplates, first, last, and always, the subject of knowledge, having for its end the choice, rational development of a human spirit.

"You hear on every hand," says Emerson,—I edit the passage a little,—"the maxims of a low prudence. You hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this truth you seek? What is this beauty?' men will ask, with derision. . . . Be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I. I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let character-making go until a more convenient season,'—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of nobility, piety, and truth, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history. . . . Bend to the persuasion which is flowing to you from every highest prompting of human nature to be its tongue to the heart of man and to show the besotted world how passing fair is wisdom."

Colleges would do well, while allowing their students extreme liberty of election among studies, to put down in their catalogues, for the behoof of those less anxious to rush into professions than to rise in them, helping, also, the numerous students not intending professional life at all, a few careful specimen curriculums completely made up of non-professional studies. One of these might patronize classical history and literature; another, modern. A third might be rich in sociology, political economy, ethics, philosophy, higher biology, etc.; a fourth, in the ordinary biological sciences; a fifth, in the physical sciences. Such a presentation would attract and save to mental health many students whose mentality is now, by chaotic election, rendered flabby and discursive. Among the numerous liberal courses which might be presented, I, for my part, should choose one rich in classical and linguistic elements, including Latin and also Greek, and greatly emphasizing literature and history. It will pay any man to learn a foreign language or two. The discipline of rendering one tongue into another is invaluable. Of course we can not, with the old classicists, demand that the entire discipline of the young shall consist in this work; but wholly to deny it a place in education is as great an error as theirs. It is certainly a benediction of the first order that, in so many cases where we can not consult literary originals, we can, through translation, possess ourselves of authors' main thoughts. If we can not topographically survey a country, scanning intimately its byways, it is worth a great deal to be able to travel leisurely its highways.

Always Endeavor to Form a Life-Bent for Reading Good Literature

Yet Emerson argued ill touching the sufficing availability of translations. Not every good product of foreign pens has been Englished. To become acquainted with the most recent best things written abroad one must read originals. It is also true that no translation ever made or ever possible can carry with it across the chasm separating tongue from tongue the entire meaning or the delicate shades of meaning or the rich stylistic aroma of a true literary work. Take up a language not vernacular with the determination never to disuse it. To retain a foreign language, and to grow perfect in it, is easy. Read in it a few lines daily. Until the new tongue is quite familiar, choose for exercise in it matter well known to you in English. Thomas B. Macaulay learned several foreign languages by reading the New Testament in them, and every one trying it will find that a profitable stratagem.

Be it in English, or be it in foreign speech, I should, while at college, apply my utmost energy to the formation of a life-bent for good reading.

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Never can this invaluable habit be formed more easily than in college. Indeed, if not fixed then, it probably never will be. Not only may the habit of reading be acquired in college: by industry and the saving of time rich fruits of it may be reaped there, permanently furnishing you with mental treasure far outvaluing all material wealth.

"Sweet thoughts, bright dreams my comfort be,
I have no joy beside;
Oh, throng around and be to me
Power, country, fame, and bride."

Hear Professor Lecky on this:—

It is not every one who could say, like Gibbon, that he would not exchange his love of reading for all the gold of the Indies. Very many would agree with him; but Gibbon was a man with an intense natural love of knowledge, and the weak health of his early life intensified this predominant passion. But, while the tastes which require physical strength decline or pass with age, that for reading steadily grows. It is illimitable in the vistas of pleasure it opens; it is one of the most easily satisfied, one of the cheapest, one of the least dependent on age, seasons, and the varying conditions of life. It cheers invalids through years of weakness and confinement; illuminates the dreary hours of sleepless nights; stores the mind with pleasant thoughts, banishes *ennui*, fills up the unoccupied interstices and enforced leisures of an active life, makes men for a time, at least, forget their anxieties and sorrows, and, if it is judiciously managed, is one of the most powerful means of training character and disciplining and elevating thought. It is eminently a pleasure which is not only good in itself, but enhances many others. By extending the range of our knowledge, by enlarging our powers of sympathy and appreciation, it adds incalculably to the pleasures of society, to the pleasures of travel, to the pleasures of art, to the interest we take in the vast variety of events which form the great world-drama about us. To acquire this taste in early youth is one of the best fruits of education, and it is especially useful when the taste for reading becomes a taste for knowledge, and when it is accompanied by some specialization and concentration, and by some exercise of the powers of observation. [See "The Map of Life, Conduct, and Character," pp. 242 and 243.]

I should differ from most in reading more books and less periodical literature. A bad habit has arisen in this matter. The great ability, along with the timeliness, of many magazine pieces now, has had the unfortunate effect of turning readers from board to paper covers. A new book we ignore because "The Critic" or "The Athenæum" has reviewed it. But the best possible review of a book is no substitute for the book. As well dine upon the odors from a hotel kitchen. Read all the reviews that appeared upon Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," and then take time to go through the work itself. You will find it a new world full of new wonders.

Equally great is the error men make in reading so few old books. A few years ago I found, by questioning, that only one out of a hundred and ten college seniors in a class of mine knew anything about Milton's prose works. Many who consider themselves fairly well read have never touched Bacon's "Essays" or the "Pilgrim's Progress." Such as do read many books, among them, too, books which came out before the Spanish-American War, often mistakenly avoid the most precious works because they are bulky. To master Masson's "Life of Milton" or Spedding's "Life of Bacon" is a liberal education. It is at once a wonder and a misfortune that so few essays are read now. The rage is for poetry instead. In colleges a hundred lectures are given on poetry to one on prose *belles lettres*. So far as I can observe, the noble essays of Hume, Macaulay, and Montaigne are nearly forgotten. Interest in this class of literature should be revived.

A Reader without a Mnemonic Apparatus Is an Intellectual Prodigal

Many people read vastly, yet never have much to show for it, because they trust to interest and memory to retain what ought to stay with them, using no method for assisting memory. The exercise of piling up in one's memory nuggets of literary gold can not be commended too highly. Still a reader who employs no mnemonic apparatus, or ways and means for supplementing memory work, is an intellectual prodigal. We must learn to assort as we read, to attend to what has meaning for us, and to pass lightly over the rest. "Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Few books are worth reading word for word. Much can be skipped without loss. Many a good book is of such a character that, if you begin by carefully perusing the preface and the table of contents, so as to discover the author's train of thought, you can read the rest at the average rate of three or four pages a minute. This reading at a gallop is a knack into which one grows by long practice. You gradually acquire a feeling for what you want and fix the mind on that alone. Thought is thus freer to master "for keeps" the passages deserving this, which is as important as the ignoring of the rest. To write the English language well and to speak it with reasonable fluency in conversation and in public addresses without manuscript would be another of my fixed purposes were I going to college again.

The English Composition of Many Graduates Is often below Standard

The bad quality of the written work done by fresh college graduates is notorious. Not to mention commencement orations and theses, usually the most arid and awkward compositions imaginable, young doctors of philosophy, brilliant specialists in their lines, too frequently compose altogether ill. Wry grammar and a shocking choice of words are not their worst faults. The higher traits of rhetoric suffer most at their hands. The report, article, essay, treatise, or whatever the writing is, lacks unity, continuity, and progress. The discussion begins with points which ought to come later. Arguments, if any, are not arrayed, but jumbled. The author says what he does not mean, often contradicts himself, and not seldom ends without giving the reader any clear idea whatever of the view which he really desires to set forth. These are the results of general mental confusion. The department of rhetoric is never wholly and hardly ever mainly responsible for them. The trouble is that the writer's entire mental training was defective.



E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

Elisha Benjamin Andrews is one of the most fearless writers and speakers in the United States. He was born in Hinsdale, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, in 1844, and, during his early life, was a farm boy. When he returned from the Civil War, during which he lost his left eye, he entered Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, and was graduated in 1870. In 1889, he was appointed the eighth president of that institution. His first educational charge came shortly after his graduation, when he was chosen principal of the Connecticut Literary Institute, at Suffield, a famous coeducational school founded under Baptist auspices in 1835. Mr. Andrews's public services have been no less than his interest in education. He served as United States commissioner to the international monetary conference at Brussels in 1892. In June, 1897, he offered his resignation to the corporation of Brown University, in consequence of certain criticism on his public utterances regarding governmental finance. He was asked to reconsider his resignation, but he did so only to be permitted to have the courage of his convictions. The criticism continued, and, in 1898, Mr. Andrews's resignation was accepted. He was appointed, soon after, chancellor of the University of Nebraska. He is the author of a number of important works on economics, among them being, "History of the Last Quarter Century of the United States," "An Honest Dollar," "Wealth and Moral Law," "The Duty of a Public Spirit," and "Brief Institutes of General History."

Cultivate a Habit for Public Speech and Debate

One of the very best aids to mental clearness, as to general mental maturity and mastery, is a habit of public speech, particularly in debate. The effort to think on one's feet and to express one's thoughts in an orderly manner so, if it is only entered upon with care and with studious preparation for each occasion, is among the most efficient forms of mental discipline ever tried. I should, while meaning to be thorough in all things, pay less attention to the finesse of thoroughness in branches where I wished merely general information, laying greater stress upon the branches that interested me;—practicing, in a word, specialization within and among the studies I elected. I should endeavor to become a facile employer of my own mind, thinking out things for myself, seeing through things, and not allowing myself to be dogmatized to by any professor or by any one else. A cardinal fault of students in college is their readiness to take up without question what is told them in books and by teachers. All remember Goethe's raillery where he makes Mephistopheles say to the eager student who has come to join Faust's class:—

Prepare beforehand for your part
With paragraphs all got by heart,
So you may better watch and look
That naught is said but what is in the book.
But of thy writing as unwearied be
As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee.

The student is made to reply with unction that he understands full well the value of writing so, "for what you have down in black and white you are sure to carry away with you."

A collegian should see, feel, and act upon the difference between mental mastery and mental recipiency. He should find out that his mind is of a piece with that of his instructor, and with that of the men who made the text-books he uses. You are meant for thinking power as truly as they, and need not ask any one's pardon for having ideas of your own. Who is this distinguished author or professor of yours but simply a helper to the growth of thought in you as valuable and original as any which he possesses? Other men have taken God's thoughts immediately from him; why not you? The Eternal Spirit may mean you for a prophet, poet, or scientist. Rarely is there a youth who is not at some point original; but too many who are so slow of heart that they never discover, or discover too late, how close glory is to their dust.

A Graduate Is too often Keen and Polished, but 'Choppy-Minded"

A pupil with proper mental self-respect, making due use of his chances, comes to know matters, actually to know them, not to guess at them, and not to have been told them or to have read them from books,—very possibly to know a few matters better than any one else on earth. I should strive for masterful mentality of this sort, real education *versus* bookishness and pedantry, and a rich mental life all my own, against isolated items of information and unassimilated attainments.

I should also make earnest and incessant effort at consecutive thinking, mentally pigeonholing each item of information where it belongs, not spinning thoughts merely, but weaving them. Strong, earnest, orderly thinking will never be attained without special toil for it, long followed up. The mere habit of sharp observation, so useful and important, will not bring it, but has a contrary tendency. So it is with analysis. College teaching is over-much given, relatively, to observation and analysis, and aids students all too little in the thinking of wholes, the composition of thought-webs, generalization, and mental world-making. The graduate is thus too often keen and polished, but choppy-minded; his ideas having, like the flitting pictures of a kinetoscope, temporal but no logical order; able, like a rhinoceros, to see clearly what is straight before him, but also, like a rhinoceros, having no swivel-attachment to his eye. As society congests and specialty of function is forced upon a greater and greater number, real education must more and more insist upon and consist in breadth of mental vision.

The most dangerous microbe in any community is the mere specialist, the brilliant narrow man,—always cocksure, always opinionated, and never wise save in his own conceit. Many bright youths now graduating from American colleges are morbidly narrow. A young fellow who has had no opportunity to acquire intellectual atmosphere or horizon is introduced to some limited range of learning,—Greek, German, zoölogy, physics,—and then encouraged to go on electing studies in that *petite* specialty till he has credits enough for a bachelorship. This is a grave evil, however numerous or distinguished the institutions so practicing. All pupils should be prompted by every available means to secure the largest possible views of the mental world. The mental world is wide in its range and scope, broad in its bearing and culture, and it is filled with the many conditions on which progress is based. Its importance is too widely overlooked, its necessity is sadly dwarfed in an effort to maintain a so-called dignified standard along certain lines. Your fine young man might still at last become a specialist in Greek, German, zoölogy, or physics, but he would be a saner and more promising specialist than many whom we have known.

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SERGIUS DE WITTE, THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CZAR

VANCE THOMPSON

WITHIN the last fifty years there have been only three great statesmen in Europe who were also, in the high sense of the word, financiers,—who recognized that they were responsible for the public fortune. These three names slip easily from the pen: Gladstone in England, Von Miquel in Germany, and De Witte in Russia.

De Witte is not so well known as the others. Russian life is discreetly veiled. Official manifestations are infrequent. In fact, all that we really know of the inner workings of the white czar's government we deduce from the eleven budgets, which have been published since, in August, 1892, Sergius de Witte was made minister of finance.

That the czar has a large personal influence upon finances, as upon the government of his empire, is unquestionably true; that it equals that of President Roosevelt at home is probably untrue. But the czar is democratic, while in Russia (as in England and in other lands we know of,) there is a perceptible reaction from the democratic ideal. The old, reactionary dreams of empire haunt us all. The humble French hope of liberty and equality has given way to atavistic impulses toward majestic inequality.



SERGIUS JULIEVITCH DE WITTE

He Claims that Direct Taxation Is not Fair to All

A little bearded figure of a man, soft of speech, brooding on the throne, dreaming of peace and altruism,—this is the head of the Romanoffs, the czar; and, while he broods, his ministers sternly carry out the anti-democratic will of the nation.

The kings are dead. The last of them was Louis of Bavaria, who drowned himself in Starnberg Lake, taking with him a fat physician to lackey him in the other world. Edward VII. is but a ventriloquistic figure, speaking from a throne. The czar is little more. His people, toiling over twenty degrees of latitude, though they love and obey their "little father," rule him by subtle reflex action. Leaving aside a few hundred hysterical anarchists and a few thousand landless, unlaboring agitators, Russia is conservative. The czar is ahead of his people. Every reform has been forced upon them.

In all the ministry Sergius de Witte is probably nearest the czar's thought. He, too, is a man essentially modern, and, like his sovereign, is a liberal.

There is only one way to know what a man is, and that is to study his work. When De Witte came to power, over ten years ago, Russian finances were in a bad way, in spite of Vishnegradski's patient efforts to conquer the confidence of Europe. De Witte was essentially a practical man. He had been trained in a railway office; he had risen to the post of director. He took office in a bad year. Everywhere the crops had failed. The old war debt weighed on the treasury. Taxes were heavy. The tariff was in confusion. Yet, within a twelvemonth, he swung the country into the sunlight. He reorganized the Bank of Russia, converted the debt, established a protective tariff, that bids fair to last for many a year, and reduced the taxes. It was this last achievement which won him his popularity, for he is, be it known, the most popular minister in Russia. De Witte is a great believer in indirect taxation.

"The indirect taxes," he said once, "leave the greatest latitude to the taxpayer, not only in regard to his ordinary income, but also as regards the momentary state of his finances. The tax on tobacco, on matches, on sugar, etc.,—all these fall indirectly on the taxpayer. The wages of the laboring man, or peasant, fluctuate. Most of the taxpayers are subject to sudden and profound variations in the amount and regularity of their incomes. No direct tax can be fair. For this reason indirect taxation should occupy a preponderating place in our fiscal system."

I am not concerned with the theory; the fact is that in Russia—with a rural population that has been free for only forty years,—the reform was warmly welcomed. It placed De Witte well in the saddle.

The Russian minister of finance is also minister of commerce and industry. When the finances were fairly well adjusted, he took up the agricultural question. Russia is so vast a land that prosperity may reign in one section while in another there is famine. In those twenty degrees of latitude are all conditions of life and all climates. The government must be ready always to meet disaster here or yonder.

His State Monopoly in Alcohol Has greatly Reduced Intemperance

De Witte established reserve funds. When the crops failed in 1892 he lent the farmers and peasants nearly thirty-three million dollars. The money came back. Another year,—it was 1898,—over seven million dollars were lent thus, in one single province. Of course, this is paternalism, but then Russia is Russia. What will do more for Russian agriculture than anything else, I believe, is his attempt—his successful attempt,—to break down the old communal system, whereby the peasants owned and worked their lands in common, and introduce individual ownership. He has worked slowly, patiently, and prudently, and has accomplished much. In this way, he is creating the peasant proprietor,—the farmer who stands on his own land,—who is lord of his own domain, be it great or small. This class, as Goldsmith pointed out, is the bulwark and mainstay of a nation.

The great curse of the Russian peasantry and of the laborers in towns and cities is alcohol. That is true enough anywhere, the dear Lord knows, but, in the empire of the white czar, circumstances made it peculiarly bad. The taverns, almost all in the hands of the lower class of Jews, were at once drink-shops and pawnshops. The peasant not only besotted himself with *vodka* of a vile kind, but he also stripped himself of his clothes, pawned his tools, and put usurious mortgages on his house and land.

By establishing a state monopoly in alcohol—in the face of what opposition you can imagine,—De Witte has done much to lessen the evil. In the first place the state, acting as an intermediary between producers and consumers, sees to it that the liquors are pure; at least there is no bad poison in the *vodka*, or chemicals in the beer. Everything is sent out in sealed bottles, stamped by the government, and sold at a fixed price,—like postage stamps, for instance. The drink-shops have disappeared. The purchaser may enter a "depot" and buy what he will and take it where he pleases; he can't drink it there. That has done good. A natural result followed. The people wanted to get together, as of old, and chat. Everywhere tea houses sprang up; they were subventioned both by the state and by the various temperance societies. Concert rooms and theaters were added to these establishments, and to-day the Russian peasant is gradually becoming a sober man.

Another Golden West Is Promised in Russia's East

The minister of finance is pleased with this bit of work of his; incidentally, he is not displeased that the state receives a far larger revenue than under the old, bad system.

I have mentioned this statesman's three most popular measures; but they do not give the measure of the man. A financier of exceptional ability, a liberal whose heart is with the people, he is also a far-seeing empire-builder. He does not indulge in Chamberlain's fanfaronades, but perhaps he is none the worse for that. De Witte is a very practical man, at once patient and energetic. Long ago he saw that the economic and commercial future of the empire lay in the extreme East, and that, in the vast Russian possessions washed by the Pacific and its tributary seas, the great ports would, in time, be created. Vladivostok was first; Dalny came second; and this is only the beginning. He urged on the great Siberian Railway, the first stone of which was laid by the present czar in the reign of Alexander III. It was all part of a broad and well-considered policy. Always the East-China Railway is pushing on, and in its wake new towns spring as, in earlier days, they did along our advancing western railways. Immigration into these old-new lands is encouraged in every way. Lands are given free. Subsidies are granted. Mine rights are given to those who will exploit the mines. De Witte has thrown his colonies across into Manchuria.

Open Hearts and Friendly Hands Won Russia's Way into China's Realm

A friend of mine is out there now; he is a young Harvard graduate; De Witte gave him a mining concession. Returning to the United States, he persuaded two of his college chums to join him. They pooled their fortunes and bought machinery and all other things needful. That was three years ago. Now they employ eight hundred men,—in mining, teaming, and railway building; they have founded a town, and have washed a fortune out of the soil. Of course Manchuria is not Russian, but just as surely as English influence prevails in Egypt does Russian influence prevail there. Only, as the incident of the Harvard fellows will show you, there is no closed door. He may enter who will. Not only that, but he may also count upon Russian protection,—and the Russian arm is strong.

When will Russia evacuate Manchuria?

When the English evacuate Egypt, I fancy.

The English slipped into Egypt with a formal promise to evacuate within a given time; promises of that kind, however, are not worth much. Manchuria's future depends upon the maintenance and growth of Russian influence. So long as De Witte is in power, Russian influence will mean the open door,—the equal opportunity,—and, what is better still, the steady onset of white, western civilization into that land of yellow decay. When the blue-eyed Russ has gone forward, he does not go back. The soil upon which he has set his foot is Russian,—call it by what name you will. This is well. It was thus we colonized and civilized our own western lands. De Witte has captured Manchuria, not by guns and bloody quarrels, but by the quiet, persistent influence of Russian farmers, merchants, and builders. Those who went out to raid the "Land of the Yellow Loot" came back with curious spoils of gold and bric-a-brac and armfuls of indemnities; Russia went out with an open heart and a friendly hand,—and the reward is hers.

A shrewd man is Sergius de Witte, minister of commerce and finance under the white, mild, beneficent czar!

* * * * * * * * * *

"What manner of man is he?" you ask me.

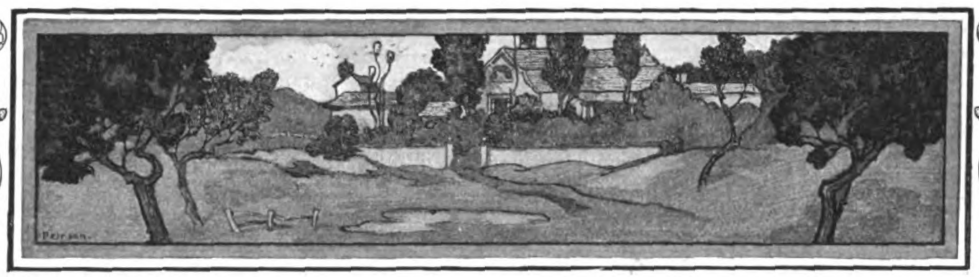
I do not know; I have never seen him. I know, as all the world does, that he is a quiet, home-keeping man who hides in the dark and lets his deeds speak for him. He sent me his photograph and a slim, cynical note when I asked him, by letter, to tell me what kind of man he was when he smoked his pipe and toasted his slippers before his domestic fire. His good friend Raffalovich is equally reticent. Yet Raffalovich, who is the agent of Russian finance here in Paris, knows De Witte as well (I dare say,) as if he had gone through him with a lighted candle. Certain things he told me, as we watched the day die in his tall library in the Rue des Ecuries d'Artois. Sergius de Witte is the son of German immigrants into Russia. That worked against him in the beginning. He was not of the race, he was not of the

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nobility, and he was not of the people. His folks were poor. His early life was spent among many hardships. He was obliged to borrow the books that gave him his first insight to knowledge, and, like our own Lincoln, he returned them in a rather worn condition. At first, a chance to attend school was denied him, and he taught himself the first rudiments of his own reader and of a little French reader which he found in a garbage heap. His superiors tried to "force him into the peasantry," as his friends put it. Often his books were confiscated. He was shut in a dark room so that he could not study, but even then his mind was building with the knowledge that he had gained. Quiet, modest, but forcible, his rise came slowly but surely. As he once said, "Only death can steal a man's brain." He secured a position in the freight department of a Southern Russian Railroad. Slowly he crept up. He showed talent and industry. He had the *flair* of finance. At forty he was a director of the road. His reports to the government attracted the attention of Vishnegradski, then minister of finance. He was invited to enter the department of finance; a few years later he was made chief. It is simple biography, as you see,—almost American in its direct simplicity; it was brain and work that made him what he is.

He has the confidence of the czar, the confidence of the people, the confidence of Europe,—and over twenty degrees of latitude he is working for peace, thrift, progress, and the betterment of the average man. He hides in the dark, letting his acts speak for him. He has never been a victim of "audacious eloquence," but has been content to repose "in the modesty of fearful duty." In a few years we shall know him better.

A Cloud of Mercies



Martha McCulloch-Williams

GRANDPAP-COLONEL rode briskly up the lawn at Ryelands, his fine aquiline face so glowing with pleasure that it was touched with the look of youth. Grandpap had one arm, and hair like white floss silk. Anna and Meredith Ashby, his twin granddaughters, agreed that he was beautiful even thus in everyday clothes. When he had on his faded gray uniform, with its tarnished gold lace, and, a flag in his buttonhole, rode at the head of the thinning veterans, he was easily, in their eyes, the most magnificent creature on earth.

They sat hand in hand on the piazza,—for two hours at least they had been looking for him. Anna, indeed, had become almost tearful,—even Meredith sighed relief when she heard black Roderick Dhu answer shrilly the brood mare's whinny of welcome. Usually the two girls ran to the far gate to meet Grandpap. To-day, for a special reason, they would not for worlds have let him guess their impatience. Even when he was at the rough stone steps, Meredith did no more than catch the reins he let fall. He patted her cheek, and drew her back upon the piazza, saying cheerily: "Let Roddy be for a bit, daughter—I've brought him home at such a pace he needs a little rest. I was afraid you two would be uneasy. Such a wait as I had at that courthouse! Why, those rapscallions there actually demurred at paying me,—saying that you two must cash your own warrants, unless I could show a power of attorney. It happened that Bug Harris—I never can think to call him Judge Harris,—overheard. You ought to have seen him, then, as he fairly roared at those fellows: 'Say! You give Colonel Meredith all he asks for,—and more. He'd never in the world cheat anybody but himself,—' "

"So you got the money! Oh, I'm so glad!" Anna interrupted, fondling his single hand. Meredith drew a deep, relieved breath, saying: "I am glad they did n't make you trouble. But you've been naughty, Grandpap-Colonel! Where are those new shoes? The saddlebags are as lean as when you went away."

Grandpap-Colonel chuckled mildly. His hand was very busy with certain intricacies of his pocket. Presently it came out, freighted with two neat little rolls, heavy out of all proportion to their size. "Hold your hands!" he commanded, standing very straight, and smiling down at them. Then, as he dropped a roll into each of two pink palms, he added: "My dears,—it—it brings back the old times. I never gave your mother money in any other shape."

"Not 'ceptin' dat dee wus mo' ub it,—do n't fergit dat, Marse Cunnel," a thick throaty voice said from the door behind them. "Eben yit, Mammy, she's all de time tellin' me how, when her Miss Anna went shoppin' in de ca'iage, she walked 'long 'hine her, totin' de bag er gole-money ter pay fer whuteber Miss Anna bought."

"Oh, it is so pretty!—so good! I could kiss it!" Anna said, huddling shining half-eagles against her breast. Meredith had not broken open her roll,—instead, she stood weighing it between her palms. Grandpap shook his head at her. "You had better count your money," he said: "Make sure you have got the whole hundred and five dollars. My children, I owe you thanks,—and apologies. I fought against your taking those district schools. It seemed intolerable that my granddaughters should work, while I lived and could raise a hand. Now,—I see you were wiser than I. To-day I settled with the commission men,—and,—well! if you had not this money of your own, you would have no new frocks, or anything much,—until there is another crop."

"Dar now! Dat whut Merry say way back yander last fall, when she sot her head ter git dem schools!" the throaty voice ejaculated. The owner of it, black Elvy, had nursed the twins since the day they were born. A descendant of some-time Meredith slaves, she had all the old-time fond pride in the Meredith blood. "Marse Cunnel!" she went on, stepping into full view, "you hear my racket,—hit gwine be des dis same way, nex' year, an' de nex' atter dat, an' all de time, 'ceptin' suppin' happen. You could n't nebber make niggers wu'k when dee 'longed ter ye,—how you spec' ter do hit, now dee gut free schools, an' 'lections, an' 'ligion, ter put dee clean 'bove deesefs? Dis yere plantation gwine ter be sold fer taxes, ef sombody do n't come yere an' make dem dar sheer-crappers stir dey stumps. De li'l money dem chilluns is done yearned ain't nigh whut dee oughter hab,—you go borry um some mo' whilst you kin,—git um de right close, den send um whar dee kin marry,—eberybody round yere is too old, er too young, er else ma'ied, er, wusser'n dat, preachers. I hear um say dee is rich mens er plenty, up round dee Uncle John's,—"

"Oh, Elvy!" Anna protested, her cheeks suddenly scarlet. Meredith laughed outright. Grandpap-Colonel stared and sat down, his face suddenly pitifully old. Meredith put her arms protectingly about his shoulders, and patted his cheek, and said: "There's going to be a change, a big change, Elvy,—Anna and I have a beautiful plan. The place will at least feed everything on it,—we are going to spend part of our money for strawberry vines. Won't you help us get rich?"

"Des listen!" Elvy snorted; "my heabenly marster! Who ebber did hear de beat ob hit? Y'all ain't no po' white trash, bawnded for wu'kkin' in truck-patches! Cain't you be sati'fied ter stay ladies? Is dis whut come ob all my trouble? I mought a' ma'ied long, long, long ago,—niggers wid house an' land, an' hawses,—yes, an' dumb critters, an' sheep. Two preachers eben been atter me, an' atter me, an' I ain't tooked an' tooken nary one ob 'em. Tole de las' one: 'Chris' Jesus, de Lawd up in heaben, nuver died fer de man what could tole me erway f'um my Miss Anna's chilluns.' She put you in my arms when she went off ridin' wid yo' po' pappy,—and bofe come back dead. An' I say ter her, so white an' prutty in her swoud: 'Miss Anna, you com back an' hant Elvy, ef ebber she let harm happen ter dem two babies.' "

"So I know you'll help us now," Meredith interrupted. Anna ran to lay her hand over Elvy's lips. She was the black woman's pride and darling. "Yes, you will help us,—you and Roderick Dhu," she said, coaxingly: "we four will be partners,—and have such fun. You can plow as well as anybody on the place. Grandpap-Colonel will show us about the terrace levels. We're going to take the south slope of the garden, it's a whole acre, and those new people who set out berries last year, on the old Mills Place, say each acre there will bring them in the rise of three hundred dollars."

"Hunh! Whar dee gwine sell any hundred dallars wuff er berries?" Elvy grunted. Meredith shook her

"She heard the thudding of rapid hoofs"



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finger at her as she answered: "In Chicago, New Orleans, Memphis, Louisville, Cincinnati,—everywhere,—here in West Tennessee. We are halfway between most every two places, and, now that there are so many vines out, the railroads all have put on berry cars. We have only to raise the berries, and pick them, and buyers will take them right at the garden gate. So, if we work well and luck well, Elvy, we may get so rich, all three of us, that we won't have to hunt husbands,—they will come hunting us, instead."

"Time dee was comin',—you bofe is twenty-one. Yo' mother she ma'ied at nineteen," Elvy retorted. "I says yit, all dis yere is plumb-stracted foolishness, but dat dar Merry so hard-headed, she will do whut she will, an' so I reckon I hab ter do 'long wid her."

"Of course you will," Meredith said, promptly; then, with a little happy sigh, she added: "Oh, the joy of staying at home every day, and out in the sunshine! We are not cut out for teachers,—are we, Nancy? It's fine work,—noble, admirable beyond words,—but, somehow, the schoolroom walls always seemed to smother me; you know they made Nan droop like a plant in the shade. We shall be happy, happy, over our own vines, and under our fig trees between whiles. The fig trees are coming out finely. I believe we shall have a crop on them,—maybe two."

Grandpap-Colonel got up, not quite steadily, and walked toward the hall door, stopping beside Meredith to stroke her hair and say: "You have a man's spirit, daughter,—all the grit of Meredith and Ashby blood combined. If only you could have been born your own brother, I should go out of life with an easy mind."

"I should like to have been my own brother," Meredith said, laughing. "Still,—I would n't swap my grandpap for all the brothers in the world."

"Hunh! You better go, den, an' rastle up somebody ter take keer ob him, and you an' all de res' ob us," Elvy said, wheeling away with her head so high that Meredith knew the altitude masked complete surrender.

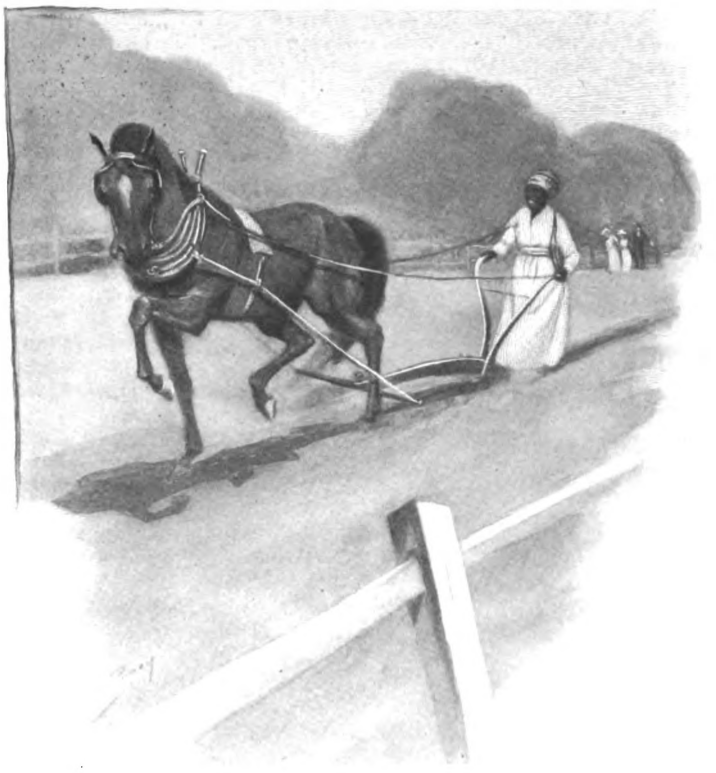
The warrant money was paid in the last days of April. By mid-May, when the vines came home, the south slope was transformed. Elvy and Roderick Dhu had borne the brunt of the battle. The slope was long and gentle, a stretch of warm, friable, sandy earth overlying good clay. It washed easily,—therefore the terraces were made. The plow had thrown them up along lines Grandpap-Colonel had drawn. They ran so as to drain themselves freely without gathering storm-water anywhere in quantity so as to break over, and laying out and fining the surface was mere child's play compared to making them rich enough. For that Meredith laid everything under tribute,—the hen house, the ash hopper, all the old wood piles, and, most of all, the rich, black loam of the sink-hole bottom. Nothing was ever planted in the bottom,—every considerable rain set it under water. It had caught the wash of the plantation since plows ran there. Richness untold lay waste in it, bringing forth riotous weeds.

Elvy groaned aloud to see Anna and Meredith armed with light shovels, loading the black loam into the truckle wagon that Roderick Dhu drew gallantly back and forth. As a load sufficed for such a little length of bed the task was appalling even to Meredith. But, if she did not keep her own courage up, she never let the others guess the fact. At the bottom of her heart there were tremors,—still she was glad to work during the day and go to bed so tired that she fell instantly asleep,—what she had hated most about school-keeping was that it almost forced her to think,—and remember.

It was the best sort of luck to have the vines come just at the setting in of a week that was all showers and mist. They took hold almost the minute they were planted, and began to unfold pert green leaves by the time the ground was dry enough for working. The three human partners worked it unweariedly,—neither weed nor grass blade was allowed to do more than show its face. Roderick Dhu looked over the garden paling, tossing his head so superciliously that Elvy shook her fist at him, and declared she had a great mind to try plowing out the terraces whether or no. It was only a threat,—even in anger Elvy knew it would not do to blur the levels. Grandpap-Colonel spent much eyesight squinting along them, and now and then said it was a real grievance that no tuft of grass or weeds was ever permitted to get big enough for a sound pulling out.

Altogether the vines throve so famously that by mid-July the beds were seamed all up and down with lines of lusty green. Elvy thought the end of trouble was in sight, but Meredith knew it had just fairly begun. Keeping weeds and grass under was nothing to keeping down the runners,—the seven-league boots wherewith the planted stools sought to occupy and possess the whole tilled space. Some among the wise men say these runners straying on every hand give the fruit its name,—it is no far cry from *stray*-berry to *straw*-berry. However that might be, new plantings must not set many runners if they are to bear a paying crop the next season, and last through into a second bearing time. Meredith meant for her terrace beds to last, until she should have, maybe, a small new field well under way.

So Anna's desertion cut deep,—poor, pretty, dimpled Anna, who could not withstand the temptation to spend August at Uncle John's, although it meant a further spending of all that was left of her school money. Elvy abetted her joyously,—Grandpap-Colonel, with something of shame-faced apology. "She is so pretty and flower-like she needs a little pleasure," he said, not looking into Meredith's eyes. Meredith did not grudge her sister the pleasure,—she did not even mind greatly the double share of work. What galled, and galled hard, was that Anna should go where she knew herself less than royally welcome. Uncle John was no true uncle, but merely a courtesy-kinsman, a friend and college-mate to dead Peyton Ashby. The twins were his godchildren, and he was really fond of them, but the wife he had married, up in the midlands, held them jealously aloof, because of her rich bachelor brother. He was fifteen years younger than herself, and she hoped to match him with a fortune at least double his own. She said outright that he should never throw himself away on either of those beggarly Ashbys. Other people said he would have proposed to one of them out of hand, if he had ever been able to make up his mind which it was he cared for most.



"Elvy and Roderick Dhu had borne the brunt of the battle"

If Meredith had reason to think she knew, she never gave a sign. On the surface Anna was his enchantress. He was forever sending her things—flaming valentines, Christmas and Easter gifts, new books, and magazines,—souvenirs of the travel in which his winters were spent. Now and again there was a brief letter,—that was evidently written without a hope of reply. Anna read the letters aloud. Meredith's only comment was: "Since Justus Page never has anything to say, I'm glad he does not take four pages to say it in."

The twins made no confidences with each other,—they were too near and dear for the speech that might have been easy with an outside friend. Even to themselves they never admitted that they had secrets or reservations. If they talked of Justus Page, it was indifferently, quite as they might discuss any casual acquaintance. Meredith was not surprised that Anna's first letter after reaching Glencoe, Uncle John Fraser's far-reaching estate, was full of the roses there, and the new duck pond, saying only, incidentally: "J. P. is here, as usual, and Aunt Lucy positively beams, she is so sure he is engaged hard and fast to a very rich and very ugly girl that they met last winter down at the Ponce de Leon."

Grandpap-Colonel chuckled over that passage, saying, as he refolded the letter: "Merry, I fear our friend, Mistress Fraser, will sup sorrow of her own sowing, one of these days. I know the Page breed clean through,—never one of them could abide an ugly woman. Really I have a great mind to go straight after Anna,—since this garden-working, she's prettier than any rose in bloom."

"Yes,—but—but,—you must let her stay," Meredith interrupted, rather breathlessly; then, catching the twinkle in Grandpap-Colonel's eye, she added: "Of course I know her being there does n't really matter,—Justus Page will marry whom he pleases."

"Yes, if he happens also to please who pleases him," Grandpap-Colonel said, with a keen though covert look. Afterwards, Meredith somehow shrank from discussing Anna's letters,—or, indeed, anything which had to do with Glencoe and its indwellers. She drove herself hard all through the hot midsummer days. Her hands were berry-brown, and calloused all over the palms. There was a powdering of fine golden freckles upon her whole lower face, yet they only accentuated her beauty, bringing out more clearly the velvet darkness of her eyes, her damask cheeks, and her red, red lips. Elvy lagged in the work, drawn away by the stress of preserving, canning, pickling, and drying fruit. But thus, almost single-handed, Meredith won. Anna and September, coming together, found the strawberry rows, early sorts or late, perfect patterns of growth and tilth.

Anna had changed,—subtly yet unmistakably. She was no more a creature of quicksilver moods, and April changes, sunshiny one minute, stormy the next. She was quieter and paler, but with a clear, roseate pallor. Her eyes shone out star-wise from under drooping lids. She was a fine comrade, too, if she did occasionally lose herself in happy dreaming. Meredith thought she understood. She grew certain of it when, a little later, Anna roused from a dream-lapse to say, with conviction: "Merry, Justus Page will never marry Aunt Lucy's choice,—I know that,—but do n't ask me how I know."

Winter came on apace, not rugged and nipping, but with days of mist and gusty sunshine between other days of soft, evanescent snow. Meredith welcomed all the snow that fell. Her precious vines were safely huddled in clean, sweet-smelling, dead leaves, held down by the lightest possible brush. Through the yellow brown of them the strawberry leaf-stalks stood up royally, out-vieing the richest rainbow in their frost-painted splendors of crimson, purple, yellow, glowing scarlet, shaded, mingled, blended to a richness the despair of art. Here or there a big broad-leafed stool kept its pristine, moist, cool green. Meredith wondered at such constancy,—in truth she was a little affronted by it. Everything seemed changing, unstable, beyond reckoning. What were these errant roots, to defy nature's mighty law?

Christmas brought only sorrow. Grandpap-Colonel became ill then,—an old wound reopened,

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and for a time threatened his life. Because the share-crops were leaner than common, Meredith spent for him the greater part of her precious hoard, and even then ran into debt a hundred dollars to the doctors and the man who sold wheel chairs. Until the strain of threatened loss was past she hardly thought of it. Then the debt became a haunting specter, all the more terrible that she must affect not to see it, but must flout it as if it were nonexistent. An easy mind, said the wise men, was the best, almost the only tonic for Grandpap-Colonel. Once he was safely through the spring, the chances were he would live on to hale old age. Every night, upon her knees, behind a locked door, Meredith fought for the strength and courage she spent so recklessly in his presence the next day. Anna sat by him constantly, holding his one hand and smoothing his forehead, ready to be eyes, hands, and feet to him. Still, it was Meredith, the heir of his name, to whom he looked for the medicine of the spirit.

Spring was forward. By mid-March the peach trees were dropping bloom, the cherry boughs all swelling into knops of white and green. South winds blew free and strong, plows ran everywhere, plowmen sang, and the hollow airs gathered and whirled about plentifully the pecks of March dust that are said to be worth a king's ransom. In the soft airs, and the waxing sunshine, Colonel Meredith strengthened visibly. His color came back, he ate with relish, and slept, sweetly, dreamlessly, as a little child. He even made out to walk along the upper verge of the terraces, watching Meredith uncover the most forward vines. She meant to take away the leaves, lighten the earth about the vine-roots, then replace the mulch while the berries were still blooms. Thus there would be no fouling, no beating down into light earth. She had snatched time to consult the new people, who had come, in good neighborly fashion, to look over and praise her vines. With a good reason, they said, she was sure of netting five hundred dollars,—there had been droughts, or freezing out in other places,—and even there, in the favored spot of all strawberrydom, nobody else had beds whose promise quite matched her own.

What wonder that she worked over them with a will, now and then singing in little snatches, and for the nonce oblivious of heartache? Unfolding crowns, aspiring blooms, spoke to her of release and achievement. She would go on and on; maybe, in time, she might redeem the whole ragged plantation, and make Ryelands fine and flourishing as it had been in her father's time. Not one of all her land-loving line had keener delight in the earth and the fullness thereof. Rejoicing thus in the fair promise of her enterprise, she thought shudderingly of what would be her estate had she not undertaken it. She would have had to sell Roderick Dhu,—there would have been no other resource. Roderick was very much more than everybody's pet, a fine, fearless creature, spirited as he was docile. Along with the brood mare, he made up the whole of the Ryelands stock. The plow teams belonged to the croppers, and were little more than raw-boned and starveling atomies of mules, hard-mouthed, ill-conditioned, and not to be commanded save by grace of their black masters. Without Roderick they would be terribly held and hindered,—especially Grandpap-Colonel, who had still a pride in being well mounted. He should be well mounted as long as he lived, Meredith told herself, smiling at her vine rows, whose lush broad green leaves were blotched and splotched all over with a snow of blossoms.

Anna helped in the working, singing all the while, and rosy as the dawn. She had had many letters through the winter, letters that she made no feint of sharing with her sister. But she said nothing,—the reticence that grows with one's growth, and strengthens with one's strength, is not easily thrust aside. Once or twice, unaccountably, Anna had flung her arms around Meredith's neck, kissed her, nestled her head on the other's shoulder, and smiled up at her, saying softly: "Little old brother-sister, don't get worry wrinkles in your nice face." Elvy viewed such demonstrations scornfully, sniffing hard, and sticking out her chin. Meredith endured them dumbly, never shrinking from them, and even returning them if she had herself well in hand.

Still the wind sat steadily in the south, the sunshine strengthened, daylight lengthened, and every growing thing bourgeoned riotously. Meredith found a few April-fool berries,—that is to say, cups that had shed their bloom and were swelling to young fruit as the fickle month came in. A fortnight later, berries as big as a thumb's end were plentiful all up and down the early terraces. Medium vines were dropping blooms, and late ones were white with the promise of harvest. The whole south slope, indeed, was a picture of promise, matched in humble and prosaic fashion by the rows of garden stuff across the broad walkway. Meredith looked it all over with a leaping heart whose lightness fairly amazed her.

"Work—the work one can love and put heart into,—is a cure for—anything," she said to herself, half under her breath, as she went slowly toward the house. Grandpap-Colonel sat on the piazza scanning the horizon with anxious, weatherwise eyes. The sun shone hot and golden,—so hot that the nesting birds sang in subdued and languid notes. The new leaves, almost full-grown, drooped under the ardor, and wavering heat-shimmers rose up from all the swales. "Heugh! This is a regular weather breeder!" Grandpap-Colonel called to her halfway; "we'll have rain before night,—thunder and lightning, too,—and, I'm afraid, hail; or it may be the wind will whip round to the northwest, and bring us mighty close to frost. I once saw frost a fortnight later than this; it bit corn mid-leg high and killed peaches and apples bigger than my thumb,—"



"When the vines came home, the south slope was transformed"

"Naughty Grandpap-Colonel, to even remember such a thing,—now,"—Anna said behind him, coming out into the sunlight with an open letter in her hand. She tried to face Meredith calmly, but her cheeks flamed and her eyes fell as she said: "Justus Page writes that we may look for him to-day or to-morrow,—and,—and,—that he,—he hopes we will not think it a liberty,—but he is bringing a friend."

"It is no liberty at all,—we are reasonably hospitable,—for poor folks," Meredith said, trying to speak lightly, though the world reeled before her. After a minute she went on: "I shall leave you and Grandpap-Colonel and Elvy to look out for the gentlemen. You know I must go up to the Mills Place, and see about when the baskets and the buyers will be here."

The errand had been invented upon the spur of the moment,—still, she would need to go soon, so why not this day as well as another? Soon she rode away with a small, solemn-looking black boy, mounted upon the brood mare, pacing in her wake; but, before she was halfway upon her journey, she wheeled about and rode homeward at Roderick Dhu's best speed. The day had indeed shown itself a weather breeder. Down in the southern horizon a wall of inky cloud mounted, mounted, spreading all over the sky, dimming the morning to a spectral crepuscular dusk, and setting the woods shivering with long, fitful, sighing gusts. Now and again living lightning illumined the dusk, or veined the inky blackness with lines of white fire; and once a red ball fell, shattering a solitary oak in a big pasture and lighting up the whole landscape with weird, rosy radiance. There was a minute of quick gusty rain, a fragmentary deluge, then only sparse and scattered big drops came down. The blackness strengthened; it grew so thick, indeed, that the little black boy began to cry loudly in fright. He had let fall the mare's reins. Meredith caught them, set both horses off at a hard gallop, and kept to it, looking neither to the right nor to the left until she found herself safe at her own door.

She was hardly sheltered when the rain came,—a heavy pelting fall, almost as cold as hail. It kept up until afternoon, the wind veering steadily. By sunset it sat northwest, and blew with an edge of steel, sending low, leaden clouds racing before it in huddling, hurrying legions. The last of the legions scurried past just as the sun dipped to the edge of the sky. Long, level shining gilded the sodden world, but gave it no semblance of warmth or cheer. Night fell swiftly,—cold, with the pitiless wind wailing under the eaves, and shrieking down the chimneys, as if searching vengefully for stolen March days.

Grandpap-Colonel looked out at the tossing

[*Concluded on pages 526 and 527*]

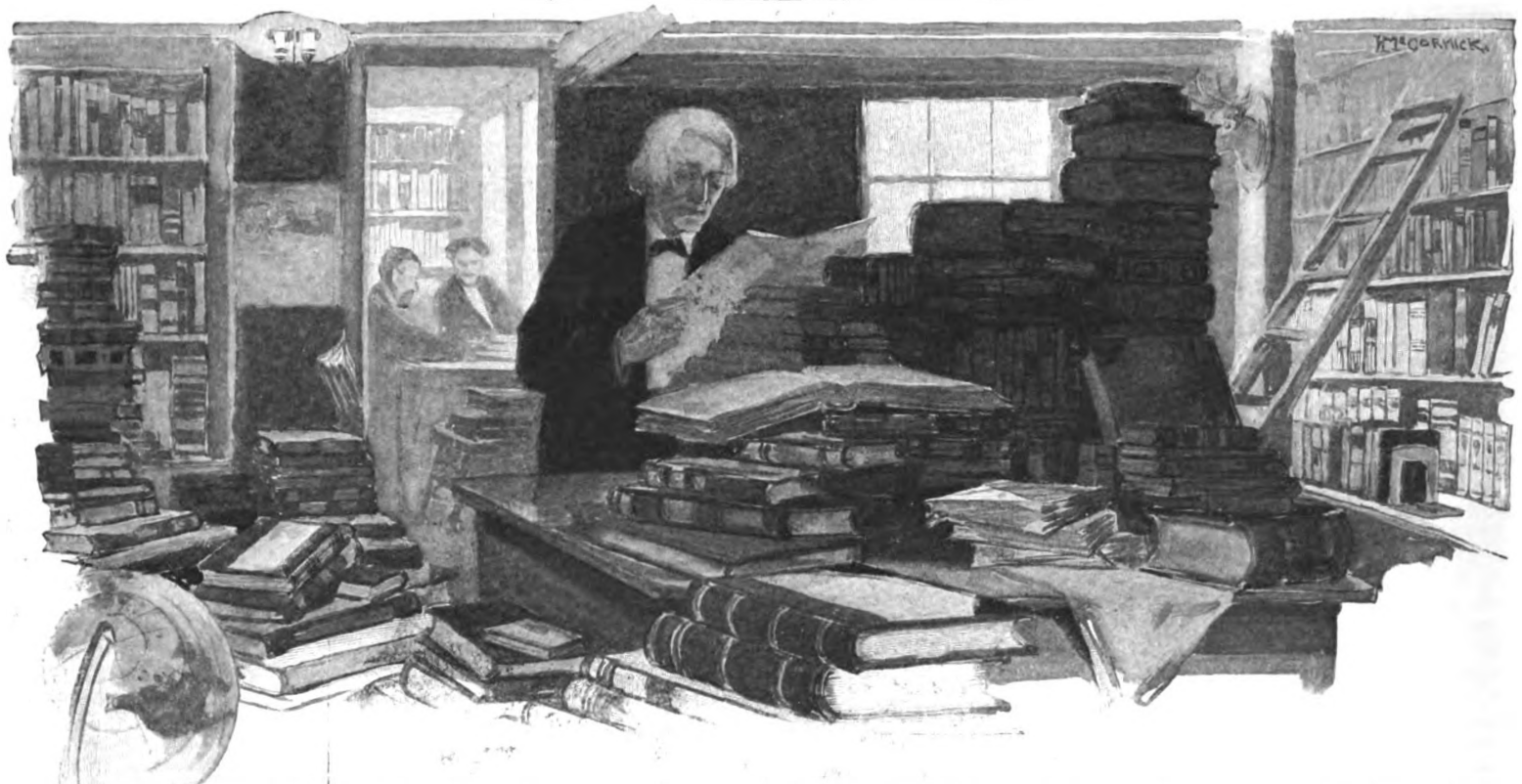
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HOW DICTIONARIES ARE MADE

WILLIAM CURTIS STILES

A million dollars or more, years of exacting labor and a large staff of experienced editors and lexicographic specialists are required to produce a comprehensive dictionary

The vocabulary of an average author or orator contains only a few thousand words, but the great body of English literature contains over three hundred and fifty thousand words



WHEN Noah Webster undertook to make his dictionary, he completed two letters of the alphabet, and then he found himself "so embarrassed at every step for want of knowledge of the origin of words" that he halted and gave ten years of hard labor to etymological studies. In that time he made the most extensive comparison of root words that had thitherto been undertaken. He made considerable use of the earlier labors of Samuel Johnson; and, prior to 1890, all the general dictionaries were constructed upon the bases laid by Johnson and Webster. Dr. Johnson made his dictionary, for the most part, a serious and scholarly undertaking, for that day, though it is marked, and, as a reference book, possibly marred by his personal peculiarities.

Even in his day his work demonstrated how impossible it is for any single scholar to make a satisfactory comprehensive dictionary. The answer of Johnson to the lady who asked him how he came to make a certain bad definition was quaintly frank: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance!" In a dialogue reported by Boswell, Adams asked Johnson how he could complete so great a task in the three years that he proposed to give to it, informing him that the French Academy, with its forty members, took forty years to complete its dictionary. "Thus it is, sir," replied Johnson; "this is the proportion. Let me see,—forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three is to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman." This waggish spirit often appears in his great work, which abounds in quips.

This is still more emphatically to be said of a less reputed work by Henry Cockeram, published in 1823. This author defines "pole" (of the earth,) as "the axle tree whereon the heavens do move;" an "idiote" as "an unlearned ass;" and a "lynx" "as a spotted beast that hath a most perfect sight, insomuch as it is said that it can see thorow a wall."

Most Publishers Shrink from the Task of Making a Great Dictionary

Since the days of these lexicographical wags the English tongue has developed into a world-language, and lexicography has developed with it. To-day the task of making a comprehensive dictionary is so great, the requirements so exacting, and the expense so nearly appalling, that very few publishers have as yet ventured to contest the field. There are in all about eight large modern dictionaries intended for general use, of which four, Webster's "International," Worcester's, the "Century" and the "Standard" are American. The "Encyclopedic," originally edited by Dr. R. Hunter, and published in England in seven volumes, has been largely revised, and extensively sold in this country. The "Stormonth," also made abroad, has been handled on this side of the water, in an edition published by Harper and Brothers. The "Imperial" was originally a four-volume dictionary made in England. The great "Oxford," or "Murray Dictionary," is still in the process of making. It will not be available for general use, so great will be its cost, being intended rather for a great historical word book.

Prior to the year 1890, the American market for dictionaries was mostly held by the Webster and the Worcester dictionaries. Each of these had its clientele of partisans or advocates. The Worcester leaned rather more strongly in its spelling to the British usage, the Webster being rather more markedly American. This state of things was broken up, between 1890 and 1900, by the appearance of the other two great American competitors, the "Century" and the "Standard." During this period, also, the publishers of the Webster issued an entirely new work, based, however, on Webster and still retaining the name with the addition of the title "International." At the present time the house of J. B. Lippincott and Company is engaged in enlarging and remaking the "Worcester's Dictionary," which is to appear some years hence in several volumes.

It is not in the province of this article to pronounce upon the relative merits of these great works, each of which presents well grounded claims to superiority in different aspects and features. While each has its circle of admirers, and features of absolute excellence, it is possible that the experimenting of the past decade will yet be utilized to produce a better dictionary than any that has yet appeared.

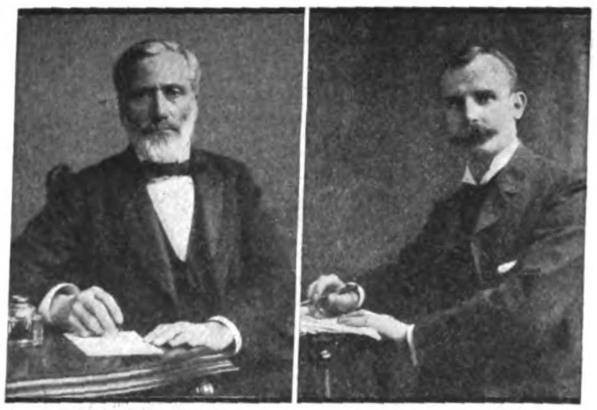
Accurate Condensation Is the First Great Requisite in Lexicography

The problem of making a complete dictionary, outright, on original lines, was attempted by the publishers of the "Century" and the publishers of the "Standard." The Century Company, indeed, took as the intended basis of its dictionary the "Imperial," the plates and rights of which were secured, but in the outcome the use made of it does not appear to have been very extensive. The problem was primarily a problem of expense. Each of these works cost about a million dollars. The general public could not easily understand how much of this money was necessarily sunk in experimentation. When the Century Company began its task, it is not too much to say that the people did not exist, on either side of the water, who then had the requisite knowledge of methods and of facts to construct the work that was finally produced. The "Standard" was, after a time, able to avail itself of the services of workmen who had completed their labors on the "Century;" but, in both these offices, many people had to be trained for their tasks, as it were, "from the ground up." Not only so, but the publishers and managing editors themselves also underwent an experience-training all the way through the work. In the fixing of hundreds of forms, in the final determining of what to exclude and what to include, in the devising of new features, and especially in the trying and discarding of innumerable suggestions, many of which were not disproved until they were in print, or even cast into plates, money and time were expended almost illimitably.

The problem of getting a dictionary started includes, of course, the organization of a staff of editors, definers, and other workers. Apart, however, from the men and women engaged on the "Webster's Dictionary," and familiar with the methods there used, the staff for a new work like the "Century" or the "Standard" did not exist, but had to be evolved in the course of the process, from the general scholarship of the country. In one of these offices, within the writer's knowledge, literally scores of men who had reputations for scholarship in their various specialties passed through this editorial sieve, proving entirely incompetent to do the work. This is no more than to say that lexicography, in its various phases, is a distinct business, the workmen for which, so far as this country is concerned, have mostly been educated within the past fifteen years.

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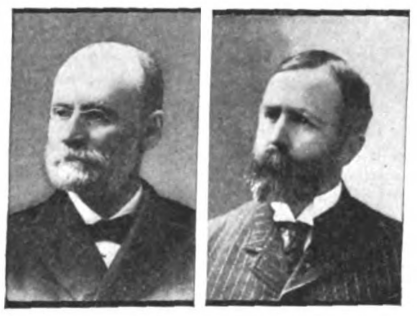
The compiling of a vocabulary might be supposed, offhand, to be a comparatively simple task. But fifteen years ago no general dictionary existed that had more than one third of the words desirable for use in writing and speaking the English language. While it is true that the average single writer uses but a few thousand words, the great body of English literature in all departments, including the desirable number of technical terms, will be found to amount to at least three hundred and fifty thousand words, and could easily include a half-million words that have been at some time used. Any one of these words may be met by a reader in some department, and accordingly he wishes to find it in a dictionary, spelled, pronounced, and defined by some reliable authority. How, then, are all these words to be certainly brought together by compilers? One of the methods used, as a matter of fact, was about as follows: the collections already brought together in the general dictionaries, and in various special works already existing, furnished the basis for the vocabulary.



ISAAC K. FUNK F. H. VIZETELLY
The editor-in-chief and the managing editor of "The Standard Dictionary"

Scouring the World for New Words Needs the Services of Many Men

From the largest of these, all the words were diligently copied, and then each of the others was laboriously checked off in turn against this growing list. When the dictionaries had been thus exhausted, all the living authors of works that had an undoubted standard value were secured to contribute from their works such words as they had used which were not found in the general dictionaries. In addition to this, the services of about five hundred readers were utilized, among whom was distributed all the standard literature from Chaucer to the present time. These readers were instructed to report such words as seemed to be new, and not found in the ordinary dictionaries, and to locate them by page and line, that they might be inspected, each in its own context. For this purpose prepared blanks were furnished. Specialists in various trades, arts, and professions were also invited to send such words belonging to the technique of their vocabularies as might be familiar to them, but which were not in general use, and so had not found their way into the dictionaries. It will be seen that the collection of a vocabulary on such a plan, though there were many helpers, was a long and laborious task, involving a great amount of correspondence, that extended literally all over the world. Added to this was the nearly appalling task of editorial and clerical work, merely to sift and organize these contributions. It is not to be imagined that words so gathered could or should all be included. An organized staff of editors and philologists was required, who passed upon the eligibility of each verbal candidate for insertion before it was carefully copied upon the definer's card for final use.



W. T. HARRIS, editor-in-chief, "Webster's Dictionary" BENJ. E. SMITH, editor-in-chief, "The Century Dictionary"

Two Hundred Thousand Words Were finally Rejected by One Publisher

The conservative care exercised in determining the scope and limits of a vocabulary can be inferred from the fact that, in one of these offices, after a "drag net" had gathered over five hundred thousand words, more than two hundred thousand were finally rejected. These included words that were still too completely foreign to merit a place in an English vocabulary, all the "used but once" words, considerable slang language, and many technical terms that had good reasons against them. The fixing of a date before which words should be excluded, except on certain conditions, resulted in throwing out many obsolete and archaic terms that have place only in a historical dictionary like the "Oxford."

When words have been selected for a dictionary several distinct things must be done with them. They must be divided into their proper syllables, and the right syllables must be supplied with accents. They must be pronounced by the use of certain arbitrary signs used in a respelling of them to indicate the powers of the letters they contain. They must be defined in all the senses in which they have actually been found used in literature. In the case of a primary form, the origin of the word in other languages—that is, its etymology,—must be given. The definition must frequently be assisted by illustrative instances showing the actual use of the word, by apt quotations, and by pictorial illustration.

For these respective tasks the work is assigned to departments, each with its organized staff, under the direction of an expert in this particular branch of lexicography. A very interesting part of the work is that which is involved in supplying the etymologies. In this department one is constantly in sight of the quaint, curious, and often puzzling facts of language-history. He will be in the way of hunting out to the end, for example, the origin of such phrases as "Mind your p's and q's," to determine whether this injunction referred originally to the alehouse scores of pints and quarts, chalked on the wall, or to the difficulty of distinguishing the written p's from the q's in the copy books set by the schoolmasters of old for pupils to use in their writing lessons. He will inspect the tradition that "Hip! hip! hurrah!" came from the war cry, "*Hierosolyma est perdita!*" ("Jerusalem is destroyed!") uttered by the assailants of a German city where many Jews had taken refuge. He may have to settle the question for his purposes, whether "humbug" came from the Latin *ambages*, or from a man named Hume whose estate was named Boorg, and who was addicted to Munchausen pipe dreams, so that his neighbors came to call his stories the "hum of the Boorg," and thence a humbug. He will search out the curious derivation of such words as *blue stocking*, *Yankee*, *cynosure*, *poltroon*, *spinster*, *foolscap*, and other equally interesting nouns and verbs, each of which has a history that repays the philologist for research, in the strange adventures through which the word has come to its present form and meaning. Halliwell's dictionary records fifty thousand words and phrases, a great number of them having a curious and interesting history. No lexicographer could properly and accurately define these words in all their senses unless the task of ascertaining their etymological history were first undertaken. It therefore happens that every complete dictionary constitutes also a considerable history of English words, to be extracted from a study of their etymology. The orthography and orthoëpy are placed in charge of an expert authority in spelling and pronunciation. The defining is further systematized by division of the work along the line of the different classes of words to be treated.

The Real Makers of a Dictionary Are the Silent Working Specialists

It is in this work, more especially, that the modern methods of dictionary-making transcend that displayed in the older works. The latter were, to a great extent, the work of single scholars, or of very small groups of collaborators. Joseph Hale Abbott, for instance, on the edition of the Worcester still in use, prepared without assistance all the "definitions of technical words and phrases in the various branches of natural philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and botany." But it is safe to say that no dictionary competing for the market, to-day, would follow such a method. Each of these departments, and each of many others, must have a specialist in charge, to be responsible for the accuracy and adequacy of all the defining work in his particular science, art, or trade. These specialists, however, commonly, are not office-definers, or editors, and have very little to do with determining the main questions of dictionary-making. They do not, in many cases, see the definitions for which they are to be finally responsible, until they are made and sent to them, sometimes typewritten and sometimes in the proofs. The real makers of the dictionary are the men, with some exceptions, who are little known by name in connection with it. This, of course, does not apply to the executive managing editors and editors-in-chief. The real creators of the form and to a great extent of the material of definitions found in the great dictionaries are the men who work in the office, many of whom are specialists of lesser repute, who have the time and the skill to search out all the facts and frame the details of the form, making the definition ready for the approval or correction of the outside specialist.

Original Definitions, Presented by Enthusiasts, often Need Modifying

The office worker has available—what few specialists indeed can have,—all the books, gathered for these very purposes, that it is necessary to consult. A library of several thousand volumes has to be gathered for the use of the office of a dictionary like any one of these we have named. Here the worker has before him all the general and special dictionaries of any importance in all the languages in which dictionaries have been published, and all the glossaries, lists, and special textbooks of all departments of science, art, literature, and the trades, from which all the learning necessary to make definitions can be gleaned. The authorities of the world, so far as they exist in books, are at hand for the office worker before it is necessary to add the authority of the living specialist who will be finally responsible for the definition.

Samuel Johnson and the house in which his dictionary was edited and printed, 1747–1755



Some original definitions are, of course, contributed by the specialists, and these have to be edited, and adapted, and adjusted, according to the editors' judgment and the exigencies of the whole work. It has been found on long trial that, in many cases at least, it is better and cheaper to have definitions constructed by trained workers, whose abilities and qualities can constantly be within the inspection of the chief editor, working in the office or in close touch therewith, before they are submitted to the outside specialist. Without previous experience in the particular task of lexicography, a specialist usually thinks his special department is "the whole thing." He does not always take the necessary pains to put his facts into usable form. He is not always possessed of the definitive gift and the language sense to express his fact so as to make it as clear as it should be. Nor does he always take kindly to the after-editing of the office, necessary to conform his work to the plan and forms of the dictionary. It has been well demonstrated that the keen-minded and well-skilled definer will usually make definitions in the specialist's department that require but a minimum of correction by the specialist him-

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self. He will have before him, and must consult, everything necessary, not only to a correct definition, but also to an original one, that will not infringe upon the rights of any existing work. If he has reasonable accuracy, and good ambition to excel every other work with which his own can be compared, the result will be satisfactory.

The first dominant word for a dictionary is *accuracy*. What is a dictionary worth if it be not correct? The procession of would-be definers, who in their work can only approach the Frenchman who defined a lobster as "a little red fish that walks backward," were all gradually sifted out of the staffs of these great modern dictionaries. The definer had to know that a lobster is not a fish, is not red, (until boiled,) and does not walk backward. Defining can not be done so as to meet the requirements in these offices, unless the definer proves to have language-instinct. Scholarship of a general kind, even the special knowledge of an expert in science, or art, or the trades, does not qualify. There must be a fine ingrained capacity for putting the idea that is in a word into its exact lingual equivalent, by the use of other words that to the last shade and tint most completely and exactly express that idea. The best definition, too, will not be expressed merely by the use of a synonym. A definitive sentence is almost always necessary, and as a rule the definition should be so framed in form and fact that it could be placed in a composition instead of the word that it defines.



JOSEPH E. WORCESTER



NOAH WEBSTER

Next to Absolute Accuracy, Space-Saving Is the Most Important Factor

To find forty men (the number, on the average, that was required in each of these editorial rooms,) who have this gift, or who can be trained to this fine work, is no small undertaking. Prior to the inception of these modern dictionaries, the only method by which they could be certainly brought together was a system of experimental training in actually doing the tasks.

Next to accuracy, the definer, always under the stress of the editorial requirement for space-saving, must know how to put definitive ideas into the fewest words. There is no place in a modern dictionary for "fine writing." The pressure for space in old Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictionary was not severe enough to exclude a joke on the Scotch and their oatmeal diet in his quaint definition of "oat,"—"A grain that in England is usually given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people;" or to express his political bile as to a tory, whom he defines as "one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state and the apostolic hierarchy of the Church of England." The system used on a modern dictionary, when it was in working order, induced hatred of all redundancies and superfluities, and developed in the course of the work a body of men with ability to boil down. The result has been that in the case of the greater dictionaries, which were intended to be brought within the compass of a single volume, a miracle of condensation has been achieved.

Devices for space-saving belong to the plan of the modern dictionaries. A dictionary is not under quite the same necessity to use such devices, if it is by its intended scope quite encyclopedic. One of the expedients resorted to, to a considerable extent, is that of conveniently grouping cognate words, the more obvious and inevitable derivatives and compounds being run in under each main or important form. Thus there has been found room for including thousands of entries of words or phrases that need little or no definition, but that should be recorded, spelled, and pronounced. In order to keep the dictionaries of the future within salable size and convenient bulk, their writers will be obliged to make more and more use of this expedient.

An incredible amount of space for valuable and necessary insertions is saved by not repeating the same definition in two or more places, as in defining a word and its various synonyms. To avoid this necessity a system of cross references is used. The best used form of a word is inserted and all the words meaning the same thing are then referred to this for definition. Great care is taken to make all these cross references reliable. In some of the early editions of one of our great dictionaries, there were references that, on being looked up, were not found. The reason for this was that, at the last moment, for some good editorial reason, the word to which the reference ran, with its definition, was blue-penciled and deleted, while the reference was allowed to go in. To avoid mistakes of this kind a complete detail record of all cross references is made, and, when the pages are all ready to be cast, these are all carefully verified, one by one.

The accumulated copy of a great reference work is very costly, and accordingly very valuable, and must be taken care of against the possibility of destruction. In the office of the "Century," while the work was in progress, a small fire broke out. None of the copy of the dictionary was burned, but the danger was apparent. Attempts to insure the copy having failed, the company began the process of photographing the sheets of the manuscript. The largest assortment of this kind of photographs ever produced was the result, the plates of which still remain, as a matter of historical interest, in the vaults of the DeVinne Press. The pages were fastened to a wall, four in a group, and thus subjected to the action of a camera. The "Standard" had all its copy reproduced in duplicate on the typewriter, and the duplicate copy was stored in fireproof vaults. There were thus always existing three copies from which, in case of accident to any of them, the whole matter could be reproduced.

The editors and publishers of a dictionary are keenly aware of the nearly endless nature of their task. The hope of issuing the work on a specified date, in the first place, is deferred so often that literally it "makes the heart sick." The chief editor of one of our great dictionaries, while it was in process of making, periodically reminded his associates that "one great use of a dictionary is to get it *published*." But when the book is issued, it straightway begins to become imperfect and obsolete. Until the undertaking of the great combination dictionaries that I have named, no serious attempt to comprehend all the usable English within dictionary compass had ever been made. The conditions of literature and scholarship neither demanded nor admitted of such a task. The literary consciousness of America has come to its flowering only in the last twenty years. During that time, in literature, but still more in all branches of technical vocabulary, as of the arts, sciences, and trades, not to mention the coinages of the stage and the street, the language has expanded to dimensions that would have been liable to astound Noah Webster or Samuel Johnson. The modern dictionaries are partly a result of this expansion. The growth of the language was never more rapid, moreover, than it is to-day. It has been found easy, by the publishers of "Webster's International," to add a supplement of two hundred and thirty-eight pages to its vocabulary, of words and meanings that have mostly developed in the ten years elapsing since the former edition appeared.

New Inventions and Discoveries in Science Produce Many New Words

The "Standard," that had already recorded a vocabulary of more than three hundred thousand words in its definition pages, has in hand the task of making *addenda* of about twenty thousand more, though its latest edition is but about two years old. The new inventions and discoveries in the trades and sciences to which new names are affixed, not to mention the coinages of innumerable writers who search for single words to express complex ideas, furnish a great number of these new terms. For example, a writer recently put into his composition the word "pistic." In the sense meant the word was not in any dictionary. Nor was any other word there that exactly covered his meaning. He wanted an adjective that should mean "pertaining to faith." The dictionaries, if this seems to be a necessary word, will soon have to record it. The "megafog," "pigeongram," "marconigram," "pianola," "tremie," and "vistascope" are all new things with new names. "Panhandling," "ping pong," and similar terms frequently appearing in books and papers, must have record. Thus a dictionary grows faster than room can be found for the words within a scope where a dictionary is available for common use.

The task of adequately illustrating a dictionary can not easily be appreciated by the average reader

[Concluded on page 530]

The Evolution of the Word "Cochineal" in the Cyclopedic Idea, 1642 to 1901

From the first English dictionary, 1642:—

Cutchoneale, some thinke to be a little Flye brought from beyond the Seas, wherewith Scammell is dyed.

From Blount's "Glossographia," 1670:—

Cochineal or Cuchenel,—a kinde of dust or grain, wherwith to dye the Crimson or Scarlet colour; it is a little worm breeding in a certain shrub which they call Holy-Oke, or Dwarf-Oke, and is found in *Cephalonia* and other places; on the leaves whereof there ariseth a tumor, like a blister, which they gather, and rub out of it a certain red dust that converts (after a while,) into worms, which they kill with wine (as is reported,) when they begin to quicken.--*Bac. Nat. Hist.*

From Phillips's "New World of Words," 1706:—

Cocheneal or Cutcheneal,—a costly Grain, much us d in the dying of Scarlet, which some hold to be the Head, or Berry of an *Indian* Tree, that resembles the Holm-tree; others say, 't is made of certain little Worms, breeding in the Fruit of that Tree.

From "Bailey's Dictionary," 1731:—

Cochineel *Grain*, is a red berry growing in *America*, found in a fruit, resembling that of the cochineel-tree or *toma*, the first shoots produce a yellow flower, the point whereof, when ripe, opens with a cleft of three or four inches. This fruit is full of kernels or grains, which fall on the least agitation, and which the *Indians* carefully gather up; eight or ten of these fruits yield about an ounce of grain.

This berry yields a dye almost as beautiful as that of the insect, and is so like, that a person may easily be deceived in them.

From "The Century Dictionary," 1901:—

Cochineal (koch'-i-nel' or koch-i-nel'), *n* 1 A dyestuff consisting of the dried bodies of a species of insects, the *Coccus cacti*, found upon several species of *Opuntia* and other *Cactaceæ*, especially *O. Tuna*, *O. Ficus-Indica*, and *Nopalea cochinillifera*. It colors a brilliant crimson, which is changed by acids to an orange-red and by alkalis to violet, a brilliant scarlet dye is prepared from it. The cacti upon which the insect lives, bearing the general name of *nopal*, are extensively cultivated as food for them in the tropical countries of America, and in Java, Algeria, etc. The females only are valuable for their color, and are collected twice a year, after they have been fecundated and have laid eggs sufficient for a new brood. They are killed by spreading them upon heated plates, by putting them in ovens, or by immersing them in boiling water or exposing them to its vapor. Those killed by heated plates are of a blackish color, and are considercd to be the finest; they are called *zacatilla*. Those from ovens are next in value, they are of an ash-gray (*blanco* or silver-white,) color, and are called *silver cochineal*, or *jaspeada*. Those killed by water or vapor are of a reddish-brown color, and are the least valuable. The fragments, dust, and impurities from cochineal are collected and used as an adulterant, under the name of *granilla*. The finest grade often goes by the name of *mestica* or *mesteque*, and is exported in large quantities from Honduras. Besides the finer grades, which are cultivated insects, a considerable trade is carried on in inferior or wild insects; they are scarcely more than half the size of the cultivated species, and are covered with a cottony down which adds a useless bulk. Good cochineal has the appearance of small, deep brown-red, somewhat purplish grains, wrinkled across the back with parallel furrows, intersected in the middle by a longitudinal one. The coloring principle obtained from cochineal is carminic acid. (See *carmine*, 3.) *East Indian cochineals*, so called, are smooth glistening black grains, of no value; they are used to adulterate the genuine, which are easily distinguishable from them.

2. The insect which produces the dyestuff known by the same name. See def. 1.—Cochineal fig. See *fig*.—Cochineal paste. See extract.

Cochineal paste is obtained by placing 10 lbs. of Honduras cochineal in a vessel, and adding 30 lbs. of ammonia water, (17° B.,) stirring the mixture well. The vessel should be covered with a cloth, and allowed to stand for a few days. The vessel is then to be immersed in boiling water, in order to evaporate the superfluous ammonia: when the evaporation is complete the mixture is ready to be used [for dyeing.] *W. Crookes*, Dyeing and Calico-printing, p. 88.

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The Confession of a Crœsus

PART VI.

David Graham 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. He planned a *coup* by which he gained 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 accepted his offer to buy them out. James, the elder son, displeases 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. Next he threatens a United States senator who is unwilling to aid in securing the passage of a law that would advance his interests, and then arranges a marriage, with his daughter Aurora and Horton Kirkby. The wedding reception proves a failure, because of a quarrel with his wife over a trivial matter. The Crœsus fails to keep his promise to settle an income of a quarter of a million dollars on the wife of his son Walter, formerly Natalie Bradish. Her father calls on Galloway and wants to know why he has not kept his word. The latter replies that he has settled on her the income of a quarter of a million, sharply bringing to his mind the difference between "an income" and "the income." A few days later, he discovers that Walter is speculating in stocks which he controls. To lead him on, he tells him what to buy at a profit, and, when Walter has invested more than he can afford, the father routs the market and wins his son's money, thereby ruining him.]

WHEN I began to build my palace in New York City, on Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-ninth Street, I intended it to be the seat of my family for many generations. My architect obeyed my orders and planned the most imposing residence in the city; but, before it was finished,—indeed, before we had any considerable amount of furniture collected for it,—no less than seven palaces were under way, each excelling mine in every respect,—in extent, in costliness of site and structure, in taste, and in spaciousness of interior arrangement. This was mortifying, for it warned me that within a few years my palace would be completely, even absurdly in eclipse, for it would stand among flat-houses and hotels,—in a second-class neighborhood.

But, irritating and expensive though the lesson was, it was of inestimable value to me with my ability to see and to profit. It taught me my own ignorance and so set me to educating myself in matters most important to the dignity of my family line. Also it taught me how I was underestimating New York and its expansive power, and therefore the expansive power of the whole country. I began to acquire large amounts of real estate, which have already vindicated my judgment; and I made bolder and more sweeping moves in my industrial and railway developments,—those moves that have frightened many of my associates. Naturally, to the short-sighted, the far-sighted seem visionary. A man may stake his soul, or even his life, on something beyond his vision, and therefore, to him, visionary; but he won't stake enough of his money in it seriously to impair his fortune if he loses. That's why large success is only for the far-sighted.

While I was debating the palace problem, along came the craze for country establishments near New York,—palaces set in the midst of parks. I was suspicious of this apparently serious movement among the people of my class, for I knew that at bottom we Americans of all classes are a show-off people,—that is, are human. Only the city can furnish the crowd we want as a background for our prosperity and as spectators of it; we are not content with the gaping of a few indiscriminating, dull hayseeds. We like intelligent gaping,—the kind that can come pretty near to putting the price marks on houses, jewels, and dresses. We'd put them there ourselves, even the most "refined" of us, if custom, made, by the way, by the poor people with their so-called culture, did not forbid it. So, though I was too good a judge of business matters to have much faith in the country-house movement, I bought "Ocean Farm" and planned my house there on a vast scale. It is, as a little study of it will reveal, ingeniously arranged so that, if the country-seat fashion shall ever revive, it can be expanded without upsetting proportions, and splendid improvements can easily be made in the handsome, five-hundred-acre park which surrounds it.

But just as I was taking up the problem of an establishment for Walter, the shrewdness of my doubts about the country began to appear. I had been investing in real estate in and near upper Fifth Avenue; I determined to build myself a new palace that would be monumental. It will never



"The razor cut me, and dropped to the floor"

be possible for a private establishment in New York to cover more surface than a block, so I fixed on and bought the entire block between —— and —— Streets, and Fifth and Madison Avenues. Then I ordered my architect to drop everything else and spend a year abroad in careful study of the great houses of Europe, both old and new. This detailing of a distinguished architect for a year might seem to be an extravagance; in fact, it was one of those wise economies which are peculiarly characteristic of me.

Money spent upon getting the best possible, in the best possible way, is never extravagance. People incapable of thinking in large sums do not see that to lay out five millions economically one must adopt methods wholly different from those one would use in laying out five thousand or five hundred thousand to the best advantage. It has cost me hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, to learn that lesson.

I sent a man from my office along with my architect to act as an auditor for his expense accounts, and to see that he did his work conscientiously. In addition to planning the palace, he was to settle upon interior decorations and to buy pictures, tapestries, carvings, furniture, etc., etc.,—of course, making no important purchases without consulting me by cable.

When he came home and submitted the results of his tour, I myself took them abroad and went over them with the authorities on architecture and decoration in Paris. It was two years before the final plan was ready for execution. In those two years I had learned much,—so much that my palace near Fifty-ninth Street, which I had imagined the acme of art and splendor when I accepted its final plans, had become to me an intolerable flaunting of ignorance and tawdriness. I had intended still to retain it as the hereditary residence for the heirs-apparent of my line, and, when they should succeed to the headship of the family, the so-to-speak dowager-residence. But my education had made this impossible. I was impatient for the moment to arrive when I could sell it, or tear it down, and put in place of it a flat-house for people of moderate wealth, or a first-class hotel.

Three years and a half from the sailing of my architect in quest of ideas I took possession of the completed palace. First and last I had spent five millions and nearly a half upon it; I was well content with the result. Nor has the envious chatter of alleged critics in this country disturbed me. There will be scores of houses as costly, and many as imposing, before fifty years have passed; but, until there is a revolution in the art of building, there will be none more dignified, more conspicuous, or more creditable. I flatter myself that, as money is spent, I got at least two dollars of value for every dollar I paid out. I wish to build for the centuries, and I am confident that I accomplished my purpose. Only an earthquake or a rain of ruin from the sky or a flood of riot and iconoclasm can overthrow my handiwork.

But to go back a little,—just as we were about to move, my wife and Ridley died within a few days of each other. At first these deaths were a severe shock to me, as, aside from the sad, yet after all inevitable, parting, there was the prospect of the complete disarrangement of my domestic plans, and at a highly inconvenient moment. But, thanks to my unfailing luck, my fears proved groundless. Helen came splendidly to the rescue and displayed at once an executive ability that more than filled the gap. My plans for the change of residence, for the expansion of the establishment, and for my own comfort,—everything went forward smoothly, far more smoothly than I had hoped when my wife and Ridley were alive and part of my calculation.

At first blush it may seem rather startling, but I missed poor old Ridley far more than I missed my wife. A moment's consideration, however, will show that this was neither strange nor unnatural. For twenty years he had been my constant companion whenever I was not at work down town. During these twenty years I had seen little of my wife except in the presence of others, usually some of them not members of my family. Whenever we were alone, it was for the despatch of more or less disagreeable business. She had her staff of servants, I mine; she had her interests, I mine. Wherever our interests met, they clashed.

I think she was a thoroughly unhappy woman,—as every woman must be who does not keep to the privacy and peace of the home. I looked at her after she had been dead a few hours, and was impressed by the unusualness of the tranquillity of her face. It vividly recalled her in the days when we lived in the little house in the side street away down town and talked over our business and domestic affairs every night before going to sleep. After the first few years and until almost the end she was a great trial to me. But I have no resentment. Indeed, now that she is gone I feel inclined to concede that she was not so much to blame as are the absurd social conditions that tempt women to yield to their natural folly and give them power to harrass and hamper men.

It was with genuine regret that I was compelled to deny her last request. I say "deny," but I was, of course, far too generous and considerate to torment her in her last moments. When she made up her mind that the doctors and nurses were deceiving her and that she was n't to get well, she asked for me, and, when we were alone, said: "James, I wish to see our son,—I wish *you* to send for him."

I did not pretend to misunderstand her. I knew she meant James. As she was very feeble, and barely conscious, she was in no condition to decide for herself. It was a time for me to be gentle; but there is never a time for weakness. "Yes," I said, humoring her, "I will have him sent for."

"I wish *you* to send for him, James," she insisted; "send right away."

"Very well," said I, "I'll send for him," and I rose as if to obey.

"Do n't go just yet," she went on; "there's something more."

I sat in silence so long that I began to think she

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was asleep or unconscious. But finally she said: "I got Walter's permission this morning. James, if I tell you of a great wrong he has done, a very great wrong, will you forgive him for my sake?"

I thought over her request. Finally I said, "Yes."

"Look at me," she went on. Our eyes met. "Say it again." "Yes, I will forgive him," I said, and I meant it,—unless the wrong should prove to be one of those acts for which forgiveness is impossible.

She turned her face away, then said slowly, each word coming with an effort: "It was n't James who forged your name. It was Walter."

I felt enormously relieved, for, while I should n't have hesitated to break my promise had it been wise to do so, I am a man who holds his word sacred even to his own hurt, provided it is not also to the jeopardy of vital affairs. "I'm not surprised," said I: "It is like Walter to hide behind any one foolish enough to shield him."

"No,—he's not that way any more," she pleaded, her passion for shielding her children from my justice as strong as ever. "He told me long ago,—when you caught him in that speculation. We talked it over and then went to see James, and he insisted that we should n't tell you."

"Why?" I asked. "What reason did he give?"

"He said he had made his life and you yours, and that he knew you did n't want to be disturbed any more than he did."

"He was right," said I.

The forgery has long ceased to be important. James and his wife, with their wholly different ideas and methods, could not possibly be remolded now to my purposes. I have educated Walter and Natalie to the headship of the family; I've neither time nor inclination to take up a couple of strangers and make an arduous and extremely dubious experiment.

"So," my wife went on, "I ask you to send for James. I wish to see him restored to what is rightfully his before I die."

"I'll send for him," said I. "It may take a little time, as he is out of town. But be patient, and I'll send for him."

I learned that I had spoken more truthfully than I knew. He was camping with his wife in the depths of the Adirondacks, several days away from the mails. The next day I told Cress to write him a letter saying I'd interpose no objection if he should try to see his mother, who was ill. I ordered Cress to hold the letter until the following day. But that night she died. She was not fully conscious again after her exhausting talk with me.

The evening of the day of the funeral I took Walter into my sitting room and repeated to him what his mother had told me. "But," said I, "because I promised her, I forgive you. It would have been more manly had you confessed to me, but I've learned not to expect the impossible."

"All I ask, sir," said he, "is that you never let Natalie know. She'd despise me,—she'd leave me."

I could not restrain a smile at this absurd exaggeration,—at this delusion of vanity that he was the important factor with Natalie, and not I and my property.

"You can say," he went on, "that you have changed your mind, and you need n't give a reason. And James can take my place and, believe me, she'll not be at all surprised."

I had no difficulty in believing him, for Natalie's experience with her dowry had no doubt put her into the proper frame of mind for any further change of plan I might happen to make. I patted him on the shoulder. "I promised your mother I'd forgive you," said I, "and I'll fulfill my promise to the letter. James is best off where he is, and, if you continue to try to please, you shall remain where you are."

He was overcome with gratitude and relief. But he was presently trying to look sorry. "I feel ashamed of myself," he said.

"You can afford to," I replied, drily; "it will cost you nothing. But I venture to suggest that, instead of pretending to quarrel with good fortune, you would better be planning to deserve it."

The two deaths—my wife's and Ridley's,—coming so close together made a profoundly disagreeable impression upon me. My abhorrence of "the end," to which I have referred several times, then definitely became a monomania with me. The thought of "the end" began to thrust itself upon me daily,—or, rather, nightly. I have never been a happy man. Added to my natural incessant restlessness, which always characterizes a creative intellect, and which has kept me as well as everyone around me in a state of irritation, there is in me an absolute incapacity to live in the present; and to be happy, I have long since seen, one must live in the present. Occasionally, when my fame or my power or my wealth has been suddenly and vividly revealed to me in moments of triumph, I have lived in the present for a little while. But soon again the future, its projects, its duties, its possibilities, would claim me. As for the much-talked-of happiness of anticipation, that is possible only to children and childish persons. When the battle is on,—and when has the battle not been on with me?—the general is too busy to indulge in any anticipation of victory. He has hardly time even for anxieties about defeat.

I neglected to note, in its proper order, that my wife willed all my jewels—valued at eight hundred thousand dollars,—to James. I consulted my lawyer and found that through carelessness I had given her a legal title to them. There was nothing for it but to make the best bargain I could. After some roundabout negotiations James declined my proposal that he accept a cash valuation on fair appraisement. He then indulged his passion for theatrical sentimentality and declined the legacy beyond a few trinkets worth less than a thousand dollars, I should say, which had belonged to his mother in her girlhood and in the first years of her married life. These Helen persuaded him to divide with her. Aurora at first insisted on having part of the jewels; but I wished to keep them all for the direct succession, and so induced her to take two hundred thousand dollars for her claim,—agreeing not to subtract it from her share under my will, and, as she is a satisfactory child, I consider the promise binding.



"There is n't a jury that would believe you"

I sold my old palace for two and a quarter millions to a *parvenu*, dazzled by an accidental half a dozen millions and impatient to show them off before they vanished. While effecting the merger of my three railways, I made quadruple the balance of the cost of my new palace, by extinguishing one minority interest at forty-seven and creating another at one hundred and two. Given the capital, it is incomparably harder to build a palace than to make a score of millions. A very crude sort of man may get rich, but refinement and culture and taste and custom of wealth and a sense of the difference between dignity and ostentation are required to enable a man to demonstrate his fitness to possess wealth. I can not expect my envious contemporaries publicly to admit that I have demonstrated my fitness. But—future generations will vindicate me in this as in other respects.

I kept a sharp lookout for a house for Walter,—or, rather, for the hereditary principal heir of my line. Among the minority stockholders in one of my three railways was Edward Haverford, grandson of that Haverford who originated the secret freight rebate. By the very timid use of it natural in a beginner, and at a time when railway transportation was in its infancy, he had accumulated several millions. I doubt if he had any great amount of brains. I know that his grandson is as stupid as he is stingy. But he had a beautiful little palace in East Seventieth Street, near Fifth Avenue,—an ideal home for a gentleman with expectations,—the scion of a great family. In the "squeeze" incident to my extinguishing the minority existing before the merger, Haverford lost his fortune and was glad to dispose of his house to me for a million in cash. I established Walter and Natalie there and fixed their allowance from me at eight thousand a month. This is enough to enable them to live in easy circumstances, with an occasional grant from me,—a happy compromise between an independence that would be dangerous and a dependence that would be, in an heir-apparent, undignified.

I have decided not to take them in to live with me when Helen is married. I could not endure the daily espionage of those who are to succeed me. They could not conceal from *my* eyes their impatience for me to be gone. I shall keep them waiting many a year,—seventy is not old for a man of my natural strength.

No, Helen shall stay on with me.

Her case is another instance of the folly of anticipating trouble. From the day she came to me with her confession that she had defied me by going to James at the crisis of his illness, I had been looking forward to a sharp collision with her. Naturally, I assumed that the trouble would come over her marriage. I pictured her falling in love with some nobody with nothing and giving me great anxiety if not humiliation; and, while my wife had a certain amount of capacity in social matters, especially in the last two or three years of her life, I appreciated that she had many serious shortcomings. Intellectually, she was so far inferior to Helen that I could not but fear the worst. I had been, therefore, impatient for her to find a suitable husband for Helen, and thus safeguard me against a severe blow to my pride. As I had a peculiar affection for Helen, it would have cut me to the quick had she married beneath her.

I was luckier than I hoped. My wife disappointed me by rising to the occasion. Old Mrs. Kirkby, having accepted the alliance with my family, proceeded to make the best of it. She took up my wife and Helen and put them in her own set,—it seems to me the dullest in New York, if not in the world, but the most envied, and, beyond question, comprised of gentlefolk of the true patrician type. As my wife was careful that Helen should meet no one outside that set, and should go nowhere without herself or Mrs. Kirkby in watchful attendance, Helen was completely safeguarded against acquaintance, however slight, with any man of the wrong kind. So assiduous and careful was my wife—thanks, no doubt, to sagacious Mrs. Kirkby's teaching and example!—that she even never permitted Helen to go either to Walter's or to Aurora's when there were to be guests, without first making a study of the list. This was a highly necessary precaution, for both Natalie and Aurora, being safely married, admitted to their houses many persons who were all very well for purposes of amusement, but not their social equals in the sense of eligibility to admission into an upper-class family with a position to maintain.

As everybody knows, the Kuypers are one of the best families in New York. When the original Kirkby was clerk in a Whitehall grocery before the Revolutionary War, a Kuyper kept the grocery,—an eminently respectable business in those simple days. He had inherited it from his grandfather, and also a farm near where the Tombs prison now stands. The Kuypers have been people of means and of social and political and military and naval distinction for a century. About a year before my wife died she said Mrs. Kirkby had fixed upon Delamotte Kuyper for Helen; and, although he was not rich, I approved their selection. With his comfortable income and what he will inherit and what I intend to leave Helen, they will be well established. In addition to family and position and rank as the eldest son in the direct line, he has the advantages of being a handsome fellow, a graduate of Groton, a student at Harvard and at Oxford, and does all sorts of gentlemen's pastimes surpassingly well. My wife was discreet in concealing her purpose from Helen,—so discreet that, when the climax came, the poor child expected us to oppose the marriage. She had heard me and her mother comment often on Delamotte's comparatively small fortune and expectations,—large for an old New York family, but a mere nothing among the fortunes of us newer and more splendid aristocrats. A yachting trip in the Mediterranean, and the business was done. The yachting trip was my suggestion.

I don't recall ever having had a more agreeable sensation than when she came to me just after her return,—poor Ridley was in the room, I remember. She threw her arms around my neck and said: "You dear, splendid old father! How happy you have made me. There never was a luckier girl than I!"

That added half a million to what I'm leaving

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her in my will. She richly deserves every dollar of it.

What a pity, what a shame that she's a woman! She has my brains. She has my courage. She has a noble character,—yes, I admire even her enthusiasms and sentimentalities. She has all the qualifications for the succession except one. There fate cheated me.

I have a sick feeling every time I think what might have happened had James remained in my family and been my principle heir. There's not the slightest doubt that he would have upset all my plans as soon as I was gone. He would have done his best to re-create for my family the conditions of the old America which made "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" proverbial. How fortunate that he shouldered the blame for Walter's boyish folly! How fortunate that I did not learn it at a time when I might have been tempted to take him back! I was indeed born under a lucky star.

A lucky star! And yet what have I ever got out of it?—I, who have spent my life in toil and sweat without a moment's rest or happiness, sacrificing myself to future generations. Sometimes I look at all these great prizes which I have drawn and hold, and I wonder whether they are of any value, after all. But, valuable or worthless, it was they or nothing, for what else is there besides wealth and power and position?

Nothing!

* * * * * * *

IT is curious how the human mind works,—curious and terrible. Seven months after my wife's death, when we had put aside the mourning and had resumed our ordinary course of life, I suddenly began to think of her as I was shaving. "I wonder what brought *her* into my mind?" said I to myself, and I decided that my face with the white stubble on its ridges had suggested my familiar black devil,—"the end." But one day, several months later, as I was driving from my office to lunch at a directors' meeting, I happened to notice the lower part of my face in the small mirror in the brougham.

My attention became riveted upon the line of my mouth, thin and firm and straight,—with a queer sudden downward dip at the left corner.

"Curious!" said I to myself; "I never noticed *that* before."

Then I remembered I had noticed it before—*once* before and only once,—the morning when I was shaving and thought of my wife and "the end." I had noticed it then, and—had I noticed it no morning since because it had disappeared? Or had it been there without my heeding it,—apparently?

I tried to straighten that line, but, no matter how I twisted my mouth, the droop at the left corner remained. I caught sight of my eyes in the mirror and found myself staring into the depth of a Something which had thus trapped me into letting it mock me. When my carriage stopped at the Postal Telegraph Building, I was so weak that I could hardly drag myself across the sidewalk and into the elevator. When I was shaving the next morning I dared not look myself in the eyes. But there was the droop, and—yes,—a droop of the left eyelid! I gave an involuntary cry,—the razor cut me, and dropped to the floor. My valet rushed in. "I—I only cut myself," I stammered, apologetically. For the first time in my life I was afraid of a human being, from pure terror in regard to what he might see and think.



"There never was a luckier girl than I"

How I have suffered in the three weeks that have passed since then! Day and night, moment by moment, almost second by second, I find myself listening for a footstep. Now I fancy I hear it, and the icy sweat bursts from every pore; now I realize that I only imagined those stealthy, shuffling, hideously creeping sounds coming along the floor toward me from behind, and I give a gasp of relief.

What a mockery it all is! What a fool's life I have led! When I am not listening, I am fiercely hating these people round me. They are listening, too,—listening eagerly,—yes, even my own children. I can see from their furtive glances into my face that they, too, have seen the droop in the line that was straight, the growing weakness in the eye that never quailed. It is frightful, this being gently waited on and soothingly spoken to and patiently borne with,—as his jailers treat a man who is to be shot or hanged next sunrise.

Yet I dare not resent it. I can only cower and suffer. To do otherwise would make things worse.

My crown is slipping from me. No, worse,—it is I that am slipping from it. It remains; I, its master, must go. I—its master? How it has tricked me! I have been its slave; it is weary of me; it is about to cast me off!

It has been years since any one has said "must" to me. I had forgotten what a hideous word it is. And if one can not resent it, can not resist it! All to whom I have said "must" are revenged.

Every night for a week I have cried like a child. I put my handkerchief under my head to prevent the tears from wilting my pillow and revealing my secret to those who keep the deathwatch on me. Last night I groaned so loudly that my valet rushed in, turned on the electric lights, and drew back the curtains of my bed. When he saw me blazing at him in fury, he shrank and stammered: "Oh, sir, I thought—"



"I told your mother I'd forgive you"

"Get out!" I shrieked, in uncontrollable rage. I knew only too well what he must have thought.

* * * * * * *

ON the following day,—or was it the second day?—Gunderson Kuyper came to see me. Deaths in my family and in his, and other matters,—at least, so I had imagined,—chiefly my unwillingness to have Helen go away for a wedding trip, had delayed the wedding of my daughter and his son. Then, too, there had been some attempt on the part of his lawyer to find out my intentions in the matter of an allowance for Helen. But, feeling that this was a true love match which ought not to be spoiled by any intrusion of the material and the businesslike, I had waved the lawyer off with some vague politeness.

I was completely taken by surprise when, with an exceedingly small amount of hemming and hawing for so aristocratic a despiser of commercialism as Gunderson Kuyper, he flatly demanded a joint settlement of five millions on his son and Helen!

It was particularly important that I should not be excited. The doctors had warned me that rage would probably be fatal. But in spite of this, I could not wholly conceal my agitation. "You will have to excuse me, Mr. Kuyper," said I; "you see what a nervous state I am in. Discussion about business would be highly dangerous. I can only assure you that, as Helen is my favorite child, she, and, of course, her husband, will be amply provided for. I must beg you not to continue the subject."

"I understand. I am sincerely sorry." The oily scoundrel spoke in tones of the most delicate sympathy. "We will postpone the marriage until your health is such that you are able to discuss it." He rose and came toward me to take leave.

"Instead of quieting my agitation, you have aggravated it," I said. "These young people have their hearts set on each other,—at least I have been led to believe that your son—"

"And you are right, my dear Galloway," he said,—he patronizes me, drops the "Mr." in addressing me, and makes me feel too distant with him to drop it in return. "But as my son has less than fifteen thousand a year, he could not think of marriage with a woman brought up as your daughter has been,—unless there were assurance of some further income. I am not in a position to make him an adequate allowance,—I can only double his present income. He will, of course, inherit a considerable fortune at my death. But I feel it is only just that you should do your share toward properly establishing the new family."

"I shall, I shall," I said, feebly, trying to make him see how unfit I was for such a discussion. "Let them marry. Everything shall be looked after. Only leave me in peace. Do not disturb me with these mercenary—"

That word must have angered him, for his face whitened and he said with suppressed fury: "It is perfectly well known, Mr. Galloway, that you made no provision whatever for your other children, and that you keep your son on a beggarly allowance, considering your fortune and the social station which you are struggling to maintain. You have given your elder daughter nothing. I speak plainly, sir, because your dealings with your children and with Mr. Bradish's daughter are matters of common gossip. I will permit no evasion, no screening behind illness. I speak the only language you understand. It is a matter of indifference to us,—"

"I had no idea the Kuypers were so thrifty," said I, myself in a fury at this vulgar and insulting tirade.

"As I was saying," he went on, "it is a matter of indifference to us whether my son marries your daughter or not. His mother and I consented only after he had made it plain to us that his happiness was involved. My consent was conditioned on your acting the part of an honorable and considerate father."

"Our conceptions of a parent are evidently as wide apart as our conceptions of the feeling a young man should entertain toward a young woman he purposes to marry," said I. "Your demand for five millions is preposterous. The honor of marrying my daughter should be—shall be,—sufficient for your son,—if I permit the marriage to go on."

"Very well, sir. You may keep your daughter and your ill-got millions."

"Strange that ill-got wealth should have such a fascination for you!"

"Everything is purified by passing to innocent hands," he replied. "But—enough! I am ashamed that my temper should have degraded me to such a controversy with such a man. The longer we have had this matter under advisement the more nauseating it has become. I might have known that nothing but humiliation would result from even considering an alliance with a family whose head is notorious throughout the length and breadth of this land for chicanery, for impudent dishonesty, for theft,—"

I heard no more. I was now dimly conscious that his purpose throughout had been, after a perfunctory attempt to arrange a settlement, to provoke a quarrel that would make the marriage impossible. At his last words I felt a pain shoot from my brain throughout my body,—a pain so frightful that I straightway lost conciousness.

At length my stealthy, shuffling, creeping enemy had stolen up behind me, and had struck me down.

When I came to myself, on the third day, Helen was there. "Poor child!" I said, "your happiness is over, but—"

"No! No!" she protested.

"Yes,—I know your heart was set on that young fellow."

"Everything is all right now that you are getting well," she said, and would not let me say anything more.

In two weeks I was well enough to go about again, as before. I found that Delamotte had defied his father and was only waiting for me to consent. For Helen's sake, I yielded. Why blame the boy? Why make my child wretched?

[*Concluded on pages 531 and 532*]

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The Home as a Place for Children

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

WHATEVER else the home is or is not, most people fully believe that it is the best place for children, and that to be born and brought up in one is the best thing for us all. Some would go so far as to modestly interpolate the phrase, "in a good home," but even these would still hold that any home is better than whatever else might be suggested as an alternative. The only alternative we have so far considered is that bugaboo known as an "institution," and the only institution which comes readily to mind in this connection is an orphan asylum. So far the children to be cared for outside the home are almost always those of the very poor and of the vicious and improvident. Society has had these puny outcasts to care for, and has cared for them according to its tender mercies to the general pauper class.

Can Homes Be Improved for Average Children?

The provision made by official "charity" does not contrast well with that made by parental love; so, when we compare the home with the asylum, the advantage is with the home. This is an easy advantage,—a cheap distinction. The loving parents, doing their best for their best-beloved, make a better showing than does the reluctant and half-hearted state, providing something a little better than absolute neglect for its least-beloved. The question we should really consider is not "Is the home's best better than the state's worst?" but "Is the home's best better than the state's best?" and, further, "Can not the home's best be bettered?" Are the home, as it stands to-day, and the methods of home training, as they stand to-day, beyond improvement? You are not asked to choose between the home and the institution, but to see whether the home plus the institution is better than the home minus the institution. You are not called upon to separate the child from home and family, but to see whether home and family can not be made more suitable to the child's needs.

As it stands at present, the home is, in many respects, a most unsuitable place for children; and the mother, in many ways, is an unsuitable person to have sole charge of them. Why? Because the home—nine homes out of ten,—is a workshop, and the mother—nine mothers out of ten,—is a toiling house-servant. Our ideal in the instinctive care and service of the young is the animal mother, yet we forget that that perfected functionary *has nothing else to do.* She gives instinctive care, the young ones give instinctive obedience, and all goes well,—the species is reproduced with tolerable success. But our children need far more than the young of animals or than the papooses of the toiling squaw.

They need more intelligent care and an immeasurably wider scheme of education. To meet this last need society comes forward with its institutions. One of the most invaluable of all civilized institutions is the school. Private or public, low or high, a school is a social institution, and its use is the care and training of children. No modern citizen will deny the usefulness of the school, both in its supplementary position to the home, and as a reactive improvement to that more primitive "institution." A nation without schools is hopelessly inferior, be its "homes" never so active.

We must remember that children of all races have homes, but only the children of civilized races have schools; or, to put it in due sequence, that schools make civilized races. There will be no opposition made on this line. We all know the value of education,—or think we do. We are used to schools and their benefits. But we still maintain that, although beyond a certain age of the child the home is patently inadequate to his needs, below that age it is perfectly sufficient; and that, although beyond a certain age of the child the mother is patently inadequate as a teacher, below that age she is perfectly sufficient. For the care and education of our college boys and girls we are glad to pay large sums, to endow great institutions, and to secure the leaders of science for instructors; in their mental progress we take great pride and interest; and their physical exercises we follow with vast crowds of spectators and thunderous applause. But the care and education of our baby boys and girls we contentedly leave in the hands of the lowest grade of unskilled labor! No institutions for them! We fear the very word.

Millions of dollars to endow the institutions for the youths and maidens!—not a cent to endow any institution for the babies!—except for the pauper babies aforementioned. No trained minds of careful educators for the babies!—any Irish girl will do, or negress, or young immigrant of some sort. Their mental progress, if noted at all, is merely a topic for ill-advised comment, fatuous admiration, or laughter, and their physical culture is unthought of. Why this callous indifference to the needs of little children? We love them well enough,—why do we not do better by them? We assume that we are doing all that is necessary,—that home and mother are quite enough.

It cannot be too often repeated that, under this system, our children are brought up by house-servants. In nine cases out of ten the servants are also the mothers; in the tenth case, the mother is the lady of the house, and the hired servants take care of the children. The grade of labor is the same, hired or married.

Ordinary Homes Give No Evidence of Fitness

The care and culture of the body and brain during its most important years, those years of impressionable infancy when life-habits are formed,—habits of health or disease, of right brain action or wrong brain action,—this care and culture must be furnished by a woman working ten to fourteen hours a day as a housewife, or by the "nursemaid," who is not asked to furnish special competence or even special inclination. A casual observation of these functionaries, as seen in our parks and stately avenues, shows that they could give no evidence of either if it was asked.

We do tacitly blame the surrender of children to the care of servants, but it is our unfailing custom,—when we can afford it. The mother of the richer classes, if caught in the act of attending upon her children, apologetically explains that the nurse was obliged to go somewhere, or that she is temporarily without one. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. Where there are no servants, and the mother does all the housework, we then suppose that children may be properly cared for by their cook-laundress-seamstress-chambermaid nurse and teachers, by the overmastering force of maternal instinct. The myth of maternal instinct covers a multitude of sins. Instinct is inherited habit, become automatic through long, unvarying repetition. Change the conditions and it does not work,—new instinct must be slowly acquired. It takes many generations under the same conditions to accumulate an instinct. Even at its best instinct does not make life safe and healthy for the little animals,—it only tries to. An ounce of intelligence is better than a pound of instinct; and special liking, with special talent, training, and experience is better than all the instinct of all the animals that ever ran or swam or crawled or flew. Even if the centuries of successive change in human life had left us any instinct worth the name,



What is all tasteless luxury to this?

how can even instinct work when the proud possessor is forced to spend her time in the kitchen, or the laundry? She has to take the baby with her to the kitchen or the laundry, and there he burns and scalds and cuts and pricks and smears himself, under instinct's sheltering wings. Sometimes, while instinct is hanging out the clothes, he falls into the hot suds and does not recover.

If a Home Is a Workshop, Children Suffer

Nine homes in ten are workshops where the mothers do the work. A workshop is NOT the best place in which to bring up children. And a working woman of that order is NOT the best person to care for and educate them. What safety there is for the child and peace for the mother are attained by a crude and cruel system of discipline,—a system which is based on utter ignorance of the child's real needs, and on the harsh compulsion of necessity in this dirty and dangerous workshop. Almost all the so-called "naughtiness" of a baby's life—the sorrow and shame, the tears and pain, the stark injustice and blind, impotent rebellion,—is due not to any real fault in character, or to any vicious or rude behavior, but simply and solely

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There is a shrine within thy little heart

to the child's unavoidable contact with the furniture and decorations,—with the conflicting industries and the adult customs of the home. The home is not built for the comfort and convenience of little children, but for adults. It is not furnished and decorated for the pleasure and culture of little children, but for adults. Its endless labors, with their varying degrees of dirt and danger, are by no means adapted to the needs of a child's first years.

Rearing Children Is not yet Done scientifically

The child's life is continually cramped and distorted, his processes of growth are checked, and his health and happiness are greatly interfered with, because he is confined to the home, and the home is not arranged to meet the claims of a little child. The baby is never safe from the time he can crawl. "I can't take my eyes off that child one single minute but he gets into some mischief!" What do we mean by "mischief?" Merely that the baby is in a sewing room, or a cooking room, or a washing room, or an eating room, or some room full of articles beloved by his elders, and that the exercise of his natural activities brings harm to the property of the adults,—or to him. Suppose babies were all placed where there was nothing that they could hurt or which could hurt them! Is this an inconceivable ideal? We do it for chickens,—we do it for pigs,—we do it for *any kind of creature that we make a business of raising.* Child-raising is not a business yet,—merely an instinct. It is not even an instinct,—whatever it might have been ten thousand years ago. It is a mere haphazard bunch of conflicting habits, half-forgotten traditions, and old saws. If you study cattle-raising, you are given tables of figures, volumes of established facts, methods and systems, proofs and illustrations. Study baby-raising,—in the home,—and you are given a proverb of some ancient race, an opinion of defunct grandmothers, or the baseless personal decision of the present authority, the mother.

The only knowledge we have is slowly being built up by observation of children that are in institutions such as schools,—where numbers can be studied by persons who know how. There are millions of babies born to us every year. They are ours collectively, as well as their parents' separately. Babies are not private property. They are not owned like slaves. They are citizens, and they have their rights. No private family could make a proper place for them any more than for older children,—the home is not a schoolhouse, not a kindergarten, and not a baby-garden, either. But just as several wealthy families maintain a private kindergarten for their children, so could they maintain a baby-garden if they would; and just as a wise, progressive state makes public provision for colleges, schools, and kindergartens, so it can carry education one step farther and give its mighty help to the still younger child. One instant error into which we fall, when such a proposition is made, is the reference to the death rate in foundling asylums and baby hospitals. There is no such record for the day nursery. The day nursery has given proof, beyond question, that babies can be cared for, in groups, more healthfully and happily than in their homes. It is a common experience of the *crèche* to have the little ones taken home Saturday nights well and come back Monday morning sick.

This Will not Separate a Child from Its Mother

"But these are the children of the poorest and most ignorant mothers!—of course, the *crèche* is better for them!" will be answered.

Yes, but the *crèche*, as we now have it, is but the crudest, most limited attempt to care for just this class of children; no more to be compared to what a house for babies might be than a dame school compares to Harvard University. It is not proposed to separate the child from the mother, save as all civilized children are separated when they go to school, as our poor children are now when they play in the streets, or as our rich children are when they walk out for exercise. It is proposed merely that, during the hours when little children are at present cared for by servants, they be cared for by the wisest and most efficient teachers and trained nurses; that, instead of passing the crucial years of babyhood tumbling around the floors of workshops, prisoned in costly nurseries, or strapped in baby carriages, those years be passed in the free use of their bodies and minds, among surroundings intended for their use, and under the wise, well-measured care of those who honor this great work enough to give their lives to it. Children so guarded need never know disease,—unless they inherit it. They need never be crushed by an imputed "naughtiness." Mere physical freedom, the natural action of the body, and such safe and simple provision of soft ropes and mattresses as would allow right exercise, would keep a healthy baby "good" for hours.

All Babies Need the Best Care and Culture

If the mother really loved children, if she really cared for the best education of children, and if she were a competent, properly trained person to have charge of children,—why, then she would be one of these teachers and would have her children under her care with others. Few women have the natural faculty required. Few can command the special training necessary. When one does have the faculty and the training, it should be shared by many children, partly because they need it, and partly because it is too strong a dose to concentrate on one or two at a time. A share in the highest kind of care and culture,—that is what our babies want; not the whole of the lowest, or the hot focus of one entire expert on one child. This can never be attained at home. It can never be attained by the average mother or the average nurse. Superior skill means a narrowing selection of the best; and those best can only apply their value to numbers by treating them in groups. A babe does not lose its mother, any more than a school child loses his mother. He does not lose the home. But his daily care and education are recognized as of sufficient importance to have a suitable place prepared for them and suitable persons prepared for them as well. Not the care and training of ignorance and aborted instinct, given in the intervals of sordid industries; not the unsanitary, inconvenient, and unsafe accommodation of the workshop, but a provision more in keeping with the march of twentieth-century civilization is what we need to create a better place for young children.

Little Stories about Abraham Lincoln

Galusha A. Grow . [Speaker of the House of Representatives, 1861-'63]

A CALLER at the White House, during Mr. Lincoln's early days in office, was an army officer who had been dismissed from the service. The President listened patiently to the elaborate defense he had prepared, and said that, even upon his own statement of the case, there was no warrant for executive interference. The man withdrew only to seek, a few days later, a second interview, but without accomplishing his purpose. A third time he boldly forced himself into the presence of the President, who again listened to a statement of the case, and, at its conclusion, again declared he could do nothing for him.

"Well," said the officer, as he turned to depart, "I see you are fully determined not to do me justice."

The President, at these words, arose from his desk, and, seizing his caller by the collar, marched him to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the passage: "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult." The man, in a whining tone, begged for his papers, which he had dropped. "Begone, sir," said the President, "your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again."

William H. Herndon, his old law partner, somewhere declares that Mr. Lincoln read less and thought more than any other man of his sphere in America. A few books, however, he read and reread with loving care. The Bible and Shakespeare's works were scarcely ever out of his mind; he was fond of the poems of Burns and Hood, and he found delight in the verses of Bryant and Whittier, and of Holmes, whose "The Last Leaf" he knew by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling. Many of his published writings bear witness to Mr. Lincoln's close and reverent acquaintance with the Bible, and nothing is more certain than that the most vital influence in his life and conduct, during his last years, was his belief in and dependence upon a personal God. It was an influence whose force was felt by all who shared or came into close touch with his daily life. Joshua F. Speed, a friend of Mr. Lincoln's youth, being in Washington in the summer of 1864, was invited out to the Soldier's Home to spend the night. Entering the President's room unannounced, he found him sitting near a window, intently reading his Bible.

"I am glad to see you so profitably engaged," said Speed.

"Yes," was the reply, "I am profitably engaged."

"When I knew you in early life," continued Speed, "you were a skeptic and so was I. If you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not."

"You are wrong, Speed," said the President, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder, and gazing earnestly into his face. "Take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier man."

Save for an occasional visit to the theater, there was little recreation in Mr. Lincoln's life in the White House. He dined at six o'clock, and spent most of his evenings in his office. "There," John Hay writes, "he was not often suffered to be alone. He frequently passed the evening there, with a few friends, in frank and free conversation."

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"Friendship! Mysterious cement of the Soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much."



"Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design, or flattery."

The Value of Friends

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"LINCOLN has nothing only plenty of friends," was often said of the young Illinois lawyer. Poor in purse as he was, he was rich in his friendships, and he rose largely by their aid. "Win hearts, and you have hands and purses," said Lord Burleigh, cynically phrasing a great social principle.

No young man starting in life could have better capital than plenty of friends. They will strengthen his credit, support him in every great effort, and make him what, unaided, he could never be. Friends of the right sort will help him more to be happy and successful than much money or great learning.

When Garfield entered Williams College, he won the friendship of its president, Mark Hopkins. Years afterwards, when president of the United States, he said: "If I could be taken back into boyhood, to-day, and have all the libraries and apparatus of a university, with ordinary routine professors, offered me on the one hand, and on the other a great, luminous, rich-souled man, such as Doctor Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone, I should say, 'Give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course, rather than any university with only routine professors.'"

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Charles James Fox, unfortunate in his home training, had his defects largely remedied through his association with Edmund Burke.

History, both sacred and profane, is full of examples of the effects of friendship on character and works. Did not the friendship of David and Jonathan bring out all that was best in both those royal souls? Would Aquila and Priscilla have developed so grandly without the friendship of St. Paul? What would Cicero have been without Atticus, or Xenophon without Socrates?

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me that I may make mine beautiful, too." "I had a friend," was the reply. This is the secret of many a great and successful life. Many a man would have lain down disheartened, long before he reached his goal, but for the stimulus and encouragement of some friend whose name the world has never heard. Hundreds who are lauded in the press and honored all over the world for their achievements owe their success largely to the encouragement of wives, mothers, sisters, or other special friends.

The average man little realizes how great a part even of his material success he owes to his friends. He takes to himself the entire credit of every achievement, boasting of his own marvelous insight, judgment, and hard work. However, if we should take out of our lives every thing contributed, directly or indirectly, by friends; if we should eliminate the inspiration and the free advertising they have given us; and if we should deduct from our popularity the percentage due to their good words, and give up situations they helped us to gain, the majority of us would find a great shrinkage in what we thought our own achievement.

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A young lawyer starting in practice often has plenty of time to cultivate friends, and that is the wisest thing he can do. If he is popular, every one who knows him is trying to help him to succeed. His friends tell others that he will be sure to make his mark, and that they would not be surprised to see him in the legislature or in congress, or, perhaps, on the supreme court bench. No matter how able or how brilliant he may be, or how well versed in the niceties of the law, very few will be willing to intrust cases to an inexperienced young man if he is not supported by this mouth to mouth recommendation of friends.

It is the same with a young physician trying to get a start. All his friends are anxious to lend him a helping hand. They know how difficult it is for an untried physician, even if thoroughly prepared, to establish sufficient confidence in his skill to induce people to trust him with patients in preference to old, experienced practitioners. They praise his skill; they tell how sick they were and how quickly he aided them. In a short time the whole neighborhood begins to look favorably on him, and, of course, he gets patients.

The case of a young merchant beginning with small capital differs only in kind from that of an author, lawyer, or physician. No matter how honest he may be or how square in his dealings, he is unknown and untried. He has to win his way to the favor of the general public. The business maxim, "A pleased customer is the best advertisement" is a tribute to the commercial value of friendship, for one must feel friendly to recommend a store and its goods.

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However, the service that friends render in advancing our material interests is the lowest standpoint from which friendship can be viewed. To choose our friends with an eye to their commercial value to us would be to proclaim ourselves unworthy of the friendship of any noble soul, and indeed incapable of winning any friendship worthy of the name.

It is in relation to their effect on character that friends must be estimated at their real value. Dr. Hillis says that "destiny is determined by friendship; fortune is made or marred when a youth neglects his companions." Character is tinted by the friends to which we attach ourselves. We borrow their color, whether it be black or white. We absorb their qualities, whether they be noble or ignoble. "Men become false," says Charles Kingsley, "if they live with liars; cynics, if they live with scorners; mean, if they live with the covetous; affected, if they live with the affected; and actually catch the expressions of each other's faces."

Beecher said he was never quite the same man again after he had read Ruskin's works. No one is quite the same again who has been touched by a noble friendship, and has felt the expression of a lofty mind, stirring the divinity within him and giving him a glimpse of his real self.

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Some people act like a tonic or an invigorating and refreshing breeze. They make us feel like new beings. Under the inspiration of their presence, we can say and do things which it would be impossible for us to say and do under different conditions. One stimulates my thought, quickens my faculties, sharpens my intellect, opens the floodgates of language and sentiment and awakens the poetic within me, while another dampens my enthusiasm, closes the door of expansion, and chills me to the very center of my being. There emanates from him an atmosphere which paralyzes thought, dwarfs expression.

"Our chief want in life," says Emerson, "is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue there is in us. How he flings wide open the door of existence! What questions we ask of him! What an understanding we have! How few words are needed! It is the only real society. A real friend doubles my possibilities, adds his strength to mine, and makes a well-nigh irresistible force possible to me."

The example or encouragement of a friend has proved the turning-point in many a life. How many dull boys and girls have been saved from failure and unhappiness by discerning teachers or friends who saw in them possibilities that no one else could see, and of which they were themselves unconscious! Those who appreciate us, who help to build up instead of destroying our self-confidence, double our power of accomplishment. In their presence we feel strong and equal to almost any task that may confront us.

Many people living to-day almost worship the memory of Phillips Brooks. Filled with an intense belief in man's possibilities, he aroused many a mediocre youth to a realization of the strength that lay dormant within him, made him feel almost a giant, and inspired him to do things of which he would not otherwise have believed himself capable. He made those who came in contact with him feel that it was mean and contemptible to look down when they could look up, to grovel when they could soar, or to do the lower when the higher was possible.

Ah, there is no other stimulator, helpmeet, or joy-giver like a true friend! Well might Cicero say: "They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful."

Friendship is no one-sided affair, but an exchange of soul qualities. There can be no friendship without reciprocity. One can not receive all and give nothing, or give all and receive nothing, and expect to experience the joy and fullness of true companionship.

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Those who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. If you are mean, stingy, and selfish, nobody will admire you. You must cultivate generosity and large-heartedness; you must be magnanimous, and tolerant; you must have positive qualities; for a negative, shrinking, apologizing, roundabout man is despised. You must cultivate courage and boldness; for a coward has few friends. You must believe in yourself. If you do not, others will not believe in you. You must look upward, and be hopeful, cheery, and optimistic. No one will be attracted to a gloomy pessimist.

The moment a man feels that you have a real live interest in his welfare, and that you do not ask about his business, profession, book, or article merely out of courtesy, you will get his attention, and will interest him. You will tie him to you just in proportion to the intensity and unselfishness of your interest in him. But if you are selfish, and think of nothing but your own advancement; if you are wondering how you can use everybody to help you along; if you look upon every man or woman you are introduced to as so much more possible success-capital; if you measure people by the amount of business they can send you, or the number of new clients, patients, or readers of your book they can secure for you, they will look upon you in the same way.

If you have friends, don't be afraid to express your friendship; don't be afraid to tell them that you admire or love them. If you love anybody, why not say so? If you enjoy any one's company, why not say so? It costs you nothing; it may mean everything to your friend, and to your friendship.

A lady was asked how she managed to get along so well with disagreeable people. "It is very simple," she replied; "all I do is to try to make the most of their good qualities and pay no attention to their disagreeable ones." No better formula by which to win and hold friends could be found.

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A man should start out in life with the determination to never sacrifice his friendships. He must keep them alive or sacrifice a part of his manhood and a part of his success. There must be a live wire kept continually between him and them.

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;" and, as old friends are removed by death or other causes, do not fail to replace them. You can not afford to narrow the circle of your friends, for the measure of your success and happiness, and your usefulness will be largely proportioned to the number and quality of your friends.

"Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can"

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Architecture as a Profession for Women

I.

Josephine Wright Chapman
[Architect of the Women's Club Building, Boston]

MANY calls and letters from girls who wish to study architecture have been received by me and its growing popularity as an occupation for women is a recognized fact. A few suggestions and a little advice on the subject from one who has "been through the mill," so to speak, may be of help to others who are contemplating such work.

In the first place, we will consider the qualities which are necessary for success in architecture. The most essential of these is artistic ability, but, in addition to this, one must have a thorough knowledge of construction, business ability, and a certain amount of physical endurance. The average girl who desires to enter the profession thinks only of the artistic side of the work, and, as a rule, knows nothing of construction and has little business ability or physical strength. While the artistic ability is the most essential, it can easily be seen that one must also be mechanical, although he may acquire a knowledge of construction far more easily than he can cultivate an artistic temperament.

Although girls are lacking in many of the qualifications necessary for success in the work, yet in many ways they are eminently fitted for it. They are naturally more studious and conscientious than men and will take more trouble over details. Then, too, they know far better than any man the needs of a home. For this reason, if for no other, I am convinced that a woman architect, as a rule, should confine herself to domestic architecture and interior decoration. She should, at present, be content with this. This is the age of specialists, and, just as an eye-specialist is as much respected as a general practitioner, so the designer of homes is as great as the "all-round" architect. There are a few among the women in architecture who have gained renown as designers of large buildings and whose ambition will not allow them to stop at the building of houses. These are exceptional cases, but for the great majority it is far better that they confine their efforts to domestic architecture, combining with this the interior decoration of the house. Domestic architecture is not so small a field as it might seem, at first thought, for there are great possibilities for improvement there, and it remains for thoughtful, painstaking women to study the problem.

As to the training which is necessary for a woman architect, if it is possible, she should obtain a college education, for this is the best foundation for any profession, and the mental training thus received is of inestimable value. After leaving college, she should enter one of the best of the schools of architecture which are open to women. If this is not possible, she should not choose a second-rate school. As an alternative, it would be far better for her to study architecture and designing under the advice of some good architect or professor of architecture, if she should be so fortunate as to find such a one who is willing to help her. If she can not do this, let her ask a good practical draughtsman who has been through the schools to lay out a course of study for her to follow. Under no consideration should she attempt to study architecture through correspondence schools. While these institutions may be of the greatest value to students of other professions, it is time and money wasted for a student of architecture to attempt to learn her profession by "absent treatment."

She should read the histories of architecture,—Rosengarten's work for styles in general, T. Roger Smith's for Gothic, Von Reber's "Mediæval and Classical Architecture," and, if she can read French, Viollet-le-Duc's is very useful. The study of the classical orders and academical design is the best basis that one can have. Vignola's book on classical orders is very good, and a student should study this until she is able to draw the different orders from memory. For academical design, there is Croquis's "*D' Architecture*," which publishes the prize drawings of *L' Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and it is very good practice to take the programmes given out for academical problems in the different schools and practice in working these out for yourself.

The public libraries, all over the country, have collections of photographs and drawings of the best architecture in the world; and, if one can not see the originals, these are next best for the student. She should also make free-hand sketches, beginning at first with merely the outline of such objects as Greek vases, then art museum casts, and finally buildings. In sketching, however, she must select only those objects which are considered best in design.

Harnessing the Sun

How the rays of Old Sol are being used in Southern California to pump water and make steam

RAY STANNARD BAKER

IT seems daring and wonderful enough, the idea of setting the sun itself to do the heavy work of men, producing the power which will help to turn the wheels of this age of machinery. At Los Angeles, California, I went out to see the sun at work pumping water. The solar motor, as it is called, was set up at one end of a great inclosure where ostriches are raised. I don't know which interested me more at first, the sight of these tall birds striding with dignity about their roomy pens, or sitting on their big, yellow eggs,—just as we imagine them wild in the desert,—or the huge, strange creation of man by which the sun is made to toil. I do not believe I could have guessed the purpose of this unique invention, if I had not known what to expect. I might have hazarded the opinion that it was some new and monstrous searchlight: beyond that, I think my imagination would have failed me. It resembled a huge inverted lamp shade or possibly a tremendous iron-ribbed colander, bottomless, set on its edge and supported by a steel framework. Near by there was a little wooden building which served as a shop or engine house. A trough full of running water led away on one side, and from within came the steady "chug-chic, chug-chug" of machinery, apparently a pump. So this was the sun-subduer! On a little closer inspection, with an audience of ostriches, very sober, looking over the fence behind me and wondering, I suppose, if I had a cracker in my pocket, I made out some other very interesting particulars in regard to this strange invention. The colander-like device was, in reality, I discovered, made up of hundreds and hundreds (nearly one thousand, eight hundred in all,) of small mirrors, the reflecting side turned inward, set in rows on a strong steel framework which composed the body of the great colander. By looking up through the hole in the bottom of the colander I was astonished at the sight of an object of such brightness that it dazzled my eyes. It looked, indeed, like a miniature sun, or at least like a huge arc light, or a white-hot column of metal. Indeed, it was white-hot, glowing, burning hot,—a slim cylinder of copper set in the exact center of the colander. At the top there was a jet of white steam like a plume, for this was the boiler of this extraordinary engine.

Absolute Simplicity Is the Basis on Which the Motor Is Operated

"It is all very simple when you come to see it," the manager was saying to me. "Every boy has tried the experiment of flashing the sunshine into his chum's window with a mirror. Well, we simply utilize that principle. By means of these hundreds of mirrors we reflect the light and heat of the sun on a single point at the center of what you have described as the colander. Here we have the cylinder of steel containing the water which we wish heated for steam. This cylinder is thirteen and one-half feet long, and will hold one hundred gallons of water. If you could see it cold, instead of glowing with heat, you would find it jet black, for we cover it with a peculiar heat-absorbing substance made partly of lampblack, for if we left it shiny it would re-reflect some of the heat which comes from the mirrors. The cold water runs in at one end through this flexible metallic hose, and the steam goes out at the other through a similar hose to the engine in the house."

Though this colander, or "reflector," as it is called, is thirty-three and one-half feet in diameter at the outer edge, and weighs over four tons, it is yet balanced perfectly on its tall standards. It is, ndeed, mounted very much like a telescope, in meridian, and a common little clock in the engine room operates it so that it always faces the sun, like a sunflower, looking east in the morning and west in the evening, and gathering up the burning rays of the sun and throwing them upon the boiler at the center. In the engine house I found a pump at work, chug-chugging like any pump run by steam power, and the water raised by sun power flowing merrily away. The manager told me that he could easily get ten horse power, and that, if the sun was shining brightly, he could heat cold water in an hour to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of steam.

It Will Withstand a Wind Velocity of One Hundred Miles an Hour

The wind sometimes blows a gale in Southern California, and I asked the manager what provision had been made for keeping this huge reflector from blowing away.

"Provision is made for varying wind pressures," he said, "so that the machine is always locked in any position, and may only be moved by the operating mechanism unless, indeed, the whole structure should be carried away. It is designed to withstand a wind velocity of one hundred miles an hour. It went through the high gales of the November storm without a particle of damage. One of the peculiar characteristics of its construction is that it avoids wind pressure as much as possible."

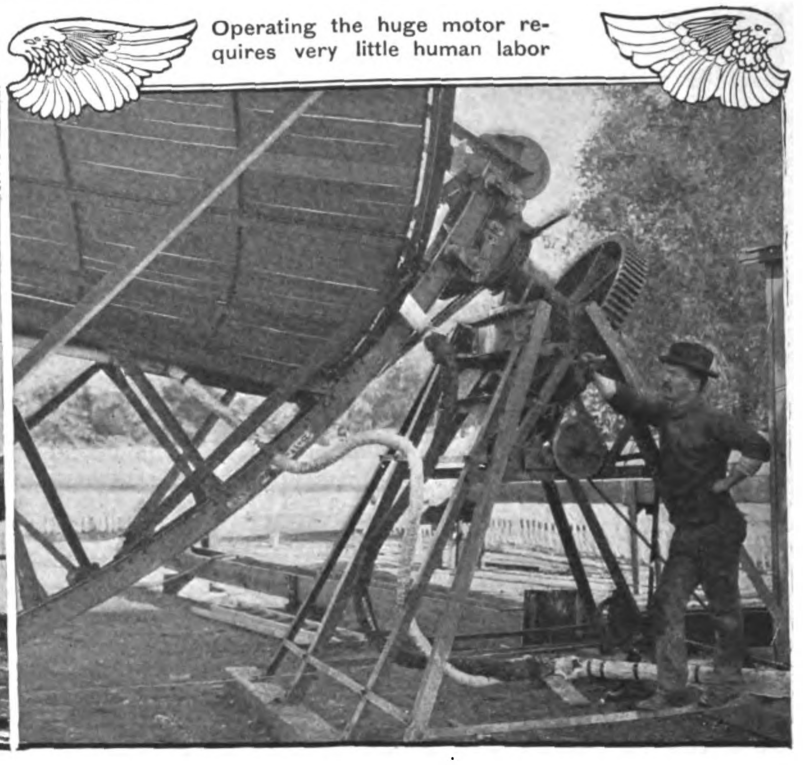
The operation of the motor is so simple that it requires very little human labor. When power is desired, the reflector must be swung into focus, that is, pointed exactly toward the sun, which is done by turning a crank. This is not beyond the power of a good-sized boy. There is an indicator which readily shows when a true focus is obtained. After this has been done, the reflector follows the sun closely all day. In about an hour the engine can be started by the turn of the throttle valve. As the engine is automatic and self-oiling, it runs without further attention. The supply of water to the boiler is also automatic, and is maintained at a constant height without any danger of too much or too little water. Steam pressure is controlled by means of a safety valve, so that it may never reach a dangerous point. The steam passes from the engine to the condenser and thence to the boiler, and the process is repeated indefinitely.

Having now a solar motor, let us see what it is good for, and what is expected of it. Of course, when the sun does not shine, the motor does not work, so that its usefulness would be much curtailed in a very cloudy

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The great colander-shaped mirror that reflects the heat



Operating the huge motor requires very little human labor

country like England, for instance, but here in Southern California and in all the desert region of the United States and Mexico, to say nothing of the Sahara in Africa, where the sun shines almost continuously, the solar motor has its greatest sphere of usefulness,—and, indeed, its greatest need; these lands of long sunshine—the deserts,—are also the lands of parched fruitlessness, with little rain, so that the invention of a motor which will utilize sunshine for pumping water has a peculiar value here.

The solar motor is expected to operate at all seasons of the year, regardless of all climatic conditions, with the single exception of cloudy skies. Cold makes no difference whatever. The best results from the first model used in experimental work at Denver were obtained at a time when the pond from which the water was pumped was covered with a thick coating of ice. But, of course, the length of the solar day is greater in summer, giving more heat and more power. The motor may be depended upon for work from about one and one-half hours after sunrise to within half an hour of sunset. In the summer time this would mean about twelve hours' constant pumping.

Think what such an invention will mean, if practically successful, to the vast stretches of our arid western land, valueless without water! Spread all over this country of Arizona, New Mexico, Southern California, and other states are thousands of miles of canals to bring in water from the rivers, for irrigating the deserts, and there are untold numbers of windmills and steam and gasoline pumps which accomplish the same purpose more laboriously. Think what a new source of cheap power will do,—making valuable hundreds of acres of desert land, and providing homes for thousands of busy Americans! Indeed, a practical solar motor might make habitable even the Sahara Desert. It can be used in many other ways besides for pumping water. Threshing machines might be run by this power, and, converted into electricity and saved up in storage batteries, it might be used for lighting houses, even for cooking dinners, or, in fact, for any purpose requiring power.

These solar motors can be built at no great expense. I was told that ten-horse-power plants would cost about two hundred dollars per horse power, and one-hundred-horse-power plants about one hundred dollars per horse power. This would include the entire plant, with engine and pump complete. When it is considered that the annual rental of electric power is frequently fifty dollars per horse power, whether it is used or not, it will be seen that the solar motor means a great deal, especially in connection with irrigation enterprises.

A Device to Utilize the Sun's Heat directly Will Become Necessary

The time is coming—long-headed inventors saw it many years ago,—when some device for the direct utilization of the sun's heat will be a necessity. The world is now using its coal at a very rapid rate, and its wood—for fuel purposes,—has already nearly disappeared, so that, within a century or two, new ways of furnishing heat and power must be devised or the human race will perish of cold and hunger. Fortunately there are other sources of power at hand: the waterfalls,—the Niagaras,—which, converted into electricity, may yet heat our sitting rooms and cook our dinners. There is also wind power, now used to a limited extent by means of windmills. But greater than either of these sources is the unlimited potentiality of the tides of the sea, which men have sought in vain to harness, and the direct heat of the sun itself. Some time in the future these will be subdued to the purposes of men, becoming, perhaps, our main dependence for heat and power.

When we come to think of it, the harnessing of the sun is not so very strange. In fact, we have had it in actual use since the coming of man upon the earth, only indirectly. Without the sun there would be nothing here,—no men, no life. Coal is nothing but stored-up, bottled sunshine. The sunlight of a million years ago produced forests, which, falling, were buried in the earth and changed into coal. So, when we put coal in the cook-stove, we may truthfully say that we are boiling the kettle with million-year-old sunshine. Similarly there would be no waterfalls for us to chain and convert into electricity, as we have chained Niagara, if the sun did not evaporate the water of the sea, take it up in clouds, and afterwards empty the clouds in rain on the mountain-tops, whence the water tumbles down again to the sea. So no wind would blow without the sun to work changes in the air. In short, therefore, we have been using the sunlight all these years, hardly knowing it, but not directly. Think of the tremendous amount of heat which comes to the earth from the sun! Every boy has tried using a burning glass, which, focusing a few inches of the sun's rays, will set fire to paper or cloth.

John Ericsson once Invented a Solar Motor, but It Was not Practical

Professor Langley says that "the heat which the sun, when near the zenith, radiates upon the deck of a steamship, would suffice, could it be turned into work without loss, to drive her at a fair rate of speed."

The knowledge of this enormous power going to waste daily and hourly has inspired many inventors to work on the problem of the solar motor. Among the greatest of these was the famous Dane, John Ericsson, who invented the iron-clad "Monitor." He constructed a really workable solar motor, different in construction but similar in principle to the one in California which I have described. In 1876, Ericsson said: "Upon one square mile, using only one-half of the surface and devoting the rest to buildings, roads, etc., we can drive sixty-four thousand, eight hundred steam engines, each of one hundred horse power, simply by the heat radiating from the sun. Archimedes, having completed his calculation of the force of a lever, said that he could move the earth; I affirm that the concentration of the heat radiated by the sun would produce a force capable of stopping the earth in its course." He was a firm believer in the truth of his theories, and devoted the last fifteen years of his life and one hundred thousand dollars to experimental work on his solar engine.

For various reasons Ericsson's invention was not a practical success, But, now that modern inventors with their advancing knowledge of mechanics have turned their attention to the problem, and now that the need of the solar motor is greater than before, especially in the world's deserts, we may look to see a practical and successful machine. Perhaps the California motor may prove the solution of the problem. Perhaps it will need improvements, which use and experience will indicate. Perhaps it is left for a reader of these words to discover the great secret and make his fortune.

Nothing to Suggest - ROY FARRELL GREENE

My Uncle Hi's mind has an equable poise,
Through seasons of drought and of raining;
"In worry," he says, "we lose sight of our joys,
And we spend too much time in complaining.
If the Lord, in His wisdom, sends blessing or blight,
I'll take what He sees fit to proffer,
For I'm firm in the faith that He's runnin' things right,
An' I have no suggestions to offer.

"To the Lord, when in travail, no dolorous plea
I make, for my creed's not so narrow
As to think for a moment He'll lose sight of me,
When he notes e'en the fall of the sparrow.
He is there on His throne, an' so just is His rule,
Alike to the saint and the scoffer,
I sit here at home jes' a-takin' things cool,
An' I have no suggestions to offer.

"It's a mighty good world that we live in today,
For the good's all the time growin' better,
An'," my Uncle Hi adds, in his comical way,
"It satisfies me to the letter!
So I jes' keep t' work in the shadow an' shine,
Bit by bit addin' gold t' my coffer,
For the world's bein' steered by a Hand that's divine,
An' I have no suggestions to offer."

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THE PROGRESS OF THE FUTURE



. . . Be diligent; move on
Like heaven's great movers that enrich the earth,
Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone,
And make the spring straight bury all her birth.
Rich are the diligent who can command
Time — nature's stock.

Sir William Davenant

W. J. GHENT
[Author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism"]

[In this article, Mr. Ghent takes a view opposite to that presented by Samuel E. Moffett, in "The Era of Young Men," published in the August "Success." Mr. Moffett held that the chances for success are as great to-day as they were fifty years ago.—The Editor.]

WHAT is now generally understood by success is the attainment, or the state of attainment, of high place and rich rewards. No definition less material of aim, or less opulent of promise, satisfies the common understanding. By some, indeed, success has of late been apotheosized, and thus an awkward duality of meaning has attached itself to the term, just as would happen if the ideas of God and heaven should come to be expressed by the same word. Success, under this dualism, signifies not only the beatific state toward which most men and many women strive, but also the personal, if somewhat nebulous deity who, by worship and sacrifice, is to be won to their favor.

With the vast majority, however, it is not the god, but the material heaven, which is sought. It is not pure faith, but the substance of things hoped for, which most concerns them. For this reason it is best to consider success in the light of the general understanding,—the attainment, or the state of attainment, of high place and rich rewards. We should but wander in the strange and unlighted ways of a new and uncharted theology if we should venture to discuss the character and attributes of success considered as a new deity. He has his many priests and oracles, who, though they give diverse counsels and conflicting exegeses, do yet hold a sort of spiritual monopoly in this branch of theological interpretation. Into this province let no fatuous layman enter.

Figures on Which to Base the Conditions of Service Are Unobtainable

But of the material paradise, and the paths that lead to it, all persons may freely speak. We are all on the road, and the methods and directions of travel are the main thought in the lives of most of us. All about us is heard the unceasing chorus of exhortations to bestir ourselves: if resting, to be up and doing; if hasting, to move faster; to do this or that, to turn here or there, or to cut across this field or to climb that hill, in order the more quickly to reach the earthly paradise.

Under this incessant goad we strive and hasten, though often with drooping spirits and flagging strength. We seek to trip or to overbear those nearest us, that by eliminating our closest competitors we may multiply our chances. By all means which the law permits, and by many which it does not, we bear our part in the interminable struggle. Occasionally, some rebellious spirit, separating himself from the throng, and pausing by the roadside to watch the mad scramble, asks himself, "What is the use of this? What, at the best, are the real chances of the individual? Is this, in any event, the rightful activity of mankind, and is the goal which it seeks a reality or a delusion?" Ordinarily, he has no answer; or, if he has, it is profitless, for necessity goads him on to engage again in the great battle.

The oracles of the new deity declare, with tireless iteration, that the chances of success are greater than ever before. But, like most oracular utterances, the declaration is susceptible of a number of meanings. Is it meant that the numerical chances are greater, or that, by reason of changes in industry, there are some richer prizes to be gained, or that, in paid service, the relative reward of energy and intelligence is greater?

Any or all of the propositions are true, the inspired oracle will answer; and he will be echoed by any number of those modern Elijahs, the successful ones, who have attained the earthly paradise. Yet, despite the oracles and the Elijahs, there are grave reasons for doubt. That the numerical chances of success have increased is improbable, almost impossible; and a well-nigh equal improbability attaches to the other assumptions.

The matter of numerical chances of success is really one of statistics, if only the statistics could be had. It ought to be readily ascertainable, from authenticated figures, if the number of high places, with rich rewards attached, has increased in greater ratio than the proportion and number of subordinate places. Unfortunately these figures, in an adequate measure of comprehensiveness and detail, are not to be had. Our government statistics are, in some respects, a blessing. To glean and prepare them furnishes work for a great number of men and diffuses good wages among a large part of the population. But as valuable and accurate contributions to the sum of human knowledge, a word so favorable can not be said of them. Yet occasionally they give forth gleams of real information, and from these one may bring light to bear on some puzzling problem. The recent census figures on gainful occupations are helpful,—at least, such of them as are gathered on schedules identical with those of 1890,—and enable us roughly to compare the proportion of chances. If these figures indicate anything, it is that the number of workers and aspirants has increased, along with a great increase in the number of subordinate places, and that the number of richly rewarded places has not fully kept the pace in growth.

There are few rich prizes in agriculture. Even if there were, the chances of success are dwindling. The independent or employing farmers increased by seven per cent., but the farm laborers by forty-seven per cent. There are no rich prizes in domestic and personal service, and here again is found a great growth in numbers. As for the professions, a liberal interpretation of the word "success" might allow some few instances of its attainment therein. A fortunate corporation lawyer, a popular historical novelist, a "yellow" journalist beating the drums and sounding the cymbals in his own honor, or a physician attached to the personal service of a magnate, might each be considered as dwelling about the purlieus of the garden of success. But these are few indeed, and the host of briefless attorneys, jobless journalists, and "unavailable" literary persons—all of them constantly increasing in numbers,—bears witness to the fact that there is no numerical increase in the great opportunities in the professions.

It is in trade and transportation that one gets the clearest idea of the changing conditions. The increase in the number of mercantile underlings is, in some cases, enormous. Stenographers and typewriters have increased by two hundred and thirty-six per cent.; salesmen and saleswomen, one hundred and thirty-one per cent.; packers, shippers, porters, and helpers, one hundred and thirty per cent.; bookkeepers and accountants, sixty per cent.; draymen, hackmen, and teamsters, forty-nine per cent.; messengers and errand and office boys, forty per cent. On the other hand, wholesale merchants have increased by thirty-six per cent., and retail merchants, by nineteen and five-tenths per cent. Those presumably affluent persons, the bankers and brokers, have increased one hundred and one per cent.; but, since nearly the whole of this increase is of money and stock brokers, as distinguished from commercial brokers, and since it includes persons from every variety of the transient, get-rich-quick and other unstable concerns, it indicates little less than the current rage for speculation and the eagerness of the metropolitan sharpers to accommodate a Barnumized public. The figures for officials of banks and companies are not comparable with those of 1890, owing to a difference in the schedules. As they stand, they show a large increase; but a proper discount, taken on the basis of the number of fraudulent and parasite companies in the market, would sensibly diminish their volume. Whatever the foregoing figures may be held to indicate regarding "room at the top," it is undeniable that they show a generous and growing spaciousness of "room at the bottom." They give no warrant whatever for the promise of increased opportunities.

Indeed, this lesson is exactly what one learns in looking about the big mercantile concerns. Combination has proceeded almost steadily since 1897; and, though the growth of independent companies has, to some extent, operated as an offset, the consequence, as a whole, has been a lessening of the number of secure and well-paid places. The future American Dickens, when he wants material for a story that "comes home to men's business and bosoms," may profitably seek out some of the individual tragedies that have resulted from any of these combinations. One instance, in particular, is that of the union of three enormously rich companies, some six years ago, in one of the textile branches. Day after day, month after month, for three years, throughout the clerical and managerial forces of the three establishments, discharges from employment were steadily made until one man in every four was dismissed. These places have never been restored, and of the persons discharged not one in fifty, it is estimated, has ever succeeded in gaining an equally remunerative place.

Legal Interference Has Made It Impossible to Repeat Past Achievements

Independent of "trustification," the movement toward more effective organization of working forces has reduced the number of good places. There are at least two firms in this city that offer to examine a firm's organization of help, and, by simplifying methods and making wholesale discharges, to decrease the salary list anywhere from ten to twenty-five per cent. One of these concerns advertises a long list of business men of New York, Chicago, and other cities, all of whom, presumably, have profited by such services. However valuable these services may be economically, they have served, along with other factors, to reduce the numerical opportunities of success.

The promise of richer rewards for the few, rather than of greater opportunities for the many, is probably equally delusive. On this matter there are no data, and one man's opinion—relative to the quality of his judgment and his opportunities for knowledge,—is as good as another's. That one

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result of combination has been the creation of a number of highly paid places is not to be doubted. But these are not many, and their creation has but coincided with the abolition of other well-paid places in the original companies that have entered into combination. Whether the salaries of these enviable places in the bosom of the trusts equal the salaries formerly paid by the original companies is a matter for dispute. In one corporation they will be greater, in another less, and the average no man knows. Outside of the trusts there are still highly paid places, and there are still great opportunities for individual initiative. But there is one fact bearing upon this phase of the subject which is too often lost sight of. The present-day aspirant for success on his own initiative labors amid a different host of circumstances from those which surrounded the magnate of the passing generation. Through the assiduous—and, as some think, pestilent,—interference of legislatures and congress, it has become impossible to do some of the things which in past days were proper and even emulatory. The magistrates of to-day laid the basis of their fortunes in a golden age when liberty was but slightly restricted,—when a man could do what he willed not only with his own, but also with his neighbor's. The progress of civilization, according to Huxley, has been attended by a constant setting of limits to the internecine struggle; and our legislators, doubtless impressed with the idea that civilization here in America had not yet reached its zenith, have contributed a large share of these restrictions. The sprightly activities directed to the wiping out of competitors, which Mr. Lloyd recounts, in his "Wealth against Commonwealth," as common twenty years ago, have had their day. With good counsel, large resources, and a friendly or financially interested judge, the aspirant toward an industrial dukedom may yet, at certain times and in favored places, repeat some of the tactics then common. But, even so, there are limits, for the old order has changed, yielding place to a new one, and in general he must conduct his campaign according to statutory restrictions. Even to the "arriving" magnate, therefore, the richer rewards are promised in vain. Prizes commensurate with those of the recent past are not to be had.

The Rewards of Genius Are not Commensurate with Its Achievements

The assumption that in paid service superior intelligence and energy win a greater relative reward than of old is at least unproved, and is for many reasons doubtful. What the oracles mean by this is that a Napoleon or Alexander of industry can set his own price for his services. But in industry, as well as in war and statecraft, this has always been so, and there is nothing whatever novel about it. The phenomenally exceptional man who comes in sight about once in a century can, for a time at least, lay the world at his feet. But no generalizations based upon such extraordinary exceptions will serve for the matter in hand. What the rapt youths clustering about the altar rail of success want to know is whether or not the much-vaunted "brains and hustle," of which we now hear so much, are more richly paid, relative to the results achieved, than of old. The assurances are many and positive; but they are based, for the most part, on the most superficial guesswork. The monopolies, though benevolent, are not prodigal; and outside the monopolies a sharp competition still reigns; the margin of profit based on the unit of production is kept low; the wage-earners, through their unions, demand an increased share of the returns; the leeches of rent, interest and depreciation are ever at work; and miscellaneous expenses and the cost of material (in most cases,) are rising. Thus the keenest and most practical intelligence applied to an established business may be productive only of slight savings and a slight increase in sales. Where the added recompense to genius is to comé from it is hard to determine. With the exceptional growth of a business genius is increasingly rewarded, but the increase is almost certainly incommensurate with the results achieved.

It is the young men, say the oracles, who have all the chances. There is small doubt of this, and it may be conceded at once. As Nature's darling is the strong, so Capital's darling is the young. The combat grows fiercer,—on the part of the independent companies, against one another, and, on the part of the monopolies, against society,—and only the young can bear the brunt of the struggle. The young are plastic and tractable, still capable of an evolutionary adjustment to fit their surroundings. In them can be developed just that extra length or finer curve of beaks or claws by which to gouge or eviscerate rivals, whereas the talons of the old have been dulled and worn away. Whatever, therefore, the future holds, is theirs. The middle-aged and the old are sent to the rear, while the youths are hurried to the front, inspired by the promise of infinite glories in a finite and not too remote future.

The Efficient Labor from Pride in Their Work

But the rebellious spirit by the wayside again stops to think it over and to wonder what it is all about. "What is the abiding result," he may ask, "of all this exhortation to struggle, and of all this tremendous trumpeting of success?" The result surely can not be efficiency, for the efficient labor for the joy and pride of their work. It has no kinship with the social feelings, for he that concerns himself about sympathy, fellowship, and justice has given hostages to fortune which he can never ransom. Nor has it any kinship with ethics; for, indeed, the proper pursuit of success involves an almost entire avoidance of ethical precepts. The ethical element rarely or never enters into the exhortations. "Get money!" "Get ahead!" and "Forge to the front!" are the admonitions; and the frantic devotees wrestle and climb, with small thought of other considerations. It is to the fresh recruit in "business" that the preaching is most particularly directed, and it is in these beginners in service in all the gainful occupations of the nation that the absence of an ethical code is most noticeable. The assertion is here ventured that no intelligent man has ever mingled among business men and union workmen without being impressed by the immeasurable difference in the codes of conduct of these two classes. Among union workmen, trained in the spirit and practice of fellowship, there has been developed a code of the nicest particularity affecting every detail of their business relationship.

Is the Moral Law Being Neglected in the Gigantic Struggle to Win?

In every shop, but more conspicuously in those where piecework is done, there is an established, though frequently amended, code, intended to guard against every possible infringement of one another's rights. It involves actions which to an outsider would seem infinitely petty; yet to the workers even the pettiest of these restrictions are important, since they promote justice; and they furthermore exert a strong influence on the character in matters outside the control of shop administration.

But in the realm of "business," the special province of the struggle for success, such codes are in a great measure wanting. The assertion will be indignantly denied, but the testimony on all hands is so overwhelming that denial is futile. Eugene A. Philbin, who, as district attorney for the County of New York, had ample opportunities for observing manifestations of business morality, has recently recorded some of his experiences in the Roman Catholic magazine, "The Messenger." One of his instances is contained in the following extract:—

> Merchants of the greatest respectability will do a thing, as a good, shrewd business stroke, that, according to ordinary standards of morality, would be positively wrong. The following story will illustrate more clearly what I mean, although it may perhaps be an extreme case:—
>
> "An out-of-town merchant sent a large quantity of silverware to a firm in the trade with which he was acquainted, with the request that the lot be sold. The firm selected from the consignment some pieces for the members' own use, and offered the balance for sale. A bid was received and telegraphed to the owner, who accepted it. He never knew anything about the consignees' taking the pieces for themselves. Now the latter had entirely clear consciences as to the transaction. Had not the consignor accepted with satisfaction the price offered for the lot, and authorized the delivery upon such terms? What, then, was wrong in the firm's taking the articles, under the circumstances, for the individual use of its members, although they received compensation for their services?"
>
> One of them told me of the incident as an evidence of his business ability, and certainly perceived nothing immoral about the affair. Such an instance furnishes only a slight indication of the mind of the average man in business as to moral law.

And yet it is not the fault of the individual, but the fault of a system of internecine struggle, carried on in the light of a commonly held ideal,—the ideal of individual success. He that would live among armed men must bear arms. "The rigid chain of competition," writes Otis Kendall Stuart in a recent number of "The Independent," "literally binds him [the business man,] to use all the desperate means of his business rival, . . . the same refined mendacity and mountainous exaggeration. In many lines the exaggeration and mendacity are as necessary tools of trade as the improved machinery and the automatic methods. They are planned with consummate art, are perfectly systematized, and might easily be classified by a political economist."

But if not that of individual success, asks a puzzled aspirant, what ideal shall we follow? What, indeed, but the ideals of efficiency, duty, and fellowship,—of work done for its own sake and for the common good of mankind! Struggle there must be, perhaps, to the end of time; but the notion that it must be a tigerish combat of a thoroughly selfish individual against his fellow should be allowed to drop back to the jungles whence it arose.

'T is a Struggle from Which We Can not Escape

Those estimable qualities of character which the individualists tell us are developed only by conflict can still find nurture and growth even though every man's hand is taken from his neighbor's throat. "If we are still reminded that only through struggle can mankind attain any good thing," writes Professor David G. Ritchie, in his "Darwinism and Politics," "let us remember that there is a struggle from which we can never altogether escape,—the struggle *against* nature, including the blind forces of human passion. There will always be enough to do in this ceaseless struggle to call forth all the energies of which human nature at its very best is capable."

The ideals of efficiency, duty, and fellowship must finally prevail in the world. The brute struggle for wealth-superiority will only bring disaster to the one who struggles as well as to the one who is the victim of his struggles. With all the glory of a wonderful prosperity about us, there was never before known a time in the world when contentment was such a valuable attribute of the human make-up. In the whirlwind of our modern grasp and greed it is well to look upon a contented man as one of the happiest and most successful.



The Man from the Crowd

SAM WALTER FOSS

MEN seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state,
All equally little and equally great,
And the pride of our courage is cowed.
Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men,—
There 's a surge in the crowd —there 's a movement,—
and then
There arises the man who is larger than men,—
And the man comes up from the crowd.

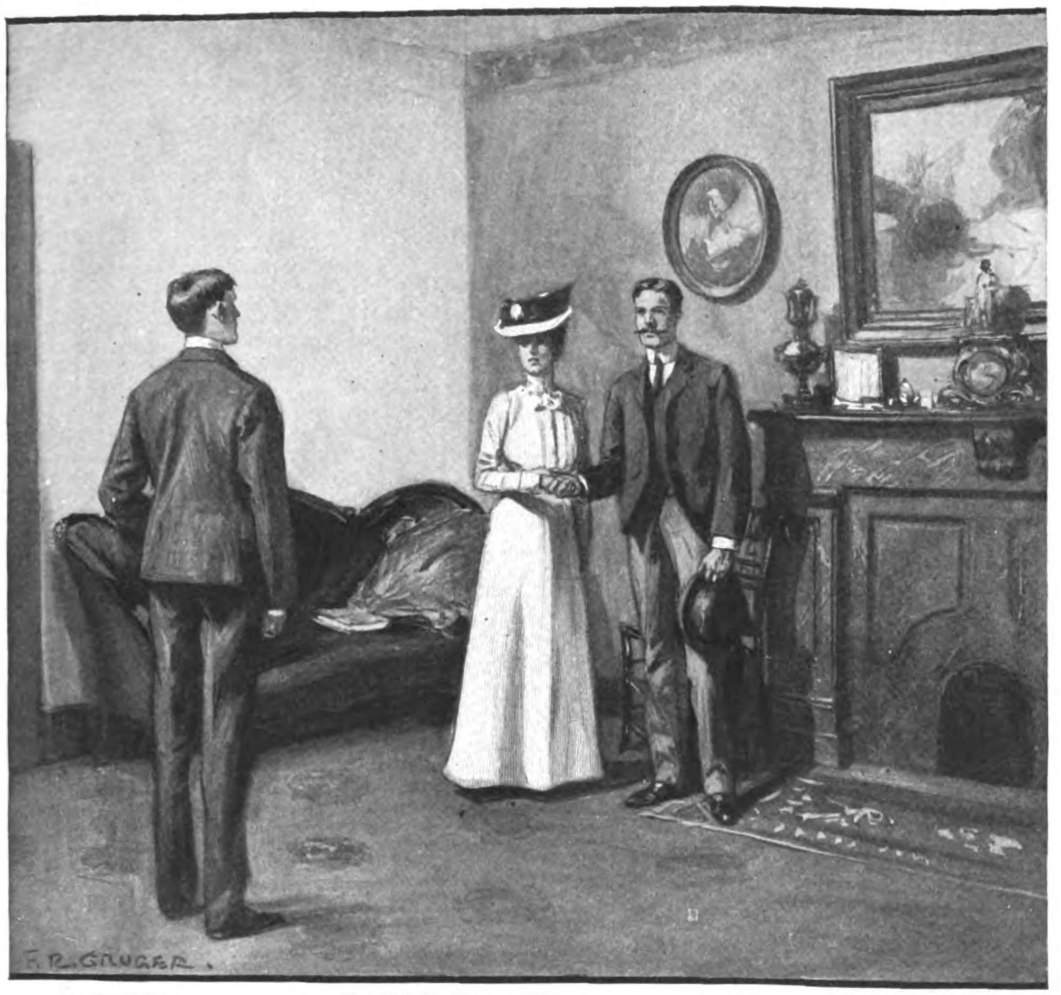
The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the little small days of small things still go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
And the voice of our wailing is loud.
Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man to
come,
And the crowd, unbelieving sits sullen and dumb,—
But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man is come,—
Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There 's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
Are done by the son of the son of the son,
And our heads in contrition are bowed.
Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
Goes down through the throng: See! he rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make all things
new!—
For the man who comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from the throng
Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
And who makes the old world as a world that is new?
And who is the man? It is you! It is you!
And our praise is exultant and proud.
We are waiting for you there,—for you are the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man,—
The man who comes up from the crowd.

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"'We wanted you to know,' said Mamie, 'and it's going to be a secret between you and us'"



The Whip Hand

SAMUEL MERWIN



Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters

[John Halloran, an intrepid young student at the Northwestern University, while leader of a life-saving crew, rescues Martin Higginson, a lumber merchant and owner of a vessel wrecked in a storm off the coast of Lake Michigan, thereby winning his friendship. Mr. Higginson has a business rival in G. Hyde Bigelow, of Chicago, a pompous self-made man who aims to combine the lumber interests of Michigan into a gigantic trust. Just as he has reached the pinnacle of his ambition, possessing wealth, position, and an attractive family, he is suddenly startled by the appearance of a woman who makes an appeal for her children, George and Lizzie Bigelow. He treats her gruffly and shows little sympathy, but finally, as if conferring a great favor, promises to get her a position in a factory. Just about this time, a party of young people, including Miss Davies and John Halloran, begin "settlement work." Among those who belong to the settlement are George and Lizzie Bigelow, the children of Mrs. Craig. 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 from a Michigan City company. If the lumber is not in the city by the thirteenth day of the month, the order is 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 One," into Michigan City, and thereby wins the day. Halloran plans a *coup* by which he buys, "for a song," all of the large output of lumber thrown on the market by the Bigelow Company, and the reduction in price made solely to ruin Higginson is unexpectedly turned to his advantage. While in Chicago on business, he impulsively decides to visit Miss Davies in Evanston. The meeting of the two after several years of silence on both sides is fraught with romance, and a declaration of love soon follows. Miss Davies, frightened by the force of Halloran's deep emotion, is overcome by an unknown power and repulses him. While in Wauchung, Halloran is surprised one day to receive a call from Captain Craig, who excitedly shows him a letter from his lost daughter. Halloran reads the letter and discovers that the captain's daughter is none other than Mrs. Craig, and her children, George and Lizzie Bigelow. He and the captain plan to visit Evanston and bring the latter's daughter and grandson back to Wauchung to live. On reaching Evanston, Halloran goes to the Davies's home only to find that it is closed and that Miss Davies and her mother have gone for a long stay in the Catskills.]

CHAPTER IX.—The Pine Comes In

"THAT settles it," exclaimed Halloran, one morning, tossing a letter on the desk. Crossman looked up. "We've placed our last lumber order for this season," Halloran added, in reply to his look of questioning.

"Have the trust people waked up?"

"Yes; our Oconomowoc man writes that they refuse to sell him another foot unless they're assured that it won't come to us. They're pretty late about it. We've got nearly all we want. Well, that ends it, anyhow. The next thing is to get it all in. There's no use paying storage to all those fellows now that we're found out. I wish you'd see about getting both steamers off as soon as you can,—send them to Chicago and Milwaukee, where we have the biggest lots. We'll write for steamers and schooners for the other towns."

"Can we get it all into the yards?"

"Got to. It will crowd up close to the mills, but we can't help it. I'm sorry there's such a lot on hand now."

"That will raise the insurance premium,—clear up to the mill rate."

"I know it."

"Do you want me to go ahead with the insurance?"

"No, not yet; speak to me again about it, in a day or so. This lumber isn't going to help us out very far if we let all our profits go out in storage and commissions and carriage and insurance. I don't know but what we'll have to carry it ourselves. It isn't just the weather I'd have picked out,—but this business isn't of our choosing, anyway. I'd like to find out how much old G. Hyde knows about us,—I don't believe he's got on the track of the whole stock."

And so the word went out to concentrate all the lumber at Wauchung; and at the flying word, passing from house to house, that at last there was to be work at the yards, Wauchung stirred and aroused. Again men came flocking to the office, shouldering peavies and cant-hooks, and clamoring for employment. Sailors appeared to man the steamers, and were set to scrubbing and polishing. Coal wagons rumbled through the yards to the wharves, bringing food for the furnaces. Men went about grinning and joking, and slapping backs heartily, and swapping yarns about the Old Gentleman in his palmy days, ten and twenty years before. Robbie MacGregor appeared, fatter after his enforced idleness, growling at all the known works of the Creator, and refusing to speak civilly to any one until he had let himself into his greasy blue overalls and was free to finger his levers, dress down the oilers, and scold gloriously at the new hands in the stoke room.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Halloran," said Captain Craig, when he reached the office; "when are we to start?"

"To-night, if you have your men. MacGregor's on hand now, getting up steam."

"Good for Robbie!"

"By the way, captain, I'll try to have some work for George as soon as the first lot of lumber gets in."

"That's good. You'll find him ready for you. I'll be glad to get started again myself,—it's been a mean pull, and there just wasn't any getting along with Robbie. I never saw him so down. Dry weather, isn't it."

"Yes,—better for you than for us. Are you going to let Bigelow steal your men from you this trip?"

"I hardly think so."

"You may have a chance yet,—you're to go to Chicago."

The captain smiled drily. He was in fine mettle; his clear eyes and sound color belied his wrinkles and the white streaks in his hair.

"I wish he'd try it," he replied; "we'll be glad to hear from him any time."

Late that afternoon the two steamers swung away from the wharves, one after the other, steamed out through the channel, passed the life-saving station and the lighthouse, and headed, the "Higginson, Number One," southwesterly-south toward Chicago, the "Number Two," southwest toward Milwaukee, to bring in the first loads of lumber. A thrill went through the yards, where there were a few men at work, and passed on to the long lines of waiting laborers outside, as the shouts of the officers and rumble of the engines and wash of the propellers sounded through the dry autumn air. The mills were still silent, and the little world that depended almost for its existenee on the movements of their machinery was still suffering from poverty and idleness, and was still facing the possibility of a winter without employment; but somehow the sight of the two steamers once more plowing up the water of the harbor, and of the blue smoke once more spreading low over the sand dunes and over the sparkling lake that stretched beyond, spoke to them of new life at the Higginson yards. If the steamers were started out after the long wait, why might not the mills be soon humming and singing again, why might not the ax again flash and strike in the forest, and the songs of the river gang again ring down the long reaches of pine-edged water? The possibility was in the thoughts of them all as their eyes followed the steamers far out into the lake, and lingered on the fading smoke long after the boats themselves had dropped over the southwestern horizon. It was something to be moving again; and everyone was a little more cheerful that evening for what he had seen and felt.

Now that the steamers were on the way, Halloran found that he had a problem on his hands. More than six million feet of lumber demands a large area, and the question of getting it into the yards was a serious one.

The Higginson yards occupied a peninsula, formed on the inland side by the Wauchung River, and on the other side by the harbor. This harbor was in reality a small lake, such as one will find duplicated every little way for a hundred and fifty miles on the eastern coast of Lake Michigan. The prevailing winds, being westerly, have thrown up a line of high dunes along this shore, thus forming a natural dam at the mouth of each of the many small rivers. The government had, at Wauchung, as at many similar places, dredged out a channel that enabled steamers to get in to the wharves and to turn in the harbor. The river above the wharves was not navigable, except for small boats; and the steamers could land their cargoes nowhere else in the harbor.

The two mills were on the upper or river side of the peninsula, where they could receive the logs that were floated down from the timber lands. The logs were carried up to the mills on runways, and afterwards the cut timber was run out on elevated tramways and piled along the wharves. Ordinarily there was a wide space between the mills and the nearest pile of lumber. It was provided, indeed, in the insurance policies, that it could not be piled nearer than two hundred feet without the payment of a higher premium; and, if the piles should extend within fifty feet of the mills, the rate would mount to almost a prohibitive point,—prohibitive, that is, in the present circumstances, where the cost of storage and of extra handling and of outside commissions threatened already to take somewhat away from the profit of the investment.

The yards were surrounded by water on three sides,—on the fourth were clustered, to a considerable distance, the cottages of the laborers and of the other poorer residents of the town. Halloran had a choice, therefore, between piling the lumber close around the mills (there being already a considerable quantity in the yards,) and either paying the higher rate of insurance or going without, or carting it off and renting outside land for storage, thus adding a new item to his expenses. Every spare moment between this day and the arrival of the first steamer was spent in looking over the yards and planning the arrangement of every pile, so as to get the best advantage of the space.

It was on the second day after the departure of the steamers that Crossman burst into the office and cried:—

"She's coming in,—the 'Number Two!' I saw her funnels over the sand hills."

His excitement was catching, and Halloran got up from his desk and looked out the window. Sure enough, there was the smoke, far out along the sky line. A moment later, looking out between the channel piers, he caught a glimpse of the steamer heading in toward the lighthouse after the run across from Milwaukee.

Watchful eyes had already seen her from the cottages near the beach; and, as man after man hurried over to the yards to get an early place in the line, the news spread through Wauchung. These men did not know what it meant,—Bigelow was a myth to them, known, if at all, merely as an employer of labor twenty miles up the lake,—but there was a steamer bringing in a cargo of lumber that must be discharged and piled, and this would mean work. Soon she was entering the channel, and they could see her captain standing on the wheelhouse roof with a hand resting on the bell-pull, and the lookout up forward. While Halloran went over to the wharf to direct the work,

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Crossman was kept busy giving out time-checks and cant-hooks, and sending man after man across the yards.

Then she was in the harbor, and was slipping up to the wharf; the engine-room bell jingled, and the propeller churned the water; the lines were thrown out and caught by eager hands; and the "Higginson, Number Two," lay motionless at the wharf, her deck piled high with yellow hemlock and pine. The laborers swarmed over the rail and went at the work with the spirit of men who know what hunger means. The donkey engines at each end of the long deck rattled and clanked as the hoisting spars were lowered over the cargo. There was not a man on the ground, from Halloran down, but felt the impetus that the arrival of this first load of lumber had given to all Wauchung. Some of the men showed it by laughing easily, others by swearing easily; and now and then they would all break out into a song that would almost have shocked Jimmie McGinnis himself if he had been there to hear it, —to the immortal air of—

"My father and mother were Irish,
And I was Irish, too."

They did not know that this song had been shouted by valiant fighters and workers in many tongues—sometimes to reputable words, oftener not,—for centuries, nor did they care. It would not have interested them to hear that, thanks to its wonderful vitality, this same melody had served generations of students as "We won't go home till morning;" had swung thousands of wearied French soldiers along wild roads, before Napoleon was born, as "*Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre;*" and had, perhaps, led white-clad swordsmen, with a lilt and a rhythm that fairly lifted the feet, off to the taking of Jerusalem, nearly a thousand years ago. Here it was again, sung to disreputable words, but as truly as ever a shout of good will and dauntless effort. Somebody had bucked the Old Gentleman,—no matter how or where,—and the Old Gentleman, through Mr. Halloran, was bucking back, and was nearer than ever before to winning. When he should win, as he must, there would be steady work and meat every day for the laborers of Wauchung. This was all they knew or cared. But was the spirit less honest and earnest than the spirit of those jack-booted Frenchmen or those white-clad crusaders? Allowing for the glamour of the past, and for the shining mist that enlarges the old figures as their real outlines grow steadily fainter, were these hard-handed fellows, heaving the new lumber from the deck of the "Number Two" to the wharf, laughing and joking, and swearing like pirates all the while,—much different? Was there no romance here?

Before the work had begun, Halloran saw Du Bois, an old lumber inspector, on the wharf, and called to him. The old man, a soft felt hat pulled down on the side of his head, his gray beard streaked with tobacco, turned and waited for him to come up.

"I have a boy here, Du Bois, [Pronounced Doo Boyce.] who thinks he'd like to learn lumber checking. Suppose you take hold of him and see if we can make anything out of him."

"All right, Mr. Halloran; where is he?"

"Up at the office. You'd better send a man after him. His name's George Bigelow."

"All right, sir; I'll keep an eye on him."

The inspector spat voluminously, and hailed one of the laborers.

"Hi, you there! Run up to the office and tell George to get a scale and a tally board and come down here. Grease your knees!"

The laborer ambled off, and soon returned with George.

"Well, young man," said Du Bois, "they tell me you're a lumber checker."

"I—I thought maybe I could learn."

"What's that in your hand?"

"A tally board."

"Other hand?"

"A scale."

"What's the size of that stick over there? —No, don't scale it,—stand here. What are your eyes for?"

George had not passed the last few days idly. The lumbermen were a picturesque, vigorous lot of men, and simply by associating with them he had begun by absorbing some knowledge of their work. So he made this snap guess:—

"Two-by-twelve,—sixteen."

"Other one, yonder?"

"Two-by-eight,—twelve."

"Call that a twelve?—You'll have to do better than that. See that steamer? We're going to unload her in another minute, and I want you to mark down every stick on your tally sheet as the boys take it off. Tend your business now. We'll put some hair on your chest before we get through with you."

So George took his place on the wharf as the "Number Two" came alongside, and promptly found himself the center of a dozen gangs of men all hustling past with the sticks, while the two steamer hoists lowered them over in bundles and the man on the steamer slid them off from half a dozen points at once. Each plank and timber, Du Bois had said, was to be checked off on the tally sheet, and its dimensions recorded.

* * * * * *

HALLORAN, Crossman and Du Bois met for a moment near the office, where they could overlook the yards. The inspector was shaking his head at the still, blue sky.

"I'd like to see a few clouds up there, Mr. Halloran. We ain't had any rain since the devil knows when."

"'I'm Elmer Le Duc, now, you know'"



Halloran, for reply, stirred up the sawdust with his foot. It was dry and loose.

"I do n't like it, myself."

"Are we going to pile it in all through here? You ain't figuring on taking any outside, are you?"

"No,—we can't do that. Fill in the strip yonder"—indicating the narrow end of the peninsula,—"before you take up the ground around the mills."

"How about the insurance?" suggested Crossman. "I have n't done anything about it yet. Shall I see to it?"

"No, we'll carry it ourselves."

Crossman and the inspector were silent for a time after this, and all three looked down at the activity on the wharf. Neither of the assistants knew what a relief it was to the manager to see that one load of lumber, and to realize that there was a score of other loads already on the way. It was his first glimpse of the tangible cause of the fighting, and the sight of it gave him the feeling of actually getting his hands on something. There was the lumber, —from now on it was to be simply a question of guarding it from fire, and, at the right moment, of putting it on the market. He did not know what new move Bigelow might be considering, but he could not see how any living man could block him now. Every order had been delivered to a lake port, so that he had no need to call on the railroads. An attempt to restrain him from using the lake carriers, in view of the fact that the Higginson steamers alone could do the work with an extra allowance of time, seemed out of the question. Bigelow would resort to rascality, of course, whenever he could see or make an opening; but it was a question whether he could find any more openings.

"You was n't here when we had the big fire, in seventy-nine?" The inspector was falling into a reminiscent frame of mind.

"Hardly."

"That was before we had a steam fire engine. There was only a hand machine down town—just a little syringe on wheels,—'t would n't put out a box of matches if the wind was blowin',—and so the Old Gentleman kep' about a hundred buckets hung in the mills. Joe Brady was fire chief,—he worked in the freight house. But the fire come on a Sunday, and Joe'd been loadin' up ever since six o'clock Saturday night, and, when he and the boys come up with their squirt gun, they'd forgot the key to the fire plug. Buck Patterson—he was superintendent,—was passin' out buckets, and he came out to see what was the matter, and you'd ought to heard him talk to Joe. Buck was pretty profane, sometimes, and he just busted out that night. I guess he'd never had much use for Joe, only he had n't had a chance to tell him about it before. 'Why, you darn gutter-sponge of a pattay de foy graw,' says he, I'm only tellin' you what he said; I was standin' right by and heard the whole thing. He called him a 'pattay de foy graw,'—'You wart,' he went on,—'you livereyed, kettlebellied soak, you ain't fit to clean toastin' forks for Satan.' He never talked just like nobody else, Buck did n't."

"All this while Joe was hollerin' to little Murphy to run for the key, and Murphy was hollerin' back,—'You go to the Old Nick, your father and get it yourself,' and sayin' it over and over, he was so excited; when Buck just took Joe by the collar, and give him a jolt with his knee, and told him to shut up and get that key, and Joe run off meek as an infant in arms."

"What was the loss that night?" asked Crossman.

"About twenty thousand,—eighty per cent insured. The Old Gentleman did n't have a very comfortable time himself. He was ridin' around on his buckboard tellin' the boys what to do; started down town after more buckets, and, just as he got out to the bridge, I looked up and see him all a-blazin' out behind. He did n't even know it. Must ha' been a spark lit on his coat tails. I hollered at him, but he was whippin' up the mare, and I had to chase him across the bridge. He begun to feel funny then, and when he pulled up I grabbed his arm and jerked the reins out of his hand, and hauled him off the seat and rolled down the bank with him into the river. I guess there ain't much doubt that I saved his life.—Hello, they're stopping work down there!"

This last exclamation was caused by the manager starting abruptly for the wharf. Crossman and the inspector followed.

The work had not wholly stopped; a little group of laborers was gathered about a stick of timber, watching George, who was measuring it with his scale. Some of the other workmen were standing and sitting near by, laughing and bantering, while a few made a small pretense of work. When Halloran came on the scene, George looked up with a dogged expression.

"What's this?" Halloran asked the gang boss.

"We was going a little too fast for the kid."

Evidently George had interpreted his orders strictly, and when his eye failed him in the bewilderment of seeing a dozen sticks pass him at a time, had stopped each one to scale it. Halloran turned to Du Bois.

"Give the boy a lift, will you."

The old inspector nodded, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Here, young man," he said, "take 'em down for me.—Go ahead, boys!"

He hitched himself up on the cap of a snubbing post, and, while the donkey engines clanked again, and the timbers came dropping and sliding to the wharf, and the files of laborers shuffled past, he went on with his story. His eyes roved absently up and down the wharf, and a half circle of tobacco juice, rapidly formed around the post. Not a stick escaped his eye, within a hundred feet of rapidly moving timber; George's pencil was kept flying over the tally sheet.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "we went down that bank—two-b'-four,—fourteen; two-b'-eight,—ten,—like two cats—two-b'-ten,—sixteen,—afightin'. Two-b'-twelve,—twelve; —The Old Gentleman did n't—two-b'-twelve,—eighteen, —know yet just what was up,—two-b'-six,—twelve; two-b'-six,—fourteen,—and he got his hand twisted up in my hair. Two-b'-ten,—ten; two-b'-ten—fourteen; two-b'-ten,—twelve,—and, when we struck the water,— two-b'-twelve,— ten; two-b'eight,—eighteen,—"

A few minutes later, when Halloran passed again that way, Du Bois was still in the story, though he had no auditor left but the preoccupied George.

That same night another steamer came in, and within a few days it was necessary to put on a night shift to keep up with the influx of lumber. The yards filled rapidly with high, sloping piles, until the tramways and mills were nearly hidden from sight. New lumber it was, not yet so dry but what some of the water from its own rivers still moistened it; and the air was sweet with the scent of pine. It brought to mind the deep forests, far back from the lake, the rustle of the wind through the new boughs far ovehead, and the long, still aisles carpeted in fragrant brown, where the deer run. There were bears out there, skulking away from the axmen, grubbing up wild turnips and hunting ants and slugs in rotten stumps,—there were otters and muskrats and perhaps a lingering colony of beavers. Soon the time would come when the deer and bears could reclaim their lands, for the axmen were nearly through. In a score of years, perhaps, where there had been great forests would be a waste of blackened stumps,—all "cut out" for the market. Rivers would be lower, and dams useless. Thriving lumber cities on the lake would be facing ruin,—their reason for existing gone with the last of the timber,—or casting about to attract manufacturers or to cultivate beets,—anything to stop the drain on their vitality as the restless lumbermen should turn west or south for new lands where they could found new cities and begin the problem anew.

"A small, white bundle on the sofa, and a beaming mother"



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The location of the Higginson properties

In ten days it was all in, the six million feet of boards and timber. As Halloran walked down to the bridge, one night, and leaned on the railing and looked over the broad piles, he was nervous and depressed. A part of the strain was over, and, though he did not know it, he was feeling a reaction. The key to the situation was in his hands,—it rested with him to carry the lumber safely over to the day for selling, and then to make it pay. He could not yet see Mr. Higginson. He had been to Dr. Brown's that evening, and the doctor was decisive. The moon came out as he stood there, and shed its light on the river and the lumber. He straightened up to go, but waited until he caught a glimpse of the watchman on his round of the yards.

BOOK THREE.—THROUGH FIRE

I.

A Little Talk with Captain Craig

FULL as the newspapers were of the great corn deal on the Board of Trade, there was no getting at the facts that lay behind it. The brokers seemed to look on Le Duc as their principal; Le Duc had nothing to say. Halloran read the papers eagerly every day, watching for a word that would justify his conjectures, but the secret was too well kept.

One morning, a day or two after the lumber had come in, he asked Captain Craig to step into the office.

"Captain," he said, "I want to talk to you about this corn business. I'm inclined to think that, if we could find out who is backing Apples, it might be just what we want to know most."

"You think it's Bigelow?"

"Well, if it is Bigelow, and if his reasons for keeping dark are what I think, the sooner we know it, the better for Higginson and Company. Do you think, from anything Mrs. Craig has said, that Bigelow knows who Apples and his wife are?"

"Why, no. Jennie doesn't talk much about those times."

"I don't like to bother you with this, captain, but business and family matters are so mixed that I don't know any other way to get at it. Would you be willing to find out if there are any letters,—anything that Le Duc might have got hold of that would give him a grip on Bigelow?"

The captain looked grave. "I kind o' don't like to stir her up, now she's having such a good rest. But—well,—I don't know why not. Yes, I'll ask her. I'm afraid," he added, as he rose, "I'm afraid I'm getting kind o' chicken-hearted, these days. You see, I haven't had her back very long. Yes, the first good chance that comes along, I'll talk it over with her, and let you know what she says."

During most of the day Halloran was shut up in the office, figuring and working out some new schedules. At noon he spent an hour or more uptown, and a half hour climbing around under the bridge; and later Crossman was hailed, out in the yards.

"Can you drop around this evening for a while?" said Halloran.

"Why, yes," was the rather reluctant reply, followed by a blush and a grin; "any particular time?"

"Right after supper, for half an hour or so."

"All right; I'll be there."

In the evening, when he entered the manager's room, the first thing he observed was a purple sweater on the back of a chair by the bed. Below it was an old pair of trousers, a cap, and, on the floor, a pair of rubber boots. He glanced curiously at these things, as he greeted his superior, and Halloran's eyes followed his.

"That's my fireman's rig," he said,—"did n't know I was on the department, did you?"

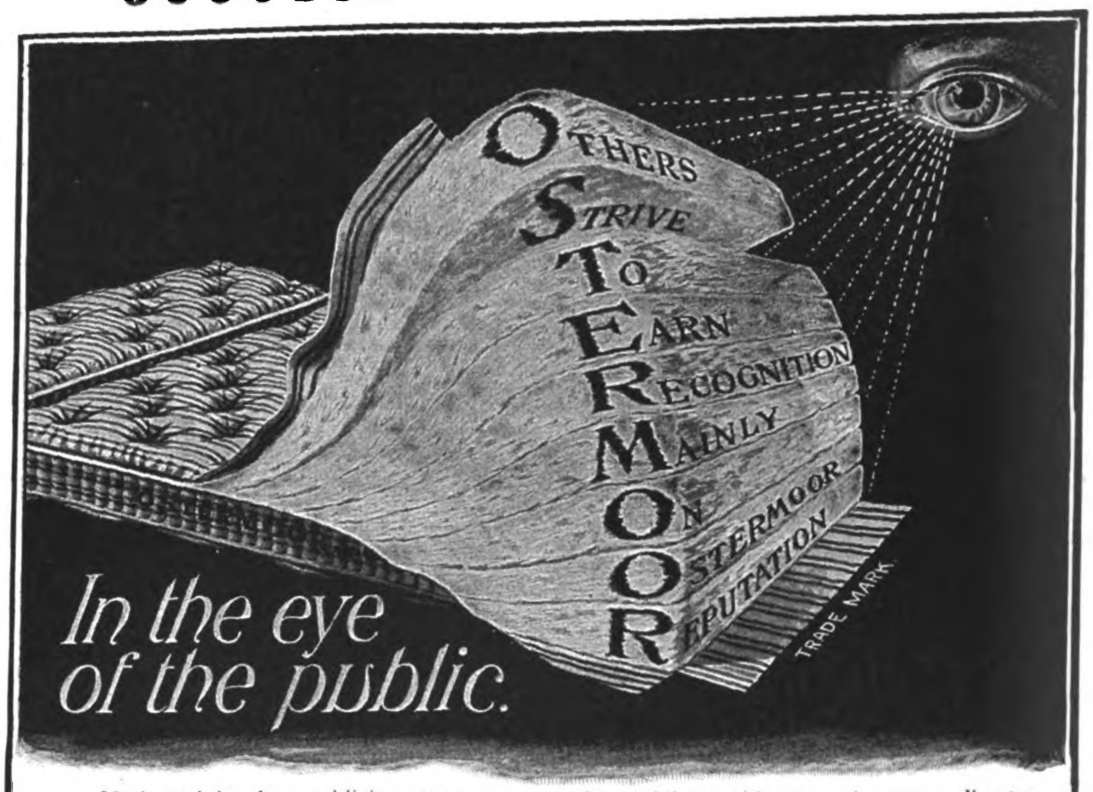
"No,—what's all this?"

"It's what I want to see you about, as much as anything. I haven't gone to sleep a night since the lumber began coming in without expecting to hear the bell before morning. If the stuff was mine, maybe I would n't care so much."

Crossman's face sobered. "But you said we'd carry the insurance ourselves!"

"You did n't suppose I wanted to do it that way, did you? We can't pay the price, that's all. We can't afford to lose the lumber, either. It's up to us to see that nothing happens. I've worked out a little plan here, and I want you to help me carry it through."

Crossman drew up his chair to the table. His thoughts had been fully occupied, of late, and it had not before



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come home to him what a heavy—what a very heavy,—load his manager was carrying. These six million feet of pine and hemlock loomed in his thoughts, and brought a very serious expression to his face.

"Cheer up, old man, we have n't lost it yet, that I know of. And we 're going to do our best not to lose it. But you see, in buying this lumber and getting it all in here, we've done only half of it; the other half is to take care of it, and sell it at a profit. Now look at this. I've borrowed some spare hose from the department. That's coming over in the morning, and we 'll have it coupled on to the plug by Mill Number One, and kept ready under the tramway. Our own hose will be coupled to the west plug. The two steamers are to be at the wharf with steam up all the time, ready to throw a stream on anything near the wharves,—they 'll lie one at each end, you see. The engineers are to stand watches aboard, and keep a couple of hands sleeping by to man the hose. Then, if we have two watchmen always on duty, and the rest of the boys sleeping in their shirts and stockings, we could do fairly quick work, with the town engine to help."

"There are the buckets in the mills, and by the office."

"Yes, we'll use those, too."

"And this"—he was examining the paper,—"is the way you want the boys divided."

"Yes. If the fire should be at the west end, where the yards are widest, you will take charge of the hose at the mill plug, and see that the buckets are started; I 'll take the west plug, where I can have an eye on the wharves. Those are the men to work with you, these with me. You 'd better see yours the first thing in the morning,—here's the schedule of watches,—and engage them. You see, they're all men that live near the fence. Tell them we do n't want a man that can't get to his station two minutes after the "Number One" blows her whistle, no matter if it's two-thirty, A. M."

"The whistle will be the signal, then?"

"Yes; I've told MacGregor to blow until he hears the bark of every dog in town. I want to get this all fixed in the morning, and so fixed that there can't be any misunderstandings. Any time after to-morrow noon, if that whistle blows, it means get to the yards in two minutes or lose your job. You 'd better tell them that."

"All right, I'll see to it. But, gee whiz!"—Crossman leaned back and looked at Halloran,—"here we're talking about this just as if it was going to happen."

"Well, maybe it is. Anyhow, that's how we've got to look at it. I'd talk to the boys that way, too." He rose and sat on the corner of the table, looking down earnestly at the other. "They've got to understand that we mean business. And, say, look here, Crossman! What are we sitting here talking about this for? Why are n't we doing it to-night?"

Crossman's expression, which had been serious, became dismal. "Why,—why,—all right!"

"Sorry if I'm butting into any plans of yours, but have you stopped to think what this means, old man? Here I'd got my mind settled on to-morrow, when I ought to have known all the while that to-day was the time. We'll do it now. You look up the boys on that paper, and I'll root mine out and have them bring the hose over. We'll get everything in shape before we go to bed."

The assistant was caught up and whirled along by Halloran's energy. "All right," he repeated; "but I ought to call Mamie up. She's—she's,—I was thinking of going around there."

"Use my telephone. Excuse me if I start right out, won't you?"

Before Crossman could stammer, "Certainly," he had snatched up his hat and disappeared.

Disagreeable as rush orders might be to a man with his family about him of an evening, there was nothing to be said; and within an hour some were starting out for duty on watch, or for a night on one of the steamers, while others dragged the hose reel out of the town and across the bridge to the yards and put it in order for instant use. When the preparations were completed, toward eleven o'clock, Halloran called the men together and gave them their final instructions.

Crossman and he were left alone for a moment when the last man had gone to his post.

"Well,—that's a good job done," observed the assistant; "I guess there's nothing more, is there?"

"No,—oh, yes, there's one other thing. I've thought a good deal about the east end. The yard's narrow there for quite a way, and there's no fire plug at that end."—They were walking through the gate and toward the bridge.—"It's the least likely place to catch first, because there's water on three sides, but, if it should, there's only one thing we could do. Look here,—under the town end of the bridge—I'll show you when we get there,—I've hung a tin pail with matches and caps and fuses in it, where it won't be disturbed and it's likely to keep dry; and about fifty yards down the bank, there's some dynamite, in another pail, under the water. I've put a sign on the post to scare the boys away.—There, see that white thing? That's it. I could n't keep the stuff home or in the yards, and there, I think, is about the safest place. You see, if either of us should be running out here, we could just turn off the road a little way and pick up the two pails. It's on Higginson land, and I do n't believe any one can object."

They went down together to see that the pails had not been molested. "I've given orders," said Halloran, "to several of the boys to come down here every time they pass and report if anything's wrong."

Crossman was aroused by the work of the evening. "Well," he burst out, as they were climbing the fence and taking the road again, "I must say you have just about covered the ground. I do n't know of anything more we could do."

"Do n't know,—I feel a little better, anyway. I'll walk along to the house with you if you're going that way."

"Well,—I'll tell you,—I—I'm not exactly. I kind of said—"

"Going to stop around to the Higginsons', eh?"

"I thought I might, if—"

"All right, good night. Look out that they do n't shoot you for a burglar.—But, say, hold on a minute. Has the crisis come yet with—Mr. Higginson?"

"No, they expect it to-morrow. Doctor MacArthur came up from Chicago this afternoon, and the other one, the Detroit doctor, gets in late to-night. Mamie's waiting up for him."

"Thanks, good night!"

The following afternoon, as Halloran was closing his desk, Captain Craig came in.

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"I've had a little talk with Jennie this noon, Mr. Halloran. I had to explain to her about things, and how you felt a little hesitation about it, and she told me the whole thing. You see, it's considerable of a story."

Halloran closed the door and drew up a chair. "Sit down, captain."

"Well, now, it all goes back to a few months after Lizzie was married. Le Duc was n't doing very well, and he made it pretty uncomfortable for Jennie, talking about supporting her, and that sort of thing; and finally one day he asked her if she did n't have letters or anything that could make it worth while to see Bigelow. Jennie'd never have done anything in the world, no matter though the ailmony *had* been allowed her by the courts; she always had a horror of going to law about it. But Le Duc was hard pushed, and I guess she was glad to do anything that would make things easier for all of them, so she let him have Bigelow's letters,—most of them promising to send money. They were all, she says, plain evidence that he *had n't* paid her."

Halloran was sitting far back in his chair, his hands clasped around one knee, and his eyes fixed on the desk. While the captain talked, his thoughts were running swiftly backward, and forward, and all around this interesting subject. He was hearing what he had most wished to hear.

"And so Le Duc went out to Evanston one night to see him, and they were all excited about it, Jennie says. But after that things took a change. Le Duc would n't say much about it,—he acted a little queer,—but he sort of made her think nothing was coming of it. And then, a little later, he got a job, nobody seemed to know just what, —and moved over to where they are now. And he let Jennie and the McGinnis boy understand that they could come with them if they would pay a rather high board.—Oh, he's a—" Craig felt that it was better to pause, and turn his thoughts away from the meanness of his son-in-law. He went on with better control. "Of course, Jennie could n't do that, so they went without her. Jennie was so timid about it all that she did n't even like to ask to have her letters sent back."

"And Apples has them still?"

"Yes, he's got them."

"And is that all she knows?" Halloran could not keep a little disappointment out of his voice.

"Yes, that's the whole thing. He's been keeping his mouth shut tight about the whole business. It pretty nearly tells the story, do n't you think?"

"Why, yes, in a way. It's not quite enough to move on, I'm afraid. But I'll have to think it over, and maybe I can see a way through. We do n't know yet that G. Hyde is behind that corner.—But I'm much obliged, captain."

"You're welcome."

The captain hurried home to have a few hours with his family, for, now that Halloran's "fire department" was organized, he was sleeping, by choice, on his steamer.

* * * * * * *

IT was two o'clock the next morning. Crossman was far, far away, coasting down the joyous hills of dreamland. A laughing girl was at his side. She could not play long with him, for dimly he understood that doctors were coming, and she must be at her post to welcome them. It would never do for the doctors to come and find no greeting from Mamie. But dreamland was bright, that night,—the Little Folks were out in force, dancing like thistle down over the Queen Anne's lace, or coasting with him down the starry slopes, a half dozen on his back, more at his ears whistling gaily that Mamie was true.—Blue for true! Blue for true!—and hundreds of the maddest fellows capering on ahead, bounding and blowing from blossom to blossom. One danced far before, clad in a purple sweater bearing a whistle. Now and again he blew a blast, daintily at first, like the signal of mint to the bees, then louder,—and shriller,—and shriller. It screeched hoarsely in his ears; a cold wind nipped at his legs and feet; the Little Folks were swarming around him, all in purple now, shouting wildly, urging him on,—on,—hurry!—hurry! The whistle was deeper and hoarser,—where was he?—where—?

He was on his feet in the center of the floor. Through the open window came the deep whistle of the "Number One."

In ten seconds he had tumbled into his trousers; in five more, his boots were on. In another ten, he was banging down the stairs and out of the door, leaving it wide behind him,—and struggling into his coat as he ran. He could not guess how long the whistle had been sounding; but there was, as yet, no light in the sky above the yards. He must be on time,—it lay with him to set an example to the men. His side was aching already, but he ran it down. As he drew near to the bridge, he came out in full view of the yards, but could see no light. Perhaps he was early. —Perhaps the fire was starting on the river side. He thought of the dynamite, and with a bound was over the fence and running down to the water. In a moment more he was making for the bridge, pail in hand. As he paused there, he heard some one running across, above him; and further off were shouts and the sounds of running. The "Number One" was still whistling.

Over the bridge he went, a tin pail in each hand; around the corner of the fence, and on to the open gate. He was dashing through when he was hailed by a familiar voice.

There, sitting on a projecting plank of the nearest lumber pile, was Halloran, a lantern in one hand, his watch in the other. Grouped around him were a half dozen panting men.

"All right, Crossman! It is a false alarm. But you've made bully time. Look out, there!"

This last was addressed to Du Bois, who came whirling around the gatepost and crashed full tilt into Crossman.

The assistant staggered, but recovered his balance; and the two sat down with the others. The men came bounding in until fully thirty were there,—more by five or six than had been engaged. Halloran threw the light of his lantern on them.

"Two minutes are up," he said. "Where's Potin [Pronounced Pot'n.]?"

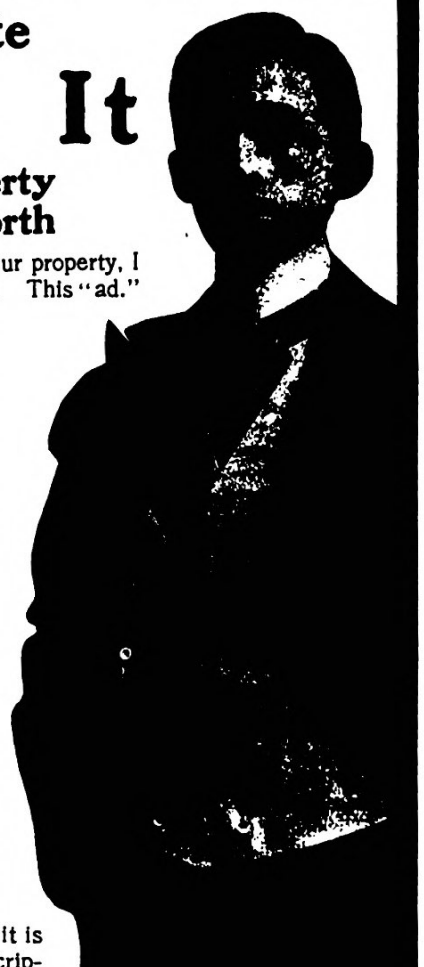
No one answered, but after a moment the missing French-Canadian appeared.

"You're late," said Halloran; "what's the matter?"

The man had to pause to breathe. "It took me a m-minute, Mister Halloran. I—I guess I did n't hear the first whistle."

"We need better ears than yours, then. We can't use you after this. Runyon,"—turning to one of the prompt-

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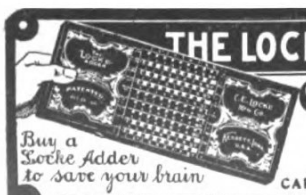
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est of the outsiders,—"I'll take you on in Potin's place. We don't pay men to sleep. That's all now, boys. You can go home."

But, now that they were aroused, there was a tendency to wait and talk it over.

"What you got in them pails, Mr. Crossman?" called Du Bois. "Did you forget and bring your lunch?"

"No, it's dynamite," said Crossman, in a conversational tone.

"It's what? Say, you're fooling!" He drew back as he spoke. The other men looked at one another.

For reply, Crossman produced a brown cylinder.

"Good Lord!—and I ran into that!"

In another moment Halloran and Crossman were alone. Down the alleys, between the piles, around the mill, out the gate—for every hole a man could squeeze through was abruptly pressed into service,—the men had disappeared. When the noise of the scampering feet had died away, Halloran said, with a chuckle, "Here's Du Bois's hat. I'll take it along." The next morning he found him on the wharf. "You didn't stop for your hat last night, Du Bois. I guess you were called away suddenly."

The inspector accepted the hat and pulled it on; drew out his tobacco pouch, bit a half moon from his plug, tucked it away in his cheek, and swept his eyes quizzically around the harbor. "That's all right, Mr. Halloran, that's all right," he observed, discharging a preliminary brown streak; "I s'pose I've got to go up against Old Salt Peter some day or other; but, if I'm a-goin' to have anything to say about it myself, I'd a heap rather go up whole. If I was to appear an arm or a leg at a time, he might think it was old G. Hyde Bigelow tryin' to fool him in sections, and the first thing I knew he'd be sayin', 'Bigelow, you old pile o' culls, there's a line o' little red devils down there a-sittin' up for you. Git along!'"

II.

Going to Headquarters

HALLORAN had not yet exhausted his resources in getting at the facts behind the corn deal. There was one person who probably could, if he would, carry the story further, and that was Jimmie McGinnis. At any rate, there was no other way to turn now, and so Halloran decided to run down to Chicago.

The captain, when he heard of it, came to see him. "Harry Crossman says you're going down to the city, Mr. Halloran."

"Yes, I shall take the night train."

"When I told Jennie about it, she wondered if you'd be going anywhere near Lizzie's place."

"I can, easily enough."

"Jennie, you see, has been sort of looking for some word from her this week, and there ain't none come yet, and would you mind taking along a little bundle for Jennie, and maybe a note?"

"Not a bit. You'll have them here before supper time, won't you?"

"Yes, surely."

And so it fell out that Halloran boarded the train, that night, with the bundle under his arm. His trip was to be as short as he could make it, for he did not like to be away at this time. Full instructions were left with his assistant, and his post as amateur fire marshal was assigned to the captain during his absence.

Jimmie, it seemed, had been with the Le Ducs until the change. Where to find him now was a question, or it would have been if his eye had not alighted on the name, "Elmer Le Duc," in the evening paper, among the attractions advertised by a Clark Street *vaudeville* theater. He reached Chicago in the morning, and in the afternoon dropped around to the theater. From the display of the name in three-inch letters on the billboards of a down-town continuous performance, it was to be inferred that Jimmie was getting on in the world. His position on the programme, too,—toward three o'clock,—and the little burst of applause that followed the appearance of his name on the announcement card at the side of the stage, aided the impression. Finally, when the familiar wizen-faced thin-legged boy, as under-sized as ever, appeared, shouted out the preliminary song of his specialty, and fell into a long and wonderfully intricate dance, there was no doubting he had popped into favor. When he had disappeared, after the third recall, and the next turn was announced, Halloran slipped out and strolled a few steps up the alley that led to the stage door.

A quarter of an hour later, a large, coarse-featured young woman, wearing a rakish French costume, came out into the alley, and behind her, barely reaching to her shoulder, in the unfamiliar get-up of a light suit, a wide-brimmed pearl gray hat, tan shoes, and a bamboo stick, appeared Jimmie. They turned to walk off together, but at Halloran's hail the young man turned.

"How are you?" he said, with a nod, somewhat as if their last meeting had been but a few hours earlier. "Want to speak to me?"

At Halloran's affirmative, he left the woman, who stared at Halloran as she waited.

"Been to the show?" asked Jimmie. "Got 'em cold, ain't I? I always told Le Duc I could do it the minute I got a chance at a big house."

"I've been looking for you, Jimmie. Won't you have dinner with me to-night at the Auditorium?"

"Dinner, eh?—What time?"

"Half-past six."

"I suppose so. You see, I was going with Jane.—That's Jane Scott, you know,—the greatest character singer and dancer on the stage. We're going to be married next week, and I'm sorter supposed to hang around her most of the time. But I guess I can make it. Anythin' doin'?"

"Nothing very much. I'll look for you, then, at half-past six, in the main office."

The dinner hour had come before Halloran could stop wondering over the idea of Jimmie McGinnis's marrying. When they were seated together at a quiet table, he spoke of it.

"So you're going to marry, Jimmie?"

"Yes sure. But, say, they ain't callin' me that no more. I'm Elmer Le Duc now, you know."

"Aren't you starting in rather young?"

"Oh, no!—not for a man in the profession. You see, Jane's husband—"

"Her husband!"

"Yes. He's a skate, you see,—Lushes. He's a fool, too, 'cause Jane's kind-hearted, and she'd a' gone right on

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supportin' him, if he'd a' treated her half decent. She can haul in her hundred and twenty-five every week in the year,—regular gold mine. And a man that ain't got head enough to hold on to a thing like that 'ad better drop off. We've been talkin' it over, Jane an' me, ever since I made my hit. You see, she's got a two-part skit that calls for a small man, smaller'n her, a part I can walk right into; an' I thought it over an' told her I'd marry her an' manage the business. She's told me, since, she knew the minute she struck me that I was her man. It's a good thing for both of us, you see. We can clear up two hundred a week, easy, and our expenses won't be near so much. I told her I'd put up the cash for her divorce. It's such a sure case that it ain't costing a great lot. Of course, I don't need to marry her, but the savin's in doublin' up on hotel an' sleeper bills 'll more 'n pay for the divorce the first year."

Halloran looked at Jimmie, shook his head, and then smiled in spite of himself. Jimmie had to grin a little himself.

It had been a question how to open the next subject. Halloran knew that, wherever there was a choice of ways to an end, one open and direct, the other tortuous and subterranean, Jimmie's mind would instinctively seek the latter. He thought he would better slip easily from the one subject to the other; for, if the boy were to suspect him of any strong desire to inform himself concerning Le Duc, he would most likely draw back, from sheer perverseness, into his shell.

"You say you're known as Le Duc, now? Didn't you travel with them for a while?"

"Yes, but it wouldn't go. Too much madame there! Let me tell you this, Mr. Halloran. Don't you ever go into any partnership with a man and his wife. It's hell on wheels."

"They did n't get on well, then?"

"No, the only paying thing in the combination was the name. Le Duc's one of the best names in the profession, and he's been more'n square about letting me go on and use it."

"I saw them, a little while ago, at their hotel. He seems to have struck a good thing now."

"Yes, they say he's a big man on the board."

"How did he ever get into it. There must be somebody behind him."

Jimmie fingered his fork, and looked up with an expressionless face. "Is they?" he asked.

Halloran tried again. "I don't know, but I'm inclined to think there's more in it than the papers say."

Jimmie, for some reason, chose to give no information whatever on this question, and Halloran had the questionable pleasure of bidding him good-evening in the consciousness that he was no nearer what he wanted to know than he had been in Wauchung. The next step was a matter of careful thinking; he was not even sure that there could be a next step. Meantime he had an errand at the Le Ducs', and as it was not yet eight o'clock he decided to run up there.

The great event had taken place in the Le Duc household, and, when Halloran was shown into the apartment, he found a happy father in his shirtsleeves dancing about a small white bundle on the sofa, a beaming mother, also in deshabille, and a simpering nursemaid. Apples was cordial, merry, expansive: he was delighted to see his old friend Halloran; he fairly dragged him in. Good stories and playful allusions were continually rising in his mind, and finding expression. He was boisterously demonstrative, and given to squeezing his wife's hand as his tongue rattled along.

Halloran delivered his message, and his bundle; and finally, when he had been made to say all that there is to be said about some other man's infant, the mother and the nurse took it away, and left the two men to smoke and chat.

After a time there came a pause. Then an idea, that had been floating in Halloran's mind since his disappointment with Jimmie, took sudden form.

"How do you like working with Bigelow?" he asked, without the slightest change of expression, knocking the ashes from his cigar as he spoke. Apples took the bait.

"First-rate. He's a driver, but he's got a great head on him."

"Yes, I know; I used to work for him myself, out in Evanston. I don't believe he has ever done much on the board before this deal."

"No, I don't think he has." A peculiar expression was coming into Le Duc's face. "Who told you about it?" he asked, with an affectation of an off hand manner.

"Oh, I've always known more or less of his movements. He was hit rather hard in Kentucky Coal, a little while back, but I suppose this corner will more than square that, if it goes through."

Le Duc smiled. "Don't you worry about that! I guess that coal business is nothing he can't stand. A momentary change of opinion doesn't alter the fact that there's just as much coal there as there ever was."

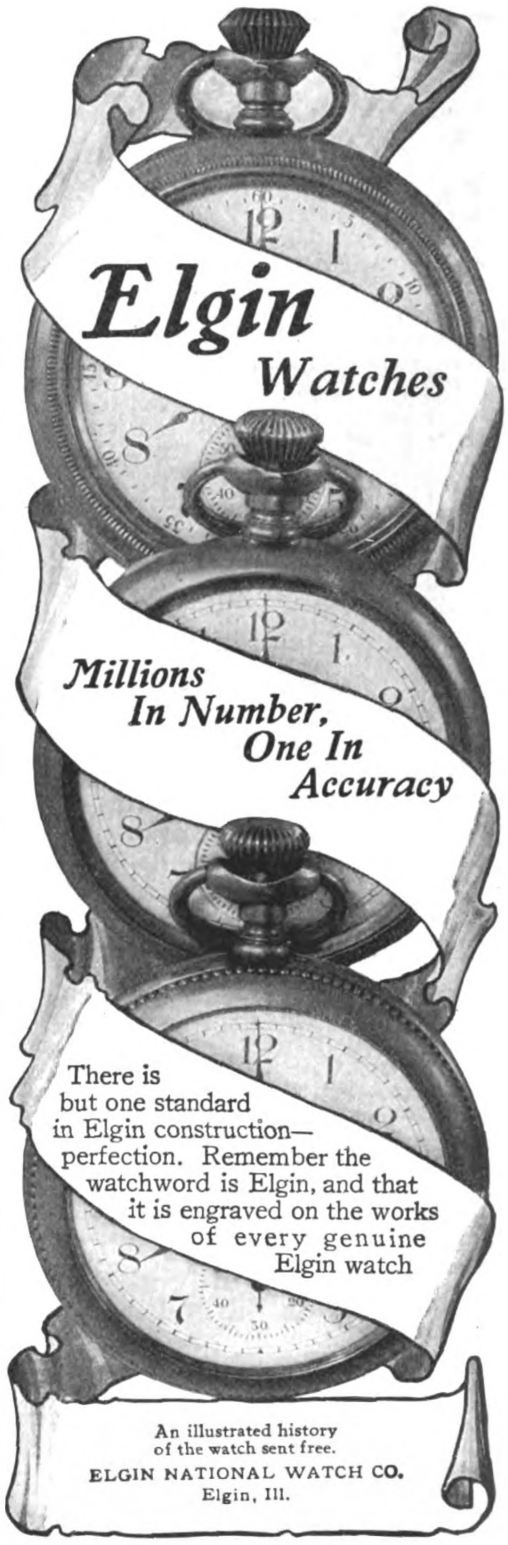
"I suppose there is,—just as much."

Le Duc was looking not quite comfortable. "Of course," he began, "there are times with every man whose interests are spread out widely,—" but this would n't do. He was blundering deeper and deeper into some sort of trap, and, not wholly grasping the situation, he decided to keep still.

Halloran had learned enough. His trip to Chicago was not to be a failure, after all. He had learned so much, in fact, that, when he was back in his room at the hotel, and could sit down and think it all over, there seemed to be no reason for delay in turning his information to account. Over and over again, that night, he considered his case; he tested it from every point of view to assure himself of its soundness; and, in the morning, instead of heading for Wauchung, he wired Crossman that he would return by way of the lumbering town of Corrigan, the seat of the Corrigan Mills on the upper peninsula. The Corrigans were among the largest owners in the trust; and, if they were as tired of losing money as he believed, they would doubtless be glad to hear what he had to say.

It was an eight-hour ride from Chicago to Corrigan, and evening was so near when he arrived that he went directly to his hotel for some dinner, and made arrangements by telephone to see the younger Mr. Corrigan at his home in the evening.

"I don't know that we have ever met, Mr. Corrigan," Halloran said, when the two men were closeted. "I am with Higginson and Company, of Wauchung. Your company and ours have not agreed, so far, in our attitude



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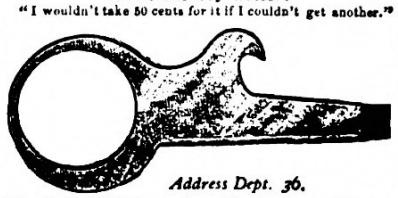
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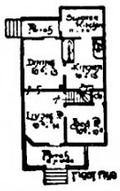


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toward G. Hyde Bigelow. Mr. Higginson refused his offers at the start, because he had reason to distrust him. We know now that we were right."

Corrigan looked at him with some surprise. "If you have any charges to make against Mr. Bigelow, you should see him, not me."

"I have no charges, Mr. Corrigan, but I rather think you have. I've come here to lay them before you, and leave you free to push them or not, as you choose. As I understand it, when this combination was organized, Mr. Bigelow was generally thought to be a responsible man. We did n't believe it, so we stood out rather than have him direct our business. Since that time he has got into such difficulties with his Kentucky investments that, in order to raise money, he has taken to speculating heavily on the Board of Trade. He is operating the corn deal, that I suppose you know of, through a stool pigeon named Le Duc."

"You 'll excuse me, sir, but I do n't see—"

He paused, and Halloran went on. "You understand, Mr. Corrigan, that our position is what it was at the start; we are against this combination; and, if I did n't believe that you are going to be against it, too, I should n't be here. I think you'll agree with me that, if what I say is true, Mr. Bigelow is not a man to trust."

"If it is true—?"

"And there is just one way to prove it. I suggest that, at the meeting which comes, I believe, next month, you lay these charges before Mr. Bigelow, without warning, and give him a chance to explain. You are at liberty to say that I gave you the information."

This was all he had come to say, and he was so sure of its effect that he was willing to leave it and give the seed time to grow. But Corrigan was roused.

"This—this amounts to saying that Bigelow is secretly plunging on the board."

"It certainly does."

"And this Le Duc, who is he?"

"He 's a cheap actor who married Bigelow's daughter."

"His daughter! His oldest child is not a dozen years old."

"By his present wife, yes. But he has been married before. Oh, if you care to look up his record, you 'll find it worth while."

"I 'll think this over, Mr. Halloran; I 'll think it over."

Halloran rose. "I came up here from Chicago to tell you that Bigelow is unsound. The sooner everybody connected with the Michigan lumber business finds it out, the better for the business. Good night!"

"Good night, sir!"

III.

Mr. Babcock's Last Card

AS THE feat of riding thirty horses around a circus hippodrome calls for the highest strength and skill, so the task of guiding the complicated affairs of Bigelow and Company through the difficulties that threatened them demanded sound character and experience. For a time the Bigelow ventures had shown a persistent upward tendency, and the head of the firm had then made an imposing figure, but a fair-weather man was hardly adequate now. Kentucky Coal had slumped alarmingly; New Freighters had perhaps been overrated; and booming suburban real estate was discovering unexpected inertia where abnormal growth had been gambled on. But the most disturbing element was the lumber fight. That Higginson and Company could not only hold out until the meeting, but could actually get the better of the trust, had not been foreseen. Questions would be asked at this meeting, and there might even be some tension. So it was that Mr. Bigelow was not joking much, nowadays, and so it was that Mr. Babcock took his grip from behind the door and went to Wauchung.

The air blew keen and strong from the west as he walked swiftly out toward the Wauchung bridge. It was a crisp, invigorating breeze, with the strength of the lake in it, and a faint odor of pine. Men are rugged and hardy in this region, whether they follow blaze-marks or a mariner's compass. No malaria oozes from the dry, white sand; the children rather draw from it the sap that makes the pine tree tall and sound and clear. If you had strayed into the forest in the earlier time of reckless cutting, and if you had stood under the tight green roof on a scented rug of needles, finer than ever came from India, and listened to the song of the shanty boy as he struck his pevey into a bleeding trunk, could you have wondered at the lilt in his melody, or at the vigor, even the harshness, in his voice? Stand near a mill race and watch the "boys" racing down, each balanced on a single careening log, and you will have a glimpse of the sort of men G. Hyde Bigelow and Company were fighting.

Mr. Babcock passed the last straggling buildings of Wauchung's main street and found himself in full view of the bridge, the river, and the lumber yards. The sight did not please him, apparently, for he paused, with knit brows, to take it in. Beyond, showing here and there, lay the harbor, glistening in the cool light,—and beyond the harbor were the bald dunes and the lake. The sky was blue, frayed here and there into ends of white cloud,—the glorious northern sky, matched only in the air of Naples or Touraine. But Mr. Babcock was not looking at the sky. His soul was turned to lower things,—to lumber, for instance,—heaps of it, piles of it, rows of it, stretched for hundreds of yards along the river, and across the peninsula, and along the edge of the harbor. The mills were silent; the watchmen were not to be seen; the only sign of life was the smoke curling from the funnels of the "Number One," where Robbie MacGregor was dozing on the engine-room bench and hourly growing fatter. Six million feet of lumber greeted the eye of the man from Chicago, as he looked and looked. It was new lumber, bought by experts, every stick of it such as would command a good price when the owners should throw it on the market, as they certainly would, sooner or later. He shook his head and hurried on.

He found Halloran at the office, and shook hands cordially. Crossman heard the name, looked blank, recollected himself, and slipped out, shutting the door behind him.

"Well, you've got a great lot of lumber here, Mr. Halloran," Babcock began, softly, glancing out the window.

"Yes,—a good deal."

"How much can you keep in the yards here?"

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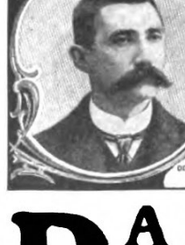
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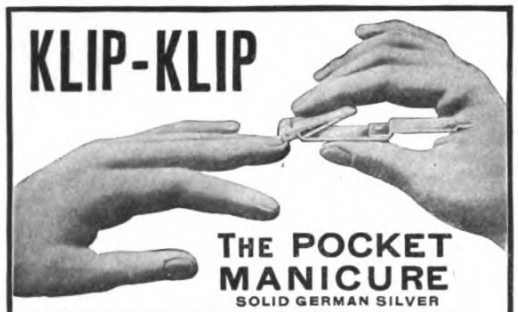
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"You don't say so! Your own cutting?"

"Very little of it."

"You've been—er,—buying in the market, eh?"

"Yes, all we could get." He could not resist adding, "It's been a good time to buy."

"Yes, so it has, so it has. I suppose you're holding this lot for a better price?"

Halloran nodded. His eyes were searching the face of his caller. Babcock paused to gather his forces, then settled back in his chair.

"I feel like telling you, Mr. Halloran, that you've done a mighty neat piece of work. To tell the truth, it's been a surprise to us to see how well you've carried this business. Your fame now,—" he leaned forward and dropped his voice to a confidential pitch,—"your fame now, however, rests even more on the way you've stuck to your employer's interests than on the cleverness of what you've done. There are clever men enough, but down in Chicago we don't see any too many honest ones."

"No, I suppose you don't."

"This fight has been expensive, but it's taught us one lesson, I think. When we organized the lumber producers, we tried to get all the good firms into it. We succeeded with everyone but Higginson and Company. By the facts of the case, we were forced to antagonize you, and I'll tell you, right here, that we expected to beat you. But we haven't beat you. You've shown a vitality that is surprising; and, since your owner, we understand, has been dangerously ill for some months, we are forced to believe that you, yourself, Mr. Halloran, are the real head of this business. Isn't that so?—Well, you needn't answer. I understand your modesty. But there are the facts. Well, now, sir, here we are, after a hard fight, just where we were when we started. I don't know but what you may be better off. Anyhow, you're the one man that has kept us from doing what we want to do. Now, we would be pretty poor business men if we didn't know when we've had a lesson,—if we didn't own up to it, and see how we could profit by the experience. What we've learned in this experience is that we can't afford to go on fighting Mr. John Halloran. We need just such a man as you on our side. Mr. Bigelow and I have talked this all over, and I think we have insight enough to know that, when a rising man, a really big man, comes along, it's a heap sight better to get on his side. You can't stop a man like that,—he's bound to rise,—and, if you don't keep his good will and confidence, you lose. Now, Mr. Halloran, we want your good will and confidence. I've got some propositions to lay before you, and I wouldn't have made this trip if I hadn't believed that I can convince you that we can make it worth your while."

"One moment, Mr. Babcock. If you have come to propose that anybody but Martin L. Higginson and Company conduct this business, you'll be wasting your time."

Babcock looked thoughtful, then nimbly changed front. "We have no concern in this or any business except our own. But we are interested in men. There's no doubt about it, Mr. Halloran,—I know how men feel all over Michigan,—there's no doubt about it, you're the one coming man in the lumber business to-day. Now, good men, Mr. Halloran, command good positions. Take the place you're in,—it's a salaried position, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, now,"—Mr. Babcock's voice had dropped almost to a whisper, but his intensity, and his determination to win, trembled in every note of it. He was smiling. —"Well, now, what's the use of this, Mr. Halloran? What future have you here? Even if you succeed Mr. Higginson, you can never be more than he is, if you stay here. But once put a man of your caliber in a place that's big enough for him, and he'll expand,—he'll fill out,—he'll reach out, and up. In ten years, perhaps, you'd be at the head of this business. But you ought to be at the head *now*,—then, in ten years, you'd be in Chicago or New York, with your finger on the pulse of the financial world. I'm talking squarely with you,—I'm here for a reason. We have started in to organize the lumber business, and nothing can stop us. It may take time; we know it will take men. But we aren't bothering about the time; we're looking for the men. That's our way. And you're the man we need to make it go; you're the man that can do it, for you have a genius for it. Now—one moment,—I told you I had some propositions to make to you, and I'm ready to make them."

He was playing the last card in the hand of Bigelow and Company, and playing it beautifully. A few short weeks later the meeting would be upon them, the meeting when explanations of the delay in completing the organization would fall upon unsympathetic ears. He was thinking now, for one moment, with his eyes half closed.

"You know, Mr. Halloran, that Mr. Bigelow is the owner of the Pewaukoe Mills. It is a first-class plant in every way,—and slightly larger than this, isn't it?"

"A little, perhaps."

"Now, I could make you other propositions, but you know the lumber business, and I suppose you'd rather stay in it until you've got your hand worked in with something a little bigger. I offer you this: we will put you at the head of our Pewaukoe business, with entire authority, subject only to consultation with the firm on matters of policy and development. We want you to go in with the idea that your hands are free, and that you can stamp your individuality on the business. Don't you see, Mr. Halloran, it's that individuality, that business character, that we want, above all else? We want the qualities that have given you your peculiar success here. As to payment, that will be arranged easiest of all. We understand that good men require good pay, and you know best what you ought to have. But I'll name a figure, merely by way of opening the discussion." He smiled again, and continued: "Suppose I say we'll pay you a thousand dollars a year more than you're getting here, whatever that may be! If that doesn't seem fair, you have only to say so. We want to enter these new relations with the feeling of perfect satisfaction all around,—we can't afford to do it any other way.

"One moment,—don't commit yourself hurriedly. This is a matter for consideration. First of all, let me put that offer down in writing over our signature,—then we'll have something to work from. Will you call your stenographer?"

"We have no stenographer here now, but let me say—"

"Well, there's nothing to prevent my writing it out,—here, this letter paper will do the business."

"Now, see here, we can't talk along this line. I haven't the slightest intention of leaving Higginson and

Men Who Do Things

"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice."

This thought, in a recent editorial, is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice.

HERE is a true story that will interest every ambitious man and woman.

A man of thirty-two (we'll call him John Smith for the present) had lived all his life in a New England city without making any special stir in the community. He had been an office man, and a good one, too. But he had about reached the limit of that profession when he began to draw a salary of $18 a week. He might have been drawing that salary yet, but he was always looking for something better, and a couple of years ago he made a contract with a carriage company and began to sell carriages. He made more money than he had ever made before. But of course he wasn't satisfied. He could only see a limited number of people and consequently his business was limited.

He sold lots of carriages but he felt that if he could only talk to more people he could do more business and earn more money.

How was he to manage it? Why couldn't he state his case on paper and reach thousands of people instead of scores?

But that would be advertising; and he did not know anything about advertising.

One day he read the following advertisement:

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IF YOU, TOO, WILL ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT we will prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement-writing by mail: thoroughly, practically, successfully. You will then know why successful business men throughout the country say: 'I want a Page-Davis man.' You will know why our graduates are earning $25 to $100 per week. You will know why you should entrust your advertising education in the hands of the oldest, largest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instructions through the recommendations of friends who have previously taken the course. Write for our 64-page prospectus and bundle of affidavits SENT FREE."

He wrote to the institution asking for particulars. When the literature came he examined it. He arranged to begin the study by mail. Every lesson he applied to his own business.

He soon saw that he was taught how to put his arguments on paper so that other people would understand them as he did. That was what he was looking for. Now he could reach out into a broader field. He became enthusiastic.

He had sold a carriage to a New York business man who lived in his own town. The man was a heavy advertiser. One day Smith went down to the depot to take the train for New York. The business man was there, too. Smith managed to get in the same seat with him. Pretty soon the business man began to make up an advertisement. Smith became interested. The business man said he had to make up his own advertisements because he had no one in his concern who knew how.

"That is just my business," said Smith; "why don't you let me do it?" The business man was skeptical. Smith was persistent. Before they left the train Smith had some of the literature relating to the man's business and the leading facts to be presented in the next advertisement. Smith also had the business man's promise that if he ran the advertisement Smith was to write he would pay him $15.00 for it.

That night was a busy one for Smith. He studied the literature and the field to be reached by the man's business. The next day he mailed the advertisement which he had prepared. The next Sunday it appeared in the New York papers.

A day or two later the two again met at the depot. Without a word the business man drew two ten dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to Smith. He told him to keep it all. "The advertisement was worth it."

Then he wanted to hire Smith to write his advertisements.

What salary would he take?

Fifty dollars a week.

All the way into the city they talked the matter over. Finally, it was arranged that Smith should take charge of writing his advertisements. He was to receive $50.00 a week. That was two years ago. Smith was soon advanced to the management of the New York Office.

Smith's real name is Frank R. Fuller, manager for L. E. Pike & Co., of New York City, one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the world.

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Company. No, sir. I have not the slightest intention."

"I know,—I know,—take plenty of time to think it over. I'll go ahead and put this down in black and white—"

"No, Mr. Babcock, I won't consider it at all. I stay right here at this desk."

Babcock brought up his reserves. "You are inclined to think," he said, settling back again, "that your place is here with Mr. Higginson?"

"Decidedly."

"I see. Perhaps we've been working a little at cross-purposes. I have not been talking with the idea of taking away Mr. Higginson's main support at the time when he needs it most. I'm afraid I haven't been looking at that side of it quite enough. You see, Mr. Halloran, we're business men, we of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company. When we see a big man in our line, we want him; and, when we try to get him, I suppose we don't always consider the other people that want him, too. We haven't time. But I'm glad you brought the point up, so suppose we go at it from a new point of view! Now, I recognize, and Mr. Bigelow would agree with me, if he were here, that this very attitude of yours, this standing by your employer when he is a sick man, is the quality in you we like best. We've seen it before; we've talked about it. If you should go back on Mr. Higginson now,—even though, of course, there's not the slightest legal hindrance to your looking out for yourself,—how could we know you wouldn't go back on us some day? But you won't go back on him, you see, and that's how we know, more than ever, that you're the man we're after. There's no need for an immediate change. We could date your salary from this moment, or back to the beginning of this month, without expecting you to walk right out here,—"

"It's of no use,—I'm not going to leave."

"No, I'm not suggesting such a thing. I was going to say that—that we're looking ahead. It is n't for to-day—no, not even for to-morrow,—that we are so anxious to have you head in our direction. Mr. Bigelow is a very far-sighted man. He knows, as I do, that the wheel is going to keep on turning, and one of these days you'll be coming out on the very top. You are—let me see,—about thirty, perhaps. Why, man, you haven't begun yet. But if you stay here, and if Mr. Higginson should die within these next few years without taking you into the firm, you'd have nothing whatever to show for your work. Now, one place is as good as another, for such a man as you. All you need is to get a footing,—but that takes capital. My suggestion would be that you stay right here, and buy into the business,—get it in your own hands. Mr. Higginson, knowing you as he does, would only be too glad to have it go to you. We can help you with that. Your credit is A1 with us. We are so sure you're going to see, some day, the advantages of combination and coöperation in this business, that we'll write you a check any day, and no questions asked. It—"

"Don't you think," said Halloran, speaking slowly, "don't you think you've said about enough?"

Babcock blushed. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, if your time is worth anything to you, that you're losing money here."

"Then you are not interested—"

"Not a bit."

The junior partner of Bigelow and Company, still flushing, rose. "I've made you a square offer—"

"And I've refused it. Good day!"

Babcock stood looking down at Halloran. His eyes were growing smaller, and his fingers were restless. For a moment he seemed not to grasp the fact that he had failed. Halloran picked up a letter, then lowered it, and looked up inquiringly.

"Now, suppose we leave it this way for the present, Mr. Halloran." He was rallying. "You'd better just think over what I've said. The main thing is to pave the way toward an agreement, and I think we've done that. I'm glad to have had this talk with you. Don't hurry about deciding. Weigh it carefully. Good-by!"

Halloran gave him a nod, and he was gone.

It was to be a day rather more than usually eventful. Before he left the office, in the afternoon, Crossman drew him aside.

"Would you?—" he began.

"Well?"

"Will you be home to-night,—about eight?"

"I think so. Why, anything especial?"

"N-no. You'll be there, sure?"

Promptly at eight the doorbell rang, and Halloran was called down to the parlor. On entering, he found Crossman, grinning feverishly; and over in the corner, with her back turned, looking at a picture, was Mamie. He looked from one to the other until Mamie turned around and disclosed a very red face. Still no one spoke. The two now gazed appealingly at each other, and finally it was Mamie who broke the silence, with a preliminary giggle.

"I guess you can congratulate us, Mr. Halloran."

Coming so suddenly, even this bold statement did not sink at once into Halloran's consciousness. But, at length, after a painful pause, he recollected himself, and shook hands cordially. Then the story had to be told in detail. It was all a secret, for Mrs. Higginson had not yet learned to understand Harry as she would when she came to know him as one of the family. During the worst of her father's illness Mamie would not consent, but, now that the crisis was turned, she had—"well, she had supposed she might as well." Here an exchange of glances between the two, to say nothing of the tightly clasped hands and other alarming symptoms, so distressed Halloran that he got up for a moment and made some excuse for turning his back. Judging from the faint sound that followed, his caution was justified.

"We wanted you to know about it," said Mamie, when the *status quo* had been resumed, "and it's going to be a secret between just you and us. We thought, maybe,—you—maybe you'd be glad, too."

But for some reason it did not have that effect. For an hour later, when Halloran was striding up the beach to the north, heedless of the waves that ran up about his feet, and of the west wind that slapped his face and tugged at his coat, he wore a far from glad expression. Not until he had fallen into step with the night patrol from the life-saving station, and had swapped yarns of the old inspector and the Beebe-McClellan boat and the capsize-drill records, and had learned precisely why the Wauchung Station was the most abused and discriminated against in the whole United States life-saving service, did he seem a little more composed.

[*To be concluded in the October* SUCCESS]



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Training for Longevity

Grow younger as you grow older, by cultivating a moderate love for good, healthy, honest sport.—"The Clinic"



Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a weed.—G. H. Lewes

"A 'good constitution,' in order to be thoroughly good, must apply to the mind as well as to the body. No one's physical structure can be healthy when his intellect is sick."

As Herbert Spencer ranks as one of the profoundest philosopher-scientists of our age, his words on the duty of good health are entitled to consideration. "Few seem conscious," says Mr. Spencer, "that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effect of conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that, in the case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognized, but none appears to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so, too, is every bodily transgression. The fact is that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves."

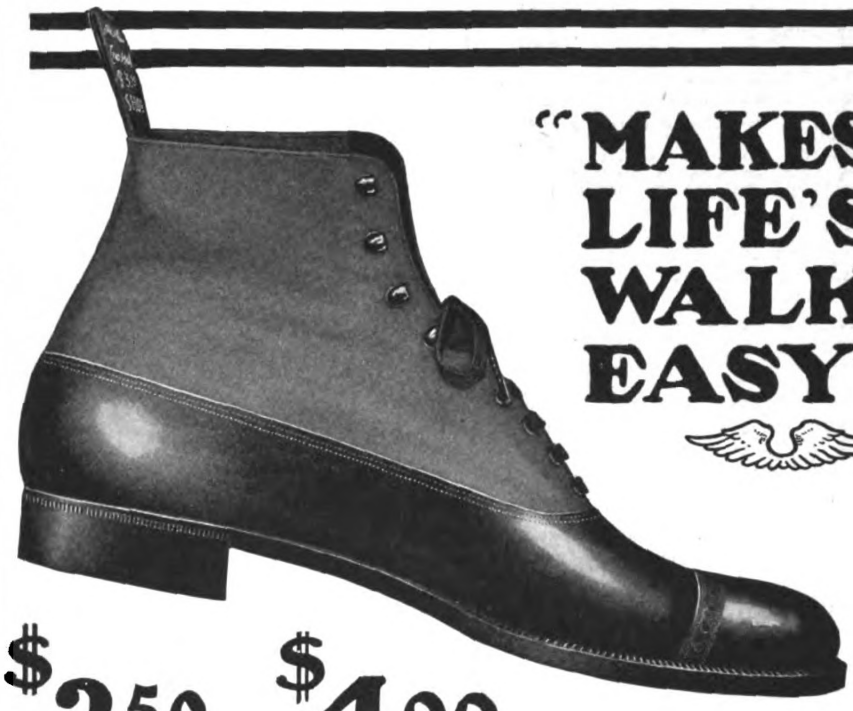
It is one of the most hopeful signs for the present and the future of humanity that the more enlightened and intelligent no longer regard preventable sickness as a necessary evil, "a dispensation of Providence," or "the will of God." We have grown wiser and less superstitious than were our ancestors, though ignorance and criminal carelessness are still engendering disease and transmitting it to posterity. Parents ignorant of, or indifferent to, the laws of health not only doom themselves to intense suffering, but, worse still, also condemn their children perhaps to life-long invalidism, or hamper them mentally or physically, or in both respects, for life. We see examples of this everywhere,—chronic sufferers from hereditary gout, rheumatism, consumption, and alcoholism.

Those unfortunate transmitted conditions can, in many instances, be wholly overcome, if the sufferer has patience, courage, and a *strong determination to be well.* Here is an account of a cure effected by self-treatment which should give hope and courage to the worst afflicted, and which suggests preventive as well as remedial measures. A New York paper recently arranged a prize competition in which the award was to be given to the strongest and most perfectly developed boy. The winner in the contest was a youth of nineteen, who thus wrote of himself: "If I had been told fifteen months ago that I was to be declared the most perfectly developed boy in America, I should have treated the prediction as a cruel joke. At that time I was a rheumatic cripple, unable to crawl out of bed in the morning without suffering excruciating pain; I was very weak. My arms and legs were like drumsticks, and that, coupled with my short stature, convinced my friends that I was going to be an invalid all my life. I was about the most unlikely youth to win in a 'strong-boy' contest that could have been found in the wide, wide world." How did he change those conditions? First of all, he gave up the use of tobacco, coffee, tea, and flesh foods. Then he began a systematic course of physical exercise, with the result that in less than a year and a half he was physically almost perfect.

Many who have come to regard themselves as hopeless invalids, whose mental sufferings, because of their helpless condition, are, perhaps, more acute than their physical pains, might become well by adopting just such a simple *régime* as this youth followed. There is no doubt that over-indulgence in the articles which he eliminated from his diet causes a large proportion of the ailments from which people suffer. Excessive smoking has caused, and is causing, frightful evils, and no valid argument can be advanced in favor of even moderate smoking. It is a luxury which the poor man can not afford, and one in which the rich man would better not indulge. As for tea and coffee, while positive harm may not result from their use in moderation, more healthful beverages can be substituted for them. The ever-youthful Adelina Patti goes so far as to class them, in their perniciousness, with alcoholic drinks.

Excessive meat-eating, particularly by urban populations, is one of the great American sins against the laws of health. Many sedentary workers, whose occupations prevent them from taking sufficient outdoor exercise and air to digest even one heavy meal a day, believe that for them meat three times daily is an absolute necessity. Their abused stomachs naturally refuse to do the enormous amount of extra work imposed upon them, and the result is nausea, headache, indigestion, and various other ills. To remedy these, they pour patent medicines and nostrums down their throats, swallow headache tablets, pills, and other foreign substances, which make matters worse instead of better, while the causes of all the trouble are assiduously nourished. All progressive physicians are agreed in the opinion that the average American city-dweller eats too much meat, just as the average rural American eats too much pie. "We are now, as a race, suffering from an excessive meat diet," says E. Elmer Keeler, M. C., in "The Clinic." "Ask any well-informed physician as to the cause of Bright's Disease, rheumatism, and obesity, and see what he has to say. People in general think they do not have a 'dinner' unless meat is on the *menu.* They must have 'cold meats' for supper, and what would breakfast be without chops, ham, or sausage?" Doctor Keeler is not a vegetarian, but, in regard to a widespread fallacy among opponents of vegetarianism that one must eat meat to develop strength, he says that he can "point to those who for half a century have not tasted meat, and who to-day present sound muscles, sturdy limbs, keen eyes, and clear brains." He concludes with the emphatic warning,—"*Eat less meat.*"

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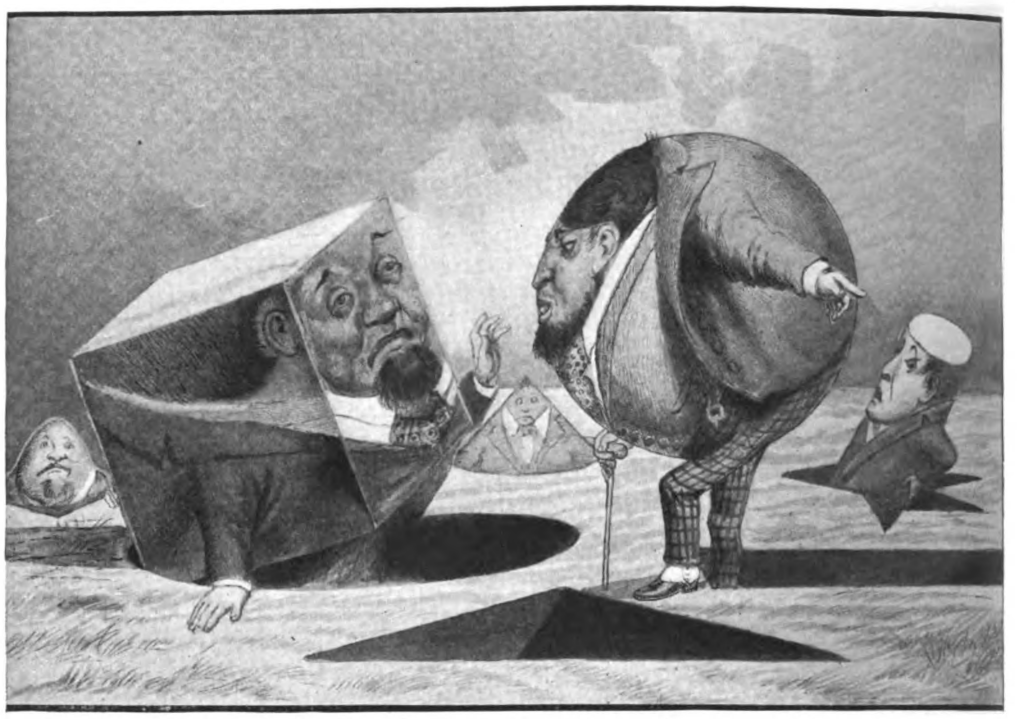
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The Editor's Chat



Don't Be a Round Peg in a Square Hole

IF we choose to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong,—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular; while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. Whatever you are by nature, keep to it; never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—SYDNEY SMITH.

How to Acquire Mental Vigor

HOW little there is in an ordinary education or even in a college course which teaches the art of grasping things with the mind with that vigor and force which increases mental power!

Most students labor under the delusion that to know things increases power, when, in fact, it may have just the opposite effect. Bookworms and walking encyclopedias are usually very weak people: they lack that power of initiative which can seize things with a firm grip and manipulate them at will.

Overloading the memory with facts, statistics, and theories, like overloading the stomach, may defeat mental digestion. It is not knowing a great many things that avails, but knowing how to use one's powers to the best advantage.

Our observations have convinced us that the students who are always memorizing and making notes of statistics, and who seem to get everything possible into the memory, are apt to impair their executive faculties. While they know a great many things, they do not know how to use them effectively. They are so overloaded with facts that they can not marshal their knowledge to good purpose. They can not concentrate. Doing must accompany thinking, or there will be no power of execution.

Mental vigor is gained, not by memorizing of through teachers and professors, but by that mental self-help which utilizes knowledge as it is acquired. We grow in power by investigation, deep concentration, thinking, planning, and bringing about results without the assistance of others.

One self-wrought problem will give more vigor than a thousand worked out for us. It is the constant stretching of the mind over large problems, over large models,—it is independent thought that increases mental power.

Memorizing is a parrot's work; it does not bring much mentality into play; but to think along original lines, to investigate, to reach out into new fields, to reason independently for oneself, is to grow.

Power should be the goal of all ambition. This can never be gained by imitating, leaning upon others, asking advice, or going on crutches.

The grandest sight in creation is a normal man of power who stands firm on his feet and does not wabble or swagger or trample on a man who dares to think his own thoughts, or live his own life,—who does not lean, or imitate, or sham,—who can look the world straight in the eye without wincing, and does not swerve a hair's breadth to the right or the left, though a paradise tempt him, but goes straight to his goal.

▲ ▲

Discipline in a Vocation

HOW little we appreciate the value of discipline in a vocation. An artist, for example, must learn a great deal about mechanics before he can become a master; he must be a trained observer of things which escape the ordinary eye; he must learn to see that which is invisible to the untrained vision, he must, above all else, acquire a sense of proportion. His eye must detect fine difference in tints, and he must make himself acquainted with the moral meaning of colors. If, for instance, he wishes to express a strong physical force, or a great stress, such as is represented in a battle scene, he will not think of using yellow, a color which deals with the affections, or blue, which represents a mental quality, but he will take red, which is the base on which rests the whole pyramid of colors.

A master of music must develop an exquisite sense of precision of tone and touch. Order and system are great factors in his education. The discipline and the importance of time are of immense value to him. A true musician, like a true artist, must have a fine sense of proportion. Grandeur and sublimity must predominate in his tastes. Everything which elevates and enobles character should form an integral part of the nature of musicians and artists alike. Delicacy of perception, which is seldom gained in the coarser pursuits of life, constitutes an essential part of the equipment of a great artist or musician.

Every vocation or calling has some advantage over every other. Musicians and artists, for example, develop much finer mental and spiritual qualities than does an ordinary man of business. A mere man of affairs does not live as much in the higher domains of thought as does a musician, an artist, or an author. He develops the coarser strands of his nature. His life deals more with grasping, pushing, selfish qualities. He may in some ways become stronger, but not so fine grained as a creative artist. He will have more dollars, but less culture; more executive ability, but less sensibility. In what we call the finer vocations, there are many compensations for the probable loss of material wealth.

The discipline in a vocation, with its resulting power to call out and fully unfold the stronger and finer qualities of manhood and womanhood, is of untold importance.

A youth should not choose a vocation merely because he thinks he will attain distinction or make money in it. Above his ambition to become a great merchant, lawyer, statesman, physician, artist, or musician, should be a desire to become a noble man. Other things being equal, he should choose that vocation which offers the largest opportunity for growth, and which will keep pushing his horizon a little farther and farther away from him. There are many callings that do not tend to develop a man and keep him growing after the first few years. The discipline in them is only a repetition of the exercise of certain faculties. There is no pushing out, no variety of experience.

Absence of growth under any circumstances is, of course, largely the fault of the man, for there is no conceivable useful vocation in which he can not enlarge himself and keep on growing. But the tendency of a money-making calling is to narrow and pinch the life, to strangle aspiration, and to lower ideals. Unless your ideal continually reaches out before you and beckons you to higher things, you may be sure there is something wrong, either with yourself or with your vocation. If your work does not call on you to ascend as well as to extend, you may be certain that you have not made a wise choice of a vocation.

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Diamonds in the Rough

THERE are many people who think that much of what is real culture and refinement is merely affectation. They believe that a diamond in the rough is the only genuine diamond. If a man is sincere, they argue, if he possesses manly qualities, and is loyal to truth, no matter how uncouth and coarse he may be outwardly, he will be respected and will be successful.

This argument is good only to a limited extent. What is true of an uncut gem is also true of a human diamond in the rough. No matter how intrinsically valuable they may be, no one would think of wearing uncut diamonds. A man might have a million dollars' worth of such gems; yet, if he refused to have them cut and polished, no one would appreciate them. The unpracticed eye would not be able to distinguish them from common pebbles. They are valuable only in proportion to the degree of brilliancy and beauty which the diamond cutter can call out of them.

So, a man may be possessed of many admirable qualities, but, if he insists on covering them with a rough, uncouth exterior, they will be robbed of much of their intrinsic value. They will be discovered only by keen observers, or expert character readers. What cutting and polishing do for crystallized carbon, education and refined social intercourse do for the human diamond in the rough. The grace of fine culture, a charming personality and an exquisite manner enhance its value a thousandfold.

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[The editor of SUCCESS is constantly asked for advice both orally and by mail. So many letters are received that it is impossible to answer them all personally. Many of them cover the same ground. Sometimes it is difficult to be frank enough in criticising a person to his face. The editor wishes, therefore, in this department, to give advice and counsel which shall be direct and helpful, and to make the answers broad enough to apply to many cases, though a single person and his needs are in view.]

Getting Away from the Crowd

WHY have you been in the same position at practically the same small salary for many years? Very likely you attribute it to the partiality and prejudice of your employer or the man representing him, or, possibly, to the petty jealousies or envy of your fellow employees. The probabilities are, however, that the fault is your own.

If you are earning three or four times your salary, how long do you suppose you can be kept down? Do you think that those around you who are not half as valuable as you to your employer will be advanced ahead of you from any prejudice or jealousy? Every employer is seeking values, or efficiency. His own reputation in regard to the way he handles his business is at stake, whether he be manager, superintendent, or proprietor.

Every man who takes a pride in his business wants to build up a clean-cut, compact system; he wishes to arrange for the best possible combination of the ability, the efficiency, and the effectiveness of his employees. He cannot afford to promote a man who has not shown himself equal to the situation, and master of any emergency likely to arise.

Are you storing up a large reserve of power, of adaptability, and of skill? Are you training yourself in courtesy, in fineness of manner, in alertness of mind, and in ability to grasp unexpected situations, to enable you to fill efficiently the place above yours? If you are not, probably one of your associates is, and when he is advanced you will say, "What a lucky dog!" You consider yourself unfortunate.

Employers are not blind; they are always looking for efficiency, for "up-to-date-ness," and for skill. They can tell very well whether you are laying foundations for advancement, or are likely to remain a clerk, satisfied with staying in your little rut, if you can get just enough to live on.

A satisfied employee is done growing; he does not expand. A man who does not reach out for larger things, and is not ambitious to excel, to get up in the world, and to be somebody, may not even be fitted for the position he is in. In fact, a man who is qualified to occupy his position must have many of the qualities requisite for the next higher place.

There must be a reason why you stay in the same place for many years, and you should examine yourself to see what the trouble is. Have you the determination to win? Are you bound to get on? Do you try to do everything a little better than anybody else about you? Are you trying to be more progressive, more up-to-date, more methodical in your work? Are you weeding out all slipshod methods, slouchy bearing, and careless speech? Are you concise and direct in your conversation? Do you write your letters as carefully and effectively as possible? Are you neat and tidy in your business, and polite and considerate in your manner? Are you obliging to everybody? Are you careful in your habits, both when you are at your place of business and away from it? Do you realize that somebody is watching you constantly, and that your carelessness, your indifference, your bad language, your loose-jointed strides and your lack of ambition may be the stumbling-blocks that are keeping you back?

Remember there is nothing small in your work. The least slip may be an indication by which your employer judges your character and takes your measure.

Are you trying to develop your sleeping talents, to arouse your dormant faculties? Are you trying to act the Columbus to yourself constantly and to make new discoveries of possibilities?

Take a careful inventory of yourself, check off the winning qualities, and weed out the enemies of your advancement, and you will find nothing to keep you back.

Remember that it is the man who can do things that those about him never heard of, in an original, unusual manner, by novel and short-cut methods, who gets to the front. If you are tame in your position and just jog along as everybody else does about you, if you never think of any new devices for improving your work, or extending the business, you may be sure that your employer is not considering you seriously for an advance.

It is business-builders he is after; he is looking for men who can increase the volume of his transactions, and can help him to extend, broaden, and improve the quality of his trade.

The Triumph of Despair

Henry Tyrrell

BEHIND the clouds the sky is blue,
To-morrow may be fair:
Never despair! but, if you do,
Work on in your despair.

The needle to the pole points true
For dauntless men who dare:
Never despair! but, if you do,
Work on in your despair.

Though fate no roses flings, but rue,
And a thorny crown you wear:
Never despair! but, if you do,
Work on in your despair.

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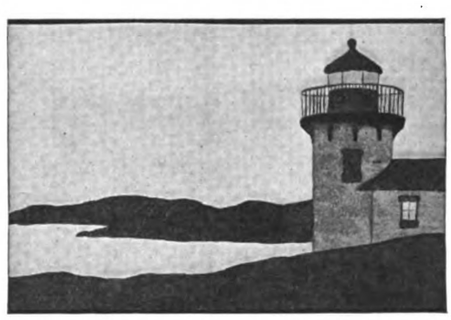


Helen F. Phildius, vice president | F. A. Lowe, treasurer | John W. Boud, president

IT is three years since the first Success League seedling was planted. As usual, croakers predicted that the tree would never grow to maturity, and even those who did the planting had a few misgivings, because so many attempts to cultivate similar trees had met with disaster. All misgivings are now passed. The seedling has taken deep root, and its prolific growth is the source of much gratification to its planters.

Proven by the Test of Time

In three years the Success League has developed from a few feeble clubs in unknown country villages into a world-wide organization numbering a thousand branches, extending throughout the United States and in many foreign countries. In New York City, alone, there are thirty clubs, and in all other large cities there is a like proportion. There is scarcely a town of any size in the United States which does not have at least one branch of the Success League. Wherever the idea becomes known a League branch is readily established. The League grows because its central idea is universally attractive. Every normal being wants to succeed in life and is attracted by an organization that promises to help him to achieve this end. The League fulfills its promises every time. Even in the brief period since the idea was originated, hundreds of youths have had their ideals raised and have been inspired to make the most of themselves by being members of Success League branches. In Harrisonburg, Virginia, a League branch secured an earlier closing of business places, thus giving clerks and other employees an opportunity to attend evening schools and to occupy themselves with other means of improvement. In New London, Connecticut, a discussion of the temperance question by a League branch aroused the interest of the entire city. The subject was commented upon in the city newspapers and much good was accomplished for the cause of temperance. In Sabina, Ohio, a League branch has built a club house which is a means of keeping young men from loafing at the street corners and hanging around saloons and other similar resorts.



"THE LIGHT-HOUSE," by Mabel O. Jackson
[Fifteen years old. First Prize]

A Business-like System of Administration

The League is conducted on a strictly up-to-date system. Its form of government is democratic. A board of officers is elected each year by popular vote. The pictures of the officers for the current year are shown herewith. There are no figureheads among these officers. Each has specific duties to perform. There is a secretary to look after the interests of each special class of clubs, the League work being divided into the following special fields: Church, Young Men's Christian Association, School, Home, and Amateur Journalism. Each of the officers of the League has had experience that especially fits him to fulfill the duties of his office.

John Wallace Boud, the president, was the organizer of the Ivanhoe Literary Society of Philadelphia, one of our most enterprising League branches. He has also organized several other societies and is a member of a number of clubs. He is a journalist of considerable local reputation.

The vice president, Miss Helen F. Phildius, was one of the charter members of the Success Society of St. Joseph, Missouri, and is now vice president of that society.

The treasurer, Frederick August Lowe, was one of the charter members of the Colonial Success Club of New York City, which was one of the first clubs organized three years ago.

The church secretary, Rev. E. H. Stranahan, was also church secretary of our League last year. He is the pastor of the Friends' Church at Sabina, Ohio, and the Success Club connected with this church has built its own club house, and is one of the most progressive and enthusiastic societies in our League.

The Young Men's Christian Association secretary, J. Paul Dutrow, was the organizer of the Success Club of the Harrisonburg Young Men's Christian Association. This was one of the first Young Men's Christian Association clubs ever organized, and has always been a very enterprising society.

The school secretary, Hugh A. Hackett, is a student of Johns Hopkins University. He has organized a number of literary societies and has also been a member of several others.

The amateur journalist secretary, William Robert Murphy, was the organizer of the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club. He is the editor of a number of amateur journalist papers, and is one of the most prominent amateur journalists in the country.

The commercial secretary, George E. Dougherty, is the proprietor of the Dougherty Shorthand School, at Topeka, Kansas, and founder of the Dougherty Success Club. This club is the largest commercial club in our League.

The general secretary, Herbert Hungerford, who organized the first Success Club, and has had general charge of the development of the League from the beginning, is the manager of the Bureau, at the headquarters, in New York City, which attends to the correspondence and looks after the general interests of the League.

Any Self-Improvement Society May Join

The Success League is built up not only by the addition of clubs newly organized, but also takes into its federation many societies of kindred motives. The League is so broadly democratic that a society loses none of its individuality by joining the League, and yet it gains scores of valuable privileges. All societies retain their local names, and many of them even have individual badges, and one of them can become, for example, the Webster Club of the Success League. Our badge is so arranged that it may be made a pendant to the individual badge of any branch of our League.

The greatest benefit in belonging to the League is



"PLEASE HURRY," by Paul Foote
[Sixteen years old. First Prize]

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that each member of a branch society has the privilege of securing information, advice, and assistance from the Bureau established at headquarters. This Bureau, which is composed of experienced club workers, furnishes books, badges, and other supplies to club members at very low rates, helps members to prepare essays and debates, answers questions and gives information on all important matters. The Bureau issues a monthly journal called "Successward," which is full of suggestions and helpful plans for club members. This journal is issued eight months of the year and is sent to each branch secretary who sends regular reports of the doings of his branch. To all others the subscription price of "Successward" is fifty cents a year, or ten cents for a single copy.

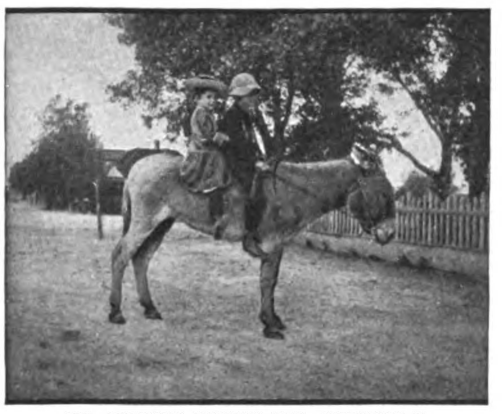
Every branch of our League may take honest pride in the fact that it belongs to the largest federation of self-improvement societies in the world,—a federation of international influence.

Send for the Organizer's Outfit

If you belong to any kind of a self-improvement society, it will pay you to send for our handbook and other printed matter, which will enable you to explain to your fellow members the benefits of belonging to the Success League. If you do not belong to a society but wish to organize one, we will send you an organizing outfit, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Further particulars about the League will be sent upon receipt of a postal card inquiry. Address, The Success League, University Building, Washington Square, New York.



"SWEETS FOR THE SWEET," by E. B. Latimer
[Nineteen years old. Third Prize]



"A ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANARY,"
by Claude C. Blankinship
[Special Prize]

The June Short-Story Competition

A MISTAKE

[BRUCE BLIVEN, Emmetsburg, Iowa, age, thirteen years]

BILLY DENTWORTH chewed the end of his pencil absentmindedly, and frowned in deep consideration. When he had decided to write a letter to Daisy Higginson, (who was the object of Billy's secret devotion,) he had imagined he could dash off a manly epistle, hinting at his fondness for the intended recipient,—not one of the "I now take my pen in hand" kind, but such a one as a Henty or an Alger hero would write.

Now, alas! he twirled his pencil over a sheet of his mother's best writing paper,—borrowed and brought to school for this purpose,—without a ghost of an idea. In ten minutes school would commence and Miss James would allow no time for composition after that. If he could only get started! but he could think of no original way. So, with a sigh, he was forced to commence, "I now take my pen in hand." However, he signed himself, "Yours sincerely, William Dentworth," and safely dropped the letter in his geography.

Unfortunately, just then the last bell began to ring, so he seized his arithmetic and began what is vulgarly known as "cramming" on the Rule of Three. As he opened the book, a note fell from it, and he remembered that his mother had put it there the evening before, cautioning him, as it was an invitation, to be sure and hand it to the teacher before school. However, he dropped this missive also into the recesses of his geography, consoling himself with the reflection that he could hand it to the teacher at recess.

But at recess he forgot both letters, and on returning from ten minutes of "tag," he found them both in his desk. At once he marched up the aisle, with one held half up his sleeve, and the other in full view. The one he dropped on Daisy's desk, and the other reached Miss James. Daisy, who was nine, had curly hair, and squinted, at once concluded that her education needed completing in geography,—a geography being, as everyone knows, a large book; so, setting her "Elementary" geography up sideways, she proceeded to complete her education Five minutes later, she turned a most bewildered face, with interrogative eyebrows, to Billy. He, taking it as a compliment, smiled at her, and was smiling still when Miss James's voice broke the silence, saying:—

"William! what does this mean?" holding aloft a note. William's eyes and mouth opened. Miss James's face broadened into a smile. "Class, listen to this," she said, reading:—

"Dear Daisy,

"I now take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. Am well, and hope you are the same. Can I walk home from school with you? I have got a brindled calf to home. Well, I must close. Yours sincerely, William Dentworth.

"P. S. Old Red-Head's awful cross, ain't she?

"W. D."

Everyone laughed except Billy, and Daisy went forward and handed the teacher the right note, and "Yours sincerely, William Dentworth," was interviewed that evening.

Miss James concluded that "Red-Head" was a little too personal.

THE STORY OF TWO BLUEBIRDS

[ANNA WHEELER HOPPER, Highland, N. Y., age, eleven years]

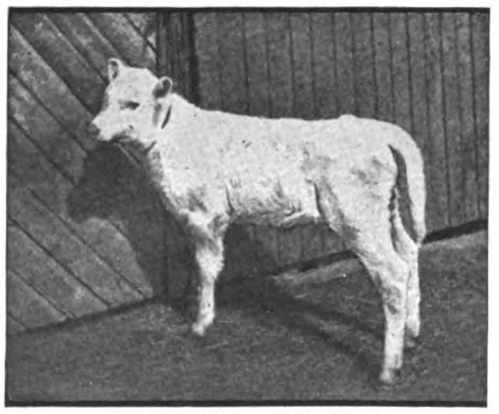
ONE day I stayed home from school because it was raining. Mamma and I noticed a male and two female bluebirds out in our back yard; the male bird was trying to make up his mind which one he wanted, and at last he took the sweetheart he wanted and the other little bird was left alone, and she started to fight with the young wife and pulled her feathers out, but the male stopped the fight and flew away with his mate to a post that had a hole in it, and they were wondering whether to build their nest there or in a box on another post. They took the box for their home and worked very hard to get their nest done. After a few days' hard labor they had it finished, then five light-blue eggs were laid, of which they were very proud.

About a week before the eggs should hatch, I noticed the lid to the box was off, and I went to fix it on and found that all the eggs were gone. I did not suppose the birds would come back, so papa told me to take the nest out of the box. Well, a few days later I looked in the box and there were some sticks in it, and then the birds worked hard again until the second nest was done, and four more blue eggs were laid.

At this time our cat had some kittens and I thought it must have been she, for a few days afterwards I saw that the lid was off again. I went to fix it on and found that two of the eggs were gone and the birds had gone. The other two eggs were left.

A few days after I saw the birds down by another box, and they were wondering whether to make a nest there or to give up housekeeping. But they thought they would make another nest and try again. When it was almost done, they went to the box where the two eggs were and picked holes in them, and rolled them out of the box.

They then finished the new nest and laid four eggs, and now I hope nothing will bother them. After making three nests and laying thirteen eggs, I hope they can hatch a family.



"WAITING," by Elsie Clarke
[Nineteen years old. Second Prize]



"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA," by H. B. Allen Sickel
[Seventeen years old. Special Prize]

THE WRONG FLAT

[JEANNETTE BURKE, 707 Forest Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, age, thirteen years]

THIS mistake was made by Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." He was very fond of children.

Once he was invited to a friend's house, where there was to be a children's party.

His friend's house was one of a solid row of flats all of uniform appearance.

He walked up the steps and, softly opening the door, he hung his hat and coat in the hall.

Then, quietly entering the parlor without stopping to notice who were there, he dropped on all fours and went rapidly around the room in that manner.

[*Concluded on page 539*]

Wanted!

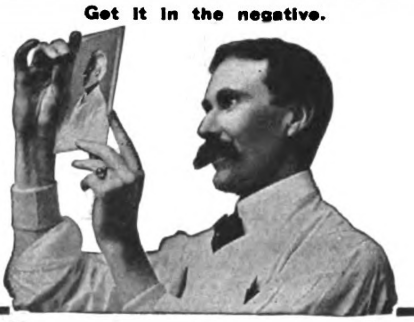
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A Cloud of Mercies

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

[*Concluded from page 497*]

boughs, piteous in their bravery of tender leaves, and sighed deeply. He had hoped the wind would die away at sundown,—for, unless it should die, frost would be almost certain. He glanced covertly at Meredith, who stood with her face pressed against the pane. He knew of what she was thinking,—and what she was fearing, although she had bravely tried to keep him from knowing the strait to which his illness had brought her. Anna had sequestered herself as soon as the hard rain began. She was still invisible. In the dining room across the hall, Elvy moved ponderously about, setting a company supper table, and droning a dolorous hymn. Grandpap-Colonel stirred a little in his easy chair, and said, offhandedly: "Merry, do you think our visitors will get here to-night?"

"One of them,—frost," Meredith answered over her shoulder. "The stars are coming out,—they shine cold,—as they do in winter. Still,—there'll be berries enough for you, Grandpap-Colonel, for I saw buds just peeping up in the late vines this morning."

"It is cruel,—cruel," the old man said, letting his head fall. "You have worked so hard, so faithfully,—you had such a promise; but, my girl, there is still some comfort. The Good Book says: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' God does not utterly forget,—He will help us over the hard place, somehow."

"We have no other hope,—" Meredith began, —then ran away, choking, unable to bear more of even such tender comforting. She groped her way to her own room, flung herself face downward upon the bed, and lay there shivering to hear the mad shrieking of the wind.

Presently, Elvy called her. She made no answer. Faintly and dimly she heard the bustle of the supper table, and caught Anna's flute-note, in speech with Grandpap-Colonel. Anna had her own disappointment, also storm-wrought,—but with hope behind it. Justus Page would surely come in the morning; his presence could mean but one thing. Meredith clinched her hands until the nails dug into the palms. Back in that old time he had said he loved her,—her only,—that he would claim her, and keep her against all the world, "as soon as he was ready to settle down." No doubt he was ready now,—and no doubt, either, his vagrant heart had chosen Anna instead of her. It was not at all strange, for Anna was sweeter, softer, ever so much prettier, with a certain appeal of timid youth that Meredith lacked wholly. She hoped the engagement would be short,—and the land should be mortgaged to give Anna a proper outfit. That was inevitable, anyway. Perhaps it might be better to sell the place outright, buy a cottage somewhere, and take care of Elvy and Grandpap-Colonel by going again at the hated teaching.

The house became very quiet. By and by the quiet, mingling with her crowding miseries, sent Meredith to sleep. She awoke hours later, sat suddenly upright, rubbed her eyes, listened wildly, and then broke into passionate tears. The air was softly dank,—chill, not cold, and no longer rent by shrieking, wailing winds. The swish of leafy boughs, tap-tapping on the windowpane, accented the tinkling fall of fine steady drops. Meredith flung up the sash and leaned far out, lifting her face to the saving shower. The wind, shifting again, had brought back the cloud,—a very cloud of mercies manifold.

She leaned through the dark, babbling happily to the raindrops, even kissing such bold ones as dared cling to her lips, until she caught the thudding of rapid hoofs, undervoiced a little later by loud cheery hails. By the time she gained the landing of the great stairway, the hall door stood wide,—in the light streaming through it she saw Anna held stoutly to the heart of a gallant-looking young stranger, with Justus Page beside them chuckling, wringing Grandpap-Colonel's hand hard, and saying discontentedly: "Colonel, is n't that enough to make a fellow feel lonesome? Do pray help me find my sweetheart, Meredith."

The rest was all like a dream. Anna and Anna's lover swept through it like folks enchanted, Grandpap-Colonel smiled content, and Elvy beamed, an ebon guardian angel. It was no dream, though, which set Justus Page beside Meredith, holding



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both her hands fast, and saying, breathlessly: "Sweetheart,—it was all because of Sister Lucy,—you don't know it, but, in a sort, she was left my guardian,—until I was thirty-five. Unless I should marry exactly to please her, she could tie up my income in all sorts of hard knots. I loved you from the first,—too well to ask you to live on bread and cheese and kisses. Lucy hated you only on my account,—as she liked Anna because she was not dangerous to yours truly. So there was nothing for it but to philander after Nancy, by way of keeping aware of all that happened to you. Say you forgive me,—it was love made me a coward,—"

"There is nothing to forgive," Meredith interrupted, smiling softly. "All my life I shall thank God that he sent the clouds I needed."

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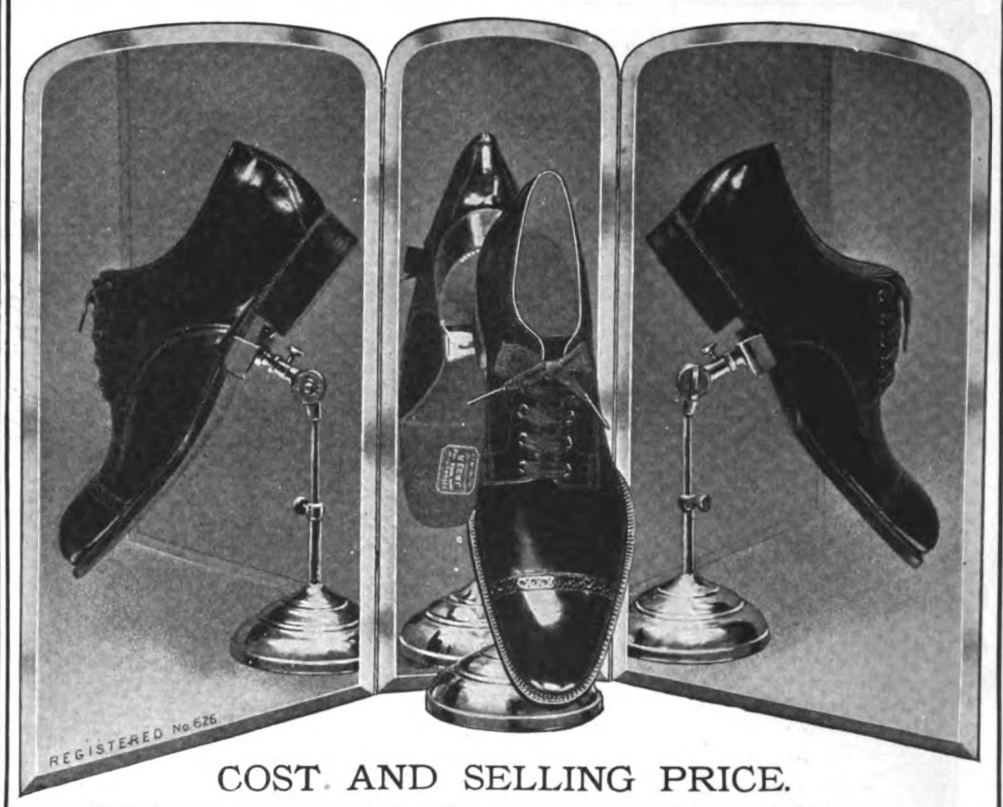
Where Life Is a Song

HAPPINESS is in this mind or nowhere. Charles Wagner in "The Simple Life" gives a beautiful illustration of this. "In my country of Alsace," he says, "on the solitary route whose interminable ribbon stretches on and on under the forests of the Vosges, there is a stone-breaker whom I have seen at his work for thirty years. The first time I came upon him, I was a young student, setting out with swelling heart for the great city. The sight of this man did me good, for he was humming a song as he broke his stones. We exchanged a few words, and he said at the end: 'Well, good-by, my boy, good courage and good luck!' Since then I have passed and repassed along that same route, under circumstances the most diverse, painful and joyful. The student has finished his course, the breaker of stones remains what he was. He has taken a few more precautions against the season's storms; a rush-mat protects his back, and his felt hat is drawn further down to shield his face. But the forest is always sending back the echo of his valiant hammer. How many sudden tempests have broken o'er his bent back, how much adverse fate has fallen on his head, on his house, on his country! He continues to break his stones, and, coming and going, I find him by the roadside, smiling in spite of his age and his wrinkles, benevolent, speaking—above all in dark days,—those simple words of brave men, which have so much effect when they are scanned to the breaking of stones."

"Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted Past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

I can not remain idle. Ever since I was a child, I have had this feeling. Time means everything. If you can not do a thing here, do it elsewhere. An hour saved is an hour gained, and in that hour gained may be accomplished the one thing you have been striving for.—G. MARCONI.

"The youth who does not look up will look down, and the spirit which does not soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel."



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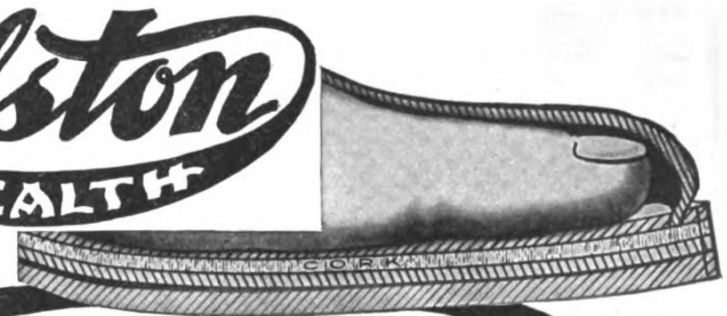
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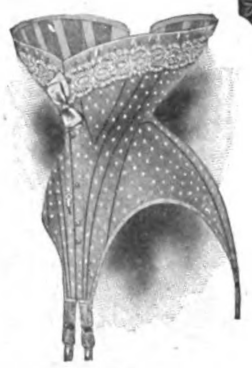
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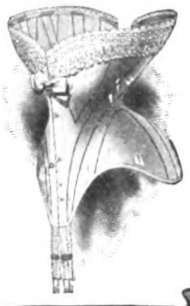
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The Finishing Touches in Dress

MARION BELL



An evening toilet

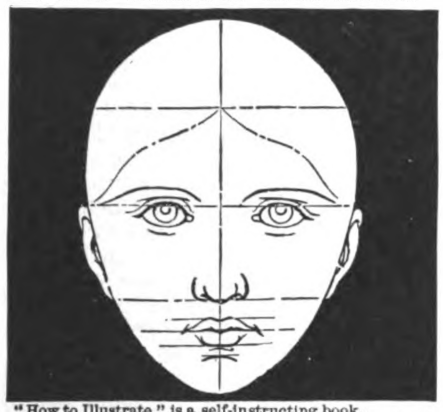
THERE was a time when the well-dressed woman of moderate means needed comparatively few coats or top-garments, but that day is past, and the choice of the appropriate coat for a given occasion requires quite as much thought as the selection of the gown. Temptation lurks on every side, for never before were such attractive creations displayed. The variety is fairly bewildering. There are long coats, short coats, loose coats, tight coats, pelerines, and capes. No one type reigns supreme. Material, shape, and trimming depend upon the taste of the wearer, and this very latitude of choice which makes expression of individuality a possibility opens the way for sad mistakes and sins against good taste. The coat to suit the occasion and the garment with which it is worn is the only safe rule to follow, and a woman who can afford but one new autumn coat should choose a simple, smart style, preferably in black, and made of *peau de soie*, taffeta, or of coarse-mesh canvas that will show the silk lining through its open weave. She should depend upon the accessories rather than the trimmings for its fanciful effect that is so fascinating and charming when worn upon occasions of ceremony, but which assumes an almost grotesque appearance when worn with the ordinary street costume. Cape effects are predominant, and deservedly so, for a deep cape collar achieves the proper shoulder droop more easily than anything else, and, moreover, it goes far toward hiding any defect in the cut of the garment,—for the loose coat, in spite of its studied negligence, needs careful and skillful handling. Many of these collars, which provide the "finishing touch" to the garment, are of lace, though those of silk, cloth, or linen cunningly inset with lace, or overwrought with appliqué or embroidery, are considered more *chic*, and any woman who embroiders cleverly would do well to have a cape collar of white cloth richly embroidered in dull Oriental colors or in white. With this ornamentation prepared at slight expense, a very handsome coat would be a matter of small cost. Of course, there must be a coat for actual service,



Artistic effects with jewels

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BRIEF SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—Remarks on "Talent," "Genius" and explanation of correct methods of teaching. TECHNIC.—Working with pen, brush (oil and water color), pastel, grease and conte crayon, lead pencil, carbon pencil, scratch paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treatment, zig-zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines double, cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Distemper drawings. Tracing and copying photographs.

What materials to use, including papers, canvasses and bristol boards.

Tools and how to handle them.

Drawing from nature, including landscape, flowers, animals, figures, portraits, etc.

Drawing from memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc.

COLOR.—Primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. How to mix different shades, etc.

ARTISTIC ANATOMY.—The bones and muscles as applied to pictorial work.

LETTERING.—Copying and originating. Roman, block, old English and script styles shown. Elementary historic and geometric ornament.

Conventionalization of flowers, ornamental composition, pictorial composition (including form and color arrangement and balance), fashion work, caricaturing, cartooning.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.—Sorrow, joy, anger, fear, contempt, laughter.

Aerial and linear perspective.

BUSINESS DETAILS.—How to sell pictures, how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, lists of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or express, etc., etc.

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A stylish taffeta coat

than which there is nothing quite so smart as the box or the tight-fitting coat of covert.

Another important item in this young woman's wardrobe is her evening toilet, for, no matter what are her daily duties, she must occasionally indulge her natural youthful desires to the extent of a trip to the opera, a dance, or perhaps a social function, and not to be properly gowned would, indeed, be unpardonable. The expense of such a gown need not be very great, and especially is this true if the young woman is handy with her needle, and of even greater importance is her judgment in selecting the materials. There are a variety of pretty fabrics that offer charming possibilities, and so reasonable are some of them, one is tempted to possess more than one evening gown. A practical suggestion in any event is to have two waists made to wear with the same skirt,—one with low neck and short sleeves, and the other having long sleeves and high neck. Veilings, voiles, and soft woolens in white or delicate colors, artistically trimmed with ribbon, lace, and, perhaps, a bit of embroidery, make some of the most attractive dresses imaginable. A particularly striking model was fashioned from veiling in the palest shade of pink, and creamy lace with black velvet ribbon trimmed the dainty gown, which had both a high and a low necked bodice. White albatross would make quite an effective gown, and for a comparatively trivial outlay.

Where is the young woman who does not delight in jewels? And rightly so, because they enhance her charms, when artistically and judiciously worn. Perhaps one can count among one's treasures gems that are family heirlooms, and are of rare and artistic workmanship. All sorts of jeweled ornaments are worn, and happy the girl who possesses a string of pearls or a pearl collar, for the most artistic effects are possible if she also possess good taste. A charmingly pretty idea for evening wear is to wind a string of pearl beads through the soft coils of her hair. A high collar of the pearl beads with slides of brilliants at regular intervals is wonderfully becoming to the girl whose neck is long and slender. The outline of the low-necked gown that is worn to the dance or opera may be effectively decorated with one's prettiest jeweled pins. These days of lavish dress-display have brought forth many imitation gems that are really works of art, and are considered quite correct to provide attractive finishing touches to a dressy toilet.

Perhaps no other item in the well-appointed wardrobe should be given the same thought as the slippers and shoes my lady wears. The most fashionable dress is utterly ruined if one's feet are not properly shod. There has never before been such variety in footwear, and with careful planning and for a moderate amount one may provide shoes for each and every occasion. For actual service there is the heavy-soled, mannish boot and low shoe with the heel in military or Cuban style, and this season shows a revival of the tan shoe, to be worn for walking and tramping. There is nothing else quite so stylish for dressy wear as the patent-leather shoe. Either a Cuban or medium high French heel distinguishes this shoe, which, to be absolutely correct, must be laced with broad silk laces. The girl who must study comfort as well as looks in her footwear will appreciate shoes made of enameled kid.—a finish very similar to patent leather, but soft and pliable. All the fashionable shapes are made in this kid.

In London, a few years ago, a prize was offered for the best definition of a gentleman, and the one for which the prize was awarded is this: "A gentleman is a knight whose armor is honor and whose lance is courtesy."

Cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—ADDISON.

Don't object that your duties are so insignificant: they are to be reckoned of infinite significance, and alone important to you. Were it but the perfect regulation of your apartment, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might, and all thy worth and constancy."—CARLYLE.



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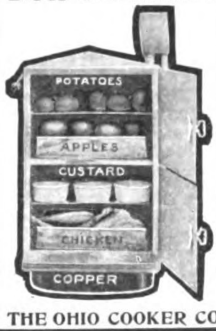
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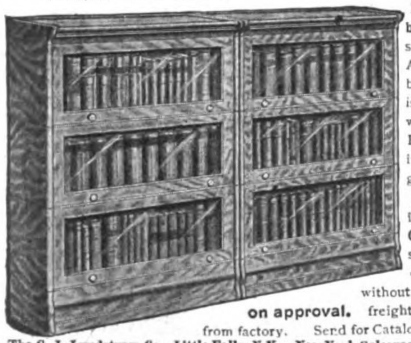
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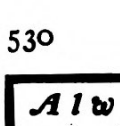
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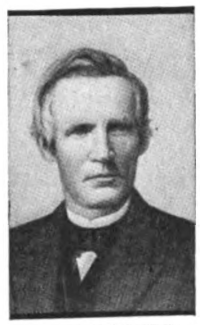
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How Dictionaries Are Made

WILLIAM CURTIS STILES

[*Concluded from page 500*]



NOAH PORTER,
late editor, "Webster's Dictionary"

who sees only the results attained. An accurate picture of anything that by its nature can be pictorially presented on the page is often a better method of imparting exact information than a definition itself. A page in color of the different types of butterflies, for example, tells more to the ordinary reader, if they are true to life, than a tome of technical description. But the making of such a plate means a vast amount of research in entomology, as well as the solution of the finest problems of color-printing in the attempt to reproduce the exact shades and markings of the living insects. Such experiments are exceedingly interesting, but enormously expensive. The publishers of one of our dictionaries announced that the single plate of the color spectrum in that work cost the sum of five thousand dollars before a single impression was made. When we consider that in a modern unabridged dictionary the plates and cuts number thousands, and that each must be as accurate as the definitions themselves, this part of dictionary-making will be seen to be by no means the least important.

The task of making an actually complete dictionary, in fact, never was accomplished by anybody, and is never likely to be accomplished. The "Oxford Dictionary," when completed, will be the fullest word book of English ever attempted, but already there are thousands of words in the letters that have been completed that have since come to light, or have been coined since the work was begun. Whenever there is an entire reprint made of our present larger dictionaries, it will probably be found expedient and necessary to drop a great many words now included to make room for new candidates. This will be done on the realization that for general use a dictionary need not be a word book of the language, but rather a lexicon of all the terms likely to be wanted by the average reader and writer of English. The obsolete and archaic words will be slighted more and more, and only scientific and technical terms that remain in actual use will be included. Thus we shall eventually have dictionaries that are even more usable, and more strictly up to date than any that have yet appeared, made possible by the increasing facilities of cheaper reproduction in print of new editions, and the greater aptitude for rapid lexicography of those who make them.

Have the great dictionaries paid? It may be stated on the best authority that the sale of the great American-made dictionaries has been large and extremely profitable. There has been no price-cutting in the competition among them, nor has the price of any of these been very much determined by a consideration of the prices of the others. Thus far the publishers have relied upon certain points in which their works are respectively superior to others to establish them as monopolies, more or less complete. The sale of none has been very detrimental to the sale of a competing work, with those who could possibly buy more than one.

If one of our great dictionaries were regarded as a permanent investment, as in fact it is, it may be said authoritatively that the income from these investments is better than that of the average real-estate investment, or than that of any ordinarily successful business venture. From inside sources a close estimate of the sales of the greater American dictionaries, for the last decade, places the number at not less than two million copies. This is exclusive of all smaller and abridged editions. American dictionaries sell abroad, not only in England, but also wherever English-speaking people are found. This particular branch of literature is one in which Americans are distinctly the leaders, and in which they have undoubtedly surpassed all the rest of the world.

Dishonest Success Is the Worst Failure

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

Honor with some is a sort of paper credit with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of morality and religion.—ZIMMERMAN.

IT means something in these days to be straightforward and honest. It not only gives you infinite satisfaction to maintain your wholeness, your integrity, but it is also capital to you. It means extension of credit, or increased public confidence. It means something for a young man to refuse to make money without fairly earning it, to stand foursquare to the world when trickery and fraud offer such tempting prizes.

Of course, it is hard for a young man to jog along in what seems a humdrum way while his acquaintances all around are gaining wealth, apparently, by leaps and bounds. It takes courage to refuse to bend the knee to questionable methods, when they are so generally adopted. It takes courage to tell the exact truth, when a little departure would bring a great temporary gain. It takes courage to refuse to be bribed, when it could be covered by specious justifications. It takes courage to stand erect, when, by bowing and scraping to people with a "pull," you can get inside information that would make you win what others would lose.

On every hand you will see flaunted evidences of easily earned wealth. You will see apparent happiness in elegant homes, costly clothing, and fine carriages, all procured by questionable means. You will find many a rogue covering up a life of despicable trickery, and apparently enjoying himself, but remember that there is no place in the world of real happiness for dishonesty. Unalloyed enjoyment never mates with wrong; fraud is never coupled with peace of mind. It may be true that such a man may be so hypnotized by the glamour of wealth, no matter how it was obtained, that he will seem to enjoy spending it, but there will be a questioning in the soul, a still, small voice within him which will ever repeat: "You know this money is not your own, that it really belongs to those you have defrauded, or robbed of ambition, opportunity, or a chance in life. You know you got your stocks, your houses, by fraudulent methods; you know that you got your fine home by making other homes poorer and meaner and darker; you know that your elegant tapestries, fine furniture, and works of art mean that you have made such things forever impossible for those whose money you have stolen." As he advances in years, and pleasures of the senses pall, he begins to think, to ask himself what his life means, and he sees that he has been harboring a wasps' nest in his heart, and that all the best of him has been stung to death.

Do not be deceived by appearances. A great deal of that which passes for success is really failure or defeat. On the other hand, that which passes for failure really is often success and noble achievement.

When you see a young man flaunting his quickly gained wealth in your face, just ask yourself, "How much did he lose in getting it? How much of himself has he parted with in exchange for the money? Does it pay to sell one's manhood and character in order to get rich a little faster? Isn't it safer to take the slower and approved method? Doesn't a youth lose, unless his life is square and clean, no matter what money he gets?"

Young man, never envy the man who seems to get on by questionable methods, who wins by long-headed, sharp practice. Your own self-respect is worth more than all his ill-gotten wealth.

Never put in your pocket a dishonest dollar, a lying dollar, a deceitful dollar, a dollar which drips with human sorrow, a dollar that has made another poorer, which has robbed another of cherished plans or education. Never touch a dollar which is not morally clean; it will do you no good, but will rob you of peace of mind, of self-respect.

Never put yourself in a position where the brute side of you will have to apologize to your diviner self for what you have done, or where you will be obliged to cover your tracks, or to conceal your identity. Throw your heart wide open to the world. Have no business secret so far as morality is concerned.

Never yield to a temptation to do a dishonorable or questionable deed, no matter what the promise of reward may be.

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The Confession of a Crœsus

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[*Concluded from page 503*]

Let them have the chance I never had. Or, did I have it and throw it away? No matter! To sacrifice them for revenge would be petty.

Petty! What is not petty to me, seated in front of The Great Fact? I must rearrange my will properly to provide for Helen.

How small and repulsive it all is to me!—all that has seemed so stupendous these forty years. I am worn out. If I have not the courage to die, still less have I the courage to go on,—or the interest. I want rest. They tell me that,—they tell me what they always tell a man in my straits.

Too late! Too late! For now, not the poorest, greediest peddler that cheats for rags at the areagate would change with me.

Oh, vanity, how you have swindled me!

No doubt they think my mind is stunned. I have seen other men of my class stricken as I am. I have watched them in this frightful wait for the shaft they knew death had aimed and would not long delay. I know now why their eyes were dull, why their ears seemed not to hear. I know what they were thinking about. For, hour after hour, I, too,—

[*Here the manuscript ends*]

* * * * * * *

POSTSCRIPT

ON the second day after James Galloway's death, his eldest and outcast son called at the Galloway palace and asked for his brother Walter. Presently the latter, in dress and manner an ideal chief mourner and chief beneficiary, came down to him in the library. The dead man lay in a magnificent casket, in the adjoining ballroom, which was half full of funeral flowers.

"You came to see—father?" said Walter.

"No," replied James, "I do not wish to be reminded. I am trying to forgive him." Then he looked into his brother's eyes with the keen, frank glance that is one of his many charms. "I've come to ask you what you intend to do about the will."

Walter's eyes shifted. "I don't understand you," he answered.

"I mean,—do you intend to break it?"

There was a long silence. Walter's upper lip, in spite of his efforts to control it, was twitching nervously. At length he said: "He is gone. It is his will. It contains his—life ambition. I think it would be wrong not to respect it." He looked at his brother appealingly.

"Then I must warn you that, unless you break it and divide everything equally among his heirs, I shall make a contest."

"But you consented, Jim!" pleaded Walter, recovering from his stupor.

"Consented—to what?"

"To—to my staying—where I was."

"While he lived. I said nothing about afterwards. If you won't break the will, *I* shall. It will be easy enough. I can prove he made it in the belief that I had forged his name. I can prove—that—I did n't."

"But you know, Jim, that he heard the truth years before he died."

James smiled cynically. "*How* do I know it?"

"I told you that mother told him on her deathbed."

"With the facts before it, would any jury believe you, or believe that I believed you?"

Walter flushed and looked indignantly at his brother. "You made me accept your offer to shield me for what I did when I was a boy. I was younger than you,—hardly more than a child. Now you want to punish me. It is n't like you, Jim!"

"More like father, is n't it?" asked James, sadly. "But—I can't do otherwise, Walt. I'm only helping you to do what's just,—what's merely decent."

"You are trying to destroy our father's lifework!"

"No—not his *life*-work. I can't do that. I wish I could! I wish I could destroy it even in myself! No, all I can hope to do is to paralyze his dead hand. And I *will!*"

"You sha'n't do it, Jim Galloway!" exclaimed Walter, in a burst of fury. He stood and shook his fists wildly. "I won't let you. I won't be cheated. *I won't!* I WON'T!"

"Let's send for your wife and ask her what she thinks," said James.

Walter gasped and sank into his chair. "No!" he muttered, "this is between you and me."

"I admit I'm doing right in the wrong way,—



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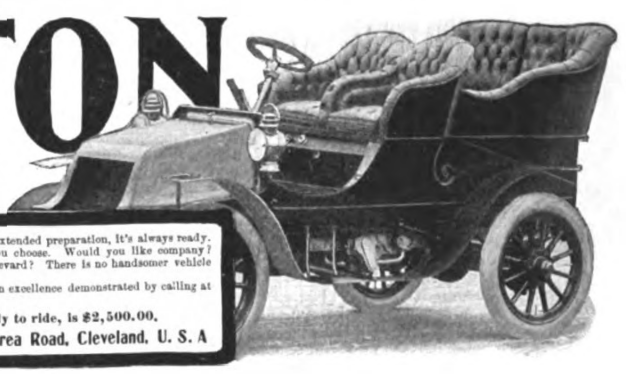
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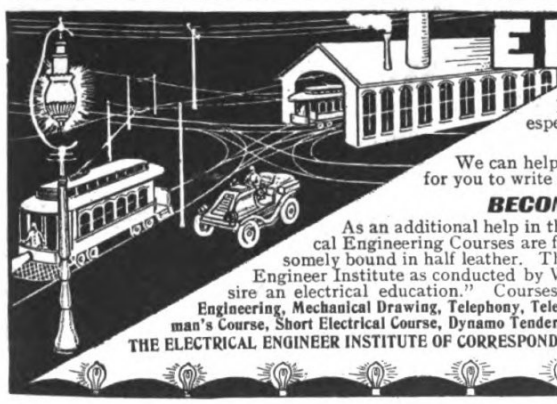
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but it's the only way open to me. The will must be broken." James rose to go. "Don't let's quarrel, Walter! You know what's honest and right; I've told you what I shall do. Think it over. Talk it over with your wife. Either keep your equal share, and devote the rest to a memorial to mother,—colleges, hospitals,—anything,—or else divide all equally among us four. Be sensible, Walt,—think what a hell his money and his ideas made for himself and for the rest of us. If you get only your equal share, you'll have hard enough work keeping from not being like him. Be sensible, Walt,—and be decent!"

Walter saw that there was no escape for him.

That same afternoon the will was opened. There were legacies of ten millions to Walter and to Aurora, and of two millions to James's children. The rest of the estate, seventy-eight millions, was left unconditionally—to Helen. The will was just one month old.

Walter was beaten in a costly contest to have it set aside, and have the estate equally divided among the heirs. The lawyers got five millions. When Helen was finally victorious, she devoted all except eight millions for James and ten millions for Delamotte and herself to the magnificent endowment of her father's various public enterprises. The huge palace she made over into the "James Galloway Memorial Museum of Art."

"I only carried out his real will," she said, "for he was one of the noblest men that ever lived,—and nobody understood him *but* me."

THE END

The Philosophy of Felix G. Pryme

In order to be popular, forget to say a good deal.

The way to make a man forget a favor is to do him one.

Boomerangs and evil thoughts act in a similar fashion.

A big heart usually goes with a big body, but a big head rarely does.

Wisdom is always conceded to a rich man until he loses his riches.

Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

The most depressing humidity is that caused by the tears of a woman.

A genius is a man who refuses to believe in the impossibilities of other people.

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he does n't make.

No marriage ceremony has ever been gone through without a hitch—of bride and groom.

Some men who take a postgraduate course are, in the long run, glad to become letter carriers.

The claims to wisdom of owls and a multitude of men rest upon their looks, and nothing more.

The heartache of many a widow has been tempered by the reflection that she looks her best in black.

To get rid of a bore, ask him to repeat his longest and favorite story twice. Even he cannot stand that.

A fool is generally a person who detects your faults while you are in the act of calling attention to his own.

The grievance of not a few women against their husbands is that the latter give them no ground for grievances.

The success of an amateur gardener often depends upon the number and the appetites of his neighbor's chickens.

Only a smart man can conceal from a woman the fact that he is n't as smart as he would wish her to think he is.

If we could draw checks as easily as we draw unkind inferences, automobiles would be as common as sparrows.

One of the curious things about a man who wants to borrow money from you to-day is his eager determination to repay it to-morrow.

There are three stages in the existence of the average man when he is of particular interest to his community; viz., at his birth, marriage, and funeral.

"Das Ewig-Weibliche*"

George Shepard Burleigh

A woman's soul is woman to the core,—
Not man, loose-fibered and emasculate,
The feeble monster whom your moods create,
To bruise or pet, to humble or adore;
In all the motions of her heart are more
Than man's intensities of love or hate,
A strength to suffer that outwearies fate,
And a mute patience when love's dream is o'er.
The subtle ways her happy thought can find,
Into the heart and secret soul of things,
Perplex the plodding and earth-delving mind
That creeps on crutches while she soars on wings.
The eternal womanly in the life of all
Flows through her open soul, and shapes her coronal.

*"The eternal feminine" of Goethe.

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The Achievements of Invalids

I.

William Mathews

THE value of health to all men who are engaged in the quest of success or happiness is now universally recognized. Nobody doubts to-day that it is the basis of all sound development, whether physical, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. Never before, since the days of Greece, has physical culture had so many and so strenuous votaries as to-day. It is now generally conceded that, as a recent writer observes, a man is what he is, not in one part or another, but all over. One part is intimately connected with another, from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain; and, when a man thinks, he thinks the whole trunk through. "A man's power comes from the generating forces that are in him; namely, the digestion of nutritious food in vitalized blood, made fine by oxygenation; an organization by which that blood has free course to flow and be glorified; a neck that will allow the blood to run up and down easily; a brain properly organized and balanced; the whole system so compounded as to have susceptibilities and recuperative force; immense energy to generate forces, and facility to give them out,—all these elements to determine what a man's working power is."

Train a Man, Not a Body

All this is true and can not be insisted on too earnestly. But is physical development all that is needed for an all-round, integral education? Must not the mind and heart and soul be exercised, even more than the muscles and other bodily organs, to insure perfect health? Has not Montaigne wisely said, that our work is not to train a soul by itself alone, nor a body by itself alone, but to train *a man;* and, in man, soul and body can never be divided? Again, is sound health, invaluable as it is, so essential to one's life-work that there can be no true success—at least, no great, preëminent success,—without it? Is it true that, as Emerson asserts, "success is a constitutional trait,"—that, "for a performance of great mark, it needs bodily health?" Have the lessons of history and biography no encouragement for men with frail or diseased bodies? Do they not, on the contrary, proclaim in thousands of pages, in trumpet tones, that, while there is unquestionably a strength of will that is organic and instinctive, belonging to the brain and blood, there is another which is the outgrowth of discipline and culture, and which manifests a greater power to do and to endure than that which springs from the bodily organization,—that, in short, the soul may triumph over all the frailties of the body, and that the *vivida vis animi* in a feeble frame may win victories of which the feeble mind in a titanic body can only despair?

Great and heroic, assuredly, were the deeds of Paul, the Apostle, "in bodily presence weak;" of Athanasius, a giant soul in a pigmy body, who fought single-handed, for half-a-century, against a host of foes, the great battle of orthodoxy, having, as Hooker said, "no friend but God and death;" of Gregory VII., the mightiest yet most diminutive of all the popes of Rome, before whom kings and princes prostrated themselves in abject submission. Great, too, were the achievements, of Pascal, a confirmed invalid at eighteen; of Channing, with his frail, clayey tabernacle; of Green, writing his book on "The Making of England" when so exhausted by disease that they who saw him from day to day could hardly believe that he would live through the coming winter. None of these men swung on parallel bars, or handled dumb-bells, or ran a race, or stood on a health-lift; nor did the spiritual giant by whose sanctity the great dialectician of his age, Abelard, was cowed and silenced. Bernard of Clarivaux, the most potent spirit of his day, was physically so frail that his speech seemed almost like that of one disembodied, and, after any great effort, it seemed as if he must die the very next hour. Often for days he was unable to take any food; and he hardly ever took it except under a sense of necessity, to keep the spark of life from going out. Yet this ghostly monk ruled Europe from his cell. He uttered "words which, in great emergencies, were the pivots of history." He struck, as with saber-cuts, the pontificial pride, elected popes, and governed the councils of Europe.

Robert Hall Preached While He Suffered

Where, in the whole range of pulpit oratory, would it be possible to find a series of more powerful and impressive discourses than those of Robert Hall? For forty years he had no rival in the English pulpit. Dr. W. B. Sprague, of Albany, who heard one of his discourses, says that, "toward the end, his voice swelled from an almost unintelligible whisper to a trumpet-peal, and when he was concluding, the effect upon the nervous system of the listener was like the shock of artillery." Yet some of the greatest of Hall's discourses, notably the famous one on "Modern Infidelity," were preached in the intervals of frightful sufferings which shook his nervous system to its center. Dr. Pritchard, the eminent physician who, after the great preacher's death, conducted the surgical examination of his body, says that the kidney on the right side was entirely filled by a large, rough, pointed calculus. He points out many other sources of pain, especially in the vertebræ,—thus explaining the constant pressure of the hand on the back, which was noted when Robert Hall was preaching,—and concludes that "probably no man ever went through more suffering than did Mr. Hall." Yet, after tossing and writhing on the rug before the fire, the only place were he could get comparative ease, he would stand up livid with exhaustion, and, with the sweat of anguish on his brow, proclaim without a murmur from his pulpit the message of God to a lost world. "I suffered much," the noble man would say after these paroxysms, "but I did not cry out, did I? I did not cry out."

Hardly less heroic than the achievements of Robert Hall were those of Richard Baxter, the great Presbyterian preacher and theologian of the seventeenth century. In the reign of Charles II., this pious man in the forty-seventh year of his life, bowed down with infirmities, was driven from his home and his weeping congregation, to spend the remainder of his days in loathsome jails, or precarious hiding places; yet, even there he contrived to achieve, in



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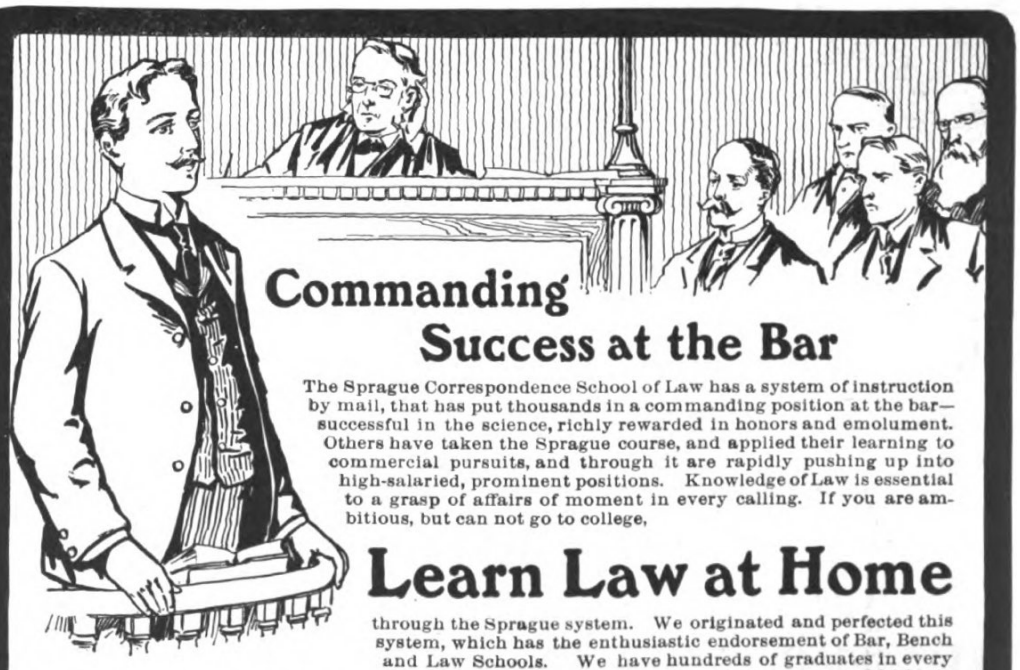
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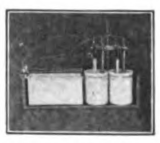
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penury and almost ceaseless pain, works without a parallel in English theological literature, either for their extent or in their prodigality of intellectual wealth. "The mournful list of his chronic diseases," says Sir James Stephen, "renders almost miraculous the mental vigor which bore him through exertions resembling those of a disembodied spirit." In the one hundred and sixty-eight volumes which he wrote, he explored the whole circle of the moral sciences, logic, ethics, divinity, politics, and metaphysics; and this gigantic task he accomplished amid public tasks of ceaseless importunity and bodily pains almost unintermitted. Bringing to his work an extent of theological lore sufficient to equip a whole academy of divines, he is entirely free from pedantry, writes in a style of great lucidity, compass, and flexibility,—not a single sentence of which is for effect,—and "plays with his quill," as an acute critic says, "as Hercules with his distaff,—his very sport a labor under which anybody but himself would have staggered."

He Ruled England, Though Racked by Disease

Were the deeds of William Pitt, who piloted the British ship of state through the storms of the French Revolution,—or were those of William of Orange, King of England,—"performances of great mark?" Both these men were invalids. The last named, frail and sickly from childhood, had in manhood a constant cough, and was often tortured by severe headache. Exertion quickly fatigued him. Yet, though his life was one long disease, he not only ruled England successfully, but led the British troops to victory in the field. Who has forgotten the daring voyages, explorations, and discoveries of Dr. Kane? Small in body, frail in health, he never went to sea without suffering from seasickness, and he was afflicted also with heart-disease and chronic rheumatism; yet this man "*d'une herculéenne faiblesse*" climbed the dizzy heights of the Himalayas, ascended the Nile to a great distance, traversed Greece on foot, descended the unexplored crater of a great volcano in the Philippines, fought heroically in the Mexican War, and triumphed over sufferings in the Arctic Seas, under which the strongest men, specially trained to endure such hardships, sickened and died.

Who gave to English-speaking peoples that sheet-anchor of their liberties, the Habeas Corpus Act? Was it not the born cripple, who could not move without his servant and his crutch,—who suffered daily from epileptic fits, and was never without "a dull aching pain in his side,"—the first Earl of Shaftesbury? In spite of his physical infirmities, he was an animated and witty companion and busy and energetic politician. He was the counselor of Cromwell and the chancellor of Charles II., who keenly relished his wit, and declared that he knew more law than all his judges, and more divinity than all his bishops.

The Origin of Coffee

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and seventeen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies, in 1723, by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Clieux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns, and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadaloupe, and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing, in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree can not be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree; and, when coffee is grown much below this, it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.

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Sanitary Aids to Success

F. L. OSWALD, M. D.

IX.—Domestic Hygiene

IT has been predicted that the philosophers of a more perfect civilization will feel ashamed to be sick, and will pity our sinners against the health-laws of nature as maniacs who squandered their most valuable earthly possession.

It seems probable, however, that, long before the advent of that sanitary millennium, housekeepers will marvel at the unspeakable shiftlessness that prevents us from cooling our houses in midsummer as systematically as we have for centuries warmed them in winter.

Our dwellings, with rare exceptions, are mere winter forts, copied after the patterns of ancestors who considered frost to be the chief enemy of human life; and all our domestic arrangements tend to make the blizzard season more endurable and dog days more effective. Architectural modifications alone could mitigate the midsummer martyrdom of city-dwellers one half. Our sloping roofs could be superseded by *texadas*, or housetop platforms, with awnings and mosquito screens, that enable our Spanish-American neighbors to pass the warmest summer nights in comfort. The sanitary advantages of that arrangement may be inferred from the fact that, two hours after the sunset of a sweltering dog day, the temperature of a "roof garden," as our architects have begun to call it, is often *forty degrees* Fahrenheit below that of the interior dormitories that hold heat like ovens, and, behind closed windows, often add miasma to thermal discomfort. Refreshing sleep, in such sweat boxes, is almost impossible; hours of insomnia, nausea, and sick headaches are at last relieved by a temporary loss of consciousness, and in the morning the tenement prisoners sally forth, haggard and languid, thousands of them, probably feeling worse than did their savage ancestors who had passed a winter night in a moss-stuffed dug-out.

The roof-garden sleeper, freed from the curse of the night-air superstition, awakens refreshed, and in the Spanish tropics contrives to finish his day's work by two o'clock in the afternoon, when he retreats to a shady courtyard, where open doors and wide-open windows defy that other bugbear of our fogies, the risk of cold draughts. The contrast between the sun-blistered streets and the cool, paved yard, with its leafy trees and awnings, generates air-currents, and the occupants of the *siesta* hammocks enjoy all the comforts of a camp in a grove.

Luxuries of that sort may remain a privilege of the favored few who can afford to reconstruct their dwelling houses, but the atmospheric grievances, even of crowded city tenements, will yet be mitigated by the general adoption of the ice-air plan, for that project is not a daydream of sanitary visionaries. It was tested, nearly forty years ago, in the great government arsenal of Toulon, France, where an enterprising engineer filled a vault with blocks of artificial ice, and, by means of force-ventilators and air-tubes, reduced the temperature of the third-story offices from fever heat to seventy, and even sixty degrees, according to the predilections of the presiding officials.

Business considerations, if not philanthropy, suggested the extension of that blessing to some of the larger workshops, where mechanics had frequently been overcome by the afternoon heat. The result exceeded the expectations of the projectors. Sunstrokes ceased, and the logic of experience overcame the protests of prejudice; so much so, indeed, that the workmen not only dismissed their misgivings about cold-air currents, but contrived to smuggle in their relatives and friends, who tried to make themselves useful for a few *centimes* a day, or actually worked gratis, for the sake of enjoying the comfort of the refrigeration halls.

The same plan was adopted in the Della Scala Opera House of Milan, Italy, in the house of representatives at Washington, in the university building of Budapest, and in many hospitals and hotels of western Europe and heat-tortured eastern America. The time may be near when every civilized city, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, will counteract dog-day miseries by means of refrigerating machines and ice-air factories, with a network of pneumatic tubes, cooling private dwellings at definite rates per day and room.

Those who have real merit are the last ones to see it in themselves and the first to see it in others.—JOSH BILLINGS.



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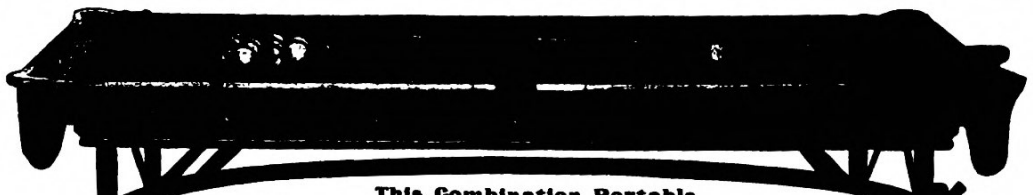
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The Simplicity of Pope Leo XIII.

GEORGE HENRY HUDSON



POPE LEO XIII.

"JOSEPH will never be more than a Jesuit," said Count Ludovico to his wife, the Countess Anna Prospero Busi, as their two sons were about to leave the old home in Carpineto, Italy, to be educated in a distant city. "But," added the Count, "I don't like to think of Joachim coming back to us a mere village *curé*."

"Rest easy as to our children," replied the countess, confidently. "Joachim will be pope and Joseph a cardinal."

It had been the count's desire that Joachim should enter the army; but the Italian mother had already observed in the boy the promise of greatness in another direction. He was delicate and reserved and studious beyond his years. Countess Pecci herself had taught him, until he was old enough to go to the Jesuit school; but the father, in his disappointment, regarded him as a weakling of whom little was to be expected. Count Ludovico did not share his wife's confidence in the two boys who had learned their lessons at her knee and whom she had inspired with a noble ambition, which they ever afterwards kept steadily in view. To Joachim, who was then only eight years old, his mother's words were like a heavenly voice. He felt that he must strive to make them come true.

While a student at Viterbo, Italy, he was walking one day with a classmate, when, leaning over a wall, he fell to the other side and rolled down into a deep ditch. Emerging from the bottom unhurt, he said, addressing his companion, "When I am pope I will build a bridge here." His fellow student laughed, but young Pecci walked on in thoughtful silence.

From his mother he inherited a love of poetry. His first sacrifice to the muses was a composition of a little sonnet in Latin, on the occasion of a saint's fête day, which he wrote when he was eleven years old and sent to his mother. Little merit it may have possessed; but to her, the crude production was very precious and she preserved the manuscript. Seventy-five years afterwards, the sonnet, faded and yellow, was placed in the pontiff's hands. When he glanced at it, he smiled as he thought of the love that had cherished it all those years, and his tears fell upon the paper, which he tremblingly folded and put away.

Young Pecci's real life began when he entered the Roman College in 1824. Here he spent seven years in the unflagging study of literature, philosophy, science, theology, rhetoric and mathematics. Nor was his dear poetry forgotten. He took first prizes both in orations and Latin verses; but these successes only spurred him to further effort, and he studied with passionate energy. He denied himself all society and amusement, and in the college it was said: "His desk was his world, and scientific investigation his paradise." He was in training for greatness and would permit nothing to divert him from the purpose in view. His fellow-students knew of but one way to win him from his studies for a moment, and that was by putting him on the track of some rare book. They were not surprised when this indomitable will, which seemed able to master all intellectual problems, took the first prizes in logic, mathematics, moral philosophy, physics, chemistry and metaphysics. Such a student had never before been entered on the rolls of the Roman College!

In his sixth year of study,—August, 1830,—gaunt and pale from ceaseless application and a self-imposed, meager diet, Pecci was called upon to publicly maintain a thesis at the college. This involved weeks of severe preparation, but it resulted in a new triumph, with the rare commendation of "unusual distinction." Some natures would have swelled with vanity at the capture of such honors, but the young ascetic regarded it as merely another step toward the greater goal which he kept ever in view.

Throughout the whole of his student career young Pecci's life was one of severest discipline and seif-denial. He had learned early the value of abstemiousness in all things that would lead to mere physical gratification. "Low living and high thinking" became his simple rule for securing conditions favorable to intellectual achievement. Such conditions added strength to a will already almost inflexible, gave increased power of concentration, greater lucidity of thought, and a fine thoroughness to every intellectual task he undertook. It was a combination of qualities that was irresistible.

When he became pontiff, Joachim Pecci preserved the same simplicity of life that had marked his career as student, archbishop and cardinal. Though fragile in appearance, he kept himself physically sound and whole by simple, wholesome diet and regular exercise. He was a model which those who desire longevity might follow with advantage. His rising hour was six o'clock, but the valet whose duty it was to awaken him usually found him already up and at his desk either working on the text of some encyclical, or poring over his beloved Dante or Virgil. He had a wonderfully retentive memory, and his readings in those early morning hours, when all the rest of the Vatican were asleep, were stored in his brain, to be drawn upon for future service. His bed was very narrow and reminded one of the famous remark of the "Iron Duke," who, when a visitor to Apsley House marveled that the old warrior's couch should be so narrow that one could scarcely turn in it, replied: "When one thinks of turning in bed, it is time to turn out."

Leo's breakfast usually consisted of a little chocolate with milk and an egg. This would be followed by a short walk in the beautiful gardens of the Vatican, and a chat with the gardener. That functionary had a high opinion of Leo's horticultural knowledge, for the pontiff knew every flower and shrub. The remaining hours of the morning were devoted to the reception of official visitors, to hearing the important news of the world, and to a vast correspondence, in many languages and from all parts of the globe. This round of work was broken by a light luncheon, which might consist of chocolate, or a draught of milk from the goats which had been presented by some friends in Carpineto. At dinner, which was served at two o'clock, the pontiff gave evidence of his habitual abstemiousness. The meal would consist of a *consommé*, meat, fish, eggs and Bordeaux wine, of all of which he partook very sparingly, eating hardly enough, as Dr. Lapponi once said, to "feed a chicken." He was forbidden to touch salad, although he loved it. Then came an afternoon nap of an hour, followed by a walk or drive, and more business and visitors. A light supper was served at six o'clock.

Ordinarily, the Vatican household retired early, but Leo, true to his student training and devoted to his books, was rarely in bed before midnight. Hour after hour, the light in his study would reveal the aged pontiff poring over his beloved poets, or giving the last touches to some new verses or some pastoral letter. Leo's love of poetry entitles him to be known to posterity as "The Singer of the Vatican." That love, which was the sole relaxation of a noble mind, burned as brightly, if with less intensity, in the breast of the nonagenarian, as in that of the student of Viterbo.

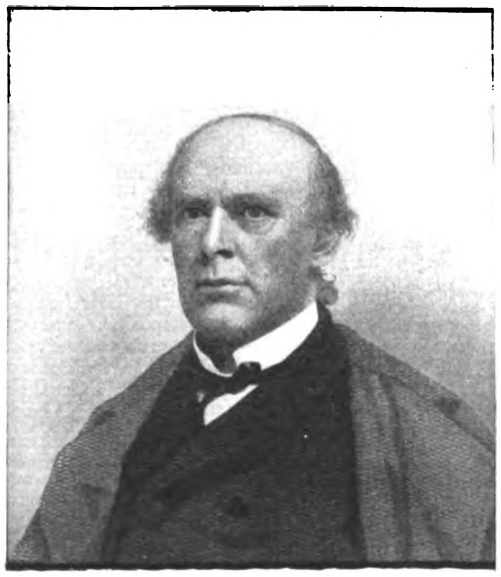
"Frugality and Long Life" is the title of an epistle to one Fabricius Rufus, written by the pontiff-poet in 1897. It pictures in simple yet elegant verses the life of true moderation. The poem is as follows:—

Seek neatness first; altho' thy board be spare,
Be every dish and napkin bright and fair.
Be frugal here, however, nor decline
To put a frequent water to your wine.
Select for home-made bread the choicest wheat,
And have in plenty all the goodly meat
Of fowl and lamb and ox, (but first be sure
They're tender,) nor with plenteous garniture
Of spice and pickle play the epicure.
Next, have the beakers foaming to the brim
With milk no thrifty maid hath dared to skim.
No draught than this more wholesome shall assuage
The thirst of childhood or declining age.
Let golden honey be thy daintier fare,
Of Hybla's nectar take a scantier share.
Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the town,
Hard-boiled or soft, or fried to savory brown,
Or poached, or dropped, or sipped raw from the shell,
Or done in ways too numerous to tell.
Add herbs and salads to the feast,—whatso
May in suburban gardens freely grow.
Have plums and pears, the bursting panniers crown
With red-cheeked apples, laughing gaily down.
And last, delicious fragrance of the East!
With steaming cups of Mocha close the feast.
But taste the amber with a lingering lip;
No hasty draught! 'T was made for gods to sip!
Now, if you diet thus, why, I 'll engage
You 've found the secret of a green old age.

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A Reminiscence of Secretary Chase

J. T. TROWBRIDGE



SALMON PORTLAND CHASE

A LITERARY matter that took me to Washington, D. C., in the latter part of November, 1863, brought me into friendly relations with Lincoln's eminent secretary of the treasury, Salmon Portland Chase, (afterwards chief justice of the United States supreme court,) and I became a guest in his house.

He was then at the summit of his fame and power as head of the treasury department, in which position his distinguished ability, integrity of character, and immense popularity as the father of the "greenbacks," and successful manager of the nation's finances, in the crisis of its greatest peril, had made him, next to President Lincoln, the most important personage in the government.

He was a noble specimen of massively compacted manhood, perfectly erect, over six feet tall, (six feet, one inch, I think he told me;) always decorously dressed, his imposing figure set off by a well-fitting frock coat, his face shaven, complexion fair, and eyes light and beaming, with that peculiar fullness of the eyeball which denotes near-sightedness, and there was never the slightest appearance of condescension or haughtiness in his dignified demeanor. He was august, in a true sense, sometimes austere; and I can understand why those who did not know him under favorable conditions should have thought him cold-hearted. He was surprisingly unreserved in his expressions of opinion as to public measures and public men, not excepting the president, and this frankness made him many enemies. I remember that two of his political friends came in one evening to present to him a young man who had made himself a hero of the house by writing a partisan article of a particularly startling character. The secretary received him kindly, but, instead of praising his performance, said of it simply: "I thought it very indiscreet," and turned the conversation to other subjects. This was spoken with a smile, like a flower above a thorn; but the thorn pierced, and I perceived that the young man went away with a diminished admiration of the secretary.

He Was not Distinguished for Wit

I saw a great deal of him during my stay,—at his own table, where there were often distinguished guests, in his private office, and at the treasury department. I was frequently his companion in delightful before-breakfast walks. He was not distinguished for wit; but his conversation, always entertaining, was often adorned by a playfulness which the background of his stately presence set off. At the breakfast table, one morning, he read aloud, with an amusement all present shared, a ridiculous newspaper account of his being locked up in his office with his report, which he was then writing, and inaccessible to everybody, even to President Lincoln.

"They should add," I said, "that when you go to walk you have a guard."

He glanced at my slender goatee and laughingly said: "A whiskered pandour and a fierce hussar."

He had none of Lincoln's "terrible gift of familiarity," and frankly disapproved of the president's practice of telling all sorts of stories to all sorts of people, often on grave occasions. Yet he sometimes repeated a Lincoln story with good effect. One evening [My notes say it was the first of December.] he came in to dinner after attending a cabinet meeting at which the president submitted to his heads of departments the draft of his forthcoming message to congress, and, having read it, invited their criticism. For a time nobody ventured a comment. Then Chase broke the awkward silence by suggesting an amendment, whereupon Seward suggested another. "Governor," said Lincoln, turning to his secretary of state, "you make me feel like the blue-grass farmer who had a black man and a yoke of fine oxen. One day the man came hurrying to the house. 'Massa!' said he, 'dat ar off ox, him dead. Yudder, too. T'ought I would n't tell you bofe ter wunst, fo' fear you could n't stan' up under 'em.'" This is not a new story, but characteristic in its application.

We often had, as a guest at dinner, an amiable French professor, who was invited, partly on his own account, no doubt, but more, I suppose, for the sake of the language, which the secretary was beginning to speak in a tentative way. A permanent guest was Miss Albrecht, whose name I venture to write, as she changed it long ago, (I trust for the better,) an accomplished young Alsacian, who spoke French and English equally well with her native German. As I had some familiarity with the language, the conversation was usually in French, unless there happened to be other guests.

Other members of the family were J. W. Schuckers, Mr. Chase's confidential clerk, and a niece of the secretary, who kept his house in the absence of his two daughters, the younger of whom was at that time away at school. The elder, Kate, the famous belle, distinguished in Washington society for her beauty and accomplishments, was absent on her wedding journey, during the first days of my visit, but she returned early in December to brighten the house with her presence and to gladden the heart of her proud parent. The millionaire bridegroom, William Sprague, late governor of Rhode Island, but at that time in the United States senate, of which he was the youngest member, came also and took up his abode with her in the Chase mansion. He was a boyish-looking, taciturn individual,—in society a dark secondary planet in the radiance of her unremittent vivacity.

Of Kate Sprague and her celebrated marriage I dare only make brief mention here; although I can not but recall one enchanting noon hour when, at her own lunch table, (in the senator's absence,) she read to me a long poem that had just appeared, anonymously, in the "Atlantic Monthly," and had so surprised her by its beauty of diction and sentiment that she asked me to hear it and name to her, if I could, the author. The poem was "The Birds of Killingworth," which, after the first two or three stanzas, I declared could have been the work of no other living author than Longfellow. To our mutual delight she read the entire poem aloud, her exquisite appreciation lending it a charm with which it ever remains associated in my memory.

Among the transient guests who interested me were Schuyler Colfax, John Sherman, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, and, particularly, James A. Garfield, then a member of the house, who frequently came to dine or dropped in some time in the course of the evening. After the return from the wedding journey, Mrs. Sprague resumed her place in the secretary's drawing-room, and entertained all comers with a simple grace of manner which even the gay capital has rarely excelled.

In one of our morning walks, the secretary took me to an old building standing on a partly vacant lot in G Street. It was of one story, as I remember, with a roof sloping away from a higher building against which it abutted. It was gloomy and deserted, with shattered windows, and weeds growing about the door.

He Relied on the Influence of His Uncle Dudley

"You will think it strange," he said, "when I tell you that I once entered this building with far more satisfaction than I ever have in entering the treasury department." He then told me this story: after his graduation from Dartmouth College in his nineteenth year, he went to Washington in quest of employment, arriving, by stage-coach, late in November, 1826, and putting up at an obscure boarding house. His uncle, Dudley Chase, was then serving his second term as a senator from New Hampshire, and young Salmon relied upon his influence to assist him in establishing a private school. This the senator readily promised, and on the twenty-third of December the young man's modest advertisement of a "select classical school" appeared in the "National Intelligencer." This advertisement I discovered in one of the secretary's voluminous scrap-books, thirty-seven years later, and I still have the copy I then made of it. The school was "to commence the second Monday of January," and the number of pupils was to be "limited to twenty." Excellent references were given; among others I find the names, "Honorable D. Chase, of the senate," and "Honorable Henry Clay, secretary of state." The sub-senator pledged himself that "no effort on his part should be wanting to promote both the moral and intellectual improvement of those who might be confided to his care." He could "be found at his room, three doors west of Brown's Hotel," though I have forgotten where that was. His boarding-house, it appears, was without a number. At the foot of the announcement are the name and the date, and the typographic symbols,—"3 t d and e o t J s."

It would seem that, with the prestige of such references, he should have had no difficulty in obtaining all the pupils he desired, many members of congress and other persons connected with the government having their families with them in Washington for the winter. But weeks passed before a single pupil appeared: then a polite Frenchman came with his son to the room "three doors west of Brown's Hotel." As the school could not well open with one pupil, the Frenchman obligingly promised to wait, and to exert himself to engage others. But not another applied, and the number to be "limited to twenty," according to the advertisement, came to have a sinister significance. The small sum of money with which young Chase had been able, upon leaving home, to provide himself, was soon exhausted; his mother, then living in Keene, New Hampshire, was a widow, and poor; he could not bear to send to her for more, and he was unwilling to request a loan of his uncle. Fortunately, he inspired his landlady with confidence in his character; and [It seemed to me a dramatic circumstance when the manager of the nation's finances told me the story.] she kindly allowed him to run in debt for his board.

His Uncle Refused Him a Goverment Position

He did, at length, however, with extreme reluctance, and only after every other avenue had appeared closed against him, ask his uncle's influence in getting a place for him in the treasury department. "Salmon," said his uncle, "I once got an appointment for ——," (mentioning another nephew,) "and it ruined him. If you want half a dollar to buy a spade and go out and dig for a living, I'll give it to you. But I will not get you a place under the government."

Salmon did not accept the half-dollar, nor did he again apply to his uncle for assistance. His advertisement appeared to have passed into oblivion, and he had no money to pay for another. The spade his uncle had offered to supply seemed his last resort,—he had arrived at the darkest hour of his life,—when a second caller came one day to inquire about the school. Young Chase confessed that he had little hope of establishing one, and expected to see his visitor depart. But he remained, and made this interesting communication:—

"My name is ——; I have a well-established classical school, of which you may have heard."

"I have," said young Chase; "and I have envied you."

The visitor went on to explain that his wife had recently

Two Practical Questions

A practical question put to a practical man is sure to receive attention, and pretty sure of a practical answer.

If a piano, costing from $200 to $1,200, is played upon but two or three times a month, or even a year; and if the same hackneyed pieces are always played; is not an instrument which enables every member of the family to play upon that piano at will any selection he or she desires to hear, of interest as an investment as well as a source of pleasure? Does the unanimity with which the Pianola has been endorsed by the musicians signify an error of judgment by them all?

The Pianola costs but $250, and may be purchased by moderate monthly payments.

The "Pianola Green Book" upon request.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY,
Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Avenue, New York

DEAF?



WHY REMAIN SO?
MY NEW, ORIGINAL, LIFE AND FORCE NATURAL METHOD CONNECTS THE ORGANS OF HEARING WITH THE WORLD
I DO NOT EXPERIMENT I REMOVE THE CAUSE

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ORIGINATOR OF THE LIFE METHOD
HOME TREATMENT NO DRUGS NO APPARATUS
FREE BOOKLET SILENCE IS AS DEATH

Extracts from a few of the hundreds of letters received daily:

"I am heart and soul in your work and have witnessed for two years remarkable cures of your truly wonderful method."
REV. HUGH CALVIN SMITH,
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41 N. Penn'a Street, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

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Don't Forget the Lady and the Lobster

Insist on having ALPHA (vase-shaped bottle with Lady and Lobster trade-mark) and accept no other. There is no other as good.

ALPHA *is highly recommended by leading grocers, chefs and one hundred thousand of the best housekeepers as the purest and most delicious* of all Salad Dressings and as an inimitable Table Sauce for baked beans, fish, cold meats, cucumbers, sliced tomatoes, lettuce, etc. Healthful. Preferred to catsup.



CONTAINS NO OIL

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Martha Taft Wentworth Recipe Book, 60 recipes and suggestions, free for grocer's name.

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60 Thayer St., Boston, Mass.

Also Manufacturers of

Wonderland Pudding Tablets

One Tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly more delicious, refreshing and nourishing than other desserts. Also make Delicious Ice Cream. Package of 10 Tablets by mail 10 cents. No samples.

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From Chicago RECORD-HERALD.

"Technically trained engineers are in greater demand than ever before in the history of industrial enterprises. The supply of the technical schools for the present year was exhausted before the graduating classes received their diplomas.***Salaries of these young men from their entrance into the profession vary from $1,200 to $2,500 a year. Experience then is the only thing required after his theoretical training, and in a few years his salary may be $5,000 or $15,000, according to his capacity and his energy."***

An hour of conscientious study every day will in the course of eighteen months qualify you to fill one of these positions demanding technical knowledge.

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Catalogue and illustrated booklet of letters from former students may be had upon request.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE,
at Armour Institute of Technology, CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

opened a young ladies' school, which had succeeded beyond their utmost expectations, and that the two schools were more than they cared to manage. "I propose to give up one. Now, if you choose to take the boys' school off my hands, I will make over to you my entire interest in it. We have, as pupils, sons of Henry Clay, William Wirt, and other eminent men. The income amounts to something like eight hundred a year. You can go in next Monday, if you like."

Chase did "like," of course: eight hundred a year was a dazzling flash of fortune out of a black cloud. The schoolhouse was that same old weather-worn building which he took me to see on G Street. The obscure beginnings of a great career are invested with a romantic interest, heightened always by the light reflected back upon them by subsequent success; and, listening to the secretary's story, I could well understand why that first humble step should have been to him a more gratifying triumph than the last achievement of his ambition. He carried on his school prosperously for two years, and then left it to enter the law office of William Wirt.

I used to wonder what might have been the result, if his Uncle Dudley had helped him to obtain the government position he sought in those early days. Possibly nothing would have turned him out of it except the necessity of making room for some other incumbent, under the hoary old spoils system, to which, with all its evils, we must concede the good sometimes arising from such enforced liberations. In the day of his greatness the secretary was not averse to hearing the question discussed, smiling grimly when some one of us at his table once pictured him as a clerk grown gray in the service, meekly receiving his orders,—"Chase, do this!" "Chase, do that!" in the very department where, having walked it by other routes, and by the step of statesmanship, he was then sovereign.

How Horace Maynard Became Valedictorian of His Class

"ENERGY," says Goethe, "will do anything that can be done in this world." But it takes purpose and concentration as well as energy. A man may exercise superhuman energy, but if it is not expended with set purpose on some particular object it may accomplish nothing.

When the late Horace Maynard entered Amherst College he had a definite purpose in view. He made up his mind that he would be the valedictorian of his class. Probably there were other youths at Amherst as intelligent and gifted as Maynard,—perhaps more so; but his purpose carried him ahead of his class, and won for him the honor to which he aspired.

From the moment that he tacked a square of cardboard bearing the single letter "V" over the door of his room in college he did not lose sight of his ideal. This act suggested the cover design of this issue of SUCCESS. Maynard had to endure a good deal of banter and ridicule from his companions in regard to the mysterious letter. He bore it good-humoredly, but would not satisfy their curiosity as to the meaning of the letter. It was enough for him that the sight of it on entering his room kept his purpose hot, and incited him to renewed vigor in the pursuit of his academic studies.

At the end of the four years' course Maynard received the compliments and congratulations of professors and students on the way in which he had acquitted himself as valedictorian of his class. He then revealed to his classmates the meaning of the letter "V" over his door. "What!" they cried in astonishment, "is it possible that you had the valedictory in mind when you put that 'V' over your door four years ago?" "Most assuredly I had," was the emphatic reply.

Making up his mind to be valedictorian of his class was the first step in the successful career of Horace Maynard, the statesman and diplomat.

After his graduation, in 1838, his rise was steady and even. His record may be briefly summed up thus: at twenty-four he was tutor and principal of the preparatory department of East Tennessee University, Knoxville. At twenty-seven he was professor of mathematics and mechanical philosophy in the collegiate department. At twenty-nine he was admitted to the bar and began to practice in Knoxville. At forty-two he was elected to congress. At forty-nine he was attorney-general of Tennessee. At sixty-one he was appointed United States minister to Turkey by President Grant. He held this position for five years, and at the end of that time was made postmaster-general by President Hayes. His *alma mater* conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and the town of Maynardville in Union County, Tennessee, was named in his honor.

It is the record of an honorable and ordinarily successful career, such as any young man of grit and intelligence might aspire to.

The chief point in Maynard's career, and the one on which his success hinged, is that from the first he worked with a definite purpose in view. He laid his plans, and then with unwavering belief in himself he worked to reach his goal.



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is of vastly greater importance to your eyes than mere brilliancy. While the light of **THE ANGLE LAMP** is as brilliant as gas or electricity, it has the beautiful, soft, eye-resting quality of oil. Besides, owing to the lamp's construction, all the splendid light is thrown directly downward without shadow, which insures every ray of light being available and not wasted upon the ceiling. These are a few of the reasons that have made the **ANGLE** Lamp an indispensable adjunct to thousands of homes. Other good reasons are its ease of operation—the absence of smoke and smell under any and all circumstances—and its great economy—eighteen cents worth of oil a month is the average cost of maintenance. Ask your dealer to show you the Angle Lamp in operation. If he does not keep them send us his name and we will arrange with him to supply you.

Our Catalogue "BB" shows all styles from $1.80 up, tells all about the lamp's wonderful merit, and is sent free on request. Send for it to-day.

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ALL KINDS OF **STOVES AND RANGES**

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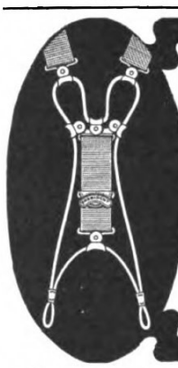


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Success Junior

[*Concluded from page 525*]

Suddenly he looked up, only to discover that the faces gazing at him in wonder and amazement, and some with fear, were entire strangers to him. He had entered the wrong flat! Naturally very modest, the situation to him was very embarrassing, but with the best grace possible he made his apologies and bade adieu to his hosts.

▲ ▲

September Prize Contests

IN consideration of the fact that we now have a great many more competitors in each contest than we had when our prize contests were first begun, we are now awarding five prizes in each contest. 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 rewards 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.

▲ ▲

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 can not be returned; but drawings and photographs will be returned if stamps are inclosed. Drawings must be in black,—India ink or wash drawings.

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

Story.—The story is to be founded on some true or imaginary adventure happening at Christmas or New Year's time.

Photograph.—The photographs in this contest must portray domestic animals. They may be mounted or unmounted. On the back of each must appear the name, address, and age of the contributor, and the name of the camera used.

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

Drawing.—The drawing this time must be a cartoon.

Poetry.—You may select your own title for your verses, but they must contain some reference to your school-teacher.

Puzzle.—Describe, with drawings or photographs, if possible, either an original puzzle or one of the best puzzles you know.

The prize winners in the June contest will be notified by letter.

▼ ▼

Why He Found Life Disappointing

He took life too seriously.
He did not choose upward.
He starved from mental poverty.
His social faculties atrophied from disuse.
He saved his money, but starved his mind.
He thought he could not be happy without wealth.
He did not develop his manhood along with his business.
He murdered his capacity for happiness in getting ready for it.
He was a victim of habit and routine; he could never rise above his vocation.
He never learned the art of extracting enjoyment from common things.
He sacrificed the friends of his youth and had no time to make new ones.
He had developed a colossal power for receiving, but had never learned to give.
His only enjoyment was in repeating what he had been doing all his business life.
He had never learned to enjoy as he went along; but found that postponed happiness was a delusion.

▼ ▼

SUCCESS

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

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

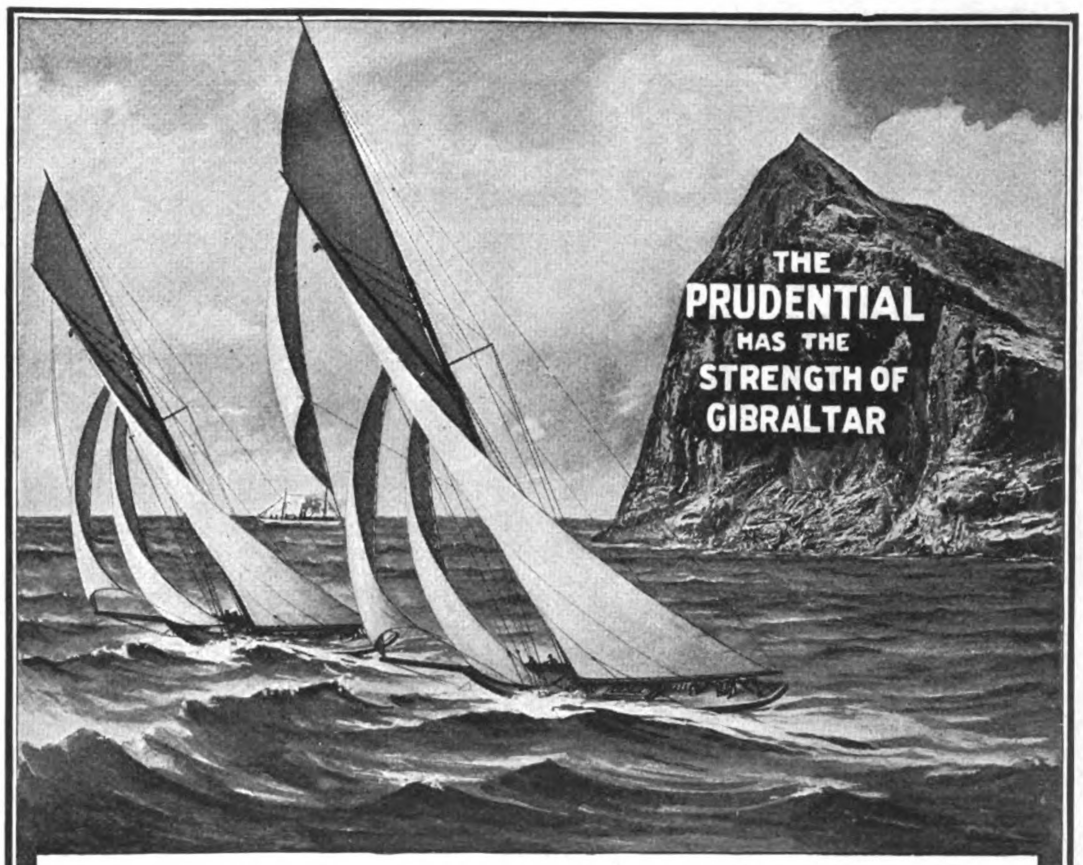
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WE desire to announce that, having exercised the greatest care in admitting to SUCCESS the advertisements of responsible and honest concerns only, we will absolutely guarantee our readers against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement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



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57th YEAR.
The Western Saving Fund Society of Philadelphia.
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New York is the greatest market in the world for precious stones. Sixty years importing diamonds enables us to give you better value for your money than you can obtain elsewhere. We are the largest Diamond Importers in the world.
Small monthly payments will be accepted on all purchases (20% down and 10% per month).
We Trust You because our business is based on faith in the integrity of the people. All transactions confidential.
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The Reward Book contains articles for every member of the family, from a gold-headed cane for grandfather to a silver mug for baby. The articles mentioned below are merely suggestive. They show how easily anything may be procured, and if you desire any particular article you will be pretty sure to find it in the Success Reward Book.

FOR LADIES

Porcelain Mantel Clock, two subscriptions and five cents additional; Hair Brush Set, Ebony Mirror, Brush and Comb, sterling silver mounted, four subscriptions and ten cents additional; Cake Dish, quadruple silver plate, three subscriptions; Teapot, quadruple silver plate, three subscriptions and ten cents additional; Pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, two subscriptions and ten cents additional.

FOR MEN

High Grade Razor, three subscriptions; Post Fountain Pen, two subscriptions; Sterling Silver Match Box, two subscriptions and five cents additional; Badger Hair Shaving Brush, sterling silver handle, two subscriptions; Silver Watch, thin model, nine subscriptions.

FOR GIRLS

Embroidery Set, sterling silver mounted, two subscriptions and fifteen cents additional; Cyclone Jr. Camera, four subscriptions and ten cents additional; Music Roll, two subscriptions and ten cents additional; Sterling Silver Chain Bracelet, two subscriptions; Gold Lorgnette Chain, four subscriptions.

FOR BOYS

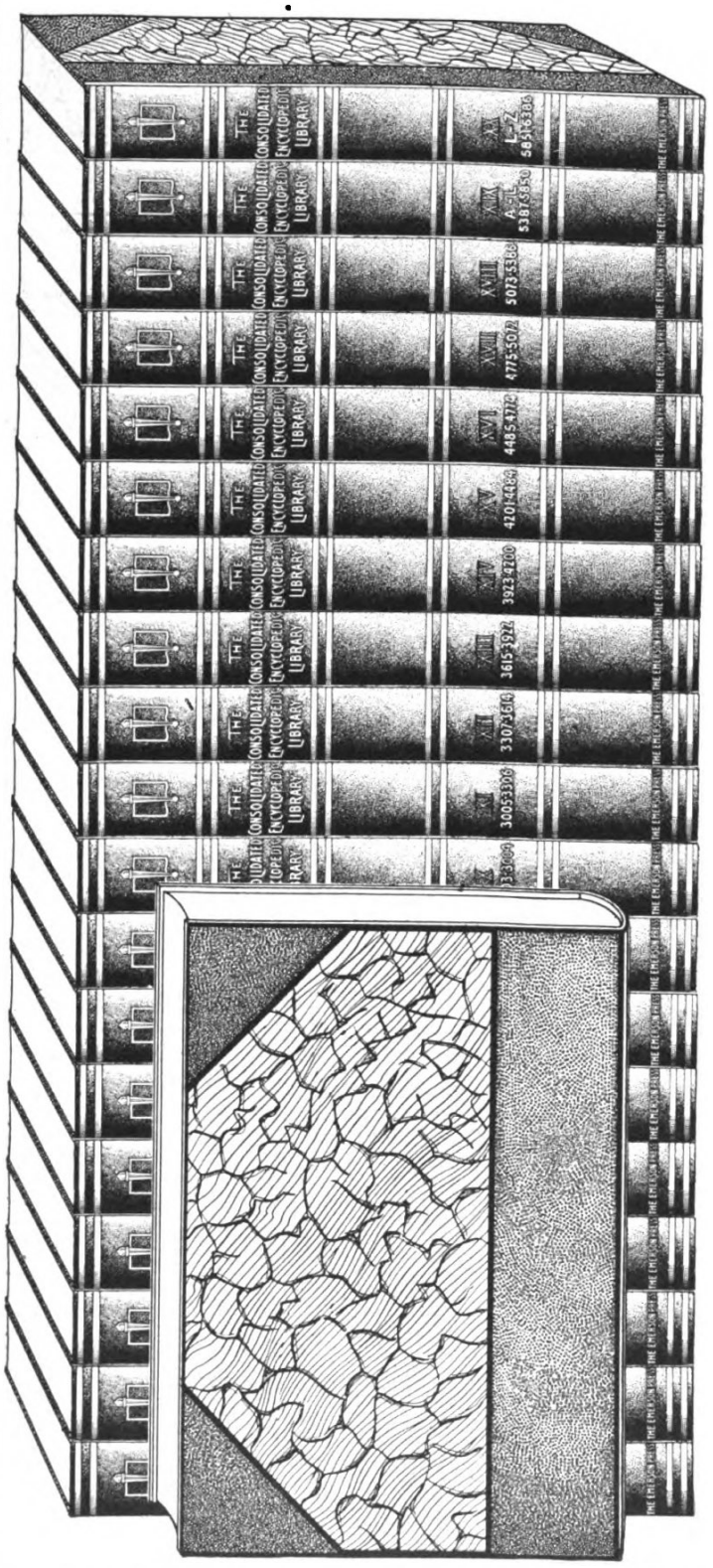
Spalding Rugby Football, two subscriptions and twenty cents additional; Complete Set of Boxing Gloves, two subscriptions; Splendid Boys' Watch, two subscriptions and twenty cents additional; Striking Bag, two subscriptions and twenty-five cents additional; Ping Pong Set, three subscriptions; Hamilton Rifle, three subscriptions and ten cents additional; Football Trousers, two subscriptions; Pair of Peck and Snyder Club Skates, three subscriptions; Spalding Baseball, one *new* subscription and ten cents additional.

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OUR exclusive price contracts with the leading American magazines, which have formed the basis for the famous "Success Clubbing Offers," expire September 30th next. Over 200,000 magazine subscriptions have been taken in these offers during the past year. In some cases our contracts will not be renewed at all, and in some they will be renewed only at higher prices. An advance in our prices to the public on many offers is an absolute necessity and will positively go into effect on October 1st. This is, therefore, your last chance to place your magazine subscriptions at minimum prices, and *this chance holds good for September only.* Don't fail to take advantage of it, but send in your orders early even if your subscriptions do not expire until late fall or early winter, for, by special arrangement with the publishers of other magazines, *they will accept and extend for one year from present dates of expiration all renewal subscriptions paid for in September.*

THE SUCCESS ATLAS

The "Success" Handy Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World" needs only to be seen to be appreciated. It contains over 200 pages of maps, each specially drawn and most beautifully engraved for this work, and printed in many colors. Every country in the world and every state and territory in the Union are mapped on a scale so large, and with engravings so perfect as to make the maps unusually distinct and easy for consultation. There are over sixty separate maps of the United States and Canada, and nearly fifty of other countries of the world.

The general index of the Success Atlas is one of its principal features of value. It requires 350 pages and contains over 40,000 names of places, all thrown into one general alphabetical arrangement so that the "double hunt" for a name is avoided, and it is possible to find any city or town even if you don't know what country or state it is in. This is a very expensive method of indexing, and is usually found in only the highest priced atlases. The latest population of all cities, towns and villages is given and the square of the map upon which each is found is indexed on the 33-F-2 system.

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	Regular Price.
SUCCESS (must be included in every order),	$1.00
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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly,	$1.00
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The great books by Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Editor of SUCCESS, are unequalled for inspirational value. It has been said of them that they have done more for the young men and women of America than any other books in existence. No family should be without one or more of these great inspirational works.

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