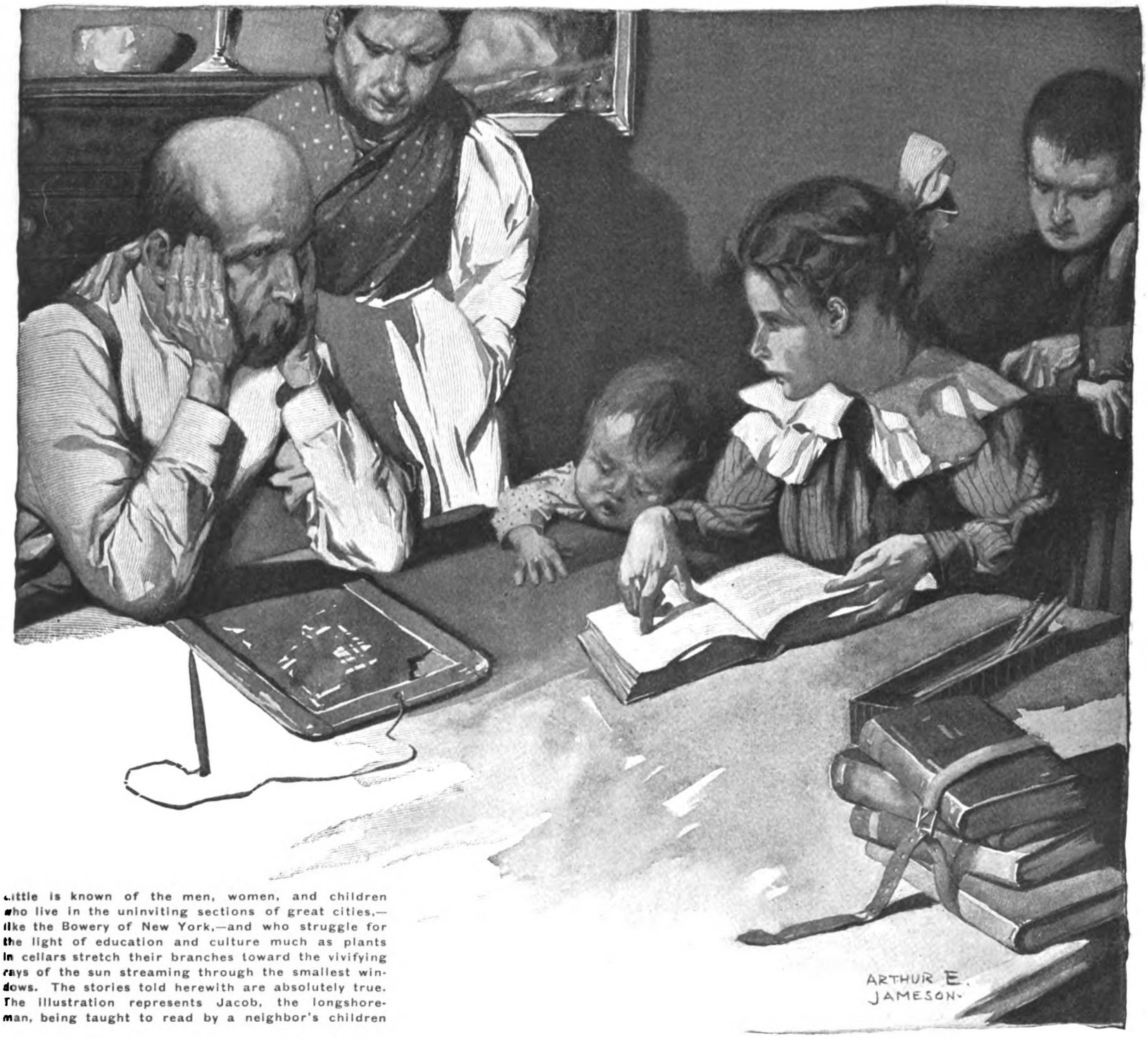
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Little is known of the men, women, and children who live in the uninviting sections of great cities,—like the Bowery of New York,—and who struggle for the light of education and culture much as plants in cellars stretch their branches toward the vivifying rays of the sun streaming through the smallest windows. The stories told herewith are absolutely true. The illustration represents Jacob, the longshoreman, being taught to read by a neighbor's children

Looking for the Light

ROGER GALESHORE

[Illustrations by Arthur E. Jameson]

THE Bowery is the center of a struggle for education hardly second to that of any great college in the United States. On no college campus, surrounded by stately buildings and flooded with eager men and women seeking the truth, is the longing for the power of knowledge more alive than among many of those herded and hived in the unclean streets and shops of the East Side. The stimulus for young men and women now lies not alone in the past triumphs of men who, heavily handicapped, still won the world, but it lies also in the sad, secret brotherhood, its members knowing little of one another, who are fighting their way, inch by inch, and are conquering.

This phase of the Bowery is not usually dwelt upon. Its records of crime, the story of its crowded districts and incredible homes, and its lack of beauty,—all these are known to New York as New York knows its parks and its car lines. From time to time stories of some curious custom, or incidents of the unconscious pathos of every day creep to people's hearing, and confirm the impression of the value of the place as a "phase" of cosmopolitan life. The struggle for bread, the attempts to find happiness, and the manner of receiving the various philanthropical endeavors to "help" the people are more or less public property, and call forth much real sympathy. When a boy or girl, or a young man or woman, is claimed from the midst of all this, and brought into other surroundings in homes or colleges, there is genuine rejoicing among those who know. But in some way we realize that those who remain down there are fighting and enduring and sacrificing in order to get some gleam of the light they have strangely come to know shines in the world. Yet this condition is less credible and more wonderful than all the rest. There are, however, records of struggles going on there now every day which furnish as keen a stimulus as the stories of the greatest men the country has produced. It is not possible to read of these struggles, and to meet the men and women who are engaged in them, without being strengthened and encouraged. The ceaseless endeavor of the masses is not for bread alone.

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A story which lies very near the heart of the few who have come to know of it is that of Carlo and the circus poster. Carlo is a little Italian boy of ten, and he lives in one of the back tenements in Orchard Street. To get to Carlo's home one has to pass through the close, ill-smelling halls of a tenement that faces the street, cross a court black with countless children and white with drying clothes, and enter a dark, carpetless room perpetually filled with steam and the smell of washing. Carlo lives there with an army of brothers and sisters. He blacks boots and runs errands, and when this story began he had never been to school. He is a cheerful little soul, ordinarily, but his heart knew one bitterness,—envy of the newsboys he knows who are able to spell out the headings of the articles in the papers they sell. It was only a few weeks ago that Carlo made up his mind that one's letters can only be learned by trying to learn them. He had no books, he could not buy any, and he knew nobody who owned books. Newspapers were accessible, but the print was small and it took too long to spell out the words. Then one day he saw a circus poster.

The circus poster was red-and-orange and wonderful. It had pictures of animals he knew, and of more he didn't know,—but they all had letters

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underneath that, with the help of the pictures and the little he already knew, he was able to make out. With his bootblack kit over his shoulder, Carlo stood by the half-hour before this dazzling text-book. When a word proved too much for him, there was always a sympathetic passer-by to give him friendly aid.

"Tell me what that word spells, mister?" he would ask somebody who, he thought, could read English. Sometimes people laughed, and sometimes they didn't know, themselves,—but sometimes they stopped and told him. So, bit by bit, Carlo learned the whole of the great billboard, and was radiant.

He meant to stop one morning to spell once more the exaggerated statements of the poster; but, as he turned the corner, his heart failed him, and he stood still, aghast. White-coated men were tearing off his precious text, and were covering the board with a sober announcement of a theatrical performance. Carlo ran to them, breathless.

"You leave that there alone!" he shouted.

The men laughed and went on with their work, whistling. When Carlo realized that his precious posters were indeed to go, he sat down on the curbstone and cried.

That was when his new friend, the Man, chanced upon him. The Man heard the billposters laughing, and he was touched because, as he supposed, the little boy was crying over the loss of the garish pictures of joys he never knew. When he questioned Carlo, however, and heard the truth, a new heaven on a new earth opened for the little boy. It all proved more of a fairy story than those of the posters themselves; for, decently dressed, Carlo goes to school now and learns his letters from a book.

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The student days of Jacob, a longshoreman, are almost as picturesque. Jacob is only fifty-odd, but he is greatly aged by hard work and poor food and exposure. His face is weather-beaten, but he has kindly eyes, and he can tell sea stories that make men wonder. For all that, until recently, Jacob had not learned to read.

There is a little family of three children, down on Canal Street, whose affection for Jacob is in no wise diminished because he is without learning. He has lore, which is better in their eyes, and their happiest evenings were when the laborer came stumbling up the stairs to their father's flat to tell them stories of river men and starfish, indiscriminately. One night, by accident, they discovered that their friend could not read. Neither could they, excepting Lennie. Lennie was eleven and could "spell," and even Allie and Mamie knew their letters. What could be more natural than that the three should teach Jacob? When, with a surprising delicacy, the plan was confided to their friend, it met with a joyful assent, and they found that the longing of Jacob's life had been to learn to read. "I'm 'way behind," he admitted, humbly, and so they set to work. Every night that he was off duty he came happily to their home, and, out of the same primer Allie and Mamie were mastering, he laboriously learned the alphabet. They sat at the kitchen table, all four, bending over the books, the longshoreman's rough forefinger tracing the lines, the shrill, baby voices directing and correcting, and Lennie, vastly important, conducting the whole. Jacob's back ached as bending over bales and kegs had never made it ache; his arm was stiffened by the unaccustomed exercise of writing, and he breathed hard over his copy book. But night after night he patiently took his place, and his face always shone with the joy of it. It was a proud day for Jacob when, at length, he could spend a cent at the newsstand, and swagger off with his paper, glancing at it carelessly,—a letter at a time. But it was not a less proud time for Lennie and Allie and Mamie, who had helped.



"When a word proved too much for him, there was always a sympathetic passer-by to give him friendly aid"

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The awakening of Rose N—— is a story apart. It really begins on the Bowery, because that was where Rose was born, and where her mother and father lived; but her girlhood was passed in a Pennsylvania mining town, little more than a camp, where, her parents having died, she took a position as barmaid in the largest saloon in the place. She was very pretty, and the wife of the saloon man was kind to her because she was an attraction in the barroom. But the life was virtually that of a western mining town, and the girl, besides not being able to read or write, was constantly subjected to the appalling influences of the place.

One day some of the mine owners "stopped over a train" to look after their interests, and in the party was the wife of one of the gentlemen. They passed down the straggling street where the saloon was and directly by the open window, near which Rose stood, idly leaning over the bar, ready to wait on the next comer. Just before the window the lady spoke to her husband. It was a commonplace remark, but something in the tone, the expression, and the sweetness of the sound that came to Rose went to the heart of the barmaid as nothing before ever had. All at once she saw the place as it was, and herself as she was, hopelessly divorced from the life of which that woman's voice was the symbol.

She found out who the visitors were. That night she took what she had, which was sufficient to enable her to get to New York City. She went through much to get to the woman whose mere voice had awakened her. Before she could find and gain access to her, she had taken a position in a shop, had posed as a model, and had been taken up by workers in one of the lower East Side settlements who had found her ready and eager for what they had to give. The attention of the wife of the mine owner was eventually directed to her, and the girl became her *protégée*. Three years in a public school, together with the influences of the homes she entered, found her absolutely transformed. Her progress and her attainment were wonderful. The little Bowery-born girl, who had been bred in a barroom, was acquiring the intelligence, the manner, and the standards of a gentlewoman; and above all else, what strangers remarked always, was her exquisitely modulated voice, like an echo of the one she had heard outside her barroom window. She is in Paris now, a teacher of English.

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A story with which many New York artists are already familiar is that of Jacob Epstein, the painter and illustrator who lived in a little room on Hester Street, where he used to make drawings with charcoal. He did not have money to take lessons of masters, but he knew he could draw. So he drew, all day long, in school and out; he drew everything he saw, and he drew, as he imagined they looked, things he had never seen. When he could he showed his work, and he kept steadily at school, because he realized that that was the foundation of his art. At length he took some of his work to the art league, and entered with money enough to give him a few months of instruction. There his work was seen and his ability recognized. All he needed was his chance, and when it came he knew the one way to use it was to work hard. He grappled opportunity's swinging forelock when it came swirling by, and has never relaxed his grip.

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There is no place more successful in the fostering of native ability and encouraging a wish to learn than the University Settlement, at 184 Eldridge Street, New York City. The men who live and work there, giving up their lives to a philanthropy whose scope is magnificent and inspiring, know many of these histories of the heroic effort of those among whom they work.

The history of Henry M—— tells of one of the most interesting developments of the spirit which, having no endowment of artistic impulse, comes simply by purpose and application to be successful in itself, and powerful for good. Ten years ago this young man was a little, unruly newsboy of the Bowery, spending his time loafing and smoking in the streets. He went to the public schools, however, and there he learned a lesson not in the text-books themselves,—that, if he wished his life to be other than the lives about him, the first essential was to change himself utterly. This he set out to do. The boy who realizes that his present surroundings, his friends and his own personality are a powerful trinity prejudicial to his success, and that all three must be altered, is on the highroad to victory, especially if he begins with the transformation of himself.

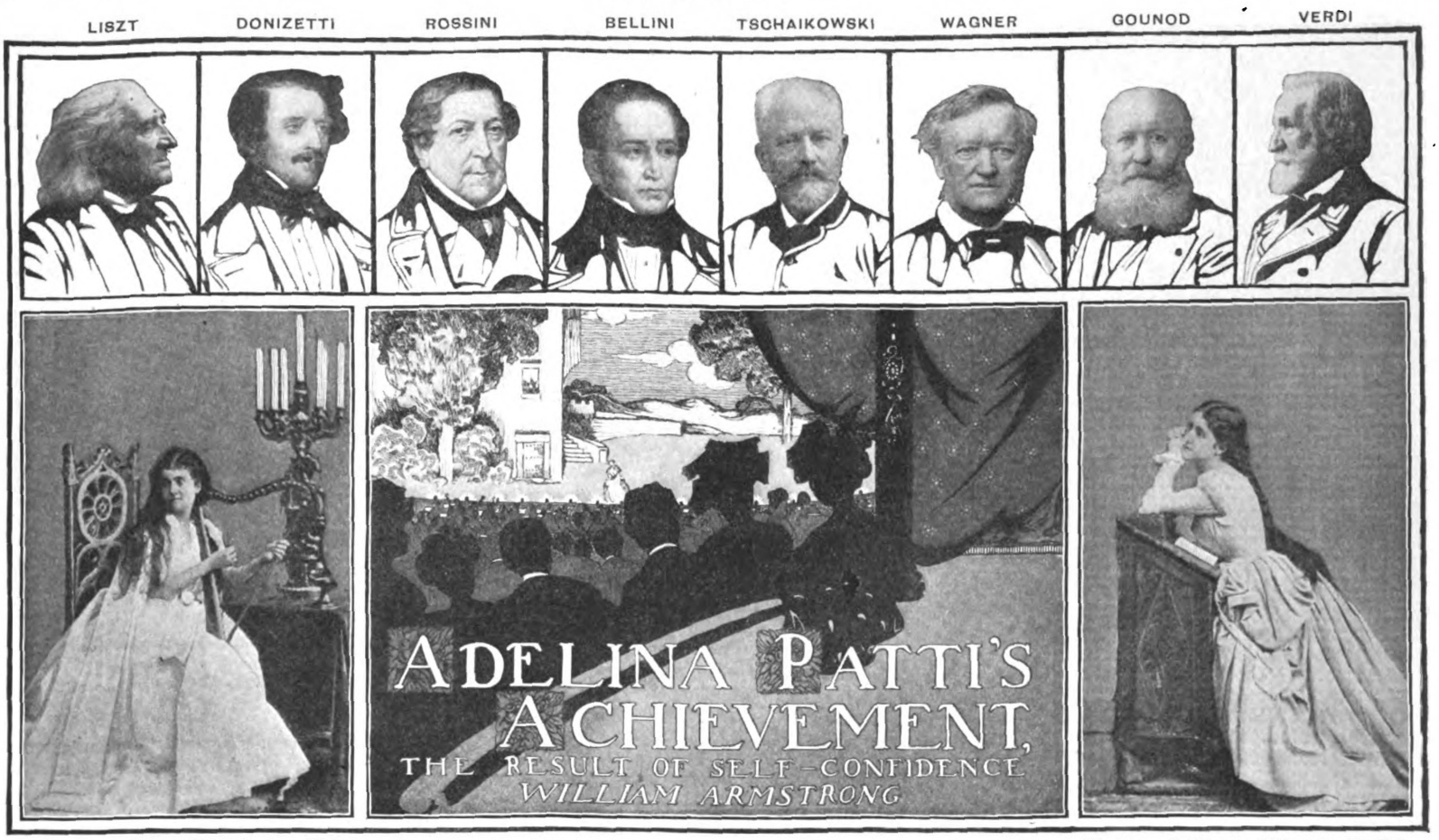
It is to Henry M—— that the present system of evening clubs and classes in the schools of the lower east side of New York City is largely due. He was a pupil at the Suffolk Street School. He wanted some place to spend his evenings other than the streets of the Bowery, and no place that he knew to be attractive and wholesome was open to him. The school seemed the only possible meeting place for him and some of his companions, so he went to the principal and teachers and asked if the building might be opened during the evening. After a good deal of demurring, consent was finally given, and the evening work was successful from the start. Those who were watching were quick to see that there was an unparalleled opportunity for doing good there. The boys were to be allowed to meet just for games, and there were no lessons and as few rules as possible; but in spite of this it was easy, under the care of those who knew the boys and their tastes, to make the evenings positive influences for good. The whole system of evening recreation in the schools practically resulted, and no one profited by them more than Henry M—— himself. He copied all that was best in the manner and speech of those with whom he was brought into contact. He had learned readily in school, and in a very few years his determination "to be different" was realized. When he left the Suffolk Street School he went at once to the Down-Town Ethical Society to put into practice his experience as assistant in the evening classes at the school, and he is now assistant at 308 Madison Street, where the down-town office of the Ethical Society is situated.

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The story of Miles F—— is one of the most stimulating of these histories, because it is the almost incredible story of a Bowery boy who went to Cambridge with something like twenty-five cents in his pocket. He was a newsboy, too, and member of one of the boys' evening classes. There he had glimpses of a life he had never dreamed existed for him, and he learned the wonderful fact that it did exist for him if he were willing to enter and possess it. For years he was a pupil in the daytime and a newsboy at night and early morning, and all the pennies he was able to earn by this and by every other stray job that presented itself went to buy his books and clothes. Meanwhile he was a member, and then an assistant, of one of the play-centers in his district; but at length, when he was through with the public school, with all his striving, he had been unable to save anything. He knew that to wait a year to earn money involved the danger that he would never go on with his education; for he would not assume the responsibility of a debt without the certainty of being able to repay it. Therefore, he took what he had and bought a ticket for Cambridge. He resolved

[*Concluded on page 580*]

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Madame Patti, as "Desdemona," in "Otello" [1869]

Madame Patti's motto, which she sent to SUCCESS in her own handwriting

Chi va piano va sano
E chi è sano va lontano
Adelina Patti
Baronessa Cederström

[Translation: Who goes slowly goes safely; who goes safely goes far]

Madame Patti, as "Marguerite," in "Faust" [1862]

[The facts contained in the following article were given to Mr. Armstrong personally by Madame Patti last June, when he was her guest at her castle, Craig-y-Nos, Wales. Mr. Armstrong made the trip to Wales specially in the interests of SUCCESS, and was received by the great *diva* and stayed at her castle for several days, during which time she went over the records of her career and assisted him in compiling the accurate details contained in this life-story.—The Editor]

THE career of Adelina Patti, which stands preëminent in its picturesque triumphs among those of contemporary singers, holds also its reverse side of early struggles and discouragements. These battles were fought in her early life, and, as she has been very nearly fifty-three years before the public, they have, in consequence, been more often than not lost sight of in chronicles of her great subsequent success. Two generations ago they were more commonly known than they are to-day, when the glitter of that which followed is, in the main, all that is known. Once she faced the disaster of losing her voice entirely, and again there was the prospect of a long retirement because of a similar trouble. In the first instance her brother-in-law, Max Strakosch, came to the rescue, and in the second her own firm will saved the situation.

Her first appearance in opera, which took place ten years later, in New York City, where she spent the early part of her life, was made under discouraging conditions. Her real *début* was made in a concert at Tripler's Hall, New York City, at the age of seven years. Her *début* in grand opera was also made in New York City, when she appeared in "Lucia di Lammermoor," at the Academy of Music, on November 24, 1859. The success that followed it was not recognized a year later in London until she had proved her worth there as well. Even then every great city on the continent had to be separately convinced that her powers were of the phenomenal and not of the over-rated variety, and success was made in one capital only to be disbelieved in another, until it was proved there as well.

In those struggles for success and the convincing of the great critical public, jealousy was no small obstacle to be overcome, and the very phenomenal enthusiasm that she aroused in one city seemed to awaken a suspicion of the genuineness of her powers in another. The extravagance of the praise bestowed upon her appeared impossible of belief, and the career of the singer, who in her especial branch became the woman of her century, opened in a cloud of doubt that must have severely nettled a nature so sensitive, in one so firmly convinced of her born right to success.



Madame Patti, from her latest photograph

Her early days were days of struggle against that condition which is at once the obstacle and the stimulus to success, —poverty. Without the call to fight the battle the desire to win it is less sure of an awakening. With the little Adelina Patti that call came when she was only seven years old, at a critical point in the affairs of her parents when their whole hope of a way out of severe difficulties lay in the exercise of her phenomenal powers. Even at that age she seemed to grasp the situation, and begged to be allowed to accept an engagement to sing at Niblo's Theater in New York City, an engagement that must in those days have seemed a brilliant one to those intimately and anxiously concerned in the outcome. Strangely enough her struggles were of the exceptional kind. As far as the mere cultivation of her voice went she seemed born with gifts that made the greatest technical difficulties a matter of natural acquirement. "Trills, scales, chromatic scales, and all other such things came naturally to me," she said, recently, at Craig-y-Nos. "I studied and worked, but it was unnecessary for me to toil."

But even with this natural technical fluency and her wonderful beauty of voice there has been enough in the life of the great singer to try the metal that she was made of and to test the firmness of her determination. Self-denial has been with her a prime necessity, for ordinary pleasures were to her matters of impossibility, and it would be interesting to compare her life in the matter of simple joys and personal freedom with that of many another whose name has remained unknown. There were periods in her career when the temptation to lose sight of her art and its practice must have proved astoundingly strong. In casting even a casual eye over her life these same points are not difficult to pick out.

After she had set out in the path there was no sign of deviation from it, and no temptation to turn from it to enjoy

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EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ,
as "Leporello," in "Don Giovanni"



M. SALEZA,
as "Don José," in "Carmen"



HERR BURGSTALLER,
as "Siegfried," in "Siegfried"



POL PLANÇON,
as "Escamillo," in "Carmen"

the fortune and social position that she earned early in life seems to have made even a partial impression upon her. She was born a singer and a singer she has remained with all the fatigues and self-denials consequent upon the career for fifty-three years. Now, at the age of sixty, she is returning to the scenes of her earliest triumphs and to the people who first recognized her powers, with fatiguing journeys and experiences ahead that would cause many an artist of half her years to enter upon them reluctantly. No real talent ever remains eternally hidden. The mere knowledge of its possession must, often enough, be the sustaining encouragement of its possessor until recognition finally arrives. With Madame Patti the danger lay in an opposite direction. Her gifts were recognized too early, and that recognition came near to wrecking her future; for, just as her career should have begun, she came dangerously near to going into eclipse with no other record than that of a musical prodigy. Even at this critical point there was no evidence of a desire to shrink from her self-imposed task of aiding her family, and but for her the older wisdom of Maurice Strakosch, the husband of her sister, Amelia Patti, she would have sung herself into silence instead of preserving powers that later conquered the world.



MADAME PATTI'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT
[From a painting by John S. Sargent]

It would seem almost unnatural to begin the story of a great success with the assertion, "They were born rich." When Adelina Patti first saw the light at Madrid sixty years ago she proved, in this respect, no exception. To be exact, the date, which is set down variously in different biographies, is given by the singer herself as February 19, 1843. Her father was Salvatore Catania Patti, a Sicilian, and her mother, a Roman by birth, Caterina Chiesi; both were opera singers. Her eyes opened on the world at a time when the affairs of her parents were sorely straitened, and the mother of the little one, who was later on to bring bright days to her, had to sing at her post at the Madrid Opera House the very night that Adelina was born.

She First Saw Grand Opera by Peeping through a Hole in the Scenery

When she was barely three weeks old her parents, collecting their little all, started for Italy. There the two elder girls, Amelia and Carlotta, were put in a boarding school at Milan. The baby, being of too tender age to be left behind, was taken with them to New York where they hoped to better their fortunes amid newer and more promising surroundings than the Old World had offered. The earlier years of Adelina's life were spent in part like those of the little American children about her, and in part in a way that served to fit her for her future calling. She trundled her hoop on Lower Broadway with the rest, an easier accomplishment then than to-day, and by the time she was five spent her evenings behind the scenes at the opera where her father and mother were singing. There she first heard the rôles in which she was later to become famous, and, by peeping through a hole in the scenery, got an idea of the plays and gestures that accompanied them. When she went at night with her little head in a whirl from all that she had heard and seen, she says, she would steal out of bed when the rest were safely asleep and enact the *prima-donna* rôle to which she had listened, throwing herself wreaths made of newspapers at interesting points.

She was singularly outspoken then, as she is to-day, and one night, when a new *prima donna* had won a success to which the little singer felt she was not entitled, she said to her, at the end of a trill which had won enthusiastic applause, "I think you did that very badly, indeed. You should have sung it so." Then she illustrated the point for the surprised lady's benefit. "And, though I had never studied the trill, I seemed to get it right," she added. Otherwise she was very like other children, devoted to her doll and waiting for the sound of the ice cream man's voice in West Twenty-Second Street with juvenile ardor.

Many stories are told of her doings in those days. The half of them she pronounces untrue. Even the entertaining incident of which Luigi Arditi tells, in "My Reminiscences," of the time when the little singer of seven upset the ink bottle over a composition that had just been finished, has its two versions. Arditi's is one,—Madame Patti's, the other. Both agree that, for some reason or other, she was in pretty bad temper. Arditi says that Patti's mother, in great confusion over the disaster, begged his forgiveness, and that the little singer was presently beaming and docile. Madame Patti says nothing of maternal apologies. Instead, in mentioning the incident to me at Craig-y-Nos, recently, she said, "And then Arditi spanked me." This really seems quite natural, under the circumstances.

But a day came when the knowledge of life was thrust upon the little singer, and at seven the struggle opened before her. Things had gone badly at the opera for some time, and eventually it failed, as opera in America has been in the habit of doing, both before and since. Finally, the savings of the Pattis ran short, and living expenses required the sacrifice of treasured belongings. Already the little Adelina's voice had attracted considerable attention and admiration. An opportunity to sing at Niblo's Theater came. Young as she was, she appears to have realized the situation, and, hearing her parents' anxious consultations, and knowing the desperate crisis their affairs were in, begged to appear, that she might be allowed to help things along at home. There seemed no other way out of the serious dilemma, so her concert *dèbut* was made in New York, where, eleven years later, she was to sing for the first time in grand opera. There was but one stipulation that she made on this *dèbut* occasion, and that was that she be decked out like a "real" *prima donna*, with a veritable *coiffure* and a dash of powder over the red in her cheeks. "*Ah, non giunge*," from "La Sonnambula," and "*Una Voce*," from "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," were the things she sung that evening, and the result settled her career for some time to come. It was decided to make a concert tour with her, and months of travel followed, doubtless wearying enough, for facilities for locomotion were not then what she later found them to be as a *diva* in her own private car. "If the journey was at night," she said to me, "my father would turn over a seat, bundle me up in a shawl, and I would go off to sleep. Sometimes we would arrive at our destination late at night and no supper was to be had. Then I would eat my bread and cheese with a glass of water and feel quite content if they would only let me have my doll."

Adelina Patti's childhood, if childhood it may properly be called, gave her, as did her later years, a stern schooling in the ways of self-denial. The care-free days of average children she seems scarcely to have known, for with her life meant work from almost the very outset. Once in a while she rebelled at iron-bound routine, and she herself tells of the night when she was singing and caught sight of two little girls who took her fancy who happened to be sitting in the front row. With her born impulsiveness she called out to them, "Wait until I get through here, and we will go out and play!" It is needless to add that, when she had finished, she did go out and play, for with all her surrender to duty she has always had a will of her own.

Those were, likely, tiresome days, though, no matter what the temporary variations may have been, and during them the little girl of seven wandered over America and southward into Spanish possessions. But the result was one that made her happy: a brick house was built in New York with a portion of her earnings, and the once well-nigh homeless family was installed in it. Sympathy and tenderness of heart seem to have been with

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SUZANNE ADAMS,
as "Santuzza," in "Cavalleria Rusticana"



CALVÉ,
as "Carmen," in "Carmen"



BRÉVAL,
as "Valentina," in "Les Huguenots"



EMMA EAMES,
as "Pamina," in "Il Flauto Magico"

Patti inherent qualities, but these early experiences in no small measure gave the appreciation of human suffering that has marked her life.

The temptation was too strong to resist on the part of her parents, and one tour followed another until, at length, their little source of revenue was pushed beyond her strength and endurance. The voice that had been so eagerly listened to began to tremble. Even then it was planned to send her to Italy to go into opera, her mother being quite determined in the matter. Had it not been for her brother-in-law, Max Strakosch, the plan would have materialized, and the voice that happily later was to count for so much in Italian opera would likely have been silenced forever. Realizing the mistake of their course, Mr. Strakosch, whose word had considerable sway with her parents, succeeded in changing their point of view. For two years she was not allowed to sing at all, and the tired little body found a hard-earned rest. Many have accredited Strakosch with the distinction of being Madame Patti's teacher. This she refutes, giving him the credit of teaching her certain embellishments and *cadenzas*, but ascribing to Ettore Barili, her half-brother, full credit for her finish and the foundation of her vocal equipment.

But this is, after all, only a passing matter; for, had Mr. Strakosch not come to the rescue with his common sense, the voice of the overworked little singer would have been snuffed out through misuse as a medium of lucrative income. This temporary retirement, though comparatively brief, was sufficient to make the public in a way forget her, and caused doubt in the minds of the New York manager and some of his artists as to her ability to win any success in grand opera. The managerial mind that is so often regarded as far-seeing was, in this noted case, well short of the mark of appreciation. The *prima donna* whom his colleagues later waged a bitter war to secure was allowed half-hearted permission to make a first appearance. The tenor with whom she was to have sung refused to appear, and Brignoli, who must have remembered the moment with pride, volunteered to take his place at her *début*. The knowledge of this doubt and lack of confidence must have rankled with so sensitive and high-spirited a nature as Madame Patti's. But more doubt of the same description was to follow. When, a year later, she obtained an engagement at the Covent Garden Opera House in London, no one believed in her gifts or gave credence to the reports of her marvelous American successes. There was an antipathy toward her on this very account, indeed, and the girl of nineteen came forward in what was later to prove her greatest stronghold without a trace of welcome. Fortunately in those days Mademoiselle Patti was not nervous, and before the evening was done she had successfully besieged London. But this same struggle for recognition and this same obstinate doubt had to be fought in every great continental capital. It was not immediate acceptance as a foregone conclusion with Madame Patti any more than with another singer. She had to prove what she could do and had to prove it convincingly, just as others are obliged to do, before she was accepted. It was a matter of growth, this world-recognition, though it is rather a pleasant thing to remember that in America it began as promptly as in far older countries, and it is also equally pleasant to recall that in America no really great singer has lacked for the acknowledgment of a kind that makes enduring success.

All this recognition could not be so quickly aroused in Old-World centers without a strong opposing current, due in considerable measure to jealously. It is, perhaps, thought by the inexperienced that the little, nettling things of life are spared when success opens to sight. Instead of that the opposite is pretty generally the accepted condition of affairs. A petty nature is made sour and suspicious, as a result, while a nobler one forgets or will not see. To stop to brood over little things means inability ever to do great ones. Throughout her artistic career Madame Patti, occupying a pedestal distinctly above all call for personal jealousy, has been the mark for it by others. With a tact that has stood her in good service, and made her way smoother than otherwise it could possibly have been, she has had good, not ill, to say of her colleagues. After an acquaintance with her extending over many years, I have yet to hear her say a slighting thing of one of them. On the contrary, to hear any word said against them in her presence is to hear her take up the cudgels in their favor. Notwithstanding this she has not been spared the sting of petty malice and sometimes of a jealousy far more serious, resulting in trouble and misjudgment. None knew of these things better than she, for there are always friends willing to repeat unpleasant news. While she has pretty generally understood existing conditions, it must be said, to her credit, that individual injustice has not shaken her faith in human nature.



LILLIAN NORDICA
Her motto is: "Work, work,--more work!"

It was not until some time after her London acceptance and resulting triumph that Mademoiselle Patti was allowed a hearing in Paris. The Parisian public has always chosen to be its own judge, and the matter of London taste in musical art was then, as now, little relied upon by them. At length subscribers to the opera began, one after another, to ask the manager, Calzado, to give them an opportunity to hear Mademoiselle Patti. Then the Jockey Club, that same organization that whistled Wagner's "Tannhäuser" to failure, and a potent influence in Paris, requested that she be given a chance to prove or disprove her powers. Even these petitions failed to cause Calzado to yield, and it was not until he had traveled to London and heard for himself that he was willing to trust the young singer who had already won her way in New York and London. She came out to find the public frigid and silent. Before the performance was ended the people were wildly enthusiastic. There were heartburnings, *cliques* for, and *cliques* against the young *débutante*. The most triumphant of modern singers of the Italian school was not to make her way to universal acceptance without a struggle. In Vienna, until she had fully proved what she could do, there were the same reticence and coldness that London and Paris had shown her.

Things were rapidly veering, however, toward a world-wide recognition, when a new and disheartening trouble had to be combated. This was in Italy. Mademoiselle Patti was taken suddenly ill with quinsy. The doctor attending her ordered absolute rest for two years with the alternative of losing her voice. Here was a dilemma more serious than any other since her overworked childhood. To stop on the threshold of success meant, as far as the public was concerned, almost a blotting out of a great gain established.

Madame Patti simply Made up Her Mind to Get Well, and She Did

"Send this doctor away and treat me yourself," was her order to her brother-in-law, Strakosch. He had a treasured book on "Medicine in the Household," but he hesitated to trust his skill with it in the instance of so important a patient. But Mademoiselle Patti was decided, and, when he saw that opposition was useless, he did as he was directed. His patient was neither despairing nor over-nervous. She was simply determined to get well and go on as she had started. She accordingly made up her mind that she would get well. In twelve days she recovered, and after Italy had recognized her she carried her campaign of the world into Spain. There two things aided her: she had by accident Madrid as her birthplace, and Queen Isabella, then on the throne, took a strong personal interest in her advancement. After America, England, France, Austria, Italy, and Spain,

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SIGNOR CAMPANARI,
as "Rodolfo," in "La Bohème"



M. ALVAREZ,
as "Otello," in "Otello"



JEAN DE RESZKÉ,
as "Tristan," in "Tristan und Isolde"



M. VAN DYOK,
as "Lohengrin," in "Lohengrin"



SIGNOR SCOTTI,
as "Valentino," in "Faust"

came the journey to Russia and a splendid approval. But all this had not been won without anxious hours, discouragements, disagreeable episodes with both a doubting public and rival singers, and not least of all the fatigue of methods of travel which to-day are unknown. To face these combined obstacles a stout heart, good courage, and steady nerves were needed.

The way had been entered upon, and then came the growing cares of an established reputation,—cares all the more trying, perhaps, because of the speed with which her honors had been won. No royalty lives in a fiercer light than that which shines on a successful woman singer. Every act of her daily life is public property, and every hour in the day brings its opportunity to overset gain in greater or less degree by lack of self-command or absence of tact at some critical moment. Somehow, as many a celebrity will confess, those trying moments are so often apt to come when the strain of public appearance or of bodily fatigue makes them the hardest to properly meet. After the long railway journey with a performance which demands the best energies immediately ahead, a celebrity has to meet people of weight and influence, and the newspaper reporters, and not only to say something, but also to say it entertainingly enough to catch the public attention. This Madame Patti has the happy faculty of doing, and, no matter how trying the conditions, she seems able, somehow, to set bodily fatigue aside. Throughout her career she has been readily approachable to newspaper men, and this has been no small element in her popularity. The other day, at Craig-y-Nos, when she mentioned the fact that she would be singing until the very night prior to her departure for America and would arrive in New York with but one day's rest ahead before singing there, I said, "Can not you deputize some one to give out your interviews?" she answered, "Never; I have always done that for myself and I always shall. It makes a vast difference and I am glad to do it. If it is necessary I shall talk all day."

Even under Severe Conditions, Madame Patti Is always Happy

On one occasion she was singing at Baron Rothschild's. Grand Duke Michael, of Russia, whom she has known from boyhood, said to her, "I told my wife that I would come to-night, because I should hear you sing a song."

"And you heard me sing two, didn't you?" was her reply.

It was the way that she said the words that made them attractive. It is the same always. She may be just stepping from a train after dust-choking hours of travel, or sitting on deck after a wind-tossed voyage, but her manner is as gay then as if she had had rest and quiet behind her. Another happy gift with her is not to look bored. No matter how long the visit or wearying the visitor, she listens with attention. There is no straying of thought or replies made at random. Like some politicians she has the happy faculty of recalling faces, though the interval of separation be a long one, and she takes up the conversation with a memory for incident that makes it appear as if association were resumed just where it was left off. This is, perhaps, largely a gift, but a gift that needs cultivation to keep it in good command, and a useful one that people in public life can not afford to despise.

"Is it possible," I asked, "for singers to give way to temper and still be able to sing?"

"If you had seen as much as I have," she answered, with a quiet smile, "you would say it is. But, if they do not injure their voices, they injure something else of vast importance,—their friendships."

Although others less gifted are able to rest in undisturbed retirement, Madame Patti has for the major part of fifty-three years been on duty with short intervals of leisure. With her it has not been a question of what is most agreeable to do, but of what *must* be done. In the twenty-four hours, no matter how crowded, certain things have of necessity found a place, not when she would or how she would, but when she *must*. When others could follow pleasure there have been a thousand little duties left for her to accomplish. The following of such a course has by this time become, apparently, second nature to her. She has learned to give up her own desires through habit. To reach that point means in itself a degree of sacrifice that many would not make to achieve a career, no matter how eminent. She keeps happy interest in things about her. This course has brought with it one of the secrets of her well-sustained youthfulness. Through strong interest in the moment she has kept abreast of the times and up to date, and with something new to command her constant attention. Not the least of her hold on people has come through sympathy with those in trouble. While she has doubtless been imposed upon often enough, she is ready to give time for both inquiry and help. But the real item of sacrifice, more exacting than any other, has been the constant care of herself and thought of her voice in these fifty-three years before the public. This has meant the ever-present bugbears of precaution, foresight, and self-denial.

Few realize, and only those fully who have been called upon to make similar sacrifices, what the constant care of self really means. To a celebrity is open more fully than to those in less prominent callings the way of pleasure, and the career of none is very long who succumbs to its pursuit. Well-developed self-command and ability to give up the enjoyment of to-day in order to be ready to meet the demands of to-morrow are prime necessities to a musical artist. In her long career Madame Patti has had notable opportunity to exercise this same self-command. Care of herself and of her voice and all the existing anxiety that even a slight indisposition may awaken have been all-important. To give way to carelessness on the spur of the moment is an easy matter, but to face a great audience in bad condition and disappoint expectations is to jeopardize the value of a career. Madame Patti's endurance and the preservation of her voice are due to a full knowledge of this all-important fact, and to unremitting care and self-sacrifice.

Sometimes, with the best of will, conditions are beyond command, but even then personal anxiety is not lessened or the fear of the moment mitigated. At the end of last May, Madame Patti was to give her single concert of the season in London. Just before the time came she caught a heavy cold. To make matters worse the rain fell incessantly. It was most important that she should be in good voice on the occasion in question, for at that stage of her career a passing trouble might be mistaken for an enduring one. Not to have sung well or not to have sung at all in London at that time would have inspired doubt there and also in America, where the success of her tour would have been affected. Much was at stake. The days were full of anxiety. Her misgivings she kept for the most part to herself. That she felt the strain was evident. Her ambition was as vital as it was forty years ago. Her reputation was at stake.

Things turned out happily, but to have seen the incident as it progressed was to have some knowledge of the anxious hours it caused. Yet this same incident was only one among others almost numberless in her experience. It is for this great reason that, in chronicling the triumphs of a career so unique as Madame Patti's, the powerful counterbalance of her anxieties and sacrifices must find an important place. Nor can any career, great or small, be made without a total willingness to comply with these same exactions which make so strong a reverse side to the picture, although so often overlooked in considering its splendid attractiveness. In all these years the dominant thought has been, "I have to sing to-day or to-morrow." Yet in reality, I think, she has been too deeply absorbed in her career to even realize that sacrifice completely, or to think of it any more than of those early struggles that she has left so far and so successfully behind her.



ADELINA PATTI,
at the age of seven years, when she made her *début* in concert

Her castle, Craig-y-Nos, in the Swansea Valley, South Wales, is a museum of mementos of her great career. The collection of jewels given her by emperors, kings, and royal personages almost equals that of a reigning queen, her pearls and emeralds being especially noteworthy, and in her drawing-room are wreaths of gold and silver presented to her in nearly every civilized country of the globe. To-day she receives similar tokens from kings before whose grandfathers she sang when they were tiny tots in the nursery.

In all these years the fortunes she has made by her singing have been carefully invested, and to-day she maintains one of the finest places in Great Britain. Craig-y-Nos, meaning, in Welsh, the rock of night, takes its name from the spur of a mountain rising to a great height opposite her castle, where signal fires were kindled in old days. The estate extends up and down the valley as far as the eye can see. The

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MME. TERNINA, as "Isolde," in "Tristan und Isolde"



CHARLOTTE MACONDA, as a concert singer



MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK, as "Fides," in "Le Prophète"



SEMBRICH, as "Marie," in "La Fille du Regiment"



MELBA, as "Marguérite," in "Faust"

grounds about the castle, which is built on a commanding eminence, slope down in a succession of grassy terraces to a noisy little river that wends its way through gardens of interesting verdure. The castle is built of dark brown stone and has begun to take on the rich coloring that comes of beating storms and summer suns. Some idea of the size of the place may be gained from the fact that eighty guests were entertained there for a week at the time the Patti Theater, which is part of the castle, was dedicated.

The courtyard of the castle is entered through a heavy stone archway facing the main entrance. This in turn leads into an outer hall from which, by a flight of stone steps, the main hall is reached. Here on one hand is Madame Patti's *boudoir*, and, on the other, a suite of three apartments,—the dining room, billiard room, and sitting room. In the same wing of the castle is the Patti Theater, which holds two hundred people, and has a perfectly equipped stage with the most modern appliances of electric lighting and twenty-four complete changes of scenery. The drawing-room, with walls and ceiling of wood, with panels gilded and painted, is in the center of the castle on the same floor and overlooks the terrace and Craig-y-Nos. The main hall, which terminates at one end at the dining room, opens at the other into the library; this in turn leads to a long winter garden, one side of which is glass. Beyond the winter garden are the conservatories, in the center of which is an electric fountain, which, when lighted at night, makes a blaze under the great glass dome, covering ferns, palms, and japonica trees, that can be seen for miles up and down the valley.

Near the castle are other greenhouses, where grapes, peaches, and strawberries are grown and ripened for the table. Beyond these are the stables and the electric and gas plants. On the opposite side of the grounds are the kitchen gardens, screened from view by a high hedge of hawthorn and groups of trees. There, too, are long rows of pear trees espaliered against the high brick wall, where the fruit ripens in the warm sun of a South Wales summer. A wicket gate leads to a long walk bordered by a hedge of rhododendron and overshadowed by tall trees. Crossing a narrow bridge spanning the river, and walking down a winding, fern-bordered path between plantations of ornamental trees and a rhododendron thicket, an inclosure is reached where hens and ducks with their fluffy broods make the air noisy with their solicitous chatter. Not far away are the kennels where the larger dogs are kept. Crossing the bridge again, and following a hawthorn-bordered road, the farms are reached. There are grown the table supplies for the small army at the castle. Beyond, dotting green pastures, are sheep and cows, making a homely picture.

These surroundings have not dulled Madame Patti to thought for those about her. She has instituted two funds, invested in the Swansea Harbor Trust, the interest of which is paid annually to the poor of the valley, besides contributions to a sailor's rest at Port Talbot, for which she has given concerts.

From the first year that she took up her residence in South Wales she has given annually a charity concert,—sometimes two. The receipts from these, amounting in each instance to between four and five thousand dollars, have been invested in their entirety. Her desire is to do something in the nature of a perpetual benefit, and, as she expresses it, "If I die to-morrow, they will still have the interest of the fund going on."



ADELINA PATTI, at the time of her *début* in grand opera

The concerts take place at Swansea, Cardiff, and Brecon, and are made almost into state occasions. The singer, on her arrival in her private car, is received by the mayor of each town in state, and conducted to the hall where she is to sing. Speeches are made and part of the ceremony consists in presenting her with a huge bouquet. There is always a great deal of sentiment connected with these events, for the Welsh are a warm-hearted people and hold her charitable acts in high appreciation. Christmas time is chosen as the season for giving out the interest from the Patti Funds, and the singer makes it a rule always to be at Craig-y-Nos to take part in it. The names of those worthy of their share are enrolled, and on the day before the festival they assemble and each receives his gift in money. So thorough is the devotion of the people of Swansea Valley to Madame Patti that she was once named "Empress of Song and Queen of Wales."

Thought of others at Christmas time is not reserved by Madame Patti for her pensioners alone. On Christmas Eve there is a big pine tree set up in the castle theater, and covered with presents for all the servants and their children. The auditorium is floored over for dancing, and after the distribution of gifts Madame Patti herself leads off in the opening quadrille. At other times when performances take place in the theater, such as concerts, plays, or acts from operas in which the *diva* herself always takes active part, and at which, oftentimes, royalty and distinguished people from different parts of the world are present, the servants have always the privilege of attending. These acts of thoughtfulness and consideration for others have won for her as firm a place in the affections of those at home as her wonderful voice has made for her in the world at large, which knows less of the great heart than of the great song of the singer. But that kindliness of heart is pretty generally known, nevertheless, and nowhere better than in England, as the action of two old ladies attests. Wishing to hear the *diva* sing, one of them wrote a letter that she and her sister would like to attend a Patti concert, but could not afford it. Would she send them tickets? The letter, giving their address, was merely directed as follows:—

"To Madame Patti,
Wherever she may be singing,
England."

The missive promptly reached her. The desired tickets were sent, and, when she appeared in their city, the two old ladies were among her happiest hearers.

"Nothing Gives Me Greater Pleasure than My Annual Charity Concert"

Of life at the castle, the following from a letter written by Madame Patti gives an intimate glimpse:—

I have been so busy entertaining since the beginning of July that until now I have found it almost impossible to do any letter writing. We have had a continual succession of guests the whole summer, and were seldom less than a party of twenty-two. Among others we had the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Blandford, [mother of the Duke of Marlborough,] the Duc d'Auerstaedt, and the Count and Countess A. de Trobriand staying with us, and we gave a number of pantomime plays, concerts, and acts from operas in our little theater. We also gave a most successful ball in the theater, the floor being raised to a level with the stage, which made an excellent ballroom. Then we gave garden parties and fancy dress dinners, so you can imagine how fully my time has been occupied.

Last week I gave my charity concert in Cardiff, and it was a very great success. I had a most enthusiastic reception from an immense audience, and the receipts exceeded eight hundred pounds. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than my annual charity concert for the poor, and the hearty welcome I always have is touching in the extreme.

My autumn concert tour begins in Scotland, October 12, and finishes in London on November 21. We are going to spend Christmas at the castle, with all our friends round us, and then in the beginning of the new year intend going abroad to Paris, Monte Carlo, and Nice.

Another letter, which constitutes a pendant to this, gives an idea of the scenes which followed during a visit to the Continent. At the time this letter was written Madame Patti had been before the public for more than forty years, and it gives an idea of her career, which has been more wonderful than that of any other living singer. But even in the midst of the successes of which she wrote there is proof of her constant thoughtfulness for others in the allusion to the rough winter then prevailing in America.

I think that, when I wrote to you last, I promised to send you news of my movements abroad, and you see I am faithfully keeping my word, which, I can assure you, is exceedingly difficult. First, however, I am anxious to know if your mother is keeping in good health, as I see by the newspapers that you have had a very severe winter in America, as we have also had in Europe.

We left the castle about the middle of January, as I had to fulfill concert engagements in Germany and Austria before coming to Nice to sing in opera. The success of my concerts was almost unparalleled, and in Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden the enthusiasm of the audiences was so great that I was in danger of being torn to pieces in the frantic endeavor to get on the platform to kiss my hands and my dress. It was exceedingly flattering to me, but a little overpowering. In Dresden the crown princess of Saxony was present at the concert, and expressed a wish to be presented to me; so, amidst a scene of the wildest excitement on the part of the audience, which stood up and cheered without ceasing, I had to go to the princess in the hall among the people, where she spoke to me for a long time and complimented me warmly on my singing.

Since we came to Nice, about three weeks ago, our time has been almost entirely taken up in accepting invitations, which pour in daily like the visitors, who come from early in the morning until late at night.

Last week I sang "Traviata," when I had the most brilliant success imaginable. All my pieces were encored, and I had a perfect ovation at the end of the first act. The house was crammed from ceiling to floor, and the enthusiasm and delight of the audience increased from the beginning until the end, till it knew no bounds, and in answer to innumerable recalls I was obliged to appear again and again. My *entrée* the week before in the "Barbier" was another "*succès fou*." This week I sing "Lucia," and, after that, "Romeo."

Now I fear I must draw this long letter to a close, as we are dining at Beaulieu, this

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evening, with the Grand Duke and Duchess Eugen de Leuchtenberg, and must go and dress.

Madame Patti has undoubtedly the widest acquaintance with royalty of any living singer. She has sung before the sovereigns of England, Russia, Italy, Sweden, France, Spain, etc. Little boys whose grandfathers have summoned her to assist at court concerts have grown to be stalwart men and rulers themselves since she first sang to them. An amusing incident bearing on this Madame Patti told, the other day, at Craig-y-Nos, during the preparation of this article. "One day," she said, "after a concert at the winter palace, Czar Alexander II., who, with the czarina, had given me the privilege of addressing them as papa and mamma, said to the little grand dukes, Paul and Serge, 'Kiss the hand of the greatest singer of her day.' The little boys would regularly come to the opera to hear me sing. But one night Paul came alone. 'Mother would not let Serge come to-night,' he said, in reply to my inquiry.

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Because, the other morning, after he had heard you sing in "Romeo and Juliet," they found some verses under his pillow written to Mademoiselle Patti as "Juliet." So mother won't let him come.'

"Not long ago Paul, who is a big man now, laughingly recalled the episode."

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Aids to a Young Singer's Success



VERY often young singers ask me, "Where shall I study, and with whom shall I study?" In turn I always inquire, "What branch of work do you wish to take up?—concert, oratorio, or opera? What style of music is best suited to your voice?" In considering the matter of a teacher very much depends upon the quality of voice that you possess. A teacher good for one class of voice may not be the one for the development of another and totally different type. In this important matter of the selection of a teacher, try to find one who has been successful in the cultivation of voices of that class to which you feel yourself properly to belong. It is very necessary that the first lessons should be undertaken with great care.

If You Intend to Sing in Grand Opera, the Place to Study in Is Italy

"Shall I study in America?" is another query that invariably follows. As invariably my reply is: "Yes, up to a certain point. Lay your foundation in America, where we have as good vocal teachers as can be found anywhere in the world." My own studying, the laying of the foundation upon which all my subsequent work was based, was done under Mr. O'Neill, of Boston. When I went to Italy to continue my studies, I began at once on opera repertory. San Giovanni, of Milan, now dead, a noted authority in this branch, found me equipped for the work to his full satisfaction, and my voice properly placed. If I had begun in Paris, a center to which so many Americans flock, this might very readily not have been the case, for no other city in the world, to my way of thinking, has so many charlatans who call themselves singing teachers as has Paris.

If you conclude to go on the grand opera stage, there is no place better to study in than Italy. When you are ready to appear, you will find there some manager in a little city who is willing to give you a chance to make your *début*. You will make it amid small surroundings, but you will also make it before people quick to recognize your merit, if you have any, and with the additional advantage that, if you do not succeed, all the world will not know of it the next morning. This would undoubtedly be the case if you should make your first appearance in some great center. If you fail the first time, study hard and try again, and keep on trying until you are fully convinced that singing in opera is not your career.

If you wish to devote yourself to concert work, hear some of the greatest singers and study their styles. Travel, too, is of great importance, when your foundation is well laid. In Berlin, you can hear, every winter, concerts of the very best class, the hearing of which will aid in the development of your style, finish, and general musical knowledge.

Your development will depend as well upon other things than music. Knowledge of literature, pictures, and all other high things that broaden and cultivate the mind must go to make a rounded artist. Know the "why" of things, and never adopt anything blindly simply because you are told that you must do it. There is none, no matter how humble, from whom we may not learn something,—if not how to do things, at least what to avoid. It is quite as important to have a knowledge of mistakes to be guarded against as it is to know how to do things rightly.

This does not mean to place your own opinion above that of those who are your teachers, but to find out the reasons upon which their ideas are based. The more we think for ourselves the more we shall be able to appreciate genuine knowledge in others.

It has frequently been a source of surprise to me to find that young singers who come for an expression of my opinion on their voices have no idea of the meaning of the foreign words that they sing. Surely it is not possible to make an impression on your hearers when you have none to convey, and that is exactly what ignorance of the text of a song means. Beauty of tone is all well enough, and of vast importance, but you must also know the value and meaning of the poet's words that inspired the composer to write. Yet, after listening to such a familiar number as the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," I have often enough found that the singer had no knowledge of the text, and but a vague idea of the meaning of the number as an episode in the opera. If you sing in a language that you do not speak, which in itself is unfortunate, it is at least necessary for you to know the meaning of every word of the song in hand. The day is done, thanks to Wagner, when trills and roulades stand for musical intelligence. The word has a value above that of the tone which is intended to heighten its meaning. In studying a song, get absolute knowledge of every word in it, no matter what the language. Declaim it over carefully, that you may learn to give just value and expression to each word and sentence; above all else, enunciate distinctly, and pronounce correctly. Think out the situation and picture what the poet has tried to place before you; then, and then first, are you ready to enter on the study of the melody.

In singing a group of songs in public, try always to begin with something familiar and in the vernacular. It is quite as impossible to hold the attention of an audience before you have engaged it as it is to cook the proverbial hare before you have caught it.

In singing in public many young aspirants make the mistake of selecting pieces that are showy and difficult and quite beyond their powers. Before a cultivated audience this would mean failure and disappointment to you, both due to yourself. Study difficult things as a matter of practice, but never attempt to sing anything in public that you do not thoroughly command or that is up to the limit of your powers. Things that perhaps you can do well in private you will make a failure of in public, for the reason that they demand your complete resources: you have no reserve power left. On this account it is wiser for singers not to attempt anything in public that they do not stand above. The selection should always be less difficult than that of which they are really capable. Then it is that the audience will know that one brings authority to his task, and authority is a quality necessary to the command of respect.

It is vain to think that, while we may not do a thing well, we yet do it well enough for an audience not to discover its inferiority. There never was a graver mistake. Every one in an audience may not know, but there are sure to be some who do. No matter how few those knowing ones may be in number, they are none the less the ones who make opinion. But, worse than that, in condoning our own faults we place a very low value on the art which should mean more to us than anything else in the world.



Adelina Patti, as "Juliet"

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The Necessity of Caring for the Voice

SIBYL SANDERSON

A FINISHED singer, and, even more so, a student, must nourish himself quite differently from the remainder of mankind. Singing consumes a great amount of muscular energy, and, therefore, the idea that one must starve himself in order to cultivate his voice is a fallacy. A singer must accustom himself to moderation at table and avoid overfeeding. In the morning he should have fruit and several boiled eggs, or a chop, or a piece of steak, or broiled fish, or something similar. He must be well nourished, or he can not stand the strain of a lesson. Every part of the body must be at ease, so that the voice can have full sway. If you think that you can sing with good effect when you are hungry, just try to do so. In such a case, the voice will only sound the hunger of the singer.

Many a Good Voice Has Been Injured by Faulty Early Training

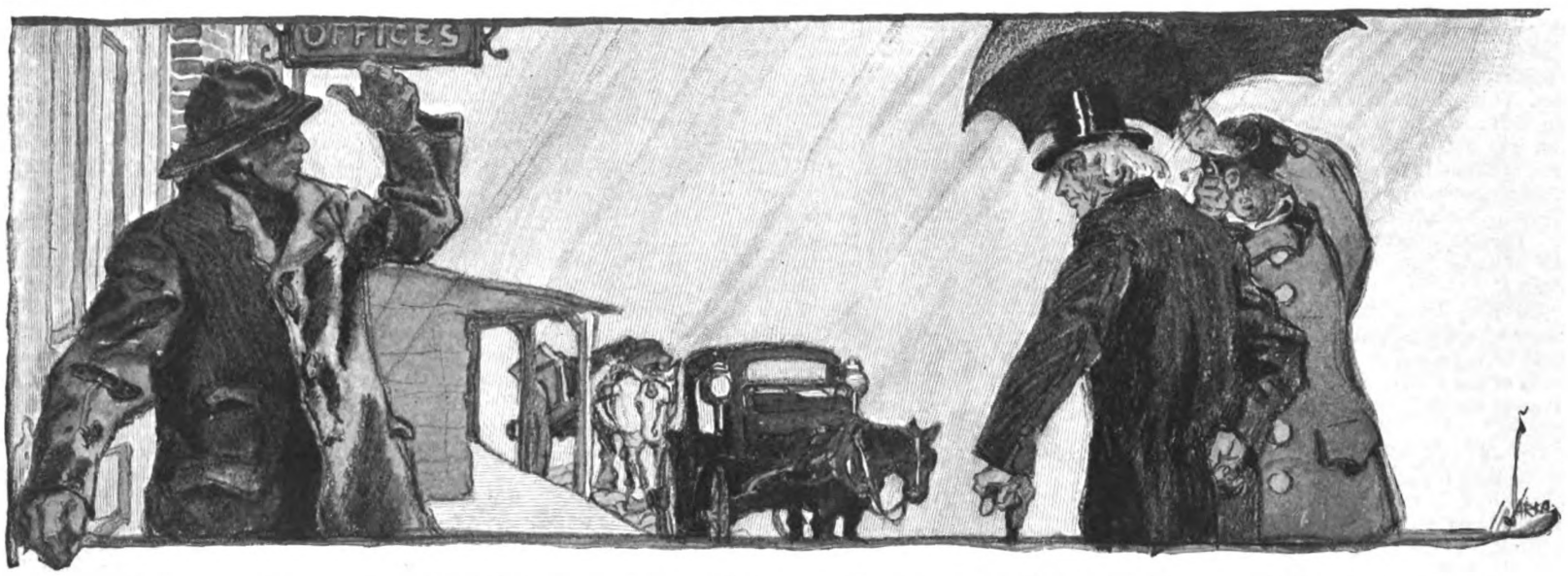
The time required for the training of a voice rests wholly with the singer. When a voice has not been spoiled by poor early training, progress is rapid. Often a voice is "forced," as the masters say, and then advancement is made slowly. Wrong methods have started many a voice on the wrong path, and the unfortunate student must, in such a case, wait and be absolutely patient until he has undergone a change that will put him on the right course. Young women very frequently become the victims of wrong methods, such as a contralto being trained for a *coloratura*. Too little stress is placed on the art of breathing, and too much on the scientific methods of "voicing," over which so many great teachers are at daggers' points. Not until a pupil can master the clear vocalization of the primal sounds should he or she be allowed to sing words. Voice-training and operatic or concert singing are totally different things, and without a complete mastery of the first the ultimate care of the voice becomes an unpleasant, and, often, thankless task, for a singer is ever training and training. There is a vast difference between training and practice, however. Practice does not come until after the training days are over. Training makes a voice, but practice keeps it perfect.

The preservation of a voice is not accomplished without the greatest care. Riding in automobiles, cycling, dancing, rowing, and similar pursuits must not be undertaken. All other exhausting physical exercises must be abandoned No matter how much they may "tone up" one's system, they create an overproduction of muscle, which, in order that it may be maintained, requires continued strenuous exercise. Such exercise destroys the fine qualities of the vocal cords. I do not wish to say that a singer should not exercise. Easy, spirited walking is the best. Other equally healthful and mild diversions may be indulged in.

Too many young singers irritate the limits of their voices. They are always endeavoring to reach higher and still higher notes, believing that a final screech—exhausting, terrifying, and, sometimes, ludicrous,—is effective. How often do we hear it said, "She can reach high 'C,'" as if that were the only goal to which a singer should attain! The terrible struggle to reach and keep the true sound of that tone has wrecked many a promising voice. A medium voice from "F" natural (*fa,*) to "F" (*fa,*) on the fifth line, is the true basis of the female voice. There are countless operatic *arias* and songs that

[*Concluded on page 600*]

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Seeing Through Another's Eyes

The Story of a Man Who Climbed up the Ladder and Was Obliged to Climb down again

HOWARD FIELDING
[Illustrations by Charles Sarka]

THE "grinding room" of Mervin Factory was a place of horrible noises. The workmen made signs to one another when they had anything to communicate; their ears were stopped with cotton to shield them from the fierce clamor of the machines in which a substance much harder than glass was ground as coffee in a mill. It was artificial garnet, used in making sandpapers, and the manufacture of it, by a process partly secret and partly protected by patent, had put many dollars into the pocket of Samuel Mervin, the inventor.

The air was full of a rasping dust peculiarly fatal to clean linen; and for this reason Eli Butler, who held a position of some importance in the Mervin establishment, pulled up his cuffs and covered his immaculate collar with a large handkerchief before entering the grinding room. He was in search of John Sargent, the superintendent, and he found him bending over one of the machines, listening to its raucous voice with an air of friendly comprehension.

He turned, when Butler touched the sleeve of his rough gray "sweater," and transferred his attention from the machine to the man without a noticeable change in his expression. He still preserved the air of kindly interest and the look of one who thoroughly understands. This is worth mentioning, for Butler could not come near Sargent without revealing that he hated him; and Sargent was such a queer fellow that he could not help showing his perfect knowledge of the other's feeling, and his supreme good nature in spite of it. He smiled brightly, in his boyish fashion, as he stooped toward Butler, whose forehead was contracted so that his thin, black eyebrows met and formed a straight line across his face. A helpless wrath was in him, at the sight of his enemy's countenance so close.

"The old man wants to see you in the office," said Butler, in a voice which the cry of the machines obliterated. Sargent read the words upon the speaker's lips, however, and seemed startled. He glanced at a window which was raised a few inches, and was admitting little wreaths and streamers of a gray and bitter fog.

"Mr. Mervin must be crazy!" he exclaimed, as he strode toward the door. "What were they thinking about, up to his house, to let him come out on such a day as this? Why, Eli," he added, as the heavy door slammed behind them, shutting off the noise, "when I saw him yesterday he was in bed, and I was afraid he would n't ever get out of it."

"Can't help that," responded Butler; "he's downstairs now."

"How does he look?"

"Red as a lobster," said Butler, as he pulled down one of his cuffs, and inspected it suspiciously. "I'd like to know what he's here for! He's got something on his mind; that's certain."

Mr. Mervin was standing in the doorway of his private room. His manner was nervous and impatient; he could not wait for Sargent to cross the main office, but advanced to meet him, taking him by the arm, and hurrying him along. The door closed sharply behind them, and Butler was on the wrong side of it, whereat he frowned savagely, though he had had no expectation of being present at the interview.

"John," said Mervin, "I want to have a talk with you. Do n't look so worried. It's for your own good."

"Then let's not have it!" responded Sargent. "If its for my good, I'd rather you'd be home and in bed. Did Gerald come down with you?"

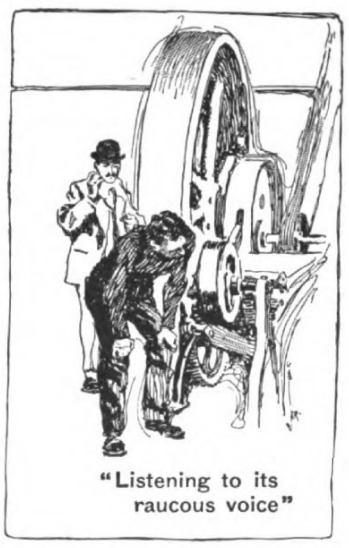
"No," said Mervin, "I came alone. But I'm glad you mentioned Gerald," he continued, checking the other's interruption by a gesture. "What do you think of him? How are you getting along with him nowadays? Tell me the truth; tell me the whole truth, frankly."

Gerald was Mervin's son, an erratic creature, capable of indolence and energy, shrewdness and stupidity, generosity and the most detestable meanness. He had many of his father's virtues, but each of them was mated with a vice that strangled it; and a spasmodic appetite for liquor lurked within him as a sort of devil's reserve, ready to advance in support of any evil tendency that might be yielding to the pressure of good influences. He was one of those men who, without strong effort of the will, may be total abstainers for months, and yet are never safe for a day.

At the time of this conversation, however, Gerald had been upon his good behavior for so long a period that even Sargent, who read the unfortunate fellow like a book, had begun to hope that the demon had fled out of him. Therefore he replied in praise of Gerald, striving to keep within the boundaries of the truth, and yet overtempted by the spectacle of the pleasure which his words gave.

"I believe my son has struck his gait!" exclaimed Mervin, at length. "He never lacked anything except steady application; he always had a good business head. The boy is all right."

He rose from his chair, and tottered across the room to the safe. The sight of his feebleness affected Sargent with grief and even with terror, for he felt an acute sense of personal responsibility, and knew not what to do. His impulse was to take Mervin and run home with him at once. He restrained himself with difficulty.


"Listening to its raucous voice"

Mervin unlocked a drawer in the safe, and took out some papers.

"This thing has been on my mind," he said, tapping one of the documents, and then pushing back the tangled gray hair from his broad forehead. "It's my will. I've left this business in trust with Sylvanus Woodbury,—for my boy and girl. I did n't dare to turn it over to my son, though he's nearly thirty years old,—older than you are, John, and I'll make oath that there is n't a man, old or young, who's more fit to run this outfit than you are."

He paused, leaning upon the door of the safe, and glaring at Sargent as if to defy contradiction.

"I'm going to change this will," he continued. "It is n't right that I should put my boy under any man's thumb, not even Sylvanus Woodbury's, and he's been my friend for fifty years. This is the point: I can't go out of the world and leave behind me this written evidence that I could n't trust my only son. It would be the worst thing I could do for him."

"But there's no hurry—"

"Yes, there is!" exclaimed Mervin. "This worn old body of mine cries out to me, 'Make haste!' Now let's get down to business. Of course Gerald will make mistakes, but there are two safeguards. We have a monopoly; we can undersell the natural product, and there's only one other process of manufacture,—the Thompson Process,—and that is not a commercial success. It costs too much. We've run the Thompson people out of business, and they'll stay out. My second reliance is in you, John Sargent."

"That's very good of you, Mr. Mervin," said Sargent, "but you ought not to stay here another—"

"I remember the first stroke of work you ever did for me," said Mervin, seemingly unconscious that the other had spoken. "You began as driver of one of our sand carts at four dollars a week,—"

"And mighty glad to get it! But really,—"

"Since then," continued Mervin, "you've filled almost every position in the shop. You've had charge of every one of our rooms. By George, sir, you've even run the engines. No other man knows the work here as you do. I rely on you to stand by Gerald."

"I'd rather stand by you," said Sargent, forcing a laugh. "Anyhow, I'm under contract for almost a year longer, so in my case there's no rush."

"I've given you a stock interest here," said Mervin, holding up the will, "and it will be increased in the new one. Now get me a lawyer; you'd better send for Woodbury. He'll raise some opposition, probably, but I—"

"Mr. Mervin," pleaded Sargent, "I can't let you stay down here any longer. Let me put you into your carriage."

"My carriage!" echoed Mervin; I walked."

Sargent was aghast. Though the distance was less than a quarter of a mile, it was madness for Mervin to attempt it, weakened by severe illness.

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Such an act might well have preceded such an interview, for neither had the aspect of sanity. This confidential, rambling, childish style of conversation was not at all characteristic of Samuel Mervin, who, in his normal state, had a way of keeping his affairs to himself. Beyond question some touch of fever had disturbed his brain.

"Do they know that you are here?" asked Sargent, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the house.

Mervin shook his head impatiently.

"Gerald and Millie have been cooping me up like a sick chicken!" he exclaimed; "Millie wouldn't even let me think."



Eli Butler

"Miss Mervin is a wise girl," said Sargent, "and I'm going to follow her lead. I'm not going to let you stay here and think about these matters any longer. Put those documents away, and—"

There was a hasty rap at the private door, not that which communicated with the main office. Eli Butler entered.

"Telephone call for you," said he, addressing Sargent; "I think it's important."

Butler was looking at Mervin out of the corner of his eye, in an anxious way; and, observing this, Sargent judged that the telephone call was from the Mervin residence. Therefore he made all haste to answer; but, as soon as they were in the hall, Butler seized him by the arm and brought him to a standstill.

"Jack Sargent," he said, in a whisper that thrilled with excitement, "are you crazy?"

Sargent held him away by a hand on his shoulder, and looked down into his face, which was eager as a hound's.

"You've been listening," he said, slowly.

"Yes, I have," responded Butler, "and it's mighty lucky for all of us. Why, you—you—"

He hesitated for a word that would express his opinion of Sargent's folly, and would still be safe to apply to so big a man.

"Mervin's going to die," he continued; "don't you know that?"

"I'm afraid so," said Sargent; "yet the doctor—"

"Blast the doctor! All you've got to do is to look at him. The man's done for. Now, do you want old Sylvanus Woodbury to run this business as trustee of the estate, when Mervin's gone? If you do, I don't. He'd be my last choice. He's harder than anything we make in this factory. That man could scratch a diamond with the end of his blasted nose. Could we do anything with *him*? No, oh, no! But if we had Gerald Mervin in the high chair here,—"

He raised his clinched hands, and brought them down hard. His hoarse, excited voice, strained with repression, accomplished a singular result with the light, half-humorous slang which had become habitual with him to such an extent that he could not lay it aside even in this exigency.

"Jack Sargent," he continued, "we could own this business in five years."

"*We?*" echoed Sargent; "well, that's the last partnership that I ever expected to hear about."

This was true enough, and yet Sargent was not greatly surprised by this proposal. He had a wonderful capacity for seeing with another man's eyes. In this instance, Butler's view was as clear to him as his own. He perceived that the man approached him thus because it was a sheer necessity. Without his connivance Mr. Mervin would probably not change his will, for the idea of displacing Woodbury as trustee, and giving absolute power to Gerald, was only a freak of fever and would surely pass away. Yet, if it should be done, there might be no time for revocation. With Gerald in authority, all that Butler planned would be easily possible, but only upon the basis of that remarkable partnership. Sargent held the mechanical side of the business in his grip, and whatever he did not know about the department of sales was known to Butler. Between those two men, a vain and irresolute creature like Gerald Mervin would inevitably lose everything which they did not graciously permit him to retain. In the records of trade there are a thousand examples.

All this Sargent saw plainly, and with a contemptuous curiosity.

"It's a golden opportunity, Eli," he said, "but you ought to know me better."

It was Butler's weakness that he could not see with another man's eyes. Honest enough in small matters, he yet had nothing in him which could resist the temptation of wealth, or which could show to his imagination the possibility that any sane man in these days could do so. He was consumed by a wild fear that Sargent did not understand,—that he lacked the intelligence and the readiness of decision necessary for the proper use of this sudden and splendid chance.

"You can't mean it," he cried; "you can't be such a conscience-ridden lunatic! Why, Jack, this is the way men get rich and hold some power in the world. It's by taking opportunity hot off the griddle. I tell you, in this business game you've got to swat it the first time. You don't get two chances. One strike is out, and you go back to the bench. Jack,—"

Sargent put him aside with one hand, gently, as if he had been a child. He passed him, and returned to Mr. Mervin's room.

II.

IT was a beautiful evening in June, and there was a round moon in the sky. It shone upon a pretty little house, with a veranda that was a nest of roses.

The moon has all moods. On this particular night, it was a bold moon; it came close, it demanded admiration, and it was eagerly, consciously beautiful.

There was a very charming girl in front of the house. She had tried the veranda, and had found it too small. Moreover, it had a roof. So the girl paced up and down on a broad path with the moonlit sky above her.

She was interrupted in this promenade by John Sargent, who loomed larger than usual in the moonlight. The girl was conscious of a sort of delightful terror of him which she had often felt before; and yet, in a flash, she was more determined to speak her mind to him, for, if he carried himself like an animated statue of conquest, it was the greater shame that he should reveal a weak heart. Indeed, he was the last man to be afraid of, for he really typified only the victory of splendid youth. Despite his great stature, he moved with remarkable lightness and grace, and everything that he did—even the simple exercise of walking,—seemed to be brightly pleasurable.

She permitted him to kiss her hand, which is not a very warm greeting when young people are engaged; and she extended it to him almost at arm's length. Nevertheless Sargent seemed to derive no less than the usual ecstasy from this salute, and certainly he did not fail to show his customary reverence.

"You are late," said she.

"My hours are longer," he replied, "since my last promotion."

He gave a laugh at his own jest. Miss Bond frowned slightly.

"Maybe you hadn't heard of it," said he. "It occurred only this morning. Gerald called me into his office, and told me that he wanted me to take charge of the grinding room. I replied that I should be delighted, and so I am. There's a chance to do some good work there."

"Jack," said the girl, "you show no pride, no resentment. There is such a thing, you know, as a righteous indignation."

"Wait a bit," he retorted; "let's look at it from Gerald's point of view."

"That's what you always say."

"It's a good, safe rule," said he; "let's see how it works in this case. Gerald knows that I prevented his father from changing his will. I made Mr. Mervin go home, and I put him to bed. My solicitude accomplished nothing for Mr. Mervin; he died the next day. If I had brought a lawyer to the factory, as he asked me to do, he would have revoked the will that makes Sylvanus Woodbury trustee, and would have given Gerald complete charge. Naturally Gerald does not believe that I did this to save his father's life; he thinks it was because I didn't consider him—Gerald,—to be fit to take control of the business. And—let's be frank about it,—I really didn't think he was."

"But *is* he?"

"In his own eyes, he is," responded Sargent, "and naturally he would prefer a superintendent whom he believes to have confidence in him, and to be in perfect sympathy with him. You know that Gerald is nominally in control. After Mr. Mervin's death I told Mr. Woodbury all about that last scene at the factory. Sylvanus Woodbury is a thoroughly honest and conscientious man. He wants to fulfill his trust absolutely in conformity with the testator's wishes. He knows that, although Mr. Mervin in his right senses would never have revoked the trust, still he was anxious to give Gerald all possible freedom. Therefore Mr. Woodbury, though he believes in me, will never interfere in my behalf, because he knows that I am not essential to the business. It's practically a monopoly, you know: it can run along without me."

"This does not in the least explain Gerald's treatment of you!" exclaimed the girl. "He is deliberately humiliating you. He can't discharge you, because of your contract. He can't even reduce your salary; but he moves you down, step by step. Men who were under you are now above you. Even from his point of view, is that right?"

"My contract says nothing about what I shall do," replied Sargent. "Gerald can put me on a sand cart, if he wants to, but he'll have to pay me a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week for driving it."

He laughed with great apparent enjoyment.

"I'm going down the ladder backwards," he continued. "Round by round, as I came up, even so do I descend. Honestly, I think he'll have me in charge of the sandpit before next November. It's quite a responsible position, too. I shall take it with pleasure, especially as Gerald is very polite. I've no doubt that our final interview will be a model of courteous conversation, and that he will present 'the key of the street' to me in a manner quite flattering."

"And Eli Butler goes about this town with a perpetual grin!" exclaimed the girl. "They say he is quite attentive to Millie Mervin."

Sargent seemed not to hear this remark. He gazed at the moon with placid content. In view of the fact that Butler had been his open rival for the affections of Miss Helen Bond, and probably had not yet transferred his hopes elsewhere,—even to Miss Mervin, the heiress,—Sargent felt a delicacy about speaking ill of the man. He had never told Helen of the dishonest partnership which Butler had suggested to him, preferring to think of this himself as the result of a too sudden temptation.

He knew that Butler had exerted all his influence to have him removed from the superintendency, and that he was, indeed, the deviser of the whole scheme of humiliation. Butler had said to him, as soon as it had become clear that Lawyer



"He took out some papers"

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Woodbury would give Gerald free rein: "I will attend to your case. You'll go out through the little end of the horn."

Butler had a great appetite for authority. He liked to give orders, but he hated to receive them. It pleased him, in these days, to be Sargent's superior; he had even gone to the length of requesting Sargent to call him "Mr. Butler." The fellow had a great dislike of his given name, and "Butler" without a handle was surely not much better.



"'We are not afraid of the future. I'm glad we're not'"

It was true that he went around the town with a perpetual grin, as Miss Bond had said. His nature was such that he imagined Sargent's feelings to be precisely what his own would have been in similar circumstances. Nothing else could have hurt him so much as the loss of authority, and he enjoyed the mental picture of frightful pangs which he foolishly supposed that Sargent was suffering. The thought of this folly—which he perfectly perceived,—came to Sargent as he sat looking at the moon, and he laughed softly.

"Jack, Jack!" exclaimed Miss Bond, "what shall I say to you? What shall I do to stir you up?"

"Have faith in me, Helen," said he, gently.

"Your infantile good nature is the ruin of you," she continued. "You let other men tread upon you. It's the penalty of your enormous bulk. I remember reading that once the giants and the dwarfs of a big circus were quartered together in one small house, and the dwarfs took everything away from the poor giants, and finally drove them out altogether."

"Do you know," said Sargent, reflectively, "that that makes me think that the giants must have been pretty good fellows. Otherwise, they would have grabbed those dwarfs, and knocked their heads together."

"I wish you'd grab Eli Butler in one hand, and Gerald Mervin in the other, and knock *their* heads together," said Helen; "knock 'em good and hard, too."

"I am considering something of that kind," replied Sargent. "Meanwhile, I am learning a lot about the business."

"What use, what earthly use is it for you to learn about this business?" she demanded. "It's the only one of its kind in the world. Oh, it makes me ramp and rage to think of all the years that you have wasted in learning it, and the injustice which takes the fruit of all your work, and gives it to others. Why do you wait for this to be done? Why don't you show your spirit by resigning now? Why do you let Eli Butler go around telling everybody that you are 'sticking to your money?'"

"Because I know, in my own heart," said he, "that I am sticking to the promise that I made to Samuel Mervin. I told him I would stand by his son as long as I could; and I'll do it, Helen. Do you fancy that, because I am taking lower and still lower positions, I am accomplishing nothing for the good of the business? I tell you that I am doing the best work of my life."

"You are accomplishing nothing for yourself," said she, and she continued to berate him from a deep sense of her duty to him—and perhaps from the pique which a woman feels at the ill success of the man she loves,—until he said "good night" to her, very tenderly, but somewhat earlier than usual.

He left her standing upon the steps of the veranda, and therefore he was very much surprised when she stepped out from behind a fir tree that marked the northern end of the lawn. She had run to intercept him, in the shelter of the trees and shrubbery; and, as the dwellers thereabouts had been wise enough to remove all fences in the interest of the landscape, she was able to appear suddenly as a white ghost in the young man's path.

"I have been unkind to you," said she.

"From your point of view," he began.

"Oh, bother points of view!" she cried. "We love each other. What do we care—"

"That's true," he interrupted; "we are not afraid of the future. We are not even afraid of hope, whose brother is disappointment. I am glad we're not."

He put his arm across her shoulders and bent down to whisper into her ear. Thus he remained for several minutes, and she did not interrupt him by so much as a single word. At length he kissed the tip of the ear very softly, and then strode away. Her glance followed him; she held her head high, and stood at her full stature, which, fortunately for their romance when viewed objectively, was much above the average of her sex. A short girl, beside John Sargent, would have looked distressful.

III.

The ninth of November was a melancholy day,—a day of dull, cold drizzle. John Sargent, wearing oilskins and a "sou'wester" hat, came in from the sandpit about eleven o'clock, and was just in time to meet Lawyer Woodbury at the door of the factory office. Sylvanus was very thin,—always a trifle thinner than the last time one had seen him before, so that it was a miracle he should have lasted so long. Unkempt gray hair strayed out at all angles from under his old-fashioned hat. He had small, round, blue eyes, and a nose like a pickax.

"Ah, Mr. Woodbury," said Sargent, "how are you to-day?"

"I don't feel very well," replied the lawyer, somewhat as if Sargent had been responsible for it.

He seemed to be nervous, and as he stood on the broad stone step he kept knocking his queer old hat against the umbrella which an absurdly short serving-man was trying to hold over his head. The servant was stretched to his utmost, and had the attitude of one who is coming down with a parachute. Observing this spectacle Sargent smiled agreeably.

"I've just been talking to Gerald," said Woodbury, jerking his head toward the office, and dislodging his hat for the tenth time, whereupon he swore softly at the servant. "I advised him to renew your contract, and he won't do it. That's all there is about it. I sha'n't interfere."

"It was kind of you to speak in my favor," said Sargent. "I thank you. I'm going in to talk with Gerald now."

Woodbury looked at him, and pursed up his thin lips.

"If I'd had your temper—or lack of it,—in my young days," said he, "I'd have made my fortune."

This was a favorite expression of the old lawyer's, and it never occurred to him that its force was in any degree weakened by the fact that he *had* made his fortune.

"I hope you'll make yours," he continued. "Perhaps it's for the best that you should go into another field. Good day."

"Good day," said Sargent, cordially, as he turned to enter the office.



Gerald was listening

In the private office he found Gerald and Butler with their heads close together. Young Mr. Mervin was not looking his best. A brief attack of the old enemy had kept him half tipsy, during the early part of the week, and this was his first day of absolute sobriety. He was pale, haggard, and unsteady.

Sargent strongly suspected that Butler was responsible for this lapse, and that it had been his intention to keep Gerald under the influence of liquor until after the ninth of November. He was glad for various reasons that this amiable plan had failed.

"Well, Mr. Mervin," said he, dropping his waterproof hat and coat in a corner, "this is the last day of my contract. In half an hour I am free."

"Free!" echoed Butler, speaking involuntarily, and he grinned.

Sargent took a chair.

"Of course you understand," said he, "that I am willing to renew it on the same terms, or even a little less; for the stock interest which your father gave me, though it does not yield much, is still something."

Perhaps this was the wrong way to approach a man like Gerald Mervin. It may have given him more importance in his own eyes, and thus have fortified his resolution.

"Mr. Sargent," said he, "I have considered the matter carefully. Mr. Woodbury and I, and Mr. Butler and I, have been over the whole ground, and really I can't see how my interest lies in renewing the contract. We are getting along very well. Mr. Cassell, the superintendent whom I appointed, partly on Mr. Butler's advice, is giving satisfaction. Of course, in some subordinate capacity, perhaps in your present position,—not permanently, but until events shape themselves favorably for your promotion,—you might continue with us."

"Not with my consent," said Butler. "Why should we have a man here who is against us and against our policy? I don't see anything in it; that's the straight truth right over the rubber."

"I confess," said Mervin, "that Mr. Butler's opinion would have great weight with me. Eli, see who that is at the door, will you?"

Nobody had knocked, but the sound of feet upon the floor had been audible. Butler opened the door, and revealed the lank, black figure of Sylvanus Woodbury, surmounted by the old straight-crowned, flat-brimmed silk hat. He stalked in uninvited, and took a chair.

"I have just told Mr. Sargent that I can not renew his contract," said Mr. Mervin; "in fact, it appears that his connection here is about to close."

He glanced at the clock.

"Very well, very well," responded the lawyer, sourly, "I have nothing to say."

"I should like to stay with you," said Sargent, "because I feel that I can be of use, and because of your father's kindness to me. I am willing to accept any arrangement within reason."

Mervin was a shade paler. He had sense enough to know that he was making a business error, and that he was gratifying a private vengeance at considerable cost, but he caught Butler's reassuring eye, and remained firm.

"I have nothing to suggest," said he.

There was an interval of silence, during which the hands of the clock on the wall reached twelve.

"So this is the end of it," said Sargent. "I make my exit by way of the sandpit, as I came in. First, however, I want to thank you, Gerald, for the experience that you have enabled me to get. If ever I come to any position of authority,—and I expect to very soon,—I shall be greatly

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The Home as a Social Medium

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

"How many a useless stone we find
Swallowed in that capacious, blind,
Faith-swollen gullet, our ancestral mind!"

Is the good old-fashioned virtue of hospitality in the American home giving place to a desire to "entertain" at great expense and merely for show? Is the honest welcome of friends being supplanted by artificial modern "receptions?"

AMONG all the makeshift uses of our traditional home there is none more paradoxical than its enforced service as a social medium. Here is a place in its basic idea private; a place originally intended for the safety and peace, the shelter and comfort of the family which makes it; and yet it is now used as "a place of entertainment." So generally accepted is this contradictory requirement that houses are built, furnished, and decorated with regard to "entertaining;" the expenses of family life are most cruelly increased by those of "entertaining;" marriage is made later and more difficult because of this demand for "entertaining;" and the question eagerly asked about the incoming residents in any polite section is, "Will they entertain?" Just in proportion to the fitness of a house for general entertainment is its unfitness for a home. Just in proportion to the amount of time, labor, and money devoted to entertainment is the real home life robbed of those important supplies.

Home comfort gives way before it, family unity is destroyed, and, in its highest development, in the palatial houses of the nobility abroad and millionarity here, there remains little that a common American citizen would recognize as "home." What is the reason for this unnatural growth? Let us study closely into its causes, and also study its results, looking to see if this kind of social medium really brings about that contact of soul and mind which makes our gathering together so imperative a law of human nature.



"The spot where angels find a resting place"

We will see, first, how the home ever became a social medium, and then if it is a success as a social medium.

Back of all this accumulation of undesirable custom lies a deep, sweet source,—the good old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. The honest welcome of a friend, or the offering of shelter, food, and rest to the stranger, is the underlying cause of what is now the artificial greeting to "callers," the locust-horde of devouring guests at ball, banquet, and reception,—guests who consume a king's ransom,—without being in the least hungry. Hospitality is a virtue,—and virtues are always relative. We hear of "making a virtue of necessity."—Of course! That is what all virtues are made of. Would you make them of superfluities, non-essentials, or things immaterial?

All virtues are necessities in the times and places that breed them; and, when they cease to be necessities, they cease to be virtues.

Hospitality is a virtue *when it is a necessity;* and you always find it then. It is a virtue dependent on conditions, and those conditions are a primitive population and the danger and difficulty of traveling. Where do you find the apotheosis of hospitality? Among the Bedouin Arabs, and the Highlanders. In the pathless desert,—in the pathless mountains,—where only far-scattered tents or huts are to be found; where continued exposure means danger, and to be lost means death,—there you find the fine flower of hospitality.

It may be added, also, that this is where the chance traveler is a valued connection with the outer world,—bringing news and some change and excitement. In our own country, on the frontier, be it the deserts of the West or the mountains of the South, just in proportion as their conditions obtain do you still find hospitality. "'Light, stranger, and set down!" is a characteristic welcome, followed by a ready meal, and an offered bed, and no questions asked. But as these conditions change as families group to villages and villages thicken to towns; as roads grow smooth and safe; and as more frequent travel brings the more frequent inn,—so hospitality declines. Why not? Why open your heart and hearth to every drummer for dry goods or tobacco? Why give freely what the haughty tourist would rather buy? And especially why offer your limited accommodations when better are to be had at the hotel? Ceasing to be a necessity, hospitality ceases to be a virtue, and modestly declines. Its receding footsteps are to be traced in every rural district, where a meal at least is still offered as a matter of course, because "it is so far to go home." As neighbors grow nearer there is less need of even this; and, in the thickly settled city, where safety, comfort and convenience attend our steps, there is no longer any reason for hospitality save in exchanging visits with friends from the country or from beyond the seas.

Friendships Are Born and Grow where Meetings Are Frequent

Hospitality was once a cause for using the home as a social medium, but it is now no longer actual,—in the cities, at least; yet here, most of all, is this crowded profanation of the home called "entertaining" practiced. We must look for other reasons. Is it friendship? Do not laugh. It might, as an intellectually conceived possibility, be friendship.

This cause would lead to the frequent drawing together of those near and dear; and, since we live in homes, the frequent sharing of one another's.

But, alas! friendship decreases in great cities,—decreases as hospitality does, though not from the same reason. It decreases with the square of the distance! Friendships are born and grow thrivingly where meeting is frequent and *spontaneous.*

In a village where like-minded persons see each other easily and often,—a moment here,—an hour there,—a stop to talk, a walk together, the many common gatherings,—there friendships flourish.

In a great city, where homes are far apart, where a call is a special ceremony, and a dinner a dress affair; where, if you do wish to see any one, you cease to do so in the time that must elapse before a call is possible,—there friendships dwindle to the range of business relations among men, and some lingering neighborliness among women who do chance to live near by.

But this city friendship bears no relation whatsoever to the city's whirl of entertainments. These guests and callers and diners are by courtesy friends,—but seldom more.

One voyage or railroad trip together; some excursion with delays and accidents; or some common interest in a sick person or a charity makes more friendships than ten years of entertainment. If not based on hospitality or friendship, what then is the cause of all this coming together? Why in the name of sociology *do* we build, furnish, decorate, dress, and buy delicacies for all these people?

Because of the position of women, it is a vital law of human nature that we associate; and, as civilization intensifies, the more widely we must associate. This need has been met in men, from the beginning, because they have worked together in wider and wider relations, as we have become more socialized. But the women all work separately at home, as they did in the year one,—and the natural necessity of meeting together, combined with this artificial necessity of staying at home, has resulted in one amazing paradox of a private house made a house of entertainment.

With men their growing need of association was met at every turn by prompt provision. Men must be together as inevitably as they must be separate; and, while they built the private house to be separate in, they also built the public house to be together in.

"Public house" does not mean *drinking place.* A church is a public house, as is a courthouse, a mill, or a college,—any building wherein men meet and work together. A house is necessary for any social development, and a public house is necessary for every step beyond the most primitive. In this way the growing demand for a wider, finer, subtler social relation among men was constantly met and allowed for, and the whole field of extra-domestic architecture appeared to accommodate man's needs for social relation. Temple and palace, court and hall,—all the towering magnificent buildings of the world,—these are forms of the public home—for men.

But, with the exception of the church, they have all been forbidden to women. In her small private house she must remain, from the cradle to the grave. As the proverb has it, "A woman should leave her house but three times,—when she is christened, when she is married, and when she is buried;" or, "The wife is the key of the house;" or, "The wife that expects to have a good name is always at hame as if she were lame;" or, most conclusively, "The woman, the cat, and the chimney should never leave the house."

A Home Should Furnish Its Inmates with Comfort and Beauty

Yet, being human, she *must* associate with other human beings. The result is what we see. An increasing civilization demands an increasing association; and that association, being forbidden to women, on normal lines of world-industry, in broad economic and political relations, they have been driven to associate in the last place where such assembling is wanted,—in the home.

Thus has the private house been made a public house, to meet the needs of the imprisoned women. Does it really meet them? Does this form of association satisfy any need of the human heart or mind? Or is it in the main simply a field for two other phases of our perverted social life; the marriage market, and that "conspicuous consumption" and "conspicuous waste" which Veblen so clearly explains in his great book, "The Theory of the Leisure Class?"

There you may learn how the naïve ostentation of the early savage, proudly exhibiting his scalps or sharks' teeth, his hides of ferocious beasts, or his kingly cloak made of the innumerable little yellow feathers which grow on the breasts of certain birds, has come down to us in unbroken lines of social inheritance; and it prompts us, too, to collect rare and valuable objects to "show off," and to collect our neighbors to show them to.

A home—a real home,—should be the perfect expression of the family that makes it. It should furnish all that its inmates want, for comfortable, healthful, beautiful living; but there is no reason whatever why it should be required to furnish anything more. Into a genuine home we can invite strangers, when hospitality is in order; into it we can invite our friends, freely and frequently, with that spontaneous coming and going which means so much; but the genuine home is no place for public entertainment. Already we are beginning to recognize this, or, at least, to act on it, though not fully conscious why. Those at the very top of this strange line of abnormal development pour over into the real public house, and give dances and dinners at the costly establishments of caterers.

Those who can live as they like in summer prefer more and more the ease of a simple detached cottage, with a "casino" or hotel for a common center. Our women's clubs, too, among their thousand advantages, are showing us the way to a genuine association in a house built for the purpose.

Pretty club rooms, large and beautiful, fitted to accommodate numbers, are gradually adopted as places for "teas" or "receptions" more suitable than home parlors.

The labored business of calling might also be accomplished in these club houses, certain rooms being taken at certain hours, by certain women, and a large number of calls duly "exchanged" in one day. If Mrs. A.,

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B. and C. were "at club" between three and four, and Mrs. D., E. and F., between four and five, hundreds of women could clear accounts in that one afternoon, with a minimum of trouble and expense,—and there would be no more absurdity than in more laborious methods. The painful part of our present use of our homes is that they really do not fill the want. We call and call, we receive and receive, we dine and dine, we are mutually excited, mutually exhausted, and mutually bored, *yet we do not meet each other at all!* It is not the genuine subtle touch which brings human souls together,—this crowding of many bodies in fine clothes into one overheated room.

"What is it all for?" I asked a somewhat thoughtful society woman once. She meditated.

"It is to bring interesting people together," said she.

Interesting people! That means people who do things. That is why the "lion" is such valuable game—yes, the absolutely essential game,—for these occasions. Having really no reason for coming together, and yet, the necessity being laid upon them, they must secure some sort of bait,—something to come and see, or hear. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins invites the Duchess of Backwater to meet the Prima Donna,—and the Prima Donna to meet the Duchess. All the others are to meet these two. If this be illegitimate as a form of social mingling, what is legitimate? Where may we meet,—if not at home? When women are full-born human beings and spend their working hours together in modern activities for the service of humanity, instead of spending them alone in primitive activities in the service of their families, they will meet every day as men do,—will come together naturally, on lines of special affinity in their work. We hear much of the superiority of masculine friendship,—that is the reason. Men meet naturally, on lines of common work, while women have to go to see each other arbitrarily, and their work is all separate and self-interested.

I have neglected to say what is to become of our young people if we have no elaborate scheme for "bringing them together." The answer to that is that they should never have been separated. Coëducation from the baby-garden to the university, and common work afterwards,—these obviate all labored attempts toward association. The children of friends would meet naturally; scholars of similar tastes would meet naturally; workers in similar lines would meet naturally;—the whole of us, young and old, married and single, would meet naturally throughout life;—far more than we do now in our misuse of the home as a social medium.

Operating the United States Senate



WALTER WELLMAN

How the most powerful legislative body in the world discharges its various duties. How members are selected to make speeches and advocate or oppose measures, in accordance with party exigencies. Why there is so little real work done on the senate floor, and so much in the cloakrooms. How valuable time is wasted by minority members who try to "talk to death" proposed legislation. How the mysterious processes and methods of this unique parliamentary body look to one who has had a view of the inside



WITHOUT doubt the senate of the United States is the most peculiar legislative body in the world. It stands unique among parliamentary institutions. To all but to those who have had exceptional opportunity to study its inner workings, its processes and methods are somewhat mysterious. If the senate could be characterized in a phrase, perhaps "an aristocratic democracy" would do as well as any other. An aristocratic democracy is what it is. It prides itself upon its "high tone." It loves to be formal, elegant, ceremonious, and punctilious. It dotes upon luxuriousness. It spends upon itself, each year, almost as much money as the house of representatives, though the latter has a membership more than four times as great. It employs nearly as many men as the lower branch, and the average salary which it pays is much higher. To be in its service is itself a distinction, and rank for rank the employes of the upper branch look down upon their fellows of the plebeian end of the big white capitol. In furnishings, decorations, paintings, statuary, mural embellishments, furniture, carpets, and all the other material surroundings and luxuries, whether in the chamber itself, the committee rooms, or the private rooms of senators, luxuriousness and indifference to expense are the rule. Carved tables at hundreds of dollars each, great easy chairs at fifty dollars per chair, and rugs soft and rich,—all these the senate equips itself with as of natural right, befitting its dignity. When it is in session in hot weather, plain water is not good enough to quench the senatorial thirst, or Apollinaris alone, or lemonade alone. Apollinaris lemonade, limpid and sparkling, made by the barrel by a well-paid colored servitor who prides himself upon his art, has long been and still is a favorite senatorial beverage. Nothing intoxicating ever passes the doors of the chamber.

Men who serve in the house of representatives are prone to be careless in their attire. Almost anything is good enough. Go into the gallery of the house and look down upon the buzzing floor, and you will observe nothing unusual in the clothes of the hundreds of statesmen there assembled. They are dressed like all other well-to-do Americans. They are as like the crowd of business men one may see upon the city exchanges as one pea is like another in a pod. But the senate is different. There a certain standard is maintained. It is not obtrusive, but it is distinctive. When a representative is promoted to be a senator he gives up his sack coat and slouch hat and takes to frocks and beavers. The long-tailed coat is another senatorial favorite. Not all senators wear it, but most of them do. It may be of any color,—excepting red, green, or blue,—provided it has the elongated tail that comports with the dignity of the august body. It comes as near being the modern senatorial *toga* as could be in this democratic age and country. Another tradition is that senators should ride to and from the capitol in carriages. Not all follow it; but, as a rule, the very men who, while serving in the house, find the plebeian street cars with complimentary tickets in nice little books good enough for their needs, on being elevated to the upper branch think it more suitable to their new station to hire carriages, even though they be of the night-liner or rickety day-jobber persuasion.

A keen observer of life in Washington once said that the superior rank and dignity assumed by and conceded to members of the senate, in comparison with members of the popular branch, at least in late years, is due to a single word. To be a member of the house is to be nothing. It carries no title with it. One may write of "Representative This" or "Congressman That," but he never employs those appellations in social converse. They are too awkward, too clumsy. So a statesman of our house of commons is forced to be content with plain "Mr." He may be a man of power and parts, high in council, and famed as an orator or politician. He counts himself lucky if he has brought a title to Washington from his home,—if his friends call him "Judge," or "General," or "Governor,"—for that will stay by him and help him along the road. But it is far different with the fortunate men of the American house of lords. The good, euphonious, swelling, resonant title, "Senator," displaces all previous titles. It rolls easily from the tongue. The very sound of it is stately, and suggestive of power and dignity. To be announced in a drawing-room as "Senator Blank," or to be hailed as "Senator" in a group of people socially met, is to elicit the compliment of a turning of heads, eyes, and ears. One calls his friends of the popular branch by whatsoever title he happens to think of,—plain, common "Mister," in most instances. But a senator one never calls anything but "Senator," with a slight, fondling, lingering rolling of the sonorous syllables. Every man bearing this title is proud of it, is content with it, and would exchange it for no other except that of "Mr. President." It must be admitted that ambition to effect this exchange is by no means rare. Twenty years ago it was deemed an honor to be invited from the senate to the cabinet and to be called "Mr. Secretary." But now it is just the other way. Men prefer service in the senate, with its individuality and freedom, to toil and trouble and a world of detail and responsibility as one of the president's hired men at the head of a great public department. Probably a dozen men in the senate to-day have declined places in the cabinet,—some of them, like Allison and Spooner, three or four times, and others, like Aldrich, Cullom, and Hale, once or twice. In every cabinet there are men who would gladly send their resignations to the president if they but had senatorial seats awaiting them.



SENATOR WM. P. FRYE arriving at the capitol

SENATOR J. C. SPOONER is busy on the thoroughfare

But there is much more in being a senator than the joy of receiving the stately salutation of the title. So rapidly has the senate risen in power during the last ten years that a seat in that body is now regarded as one of the greatest prizes of American public life. Service in the senate has its own peculiar charm. Few who taste its delights voluntarily surrender their places at its table. Men spend fortunes and risk their reputations to gain or regain a seat. There are many games in America with innumerable players. Money-getting is easily the first. Politics is the sec-

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ond. Men love the game of politics—as, indeed, do many the game of money-getting,—for the power it brings. Consciously or unconsciously all men aspire to power, as women do to beauty and its prizes,—love and admiration. Men who come to the senate find themselves suddenly lifted among the seats of the mighty. The weakest, most obscure and inefficient man that ever was thrust into the senate by the freaks and accidents of politics rubbed his eyes soon after he got there in wonderment at the trick of legerdemain which had placed so much influence in his hands, which caused him to be so much looked up to, and which made him a man of such note and mark. All this goes with the place. It is inherent in the system which chooses ninety men out of a nation of almost as many millions, just two from a commonwealth with anything from half a million to five or six million souls. To be one man in a million is alone a distinction. Add to this that the humblest of the ninety may, if he chooses, exert a little influence upon the operations of the body which is constitutionally coequal with and in practice superior to the great American house of commons, which is not only half the lawmaking power of the land but actually the shaper of its polity, and whose functions are not only legislative but also of the nature of advice to and a check upon the executive through the right of confirmation or rejection of his appointments, and of ratification, amendment, or defeat of all his compacts with sister nations. Men who love power find that, if in the senate their aspiration for power is not satisfied, at least opportunity is always theirs. They sit at the table where the greatest game of American public life is played, and if at first they do not win they live upon hope of better days to come.

What a charming game it is! How surrounded it is by elegance, by stately form, and by the incense of deference and respect! It is worth while to play even if one loses, so fascinating is it all. It is worth while to be in the senate even if one must sit in a rear seat and hold his tongue. To be a senator is to be Somebody. There are no Nobodies in the American house of lords, as there are in our house of commons. In the latter three fourths of the members are negligible quantities. They are never heard from save when the roll is called, and, as the rule that men vote with their party is rarely broken, it is not often that an obscure member can get into the lime-light through the importance of his vote in a crisis. There are scores on scores of members of the house who are absolutely unknown outside their own districts. For example, take any well-informed newspaper correspondent at Washington. It is his business to know men. He does know most of those who are worth knowing. Yet it is perfectly safe to say there is not a correspondent in the gallery who could name all of the members of the house from such a state as New York, or Illinois, or Pennsylvania. He is lucky if he knows the names of all the representatives from his own state, if it chances to have a dozen or more members. But he is able to name every one of the ninety senators, and with most of them he has a personal acquaintance. It is an axiom in the newspaper profession at Washington that, as to members of the lower branch, one must know the leaders and his local men; but, as to the senators, he must know every one.

As befits a well-organized aristocracy, the senate makes much of prerogative and privilege. The matter of seats upon the floor is indicative of the system. In the house of representatives one man is presumably as good as another.



CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, of the house, is very popular



SENATOR N. B. SCOTT leaving the treasury building

The Prerogative of Seniority Is Considered in Making Appointments

When a new congress meets there is a lottery for the choice of seats. The newest and freshest member from a backwoods district may be the lucky man to have his name drawn from the box by the blindfolded page and to have first choice of all the seats in the great hall. The veteran of half a score of congresses, a man of power and note, may be the last of the long line and forced to content himself with a perch in the extreme rear. This is democracy with a vengeance, and of course it would never do for the aristocratic upper branch. There the senator who gets a good seat keeps it as long as he remains a senator. Such men as Allison, Hale, Hoar, Cullom, and others have sat all the way from ten to twenty-five years at one desk. When an old senator with an advantageously located seat drops out through death or failure to secure reelection, some other senator from the rear applies for his seat and gets it, the rule being, "first come, first served." New senators are compelled to take the less desirable desks in the rear of the chamber, to await their turn for a chance at better ones. Thus in the senate there is a slow but steady movement from the rear toward the front of the chamber,—a movement highly suggestive of the senatorial system based upon prerogative and precedence.

Even more striking is the method of assigning senators to places upon committees. Here again prerogative is everything. If the chairman of a committee dies or leaves the senate the man of the majority political party who has served longest upon that committee becomes his successor. The rule is invariable, though of course complications occasionally arise. If the senior committeeman is chairman of another important committee, he may be compelled to surrender one or the other. Usually he is given his choice, though there have been a few exceptions to this rule. For example, the friends of General Grant deprived Charles Sumner of the chairmanship of the great committee on foreign relations, vastly to that statesman's disgust. Recently the friends of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge tried to break the tradition and deprive Senator Shelby M. Cullom of the same chairmanship so that Lodge, who stood junior only to Cullom, might get it. But the rule was observed in this instance, and Mr. Cullom got his chairmanship by giving up his place at the head of the table in the room of the committee on interstate commerce. The prerogative of seniority is carried to such an extreme in the senate that, when two senators from the same state aspire to a vacancy upon a committee, the senior senator by tradition has the preference and can not be denied. For illustration I have to cite Senator Albert J. Beveridge. As a traveler and student, and investigator of international questions, he naturally wished a place upon the committee on foreign relations, and many of his colleagues thought his selection would be fitting and wise. But it happened that Mr. Fairbanks, who is also from Indiana, wanted to be a member of that committee. Mr. Fairbanks is an able man, and fine lawyer, though not specially familiar with international questions. He is, however, the senior senator from Indiana, and as senior he got the place and Mr. Beveridge did n't.

When new senators are to be placed upon committees, or differences between old senators are to be adjusted, the executive committee comes into operation. It is at this point that we encounter one of the striking features of the senatorial system. Here we discover how democratic the senate is amidst all its aristocratic tendencies; and, if its democracy has a tendency to run into oligarchy, it is in that respect not different from most democratic organizations. The executive committee is a body which has no official *status*. It is unknown in the records or archives of the senate. Yet it is the real controlling power, the lever which starts or stops and regulates the machinery of the upper branch. The executive committee, commonly and suggestively known as the "steering committee," is appointed by a caucus of the majority senators; that is to say, under the present *régime*, the Republican senators get together in secret caucus and name seven of their number to take charge of the business of the senate. Membership in this committee is one of the great prizes of senatorial service. It means influence and power, for the "steering committee" not only settles questions of committee assignments, assignments to committees or private rooms, (for it is an unwritten law that every senator, whether chairman of a committee or not, or whether a member of the majority or of the minority party, shall have a room to himself to use as an office,) and many other matters pertaining to the comfort and convenience of senators, but it also exercises supervision over that really important thing, "the order of business."



SENATORS BEVERIDGE AND COCKRELL on their way to luncheon

It Is only really Important Measures That Must Run Their Chances

In the senate "the order of business" is vital. There is always a crush of bills and resolutions. As sessions draw near a close rivalry between measures demanding consideration becomes intense. The rules provide how much time shall be given to pension and other private bills from the calendar. All these minor matters are settled by rule or by long established practice. Appropriation bills, too, have a right of way. But really important measures apart from the supply bills must run their chances. Only a few can be taken up, debated, and voted upon, because of lack of time and the lavish manner in which time is wasted in the senate. Indeed, it is a common practice of the men who have their hands upon the levers of the machine to encourage the waste of time in debate, during the early part of sessions, so that there shall be a crush of rival measures in the closing hours; for it is in these crushes that the men of influence and leadership find the best chance to get their own way, to kill off the measures they do not like, to force to the front those they do like, and also to command strength for their own purposes by preying upon the ever-increasing anxieties of the friends of imperiled bills.

Over the question of what measure shall be taken up and pressed for a vote the executive committee exercises great but not decisive control. It is the representative of the party. It is supposed to speak for the party and to be devoted to its best interests. Ordinarily it is considered the duty of all senators of the majority party to bow to the will of the committee created expressly to solve such problems, and ordinarily the duty is discharged. Hence it is easy to see that, so far as the general run of business is concerned, the executive or "steering" committee is the power behind the scenes. It is the unseen hand that guides and directs the progress of legislation. If you are a casual visitor, seated in one of the galleries of the beautiful senate chamber, you see nothing of this. Apparently everything is being done upon the floor before your eyes. You are intensely interested when a Republican senator rises and moves that such-and-such a bill be made the order of business; that is, that it be taken up and be considered until disposed of. You wonder how the other senators are going to take it. Are they friendly or unfriendly? How will they vote? Of course you could not be expected to know that all

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this is a matter of form. The arrangement was made hours or days ago, not on the floor of the senate, but elsewhere. The result is known in advance almost to the last vote. This motion and this roll call of the senate are only a formal registering, or placing upon the records, of the decision reached in another place.

What other place? The cloakrooms. Ranged around three sides of the senate chamber are narrow and long apartments fitted with easy chairs and sofas and pegs for hats and coats. Here senators gather to lounge, smoke, chat, and in hot weather to drink the luscious Apollinaris lemonade so deftly mixed by the old colored man down in the basement. Here there is more political discussion than in any other equal floor space in the world,—world-politics, national politics, state politics, and, above all else, senate politics. There is a question as to which measures shall be taken up and which be permitted to sleep the sleep of death. There are conflicting interests. A group of strong men is pulling one way, and another group, equally strong, is pulling the other. If party harmony is to be preserved, something must be done. Some one must assume the responsibility of deciding what it shall be. This is the function of the executive committee. Its members are busy in the cloakrooms. They talk with the leaders of the rival forces. They detect the strong points and the weak points in the armor of each. Then they hold an informal committee meeting on the spot,—the chairman perhaps lying at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigar, while others are lying or standing about,—and reach a decision. This is the decision you have seen registered on the floor, and that is the way the machinery is kept in motion.

But the verdicts of the steering committee are not irrevocable. They may be and sometimes are overturned. The senate has its aristocracy, well mixed with democracy, and it has its oligarchy, but no autocracy. Now and then it happens that the decisions of the steering committee are strenuously objected to by senators of the majority party. They join with men of their way of thinking from the minority across the aisle and wage a contest on the floor. They fight it out, and the largest number of votes wins, or a compromise is forced after a deadlock. If you chance to be in the galleries on one of these rare occasions, you behold a real test of strength, a roll call that was not cut and dried. An odd phase of the senatorial system is that the party men who revolt against the *dicta* of the regularly constituted committee speaking and acting for the party do not lose caste by kicking over the traces. If in the house a man votes against his party he is called an "insurgent," a "*reconcentrado*," or a "rebel." In the senate he is called—a senator! Yet there is a limit beyond which no man who cares for his *status* will go.



SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA, one of the Republican leaders in Washington



SENATOR WILLIAM M. STEWART, first elected from Nevada forty years ago

A Senator Who Revolts with Good Reason Is generally Forgiven

The rule of party is not absolute and tyrannical in the senate, as it is in the house. Generous concessions are made to individualism. A senator who revolts, with good reason, pertaining to his interest or his conscience, is forgiven. He suffers nothing,—always provided he does not do it too often or upon frivolous or trivial grounds. A senator has the right to play his game according to his lights and character, and he may play it, within reasonable bounds. But the party has its rights, too, and so he must not overplay his hand. The late Senator William E. Mason—pugnacious, courageous, brilliant,—overplayed. He was so often against his party that, before he left the senate, he was, though still nominally a Republican, a cipher in its councils. Senator George F. Hoar, who is with his party most of the time, but most forcibly, eloquently, and strenuously against it on a question involving his conscience, remains a Republican in full and well-beloved fellowship.

Last winter the effectiveness of party control in the senate was seriously jeopardized by a revolt within the Republican ranks over the question of admitting four new states. It was one of the exceptional cases which prove the rule that generally the party organization has its way. In this instance so many Republican senators joined the revolt, and effected so strong a working alliance with the Democratic minority, that the contest became a very stubborn and heated one. A majority of the Republicans supported the executive committee, and a minority joined the Democrats in opposition. At length, in the nerve-trying crisis of the struggle, the regulars raised the cry that the question was whether or not the Republican party was to continue in control of the senate, though the observance of time-honored methods was the real question involved, completely overshadowing the minor issue of the admission of the four territories as states. Even this did not stampede the men who had joined the opposition; intimations that, if they persisted in their course, they might lose caste as individuals with the powers that be in the senate failed to intimidate them, and in the end a compromise had to be effected.



SENATOR O. M. DEPEW, the humorist of the body



SENATOR S. B. ELKINS, a leader of Southern interests

This episode threw a flood of light upon the workings of the senatorial system. It showed that, while the party method of control is securely installed and likely to remain, it is not infallible. It is likely to break down now and then. Individualism has been cultivated to such an extent that one can never know when it is going to break forth in protest against the rule of the party majority. If one were to attempt a characterization of this system, he would almost be forced to say that it approaches the ideal. In the United States we have government by party, and government by party is inevitable in the two houses of congress. But it should not be a party absolutism, suppressing individuality and cracking the whip on all occasions and exacting implicit obedience. In the senate there is the rule of party, giving a sense of responsibility and the cohesiveness that is necessary to the working out of policies. But there is no absolutism about it. Apparently the balance between the two extremes is held about right, and the result is usually wholesome.

Again, the senate gives its minority greater power than any other legislative minority in the world enjoys. Virtually the minority of the senate possesses the power of veto whenever it cares to exercise that power. This power is acquired through the right of unlimited debate. Many people think this power should not exist; they regard it as un-American; they say the majority bears the responsibility and should be able to exercise its will. It often happens that, when some proposed piece of legislation is delayed by seemingly endless debate, the country grows impatient and demands a change of the rules so that the previous question may be ordered and a vote be had. Occasionally proposals of this character are made by senators; one such was made by a member of the executive committee, Mr. Platt of Connecticut, last spring, after the statehood struggle had blocked all other legislation throughout many weary weeks. But there are two sides to the question. Many men in the senate and not a few out of it favor retention of this power of the minority as a sort of check or regulator upon hasty legislation. Not all of the argument is upon one side or the other. It is certainly true that the possibility of the minority's exercising its power of veto does restrain the rule of party from tyranny and excess. It is an axiom in the senate that, notwithstanding the ability of the minority, or of one or two men under favorable circumstances, to talk to death any proposed legislation, in the end the majority always has its way and the minority retreats. To secure this result may take a good deal of time. The business may have to lie over from one session to another. This deliberation, this carefulness, this waiting for time to correct errors and cool passions, is one of the arguments used by those who favor retention of the present system.

One can never tell when the power of obstruction through unlimited debate is to be invoked or which side is to invoke it. A dozen years ago the Democratic minority had recourse to it in the memorable contest over the Force Bill. Last winter the Republican majority, converted into a minority by secessions on the statehood measure, was actually compelled to adopt the very weapon which it had formerly decried. Again, in the closing hours of the session, the Democrats had occasion to turn to it again for the purpose of "evening up" the score.

The Master-politician Is Nelson W. Aldrich

In a system like that of the senate, where so much may be accomplished by intrigue, by maneuvering, by combinations, by wasting time, and by artifice of all other sorts, there is invitation to the master-politician to play his game. The master-politician of the senate is Nelson W. Aldrich, the actual though not the titular leader of the majority. To block drastic antitrust legislation and other action which he did not want he secretly encouraged and manipulated the statehood deadlock, or at least was charged with doing so. As the session drew toward a close, the compromise having been effected, and the decks cleared, Mr. Aldrich came to the front with his financial bill. It was a measure upon which he had set his heart. He was wholly confident of passing it. But in an hour his dream was rudely broken. A few Democratic senators got together and agreed that Mr. Aldrich's bill should not be permitted to pass. They would exercise the power of veto through unrestrained debate. They served public notice of their intention, and Mr. Aldrich's bill was dead. Time was so precious that it was not necessary to fire a single shot from their rhetorical battery. Thus the slaughter of statehood through Republican obstruction was avenged by the slaughter of the financial bill through Democratic obstruction. But in the end, when the senate is in the mood, some sort of statehood bill and some sort of financial bill will doubtless pass. It is probably safe to say that abandonment of the present system will not come for years, if ever.

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In the World of Achievement

A record of the men and women who by energy and industry have won recognition



ALTON B. PARKER,
chief judge, New York supreme court

FEW European contests have created as much interest as the one recently instituted by the Paris paper, "Figaro," to decide who may be truly called the most beautiful woman in the world. That journal invited the world at large to send photographs of fair women to the contest, and a committee was selected to choose twenty from the entire number submitted. Then the readers of the "Figaro" were asked to vote for the choice. Miss Maude Fealy, a young American actress, who was born in Kentucky nineteen years ago, and has made a very promising start in legitimate drama, was their selection. The "Figaro's" contest created an interest that reached to European royalty, and the German emperor, after Miss Fealey had been declared the winner, announced that, in his opinion, Miss Geraldine Farrar should have been entitled to the honor, for she has the most beautiful face he has ever seen. Miss Farrar's photograph was not presented. She is also an American. Her home is in California, and for several years she has lived in Europe, where she has studied for and sung in grand opera.



CHAS. SOOYSMITH,
inaugurator of the use of pneumatic caissons in constructing building foundations. He has also simplified the methods of difficult subaqueous tunnel work



F. MACMILLAN,
an American master of the violin



MISS MAUDE FEALY,
winner of the Paris "Figaro's" award for pre-eminence in beauty

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TO BRING to the notice of the British government a land bill that would give new hope to the people of Ireland has been considered a task no less difficult than audacious. This intricate problem has taxed the greatest minds of Great Britain, and the first possibility for an amicable adjustment of the severe taxations was presented by Charles Wyndham, the Irish secretary of state. Mr. Wyndham's new measures have attracted the attention of King Edward VII., who has promised to advise parliament to accept them, and Great Britain is heralding the rise of a new political power. Now that Mr. Wyndham's bill has become a law, the king is justified in saying that "a new era is opening for Ireland." The British government is, by this law, committed to the wholesale transfer by purchase of the soil of Ireland from a few large proprietors to the many small farmers who actually occupy and cultivate it.

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SIMEON FORD the humorist is rapidly eclipsing Simeon Ford the hotel keeper. Although known for years as an active and progressive manager in his vocation, Mr. Ford now seems to be filling the place which Bill Nye left vacant, and he has received many tempting offers to retire from business and enter the literary field. For many years he has been one of the regular speakers at the annual banquet of the American Hotel Keepers' Association. His tall, lean form, and his sad, unsmiling countenance have added to the quaintness of his humor. His speeches finally became the chief attraction at the banquets, and soon his fame spread. Now he is invited to attend every large affair in New York, where a bit of after-dinner wit is a necessity. Mr. Ford's speeches have been published in book form by Doubleday, Page, and Company. The following is his optimistic way of dealing with hard times in the hotel business:—



SIMEON FORD,
a hotel keeper who has become a humorist

If the poet who wrote about time flying with leaden wings had had a few promissory notes falling due, he would have changed his tune. If you ever find time hanging heavy on your hands, just give your butcher a sixty-day note and you'll find him roosting on your doorstep next morning. Half the hotel men down our way have writers' cramp from drawing so many notes, and now our state legislature has even taken away our three days of grace. I have been so deeply engrossed, during the past twelve months, in the absorbing occupation of eluding creditors, that I have had to neglect even my literary work. I may say, right here, that this has been an off year for the hotel business down our way. The advent of a guest in a New York hotel has been an event so rare of late as to occasion remark. Perhaps you yourself have noticed a certain delicacy about intruding which has characterized the public of late. And yet I can recollect the time, at my own modest caravansary, when the guests were wont to climb up one another's backs in their efforts to reach the register. A similar scene is now daily enacted in front of the free lunch counter. In those happy days I frequently had to deliver to my employees the order, "All hands prepare to repel boarders," but of late we haven't had much repelling to do. In fact, we treat our occasional guests with such solicitous consideration that it embarrasses them, not being used to it.

This is his idea about the man behind the desk in a hotel:—

A very important feature of a hotel is the "man behind the desk," the hotel clerk. A good hotel clerk must be a walking encyclopedia, directory, railway, steamship and postal guide,—in short, a universal fountain of knowledge and information. No man is more maligned than the hotel clerk. In current fiction he is described as a haughty and unapproachable despot who, intrenched behind a large diamond shirt-stud, superciliously assigns trembling travelers to remote and cheerless chambers. As a matter of fact, he is usually the most good-natured and accommodating of mortals. Were he not of a serene and placid nature he would have long since decorated a cemetery. He is expected to remember everybody, and to give every one the best room in the house; to laugh at every humorous anecdote related to him, no matter how antique; and to lend a sympathetic ear to every traveler who is in distress, or imagines that he is.

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JUDGE ALTON BROOKS PARKER, chief judge of the court of appeals of New York, who is prominently mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency of the United States on the Democratic ticket, is one of the most silent and reserved men who has ever come into national prominence. Outside of the legal fraternity, few people had ever heard of him before he was offered the nomination for governor of New York, last year, which he declined. Judge Parker is fifty-two years old and is a native of Worcester, Massachusetts. He was a poor boy,—so poor, indeed, that he was even denied a chance to work his way through college. During his early life he was a school-teacher, and while following this calling he saved the money that purchased the law books he eagerly longed for. To-day he is considered one of the most learned lawyers in the East. In 1877, Mr. Parker was elected surrogate of Ulster County, New York. The fact that he was the only one on his ticket to be elected was a strong testimonial of his popularity.

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"They touched the keys and set the music free."

THIS singing line, from one of his own sonnets, carves with the precision of inspiration the whole life history of William Pickens, the negro who recently won the Ten Eyck prize for oratory at Yale University. In 1881, at some place in the Carolinas, just where he does not know, he was born, the son of ex-slaves who could neither read nor write. Ten years later the child, still as illiterate as his parents, moved with them to Little Rock, Arkansas, and there began going to school. To-day, only a little more than ten other years having elapsed, he has a national reputation as an orator. His prize oration was on the conditions existing in Hayti. Grover Cleveland sent for a copy of it and expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which Mr. Pickens had grasped his subject. This boy, beginning as the loutish and ignorant child of a common day laborer, has probably fought against as great odds and to as great ends as any other American negro. He began his school life at the end of the yearly term, in 1891. But in some way, which even he does not remember, he had acquired during the first part of the year such proficiency in reading and arithmetic that, upon being examined when he entered the school, he was immediately put into the fourth grade. His readiness in grasping book learning amounts to a sort of unconscious cerebration. After being in the school but a few months he stood at the head of his class. Three years after the school life began his mother, who had been his mainstay, died. Then he was obliged to support himself. This he did in numerous ways; he ran errands, and performed every variety of humble service on Saturdays and in the evenings, until, finally, at the end of the school term, he succeeded in securing employment as an oarsman on the Arkansas River. The hard work strengthened his body and he liked it. At the end of three years, during which all his spare time was occupied performing the duties of a ferryman, a bridge was built across the river and he was obliged to seek some other occupation. He soon found it in a factory which made staves for barrels and hogsheads, and during this new term of service he was given a practical insight into what slavery in its worst form during *ante bellum* days must have meant. He was made the assistant of a man of ferocious temper who seemed to want to kill him. The colored boy was obliged to stand upon the top of a pile of staves, building it up by the staves that were passed up to him. The man below would use all the cunning of which he was capable to catch Pickens off his guard and would hurl the heavy staves of wood at his head with enough force to brain him. This cruelty marked a turning-point in his career, he declares, for it showed him that



GEORGES BARBEY,
inventor of the new ship-motor

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MISS GERALDINE FARRAR,
to whom the German emperor gave the palm for beauty



SIR GILBERT PARKER,
a leader in the British parliament as well as in literature, who said he would like to buy for cash the time of a number of idlers who were sitting in a London park



JOSEPH L. BRISTOW,
the fourth assistant postmaster-general

brute instincts in man must be overcome. For two years, during all his vacations and holidays, he stood as a target for the man and was never once hit. At the end of this experience, in 1899, he was graduated at the head of his class in high school, having had absolutely perfect lessons in every study, during the eight years of his school life. Of course, by this time he had fully determined to go on. He did not possess one penny, but it did not seem to occur to him that this was an obstacle. He spent the summer after his graduation at work upon the Choctaw Railroad, in the wilderness of Arkansas. During this time he saved fifty dollars. He had one book which had been his constant joy and companion all summer. It was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." With thirty dollars he landed in Talladega, Alabama, and paid the entire amount into the college treasury. He immediately took such a high stand in scholarship that he was not troubled any more during the year by the problem of expenses. In June, 1903, he was graduated at Talladega College, as valedictorian. Then came his opportunity to enter Yale. He found that he could enter as a junior in the fall term and receive financial help until Christmas, after which time the aid would depend upon his scholarship. He immediately started for Chicago and spent the whole summer working in a machine shop at the heaviest kind of labor, earning one dollar and fifty cents a day, and saving during the vacation eighty dollars. He finally arrived in New Haven with seventy-five dollars. Since then he has supported himself by doing scullery work and waiting in restaurants, and by washing windows. In the meantime he has taken such a high rank in his classes that he has had all his tuition remitted, and has been put into the first division of his class. Dean Wright, of the academic department, has pronounced him the brightest negro he has ever met. He has not only tolerance but even respect for the race prejudice toward the blacks that exists over the whole country in a greater or less degree. He wisely says that he knows that it is contrary to human nature for a race to set its slaves free and then in two generations to receive them as equals in all the affairs of life. Paraphrasing a well-known line, he says, "The white man's forgiveness gives and takes."

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LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, the new president of Radcliffe College, may fairly be said to have triumphed over his temperament. Although diffident to an unusual degree, as a boy, he has retained a manner so retiring as to be singularly at variance with the success he has gained. To the majority of Harvard men he will never be anything but Dean Briggs, for it was in this capacity that he served at Harvard for many years. Born in Salem, graduated from Harvard in 1875, later professor of English and dean of the college, and now president of Harvard's sister institution, he is a New Englander imbued with every Boston tradition. In twenty years of Harvard service, he was, much of the time, the mentor of the college. As dean of the academic department he has had personal control of the two thousand or more men who make up the college proper. To those who lagged, to those in trouble, and to those in sickness, he has gone as a friend. Year in and year out, often late into the night, he has labored, advising, encouraging, or punishing, as the case has required. His kindliness, his great good sense, his absolute democracy, not only in feeling but also in manner of life, and, above all else, his incessant labor, have impressed his personality upon Harvard. It is, perhaps, a relic of the nervous laugh of boyhood which has passed into Harvard tradition as "The dean's smile." In his office he has meted out the various shades of punishment sometimes called the Harvard "shuns,"—admonition, probation, suspension, rustication, and expulsion. A student standing before the dean for the first time would note that kindly smile and hope, but the smile, although never deceitful, often deceived. It preceded every degree of punishment. Perhaps it is his ability to smile which has enabled him to handle his charges with such kindliness and skill. If his smile has often buoyed up fainting hearts without cause, he has never wavered from his sense of duty.



WILLIAM PICKENS,
winner of the Ten Eyck oratory prize at Yale



DR. ELEASER SARKIS,
Armenian translator of Roosevelt's works

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EVER since Sir Gilbert Parker became a member of the British parliament, he has been forced to work at a double pace in order to keep up with the demand for his literary products. In person Sir Gilbert is of lower middle height, with keen light eyes, and is alert in manner, notwithstanding a certain substratum of British reserve, which only serves to cover a western spirit of enterprise and universality. After a recent session of parliament, he was hurrying to his home in Carlton House Terrace, London, to complete some literary work. He was thinking that what he most needed was time, more time,—longer days and longer hours. As he hastened through a park he noticed the groups of idle men that filled the benches. Approaching several men, he said:—

"You men seem to have a lot of time that you do not know what to do with. Now I am a busy man and I need more hours in every day and more days in every week to complete the work I have mapped out. If any of you can possibly devise a scheme whereby I can buy for cash some of your idle hours, just call on me. I often wonder that so many men are weighed down with time that they have no use for."

With that Sir Gilbert pulled one of his cards from his pocket, left it with the group, and walked away.

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AT the age of forty-seven years Charles Sooysmith has achieved a reputation as one of the leading civil engineers of the country, especially through the introduction of novel methods in the solving of difficult problems in excavation and foundation work. Mr. Sooysmith belongs not to the class of Americans who have achieved social position and standing foreign to their birth, but to the less exploited class who have added luster to already distinguished names. His father is General William Sooysmith, who served in the Federal Army during the Civil War, and who is now an engineer in Chicago. Mr. Sooysmith was graduated from the Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York, in 1876, and served an apprenticeship with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. His first independent undertaking was as contractor for a bridge across the Savannah River, Georgia, in a most unhealthy neighborhood, where he found it impossible to retain foremen imported from the North. With characteristic energy, he stepped into the breach himself and served as his own foreman, thus obviating failure. He inaugurated the use of pneumatic caissons in the construction of foundations for large buildings, and also introduced into this country the German freezing process for excavating wet earth by sinking pipes at intervals in the form of a circle, the spaces between the pipes being gradually frozen so as to form a solid wall, inside of which excavation can take place. By an extension and adaption of this system amounting almost to an independent invention, he has greatly simplified the difficulty of subaqueous excavation, and it is not unlikely that his method may be adopted in the building of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels under the Hudson River. Mr. Sooysmith says that whatever success has come to him may be attributed to the fact that he never gave up any particular thing until he had finished it. He believes that this is the only way to attain a degree of perfection. Some of his inventions have appeared to be hopeless, at times, but he never lost faith in them.



LE BARON R. BRIGGS,
the new president of Radcliffe College

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ONE has only to look over the records which have been made in railroad life to see that positions of great influence have been reached by many who started at the very bottom. Within the past two years three vice presidents and one general manager have been added to the list of officers of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The careers of these men are striking examples of the qualities which win in railroad life. The very difficulties which they have had to overcome have furnished the very best possible preparation for the discharge of the larger obligations. W. C. Brown, who, in February, 1902, became third vice president of the New York Central, in addition to his duties as vice president and general manager of the Lake Shore Railroad, began his career as a section hand on the Western Union Railroad at Thompson, Illinois. This he obtained in June, 1869, before he was sixteen years old. He worked faithfully for several months, but was somewhat dissatisfied with the future prospects of the position. He became interested in the new developments of telegraphy, and sought an opportunity to learn to be an operator. This came in September of 1869, when he was offered the privilege of learning telegraphy at night if he would work during the day at furnishing fuel for the locomotives. He hauled wood for a considerable distance, and then piled it in

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Four officers of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad who have risen from the ranks to positions of great importance



W. J. WILGUS



W. C. BROWN

ricks along the track. When the trains came along he assisted in "wooding up" the engines. In the summer of 1870, he was deemed capable of actual work as a telegrapher, and he became an extra operator on the Minnesota Division of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. As soon as he began work in the dispatcher's office young Mr. Brown was well started in his chosen profession. The turning-point in his career came when he began to learn the intricate details connected with the operation of the road. His employers soon found that he knew so much about their business that his services were invaluable. When it was found necessary to create the office of fourth vice president, John Carstensen, who for several years had occupied the position of comptroller, was selected. Mr. Carstensen, who is still of middle age, has had a career unusual in railroad life. He has never been employed by any other road than the New York Central, and in its service he has occupied nearly every position in the accounting department, from office boy to his present berth. William J. Wilgus, the fifth vice president, has a remarkable record for a man in his thirty-seventh year. He was educated to be a civil engineer. Nearly eighteen years ago, he applied for a position with the New York Central Company, but failed to secure it. He went to the West and entered the service of the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad. In five years he held alternately the following positions: rodman, draughtsman, assistant engineer, assistant engineer of maintenance of way, and division engineer. Four years ago, after a long series of successes, he became the chief engineer of the New York Central. Alfred H. Smith, who was recently chosen for general manager of the same road, is thirty-nine years old. Twenty-five years ago, he was a four-dollar-a-week messenger boy in the office of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern in Cleveland, Ohio, and for two years carried messages for the officials of that company. He was the youngest of five children, and, spurred on by the necessity of earning a living, worked with determination to become a great railroad man. His opportunity came, menial as it might seem, to join the "gang" laborers at one dollar and fifty cents a day. The income was a small fortune to him, and he worked harder than ever before. He learned how to spike a rail better than any other man in the "gang," and one day, when he was called up by the superintendent to receive instructions, he was sent away as foreman. Like many other successful men, Mr. Smith has a set of maxims which have been of great value to him during his life. They read as follows:—



A. H. SMITH



JOHN CARSTENSEN

Do to-day's work so well that no one can find a flaw in it.
Look out for your employer's interest first and always.
Don't be afraid to work overtime.
Be willing to stand hard knocks and come up smiling.
Don't work with one eye on the clock for closing time.
Live within your income.
Have your rightful ambitions, but work as if to-day's efforts meant everything.
A man, to be valuable to his employer, must have ideas; he must be able to think *beyond* the rules of the office or precedents, and be able to show that he has taken into his heart the solving successfully of the business problem with which he is engaged.

Two of Mr. Smith's strongest characteristics are politeness and cheerfulness. His good nature and optimism have pushed him ahead of many of his business associates. One observing New York newspaper man, who interviewed him recently, wrote: "He is the kind of man you would always like to have near you. You would be glad to oblige him in any way. He could easily get whatever he might ask for."

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GEORGES BARBEY, who ranks to-day as the leader among Swiss engineers, was formerly a New York City bootblack. He is still a young man, having just passed his thirty-seventh year, but he has added greatly to the advance of science. One of his recent inventions is the telelogograph or writing telephone, which is one of the new wonders to which electricity has been applied. His unique ship-motor, the "Velocita," his latest invention, promises to double the speed of vessels using it. Several of the leading nations are bidding for the control of the motor for their warships. Barbey once saw a tug towing a heavily laden barge in New York Harbor. He was then seventeen years old. He said to himself that if it were possible to make that tug go faster a lot of people would be better satisfied. He secured work as a coal passer on a steamer in order to learn the inner workings of its mechanism, and then he began to plan his invention.

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DR. ELEASER SARKIS, a young Persian, whose ambition brought him to the United States to study medicine, and who has been practicing with some success in Philadelphia, has been granted permission by President Roosevelt to translate his book, "The Strenuous Life," into Armenian. He has the work of translation nearly completed, and is now in Turkey inducing the sultan to permit the free circulation of the book. Dr. Sarkis says that some of the views expressed by the President are at variance with what is considered fit for publication by the Turkish ruler, but that prominent Europeans have told him that it is just the sort of book that the Armenians want.

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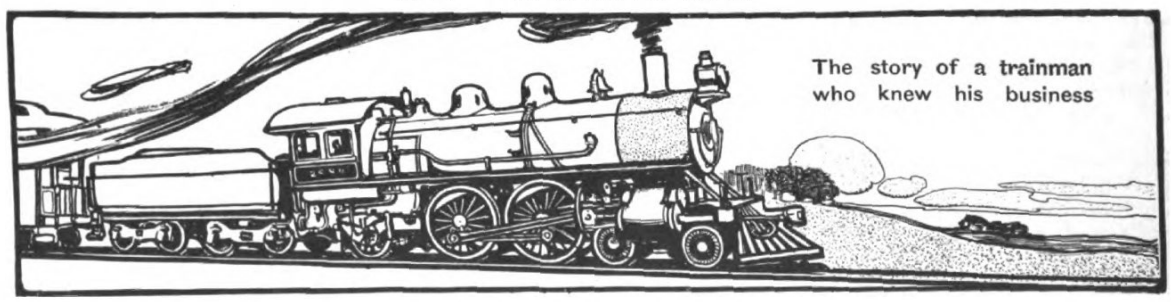
FRANCIS MACMILLAN, a young resident of Marietta, Ohio, recently won distinction as a violinist in the Old World. The talent of this young *virtuoso* was not long in coming to light, and now, at the age of seventeen years, he promises to become a master. His poetic temperament and adoration for sweet sounds developed almost in infancy. When but three years of age, he would stand by a piano, reaching up and picking out chords and experimenting with the white and the black keys. These in time became to him real, live playmates. Francis was encouraged in his love for music in every possible way, and on his fourth birthday a toy violin was given him. Like all other toys, the plaything was never intended for hard work, and, after the little fellow had drawn the bow across the strings a few times, the slender threads broke. But he mended it by adjusting coarser threads, and soon the instrument was ready for service again. On this crude violin, practically made by himself, he learned the rudiments of his art. He would play for hours on this homemade instrument, only imagining the sounds it might have produced had it been perfect. The abiding love for music seemed to find some new expression in him every day, and when he was five years of age his parents presented him with a good violin of standard make. Since he has been studying in Europe, he has won some valuable and rare prizes.

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JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, fourth assistant postmaster-general, whose fearless report in the post-office scandals has made his name familiar from one end of the country to the other, is a native of Kentucky. When he was nineteen years old, he married the daughter of a neighbor, and, putting her with the rest of his earthly possessions in a "prairie schooner," emigrated to Kansas. Up to that time he had been to school but a few months. His Kansas farm was a day's drive from any railroad, and there seemed to be no market for his produce; but, after several years of toil, with the untiring help of his wife, he saved twelve hundred dollars, which he used to return East and obtain an education. Since then he has been a practical farmer, journalist, and politician. The late William McKinley, who was always looking for new men for the public service, appointed him to the post-office department after noting his efficiency as the private secretary of Governor Morrell of Kansas. Mr. Bristow has been inspired by his wife throughout his married life. She has shared her husband's ambitions, and has worked to aid him in his upward career. It was largely through her economy that he was able to complete his college course.

Chasing the White Mail

CY WARMAN



THE gray-haired gentleman and I lingered long after the last of the diners had left the *café* car. One by one the lights were lowered. Some of the table attendants had removed their duck and donned their street clothes. The shades were closely drawn, so that people could not peep in when the train was standing. The chief steward was swinging his ticket punch on his finger and yawning. My venerable friend, a veritable author's angel, was a retired railway president, with plenty of time to talk to his heart's content.

"We had, on the Vandalia Line," he began, after lighting a fresh cigar, "a dare-devil driver named Hubbard,—'Yank' Hubbard, they called him. He was a first-class mechanic, sober and industrious, but notoriously reckless, though he had never had a wreck. The superintendent of motive power had selected him for the post of master mechanic at Effingham, but I had held him up on account of his bad reputation as a wild driver.

"We had been having a lot of trouble with California fruit trains,—delays, wrecks, and cars looted while in the ditch, and I had made the delay of a fruit train almost a capital offense. The bulletin was, I presume, rather severe, and the enginemen and conductors were not taking it very well.

"One night the White Mail was standing at the station at East St. Louis, [That was in the '70's, before the first bridge was built.] loading to leave.

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My car was on behind, and I was walking up and down on the platform. As I turned, near the engine, I stopped to watch the driver of the White Mail pour oil in the shallow holes on the link-lifters without wasting a drop. He was on the opposite side of the engine, and I could see only his flitting, flickering torch, and the dipping, bobbing spout of his oiler.

"A man, manifestly another engineer, came up, and the mail driver lifted his torch and said, 'Hello, Yank!' to which the newcomer made no direct response. He seemed to have something on his mind. 'What are you out on?' asked the engineer, glancing at the other's overalls. 'Fast freight, —perishable,—must make time,—no excuse will be taken,—' he snapped, quoting and misquoting from my severe circular.

"'Who's in the "Kaskaskia?"' he asked, stepping up close to the man with the torch.

"'The ol' man,' said the engineer.

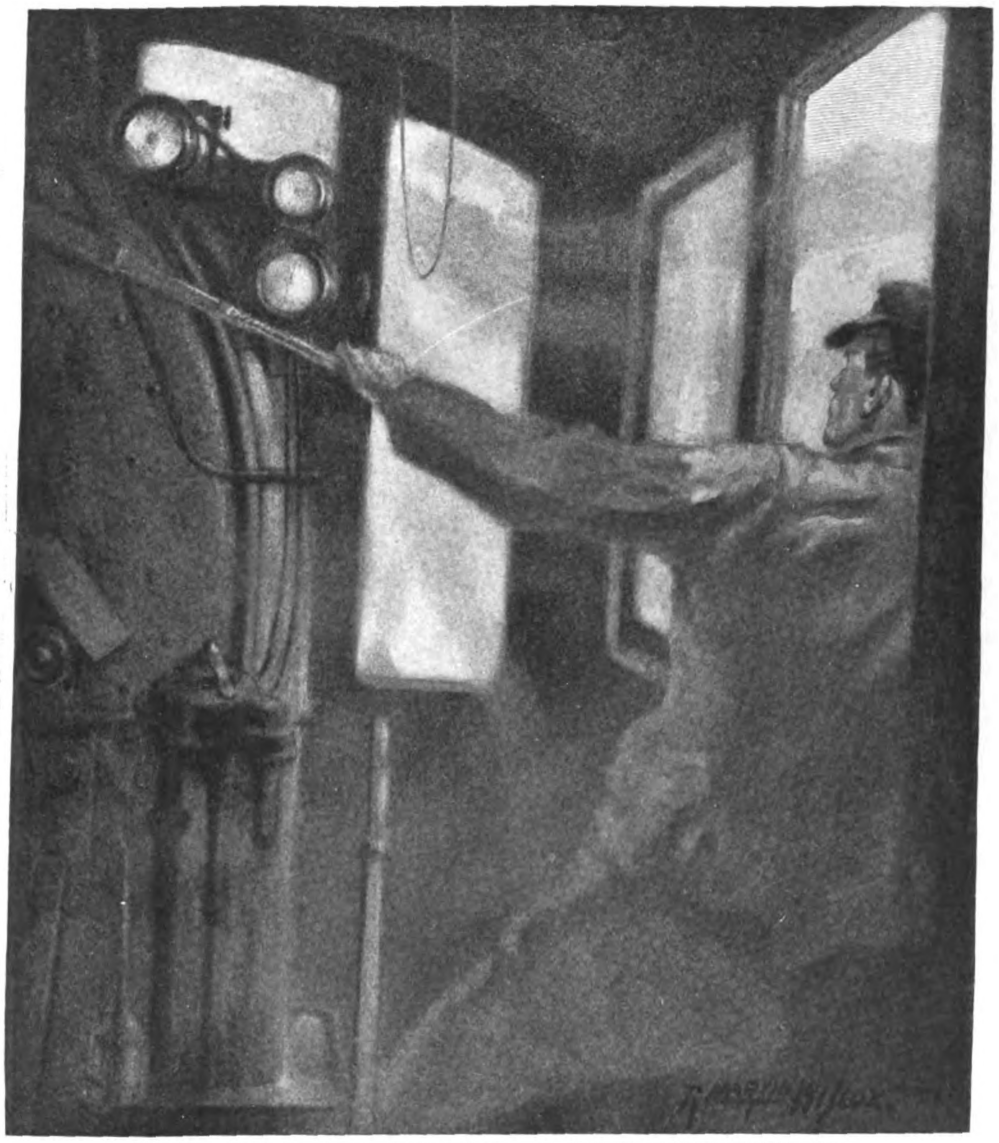
"'The ol' man, eh? Well! I'll give him a canter for his currency this trip,' said Yank, gloatingly. 'I'll follow him like a scandal. I'll stay with him this night like the odor of a hot box. Say, Jimmie,' he laughed, 'when that tintype of yours begins to lay down on you, just bear in mind that my pilot is under the ol' man's rear brake beam, and that the headlight of the "99" is haunting him.'

"'Don't get gay, now,' said the engineer of the White Mail.

"'I'll make him think that California fruit is not all that's perishable on the road to-night,' said Yank, hurrying away to the roundhouse.

"Just as we were about to leave, our engineer, a brother of Yank, found a broken frame and was obliged to go to the house for another locomotive. We were an hour late when we pulled out that night, carrying signals for the fast freight. As we left the limits of the yard, Hubbard's headlight swung out on the main line, picked up two slender shafts of silver, and shot them under our rear end. The first eight or ten miles were nearly level. I sat and watched the headlight of the fast freight. He seemed to be keeping his interval until we hit the hill at Collinsville. There was hard pounding for him then for five or six miles. Just as the 'Kaskaskia' dropped from the ridge between East and West Silver Creek the haunting light swept around the curve at Hagler's Tank. I thought that he must surely take water there, but he plunged on down the hill, coming to the surface a few minutes later on the high prairie east of Saint Jacobs.

"Highland, thirty miles out, was our first stop. We took water there, and before we could get away from the tank Hubbard had his twin shafts of silver under my car. We got a good start there, but our catch-engine proved to be badly coaled and a poor steamer. Up to this time she had done fairly well, but after the first two hours she began to lose. Seeing no more of the freight train, I turned in, not a little pleased to think that Mr. Yank's headlight would not haunt me any more that trip. I fell asleep, but woke again when the train stopped, probably at Vandalia. I had just begun to doze again when our engine let out a frightful scream for brakes. I knew what that meant,—Hubbard was behind us. I let my shade go up and saw the light of the freight train shining past me and lighting up the water tank. I was getting a bit nervous when I felt our train pulling out.



"'We were an hour late when we pulled out that night'"

"Of course Hubbard had to water again, but, as he had only fifteen loads, and a bigger tank, he could go as far as the Mail could without stopping. Moreover, we were bound to stop at county seats, and, as often as we did so, we almost had the life scared out of us, for there was not an air-brake freight car on the system at that time. What a night that must have been for the freight crew! They were constantly on top, but I believe the beggars enjoyed it all. Any conductor but Jim Lawn would have stopped and reported the engineer at the first telegraph station. Still, I have always had an idea that the trainmaster was in with the conspiracy, for his 'bulletin' had been a hot one, delivered orally by the superintendent, whom I had seen personally.

"Well, along about midnight, Hubbard's headlight got so close and kept so close that I could not sleep. His brother, who was pulling the Mail, avoided whistling him down, for, when he did so, he only showed that there *was* danger, and published his bad brother's recklessness. The result was that when the Mail screamed I invariably braced myself. I don't believe I should have stood it, only I felt it would all be over in another hour, for we would lose Yank at Effingham, the end of the freight division. Our engine began to die on us. As we lost, Yank gained. His headlight was on our rear windows,—as plain as day. I got up and dressed. A stream of fire was flowing out of Yank's stack. We hit a hill and his pilot was as good as under the 'Kaskaskia.' It happened, however, that there was no one to relieve him, or no engine, rather, and Yank went through to Terre Haute. I was sorry, but I hated to show the white feather. I knew our fresh engine would lose him, with his tired fireman and dirty fire. Once or twice I saw his lamp, but at Longpoint we lost him for good. I went to bed again, but I could not sleep. I used to boast that I could sleep in a boiler-maker's shop, but the long dread of that fellow's pilot had unnerved me. I had wild, distressing dreams.

"The next morning, when I reached my office, I found a column of news cut from a morning paper. It had the usual scare head, and began by announcing that the White Mail, with General Manager Blank's car, 'Kaskaskia,' came in on time, carrying signals for a fruit train. The second section had not arrived 'as we go to press.' I think I swore, softly, at that point. Then I read on, for there was a lot more. It seemed, the paper stated, that a gang of highwaymen had planned to rob the Mail at Longpoint, which had come to be regarded as a regular robbers' station. One of the robbers, who was familiar with train rules, seeing the two white lights on the Mail, naturally mistook it for a special, which is often run as first section of a fast train, and they let it pass. They flagged the fruit train, and one of the band, who was doubtless new at the business, caught the passing engine and climbed into the cab. The engineer, seeing the robber's masked face at his elbow, struck it a fearful blow with his great fist. The amateur desperado sank to the floor, his big, murderous gun rattling on the iron plate of the coal deck. Yank, the engineer, grabbed the gun, whistled off brakes and opened the throttle. The sudden lurch forward proved too much for a weak link, and the train parted, leaving the rest of the robbers and the train crew to fight it out. As soon as the engineer discovered that the train had parted he slowed down, without the least fear of the robbers, and stopped.

"When he had picketed the highwayman out on the tank-deck with a piece of bell cord, one end of which was fixed to the fellow's left foot and the other to the whistle-lever, Yank set his fireman with a white light and the robber's gun on the rear car and flagged back to the rescue. The robbers, seeing the blunder they had made, took a few parting shots at the trainmen on top of the train, mounted their horses, and rode away.

"When the train was coupled up again they pulled on to the next station, where the conductor reported the cause of the delay. From this station the account of the attempted robbery had been wired.

"I put the paper down and walked over to the window that overlooked the yards. The second section of the White Mail was coming in. As the engine rolled past, Yank looked up and there was a grin on his face. The fireman was sitting on the fireman's seat, the gun across his lap. A young fellow wearing a long black coat, a bell rope, and a scared look, was sweeping up the deck. When I returned to my desk the superintendent of motive power was standing near it. As I sat down he spread a paper before me. I glanced at it and saw that it appointed Yank Hubbard to the post of master mechanic at Effingham.

"I dipped a pen in the red ink and wrote across it,—'O. K.'"

There Was a Hoe Press Waiting

HENRY CLEWS, the New York banker, has great consideration for members of the press. A reporter, sent once to interview him, arrived just as Mr. Clews was ready to go to the opera. The visitor was ushered into the study, where, presently, the banker appeared and plunged into the topic presented to him with characteristic thoroughness. Half an hour passed, and there came a quiet knock on the study door, followed by the entrance of one of Mr. Clews's opera party, who said: "Mr. Clews, the carriage has been awaiting us for some time."

"Well," replied Mr. Clews, "there's a Hoe press waiting for this gentleman, and I think it better that horses should wait rather than presses, don't you? Pray go on, and I'll follow."

It was two hours before the interview closed.

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SUCCESS
Orison Swett Marden

Mastering Moods

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

PASCAL says that "the whole dignity of man is in thought," and that "his whole duty is to think correctly." This is a sweeping statement, and yet every word or act of ours is simply the expression of a thought. Unless we learn to think correctly, therefore, life must be a failure. Instead of being the dignified, happy, and beautiful thing that the Creator meant it to be, it will be mean, unhappy, unlovely and unsuccessful.

The very first condition necessary to make life yield all its possibilities is health,—that abounding vitality and vigor of mind and body which make living joyous,—and health is dependent upon correct thought. Every function, every nerve cell, every organ in the body is powerfully influenced by the nature of our thoughts. There is no more firmly established scientific principle than that we experience the reaction of our thoughts, either in increased strength and vitality, or the opposite.

To have a perfectly healthy body, one must possess a cheerful, healthy, optimistic mind. Love, peace, joy, gladness, kindness, unselfishness, contentment, serenity,—these are the mental attributes which, by bringing all the bodily functions into harmony, produce a sound, healthy body. Any one who chooses may externalize these attributes in himself by persistent correct thinking.

"I have seen gleams in the face and eyes of the man," says Carlyle, "that have let you look into a higher country." It is in that "higher country" that we must live continually if we would dominate our moods and attain that peace and serenity which insure health and happiness. It is not an easy matter to conquer wrong thinking. Captious moods, fretfulness, worry, anxiety, fear,—all the little imps of the mind that perpetually seek to draw us from the higher to the lower country can only be overcome by constant watchfulness and the greatest earnestness and persistence.

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Wrong thinking is indicative of weakness; it is, indeed, a species of insanity, for a wrong thinker is continually tearing down and wrecking his own mental and physical structure. The right thinker is the only sane thinker, and he is the happiest as well as the most successful man. He knows better than to keep constantly tripping himself up with the adverse thought which produces destructive conditions.

We all know the disastrous effects of wrong thinking. We know by experience how it cripples us mentally and physically. Physicians are well aware that anger poisons the blood, and that fear, anxiety, fretting and all other inharmonious thoughts seriously interfere with the normal action of all the bodily functions. They are also alive to the fact that anxiety or apprehension of impending disaster, if of long duration, is liable to bring on paralysis. It is an established fact that a mother is not only seriously affected by her own thought, but that it affects her infant to such an extent that the same symptoms and conditions from which the mother suffers are reproduced in the body of the infant. Selfishness, jealousy and envy long indulged in tend to produce serious liver troubles and certain forms of dyspepsia. Lack of self-control and habitual indulgence in violent passions shatter the nervous system, lessen the will power, and induce grave disorders. Worry is one of the greatest enemies of the human race; it carves its deep furrows wherever it goes; it carries gloom and unhappiness with it; it delays or prevents the processes of digestion and assimilation until the starved brain and nerve cells utter their protest in various kinds of disease, sometimes even in insanity.

Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on mind and body alike. It affects character and material prospects equally. Every time you grumble or find fault; every time you lose your temper; every time you do a mean, contemptible thing, you suffer a loss which can not be repaired. You lose a certain amount of power, of self-respect, and of an uplifting and upbuilding character-force. You are conscious of your loss, too, which tends to weaken you still further.

A business man will find that, every time he gets out of sorts, flies into a rage, or "goes all to pieces" when things go wrong, he is not only seriously injuring his health, but is also crippling his business. He is making himself repellent; he is driving away success conditions.

A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker. He can not think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his business. His wrong thought will honeycomb and undermine his prospects in life.

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Many a once prosperous man has gone down in financial ruin because he had not learned how to control his thoughts. He gave way to the "blues;" he began to worry and fret and find fault with everybody. The fault-finding habit became fixed and continued until he sank into a condition where nothing suited him and nobody could please him. His old employees left him; his customers dropped away; his business began to decline, and his creditors to question his financial soundness. There was a general slump in his affairs, and he finally "went to pieces."

We can conquer our moods; we can think correctly; we can be what we will to be; we can work miracles with ourselves by the power of affirmative or creative thought; we can make ourselves magnets to attract the conditions we desire, instead of repellent forces.

"Man is so made," says Pascal, "that, by dint of telling him he is a fool, he believes it; and, by dint of telling himself so, he makes himself believe it." The converse is also true. Many people, by dwelling on their faults, only aggravate them. By constantly picturing them in the mind they help to fasten them more firmly. It is impossible for us to become what we wish to be while we hold the opposite thought. The only way to overcome evil conditions and to upbuild is to think constantly happy, helpful, loving, optimistic thoughts.

When a doctor is called to prescribe for any one who has swallowed poison, he immediately administers an antidote. So, when we are suffering from wrong thinking, it is because we have been poisoned by vicious thoughts, and the only way in which we can get relief or cure ourselves is by taking an antidote in the shape of right thinking. If a lamp should explode and the oil catch fire, we would not think of trying to put out the flames by pouring on more oil. We would, instead, pour on some chemical extinguisher which would immediately put out the fire. When one is aflame with passion, or afire with hatred, jealousy, or revengeful feelings, the flames will not be put out by adding more anger, more hatred, or more jealousy. A love-thought is the natural antidote to all angry, vengeful, or uncharitable emotions.

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If you are morose, moody, or despondent; if you have a habit of worrying or fretting about things, or any other fault which hinders your growth or progress, think persistently of the opposite virtue and practice it until it is yours by force of habit.

When you feel unhappy and out of sorts with all the world, nothing is more certain than that nursing such feelings aggravates them. Hold just the opposite thought from that which depresses you, and you will naturally reverse the mood. The imagination has great power to change an unpleasant thought or experience. When you are the victim of vicious moods, just say to yourself, "This is all unreal; it has nothing to do with my higher and better self, for the Creator never intended me to be dominated by such dark pictures." Persistently recall the most delightful experiences, the happiest days of your life. Look on some beautiful object in art or in nature, or read a passage in some helpful, uplifting book. Hold persistently in the mind such things as you have enjoyed; drive out the failure-thoughts by thinking of the successful things you have accomplished. Call hope to your aid, and picture a bright, successful future. Surround yourself with happy thoughts for a few minutes, and you will be surprised to see how all the ghosts of blackness and gloom,—all thoughts which have worried and haunted you—have gone out of sight. They can not bear the light. Light, joy, gladness and harmony are your best protectors; discord, darkness and sickness can not exist where they are.

One of the brightest and most cheerful women I ever knew told me that she was prone to fits of depression or "blues," but that she learned to conquer them by forcing herself to sing a bright, joyous song, or to play a lively air on the piano, whenever she felt an "attack" coming on.

Everything which depresses or arouses violent passions is a waster of mental force. Every time a wrong thought is indulged there is a waste of mental energy, of achievement-power. All wrong thinking is negative, and the mind can only create when it is positive and affirmative.

Until we can control our moods and marshal our thoughts at will, as a general marshals his army, we can never do our best work. We must master our thoughts or be their slave. No man who is at the mercy of his moods is a free man. He only is free who can rise to his dominion in spite of his mental enemies. If a man must consult his moods every morning to see whether he can do his best work or not during the day; if he must look at his mental thermometer, when he rises, to see whether his courage is rising or falling; if he says to himself, "I can do a good day's work to-day if the 'blues' don't strike me, if some unfortunate phase of business does not come up and disturb my equilibrium, or if I can only manage to keep my temper," he is a slave; he can not be successful or happy.

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How different is the outlook of a man who feels confident every morning that he is going to do a man's work, the very best that he is capable of, during the day! How superbly he carries himself who knows that he can work out the Creator's design each day, and has no fear, or doubt, or anxiety as to what he can accomplish! He feels that he is master of himself, and knows to a certainty that no moods or conditions have power to hinder him. He has come into his dominion.

Amid the feverish rush and turmoil of modern life, the fierce competition, and the nerve-exhausting struggle for existence in which the majority are engaged, we see here and there serene souls who impress us with a sense of power, and of calm, unhesitating assurance, and who travel toward their goal with the rhythmic majesty of the stars. They have learned how to think correctly; they have mastered the secret of successful living.

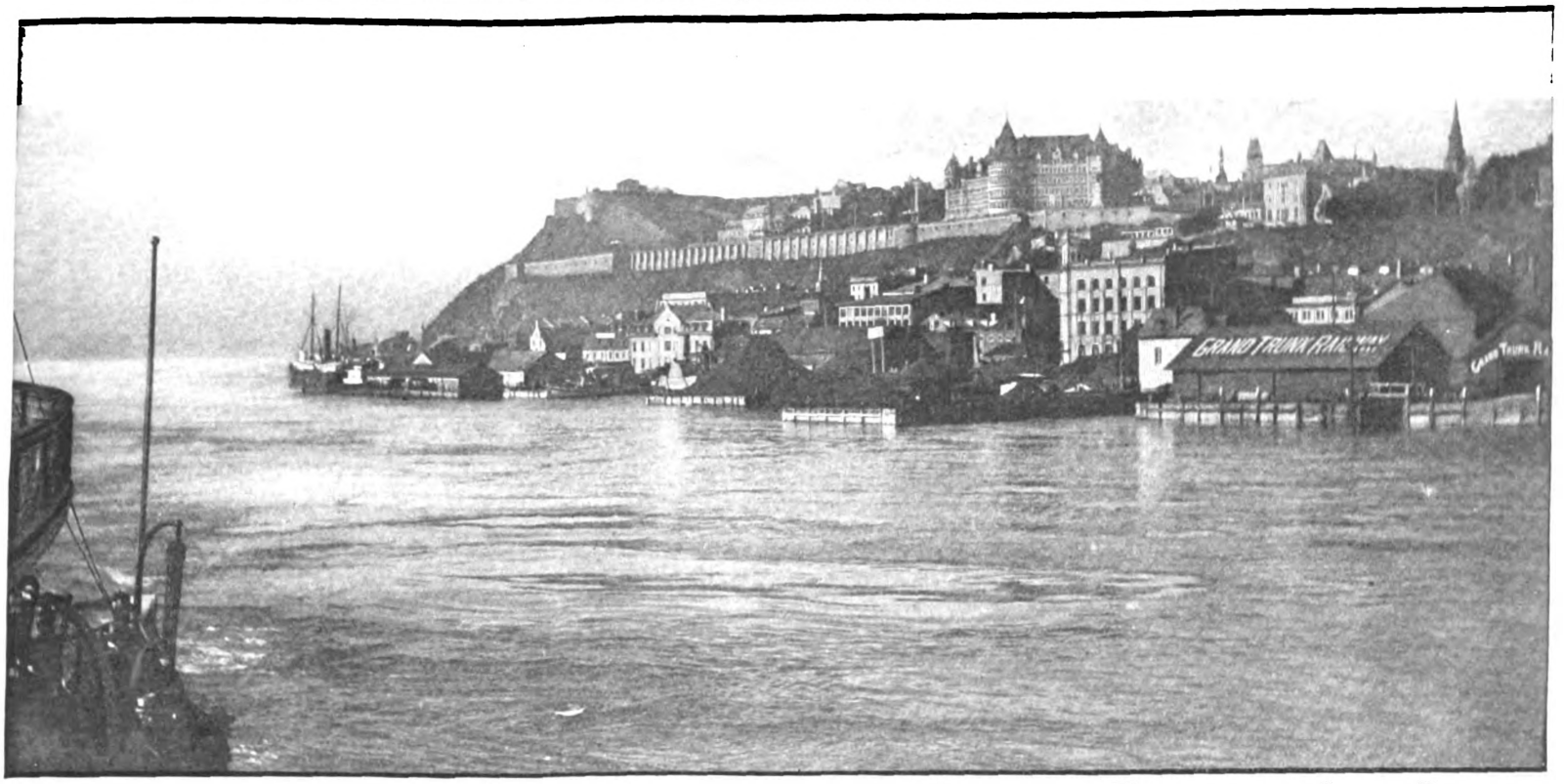
It is true that this supreme self-control, which enables a man to rise to his highest power, is one of the ultimate lessons of culture; but it is the first step to great achievement and is possible to all.

Some time we shall all learn better than to harbor, even for an instant, any suicidal thought or emotion. We shall no more dream of entertaining thoughts of fear, envy, or jealousy, or worrying, fretful, or anxious thoughts, than we would of entertaining thieves or murderers in our homes. The time will come when intelligent people will no more indulge in fits of anger, will no more indulge in uncharitable thoughts, feelings of hatred or ill-will, or gloomy, depressing, downward-tending thoughts, than they would take poison into the system.

Thousands of people, who never amount to much, could do the work of giants if they could only conquer their moods

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Quebec, warder of "Our Lady of the Snows," guards the growing commerce of the mighty St. Lawrence



Turning Back to the Dominion

From March to August, 1902, more than thirty thousand American farmers, most of them heads of families, settled in the valley lands of Manitoba

Many Canadians who settled in the United States have returned home to reap the rewards of those who believe in their country's future

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

A NEW Canada is now in the making, and the record of it promises to hold a large place in the history of America during the opening quarter of the new century. Within a period so recent that men not yet old clearly remember it, Canada was regarded as a cold and barren country, and her future as doubtful, if not hopeless. Twenty years ago her population was flowing toward the United States at a rate that carried three million people of Canadian birth and descent south of the international boundary line, leaving a population of only five millions in Canada. Now, however, the drift is all in the other direction, and it is flowing so steadily and swiftly that, from March to August of 1902, more than thirty thousand American farmers, mainly heads of families, settled in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, where they became the owners of upward of five million acres of land.

Thirty Years ago, the Rusty Rails of a Deserted Road Gave Little Hope

What has caused this significant change? Bound up with the answer to this question is the life-story of the shrewd and resolute man who, born plain Donald Smith, is now known to the world as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Sixty-odd years ago, Donald Smith, then a tall stripling still in his teens, came from his native Scotland to become a clerk of the Hudson Bay Fur Company in farthest Labrador. Thirteen years of toil and struggle brought his transfer to the Northwest, where hard labor, fidelity, and a slowly yet surely won knowledge of men and affairs made him, in turn, first a trader, then chief trader, factor, chief factor, and resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company in America. Then it was that his real character as a maker of railroads opened before him. Winnipeg, the headquarters of his company, sorely needed railway connection with the rest of the continent. Through the panic of 1873 an attempt to build a road from St. Paul to Winnipeg had ended in failure and an abandoned line of rails, rusting in the sun. Two men, Donald Smith and James J. Hill, still had faith in the future of the road, and believed that it could be made a profitable property. The bonds of the bankrupt company were chiefly held in Amsterdam. Smith and Hill, with the timely aid of George Stephen, a kinsman of the former who had come out from Scotland in his youth, to become, in due time, president of the Bank of Montreal, bought these bonds for a fraction of their face value, and so got possession of the wreck, which, in their hands, soon became a railroad again, with trains running through from St. Paul to Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg. Thus Donald Smith gave to the Canadian Northwest its first railroad, assured the development of Manitoba, and at the same time gained wealth for himself; for, within two years, the stock of the company was quoted at a premium, and he and his two associates were, as a natural consequence, many times millionaires.

SIR WILFRED LAURIER, premier, Dominion of Canada

SIR ROBERT BOND, premier, Newfoundland



A more ambitious project next claimed his time and energy. Canadians, concerned for the future of their country, had long dreamed of a railroad that should reach from sea to sea, and, in 1875, after a score of projects looking to this end had come to naught, the Dominion government set about the building of such a line. It was a task for titans, beset with obstacles at every stage. All about Lake Superior and beyond to the Red River was a vast rocky region whose lakes and rivers offered stubborn opposition to the progress of engineers; thence, for a thousand miles, stretched a great plain, known only to Indians and fur traders, while still farther westward the Rocky Mountains shut the plains from the distant Pacific. Small wonder that those counted wise thought the project foredoomed to failure, or that British capitalists, when appealed to, refused their aid!

Not so Donald Smith, who, always the captain, in 1880 came forward with an offer to relieve the Dominion government of its heavy task. He had formed a syndicate, made up of Canadians and Americans, which undertook to organize a company to build the road from Callander, a town near Lake Nipissing, in Ontario, to the Pacific, and afterwards to operate it; for a consideration of twenty-five million dollars, as many million acres of land, and the sections of the road, aggregating six hundred and forty miles, already begun by the government. This offer was accepted, a company organized, and, in February, 1881, work begun on the additional one thousand, nine hundred and twenty miles needed to carry the road from Callander to the Pacific Coast. Before the end of the year, one hundred and sixty-three miles had been built westward from Winnipeg, and lines leased or purchased which assured adequate eastern connections; but opposition, secret and open, to the project, created distrust and made it impossible to secure the money needed to proceed with due speed, while the contract made with the government called for the completion of the entire line within ten years.

Smith might have failed in the task he had set for himself had he not, at the critical moment, called William C. Van Horne to his aid. Mr. Van Horne was born and reared on an Illinois farm, became a telegraph operator, and then engaged in railroad business.

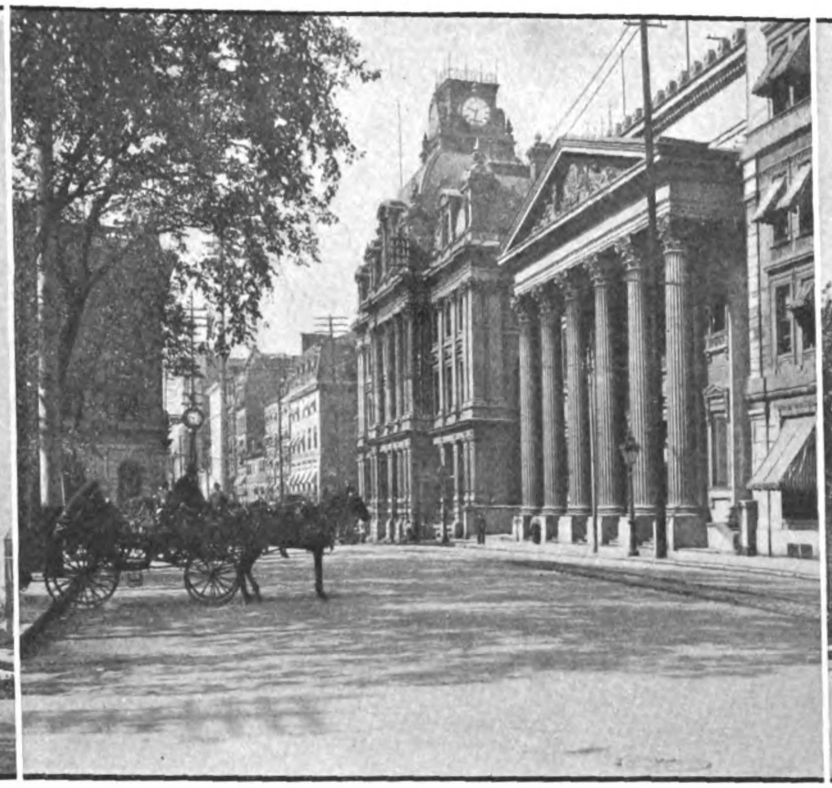
This Vast Project His Energy Completed

When made general manager of the Canadian Pacific and entrusted with its completion, he had, although still under forty, won recognition as a brainy, energetic man, with a ready grasp of every railway problem. He proved the right man in the right place. He first attacked the wilderness north of Lake Superior, and, having carried the road through and over what he afterwards characterized as "two hundred

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The Macdonald Statue, Montreal



The Heart of Montreal's Business Center



The Maisonneuve Statue, Montreal

miles of engineering impossibilities," set about the hardest task of all,—the pushing of the lines across the Rocky Mountains. There every conceivable engineering problem was encountered, but only to be overcome by the general manager and his staff, and, on a November day in 1885, the last spike was driven to the last rail, thus establishing a railway from ocean to ocean within Canadian territory. This is how Donald Smith and William Van Horne built the Canadian Pacific, now one of the most solidly prosperous transportation enterprises in the world, with control of railroads aggregating six thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four miles within the Dominion, and owning fleets of steamships on the Great Lakes and the Pacific.

Another Railroad, Reaching from Ocean to Ocean, Is to Be Built

Now, after the lapse of less than twenty years, two other roads are being pushed from ocean to ocean. One of these is the Canadian Northern, which is being built from the head of Lake Superior toward the valley of the Saskatchewan, and thence is to be extended to the Pacific Coast. Work on the eastern section of this line is nearly completed, and it is probable that a large portion of the harvest which will this year be given to Manitoba will pass to the eastern markets over the Canadian Northern and its steamboats on the Great Lakes. Equal importance attaches to the Grand Trunk Pacific, an offshoot of the Grand Trunk, which is to extend from Quebec to Port Simpson, on the Pacific, and which, when completed, will provide the shortest route between London and the Far East.

Before 1908, it is probable that yet another Canadian railway reaching from ocean to ocean will be well under way. This is the projected Trans-Canada Railway, financed by Quebec capitalists, which is to run from Roberval, on the western shore of Lake St. John, to Moose Factory, on St. James Bay, and go thence directly to Port Simpson. The advantages claimed for the Trans-Canada by its promoters is that it will offer a route from Quebec to Port Simpson only two thousand, eight hundred and thirty miles in length, all lying south of the northern limit of wheat, while the distance between those points by way of the Grand Trunk Pacific will be about three thousand, four hundred miles, and that from Quebec to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific is three thousand and seventy-eight miles.

In the wake of Canadian railway builders have followed and are following farmers and artisans. His was an unforgettable experience when, in the summer of last year, the writer visited the Canadian Northwest for the first time. For hundreds of miles east, west, north, and south of Winnipeg, he rode for hours that lengthened into days through an illimitable sea of wheat, with yellow waves running away to the sky line, and broken only at long intervals by the tall red towers of elevators where settlements had clustered into villages. His wonder grew when men still young told him that they could remember the time when these fenceless, trackless reaches were mainly bare, rolling prairie which gave small promise of fertility. Less than half the span of an ordinary lifetime had wrought their transformation. A little more than two million acres of land in Manitoba alone last year yielded sixty-five million bushels of wheat, a tenfold increase in less than twenty years.

The greater number of those who have settled in the Canadian Northwest, during these twenty years, have been men born and reared in the United States. American farmers, however, are not migrating to Canada because they are dissatisfied with their old home. They go to Canada, if already landowners, because, in many cases, they can sell their old farms in the States for from thirty to forty dollars an acre, and can buy as good land under the British flag for from seven to ten dollars an acre, starting anew under favorable conditions, and with a goodly amount of ready cash in hand. American tenant farmers go to Canada because the free homesteads of an earlier time are no longer to be had in the United States, while on the other side of the line a homestead-seeker, on the payment of a nominal fee of ten dollars, may secure an allotment of one hundred and sixty acres of fertile land ready for the plow, and, after a residence of three years, secure an absolute title. He can also obtain for each of his sons over eighteen years of age another one hundred and sixty acres, and two or three years of united labor will enable them to double their holdings. An American who settles in Canada, moreover, does not have to face alien and uncongenial surroundings. If he has lived heretofore in our own Northwest, he crosses an invisible boundary line to find himself in a country with climatic conditions and methods of self-government very like his own, and everywhere perfect security to life and property.

SIR WM. VAN HORNE LORD STRATHCONA



Many Americans have settled in what is known as the semi-arid region, comprising most of Assiniboia and all of Southern Alberta, where the rainfall is abundant and irrigation an easy task, and where the new farms, thanks to the fine quality of the soil and the long solar light of the northern summer day, are yielding larger crops to the acre than did their old ones in the States. These lucky first-comers send back glowing reports to their former neighbors, and thus quicken the steadily growing migration from the Western States. Before this article is printed there will be one hundred thousand Americans in the Canadian Northwest,—the advance guard, many believe, of millions, for there is more arable land in Canada, west of a line drawn north and south through Winnipeg, than there is in the United States west of the Mississippi River. Sir William Van Horne, than whom we could have no better authority, estimates the future population of the Canadian wheat belt at one hundred millions, and ventures the prediction that children of to-day will live to see it producing more wheat than any other grain-growing area in the world.

One Sleepy Village Was Transformed into a Nerve Center of Progress

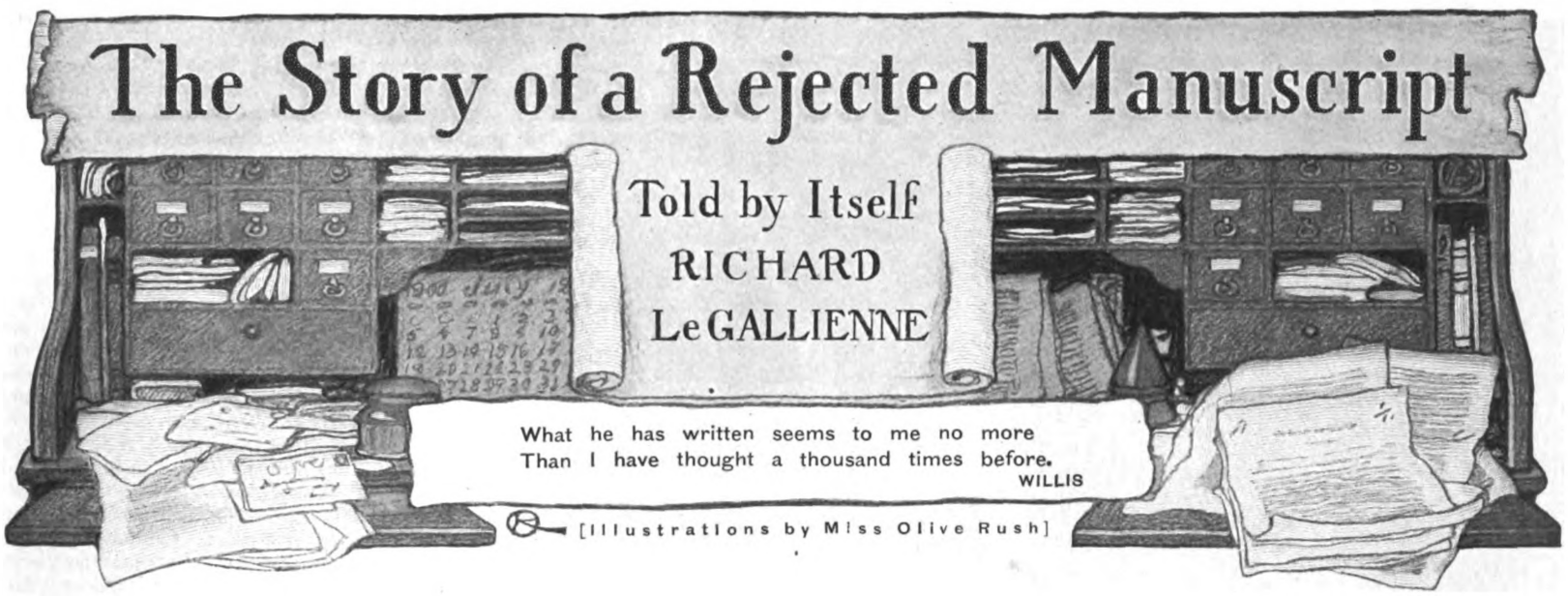
The coming of the railway has also aroused the Dominion to active, vigorous industrial life, and here again men born and reared in the United States are leading the way in the creation of a New Canada. All the way from Sydney, Nova Scotia, the Atlantic threshold of Canada, to Vancouver on the Pacific, American capital and energy are making their influence felt, and the industrial boundary of the United States now runs in a waving line across the continent well within Canadian territory. Boston capitalists have created, at Sydney, within easy reach of rich deposits of coal, iron, and limestone, a steel plant costing many millions, while in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, endowed with great forests of black and white spruce, the best material for wood pulp, and possessing, in their noble system of lakes and streams, an exhaustless reservoir of hydraulic energy, other millions of American dollars are yearly being expended on huge pulp mills equipped with the best American machinery. The skillful use of American millions, in less than ten years, has turned the whilom sleepy village of Sault Ste. Marie, at the mouth of Lake Superior, into a nerve center of vast and varied industry. Thence a railway, called into being by American capital, is now building to Hudson Bay, and those who have it in hand promise to have it completed and in operation within three years, thus throwing open to exploitation hundreds of miles of timber land, and the rich and virgin fisheries of the great northern sea. Nor does this tell the whole story of the part Americans are playing in the making of New Canada. One American company is starting a big sugar refinery in Montreal, and another, which makes threshing machines, is building shops in Toronto.

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The Story of a Rejected Manuscript

Told by Itself

RICHARD LeGALLIENNE



What he has written seems to me no more
Than I have thought a thousand times before.
WILLIS

[Illustrations by Miss Olive Rush]

THOUGH I am nowadays something like a famous manuscript, as it would be false modesty for me to deny, it was not always as it is with me, you may be sure. I have had my struggles, too, and perhaps more than my share of that "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick." I suppose that is why the editor has asked me to write something about my early days, so that, perhaps, my story may bring some cheer and courage to other manuscript-beginners, young and struggling as I once was.

In a sense, few manuscripts could have started out with more practical disadvantages than I had. Yes, indeed, I can almost be said to have had everything against me.

The man that made me—"man," did I say? surely I should have said the boy,—the boy who dreamed of me night and day, who leaned over me with such love, who put into me the very breath of his life and beat of his heart,—the boy who laughed and cried as he made me, and almost burned me with his eyes,—the boy for whom, for nearly a year, I was all the world,—that boy lived far away in a little, narrow, northern town, and was a bank clerk from ten to four.

Had it not been for a struggling little bookshop and a friend in a like case with himself, he would have died of mental and spiritual starvation. Save that friend, and the little bookseller, and a little bright-faced girl, there was no one who understood him,—and all the rest laughed at him. Everything he cared for, what he called the real things, was a mere mockery to the others, and all they cared for was to him just as stupidly mysterious.

He was very much alone, so he was forced back upon himself and—me. How well I remember the day he proudly inscribed my name at the top of the page, and wrote my first words! What pains he took with the mere handwriting!—and he tried quite a number of pens before he was satisfied. My paper, too, was the finest to be bought at the best stationer's in the town, for I was to be the expression of all his finest thought, and all his most sacred dreams. How he loved each word as he wrote it, setting it down on the page with the exquisite carefulness of a mosaic-worker placing his colored *tesseræ*! And, when he had written a page or two, how proud he was of me,—humbly proud, and grateful because, in some mysterious way, he had been chosen to be the medium of my coming into the world!

Sometimes, when he had written some of my most beautiful passages, I have known him to kiss me for joy, and then walk about the room with his head in the air, singing. There was an old piano in one corner of the great top room with its sunny skylights where he wrote most of me, and sometimes he would sit down and ripple his hand over the keys, as one trails his hand in a river, just for sheer silly happiness. Just because he had made some of my best sentences! There is hardly a word of me that he has not said over and over again in a sort of ecstasy, striding up and down the room.

Sometimes I thought he would never stop saying me over and over again. I seemed to make him drunk with joy,—and he could never eat or sleep till he had read my newest pages to the friend and the little bright-faced girl.

I can never tell how kind they were about me. I hardly think I should have come into existence at all, if it had n't been for their quite exaggerated idea of my importance. The friend had manuscripts of his own which he loved, but he forgot all about them for my sake, and would insist, day by day, on hearing the very latest word of me. If he had written me himself, he could n't have loved me more. No one ever turns over my pages, nowadays, however flattering they may be, without my thinking of the friend who loved me when my ink was scarcely dry, and used to cheer the boy who made me in hours of depression, when—so desperate was he,—I sometimes feared he would not have the heart to finish me, but might even tear me up and throw me into the wastebasket. Ah! I can not too gratefully insist on what it means to a young manuscript to have someone who believes in it as the friend believed in me,—to be enthusiastic about one, to go round quoting whole sentences from one,—years before they ever get into type.



"'Great heavens!' he fumed, 'twenty novels a day!'"

Then I need hardly tell how every word of me was loved and known by heart by the little bright-faced girl, for I was really written all about her and was dedicated to her even before I was written. She and the boy would often lean over my pages together in the evening lamplight and call me the little child of their love; and the proudest and happiest moment in their lives was the day when, after writing "The End" with a subdued flourish, the boy turned to a blank page at the front and wrote her name. Then, with some misgiving, I was entrused to the best binder in the town, and clothed in a fine dress of morocco, with my name lettered upon the back in gold, and set up on a bookshelf, to take my place and make my way among the other books.

Poor children, how long and lovingly they stood in front of the bookshelf together, hand in hand, gazing at me, as in a dream!

"It looks exactly like a real book," said she.

"Yes," he answered, laughing; "no one would think, to look at its outside, that it would have to be rejected by publisher after publisher, and perhaps, indeed, never get printed at all."

"O nonsense!" said the little bright-faced girl, "I'm sure no one can read it without thinking it wonderful and wanting to publish it at once."

"Well, we'll see," said the boy, drawing her to him, and saying: "As long as you love it, it will seem a classic to me. Suppose we were to keep it just as it is,—just in one copy,—and you be its publisher, its printer, its reviewer, and its only reader,———"

"No, it's got to be in real print, and published by a real publisher. I'm too proud of it to keep it to myself . . . . Only, if you think my writing's good enough, I would like to copy it out; for, of course, I could n't let you send this copy about the world."

So the little bright-faced girl took me home, and used up all her spare time, for the next few days, in copying me in her clear, pretty hand. At length I was ready to start on my adventures.

It was a long-debated question as to where I should be first sent, and what publisher was most likely to care about me. It was finally decided to send me to one of the oldest, most distinguished houses, and, one evening, I was dropped into a letter box, directed to a certain number in Paternoster Row. I almost fainted with excitement when I knew where I was going, for some of the greatest manuscripts that ever existed had been published by the house to which I was addressed.

At length I reached there in a big leather bag, and my heart sank to find how many companions I had with me. There were more than a hundred of us, and a clumsy boy, with red hair and freckles, placed us in piles on a desk, having first slit open our envelopes with a paper-knife. Shortly afterwards, a young man came and opened us out, entered our names in a book, and then took us to a very supercilious young gentleman sitting in a room all by himself. This young gentleman paid no attention whatever to us for quite a long while, and then, at length, very wearily, he took us roughly, one by one, and, after casually glancing at each one, wrote something in blue pencil on the corner of each. He worked very quickly, and even contemptuously, you might have said. Indeed, you would hardly have thought we were manuscripts at all, so little sympathy did he show in his way of handling us. In a little over an hour he had gone through the whole bundle of us, and had roughly arranged us into six different heaps,—destined, I afterwards understood, for six different readers, whose work it was to report on manuscripts to the publishers. He was apparently a little puzzled over me, as if he could n't make up his mind for which reader I was best suited.

"It's hardly a novel," he said to himself, "and yet I do n't see what else one can call it. Anyhow, I'll send it along to Baxter."

Then presently he rang a bell, and the red-haired boy carried me with twenty other manuscripts into a little glassed-off compartment—or office,—where a rather florid, bald-headed old

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"How lovingly they stood in front of the bookshelf, hand in hand, gazing at me!"

gentleman sat in his shirtsleeves, surrounded with piles of manuscripts, and dusty pigeonholes.

"Great heavens!" he fumed, as the red-headed boy unloaded his pile on the only vacant space in the room. "Twenty novels a day! It's more than any human being can stand. They must get me an assistant. . . . Phew!"—and the bald-headed old gentleman shouted after the boy to shut the door,—which the red-headed boy did with much emphasis.

For several days I lay just where I had been thrown, and meanwhile I had many opportunities for reflection and for readjusting my ideas on the exact importance of manuscripts in a busy world.

My first surprise was at the number of us. I confess that, when I had been started on my travels, I thought I was the only manuscript in existence,—and you would hardly have blamed me for my illusion if you could have seen how much I had been made of. It was no little humiliation to realize what a very insignificant atom I was in the gulf stream of ink which pours daily into Paternoster Row, and that, far from being in a position to dictate to publishers, as I had thought, they not only did n't care a sixpence whether they published me or not, but even expected me to go on my hands and knees merely to be looked at.

To think what I had been at home in that little northern town! There I was all the world to three people, and a person of mysterious consequence to many others who had been made privileged confidants of my existence. And—far more than that,—I was the embodied dream of a pure young heart. I was the sacred vessel of his whitest thoughts. The freshness of his boyhood and the strength of his young manhood were in me. I was made of his prayers, and his love, and his courage. I was his very life.

But in Paternoster Row I was merely a detail of commerce, a dusty item in the day's work for many overworked business people who hated the very sight of me. Nor was I any more encouraged to learn, from whispered conversation with my companions, that there was not a single one amongst us but was, like me, the pride and hope of some lovely human soul. Each one of us had been born with just the same excitements and ceremonies of dedication: the fate of each one of us was a matter of heart-beating hope and fear to a little circle of believers. It was heartbreaking to think of all we meant,—and yet we were no more to these publisher-people than so many hundreds of coals. Yes, think of it! they reckoned us as so many thousands of words! As if ten words sometimes are not worth more than a whole thousand.

Perhaps I am a little sensitive on this mechanical method of judging us manuscripts, for the bald-headed gentleman would, I believe, have accepted me if I had n't been fifteen thousand words too short! He was no fool, and he had a kind heart for an unfamiliar kind of manuscript, but he was compelled to remember what his employers called "the conditions of the trade." He sorted me out from the rest, with some five or six others, for future consideration and consultation with a being known as the head of the firm.

"It's a pity to spread it out," he said, "for it's really well done. There is n't a word too many,—yet for our purpose there are fifteen thousand words too few," and the bald-headed man laughed at his little joke.

"You see," he continued, "it won't fit into any regulation size. It's too long for the three-and-sixpenny railway novel, and it is n't long enough for the six-shilling size. Besides, it is n't really a novel at all. Yet it can not be called a volume of essays. Still, if we could only manage to fit it in, it is original stuff. . . . . ."

The head of the firm knew nothing about literature. His father, who had made the business, had loved books, but he was dead, and his son only went on publishing books for the purpose of backing race horses. So any manuscript that was not what he called a "sure thing" had no chance with him. But I could feel that the bald-headed old gentleman was sorry, and he sent me back with quite a kind little note,—which the boy would have appreciated far more if he had only shared my experiences.

"If I will only bring it up to sixty thousand words! Think of writing like that to an artist! No, I won't add or leave out one single word, if it should never find a publisher," he said, clinching his fists.

"Quite right!" said the friend.

"I should think not! The impudence of them!" said the bright-faced girl. "Never mind!" she added, "some day . . . . ."

But that some day so confidently prophesied was as yet a long while off, and for many months I was to become quite a traveler,—journeying up to London and back every two or three weeks. But, though I always came back, he who made me and they that loved me never lost faith in me, and never threw the blame on me. The oftener I came back to him, the harder the boy set his teeth, and determined that I should be published some day. Of course, there were times when he grew a little downhearted, and would lean over me sorrowfully, but he had only to read in me, here and there, to believe in me more than ever before.

"They can say what they like," I have heard him say, "but this is literature, ... and they 'll have to admit it some day."

Then he would fold me up once more and dispatch me to another publisher.

In the course of these many journeys to and fro, I at length began to look a little the worse for wear, and, lest I should show too clearly on my face how often I had been rejected, it was decided to have me typewritten. The boy did n't take kindly to this idea, at first, as he felt there was something cold and unsympathetic about a typewritten manuscript, something that rather took the color and savor out of the words. Then, too, he had a sentimental objection, for, as I told you, the copy in which I had taken so many journeys had been made by the bright-faced girl. However, practical counsels prevailed, and I once more started out on my adventures in a very business-like typewritten manuscript.

By this time, almost the entire list of important publishers had been exhausted, and it had become quite a question to whom next to send me, for I had been rejected something like twenty-five times. It may be interesting to other aspiring young manuscripts to hear some of the most typical ways of rejecting a manuscript in my day. Several of the publishers gave no reasons at all for returning me. They simply stated the fact that they did n't want me, in this brief and icy printed form: "Messrs. —— regret that they are unable to avail themselves of Mr. ——'s manuscript, kindly submitted to them; it is therefore returned herewith."

One or two publishers returned me without a single word of any sort, and these publishers had usually kept me longer than any of the others, and had been applied to several times, before they even condescended to thrust me unceremoniously into the envelope, duly addressed and stamped, with which, of course, I never failed to start out.

One or two more kindly publishers wrote that I showed "distinct literary promise," but was "unsuited to the requirements of their business."

Others wrote that they considered me quite worthy of being published, but hardly anticipated that my sale would be large enough to justify them, as business men, in undertaking the risks of the publication. If, however, my writer was prepared to undertake these, and, as an evidence of his financial reliability, was prepared to send them, say, one hundred pounds on account of the cost of printing, binding, advertising, etc., estimates for which would, of course, be submitted to him, they would be willing to publish the book on a commission of twenty-five per cent.

As the boy was at that time of day as near to the possession of one hundred pounds as he was to the moon, such a method of publishing me was out of the question. Moreover, it was a point of artistic honor with him that he would not pay for my *début*. If I could n't pay my own way, and earn my own living, I must remain forever unpublished and unknown. Such was his pride for me, and his belief in my final acceptance.

Another publisher wrote that I was undoubtedly clever, but in a somewhat unfashionable way; and that I would appeal to thoughtful readers, but that, unhappily, there were too few such readers to make the publication of such books profitable.

"What the great public nowadays demands," wrote another publisher, "is action, stirring situations, dashing heroes, and smart heroines. Your story is out of touch with the times, and we would advise you to turn your evident talents into more marketable channels. If you have a historical novel, after the manner of Mr. ——, full of hairbreadth escapes, duels, gold lace, and highborn maids of honor, we should be happy to negotiate with you for its publication."

Such was the tenor of most of the letters, and it surprised and saddened us to notice that the publishers one and all seemed to regard manuscripts solely from the point of view of their selling possibilities. Not one of them seemed to have read me in the hope of discovering a new literary masterpiece, or of experiencing the joy and privilege of introducing an unknown young genius to the world. It was strange to find men whose business was with such beautiful things as books, so utterly devoid of sentiment, and actuated so entirely by purely commercial considerations. I did n't, perhaps, sufficiently reflect on the fact that publishers must live, and that they often risk money on undeserving manuscripts, which bring them no return. No doubt it is many unfortunate experiences of that kind which have embittered them and hardened their hearts.

Still I can not but think that, if they had a little more love and enthusiasm for literature, as well as a higher, and, as I believe, truer opinion of public taste, it would really pay them just as well, or even better. They have got the idea that the public does n't want good books, and it is this misconception of the public taste, which is far better than they give it credit for, that accounts for their publishing such a number of books that nobody wants, but which manage to get read merely because people feel that they must read something, and know that the publishers provide nothing better. The public is constantly giving proof of its appreciation of good literature when it gets a chance, and I'm sure, if it only knew, sometimes, what a struggle a manuscript has in reaching it, it

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would be only too ready with its purse and its encouragement.

Yes, how often I used to sigh to myself as I lay disregarded in a pile of manuscripts awaiting their doom: "If only I could reach the public,—get them to see me as I am,—just get them to give me half an hour's trial! If, for instance, I could get them to read the beginning of chapter five, or page 71, or those two or three pages near the end of Book III.,—I know they could n't help taking to me. Oh, just to be in print, or on a bookseller's counter! I would n't even mind the reviewers. The public would find me out in time. It would n't, perhaps, be an enormous public, but it would be a real one,—it would be *my* public. Will no one help me to do that? Is no kind understanding eye ever going to fall on me, and see just what I am, and have faith in me,—yes! I realize that, if I am only given a chance, there is even money in me, too!"

Certainly it seemed that that understanding eye was never going to fall upon me, and, but for the persevering faith of my friends, it probably would not have done so. Even my typewriting was getting to look a little shabby. However, there came a day when their persistence was rewarded,—a day on which, like Noah's dove, I was sent forth, and never came back.

Almost at a loss where next to send me, without beginning the round of all the publishers again, my writer bethought him of a young publisher who, though he issued his books in a provincial town at quite a distance from London, was beginning to be known for the freshness and taste of his publications, his way of discovering young writers of talent hitherto unknown, and his evident love of literature for its own sake. It sounded as if he would be just the man for me,—and so indeed it proved.

How can I hope to express the joyous excitement with which that heaven-sent publisher's letter filled three happy hearts! He seemed almost as glad to have found me as the boy had been to write me, and, curiously enough, decided to publish me for just those very reasons the other publishers had given for rejecting me. I was entirely unlike anything being written at the moment, he said, wholly fresh and individual. It was a great relief to escape from the prevailing fashions, and to find a manuscript that dared to be itself. Other even more complimentary things he wrote about me which it would not become me to repeat. Suffice it that I had found the friend I had been seeking, and through him, in due course, had come into the hands of my friend the public, a friend that has since, I fear, rewarded me far beyond my deserts. Its kindness alone has prompted, and will, I hope, excuse, this little autobiography.

In conclusion I may say, for the benefit of other manuscripts still in the land of hope deferred, that such success as I have won I owe to the simple sincerity in which I was written, to my writer's faith in himself, and to his belief in my ultimate recognition. He saw life for himself, and could only see it and write of it in his own way. He had the courage to keep true to that vision, undismayed by the more fashionable ideals of the moment. Had he turned aside from himself, written insincerely in other men's manners, and pretended to see and think otherwise than he really did, I should still remain

A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.



"She stood holding the branch"

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

The Whip Hand

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

SAMUEL MERWIN

Synopsis of the preceding chapters

[John Halloran, a student at the Northwestern University, while leader of a life-saving crew, rescues Martin Higginson, a lumber merchant, from a vessel wrecked in a storm off the coast of Michigan, thereby winning his friendship. Mr. Higginson has a business rival in G. Hyde Bigelow, who aims to combine the lumber interests of Michigan. Just as Bigelow reaches the pinnacle of his ambition, he is startled by the appearance of a woman who makes an appeal for her children, George and Lizzie Bigelow. About this time, a party of young people, including Miss Davies and John Halloran, begin "settlement work." They become interested in George and Lizzie Bigelow, the children of Mrs. Craig, and resolve to help them. One of the party, Appleton Le Duc, becomes infatuated with Lizzie Bigelow, whom he later marries. Young Halloran is taken into the confidence of Mr. Higginson, and made business manager of the firm. G. Hyde Bigelow and Company tries to absorb Mr. Higginson's firm, and, not succeeding, seeks to crush it. In this it is thwarted by Halloran's sagacity. Mr. Higginson's health fails, 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 against Higginson and Company, to prevent that firm from carrying out an order from a Michigan City company. 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 to ruin Higginson, is turned to his advantage. While in Chicago on business, Halloran decides to visit Miss Davies in Evanston. Their meeting is fraught with romance, and a declaration of love soon follows. Miss Davies, frightened by the force of Halloran's deep emotion, repulses him. The lumber bought from the various dealers arrives in Wauchung, and, to obviate its possible loss by fire, Halloran devises a systematic plan whereby a conflagration can be conquered. He discovers that G. Hyde Bigelow is using Le Duc as a tool to hoodwink the board of trade, and to one of its principal members Halloran discloses some of Bigelow's machinations. Soon after, Mr. Babcock, thinking to prevent Halloran from exposing their imposture, offers him large inducements to enter the employ of G. Hyde Bigelow and Company. Halloran peremptorily declines the offer]

CHAPTER IV.—Twelve, Midnight

THE deep-toned bell in the town hall was striking twelve.

It was a still, overcast night, with a mild breeze blowing up from the head of Lake Michigan. Three men stood at the gate of the yards, talking in low tones, somewhat oppressed, perhaps, by the silence. Before them, a little way, was the white circle thrown by the electric light over the bridge; behind were the great, dim piles of lumber, with the narrow alleys between, now black as the sky, and carpeted as they were with chips and shavings, as silent beneath the feet as velvet. The only noise came, in the intervals between words, from the two steamers that lay breathing softly alongside the wharf.

"What you doin' on watch, Du Bois? Changed your job?"

"No; Mr. Halloran asked me to go on to-night. He says it 's time we had some good men down here."

"Aw, go on!"

"Say, Runyon, who's that on the bridge?"

All three watched a moment.

"Dunno 'im. Throw your lantern on 'im when he goes by."

But the man turned in at the gate.

"Who 's this?"

"I 'm George Bigelow. Mr. Halloran said I could go on watch at twelve."

"Bigelow ain't a very safe name around here, sonny. How about it, Du Bois?"

"It 's all right, I guess. He 's the new lumber checker." They all laughed. "You understand, don't you, boy, that if a man's caught sleeping or off his post he gets shot?"

"Why!—why!—"

"Don't let 'im scare you, sonny. He 's a lazy bugger 'imself. Say, Du Bois, I thought I saw a tramp hanging around a little while ago. If you want to look through the yards once more with me, I 'll stay for it."

"Take the boy. It 'll learn him the ropes. Run along, boy."

"Good night, there!"

"Good night, Runyon! I won't wait."

They separated, one man hurrying off for home and a bed, Du Bois lingering at the gate for a look up and down the line of the fence, and Runyon and George, their lanterns darkened, slipping stealthily away into the shadows.

"I seen somethin' over there by the mill," said Runyon, in a subdued voice, "like it was a tramp that had climb the fence by the bridge and was sneaking along the bank. Here, now, hold on a minute,"—he caught the boy's arm,—"I was a-standin' right here. Now look down between them piles,—past the mill. See that little strip o' the river, where the bridge light 's a-shinin'? It looked to me like somethin' black went acrost it."

They went on, giving fully half an hour to winding through the alleys, throwing a light into every dark corner.

"A feller can't be expected to see everything,—not in yards as big as these here. We need n't go out around the P'int. I guess there ain't nothin'. Here 's Du Bois a-waitin' by the 'Number One.' I 'll leave you with him. You 've got a whistle, ain't you?"

"Yes; Mr. Halloran gave me one."

"You know about it? If you blow, it means that there is a fire. So don't get gay with it."

"Hello, there!" said Du Bois, as they joined him on the wharf, in the little patch of light that fell from the steamer's engine room. "You 're purty poor. Where 's your tramp?"

"He was n't to home. We 'lowed we 'd call again. So long!"

"So long, there!"

The engine room was snug and comfortable, a capital headquarters for patrol duty. So the old inspector took immediate precedence of his associate. "Now, young man, we 'll have to break you in, first thing. You better go over and patrol the fence f'r 'n hour. Then you come back here and report. Be kind o' cautious like about your whistle."

"I do n't know,—"

"No, I guess you do n't,—not such a darn sight. What 's the matter? What you waitin' f'r?"

"Why,—when we was going around the yards, he said he guessed we would n't go out as fur 's the Point,—and I thought mebbe I 'd go now, jes' so 's to be sure."

"So you 've took to thinkin', eh? I s'pose you was a-thinkin' you 'd send me over to the fence."

"No, I did n't mean to send you, but I thought mebbe—"

"Git along with you. You talk too much. You make me sick." And the inspector, with a chuckle, went slowly toward the gate, leaving the boy to his own resources.

George walked to the end of the wharf, and stood a moment, debating whether to keep on along the bank or to turn in among the lumber piles. He decided on the latter course, and crowded through, with the help of his lantern, by crawling over and under the projecting ends of planks between two huge piles. This brought him into an alley that led, with one turn, to the narrow space of open ground at the end of the peninsula. He closed his lantern and felt his way along. He had nearly reached the turn, he thought, when it was suddenly revealed to him by a light flickering on the lumber. He stopped short, and held his breath. The light was growing—rapidly. He rushed forward, around the turn,—and again he stopped. A blaze, that had evidently started at the base of a pile of inch stuff, was curling upward, and was already halfway up to the top; and it crackled ominously as it wreathed around the thin, resinous boards. Standing a little way off, at the edge of the bank, looking stupidly at the fire, was the worst specimen from the land of trampdom George had ever seen. His clothes hung about him in rags, his hair and beard were grizzled and matted, his face was red, and his whole body seemed to tremble, as if from a nervous affection. He looked up frantically, called out something in a husky voice, and held up a blackened clay pipe; then, on an impulse, he dropped the pipe, turned, and dove out into the river. There was a splash, the firelight glistened for an instant on the spray, and he had disappeared.

George remembered his whistle, and blew it sharply, half a dozen times. His first thought was to turn back to the steamer, and he had taken a few steps when a shout told him that his signal was heard, that probably the fire could be seen now, for it was already licking at the topmost boards; and so he threw his lantern away and took a running dive off the bank. The first sound that reached his ears when he rose to the surface and shook the water from his face was the deep whistle of the "Number One," supplemented in another moment by that of the "Number Two." He struck out vigorously, for a little way ahead he could see, thanks to the growing light, the tramp splashing desperately forward. The start was greater than George realized, for a moment later he saw that the fellow had reached shallow water, and was plunging along on his feet. In another moment he was clambering up the bank, and then he disappeared above it. George, who was in midstream, threw more heart into his long, overhand strokes. He swam so hard that the first intimation he had that the water was shoaling was when his knees struck the bottom. Then he got to his feet, made the bank, and took a quick

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look around. The flames were roaring, now,—he could hear them, almost at his back he thought,—and the whistles and the bells of the town were mingling with the sounds from the yards: Robbie was waking the dogs. But the cause of it all had disappeared. Look as hard as he might in all directions, George could get no glimpse of him. The town extended here nearly to the water's edge; that is, there were scattered cottages and fences, and a warehouse or two; and the light behind him was deepening the shadows. But a man who was desperately trying to escape, he thought, particularly such a suspicious character as this one, would never turn toward the town, that was already astir with excitement. And the town lay immediately before and on the left; therefore, naturally enough, he would go toward the sand dunes and the strip of pine woods that lay between the town and the lake. The harbor blocked the way to the rear, and so he would run south—through the dunes, heading south. This was the way to go, and this was the way George took, keeping along the last north-and-south paved street at this edge of the town. There were electric lights here and there, and by one of these he saw a dark little heap lying by the curb. He paused for breath and picked it up. It was a wet, ragged coat. While he held it in his hands, and gasped for breath, he turned and looked at the leaping red light across the harbor. As he looked there was an upheaval of flame and smoke. A great dome of timbers and sparks and streaks of flame was upraised, hung silent for an instant in the air, and then sank. As it fell, a boom, not loud, but deafening, nevertheless, struck his ears, and left them ringing and tingling. Then another dome of light uprose, and again he felt the noise.

His breath was coming back again, and, dropping the coat, he pushed along toward the woods at a better clip than before.

Du Bois, walking slowly, had nearly reached the gate when he heard George's whistle. "The boy 's crazy," he muttered. "Wonder they would n't give us suckin' infants f r patrol!" He looked down the center roadway, but could see no light. However, his duty was obvious, and he turned and ran back to the wharf, growling as he went. The men were aroused on both steamers. As he passed the "Number Two," he saw the hands dragging out a coil of hose with the nozzle ready attached. On the upper deck of the "Number One" Captain Craig, with a pair of trousers hastily drawn on and his nightgown partly tucked in at the waist, was leaning over the rail and peering out over the yards. The deckhouse door was open, throwing the light on him. In the fainter light, on the main deck, MacGregor was hanging out.

"How is it, cap'n?" he was calling.

The captain made a sign of impatience, and straightened up and shaded his eyes with one hand to shut off the light from the steamer; then he gave a shout, and, pointing toward the end of the peninsula, he plunged into the wheelhouse and pulled the whistle cord. MacGregor disappeared in the engine room.

At that moment Du Bois was midway between the two steamers, running along the wharf. He stopped now, and retraced a few steps. "Hi, there!" he called to the men who were at work on the "Number Two," "uncouple that hose and bring 'er up to the 'Number One.'"

"What for?" asked some one.

"What for! You—you,—hi, Cap'n Craig! I'm a-bringin' up the 'Number Two's' line. Will you have yours uncoupled for us? Now, you louts, gimme a hold o' the line. All together, now!—Heave f r it! Over the rail with 'er! Lay hold now, lively! Did you think you was a-sprinklin' the front yard *an'* the tulip bed? Ryan, if you fall over them feet of your'n again, darned if I do n't soak you,—all together, now!—right in the solar plexus, m' hearties.—Now *heave! heave!*—What's the trouble here? —— that Ryan! Say, you've got more feet to the square inch than any man a-walkin'. Here she is, cap'n,—take off that nozzle, one o' you, while I couple 'er.—Hold on, Robbie, we 'll holler when we want water. Jest heave that Ryan overboard, a couple o' you. All right, cap'n. Will we take the nozzle?—Here we go, now! Run 'er out! Quick, there,—you 're the craziest lot o' hair-lipped bungholes I *ever* see."

They were stretching out the hose to its fullest extent, but they were still some distance from the fire, that was roaring and crackling before them. Already they could hear the wind, swelling from a night breeze; it was whipping the flames into madness.

"Hi, Robbie! Let 'er go!—Pass the word there, 'Let 'er go!'"

The men shouted; MacGregor responded; the flat line of hose swelled and writhed as the water was forced through. "Hold hard, cap'n!" The nozzle was almost wrenched from their hands; the stream rushed out and curved high over the lumber.

"Are we a-gettin' at it?"

"I do n't think so, but I can't see. Here, work out into the roadway."

"Good Lord, no, we ain't reachin' 'er by three rods. An' she 's a-burnin' to beat the yellow devils. What 's the matter with the boys? They must think we 're a-doin' it f r fun. This ain't no Fourth o' July pyrotechnics."

"They 'll be here. It 's not much more 'n a minute since George signaled."

"There 's some more of the boys, I think. I can 't see much,—this light 's in my eyes. It 's no use trying to reach it. Here, let 's wet down these here piles. That 's good. Now, hold her there."

"Gettin' pretty hot here, cap'n."

"Can 't help that. It 'll be hotter before we get through. Just have an eye out to see that we do n't get cut off behind. Here come the buckets!"

"Here you are, boys,—this way! How many is they of you?"

"I dunno,—'bout a dozen, I guess. The boys is comin' right in."

"Form a line here, then, along the road. If you keep your clothes wet there 's no danger, I guess. Stir along, now. Mr. Halloran come?"

"Not yet. Mr. Crossman 's couplin' up the yard hose, an' he 'll be along here 'n a minute."

The fire was giving rise to the wind, and the wind was lashing the fire. The crackling was loud, now; the roar made it hard to talk. As they worked and watched, a gust of wind came sweeping across the harbor, and, catching up the top row of boards from an exposed pile, it tossed them, burning, high in the air. The sparks were flying aloft, coursing the length of the yards, some falling far beyond. Men were pouring into the yards. Somewhere across the river the town fire engine was clanging out toward the bridge.

A man, hatless, in a purple sweater, carrying a tin pail in each hand, came running through the gate and down the central roadway. Some one shouted, "Here he comes!"



"He was leaning forward, playing nervously with a thorny twig"

and here and there other men, working with hose or buckets, heard the shout and caught it up for sheer excitement, heedless of the cause.

"What 's that?" said Du Bois. "It 's all clear behind, ain't it? We ain't cut off?"

"Oh, no, we ar' n't cut off.'

"Say, cap'n, I can't stand this,—let's drop back a step or so. Lord knows we ain't doin' much good here. See her burn! I guess it 's all day with Higginson and Company. Here come the fire boys,—I seen a helmet back there,—no, they 've quit. They 're a-runnin' back, an' draggin' their hose with 'em. Who 's this here, a-comin' f'r us?"

"I do n't know; I can't see."

"It 's himself. It 's Mr. Halloran. Hi! What 's that?"

"Back with you, quick!" Halloran was shouting. "Never mind the hose. Let it go. You 'll have to run for it. One 's enough here."

"Good Lord, he 's goin' to try the dynamite. Hold on there, Mr. Halloran! You 'll never make it, for the fire 's too close."

"*Get back there!* What do you mean by talking back to me?" Halloran's eyes were blazing. "Get back or I 'll throw you back. Drop that hose, captain. Do n't say a word!"

"All right, cap'n. I guess we can get the hose back with us. Heave, now!"

Halloran jerked it away from them, took the captain by the shoulders, and spun him around. "I 'll give you three seconds to get to the gate. Now *get!* And none of your talk!"

They ran, without a word.

The fire had eaten its way almost to the widening of the peninsula, almost to the last point where the dynamite could be expected to stop it. A narrow strip could be blasted out, but if the flames should sweep on into the main yards nothing could check them. The steamers were far enough away, Halloran thought, to be safe; and he had warned all the men back. They stood now at the gate, waiting. The watchmen and deck hands were there, and the twenty or thirty amateur and the dozen professional fire fighters. Crossman came hurrying over from the mill plug, and addressed himself to the Wauchung chief.

"Have your boys run the hose right down the minute you hear the second explosion."

"There 'll be only two?"

"Only two. I 've got my hose ready to take down the other road. The rest of you boys be ready with your buckets, and, when the chief here gives you the word, you run for it, every one of you. Understand?" Then he hurried back to his station.

"Here he comes," said a Wauchung fireman.

Down the narrow roadway they could see a black figure running. Nearer he came, his shadow leaping grotesquely before him. Just as he reached them, and put out his hand to check his progress, the whole south end of the yards seemed to rise high in the air,—once, and then again.

"Come on, boys," called Halloran, turning before he had fairly caught his breath. "Cap'n, go to the steamer, and see that she 's all right. This way, boys!" Eager hands laid hold of the hose, and ran forward with it. Over by the mills they could hear Crossman urging his men on, and ahead of all the others was the bucket brigade.

The explosion had cleared a path from bank to bank, they found. Many of the blazing timbers had fallen into the yards, but the buckets and Crossman's hose were turned on these, while the firemen gave their attention to the wide heap of *débris*, that seemed on the point of blazing up again. A third line of hose was soon brought up, and within a quarter of an hour the chief had the satisfaction of saying to Halloran, "We 've got her in hand now, sir." Within an hour the fire was over, excepting the smoldering piles, on which streams of water would be kept for the rest of the night. Halloran assigned a few men to stay on watch with the firemen, and, leaving the responsibility in the hands of the chief, he went over to the "Number One." Craig was on the wharf.

"Any harm done, captain?"

"No, not to speak of. About all the glass is broke, and some sparks came aboard, but we put them out easy enough."

"Say, captain, I do n't know just what I said to you to-night,—"

"That 's all right, Mr. Halloran,—do n't speak of it. You was tending to your business, that was all. You have n't seen anything of George, have you?"

"George? No. Is n't he here?"

"No,—he ain't. He was out at the Point. He gave us the signal, but he did n't come back."

"Well,—here, we 'll look into this. Du Bois, there, did you see George after he gave the alarm?"

"No, I ain't seen 'im since he went out to the P'int. What 's the matter?—ain't he around?"

"No, he has n't been seen. Look it up, will you? Ask the boys, and look around the yards a bit."

"Here he is, now. But who 's that he 's got in tow?"

Craig and the manager turned, and saw, sure enough, George leading, with the assistance of a local policeman, a villainous-looking tramp.

"Here 's the man that done it, Mr. Halloran," said George, excitedly. "The copper did n't mind bringing him here so 's you could see him. He won't say nothing."

Halloran soon drew out George's story, but the tramp was silent, beyond claiming stoutly that he had been smoking and had fallen asleep, only to wake and find the flames starting up. There was nothing to do but to turn him over to the law for the present. As the hour crept on toward two in the morning, Halloran and Crossman left for home.

V.

The Meeting

ONE afternoon young Corrigan appeared at the office. "I wish you would repeat," he said, when the civilities had been exhausted, "what you said to me a little

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while back. I am not sure I caught your exact meaning.

"About Mr. Bigelow?"

"Yes. Please tell me just what you think, and why you think so. You understand that I could n't go on with this without pretty good authority behind me."

"I have no documentary proof, if that 's what you mean. But, to my notion, that is n't necessary." Halloran then simply repeated his former statements.

"Tell me again about this Le Duc,—what is his relationship to Mr. Bigelow?"

"I may as well give you the whole story, Mr. Corrigan. The daughter of our Captain Craig went to Chicago some twenty years ago as Bigelow's private secretary. They were married and had two children, and then they were divorced. The courts allowed Mrs. Bigelow a decent income by way of alimony, most of which was never paid, and in some letters Bigelow admitted that it was unpaid. A little while ago, Le Duc, a fellow I had known in college, who had drifted on the stage and was rather 'up against it,' married the daughter, Elizabeth Bigelow. They were all poor,—Mrs. Bigelow, or Mrs. Craig, as she is now known, was really in want,—and finally Le Duc got the letters from her, and went out one evening to Evanston to demand money from Bigelow. Instead of giving it to him, Bigelow bought him off by offering him a position as the nominal head of the corner he was contemplating on the board of trade. Le Duc accepted, kept the letters, and cast off Mrs. Craig, who is now living here in Wauchung with her father. Just before I saw you he told me himself that Bigelow was the man behind him in his operations. That's the story."



Mr. Babcock

"Well! Well!" observed Corrigan, with a distressed expression.

"And, in telling it to you, I 'm assuming that you do n't want a board-of-trade plunger at the head of your combination."

"No, no, of course we do n't. Now, Mr. Halloran, what is it exactly that you have to suggest?"

"Say to Mr. Bigelow, at your meeting, that you have been told that he is behind the corner, and request an explanation."

"Yes?"

"If he *can* explain, well and good. You can refer the whole matter to me. But if he can 't,—there you are."

Corrigan pondered. "That seems fair. I 'll talk it over with my father. I 'm much obliged to you, anyhow."

"Not at all!"

A reaction had followed the fire and the long strain leading up to it. All felt it. Crossman, wearied by the comparative idleness that was forced upon him, was irritable and inclined to chafe against the steady disapproval of Mrs. Higginson. Halloran was plunged in gloom most of the time. To add to the depression, Captain Craig decided to give up his post.

"You see, Mr. Halloran," he said, in speaking of it, "you maybe would n't think, to look at me, that I 'm a great-grandfather, but I 've known it by my feelings since the fire. I did n't stand it very well, the running and the wet and all; and my eyes have been bothering me, too. Jennie and me, we 've been talking it over, and she thinks I ought to just quit now, and look after the garden, and take it kind of easy. There 's no room for us old fellows now, anyhow. A man had better make up his mind to it before he gets crowded out. I 've saved a little something,—enough to live on,—and I 've got my place, and I guess that 's enough for anybody."

"You 're mistaken, captain. There 's not a better man on the Lakes, and I 'm glad to tell you so. The 'Number One' is yours as long as you 'll keep her."

There were tears in the captain's eyes. "That 's all right,—I 'm obliged to you. But I guess it 's time to quit, now while we 're shut down and you have a good chance to look around for somebody else. There 's only one thing that 's been bothering me,—do you think you 're going to have a place for George?"

"I 'm sure of it. He 's going to make a good man before he gets through with it."

"I 'm glad you think so. I must tell Jenny,—it 'll please her. And I—I want to say, Mr. Halloran, before I quit you, that it 's been a great thing for Mr. Higginson to have you here. I guess there ain't no doubt you 've saved his business for him."

This brought the gloom back to the manager's face. He shook his head.

"That 's all right, now,—I 've watched the business some. It 's your nerve and grit—"

"Captain," Halloran broke in, bitterly, "I—"

"I guess I know what you mean. You 've been carrying a load that would have broke most men, and now you 're sort of unstrung."

Halloran shook his head again. "'T ain't the load." He looked around the office. Crossman was out, and the door was shut. "Captain, I 've lost the girl I want to marry, for want of nerve."

"Are you sure?"

He nodded.

"Is she married already?"

"Oh, no,—she 's gone away."

"Where?"

"Down East. She did n't leave word."

"And she ain't married anybody else? Then she ain't lost. Why do n't you go after her?"

"I know. I 've thought of that."

"Thinking 'll never do it. You 'd better go."

Halloran looked up and caught the captain's eye. It was beaming with good will, and it opened to him a glimpse of a new world. "I believe I will," he said, holding his breath.

"You can get the eleven o'clock on the Père Marquette and connect with the Central Limited to-night at Detroit. I 'll take care of the fire department while you 're gone."

"Will you?" He caught at the captain's hand.

"Sure. You 'd better move right along,—yes, there 's only twenty-five minutes, and it 'll take you most of that to get home and back. I 'll call up the livery and have a carriage go right up after you."

"Good! Tell Crossman I 've been called East."

"I 'll see to everything. Good-by! And, say, do n't hurry back. Wire your address, and, if we need you, we 'll let you know. Good-by! Good luck!"

"Thanks! Good-by." He was gone with a rush, leaving his desk open behind him.

It so chanced that on this morning, when Halloran went plunging off to seek his fortune, Mr. G. Hyde Bigelow, in an equally uncertain frame of mind, was fronting *his*. Matters were going awry down in Chicago. The board of trade deal, thanks to the elation and consequent intermeddling of the paid figurehead, was wobbling dangerously. At ten o'clock, while Le Duc was hearing sharp, straight-out words in the mahogany office, the heads of nearly a score of Michigan lumber firms were gathering in the city office of the Corrigans, not far away. Hard-headed old fellows they were, most of them,—men in slouch hats and with unkempt beards, men who wore high boots beneath their bagging trousers and spoke their minds as freely as they talked and breathed. There they waited for Bigelow, to ask him where their money had gone and how he proposed to get it back. At length he came.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" he observed, as he laid aside his coat and stick and silk hat.

"Good morning!" came from Corrigan, and "How are you?" from one or two others. One graybeard murmured to a neighbor that he wished he'd known in the first place that Bigelow wore a silk hat. "You can't trust a dude," he muttered.

"Well, gentlemen," began the managing director, drawing his report from his pocket, "I suppose a statement of what we have accomplished will—"

But young Corrigan could n't wait. "Excuse me, Mr. Bigelow,—and gentlemen! I think we all know just about where we stand in this business. And—"

"One moment, Mr. Corrigan. It is usual—"

"What I have to say is not usual, Mr. Bigelow. It is so important that it takes precedence, to my notion. It concerns our existence as a working body, and our relations with you, sir. This meeting can not go forward until it has been laid before you, and you have had the chance to convince us that what has been reported to me is untrue,—that it is, as we should hope, a malicious lie. Before we think of the question of going forward or backward as a combination, we must settle the question of our mutual confidence as individuals. A shadow has been cast upon this confidence, and you know, every man of you,"—the graybeards, some startled, others condescending, looked at him; Bigelow looked at him, too,—"you know that our whole structure must rest on complete confidence in the men we choose to direct our affairs. If this is removed, we can't do business a day."

"I would suggest, Mr. Corrigan, that what you have to say would better come in the discussion that will follow the reading of the report. It is the object of this report to answer in advance all inquiries, and tell every fact about our work."

"You'd better wait, Harry," observed a man in boots. "Let him read it."

"If this were a fact of our work, it could wait, sir; but it ain't." Corrigan was warming up. "It concerns you, personally, Mr. Bigelow. We have accepted your guidance so far because we believed you to be a certain kind of man, and to stand for certain principles in business. We want to go on believing this, and we do n't want to wait a minute, now that we're all together here. I've been told that you are the real operator of the big corner on the board of trade, that your money is in it, and that the man Le Duc has been put up so that you would n't be known. Is that so?"

Every face in the room changed its expression. The blood rushed into Bigelow's.

"If you've been taking our time to make wild charges against my character,—"

"You are n't answering," shouted Corrigan. "Tell me that. That's what I ask."

"You'd better cool down a bit, Harry."

"No, Mr. Anderson, I won't cool down."

"See here," said Bigelow, his voice rising with the others, "this has nothing whatever to do with this meeting."

Corrigan leaned over the table and looked him keenly in the eyes. "If you mean to withdraw here and now, Mr. Bigelow, and dissolve this agreement, then I 'm with you: it has nothing to do with it. But if you mean to go on as our managing director, then you 've got to answer that question."

The other men looked at one another. "I guess that's fair, Mr. Bigelow," observed the man in boots. "So long as Harry's sprung this on us, we would n't any of us feel quite easy about it."

"Well, sir, is it true?" asked Corrigan.

"I claim that this is impertinent."

"Is it true?"

"I decline to answer. My private investments are simply none of your business."



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Corrigan sank back in his chair and drew a long breath. "There," he said, "that's all I wanted to know. I think you'll agree with me, gentlemen, that we can't keep up these relations any longer. Suppose we hear the report now!"

It was half-past two when the door was opened and a score of heated, hungry men hurried out for lunch. Bigelow had recovered and made a strong fight, but the sentiment was overwhelmingly against him. The managership had been offered to Corrigan; he had declined and stood out for dissolution, on the ground that, during the dozen or fifteen years that would elapse before the timber would be all cut out, there was room for them all without any damaging competitions. And so, before they broke up, the lumber agreement was abrogated; and in a few days, as soon as matters could be settled, the lumber world would know it.

VI.

West and East

EASTWARD sped Halloran, on to the Hudson, on up the crooked mountain railroad to the junction village, and on up the wagon road behind a team of crawling white horses; reaching at length the house perched on the mountain side, lost in billows of autumn flame. Yes, Miss Davies was still there. The wife of the proprietor had seen her shortly before walking up the trail behind the house.

He found her standing in a tangle of late blackberries, hatless her sleeves rolled to the elbow,—reaching up to break off a crimson maple branch. She heard him crashing through brake and bramble, and turned. He did not see that she changed color, she was so browned by the mountain sun,—but she was startled,—she did not move, but stood holding the branch, and looking at him without a word.

"How do you do?" he said, shaking hands. "Hardly expected to see me, did you?"

"No. This is a surprise. When did you get here?"

"Just now."

"Well, you're just in time to walk back with me."

He was disappointed. "Don't go right down. I came because they told me you were here, and now it would be too bad not to see you."

"I'm going to play tennis, and there's only an hour before dark. Here, you may carry these branches. Are n't they beautiful? You walk ahead so I can look at them."

There was no other way; the trail was narrow, and with the great bundle of branches in his arms he had all he could do to pick his way down the rocky path. Near the house they were met by a big young man in flannels, carrying tennis rackets. He looked curiously at Halloran, and, passing him, walked with Miss Davies.

"Mr. Halloran," she said, "Mr. Greene."

Mr. Greene bowed and said, "How are you?" with an eastern drawl. And that was the last Halloran saw of her until supper time. He might have sat on the veranda and watched the game, but he did not; instead, he walked down to the road, and, in the same plunging mood that had brought him East, he went swinging up the valley. The bold splashes of crimson and yellow and golden brown on the long slopes brought sharply out by the somber pines; the fringe of Queen Anne's lace along the road, and the masses of golden-rod and mint; the hum of millions of bees; the tumbling brook, a rod away, with its pebbly ripples and dark pools,—these he hardly saw. Even the Wittenberg, standing rugged against the sky, its crown of balsams now a trembling, luminous purple under the shafts of the setting sun, could not move him.

After supper, by some managing, he caught her alone in the hall. "Come," he said, "let's go outside."

She hesitated, but yielded. "I can't stay out but a minute. It's too cold."

"Get a wrap or something. If you bundle up we could sit awhile. It's stuffy in there."

"Oh, no, I can't: we're going to play euchre, to-night."

"We?"

"Oh, everybody. That means you, too, of course. Come in and let me introduce you. The people are jolly, most of them. There are always some queer ones, you know, at a place like this."

"But, Margaret, I didn't come to play euchre,—I don't want to know these people,—can't you see? I came on purpose to see you, and to talk to you. Get your things and take a walk with me. Never mind the euchre!"

"Oh, no, I could n't do that. The people—it would n't look right."

"What do we care for them?"

"No, I must n't. We'd better go in." And in she went, with Halloran, crestfallen, following.

After an insufferable evening he tried again to see her, and again it was accomplished only by maneuvering.

"Margaret," he said, when he had drawn her into a corner of the empty room, "tell me what it means? What's the matter?"

She looked at him and slowly shook her head. "Nothing," she replied, "nothing at all."

"Did you get my letters?"

She nodded.

"I did n't know,—you did n't answer. Why did n't you write, Margaret?"

No answer.

"Won't you tell me? I've come a long way to ask you."

"I—why, I just could n't."

"Did n't you have anything to say to me?"

"No,—I do n't believe I did."

"And have you nothing to say to me now?"

A long, long silence followed. Then Miss Davies said: "Oh, please do n't, now. It's very late,—and I'm tired."

"But when am I to see you?" he broke out, impatiently.

"Oh, there will be plenty of time. But not to-night,—please. You are n't going away before morning."

"I am here only for a day or so. I—I am down East on—on business." He had quailed again. "I just stopped off here."

"Oh, you just happened to come?"

"No, I meant to come,—I had to. I could n't stay away. It's a long time since I've seen you, Margaret."

"I know. You called in Evanston, did n't you? Mrs. Bigelow wrote me that you had taken George. How is he doing?"

"Well. But when can I talk with you—alone, somewhere? I can't say anything when you seem so hurried."

"Why,—to-morrow, perhaps."

"To-morrow morning?"

"No, not in the morning. I'm going to climb the Terrace."

"Why not drop that and come with me?"

"I can't. I promised Mr. Greene. He's getting up a party. You—you might come along."

He shook his head. There was another pause. "Margaret," he said, then, "who is Mr. Greene?"

"He's a Boston man."

"Is he?—is he—?"

Some one was looking for Miss Davies. "She's in the card room, I think," said a voice.

"Here I am. I'll be there directly."

"Wait, Margaret. Do you plan to get back for luncheon?"

"Yes,—I do n't think we are going to take any with us."

"Then I'll order a carriage for two o'clock, and we'll drive."

"Well,—"

"Of course,"—and every word he uttered sounded like "Mr. Greene,—Mr. Greene,"—"of course, if you'd rather not,—"

"Oh, no,—thank you very much. I'd enjoy going. At two, did you say?"

She was gone. And Halloran went outside and paced the veranda, alone with a cigar. His regular footfall sounded for a long time, and the thoughts he finally carried to bed with him were not the sort to put him into condition for the diplomacy the morrow was to demand. In the morning, long before daylight, he was up and dressed. He breakfasted late to avoid the climbing party, and from his window he watched them start up the road. He saw Greene take Margaret's jacket and tie the sleeves through his belt. An annoying fellow he was, with his easy manner, his faultless clothes, and his calm reserve. His manner grated on Halloran's sensibilities, for he reminded him of his own blunt western way, and forced him to recall again those rough antecedents of his. And that Halloran was keen enough to recognize the difference, indefinable as it seemed, aggravated matters. For an hour or so he sat in the library and tried to read, but failed. He thought a little fresh air might fix him up, and went out for a six-mile tramp up Panther Kill, through the ravine where the rock walls shine with moisture, and the trout lie deep in the pools below the falls, and the trees mat closely to shut out the day; but this was worse than the book. He came back over a spur of Panther Mountain, and he had his first occupation of the day, scrambling up the ledges, fighting through the brambles, placing his feet carefully on the treacherous, moss-covered rocks; here drawing himself by a finger grip up a sheer precipice, and there elbowing up a chimney.

He reached the top of the ridge, and plunged down through the forest. He saw a clearing ahead and, pushing on, found the whole valley spread out below, the stream splashing and glittering in the sun, the white road winding out, here and there, from the shelter of the trees, and all the tumbling mountain land blazing with color. To the south towered the Wittenberg, and to the north lay the peaceful slopes of North Dome and Mount Sheridan. He was knee-deep in fragrant mint, and surrounded by droning bees. A look, and he was crashing on, covered with thistledown from the tangle of brush. It was a pleasure to jump over the great hemlock logs that the tanners had left to rot thirty years before. Once a birch of six inches diameter snapped off short under his hand and gave him a tumble and a roll down the slope. He got up, shook out his joints, and went on, with a laugh, chasing a porcupine that lumbered off and tried to hide its head under a stone. When, at length, he ran out into the upper meadows behind the house he was no longer thinking of Greene.

But at noon the climbing party did not appear in the dining room. At two o'clock, when the carriage arrived, there was no sign of them. At three the horse was still waiting. At half-past three he called the boy and ordered him shortly to take the horse back to the barn. At four the party, disheveled, flushed with exercise, and laughing merrily together over the little jokes and incidents of the climb, came wearily up the walk. Halloran stood on the veranda and watched them as they climbed the steps. Margaret met him half defiantly, half apologetically.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, as she passed him, the last of the party. "Mr. Greene did take some sandwiches in his pockets. We—we went on about halfway up the Wittenberg. I must change my things now, but if you still want to go I can be ready in a few minutes."

"No,—I've sent the horse back. You could n't go now,—you need a rest."

"Well,"—with a little toss of her head,—"that's just as you like. We can go to-morrow, perhaps."

"I think I shall have to go away this afternoon."

Here he was, forcing her to speak out and urge him; and she had no notion of being forced to speak. "Oh!—

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must you go so soon? Does your business demand it?"

"I think so."

"That's too bad. You've not much more than got here. You really should have gone with us: we had a glorious climb. I'm all torn to pieces." She put out one shoe that was cut and torn in two or three places. "I never worked so in my life before."

Halloran was thawing rapidly; he could not stand there looking at her, and still keep all his resentment. And when she said, with an embarrassed little laugh, "Well, I simply must go in," he delayed her, saying: "Margaret, wait just a minute. Have n't you anything to say to me? It all rests with you. If you would tell me—to stay,—"

He could not get farther. She looked at him, then away. "Why,—why,—if you—of course, you know best how much time you have."

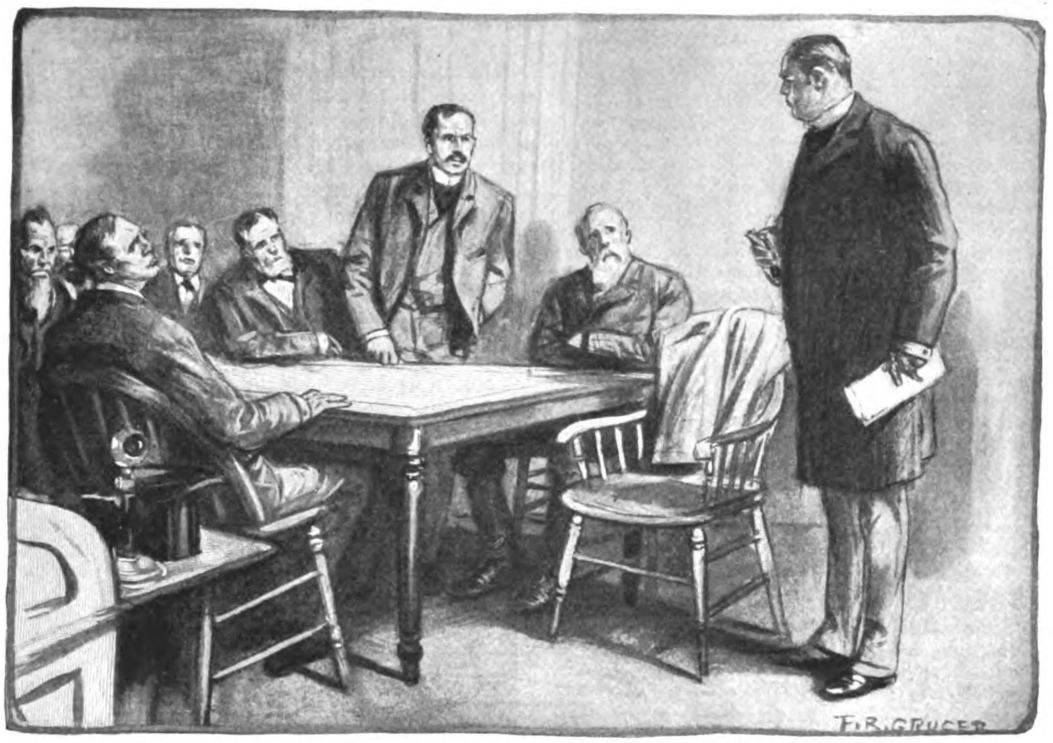
He turned away impatiently, and she hurried into the house, pausing only to add, "You really must excuse me now, Mr. Halloran; I shall be down in a few minutes."

down here, are you? And that's what it means if you don't. There's your train waiting there. You get right aboard before anybody shows up to ask questions. Good-by, and good luck to you!"

Halloran got aboard, moody still; pulled up his collar, pulled down his hat, slid down low in the seat, and fixed his eyes on a worn spot in the back of the seat ahead. When the train pulled into Reed City, he was still gazing at the worn spot.

The invigorating autumn air still held in Woodland Valley. Halloran, finding that the sleepy white horses and their driver were likely to be delayed in the village, threw his bag under a seat and set out on foot, following the road up through the notch by the bronze patches of cornstalks. He caught up a handful of young wintergreen and munched it as he tramped. There was a lift in the air, and he threw open his coat and walked with a swing.

At the house he asked for Miss Davies, and was told



"It concerns you personally, Mr. Bigelow"

But when the few minutes, lengthened to half an hour, had passed, and she had come down and looked with a curious expression into the parlors and out about the veranda, Halloran was half a mile away driving rapidly toward the railway station in the junction village. And not until the evening did she know certainly that he had gone.

One Père Marquette train reached Wauchung early in the morning, to connect with the car ferry across the lake; and this was the train that brought Halloran back home. Walking up the street, bag in hand, he met the captain, who was getting home from the yards for breakfast. Craig stopped when he saw him, and waited. They shook hands with only a greeting, but the captain's shrewd old eyes were searching Halloran's face.

"Well, Mr. Halloran, we was n't looking for you quite so soon."

"I've taken the best part out of a week. I could n't stay longer than that. I 'll see you after breakfast and go over things. No news?"

"No,—everything 's lovely. But say, Mr. Halloran,—how about it?"

Halloran shook his head and would have hurried on.

"Pshaw, now! it was n't 'no,' was it?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, say,—then maybe it's all right."

"It's nothing, captain,—worse than nothing."

"You do n't mean—you ain't telling me you 've come back without either 'no' or 'yes?'"

Halloran made no answer. He simply wanted to get away.

"Mr. Halloran, I did n't think it of you; honest, I did n't. Say, now," [He reached down and caught hold of the bag, not heeding Halloran's protest.] "let's step back this way. There has n't a soul seen you,—not a soul." His eyes swept the street. "Just step along a little quicker. The early train 'll be pulling out before long, and you can pick up some breakfast at Reed City. I'd take you home with me,—Jennie'd never peep,—but I'm afraid some of the boys might be around when you come out, and anyhow you'd have to wait till the later train, and when you come to things like this time's worth saving. I guess prob'ly there's some other fellow hanging around down there these days, and you've gone and given him a cool two days' start of you,—you've just handed it to him. Now you get right back by the fastest train you can make. There's a good many things you know a heap more about than I do, but I guess maybe women ain't one of 'em."

They reached the station, Halloran walking moodily without a word. At the edge of the platform he turned. "Captain, do you really think I ought to do it?"

"My boy, you've got to do it. You ain't going to lie

that she was in her room; so he wrote a line in the library and gave it to a maid to take to her.

She came in a moment.

"Get your things, Margaret," he said; "let's go outside."

"But—when did you come?"

"Just now. I walked up. I've been out to Wauchung since I saw you the other day, but there was no use trying to stay there. You see, what I said about being down here on business was all a fib: I was afraid to own up."

"Afraid!" She stood looking at him, with such a peculiar expression that he feared another delay.

"Never mind, now,—I 'll tell you all about it when we get out. I want to walk to the blackberry patch where I saw you the first day."

She went without a word for her things, still with that odd, sober expression; and in a few moments they were walking up the path toward the lower slopes of the mountain.

"You—you said you had been to Wauchung?" she remarked, by way of breaking the silence.

"Yes. I stayed there about twenty minutes. You see,—I can laugh at it now, but I could n't then,—I've been sort of a fool. When I wrote those letters and you did n't answer, and then when I went to your house and found that you'd come down here without a word to me, I was all broken up, and my nerve just left me. And then finally I did manage to get down here, and you did n't seem very glad to see me, and I do n't doubt I was jealous of that Greene fellow. I had forgotten then that, after that night in Evanston,—that, when you had once let me know what you let me know then,—you never would change. You see, I know you better than you think, Margaret. I've seen since that it was my fault,—that I've been expecting you to say things it was my business to say for myself,—and that there could n't anything but little misunderstandings come between us after—after that. And—and,—"

He paused to look at her. She would have liked a broad hat, or a sunbonnet,—anything that would have shielded her face from him; but her little "Tam" was merciless, and she could only study the path. In another moment he had to fall behind her.

"Well, I guess that's all there is about it, Margaret. I was a fool, but I'm not a fool any longer. Here we are, where I saw you. Let's sit down on this log." She slipped to the ground and deliberately faced away from him, looking off at the tumbling slopes of Cross Mountain. But he came around to the other side. "Now, Margaret, I've told you once, and you know all I could say without my telling you again. I love you,—that's all. I can't go on any longer this way. I can't live without you. I've tried it, but it's no use, so why can't we understand each

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The MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS
as conducted under the direction of GEO. R. CRAW

FRED MACEY'S SUCCESS

A man who had so little capital that he began business with only a desk in his residence, to-day is very wealthy, and employs over 50 stenographers. His name is Fred Macey, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and he is in the mail-order business.

All the great mail-order successes were made from small beginings.

In fact, success in the mail-order business seems to come most surely to the man who starts with small capital.

Many instances of this will be given during the year in these talks.

The instance this month is that of Fred Macey, of the Macey Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

My system of mail-order merchandising permits you to start right in beginning a mail-order business.

It effects the co-operation of the Manufacturer with the Beginner.

I am putting the mail-order business on a high plane. The members of my Bulletin Service of Manufacturers and Mail-Order Firms handle only goods of merit, made by the best and most reliable manufacturers who quote confidential trade discounts to all members.

If my long experience as advertising manager for some of the largest firms in the United States; as a newspaper man, as an ad-writer, critic, advertising agent, as one of the editors of the Mail-Order Journal, and as the Mail-Order Editor, of the Book-keeper Magazine, of Detroit, Mich., can be of value to you, it may be had in connection with my Bulletin Service of high-class Manufacturers and Mail-Order Firms.

If you desire to engage in the mail-order business on small capital, developing the business during spare moments, with the savings from your salary, or if you have unwisely handled cheap, shoddy and scheme goods, send for my proposition.

I have no outfit to sell you, or worthless advertising space to dispose of.

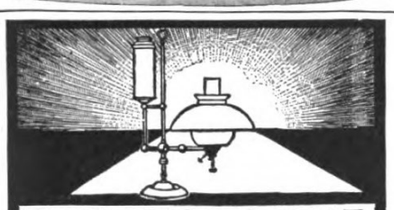
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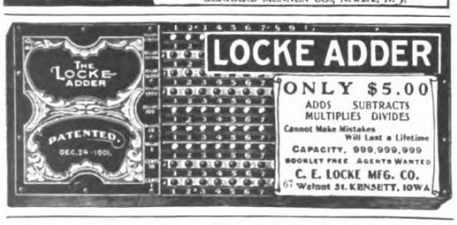


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other right now, and stop this playing at cross-purposes, and just be happy? You—you're all that I want in this world, Margaret,—everything,—everything." He was leaning forward, playing nervously with a thorny twig, and eagerly searching her face. "Tell me, Margaret,—tell me if you will come right now into my life and make it worth something. I've been working day and night for other people,—now I want to work for you. I want to see if I can't make a home for you,—if I can't make you happy. When I've been working the hardest I've wondered, a good many times, what was the use of it all,—what good it would do me if I should succeed, and make a lot of money and direct a lot of men. There's a passion for money, and there's a passion for power,—I know a good many men that have one or the other or both of them,—but one thing I've learned this year, Margaret, is that neither could ever fill my life and make it what I want to make it. Nothing, nobody but you can do that. Money and power mean worse than nothing to me unless they are means toward making you happy. That's what I want to do, Margaret, if you'll only give me the chance. Will you?"

It was a long, long time before she could do more than look off at the cloud-shadows floating up the opposite mountain side. They sat motionless; Halloran's hand had dropped from the twig, and the wonderful silence of the mountains wrapped them about. She wondered why he did not go on: he waited, breathless. She half turned: he caught her hand, and gripped it with a nervous grasp. Her eyes sought the shadows again, wavered, and were drawn slowly, in spite of herself, to his face. Then he had her in his arms.

Oh, the glory of the painted mountains, the joy of the world about them! A hawk circled overhead, flew whistling off, and lost himself in the forest. The squirrels and chipmunks, peering out from trees and rocks, recalled their own young days and whisked away, and the bees alone kept them company, but working bees have no time for love-making. All those two knew was that the world was young and was many-tinted, that the sky was blue and white above, and that all, everything, was theirs forever, in this world and in the world to come.

"Dear girl," he murmured, with his lips at her ear, "there is no mistake this time? This is for always?"

Before the words were spoken her arms were around his neck, her lips were pressed to his, and her heart was beating against his own. "Always," she was repeating with him,—"always,—always!"

* * * * * * *

The other events of the next few weeks we may pass over at a glance, from the telegram that called Halloran home to begin selling lumber to that most difficult time of all when he had to face Mrs. Higginson and tell her of his engagement. For at last the long strain was over, and Higginson and Company had won; and Mr. Higginson, who perhaps could not have endured more bad news, thrived on the reports that reached him of the condition of the company and of the success of his manager. One evening, when the family had become reconciled to the idea of Mamie's marriage to Crossman, and when the greatest day in the life of Margaret and Halloran was not far in the future, Mr. Higginson sent for him.

Halloran found him sitting up in the Morris chair, and greeted him heartily.

"Sit down, John," said the old gentleman,—"sit down. There's a matter that's been on my mind a good deal these last months, and I thought I'd lay it before you and see what you think of it. I don't believe it would hurt our business any if we call the firm, after this, Higginson and Halloran. A shorter name might look a little better, but we've never gone in much for looks. What do you think about it?"

Halloran's tongue failed him. He sat looking at his employer for a moment, and then a wave of color mounted his cheeks.

"That's all right," Mr. Higginson went on: "never mind answering now. Those papers on the table tell the story. Take them along and look them over, and, if they suit you, sign them. If you see anything you'd like changed, I don't believe we'll have any difficulty over it."

Halloran could only go to him and take his hand. His mind was roving back over all the events of his life that had led up to this moment; and, as the furnace-tending days came back to him, and the life-boat days, and those hardest days of fighting for the very existence of Higginson and Company, he knew that now, at length, he was on the winning road.

[THE END]

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour, the mill;
And back of the mill are the wheat and the shower,
And the sun and the Father's will.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

A Cripple Scattered Sunshine

AT the commencement exercises in a Des Moines school, a number of the graduates recited quotations of their own selection, and the only quotation which was bright, cheerful, and buoyant with hope, was given by a poor, lame girl, who used crutches. What a rebuke to those who are robust, healthy, and normal, to be taught lessons in cheerfulness by the crippled and deformed! If people so handicapped can rise above their misfortunes, and scatter sunshine about them, what possible excuse is there for the unhappiness, gloom, or misanthropy of the healthy and normal?

CUBS' FOOD
They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food Grape-Nuts and get well.

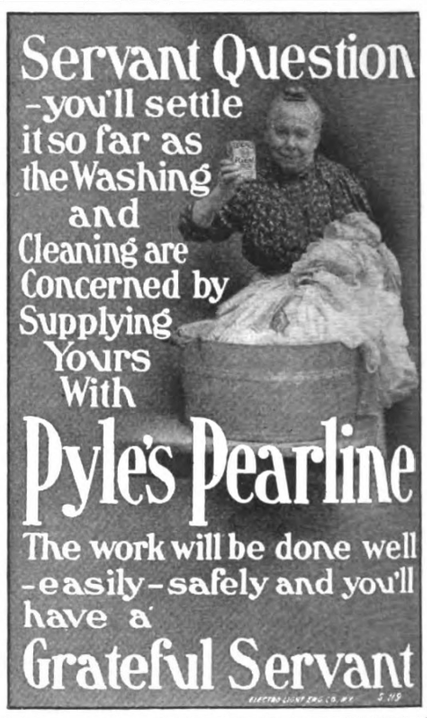
"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed it had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious, healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization.—*Macaulay.*

MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

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The World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

PHOTOGRAPHIC surveys are now made with success in cases where other methods would be too slow or too costly. A recent plan employs two exposures taken from different points. The resulting photographs are placed in a stereoscopic measuring machine which combines them and enables the exact position of any point to be easily calculated. The effective range of the instrument is given as about five miles, and it is especially recommended for mapping large areas of mountainous country.

Surveying by Photography

▲ ▲

RECENTLY electric tests have been made of hen's eggs during the process of hatching, to find at exactly what point the life within begins to show itself. The electric reactions of living and lifeless tissue being somewhat different, this is not difficult to ascertain. Augustus Waller, the English biologist who has been conducting the experiments, reports that the earliest sign of life detected was noted twenty-four hours after the incubation had begun. The rule is, he says, that from the earlier stages of development the reaction that characterizes life is always present, its absence indicating that the egg is spoiled.

When Does Life Begin in the Egg?

▲ ▲

IN the modern "sky-scraper" we have vertical metallic conductors of a height corresponding to that of the "sending wire" in space telegraphy. Should the metal pipes or frames of such a building be of such size as to respond precisely to the electric oscillations of a sending station, what would be the result? This question is asked by the "Electrical Review," which apprehends that a powerful wireless station within a large city might cause trouble. It will be remembered that the high voltage and powerful sparks at such stations have already earned them in England the title of "thunder factories." The probable effect of such a station in a city "certainly seems to be a question," says the "Review," "deserving of the most careful and thorough consideration."

Wireless Telegraphy and Tall Buildings

▲ ▲

THERE is nothing new under the sun. That apparently up-to-date method of illustrating centrifugal force known as "looping the loop" was practiced, it seems, as long ago as the first half of the last century. A French journal ascribes its invention to M. Clavière, of Havre. At first the car that did the "looping" bore nothing but bags of sand, but soon a passenger made the venture, and, in 1850, the sport was a prominent feature of the performance at the Paris Hippodrome. Apparently, however, it was reserved for this country to throw the sport open to the public, as was done at Coney Island, and, later, to produce a performer daring enough to make the trip on a bicycle. In spite of this long record, the feasibility of the loop trip with a car running on rails was denied several years ago in a technical journal, on the ground that the necessary initial speed could not be obtained.

The Antiquity of "Looping the Loop"

▲ ▲

GEOLOGISTS tell us that underground channels are slowly capturing all our rivers, and that the entire water system of the earth is to become subterranean. Whether man will then forsake the dried surface and dwell in caves or manage to pump from its underground retreat such water as he needs, they do not inform us. M. Paul Combes tells us that our knowledge of what he calls "hydrologic evolution" on this and other planets is largely due to data collected by experts in cavern lore, or "speleologists," as they call themselves, whose pursuit has, until quite recently, been regarded more as a harmless amusement than as a branch of science. As instances of celestial bodies on which hydrological evolution is in its final phases, M. Combes mentions the planet Mars and the moon. On Mars the only surface water left is apparently that which forms the polar ice caps; on the moon it has all gone, according to most astronomers, while others think that a little vapor may find its way to the outer regions,—enough to cause an occasional snowstorm.

The Passing of the Rivers and the Oceans

▲ ▲

RADIUM continues to interest both the chemists and the physicists, as well as the general public. We hear, through the medium of the daily papers, more or less that is wonderful about it, and some things that are true. It should be remembered that the statements about what a pound of radium will do are somewhat like descriptions of the properties of a turnip as large as a house. The quantities of radium at an experimenter's disposal are, so far, very small,—almost microscopic. Professor and Madame Curie, of Paris, however, have recently stated that radium gives out, spontaneously, heat enough to melt its own weight of ice every hour, and that, apparently, the source of energy is unlimited. Discussion of the cause of this apparent violation of nature's laws can scarcely be said to have brought ont any definite conclusion. One theory, that radium absorbs gravitational energy and turns it into heat has been carefully tested in Germany, but with negative results. It appears more probable that a minute molecular change is going on in the substance, which it requires considerable time to detect.

The Wonderful Element, Radium

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TO CONSTRUCT an observatory a mile beneath the surface of the earth would seem to be neither easy nor cheap. Fortunately it is not necessary, in these days of automatically registering instruments, for the observer to accompany his apparatus. He may remain on the earth's surface, while his instrument is lowered to the required depth through a boring like those made for artesian wells. It is proposed by a French physicists, M. Laisant, that a series of such underground "observatories" be established in different parts of the world, for

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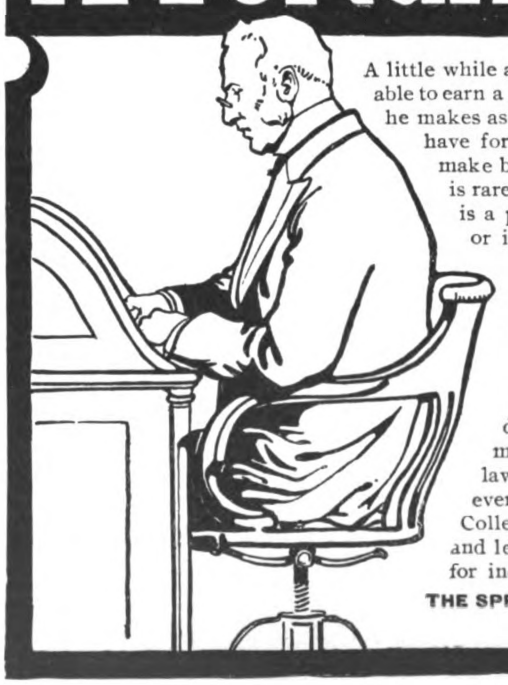
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the purpose of collecting data regarding the phenomena of the earth's crust, especially of underground temperature. The cost, he says, would be vastly less than that of astronomical observation, and the result would be more beneficial to mankind. He is trying to interest some government or scientific society in his project, though hitherto he has not had much success.

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AIR that has been breathed contains a large percentage of carbonic acid gas, and it is generally considered that this is what makes it harmful, since this gas will not support life. We are reminded, however, by the "Lancet," that carbonic acid, by itself, has little or no poisonous effect. It must, therefore, have some poisonous companion in human breath, which has not yet been isolated by chemists. The poison, however, seems to be proportioned to the amount of carbonic acid, so that it is quite proper to estimate the foulness of the air by measuring the latter. "The whole question," says "The Lancet," needs a much more extended inquiry than has been hitherto carried out."

What Makes Foul Air Injurious?

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THE papers announce that two German explorers, Scholl of Munich, and a Dr. Kuempfe, are to seek the pole under the frozen arctic seas in a submarine boat constructed specially for the purpose, and that the boat is to keep in communication with civilization by wireless telegraphy. The "Marine Review" makes great fun of this project and of all similar ones. So far, it says, all that the submarine boat has accomplished is to stay for a few hours at the bottom of some shallow body of water, to the great discomfort of its crew. It has no sense of direction when in motion, and its radius of action is only about twenty miles. "The pole," it concludes, "like the navies of the nations, is safe from the submarine."

By Submarine to the Pole?

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THAT laughter may be primarily a manifestation of displeasure instead of pleasure is suggested by an English psychologist. From this view, the laughter excited by ridicule of a thing that we dislike is more fundamental than the laughter of joy. Perhaps tickling brings us nearer to purely animal laughter than anything else. Here the cause is purely physical, and is generally disliked by the victim. Professor James Sully, in his recent book on the subject, tells us that "much at least of the later and more refined laughter is analogous to the effect of tickling." We must probably distinguish, however, between the laughter of pure good spirits and that of one who "laughs at" a thing. These may be distinct in their origin, and it is the latter that is doubtless derived from displeasure.

Why Do We Laugh?

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AMONG a large number of theories to explain the blueness of the sky, only two have survived to recent date, namely: the one that ascribes it to the proper color of the air, and the one that considers it due to reflection from very small particles of suspended matter, as with the blue color of very thin smoke. The latter theory, which is that of Lord Rayleigh, has recently been exhaustively tested by Herr G. Zettwuch, who concludes that it alone corresponds to fact, and that the weak bluish color of the air, if it exists at all, contributes nothing toward the blue of the sky. Herr Zettwuch finds that the most "saturated" or "bluest" blue is not at the zenith, but at points ninety degrees from the sun. He also finds that the skies of England and France are bluer than those of Italy, which hardly accords with tradition.

Why Is the Sky Blue?

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A RECENT lecturer on the subject gives some remarkable figures on the rapidity of brain and nerve action during the execution of certain pieces on the pianoforte. The speed may be so great as to require the eye to take in twenty-five separate signs in a second, and the fingers to make thirty-three separate movements in the same time, while the brain is superintending and carrying out the necessary connection between the two. As the eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions in a second, the notes must be seen and appreciated in groups, just as in reading a sentence one does not pick out the letters separately. With very practiced readers, whether of music or of printed words, the translation of signs into sounds becomes almost automatic; that is, the brain is able to hand over its share of the work to the lower or subconscious centers, and the higher centers are not taxed.

The Psychology of Piano-Playing

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THE task of associating external characteristics with moral attributes in man has been essayed by Professor Karl Pearson, of London, and some of his colleagues. The investigation, which has been going on for six years past and involves the study of over six thousand records, shows, as asserted by Professor Pearson, some curious results. For instance, blue-eyed persons are more conscientious than dark-eyed, and persons with red or fair hair than those with black. Red-haired boys are apt to be quick-tempered, while dark-haired ones are more often sullen. Handwriting appears a fairly trustworthy indication of character, bad writing affording a "warning note," according to the professor. Ability in athletics is correlated with a higher intelligence than the average, and the converse is also true. "Many of Professor Pearson's conclusions," says a London medical authority, "would receive strenuous opposition if a plebiscite were taken."

Physical Signs of Moral Character

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For too many of us it has come to be well-nigh impossible to sit down by ourselves without turning around instinctively for a book or a newspaper. The habit indicates a vacancy of mind, a morbid intellectual restlessness, and may not inaptly be compared with that incessant delirious activity which those who are familiar with deathbed scenes know are the signs of dissolution. Books are an inestimable boon; let me never be without the best of them, both old and new. Still, one would fain have an occasional thought of one's own, even though, as is the common saying, it is nothing to speak of. Meditation is an old-fashioned exercise.—BRADFORD TORREY.

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A Nashville man says: "For many years I was a perfect slave to coffee, drinking it every day, and all the time I suffered with stomach trouble and such terrific nervousness that at times I was unable to attend to business and life seemed hardly worth living. I attributed my troubles to other causes than coffee and continued to drench my system with this drug. Finally I got so bad I could not sleep, my limbs were weak and trembling, and I had a constant dread of some impending danger, and the many medicines I tried failed to help me at all.

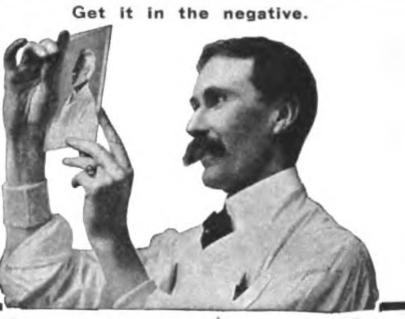
"One day a friend told me what Postum had done for her husband and advised me to quit coffee and try it, but I would not do so. Finally another friend met me on the street one day, and after talking about my health he said, 'You try Postum Cereal Coffee and leave coffee alone,' adding that his nervous troubles had all disappeared when he gave up coffee and began to drink Postum.

"This made such a great impression on me that I resolved to try it, although I confess I had little hopes. However, I started in, and to my unbounded surprise, in less than two weeks I was like another person. All of my old troubles are now gone, and I am a strong, healthy, living example of the wonderful rebuilding power of Postum. It is a fine drink as well as a delicious beverage, and I know it will correct all coffee ills; I know what a splendid effect it had on me to give up coffee and drink Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Making American Naval Heroes

JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

A NAVAL officer of to-day has no smooth sailing to the four stars of an admiral. From the time of his entry into the naval academy until his retirement, if he remains in the service, he must work, work, work, fitting himself for the opportunity which, successfully seized, will bring him reward as great as that conferred upon Farragut, Porter, or Dewey. Napoleon once said: "There are no poor regiments, but often poor colonels." With ships' companies composed of the finest fighting men in the world, responsibility for victory or defeat must inevitably fall upon the leaders; and leaders, even when born, are apt to fail in modern naval operations, unless their native ability has been brought to flower by the toil of constant application.

The education and training of an officer of the United States navy have in view the single purpose of fitting him to exercise, properly and without faltering, command in battle. His education is obtained at the naval academy; his training never ends. Upon the completion of four years of study at Annapolis, where he learns the theory and some practical knowledge of his future profession, he spends two years at sea, acquiring information which will be useful when he places his foot upon the first rung of commissioned rank. Returning to Annapolis, he receives his commission, and then is sent back to sea, an "insect" among his seniors, but an ensign and an officer to his family and his friends. As a midshipman, he has performed the duties of an enlisted man, and as an ensign he is consequently equipped to drill the division placed under his command. He imparts to the men the intricacies of their calling, displaying patience surprising to a civilian unused to the ways of the service. While recently on board the United States ship "Prairie," a training ship for landsmen, I saw Lieutenant Edward H. Watson, one of the young watch and division officers, teach a man how to tie a knot. The knot was simple, but the man was dull. Again and again Watson took the rope and twisted it, directing attention to each stage of the operation as he advanced. At last the student grasped the idea. During the afternoon, when free from other duties, he occupied his time in perfecting himself in his lesson. When next he was asked by Lieutenant Watson to tie the knot, there was celerity in the movement which brought a word of commendation. The pride that flushed the landsman's face repaid the trouble his officer had taken.

No post in battle is more exposed than that of a young officer. He may be stationed in the fighting top of a battleship in charge of the machine guns. He may have reached the dignity of turret-work and have charge of the manipulation of two death-dealing twelve-inch guns. He may be in command of a number of weapons of smaller caliber belonging to the main or to the secondary battery, or he may be in the bowels of the ship, controlling the machinery, or sending ammunition to the gunners. Politics is allowed to play as small a part as possible in the administration of the navy, with the result that merit receives recognition. If an officer is energetic and worthy, he may, if he desires, be placed in command of a torpedo boat or a small gunboat engaged in patrol work in the Philippine Islands. Few officers of or above the rank of a lieutenant care to incur or are able physically to stand the risks, the hardships, and the nerve-racking experiences of the youngsters commanding boats of these types. The problem of a torpedo boat is strictly limited; it must get within range of an enemy's man-of-war, discharge its torpedo, and, if it can, escape from the rapid-fire guns which open as soon as it is detected. Three qualities are requisite for the work,—dash, courage, and judgment,—and they must act upon a physique capable of bearing its possessor unfalteringly through a hail of shell and bullets. In spite of the danger, the almost certainty that death will follow an attack of this kind, positions on torpedo boats are eagerly sought by young officers. In time of peace, there is nothing of the picturesque on board a torpedo boat. Clad in dungarees, stripped of the blue and brass buttons, the officers work with the men, generating comradeship essential to the formation of a complete unit, but retaining the supremacy of education and training which fits them to become leaders.

A way is open for every man to reach the golden gateway of success if he does n't stumble over the "ifs" in his pathway and pause too often and too long to ask "Why?" Success does n't come on the wings of doubt. It comes to the man who pushes IF aside, asks no whys, and puts purpose and push together.

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Looking for the Light

[*Concluded from page 548*]

to try and put into practice the only thing he understood, and that was the management of boys' clubs. He went at once to the Cambridge Settlement, in which Mrs. Quincy Shaw is interested, and, because the settlement has helped many ambitious young men like himself, it helped him. He was given a position there, and so proficient was he in the work and so earnest in his efforts that he was gradually given more responsibility, and eventually he paid for his education at Harvard simply by having taken stock of his resources and turned to account the one thing he knew and in which he was really a specialist. He was graduated at Harvard a year ago, and is making his profession the work in the settlement, where he is assisting men whose struggles are like his own.

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By no means is the history of effort to win a new life confined to men. There are, for instance, two young women, both born and bred in East Side tenements, whose achievements have been wonderful. Both are connected now with the work of the University Settlement.

One of these young women, Miss Rebecca F——, belongs to a Russian Jewish family which came to America when she was a child. She was reared in the Jewish Quarter of the Bowery, and went to school there. Her intelligence and alertness made her a promising pupil. The evening classes made their appeal to her, and she used to go to these and to the playgrounds with the other little East Side children whom she knew. When she was fourteen years old the circumstances of her family became more straitened than ever before, and she was obliged to go to work. Instead of applying at the factories and sweat-shops, the usual working-places of girls of her class after the school days are early over, she went to the school whose evening classes she attended and begged to be taken in there in some capacity which would enable her to earn a little money. Touched by the child's cagerness, those in charge managed their slender funds so that she might be taken as a doorkeeper and hall-girl, and this position enabled her to attend school and contribute to the support of her family. In a little time she was taken in as assistant to the girls' classes, and at length she applied to the Educational Alliance to be put in charge of one of the roof playgrounds. This was given to her, and so successful was her work there that the Board of Education engaged her to supervise work of the same sort, and this position she still occupies. By this time she was enabled to make come true her dream of higher education, and she entered the Normal School, from which she was recently graduated. Her intention is to take up immediately the playground work as her profession. She is a clever, refined girl, and has absolutely molded her own career.

Miss Nellie F——'s success has been along the same lines. She was one of the little children who came to the play-centers and evening classes of the schools; she watched the instructors, learned the exercises and games, and was able to offer herself as an assistant. Now she is in charge of about a dozen classes of boys and girls, and is herself a charming example of what just that sort of training leads to.

The work of both these young women, moreover, besides refining their own lives, has had a powerful influence for good upon those with whom they work. Miss Nellie F—— comes in contact with more than two thousand children every week,—children of the slums, to each one of whom it is her whole hope to give some little glimpse of light that shall kindle a longing for more.

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From Poorhouse to Parliament

FROM the poorhouse to a seat in parliament is the notable advance of William Crooks, a working cooper in the Woolwich district of London, England. Heretofore, the district has polled over ten thousand votes, always giving the government a large majority; but at the last election the cooper was elected as a Liberal by a majority of 3,229, in a total vote of fourteen thousand. When Crooks's father died, the mother and children were ordered to the poorhouse at Poplar, England, and, in 1878, young Crooks was a tramp on the road from London to Liverpool, looking for work. He is now chairman of the board of guardians, the same official body that ordered him, as a boy, to the poorhouse. He is also the presiding officer of several other public boards and organizations. Among his personal friends is Lord Rosebery. The man defeated by this working cooper in the election is Geoffrey Drage, one of Great Britain's most prominent statesmen, and author of many works on social economy. He was a Derby Conservative member of parliament from 1895 to 1900. He takes the seat vacated by Lord Charles Beresford.









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Character-Building Through Thought

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

V.—Overcoming Fear

IN setting about the overcoming of fear, we must first understand what it is we fear. It is always something that has not yet happened; that is, it is non-existent. Trouble is an imaginary something that we think of, and which frightens us with its possibility. Suppose you are afraid of yellow fever; that is, you are afraid of the suffering caused by the disease, and especially of probable fatal termination. As long as you have not the fever, it does not exist for you. If you have it, it has not killed you yet, and it may not do so. The most that can actually exist for you at any one time is pain and physical weakness. A state of terror aggravates every disagreeable feature of the illness and makes a fatal issue almost certain. By resisting the pain and the weakness, using the will power and proper remedial agencies for the purely physical manifestations of the disease, you will probably recover. It is because it is so feared that it is so often fatal, and even its contagion seems to be governed very largely by the fear people have of it, in spite of germs and microscopic proofs of their part in the development of the disease. That is, the germs do not often affect a healthy, fearless person.

During a yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans, in the days before all the doctors had agreed that the disease is contagious, a young Northern teacher arrived at Natchez, Mississippi, in a high fever. Dr. Samuel Cartwright was called. The next morning, according to Dr. William H. Holcomb, he summoned the officers of the hotel and all the regular boarders into the parlor and made them a speech something like this:—

"This young lady has yellow fever. It is not contagious. None of you will take it from her; and, if you will follow my advice, you will save this town from a panic, and a panic is the hot bed of an epidemic. Say nothing about this case. Ignore it absolutely. Let the ladies of the house help nurse her, and take flowers and delicacies to her, and act altogether as if it were some everyday affair, unattended by danger. I will save her life, and perhaps, in the long run, those of many others."

The advised course was agreed to by all but one woman, who proceeded to quarantine herself in the most remote room of the hotel. The young teacher got well, and no one in the house except this terror-stricken woman became sick with yellow fever.

"By his great reputation and his strong magnetic power," says Dr. Holcomb, "Dr. Cartwright dissipated the fears of those around him, and prevented an epidemic. For this grand appreciation and successful application of a principal—the power of mind and thought over physical conditions, a power just dawning on the perception of the race,—he deserves a nobler monument than any we have accorded heroes and statesmen."

Most people are afraid to walk on a narrow place high above ground. If that same narrow space were marked on a broad walk, they could keep within it perfectly, and never think of losing their balance. The only dangerous thing about walking in such a place is the fear of falling. Steady-headed people are simply fearless; they do not allow the thought of possible danger to overcome them, but keep their physical powers under perfect control. An acrobat has only to conquer fear to perform most of the feats that astound spectators. For some feats, special training and development of the muscles, or of the eye and judgment, are necessary, but a cool, fearless head is all that is necessary for most.

The images that frighten a child into convulsions in a dark room do not exist for the parent. When the child is convinced that the ghosts and monsters are not real, the terror ceases. A city child who had never walked on grass showed terror when first placed on yielding turf, and walked as gingerly as if it had been hot iron. There was nothing to be afraid of, but the child thought there was. When the belief of danger was eradicated, the fear was gone. So it would be with grown up fears if habit, race-thought, and wrong early training did not set us in grooves that are hard to get out of. If we could but rise to the conviction that fear is only an image of the mind, and that it has no existence except in our consciousness, what a boon it would be to the human race!

Take a very common fear,—that of losing one's position! The people who make their lives miserable worrying about this possible misfortune have not yet been discharged. As long as they have not, they are suffering nothing, and there is no danger of want. The present situation is therefore satisfactory. If discharge comes, it is then too late to worry about its coming, and all previous worrying would have been pure waste, doing no good, but rather weakening one for the necessary struggle to get another situation. The thing to worry about then will be that another place will not be found. If a place is found, all the worrying will again be useless. Under no circumstances can the worrying be justified by the condition of affairs at any particular time.

In overcoming your various fears, follow each one out to its logical conclusion thus, and convince yourself that at the present moment the things you fear do not exist save in your imagination. Whether they ever come to pass in the future or not, your fear is a waste of time, energy, and actual bodily and mental strength. Quit worrying just as you would quit eating or drinking something you felt sure had caused you pain in the past.

Merely convincing yourself that what you fear is imaginary will not suffice until you have trained your mind to throw off suggestions of fear, and to combat all thought that leads to it. This will require constant watchfulness and alert mental effort. When the thoughts of foreboding, or worry, begin to suggest themselves, not only do not indulge them, and let them grow big and black, but even change your thought, and think of all that tends in the opposite direction. If the fear is of personal failure, instead of thinking how little and weak you are, how ill-prepared for the great task, and how sure you are to fail, think how strong and competent you are, how you have done similar tasks, and how you are going to utilize all your past experience and rise to this present occasion, then do the task triumphantly, and be ready for a bigger one. It is such an attitude as this, whether consciously assumed or not, that carries men to higher places.



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Seeing Through Another's Eyes

HOWARD FIELDING

[*Concluded from page 557*]

helped by what I have learned since you took charge here. A man, as he rises in the world, forgets much that he leaves behind, much that it would be important for him to remember. Ten months ago I should have been foolish enough to claim that I understood this work thoroughly, from top to bottom. But I did n't; I only understood it from bottom to top. In every branch of the establishment, as I have gone downward, I have learned something. You yourself have seen the results in reduced expenses."

"I admit that you have saved us a trifle here and there," said Gerald.

"By the way, Sargent," said Butler, quickly, "is your stock for sale?"

"Yes, Eli; it's for sale," responded Sargent; "but, before you buy it, I think, in common honesty, and in consideration of our long friendship, I ought to tell you something. The value of this stock will presently be considerably impaired."

"By your absence, I presume," said Gerald.

"Thank you; no," said Sargent. "It will be impaired by something which I have learned on my downward path, thanks to you, Gerald. I never should have known it, and never should have thought of it, if you had not given me this golden opportunity."

He winked pleasantly at Butler, who immediately remembered the use of the words "golden opportunity" upon another occasion.

"As this knowledge was obtained here," he continued, "I was prepared to give you the advantage of it, though the bulk of it can not be turned to the uses of this business."

"What are you driving at?" exclaimed Sylvanus Woodbury, getting upon his feet with an audible creaking of his hinges.

"I hold in my hand," said Sargent, "an option on the Thompson Process. I understand it thoroughly, and am prepared to make it a commercial success."

"I was afraid of it; I was afraid of it!" cried the lawyer; and he turned and shook his long forefinger in Eli Butler's face. "Sargent, we'll renew that contract."

"It is after twelve o'clock, Mr. Woodbury," said Sargent, "and, by its terms, the contract expires at that hour. I am no longer bound. If I may say so without disrespect, I think you should have interfered before, if not for Gerald's sake, for that of his sister and joint heir, the daughter of your friend."

"I'm not thinking of anybody else," said old Sylvanus. "This boy may go to the devil in his own way. No; that's not quite true, yet it's the girl whose interests I am most bound to protect. Sit down here, Sargent, and talk to me like a friend. Give me facts and figures, and we will bring justice out of this muddle somehow. Gerald, I shall have to take charge here. You and your pilot"—pointing to Butler,—"have got this vessel onto the rocks."

Two hours later Sargent stood on the broad stone step as Eli Butler came out of the building.

"So it's a sort of consolidation, eh?" said Butler. "We take in the Thompson Process on your option, and you get a whole block of stock. Well, I can see my finish. You'll chalk my hat all right."

"From your side of the fence," said Sargent, slowly, "that would look like revenge. Even from my side it might have that appearance, and I do n't like revenge. Where are you going now, Eli?"

"I'm going to take a walk in the rain," replied Butler, "to see how it would seem to have no home. Savvy, John?"

"When you come back, see Woodbury," said Sargent. "If you can square it with him, I won't interfere. He's officer of the deck, just now."

"If Woodbury's on deck, I walk the plank," responded Butler.

He stepped squarely out into the rain, in his usual elegant attire, and without an overcoat or umbrella.

"My grandmother's ducks!" said he, turning suddenly, "but you kept this thing mighty quiet!"

"I?" echoed Sargent. "Not a bit of it. I told my secret on the evening of the very day that I first got the idea. I whispered it into somebody's ear. It was only a hope, then, for I did n't know as much as I do now. Eli, I clinched this thing in the sandpit. I had to go 'way down there to get to the bottom of it."

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The Story of Peter White

R. CLYDE FORD



PETER WHITE

PETER WHITE, who is called "the grand old man of Michigan," is now a little past seventy years old,—and as much interested in matters of to-day as he was in the affairs of the time when he was beginning life in the wilderness. Some pioneers, when they live over into a generation not their own, feel that they have lived too long, but not so with Peter White. He has accommodated himself easily and gracefully to the changed conditions of life which surround him. When fifteen years old Mr. White left home to seek his fortune, and it was ten years before his family saw him again.

For two centuries Mackinac had been a romantic *entrepôt* of trade for the Northwest, and thither the boy wandered. He lived on the island for several years and gained much wordly wisdom from contact with traders, government officials, Indians, and *voyageurs*. There was in those days something of what the Germans call the *naturmensch* in the youngster, and he speedily felt at home in the free, wild atmosphere of the old lake post. He soon became a hail fellow with the Indians because he learned to speak their tongue, and if his name had not been so unmistakably Yankee he would have passed for a bright young native of lower Canada.

Iron was discovered in Michigan in the '40's, and in 1849, Mr. White gave up his position at Mackinac, worth thirty-five dollars a month with board, to accept another at twelve dollars a month with a party starting for the iron country situated inland from what is now Marquette on Lake Superior. He possessed ambition, and courage, and believed that the new region offered the very opportunities that he was looking for. From that time his life has been indissolubly linked with the development of Michigan's great upper peninsula.

For a time after his arrival in the new country he worked as clerk in a company store. The second winter he carried the mail on snowshoes and by dog-train to L'Anse, seventy-five miles through the wilderness. For this he was promised one thousand two hundred dollars,—he received three dollars in all.

In 1851, before he was of age, he was appointed postmaster. In 1855 he started in business for himself, opening a store and a local bank. He also became agent for the Cleveland Iron Company, and began to make investments in real estate. Two years later he was elected a member of the state legislature, and was appointed a United States land-agent. He was not too busy to study law, until he was admitted to the bar.

When the Civil War began, the production of iron in Michigan was an assured fact, and considerable quantities of pig iron were going down the lakes. As the war continued, it occurred to Peter White that there would soon be a boom in iron. He accordingly proceeded to buy back at a liberal advance in price several hundred tons which he had recently sold and which were lying on various docks of the lower lake ports. Then one day he walked into the office of a foundry company in Cleveland and sold a thousand tons at forty-two dollars a ton. Peter White has always been a public-spirited citizen. Every church in the city where he lives has received contributions from him. He has given the city a public library of ten thousand volumes, and a monument of Père Marquette, the early missionary of Lake Superior. But his crowning gift to his townspeople was when he procured from the general government Presque Isle, a natural park of great beauty, and spent sixty-five thousand dollars in improving it. For fifty-three years now he has been a member of the local school board, and is a leading member of various commissions, and of many learned and financial associations of the state and nation.

THE VALUE OF DECISION

ALL along life's pathway, we see people sidetracked, wavering, vacillating, who waited until their opportunities had gone by, until the tide had receded, until the nick of time was beyond their reach. There is nothing else which will so energize and brace up all the faculties as a habit of quick, energetic decision, and prompt action.

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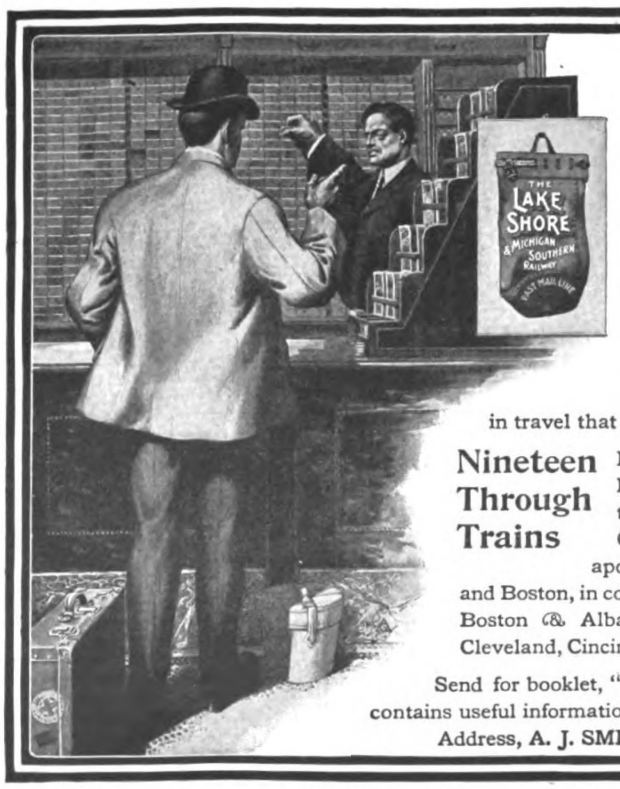
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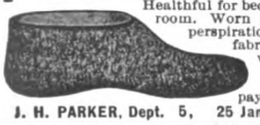
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The Editor's Chat

Don't worry, don't fret, however dark the outlook; you will ultimately come to the light if you look upward, live upward, work upward.

Why His Marriage Was a Failure

He regarded children as a nuisance.
He did all his courting before marriage.
He never talked over his affairs with his wife.
He never had time to go anywhere with his wife.
He doled out money to his wife as if to a beggar.
He looked down upon his wife as an inferior being.
He never took time to get acquainted with his family.
He thought of his wife only for what she could bring to him.
He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.
He never dreamed that a wife needs praise or compliments.
He had one set of manners for home and another for society.
He paid no attention to his personal appearance after marriage.
He married an ideal, and was disappointed to find it had flaws.
He thought his wife should spend all her time doing housework.
He treated his wife as he would not have dared to treat another woman.
He never dreamed that his wife needed a vacation, recreation or change.
He never made concessions to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters.
He thought the marriage vow had made him his wife's master, instead of her partner.
He took all the little attentions lavished on him by his wife as his by "divine right," and not as favors.
He always carried his business troubles home with him, instead of locking them in his store or office when he closed.

▲ ▲

The Ambition That Elevates

"I WOULD not give a fig," says Andrew Carnegie, "for the young man in business who does not already see himself a partner or the head of an important firm. Do not rest for a moment in your thoughts as a head clerk or foreman or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say, each, to yourself, 'My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams. Vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vow to distract your attention."

There is no doubt that a great many young men fail because they do not aim high enough, and a great many more do not succeed because they will not pay the price of success. They are not willing to dig, and stick, and save for it. Their ambition leads them no further than wishing,—it is not backed by effort.

It would be a paltry sort of ambition, however, and not at all, I am sure, what Mr. Carnegie had in mind, which would confine itself to the purpose of being a partner or head of a great firm, or a great lawyer, doctor, or statesman. The prime ambition or aspiration should be to unfold evenly, and to let growth in character lead to excellence in all other things. No matter what business, or profession, or occupation one is engaged in, he should aim to excel in it, and to reach its highest pinnacle. The love of excellence is the lodestar that leads the world onward. Nothing less than our best efforts will result in any lasting benefit to ourselves or to the community in which we live. It matters not if we do not thereby reach our aim, for we will grow broader and higher and richer in experience and knowledge through the trying.

"Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "must bring all his mind to bear on that one object from the moment he rises until he goes to bed."

The advice of successful men, in any line, is always the same: "Concentrate, concentrate!" Give your undivided attention to that in which you desire to excel. Never waver in your purpose, but press onward as do the stars in their courses.

"We must aspire ever," said Clyde Fitch, the successful playwright, in a recent interview. "We must not rest on our laurels, no matter how hardly earned. We must go on. A dear friend of mine said to me, 'Oh, take it easy. Write one of your society plays a year. Enjoy yourself.' But work is my enjoyment."

The young men who "take it easy," enjoying themselves first, and working only when they feel like it, are never likely to do much good for themselves or any one else. That trait of character which Webster defined as "an eager desire for the attainment of something" must be present in every youth who would make himself supremely useful in the world. It is eager desire to attain excellence in their work that makes men successful.

When David Maydole, the village blacksmith, was asked by a contractor to make two hammers for him somewhat better than those he had made for his men, he replied: "I can't make any better ones. When I make a thing I make it as well as I can, no matter whom it is for." It was the earnest purpose to make the best hammers that could be made that brought him profit, honor, and a world-wide reputation as the manufacturer of the celebrated "Maydole hammers."

"I wish to be Chateaubriand, or nothing," wrote Victor Hugo in his notebook, at the age of fourteen. Even long before, the child had his ideal, and ever, as the years advanced, it went upward and still upward.

When the late Horace Maynard entered Amherst College he nailed a large "V" over his door, so as to keep himself daily reminded that he must be prepared to deliver his class valedictory when the time should come. Needless to say, he was chosen for the honor.

If we do not look up and aspire to higher and higher things, we shall make no progress, and progress is the law of nature. If we don't go upward, we go downward. "You can not, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are," says William Ellery Channing. "The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, or keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, or influence, but by your own consent."

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A Fatal Gift

ROBERT C. OGDEN, John Wanamaker's partner, says that one of the things commonly fatal to the success of young men in business is a habit of talking too much. He declares that it is the silent man, who thinks much and talks little, who is the wisest, and will succeed most quickly.

Many a youth has failed to accomplish anything worth while simply because he could talk glibly, without effort, and—without thought. In school he was envied by the hard-working, slow-tongued boy, whose thoughts matured more rapidly than his words; he was looked up to by all his classmates as a brilliant star, one born with a happy faculty which would help him win his way in the world without any particular effort on his part. He himself regarded his facility of speech as a substitute for an education, or for the ordinary drudgery of business training. His awakening came later,—too late for him to repair the mistake of his youth.

How many young men possessing this, to them, fatal gift, have entered the ministry, depending almost wholly on their natural flow of language instead of the solid preparation that would give them breadth and depth and reserve power! They thought they would have no more trouble in winning and holding the attention of their congregations than they had in gathering about them an audience of school or college friends. Some of them did not even think it necessary to go to college. Their first sermons, allowing for their youth and inexperience, were considered marvels, but before long their lack of thoroughness began to be apparent. Their shallowness and superficiality could not be hidden from the most ignorant. Having no reserve to draw upon, they repeated themselves again and again. Sound without sense and words without thoughts back of them were all they had to give to people hungering to hear something vital. Lacking the knowledge and resourcefulness which are the results of years of training and disciplined study, they had nothing but husks to offer to their congregations. They were no more capable of holding pastorates than was that illiterate preacher of whom it is told that, on a certain occasion, wishing to show his contempt for classical education, he thus accosted a learned clergyman: "Sir, you have been to college, I presume?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," said the unlearned one, expanding his chest, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," promptly retorted the other, "happened in Balaam's time."

A young man of ready speech who thinks of entering the ministry, or, indeed, any other of the professions, should study the words of Rev. David J. Burrell, of New York City, in relation to the subject of preparation for the work. He says: "A liberal education is an important factor in a minister's equipment. While a college education is not absolutely necessary, a man not college-bred is at a great disadvantage. *It never pays to take a short cut.* Because the standard of intellect and knowledge is very high in the ministry, a young man who hopes to rise above the average must have both natural and cultivated powers."

It is the same in every profession,—in every department of life. With enlarged opportunities for higher education and thoroughness of preparation, the standards are everywhere being raised. No glibness of tongue can cover up a lack of solid acquirements.

Among young lawyers as well as young ministers, many a one has come to grief because he has depended upon his readiness of speech. He could talk easily, could interest an audience in a debating contest, and was not at a loss for a word on any ordinary occasion. He did not think a college education and years of drill in a law school necessary to his success at the bar. With his natural gift for debating, he felt that there was no need for him of the laborious training a less talented youth would require. When he was finally admitted to the bar and found himself among men of trained powers, he discovered his mistake. He realized then the truth of the statement made by Frederic R. Coudert, ex-president of the New York State Bar Association. "Nothing," said Mr. Coudert, "can take the place of a classical four years' course in college in its influence on an aspirant for professional success. Many have succeeded and become leaders of men without the training and culture of a college education. Many others with all the advantages of such an education have passed unnoticed through life. But we are not speaking now of exceptional cases and may overlook both classes. Nature will have her joke, at times, and laugh at rules, and scoff at experience, and give sophists a chance to argue and show their wit; but the fact, none the less, remains that a youth who has gone through the course of intellectual gymnastics that a college affords starts in life with an advantage."

Readiness of speech is not a gift to be underrated because it is so frequently abused. Some of the most charming people in the world are those who are always ready to say the right word in the right place and at the right time, and they infuse new life and spirit into any company into which they come because of their happy conversational powers. But their gift would profit them little if it were not enhanced by cultivation of their mental powers, by years of study, and by gathering knowledge from all sources within their reach. When they speak people gladly listen, because they are sure to hear something worth listening to.

No one need flatter himself that, because he can talk, or do other things without effort, he needs no further preparation for his life-work. No matter what your natural gifts may be, you will never succeed in your specialty without

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serving a faithful apprenticeship to it. It is the reserve power accumulated by years of training and by the dry drudgery of discipline in school, in college, in a trade, in a business, or in a profession, that counts.

Self-reliance Is a Good Teacher

WE often find that boys who have educated themselves in the country, almost without schooling or teachers, make the most vigorous thinkers. They may not be quite as polished or cultivated, in some ways, but they have something better than polish, and that is mental vigor, originality of method, and independence. They do not lean upon their schooling, or depend upon their diplomas; necessity has been their teacher, and they have been forced to act for themselves and be practical; they know little of theories, but they know what will work. They have gained power by solving their own problems. Such self-educated, self-made men carry weight in their communities because they are men of power and think vigorously and strongly; they have learned to concentrate the mind.

Self-help is the only help that will make strong, vigorous lives. Self-reliance is a great educator and early poverty a good teacher. Necessity has ever been the priceless spur which has called man out of himself and spurred him on to his goal.

Grit is more than a match for almost any handicap. It overcomes obstacles and abolishes difficulties. It is the man who makes an opportunity and does not wait for it—the man who helps himself and does not wait to be helped,—that makes the strong thinker and vigorous operator.

It is he who dares to be himself and to work by his own programme, without imitating others, who wins.

When Avarice Crowds Out Love

MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH touched the springs of human nature when she said, "To be content with little is difficult; to be content with much impossible."

How many homes have been made desolate, how many lives wrecked, how many hearts broken how many friendships severed by an overcrowding ambition for more,—more honors, more fame, more wealth!

Ambition is a good servant, but a dangerous master. An ambition to rise in the world and free yourself from the galling limitations of poverty is honorable and praiseworthy, and, while it is kept subordinate to the higher claims of manhood and womanhood, can be productive only of good. But when this ambition degenerates into avarice, and the passion for wealth is allowed to dominate life, it leads its victim on, step by step, to sacrifice the cherished ideals of youth, to trample on the tenderest memories of home and childhood, and to neglect those nearest and dearest to him, until none of the higher emotions of the soul live,—nothing but the passion of greed.

We frequently read in the daily papers of men, and sometimes women, dying in filthy cellars or dismal attics, alone, uncared for, and unlamented, yet possessed of property which would have enabled them to live, if not in luxury, at least in comfort and decency. Those poor wretches were once young, had loving friends and relatives, perhaps high ideals, and hoped to do good and useful work in the world; but they allowed the passion for money to control them until it crowded out all their finer aspirations, separated them from home ties, love and friendship, and led them down the abyss of failure.

In his description of the character of Richard Hardie, Charles Reade has given us one of the most lurid pen pictures that has ever been drawn of the gradual undermining of conscience, the sacrifice of the most sacred ties that bind human society, the overthrowing of manhood and honor, and the destruction of a human soul by the growth of a passion for wealth. From the time of his surrender to the first temptation to falsify his balance sheets, avarice drove him from one crime to another,—the ruining of hundreds of poor toilers who had entrusted everything they possessed to his bank; the appropriation of the money which Captain Dodd, who trusted him as he did himself, and saved from pirates, wreck, and land robbers, to place in his safe keeping for his wife and children; the shutting his only son, whom he knew to be as sane as himself, in an insane asylum, so that he could thus gain possession of the fortune coming to the young man from his mother,—on, on, from one disgraceful deed to another, until he died a victim to his passion, a monomaniac, haunted by the idea that he was a beggar.

In their absorption in the game of money-making there are many Richard Hardies to-day. Love, honor, friendship, family affection, home,—everything that can give the purest and highest form of pleasure to the human heart is sacrificed to the love of gold.

In Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," we find another powerful delineation of the gradual deterioration of a man who is drawn into the votex of "the pit." His beautiful wife is left to pine alone in the dreary elegance of an uptown mansion, while her husband, who swore to love, honor, and cherish her, sets her aside and gives his whole heart to a new idol,—wheat! He speculates, grows richer and richer, and becomes more and more powerful in the market; while his wife suffers in silence, too proud to complain. He makes ineffectual efforts to get away from the fascination of the pit, and get back to her, but he is fast bound in the chains of his own forging; nothing can take the place of the excitement and absorption of the game for wealth and power; his passion grows with what it feeds on, until he is lured on to financial ruin, which ultimately, however, proves his mental and moral salvation.

The subtle temptation inherent in the shining metal, which causes men to sacrifice love, honor, and life, and to imperil their very souls for it, is symbolized in one of the most beautiful of Wagner's mystic operas—"Das Rheingold." All the tragedy and disaster woven into "Das Rheingold" and the three operas which naturally flow from it,—"Die Walkürie," "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung" circle round the golden treasure which was stolen by Alberich from the three Rhine maidens whom Wotan, father of the gods, appointed to be its guardians.

The old heathen myth is more applicable, to-day, than ever before, to the almost universal passion for wealth. With increasing refinement, expanding civilization, and the extension of high ideals, the increasing love of wealth and power is causing thousands to sacrifice all the realities of life for those transitory illusions.



Every Home in Which There is a Piano

should possess a set of the **"World's Best Music,"** for its presence in the house doubles the value of the piano as an entertainer. It is as necessary to a pianist or a singer as a library is to a scholar or a workman's tools are to a workman, for it gives in compact form all the music—both instrumental and vocal—that is worth remembering. The set in eight volumes—sheet music size—contains **2,200 pages of the best music,** handsomely bound and indexed, so that any desired selection can be found in a few seconds. If you were to buy the music it contains, one piece at a time, it would **cost you over $200.00.** Through our Musical Library Club the entire set will cost one-tenth of that amount, and you can pay in little payments of $1.00 a month.

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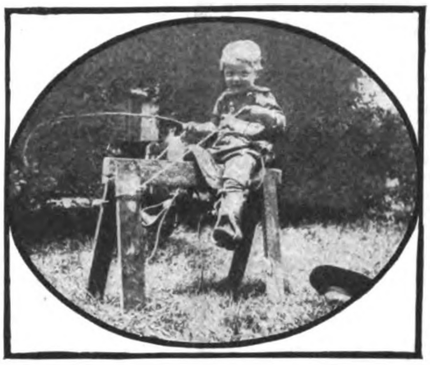
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Success Junior



"The Man with the Hoe," by Frances C. Pfeffer. [Nineteen years old. First prize in photography]



"A Little Rough Rider," by L. Van Matre [Fifteen years old. Third prize in photography]



"Friends," by Monloe Engler [Thirteen years old. Second prize in photography]

Our New Prize Contests for October

WE are glad to announce that more interest is being taken in our Junior Contests each succeeding month. The new Poetry Contest, especially, seems to be quite a favorite; and we expect to have one regularly. Our plan of publishing some of the prize contributions has proved very popular. We regret that we can not publish more of them. If your article which won a prize does not appear, it is not for lack of merit, but for want of space. As we have so many more competitors than we had when our contests were begun, we decided last month to increase our number of prizes, making five awards in each class.

Instead of cash prizes, we allow each prize-winner to select merchandise to the amount of his prize from the "Success Reward Book," which will be sent on request to any address in the world. The prizes include cameras, guns, athletic goods, watches, knives, printing presses, games, musical instruments, household furnishings, etc. 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.

Story.—Subject, "A Good Resolution."

Photograph.—The photograph this time must be an indoor picture representing any home scene. It 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.—Subject, "Winter Fun."

Poetry.—Subject, "After the Chores Are Done."

Puzzle.—Describe, with drawings or photographs, if possible, either an original puzzle or one of the best puzzles you know.

Next month we shall have a special puzzle contest which will be sure to interest all of our juniors.



"Off for a Gallop in the Park," by K. Dunaway [Fourteen years old. Special prize in photography]

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 other 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 October 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.

Prize Winners in the July Contest

Story.—Edward G. Brisley, age, nineteen years, Fort Edward, Washington County, New York; Ruth McNamee, age, fourteen years, 339 Warren Street, Helena, Montana.

Photograph.—Frances C. Pfeffer, age, nineteen years, Gainesville, Georgia; Monloe Engler, age, thirteen years, Clarence, Missouri; Lawrence Van Matre, age, fifteen years, 3920 Glenway avenue, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Photograph.—Kenneth Dunaway, age, fourteen years, Stockton, Kansas; Raymond Rohn, age, fourteen years, 857 Bellefontaine Avenue, Lima, Ohio; Tom D. Rose, Fayetteville, North Carolina; Dean Bradrick, age, fourteen years, 907 East Elm Street, Lima, Ohio.

Handicraft.—Phillips Boller, age, sixteen years, 1463 Washington Street, Los Angeles, California: Gertie Hansen, age, sixteen years, Kenwood Park, Iowa; Frank C. Parrish, age, fourteen years, 1675 Western Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Nature Study.—Edwin E. Upson, age, nineteen years, 3200 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Zella M. Gough, age, fifteen years, 307 South Eighth Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York; Walter Elwood, age seventeen years, R. F. D. No. 2, Amsterdam, New York.

Drawing.—Robert A. Lufburrow, age, sixteen years, Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey; Raymond von Brunn, age, fourteen years, 1937 Utah Street, St. Louis, Missouri; James E. Myers, age, thirteen years, 105 Gay Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.



"Wayside Flowers," by R. Rohn [Fourteen years old. Special prize in photography]

A Dainty Hair-pin Receiver

GERTIE HANSEN, Kenwood Park, Iowa.

TO make this dainty and useful article you will require one skein of Germantown or other heavy yarn, a small Japanese, or "cat basket," one and one-quarter yards of inch-wide ribbon, and a medium-sized crochet hook.

Select some pretty delicate-colored yarn, [Pink was chosen for this one.] and with your crochet hook make one long chain of the entire skein, then gather it up in loops about ten inches long.

Cut away the bottom of the little basket, draw the looped yarn through, so that loops hang at equal lengths from either end of the basket, then sew these to the basket to hold in place. Fasten the bows of ribbon on each side of the basket, together with a piece for hanging it up, and a bow in the center of this piece.

This makes an inexpensive and convenient receptacle for hairpins.

"How I Made an Aquarium"

PHILLIPS BOLLER

ONE of the most attractive ornaments in any home is an aquarium with its interesting inhabitants and delicate water plants. It requires small care, and, better still, costs little, if you make it yourself.

The materials needed are: (1) a strip of hard wood one inch square by ten feet long; (2) a board for the base, one inch by fourteen inches by nineteen inches; (3) quarter-inch plate glass, as follows: one piece ten inches by fourteen and one-half inches, two pieces ten inches by eight inches, and two pieces fifteen inches by eight inches; (4) the cement mentioned below.

In the plan, G is glass, B is the baseboard, C is a cornerpost, and R is a groove.

First lay the bottom pane of glass in the center of the baseboard and mark around it; then put the upright panes in place and mark around them. Make a groove between these lines a quarter of an inch deep with a rooter.

The corner posts are seven and three-quarters inches long and cut out as shown; these are to be screwed to the baseboard, by two-inch screws, from beneath.

The side top-bars are sixteen inches long, the end ones eleven and one-half inches, and all one inch square. Grooves were made on the under side of each bar, a quarter of an inch deep, and the ends were halved, each halving being three-eighths of an inch

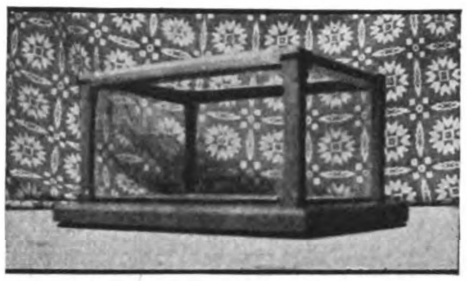
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thick. The top bars were then glued together at the joints, care being taken that the pieces were square with each other.

The best aquarium cement is made as follows:

Litharge,..... 1 gill
Fine dry sand,..... 1 gill
Plaster of Paris,..... 1 gill
Pulverised rosin,...½ gill

Mix thoroughly and make into a paste with boiled linseed oil. Beat well and let stand four or five hours before using. Put some cement into the grooves of the baseboard and inside the corner posts. Place the bottom pane on the baseboard; put the upright panes in the grooves and against the corner posts; and screw the top-bars in place with one and one-half inch round-headed brass screws.



"Home-made Aquarium," by Phillips Boller
[Sixteen years old. First prize in handicraft]

The woodwork, after having been carefully sandpapered, may be stained or not, as desired. Give it a coat of shellac, and, after this is dry, put on a coat of varnish. Small rubber chair tips are screwed under the base, so that the aquarium can mar nothing upon which it rests.

Before putting a screw in the wood, a hole should be prepared by the use of a small gimlet-bit of the right size. If the woodwork is to be ornamented, chamfers are made around the edges of the baseboard and frame work.

The aquarium which I made, by this plan, cost about two dollars and one-half, using the plate glass and cherry wood, but one can be made less expensively with single pane glass and hard pine.

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Jim's Home-Coming

EDWARD G. BRISLEY [age, nineteen]

THE time for the great Home-Comers' Festival is drawing near. Jim, who is one of the younger Home-Comers, and whose work and pleasure has always been railroading, asks to be allowed the honor of driving the mogul that will pull the big special from his section of the country to its destination, and, as he is quite capable of doing so, his request is granted, at which it is hardly necessary to say Jim is greatly delighted, knowing how proud his father and mother will be.

At length the appointed day arrives and everything is ready, and the youthful engineer is at his post, feeling that he is about to enter upon the run of his life. Little he knows how truly it will prove to be such! The conductor steps out of the dispatcher's office, hands him his orders, calls "All aboard," the bell begins to ring, and, amid the cheers of the admiring onlookers, they are off.

The last stop before entering the big city, to which all the people are going, is at a swing bridge. Suddenly, with an awful roar, the cab fills with steam, and Jim and his fireman rush to the top of the coal in the tender to escape being boiled to death. But Jim at once thinks of that bridge and remembers the conductor's words, "It's sure to be open." What is he to do? The hot steam is still pouring into the cab, and to go back and stop the train will be to court certain death. Time is terribly precious and he must act quickly. Behind him is the long train, loaded with hundreds of men, women, and children, and their lives are in his hands. In a few more seconds they will be running up a grade, which will reduce the speed of the train enough for him and the fireman to jump and save themselves; yet he does not think of this, but only of the hundreds of lives behind him, and of their many dear ones waiting to see them; he thinks of his own dear ones and knows what they would have him do, remembering that "greater love hath no man than this, that he should give up his life for his friend." With a prayer for strength on his lips he dashes back into the steam, just as the train starts to go down the other side of the grade toward the open bridge. He applies the emergency brake, pulls the whistle for the station and bridge, and his duty is done. He attempts to get back to safety, but it is too late, for the hissing steam has done its work, and, when the train stops a short distance from the bridge, he is resting in that last long sleep, which knows no awakening till the last day. Of all the Home-Comers, no other had won such glory and honor as did Jim on the last run of his life.



"Watching for Papa,"
by Deane Bradrick. [Fourteen years old. Special prize in photography]



"His First Pants,"
by Tom D. Rose. [Special prize in photography]

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The Double Reunion

ALMA M. GREEN, [age, nineteen years]

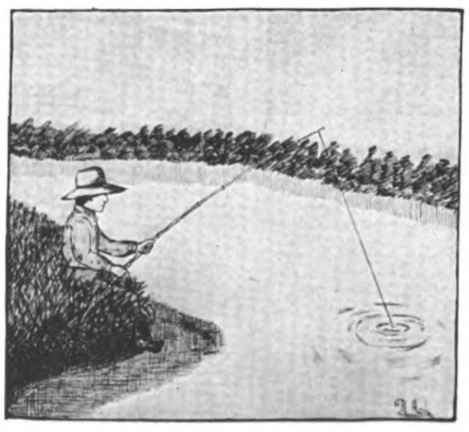
IT was the sixth of August, a hot dusty day. In Blankport, a goodly-sized manufacturing town, the veterans of the regiment had assembled for the soldiers' reunion. Many of them had passed away since their last reunion, how many they themselves had not realized until the roll had been called, and some of the veterans were still trying to remember all those they had missed. Barely four hundred of their number remained.

What vast preparations for their reception had been made by the local G. A. R., and the relief corps! Everything had passed off splendidly, and to the credit of all concerned, although the day had been warm,—"a regular battle-field day," as one old soldier said.

They had just completed their circuit of the village, and the veterans, the foremost in the line of march, had disbanded in front ef the G. A. R. rooms, when the sound of galloping hoofs attracted the attention of everyone. A carriage, with one occupant, a little girl, came dashing down the street in the opposite direction from the procession. Men and boys scattered to right and left, and the disaster must have been terrible had not an old soldier, a color-bearer, dashed to meet the runaway. Grasping the reins close by the bit, by main force he brought the horse to a standstill; but not before he had been dragged several yards almost under the horse's hoofs. As one of the spectators afterwards said, for a man of the age his gray hair would indicate, he showed a strength that was remarkable.

The whole scene passed in scarcely a moment, while the spectators stood breathless. As the horse stopped, several of his comrades were on hand and assisted the old soldier to his feet. He was somewhat bruised by the horse's hoofs but was otherwise uninjured. Cheer after cheer arose from the surrounding crowd as the old soldier stepped upon the sidewalk, but he noticed nothing, thought of nothing, except the hand held out to him from an old blue coat sleeve, by a comrade whose other arm bore the little girl, safe and sound. Silently he clasped the hand, and a shout went up from the whole regiment. An old feud, dating from the last year of the war, was here settled.

Tears stood in the eyes of many of the veterans as they congratulated their old comrade; but not even the colonel's commendation of his "bravery and presence of mind" gave quite the satisfaction as the renewal of the friendship with his old comrade, whose little granddaughter's life he had saved.



"Summer Sport," by Robert A. Lufburrow
[Sixteen years old. First prize in drawing]

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A Special Book-Review Contest

IN a few months we want to tell our readers about some of the best new books; and we are going to ask our young friends to help us select these books. In order to make the plan of selection interesting, we are going to give twenty-five copies of Dr. O. S. Marden's book for young people,—"Winning Out,"—for the twenty-five best suggestions that we receive. All suggestions must be written on postal cards. Select the book that you like best, and, in as few words as possible, tell why you consider it a good book. The book must be one that has been published within the past two years. This competition is open to all of our readers under twenty years of age. All postal cards must be received on or before October 31, 1903.

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Good Books for Young People

OF late there have been quite a number of books written about young people, but intended for older readers. Most young folks, however, will enjoy reading these books about themselves. One of the best is "Lovely Mary," by Alice Caldwell Rice. To be sure, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is the most prominent character in the book, yet the little orphan girl whose name gives the book its title, is as interesting and sweet as her name indicates.

Another book which tells the story of a very lovable girl is "Emmy Lou," written by George Madden Martin. This book is full of a subtle humor that is greatly appreciated by all older readers. It also contains much that will interest girls and boys.

"The Madness of Philip," by Josephine Dodge Daskam, is the title of a collection of interesting stories about children. Most of these stories, however, will be more interesting to parents and to young folks in their teens.



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Success League Notes



OUR BADGE

HERBERT HUNGERFORD
[General Secretary]

IT must not be thought that the Success League is confined exclusively to young men, as might be inferred from the pictures of the clubs which we publish with this article. We have almost as many young women members in our League as there are men, and our vice president is a lady. Membership in the League is open to every ambitious young man or young woman in the country.

It Costs Nothing to Join

If you belong to any self-improvement society, it will pay you to write for our handbook and then get your society to join the League. There are scores of benefits that will come to you and your fellow members by taking this step. These benefits are all explained in the handbook. If you do not belong to a society of such a nature, but feel that you would like to organize one, our handbook will tell you just how to form a new society. You will not find it a difficult task. All that you will need to do is to assemble a few friends and acquaintances, and organize, pursuing the plans given in the handbook. Each step of organization is clearly explained and a model constitution given.



The winning debating team of Knox Church Young Men's Union, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

The Knox Church Young Men's Union has been organized for years, but, convinced of the many advantages that our Bureau offers, it joined the Success League to gain new ideas. In this manner it became associated with all the up-to-date clubs connected with the Debating League in Hamilton, Canada.

Another Improvement on Our Badge

We have made arrangements so that any club may have an individual badge with the League badge attached as a pendant. The illustration explains this idea. An individual club that already has a badge of its own, on joining the League can easily arrange to have the League badge attached to its individual badge.

We Want Organizers

It is expected that our League will more than double its present membership during the coming year. This expectation is based on the fact that the League is now firmly established on a permanent basis, thus giving it prestige and strength, and also because our plans are better laid for an aggressive campaign than ever before. We should be glad to hear from those who have the ability to address small audiences, and to form branches of our Success League. Address all communications to the Success League, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.



The Twentieth Century Young Men's Christian Association Success Club, New York City

The Twentieth Century Young Men's Christian Association Success Club bears the happy distinction of being the first Young Men's Christian Association Success Club to join our League. The club was organized in connection with the West Side Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City about three years ago, and it has been successful from the start. This club came within one of capturing first prize in our progress contest.

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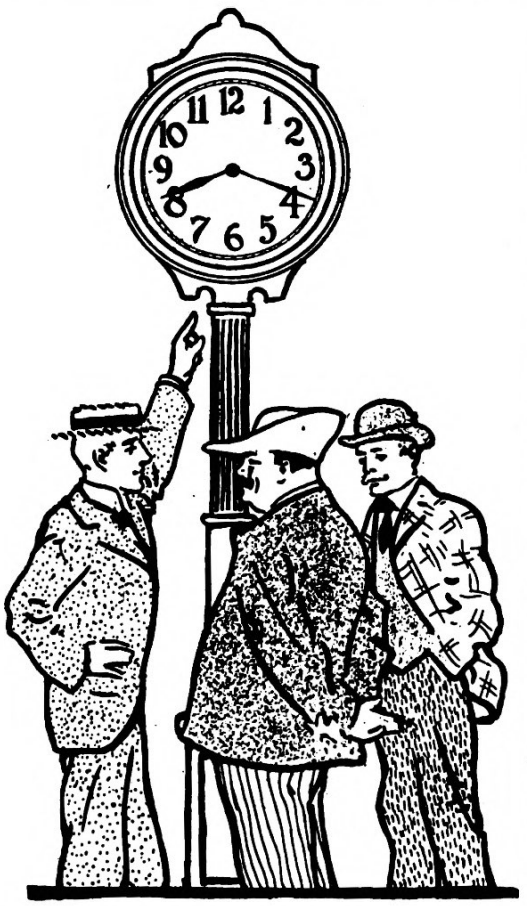
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Sam Loyd's Brain Teasers

What Time Is It By This Clock?



A PARAGRAPH which has been going the rounds of the press attempts to explain why the big watch-signs in front of jewelry stores are invariably painted so as to indicate a certain number of minutes past eight. It can hardly be attributable to chance, as it would tax our credulity to believe that such a coincidence could occur throughout the civilized world.

There seems to be no accepted rule or understanding between the jewelers or sign painters, for careful inquiry proves that few of them are aware of the fact, and none can offer any explanation better than the popular belief that the hour was selected to denote the time of Lincoln's death, which is absurd on the face of it from the fact that Lincoln did not die at that hour; moreover, the clock signs were painted in the same way hundreds of years ago. In London, where they take a pride in such things, you will see many old signs indicating the same mysterious hour, generally accompanied by the announcement of the firm's establishment a couple of centuries ago. Some similar sign can doubtless be found at Nuremburg, where the watch originated during the fifteenth century.

The discussion seems to have brought out a recognition of the fact, that, from an artistic standpoint, symmetry requires that the hands should be evenly balanced, as it were, on both sides of the dial. If they are raised too much it produces a certain exasperating declamatory effect which is not altogether pleasing, and, as one watchmaker says, does not present as good a place for the proprietor's name to appear.

The time would be incorrect if the hands should point at 9 and 3, and all other possible positions would be too low; so, from an artistic and practical point of view, the position is well selected and doubtless due to an unconscious imitation or following of a custom derived from actual experience.

Is it a fact, however, that during the present discussion, to say nothing about the many centuries wherein the signs have been held up to public gaze, no one has thought of asking: "What time does the great watch indicate?"

It is a remarkable puzzle that not one watchmaker out of ten thousand could answer. Just take your watch and set it at the place indicated after eight o'clock, so that the hands are at equal distances from the figure six, and tell the time!

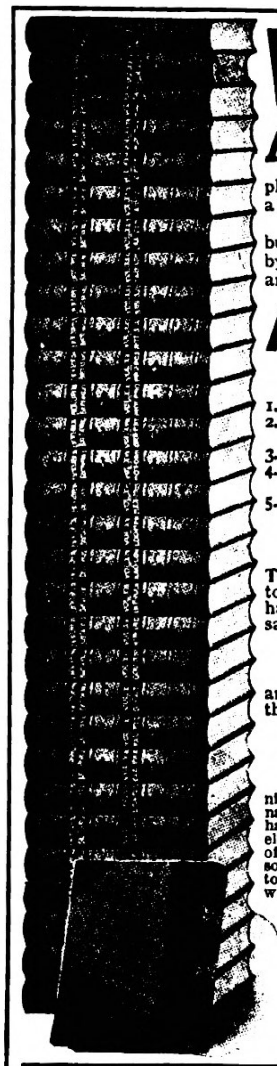
It is a simple and pretty puzzle of such an interesting nature that every one is invited to compete for the prizes offered for correct answers. Mr. Loyd has just completed a work of seven hundred Chinese tangram puzzles which, from its unique character, is creating quite a little furore; and, as the same will possess a peculiar interest for SUCCESS readers who have seen his tangram articles, one hundred of those books are offered as prizes for competition in solving the watch puzzle. They will be sent to the first hundred readers who send in correct answers before November 1, 1903. The results will be announced in the Christmas issue of SUCCESS.

Address Sam Loyd, Puzzle Department, SUCCESS, Washington Square, New York City.

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Ernest Neal Lyon

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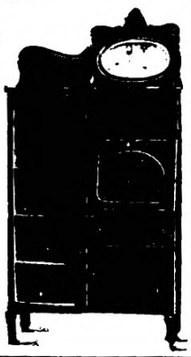


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A Few Fashion Hints for Autumn

MARION BELL



A hat for autumn wear

THE summer girl is on the wane. She must put her thoughts upon more substantial modes than those diaphanous creations which marked her reign when the days were soft and balmy. Even though she be not a devotee of fashion, she must give a certain amount of time and careful thought to her appearance. Especially is this true of a girl or young woman who must needs enter the business world, for no matter what her qualifications are, she loses a certain value if she be not correctly attired. In these days of such wonderful possibilities in fashions, there is no excuse for her to dress other than stylishly and becomingly. The shops show such rare bargains in materials and trimmings that, with good taste and judgment, this end can be accomplished easily and without the great outlay that might at first be thought essential.

The question of how the gown, wrap, or separate waist shall be made is somewhat puzzling, as the designs are so numerous and each one seemingly more attractive than the other; but the wise girl selects a style that will be individually becoming and appropriate for the occasion upon which it is to be worn. There is then no doubt as to its combining charm and good style, for the American girl, whether she be attired for business or is upon pleasure bent, will always be charming to behold, for this is a little way she has, and in it she excels.

To closely copy her brother's manner of dressing is no longer considered smart, for this is veritably a purely feminine season, and all the paraphernalia of the old school coquette are in evidence,—and indeed are the height of the mode. Therefore, when planning a frock to be worn after the stress of business is over, the up-to-date girl will see to it that there are floating scarfs, billowy lace, and frills and flounces galore.

But, after all, it is her walking costume and shirt-waist that are most important,—so to these should be given sufficient attention to make sure that they are shaped upon the very newest and approved lines.

A walking or pedestrian suit is an absolute necessity in the autumn outfit, and it were wise to plan at least two of these most practical costumes,—one for use in rainy weather, and the other for fair weather wear. The accompanying illustration shows quite the newest and most attractive pedestrian costume of the season. It is fashioned from wooltex,—a new and thoroughly practical material,—in a soft tan shade. The jaunty bolero jacket is novel in shape, and is particularly becoming to the slight girlish figure. It emphasizes the season's fad for pleats, and the straps are ornamented with enamel buttons, showing dull gold and brown, with a glint of red. A hip yoke is a feature of the skirt, which is pleated at each side, and there is a stitched box-plait at the back. With this stylish outdoor costume is worn a shirt-waist of white wash-cheviot made in rather severe style, but softened about the neck by a dainty white lawn tie with stock to match. The hat carries out the color harmony. It is of golden brown felt, trimmed with merino or velvet in the same shade, and satin ribbon.

For the "rainy day" costume a Scotch or English suiting, in mixed gray and black, or a blue or brown cheviot could be substituted for the tan wooltex, using the same



A pedestrian suit of wooltex

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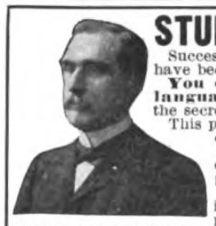
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A shirt-waist of French flannel

design for its development, or a three-quarter, close-fitting coat may be used instead of the bolero jacket, if preferred.

A most important item in the wardrobe of every woman, is the shirt-waist. Notwithstanding the fact that this garment has been condemned each season, it still remains and is, if anything, more in demand than ever before. Above all things else, the lover of shirt-waists should see to it that there be harmony between shirt-waist and skirt, and, if she be wise, she will choose white for her wash waists and only those colors that are becoming and for which she possesses skirts to match, for her flannel shirt-waists.

The illustration shows a waist of French flannel in a *café au lait* shade, with a fine white-and-tan braid as a finish to the pleats and cuffs. Buttons to match add to the simple ornamentation. With this waist, a charming stock collar in white silk, decorated with black stitching, is worn, and the skirt is of dark-brown velveteen with belt of brown *moiré*. This simple toilet would be suitable for all ordinary wear and could easily be transformed into quite a dressy creation by changing the waist for one of silk or pleated chiffon in the same soft shade of tan. To complete the toilet a jacket of velveteen to match the skirt would be in good taste, or the "Monte Carlo" coat of tan kersey trimmed with embroidered bands would be attractive. Indeed, a separate coat of some kind is essential to a well-appointed outfit and the "Monte Carlo" is one of the most fashionable. It will appear equally well with a black skirt and will provide a touch of comfort and smartness to a dressy gown of *crepé de Chine* or veiling in that very delicate tan shade known as "champagne."

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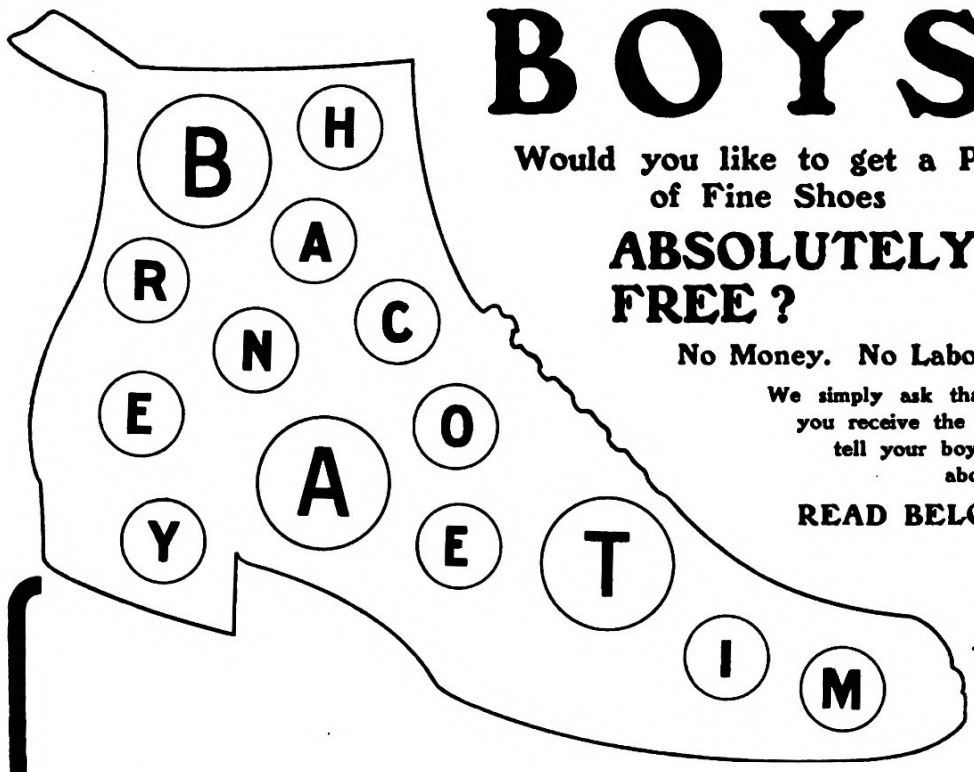
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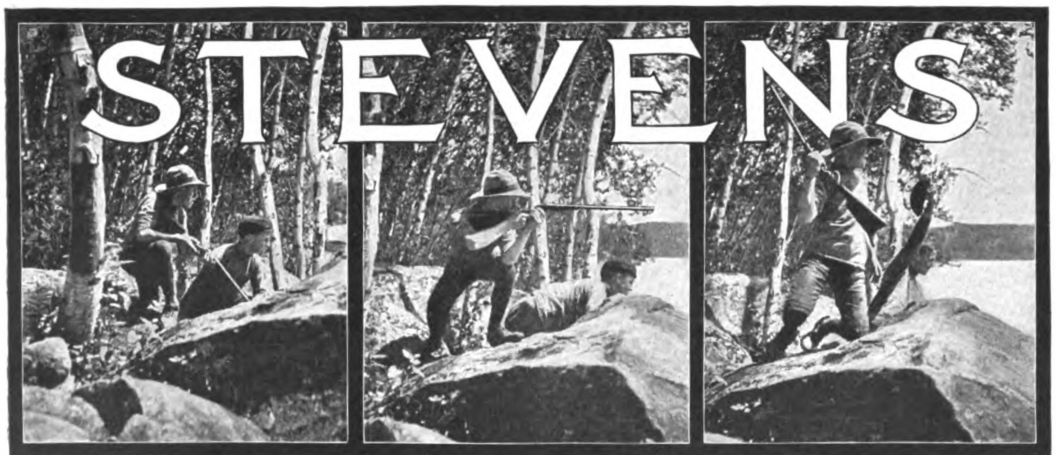
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How and When

Points that Should Be Observed to Maintain Correct Social Etiquette

V.---Dinner-Table Talk

M. E. W. SHERWOOD
[Author of "A Transplanted Rose"]

The art of conversation is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

GILBERT PARKER says in one of his later and more interesting novels, "It is great folly for a man to quarrel with a woman." He is the first person who has ever said that. Is it a tocsin of defeat? Men have had reason to think it before, but no one ever had the courage to confess it.

Another author puts it thus, "Never quarrel with a woman, unless she makes herself disagreeable at dinner, for that is a place where she is bound, under all conditions of one common humanity, to make herself agreeable. Miss Foxcroft has had the bravery, however, to present a heroine who has the temerity to make herself disagreeable at dinner, and indeed at all other times, in her fine sparkling novel the "Danbury Jewels," but it is not a common complaint, for young women are generally as anxious to be agreeable at a dinner table as men can be to have them so.

The trouble often is that they do not know how. "Punch" has an allusion to an old *gourmet* who wants to be let alone whilst he is eating his dinner, and who says to the lively and garrulous young girl sitting opposite, "My dear, you are very witty, but do you know this is the house where there are the best *entrées* in London?" He did not wish to lose his sweetbreads *braisés*, or his *poulet à la maréchale*, and, as a well-fed man is generally a well-bred man, the lady has a great conscientious duty before her, to let her right-hand neighbor alone until the *entrées* have been passed.

A Silent Partner Is as Bad as a Talkative One

But a silent partner is very trying, and a disputatious one, who will talk of what a man would willingly forget at dinner,—the price of stocks, the steel trust, or the coal famine,—is worse. Some people seem to have real talent for stumbling upon disagreeable topics. Others, by a happy gift, can avoid them, while others combine practice with theory, and are able to exploit their favorite idea under a happy flow of dinner-table talk. Such talkers were Sidney Smith and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Many a woman, without being a celebrity, but possessing a good voice and a ready flow of language, does a great deal of business at the dinner table; but, as soon as it begins to be whispered, as against a man or a woman, that the atmosphere of conviviality, sociability and freedom, which is proper, under the tenets of good taste, at a dinner table,—that these tenets are being transgressed for selfish purposes,—the talker loses his or her popularity, for unselfish devotion to the public good is the secret of dinner-table popularity. Many a man has been accused of bringing the talk around to some subject on which he talks well, to the extinction of the rest of the company. Many a woman will feed her vanity in the same way, and do a great deal of quiet boasting of her conquests, but such talkers soon lose their popularity. It is natural.

In these early days, when the Italian influence was invoked to improve the manners of our early English ancestors, (from whom we derive our ideas of polite dinner-table usages,) there was a book published called "Galateo," written by Della Casa. He wrote from what was the land of refinement, scholarship, and good manners. Up to that time, social intercourse had been rough and uncouth. Doubtless, Henry VIII., of England, never saw a napkin, nor did Louis XIII., know of the finger bowl. The Marquise de Rambouillet was quoted as bringing a new atmosphere of personal refinement from Italy into France.

The Italian influence on conversation was largely felt in England; in fact, following Bembo, the grand companies at the great houses, like those of Sidney and Howard, met in gardens to cultivate the art of conversation. They would talk of the ideas and opinions of the age on love, and honor, beauty and riches. Love was always a favorite subject.

To-day, love is not much talked of at a dinner party, excepting in relation to divorce. The early platonic way of discoursing on love is not in fashion to-day, although there is, perhaps, the same "divine and violent commotion," and beauty draws, now and then, men with a single hair, only more than one hair is generally used, if we may trust to the fashion plates of the period.

Probably the young lady who had been reading Plato who should essay at a dinner to talk of love, in his language, and who should say that "divine love is a kind of sacred fury, and that another love consists in discoursing, and conversing with the beloved, so she would say in the fashion of to-day, "Did you go to the horse show, Thursday night?"— or, "What is the result of the bicycle tournament," etc.

Conversation Is the Fountain of Knowledge

"Conversation," says an Italian author, "is the beginning and end of knowledge." Did we apply this axiom to modern dinner-table talk, we might think that knowledge comes to an end when dancing, the opera, the latest divorce and the coming wedding are exhausted. The knowledge which women possess to-day of manly sports was quite equaled in the sixteenth century, as one writer says, "In my time I have seen women play at tennis, practice feats of arms, ride, hunt, and do, in a manner, all the exercises besides that a gentleman could do," but condemnation greeted her if she went too far.

We should be inclined to condemn any young lady for talking too much golf lingo,—fortunately that is almost excluded from the fashionable dinner. The game of "bridge" now threatens to become almost as tiresome. It has become, in fact, the Bridge of Sighs, to those who do not play it. The clergy have always had a very prominent and enviable place among dinner-table talkers. They have had time for scholarship, and their profession

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has taught them to cultivate conversation. They had this reputation long ago, for we read that men were warned to refrain from rehearsing "friars' sermons to young ladies," —and questions too deep and subtle were not to be discussed. The learned scholar was trained to beware of all affectation and patronizing attitudes.

Womanly grace and beauty were thought to include in conversation "a sweet voice, gravity of expression, and purity of meaning." She should have a style in letters, "in music, in drawing, and painting, and be skillful in dancing; and in conversation, in laughing, in sporting, in jesting,— finally in everything,—she shall be *had at great price*, and for staidness, nobleness of carriage, temperance, strength of mind, and wisdom,—I would have her endowed with them all."

Now we can hardly improve upon this portrait drawn by the old Italian in the sixteenth century.

What a charming expression is that, "a *style* in letters!" It seems to say everything which befits an accomplished woman who knows books and yet is not a pedant, and who knows games and sports, and yet is not a tomboy. Whilst this old student of manners wrote for princes and courtiers and fine ladies, and his book was not intended for the heroes of the republic, which was then three hundred years farther off in the calendar, there is still another very useful bit of advice to the young men of the present day who may be too much inclined to flatter the reigning prince of to-day, who is the millionaire. "The courtier ought not to flatter him, or repeat scandal, or idle talk; never be forward, or pushing, or ask favors, or do such service as would put him to shame, nor ever obey his master in dishonest matters."

A German prince who visited our shores last year was asked how he knew a young millionaire, who dined at the table with him at a fashionable house. He answered, "I noticed that all the other men stopped speaking when this young man spoke,"—a curious commentary on the worship of wealth. To possess "readiness of wit, pleasantness of wisdom, and knowledge of letters" would seem to be better for a dinner party than many millions lying in a coal mine, "or in a number of banks, but our observation of history and of dinner parties must convince us that the millionaire is esteemed greater than the sweetness of letters."

All of this, however, points to a good afternoon, in the future of our republic, for the influence of wealth, particularly that which is gained by character and individual effort, and is refining and ennobling.

The Great American Nature Is Incorruptible

The follies of fashion, now very much exaggerated by those who only see the thing in half-light, will, like the *débris* of the Nile, sink to the bottom and be lost sight of, whilst that which is good, true, and refined will rise to the top and become a grand and noble current, bearing splendid galleons on its surface. Nothing can corrupt or spoil the great American nature, because it is founded on work, —"Every man for himself, and God for us all." No matter how many mistakes, no matter how many exaggerations, the great river is bound to clear itself, and to return to our Nile image. The water will so purify itself that the pilgrim along its banks can dip his pilgrim cup in its clarified waters, and carry the refreshing draught to his lips in safety. Meantime the young girl, just introduced, wishes to be told what she *should* talk about at a dinner. It is much easier to tell her what she should *not* do than what she should. Her once sweet prattle, as the old novelists call it, would sound too much like the nursery to-day. "Be friendly to all, familiar to a few, and speak but seldom, but keep your mind to yourself till you come to those whose hearts are yours," is a good, though rather prudential maxim. It occurs, however, to a bright, witty young girl how to talk as it occurs to her how to blush and smile, and use her eyes. Nature is a great prompter in these ways. There is a dinner-table talk which is music; it seems to chime in with the gentle clatter of the glasses. It has no scandal, yet it has all sorts of pretty gossips. It comes naturally to rosebud lips. There are young daughters of fashion who write excellently, both in prose and verse, and it is a most interesting sight to see the young women who go to the slums, to teach the poor children to help the poor mothers, who are not more devoted to dancing than to good works. Such young women always have something to talk about, and talk well.

Some educators, and moralists, look with alarm on the effect of foreign travel, now so common among our young women. They feel assured that the worship of foreign titles is growing in America, but that seems to be a very unnecessary fear. We must remember that, for every girl who marries a lord, there are a thousand girls who marry good hard-working, chivalrous young Americans, and make the very best wives and mothers in the world.

Dinner-table talk is comparatively easy to a well-educated and traveled young girl. "The open ear of youth doth always listen,"—and a girl gets the best part of her education through the ear. But all is overborne and silenced, sometimes, by some young and witty girl, who has never left her native shores, who has what the Irish call "mother wit," who is a "born talker," and who can pour out the wine from a full beaker,—the inspiration of cleverness, the vintage of her bright young mind. As American men are famous for their humor and their jokes at an English dinner table, so are American women beginning to excite admiration for their excellent dinner-table talk.

START flush and fair with all that's gone before;
Know that, then, first: old straw-heaps thresh not o'er.
Be prophet, and not scribe. The nations wait
New gospels. Truth's at dawn,—investigate!
JAMES BUCKHAM.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.—SHAKESPEARE.

"That glory only is imperishable which is fixed in one's own moral make-up."

Wise evolution is the sure safeguard against a revolution.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do.—SELECTED.

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than actual brilliancy.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"Life is like the ocean. It drowns one man, because he yields to it passively and blindly. It buoys up the other because he strikes it skillfully, and buffets it with lusty sinews."



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Fairbank's Fairy Calendar has already taken its place at the head of the annual artistic creations, and we honestly believe that this year's calendar far surpasses all our previous productions.

It consists of seven (7) sheets, size 10 x 12¾, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the year's calendar and the other six composed of beautiful female heads (which are shown above) around each being a frame effect in imitation of burnt leather, with borders and decorations in L'Art Nouveau (The New Art), the latest French treatment in decoration, which is now all the vogue. The drawings by C. Ward Traver, an artist of national repute, are reproduced lithographically in twelve colors, and each is fitted with a muslin hanger. Calendars of far less beauty and artistic merit retail readily for $1.00 or $1.50.

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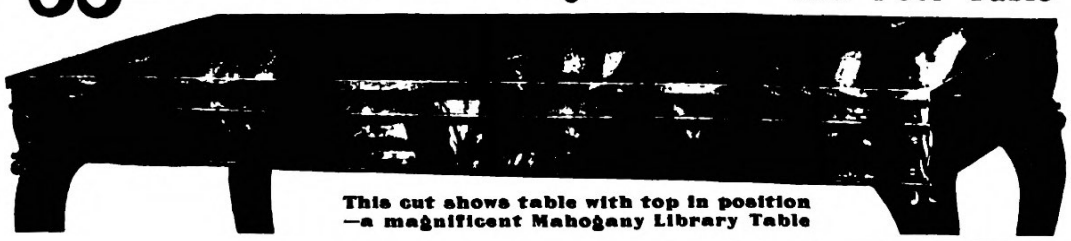
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The Achievements of Invalids

II.

WILLIAM MATHEWS

TO WHOM do we owe the most remarkabld work of the nineteenth century,—"The Origin of Species?" To a man rioting in health? On the contrary, as every one knows, Darwin suffered from continual ill-health; yet he tells us, in opposition to the prevailing ideas: "If I had not been so great an invalid, I should not have done nearly so much." Never able to work long at any time, he made his mark on his generation by concentrating his energies on one single task, and toiling steadily on in spite of bodily feebleness. Some twenty-five years ago the accomplished man of letters, John Addington Symonds, who died a few years ago in Rome, went to Davos, Switzerland, broken down in health, and doomed by his London doctor to death, should he remain there, and not proceed to Egypt. Remain there he did, nevertheless, and worked incessantly at literature, and published some twenty-five scholarly volumes, besides writing a great deal of miscellaneous matter for reviews and magazines, and also reading and digesting scores of solid Italian and German books of history, biography, and criticism, with many volumes of Greek poetry and a library of French and English authors,—all slowly perused in railway stations, trains, steamboats, wayside inns, and Alpine *chalets*.

Akin to the heroic achievements of Mr. Symonds were those of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose energy made him, in spite of his chronic invalidism, one of the most prolific writers of his day. Exiled and diseased, these two brave men, instead of chanting dirges to impossible hopes and unrealizable ideals, "went quietly and courageously to work,—plucking fame out of the hand of death, and showing that life is measured, not by years, but by achievements." To the examples of these heroic souls, patiently toiling under the shadow of death, may be added that of an American invalid, Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., who wrote the "Story of an Old Farm" while unable to walk or to use his hands. For twelve years, we are told, he had been a confirmed invalid, a misfortune which, instead of utterly discouraging him, only roused his mind to exert its utmost capabilities. Of course, he could make no visits to libraries, and was obliged to obtain all needed information by extensive and prolonged correspondence, necessitating the dictation of over two thousand letters. Nevertheless, he succeeded in writing his book, which won the praise of some of the ablest critical journals in England and America.

Beautiful Songs Have Been Written in Pain

In literature, indeed, so far is health from being indispensable to success, that in many of the finest writers there seems to be a necessary connection of genius with disease. As the maple-tree must be wounded with the ax before it will yield its honied treasures,—as the nightingale is said to sing more sweetly with a thorn in its breast,—so the most exquisite songs of poets have been prompted oftentimes by the acuteness of their physical sufferings. If Alexander Pope had not been a hunchback and invalid, whose life was one continuous disease, would he have written his exquisite sofa-and-lap-dog poetry? If not irritated by bodily pain, as well as by the stings of his enemies, would he probably have given to the world that greatest of modern satires, "The Dunciad?" Had he been able to leap a five-barred gate, instead of having to be sewed up in stiff canvas stays in order to stand erect, and to wear three pairs of stockings to plump out his spectral legs, he might have written the "Essay on Man," but would he have delighted us with that masterpiece of mock-heroic poetry,—that delicious little dwarf-epic, "all sparkling with the flash of diamonds and roguish glances, all a-flutter with hoop-petticoats, brocades, and powdered wigs,—'The Rape of the Lock?'"

Had the scrofulous and gloomy Samuel Johnson been blessed with bodily health, should we be enjoying to-day that magnificent strain of melancholy music, "The Vanity of Human Wishes?" Was it not the wretched health of the poet Cowper which, dooming him to semi-monastic seclusion, made him, as a poet,—

> "King of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness!"

It was amid ceaseless pain and physical weakness that the giant labors of Calvin were performed. The poet Lowell observes that all the drowsy juices of Circe's garden did not hinder De Quincy from writing his twenty-five volumes. The greatest of British historians, Gibbon, was a sickly youth and the most sedentary of men. He hated bodily exercise, and rarely took any; yet he lived to do the work of a giant,—to give to the world the immortal "Decline and Fall," which bridged the gulf between ancient history and modern, which has defied all attempts to impeach its accuracy, and which, in its century and more of life, has steadily risen in fame, while other histories, temporarily popular, have sunk into oblivion.

Infirmity Did not Thwart Horace Mann

What a prodigious amount of educational, legal, and political work was done, in spite of habitual ill-health, by Horace Mann! He broke down, he says, in his second college year, and never had a well day afterwards; yet "from the time I accepted the secretaryship of the Board of Education in June, 1837, until May, 1848, when I tendered my resignation of it, I labored in this cause an average of not less than fifteen hours a day." During all this period he never took a single hour for relaxation.

Who was it that, after years of indefatigable mental toil, gave to the world that marvelous product of human ingenuity, which has revolutionized the whole domain of human industry, the steam engine,—a machine which "can engrave a seal, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air; embroider muslin, and forge anchors; cut steel into ribands, and impel a loaded vessel against the fury of the winds and waves?" Was it a man exulting in health and muscular energy? No; it was that frail Scotchman, James Watt, who, in spite of constant ill health, and the depressing influence of severe headaches, of which he was the frequent victim, became not only a master of mechanical science, but also curiously learned in many

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branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in the details of architecture, music, and law.

Of men in the learned professions it would be easy to cite scores who have fought their way to wealth and eminence in spite of physical infirmity or disease. A notable instance of the triumph of the mind over bodily weakness was the life of Thomas Spencer Baynes, editor of the "Encyclopædia Britanica." All his life an invalid,—knowing for a long time that his life hung by a thread,—he did his work on the last edition of that monumental and exhaustive publication with indomitable energy, never losing his habitual cheerfulness, but looking at the dread shadow that haunted him with "an eye that kept a pleasant, even a humorous, twinkle to the last." Not less striking was the energy of Dr. Richard F. Littledale, a clergyman who died about ten years ago in London, at the age of sixty. Though the victim, for twenty-five years, of an obscure spinal disease, that kept him in constant pain, he wrote commentaries on the Psalms and "the Song of Songs;" some powerful controversial works, such as "The Petrine Claims," etc., etc.; a multitude of liturgical and ritual pamphlets and essays; contributed regularly to the weekly "Academy" reviews of novels and light literature, while he was at the same time actively engaged in clerical work and lecturing.

If there is any calling in which a sound and vigorous body would seem to be absolutely indispensable to high success, it is that of military leadership. The torments of hereditary disease, united with the pangs of fever, wrung from Napoleon, in one of the most critical periods of his career, the exclamation that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. On three memorable occasions—at the battles of Borodina, Leipsic, and Waterloo,—we know that even his eagle eye was dimmed by physical suffering. Yet, on the other hand, was not Rome's greatest captain, "the foremost man of all the world," that *monstrum horribile celeritatis et vigilantiæ*,—as Cicero calls him in a letter to Atticus,—Julius Caesar,—was not he a man of slender frame and delicate constitution, a victim of violent headaches and epilepsy? These things did not prevent him from becoming one of the foremost scholars, writers, and orators of his age, or from becoming the master of the world. Was it not a man half blind from his youth, and wholly blind in his later years, who, early in the fifteenth century, proved the first of engineers; who helped to defeat the Turks in Hungary and the French at Agincourt; who won fifteen pitched battles, and more than a hundred engagements; who achieved the most brilliant of his victories when he could see nothing whatever, compelling the Emperor Sigismund to sue for peace; and who made the name of Ziska a terror to his enemies throughout Central Europe?

Tortenson Was Carried in Battle on a Litter

Who was it that, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, stormed Constantinople, and was the first man to leap from galley to shore and display the standard of St. Mark, thus winning a signal triumph for the Crusaders? Was it a young man or a middle-aged one, full of health and vigor? No; it was the blind Dandolo, Doge of Venice, bearing the weight of ninety-one, if not of a hundred years. Again, in the Thirty Years War, what commander was it that astonished Europe by the swiftness of his movements; who, even more than the Turkish captain, Bayazeed, deserved the name of Iberim, or "The Lightning," and of whom it was said that he saw with the eyes of Argus, and fought with the hands of Briarens? It was Tortenson, the victor of Schweidnitz and Jankowitz, and other hard fights,—a sufferer from gout, who had to be carried about, even on the battlefield, on a litter. Gibbon, in the "Decline and Fall," records similar triumphs of a Turkish commander, who won on his litter, in spite of the same disease, a series of brilliant victories over the veteran legions of Rome. But to descend to later times,—was not the one-eyed hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar little, sickly, and lame? Was not the conqueror of Quebec the victim all his life of a fatal disease, and his constitution ruined at the very time when he scaled the heights of Abraham, defeated Montcalm, and made the name of James Wolf memorable to all ages?

In conclusion I would say that health is a priceless thing; but, in view of the facts I have stated, why should any man who lacks it be led thereby to despair of worldly success or usefulness? Often when nature has been niggard to a man of physical vigor,—when she has given him a weak or diseased body, which by no possible regimen can be made rugged or healthy, she has compensated him by a proportional excess of mental power. But even when this is not the case, he can accomplish great results, as the falling drops of water wear away the rock,—*non vi, sed saepe cadendo*. By concentrating the labors of a life on some single worthy object, and putting into it, as Darwin did, every ounce of his force and every hour of his time; by economizing and making the most of the golden dust of time,—the precious moments, so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate, which most men sweep out into the waste of existence,—an invalid may often achieve greater results than many a robust man who, confiding in his ability to work and to work with energy at all times, lets hours, and days, and weeks run to waste.

HIS EDUCATION WAS N'T COMPLETE

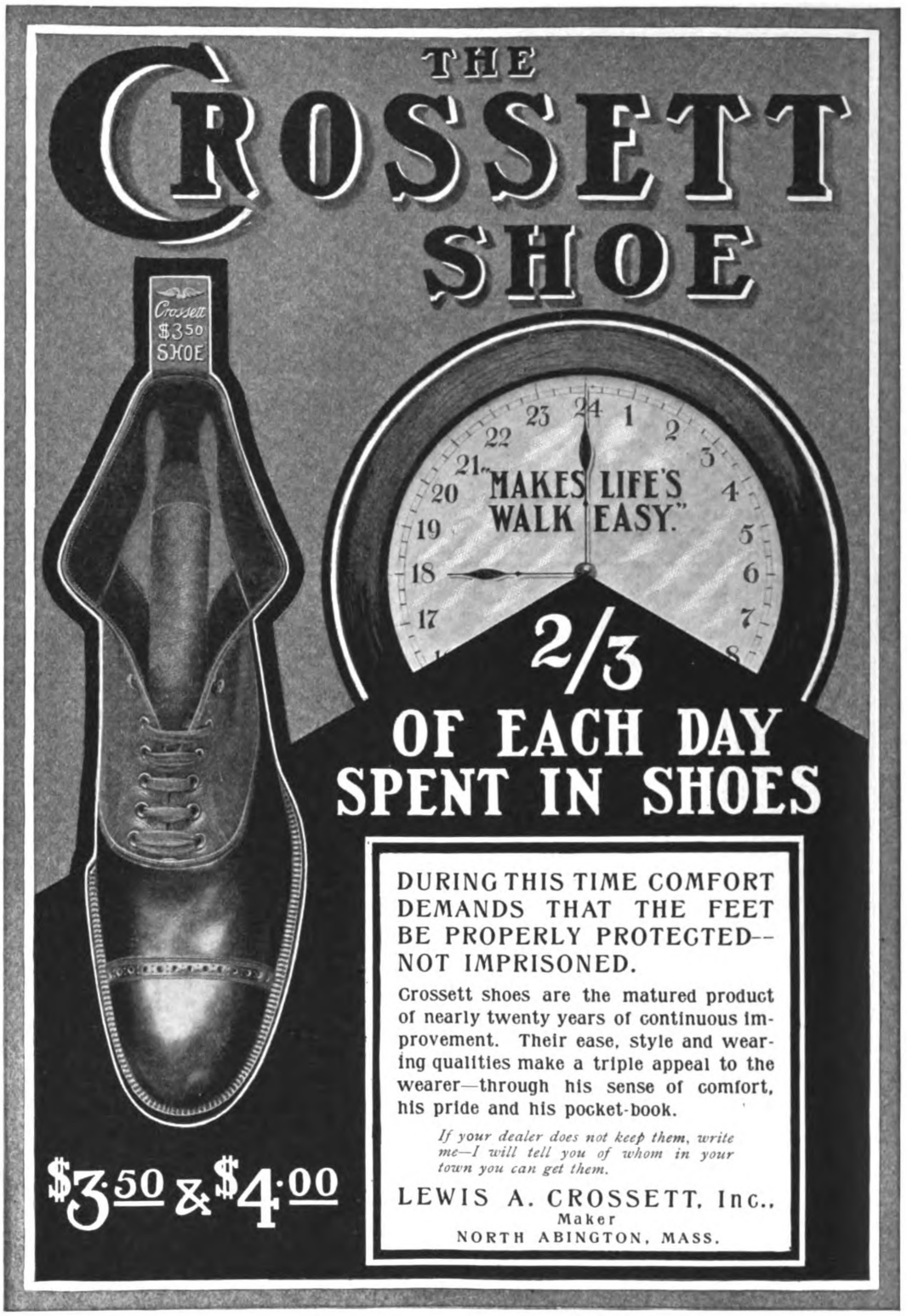
No more courteous judge ever presided at a trial than the venerable ex-chief justice of the New York Court of Common Pleas, Charles P. Daly. The story is still told among our New York lawyers how, on one occasion, a young attorney, while trying a case, indulged in considerable vituperation of his opponent's witnesses, finally going so far as to answer the court very sharply when requested to modify his language.

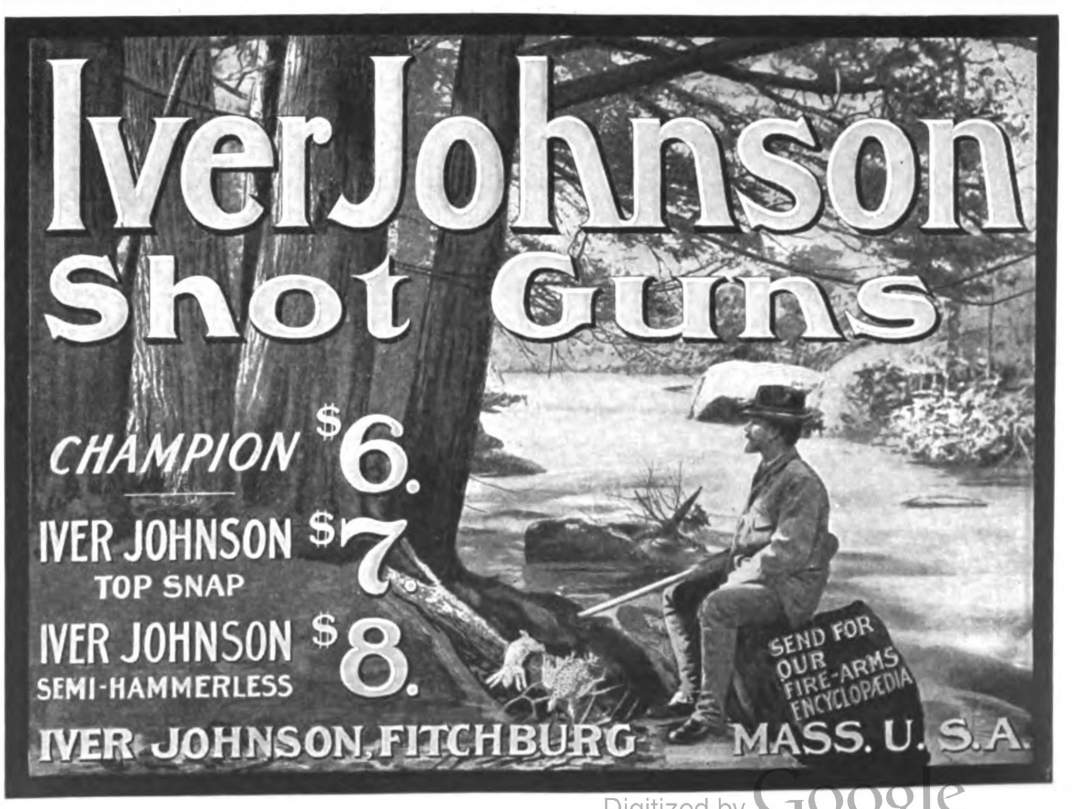
Knowing that Judge Daly was somewhat of a stickler for the dignity of the judiciary, lawyers and court attendants gazed at the offending attorney in amazement.

There was a long interval of silence. Finally, the judge leaned over the bench and said, with an ironical smile:—

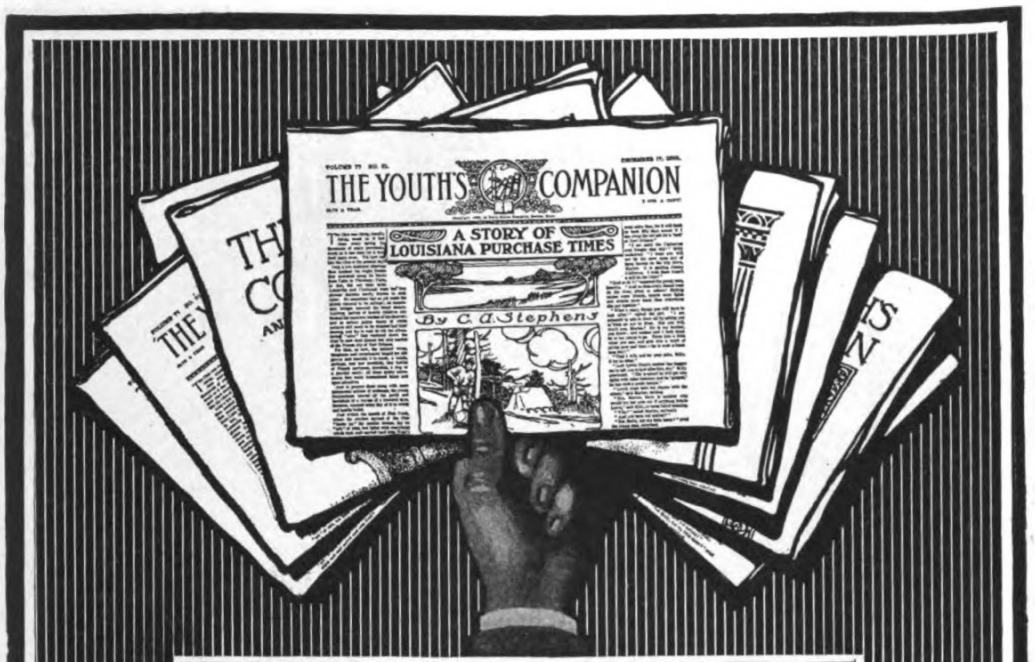
"My young friend, before you are as old as I am you will have learned that it is about as well to read Chesterfield as Blackstone."

The difference between theory and practice has kept many a man from succeeding in life.—SELECTED.





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Architecture as a Profession for Women

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

PART II.

PRACTICAL office work should come after the school training, and here a girl student will find another obstacle in her way, for she will learn that it is extremely difficult to gain admittance to an architect's office. There are so many good draughtsmen to be had that the men in the profession do not care to take a woman. Office training, however, is most necessary to a student, and this must be gained in the office of one of the best men in the profession. If the student does not receive pay at first, she should, in order to have the training, earn her living outside of office hours. She must be willing to do work which would be required of a boy in the same position. She may be obliged to run on errands and take care of the office, but she can make herself so useful that, after a while, the architect will find it difficult to get along without her. Men object to women draughtsmen, for various reasons, some of which, if a girl is forewarned, she may avoid. They consider the drawing which girls do weak and finicky beside that of men; they object to sending women about in stormy weather, and hesitate to ask many things of a girl which they would require of a boy. Then, too, they complain that women are too talkative in an office. A girl might easily remedy all this. If she cannot draw, at first, as well as the men, let her practice tracing, as a good tracer is always useful.

To Know How to Typewrite Is Important

Many architects do not feel that they are able to employ a typewriter, and here a girl student can again be of use. Although I should not want a girl who started out as an architect to drift into typewriting, yet, while she is serving her apprenticeship, she can, with a little practice, learn to manipulate the typewriter and thus be of great service to her employer. A great deal of this work consists in copying specifications and oftentimes does not require speed. By writing these she becomes familiar with technical terms, and learns how the work of specifications is done, which will be of value to her when she sets out for herself. She can also make herself necessary by keeping the drawings in order and being able to lay her hand on any which are called for.

As I have said, a girl must not expect to receive money for her services, at first, and, if she has no means, she must think of ways whereby she can earn money outside. She will find this no easy task, for the evenings will be the only time in which she is free to do this work. If she can learn to typewrite specifications intelligently, making herself familiar with technical terms, and also do good tracing, she can often do outside work for other architects who need extra help.

It Is not Easy to Learn Architecture

There is no easy road in architecture. I know of no scholarships for women in architectural schools, but she must exert every effort to turn her hand to something by which to earn her way at first. All the while, she must observe the building which is going on about her, for, although she intends only to practice domestic architecture, she must as well know all other branches. Not alone should architecture and architectural designing be studied, but the different branches of the practical part of the work—carpentry, plumbing, electricity, and all the rest,—should also be learned.

Although at first it may seem a hard road, after the girl has finished her technical education, has overcome the prejudice of an architect so far that she has been admitted to his office, and has made herself so necessary there, with her tracing and typewriting, and by keeping everything in its place, that he can not do without her, then her pay will commence, small at first, but increasing according to her deserts, and, by-and-by, she will receive a commission for her first house. Then, her apprenticeship is over, she is a student no longer, she hangs out her modest sign, and, behold, she is a full-fledged architect!

Let me give just a bit of advice to the girl who has reached this point. It is the greatest mistake in the world to undertake to do business in any but a business atmosphere. Rent an office and conduct your business as a man would do. Many girls have failed because they undertook to do business at home. People, men in particular, will

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have no confidence in the ability of a woman who conducts her business in a womanish way. One need not lose a particle of her womanly refinement, but in business she must be firm and broad and business-like if she would gain the confidence of men.

It is a great temptation to a young woman architect to undercharge for her work. If she wishes her work to be judged by the same standard as that of men, she must follow the principles and schedule of prices laid down by the American Institute of Architects. Even in her first house, a young architect with the training, technical and practical, which she has had, should feel perfect confidence in her own ability and should not undervalue it. This confidence in her own power will also inspire the confidence of her client.

The Colleges Will Accept Women Students

It is only recently that the men in the profession began to regard women architects as other than a huge joke. Lately, however, since woman's work is coming more and more into prominence, they are beginning to accept them as fellow workers.

It will not be long before schools and colleges throughout the country will offer to women the same advantages for the study of architecture as are now given to men. It was only a short time ago that one of the faculty of Columbia University spoke to me of the pleasure which he should feel when women are admitted to the architectural course there.

There is certainly a place for women in architecture, and yet in no other profession has woman's progress been so slow as in this. To be sure there were women practicing architecture ten years before the Chicago Exposition, yet few people were aware of their existence until Sophia Hayden designed the Woman's Building, in 1893. Since then no exposition has seemed complete without a building designed by a woman, and woman's work is slowly becoming recognized. The women's club movement offers great opportunities for the girl who is not content with domestic architecture; for, as a club grows, it must have a permanent home, and who better than a woman understands the needs of a women's club house? Already there are several clubs in different parts of the country whose houses are the work of women, and let us hope that others will follow their example. It is a singular thing that women, as a rule, while they are proud of one of their sex who has achieved success in architecture, do not place the confidence in the woman architect that men do. There is every reason why the advent of women in the field should have a good influence on the architecture of the future, especially on domestic architecture, for woman's influence is refining in any branch of art.

Provided the girls who enter the profession study earnestly and conscientiously the underlying principles of architecture, and follow these, combining with them their refinement and housewifely instincts, there seems no reason why the houses built by them should not even surpass those of their brothers.

Traveling Backward

ONE of the saddest things in the history of college graduates is that so many cease to grow when they have received their diplomas. On graduation day they reach their mental high-water mark, but after that the tide gradually ebbs, and it never rises quite as high again.

When just from college, many of these graduates impress one as men of great promise; but, somehow or other, they remain prospectuses all their lives; they never become published volumes. They study law, teach a while, or else, perhaps, engage in business, but they do not hold on very long anywhere or at anything. They seem to lose their grip; and, instead of forging ahead, they drift down stream.

As a rule, a graduate who thus fails to realize his promise thinks that, when he receives his sheepskin, there is no need for further mental exertion on his part. He feels that he has won his laurels, and that he can afford to rest upon them. After four years' study in college, he believes that he has covered the whole field. Having won a diploma, he has no other goal in view. Purposeless, without a life-plan or definite line of work, he becomes the most hopeless and pitiable of all human beings,—a drifter.

"How can I overcome this feeling?" hundreds of young men are asking. Begin to overcome it now! Do not allow it to grow over you like moss on a deserted building. Try to abandon the thought that your life is purposeless.

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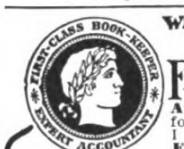
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Embarrassments from a Deficient Education

CHARLES F. THWING



CHARLES F. THWING,
President of the Western Reserve University

THE first embarrassment which I shall name affecting a man of deficient education arises from his own feelings. He may be educated in part; he is able to think, to reason, to judge,—but he is not educated in name. This appearance of nominal education impresses him as a serious thing. Under it he is uncomfortable. He is unpleasantly conscious of what he regards as his deficiencies. Others may not heed these deficiencies, but he thinks they do. A dear friend of mine, one of the ablest and most successful manufacturers in America, is going through life bemoaning his lack of a college education. He is the only one who bemoans, however, for his friends know that he has those elements and graces which are supposed to characterize the college graduate more fully than have most graduates themselves. But the judgment of his friends does not save him from his uncomfortable consciousness. I once asked a United States senator, whose name is known to every reader of SUCCESS, to be present at a college celebration. His answer was, "You do n't want me: I am no scholar." Some men who have not received a college education find it hard to be thoroughly at home with those who have received it.

Serious Embarrassment Arises from Conceit

Another kind of embarrassment also arises, not from humble self-consciousness, but from unfeigned conceit. The self-assurance of a man of this type is sublime. His confidence in himself is so ample that it well compensates for a lack of confidence of others in him. If he were only embarrassed! His mood of self-satisfaction awakens the mood of pity in others. If he only knew enough to know that he does not know! He discusses most serious and profound problems with the easy playfulness of a baby handling sticks of dynamite. The embarrassment arising from a deficient education in a man of self-conceit is an embarrassment affecting his friends more than himself, but of it he may himself sometimes become aware in hours of solitude. For his own good let us hope so.

One should not neglect an embarrassment springing from ignorance of many usages, forms, or customs. These usuages, forms, customs, and other ceremonials are usually either social or personal, but they may also be ecclesiastical, diplomatic, or even domestic. I do not, of course, mean to say that a college is to offer a student a compendium on how to behave, or to give to him a set of letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son. But I do mean that a good college so trains a student in the principle of conduct that good rules for good behavior he can easily make and easily observe for himself. I know a gentleman distinguished as a diplomat, at home among princes, who, when a student at college, was painfully diffident, if not awkward. "I have had him at my table," said the wife of a celebrated college president, "when great beads of sweat would roll from his cheeks in his trying self-consciousness." It was his acquaintance with usages, forms, customs, and ceremonials of various sorts which helped to transmute the bashful boy into a dignified and happy gentleman of noblest social relations. The man who lacks the advantage of a college education is in peril of not obtaining an adequate acquaintance with the noblest customs and ceremonials of the noblest society.

A fourth embarrassment is of a nature more fundamental. It relates to the property of the man who finds a new problem set before himself. A man of education has broad general power which he is able to direct to the performance of new duties, and to the answering of questions which have never before been asked of him. If he is not fitted to do a piece of work which is offered him, he is able to fit himself to do it. A friend of mine, who had just received his first de-

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gree, was searching the streets of Boston for a job. At the door of a bicycle store he read the sign: "Wanted, a teacher of the bicycle." He entered. He inquired for the proprietor. "I wish to apply," he said, "for the place of a teacher of the bicycle." "How long have you ridden the bicycle?" "I have never ridden it." "Never ridden! and yet you come here to ask me to hire you as a teacher!" exclaimed the proprietor. "When do you wish the exercise to begin?" inquired the applicant. "At nine o'clock, to-morrow morning." "Very well, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning I will report to you prepared to take the place." He did report and got and kept the place. Between the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next he fitted himself, with the help of a teacher, to ride, and to teach others to ride, the bicycle. The qualities which led him into this position have made him one of the most successful of American publishers. A college man is, I believe, less in peril of becoming dazed, perplexed, or hopeless, before a new and hard problem, than a man of deficient training.

A Good Sense of Values Is often Lacking

Another embarrassment, and the last which I shall name, has its origin in a lack of a sense of values. The simple fact that education is deficient proves that a good sense of values is lacking, for what is education other than the power of weighing evidence? A man of deficient education is in danger of making the large small and the small large, the significant obscure and the obscure significant, and of interpreting the permanent as temporal, the temporal as lasting. What belongs in the foreground of the picture he is liable to put in the background; he does not understand what is principal and what subordinate; and he finds it hard to discriminate between the big and the great. In action he is subject to the peril of not perceiving when to be aggressive, and when to be passive; where to put on pressure, and where to turn it off; what to emphasize, and what to pass over lightly; what to hold on to with the grip of death, and what to let go of easily. The lack of the sense of valuation is the most common lack of a man of deficient education. It is also probably the most costly lack. It results in all kinds of mistakes and disasters. Alas! the lack of this sense is common enough among all sorts and conditions of men. If college graduates possessed this sense of valuation perfectly, they would never make mistakes. But there are graduates who have been known to make mistakes! Yet, the better one's education is, the more thoroughly assured may he be that he will be saved from the embarrassment which inability to reason logically, and to make a conclusion wisely is sure to cause.

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character culture, position, attainment of whatever sort.

T. T. MUNGER.

The Man Who Feels

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

THE man who feels is a happier wight
Than the man who is callous and cold,
For if he weeps in the gloom of night,
He laughs in the sunbeams' gold;
And if the tide of his life runs low,
It reaches the summits of cheer;
He knows the heights, as the depths below,
And he smiles through a pitying tear.
And after it all, when all is done,
The world has most of the gladdening sun,
For the twilight lingers when day is done,
And the sun's benediction is dear.

The man who feels is happier far,—
I say it again and again,—
Than ever can be, or ever are,
The pitiless sons of men;
For if he sighs for his own gray woes,
He sighs for another's too;
If the plant of pain in his bosom grows,
It is covered by sympathy's dew.
And after it all, when all is said,
Still pity and love forever are wed;
That the heart unfeeling is chill and dead
Is true, and forever is true.

The man who feels is a dear God's gift
To a sorrowful, travailing world;
By the hands that the burdens of life uplift
Is the flag of our peace unfurled.
We need not the souls that are callous as Fate,
And selfish, and wedded to greed,
But the pitying tear for our fallen estate
We need,—and we ever shall need.
And after it all, when all is past,
'T is the deed of love that alone may last,
And the rest is chaff in the winnowing blast;
In the garden of life, a weed.

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SIBYL SANDERSON

[*Concluded from page 554*]

come within that range and give a singer a chance to keep her voice in perfect harmony. Waiting for the soul-splitting "C" does not enthrall an audience half so much as a beautiful *aria* in the medium register sung with care and modulation from beginning to end. In such an *aria* the voice is equally distributed; in the high "C" compositions, much has to be slurred in order to hold the note.

A knowledge of languages is almost indispensable,—I might say that it is absolutely indispensable. The productions of Mozart, Schubert, Weber, Rossini, Brahms, and other such composers must be sung in their original tongues in order to produce the best effect. These composers knew the rare art of wedding words to sounds. Sir Arthur Sullivan understood this art in its highest sense, and some of his oratorios and light operas contain splendid examples for a student. "The Lost Chord" is representative of this art. Each tone echoes the word it sounds, and much of the quality of its rare beauty is lost when it is rendered in a foreign tongue.

Long, rugged, and difficult is the road to grand opera. The amount of study that one must do before the footlights can be reached is something appalling. It must be because the voice is a tender thing, and, as such, must needs be cared for most cautiously. The time between the first lesson at "attacking tones" and studying a *repertoire* must be passed slowly,—so slowly, in fact, that progress will hardly be noticed. In singing that is the only way to make any progress. When a rôle is to be studied, then another sphere must be entered, where feeling, style and declamatory power are mastered.

The "We" That Wins

ROBERT WEBSTER JONES

A YOUNG man employed in a responsible position by a great corporation was recently discharged to make room for another. Surprised and mortified, he sought an explanation from the manager of his department. "Will you kindly tell me why you do not want me any longer?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the reply; "it is because you always said 'you,' instead of 'we.'"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just that! You never said, '*We*' should do so and so; or 'WE' ought to follow out such-and-such a policy. It was always 'YOU' in referring to this company, of which you were a part. In speaking to a fellow-employee about our business, you would say 'THEY,' (meaning this company,) instead of '*WE*.' This lack of a live personal interest in the success of the concern was expressed in your actions, no less than by your words. I should advise you to seek employment with some company to which you can refer as '*WE*.'"

A common criticism of an ambitious young man is: "He acts as if he owned the concern, and he's only a clerk." It is the young man who works as if he did own the concern who often becomes the owner in time.

"We're going to pay a dividend of ten million dollars next month," proudly remarked an office boy to a waiting visitor in the reception-room of a railway president. That boy's salary is five dollars a week. He is on the right track.

But it is necessary to think WE and act WE every hour of every day, as well as to say WE. WE means US, union, solidity, coöperative enthusiasm. YOU means the other fellows. It's the WE that wins!

He Never Came Back

EX-GOVERNOR N. O. MURPHY, of Arizona, and Joseph Reynolds, of Chicago, were passing the large offices of the late Philip Armour's packing concern when Mr. Reynolds suddenly turned to Mr. Murphy and said, "I want to introduce you to Phil Armour to prove to you that a man of his standing is approachable." As Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Murphy entered the offices, Mr. Armour came hastily forward and, after being introduced, said: "This man started my brother and myself in business with two thousand dollars, and now I want to introduce you to the youngest member of this firm," and he laid his hand on the head of an office boy. "As soon as we take a boy or a man into this office," continued Mr. Armour, "we consider him on the highway to a partnership in this business. I believe in encouraging bright, capable boys in getting ahead."

"Mr. Armour," said Mr. Murphy, "I suppose you are frequently importuned by those who claim relationship."

"Almost every day," said Mr. Armour, "some one comes into this office, informs me he is a blood relative, and asks for financial assistance. Not many days ago such an individual came here and asked to see me. 'You're not an' Armour,' I replied; 'an Armour never wore a soiled collar and a streak of soot behind his ear. My dear fellow, you're positively offensive.'

"The man persisted that he was an Armour, and to verify it he pulled out the tag at the bottom of his shirt-bosom, on which was written in faded indelible ink the name 'Armour.'

"Turning to my financial man," continued Mr. Armour, "I said, 'Give this man a hundred dollars, see him on a train for the most distant point, and watch that train pull out of the station.'"

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The violin possesses a rare, powerful tone of sweet, melodious quality, equaling that of the famous Stradivarius violin of which it's an exact copy. The body is old seasoned maple of beautiful flame, the top is spruce wood, 80 to 100 years old, procured from the historic Black Forest of Germany. The color is a rich reddish brown, hand-rubbed in oil to a high piano polish, and the trimmings, such as pegs, fingerboard, tail, etc., are fine ebony finish'd. **OUR $2.95 PRICE** includes the violin exactly as described, a fine elastic bow, two sets of gut strings, a big cake of rosin, fingerboard chart and a self-teaching instruction book, all packed in a neat marbleized violin case. **5 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** Send us $2.95 and we will send you the violin outfit exactly as described above. Use it 5 days and if unsatisfactory for any reason whatever return it and we will refund your $2.95. We are headquarters for **ORGANS, PIANOS,** Violins, Guitars, Banjos, music boxes, band instruments and musical goods of all kinds at wholesale prices. Write for our **FREE CATALOG** of musical instruments which represents our entire line. **John M. Smyth Co.** 150-305 W. Madison St. Chicago

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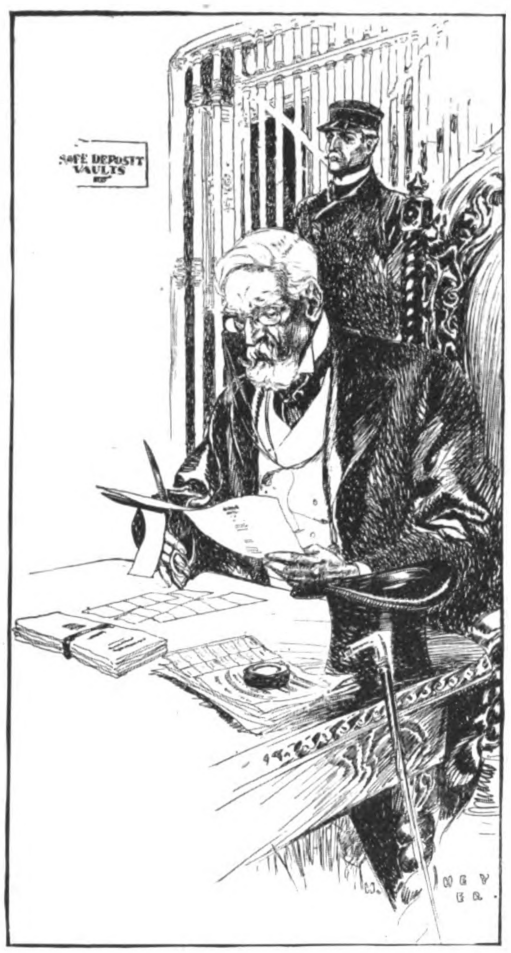
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How to Invest Money Safely and Profitably*

EDWARD E. HIGGINS

IV.—Government, State and Municipal Bonds



THE word "bond" carries with it, to many persons, the idea of absolute security and conservative investment. "Stocks" are supposed to be speculative,—not suited to the widow or orphan,—the mere plaything of fortune. But the "bond!" Ah! here we have something solid, something substantial, something conservative and sure.

This, I say, is, or has been until recent years, the popular belief, but cruelly has the public been undeceived. Reorganizations, scalings down of interest and principal, heavy shrinkages in market prices,—all these have been a characteristic of bonds hardly less than of stocks.

The reason is not far to seek. A bond is merely a promissory note given usually (but not necessarily,) by a government or a corporation. It may be secured or unsecured. A debenture bond is often only an unsecured note,—just an evidence of indebtedness such as Tom, Dick or Harry might give to his tailor. A collateral trust bond is secured by the deposit with some trustee of other stocks, or bonds, or mortgages, the value of which is more or less problematical,—even "cats and dogs," in Wall Street parlance. A mortgage bond is secured by a mortgage, or deed of sale to a trustee, of the property mortgaged, the sale being conditioned, however, on the failure of the party giving the bond to pay interest and principal when due. The property mortgaged may be a thousand acres of salt marsh in Patagonia, or a factory plant, or bare "good will," or a mere earning power.

In some respects, the ordinary promissory note of a corporation is even better security than its bond. A creditor can bring pressure to bear for the payment of a company's short time promissory note much more quickly than he can on a bond, not only because the principal of the bond may not be due for many years, and suit to recover principal can not, therefore, be entered, but also because the bonds themselves are often so worded as to provide that interest must be in default for six months or even a year before the trustee is authorized to begin proceedings to foreclose the mortgage. Even then, such proceedings may be fought in the courts for a long while, the bondholders meanwhile having no income, while the market for the sale of the bonds may be utterly destroyed.

Look carefully, therefore, to your *security*, my friends, and do not consider that a mere piece of engraved paper, which can be produced in any quantity desired for about two cents per thousand dollars of par value, is a thing of worth merely because it is called a "bond." Let your investigation into the value behind the bond be as deep as circumstances will permit, or, if you can not personally make such an investigation, at least have your lawyer or your banker give you a memorandum of four things, *viz.*: (a,) the property securing your bond; (b,) the value of that property as estimated by parties who are supposed to make it their business to know; (c,) the earning power of the property during the last financial year; and (d,) the

*Previous articles in this series have appeared in SUCCESS for March, April, and May, 1903.



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One dollar will open an account with

The Federal Trust Company

and if one dollar a week is deposited with us for twenty years at 4% interest compounded semi-annually, you will have $1,588.22. Larger sums grow in like proportion.

We accept deposits of **any amount** from one dollar up and pay

4% INTEREST

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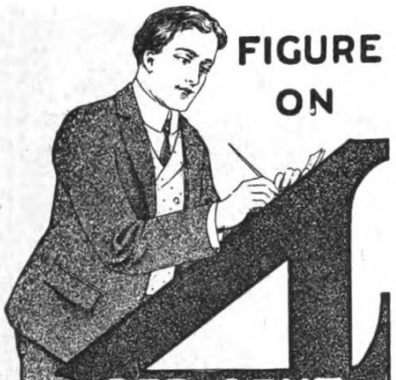


FIGURE ON 4 PER CENT

In Selecting a Depository

Figure on SECURITY

Pittsburg Trust Co. has Capital, Surplus and Profits of $6,000,000.00 and a Board of Directors whose names are an assurance of integrity and conservatism.

Figure on RETURNS

Pittsburg Trust Co. pays 4% interest, compounded every six months, on Savings Deposits, and 2% on ordinary Checking Accounts. The great industries and numerous facilities for profitable investment in Pittsburg enable the payment of these rates.

Figure on SERVICE and ACCOMMODATION

Pittsburg Trust Co. offers courteous treatment, the privilege of withdrawing $100 from your Savings Account every two weeks without notice, and a very simple system of

Banking by Mail

Merely send your first deposit of any amount from $1.00 up, by check or otherwise, stating whether you wish to open a Savings or a Checking Account. Withdrawals are remitted in New York exchange upon request.

Deposits, $10,000,000.00

Write for Booklet No. 2, "Banking by Mail"

Pittsburg Trust Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

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In a rut? Then get out of it. Learn advertising, the new profession; it's uncrowded; it pays well; competent men and women are in demand. The Helms course of ad-writing has been successfully taught by mail for the past two years. The graduates, without a single exception, endorse it. They're all quite willing to do this, because they're all in good positions, obtained and held because



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They Know the Business

This course is not taught by "form letters." Every lesson is prepared and corrected by Mr. Helms himself, and is accompanied by a letter personally dictated by him. He has no assistants. Consequently, but two hundred pupils can be taught at one time. Only thirty more will be accepted now. If you're willing to give up about three hours a week, and to ask questions about whatever features of the work are not clearly understood, you may be one of the thirty, and you'll be equipped in four to six months. Only earnest men and women are wanted in this course. Their instructor will be no less conscientious in his work.

Interested? Write at once, for further details, to

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Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker

surplus of this earning power over the interest on your bond. Even then you have only a part of the story, for there are many more things which the really skillful investor will have to know before he trusts his money in the hands of another, but you will at least be better off than if you do not make this preliminary investigation, and you will perhaps be in a position to compare one investment with another, market prices considered.

Government Bonds

The highest grade of bond to be found in the markets of the world is undoubtedly the simple promise to pay of the government of the United States of America. It is secured by no definitely named collateral or mortgage, but it has behind it the good faith and almost boundless wealth of a happy, contented, prosperous, and essentially honest people, represented by a strong and stable government. Such a people would submit to any amount of taxation rather than default upon its obligations, and the power of taxation in the United States is practically limitless though little used, while the actual outstanding debt is ridiculously small as compared with that of any other great nation of the globe. A permanent default in the bonds of the United States Government is practically inconceivable, its borrowing power is therefore unlimited, and the rates of interest which it has to pay are lower than those of any other nation.

Next to United States bonds in point of intrinsic safety come the bonds of the British government, usually known as "consols,"—these being bonds representing the "consolidated indebtedness" of the British nation. Next to these come, perhaps, the three per cent. "rentes" of the French republic, practically all of which are eagerly absorbed by the thrifty and economical French people themselves, so that they are rarely found in outside hands.

The British people are large investors in the bonds of their own government and the governments of foreign nations. Great national loans are often negotiated in London, or through international banking houses reaching London, America, Paris, and Berlin investment circles. During the past two or three years a little of the surplus wealth of some of the great American families is supposed to have been placed in foreign government bonds as well as a small portion of the investment funds of some of the great insurance companies, but the American market for foreign government bonds has been, until recently, extremely limited, as the opportunities for profitable investment in this rich, new country of ours are far more attractive.

A rough idea of the relative credit standing of the different countries of the world may be gained from the following table, showing the prices in London and New York (in August, 1903,) of the long-time government bonds of the countries named:—

	Market Price
United States 2-per cent.	107
Do. 4-per cent.	136
British Consols 2½-per cent.	91⅛
Indian Government 2½-per cent.	83
French Rentes 3-per cent.	97
German Imperial 3-per cent.	90¼
Hungarian 4-per cent. Gold Rentes	101
Italian Government 5-per cent.	101¾
Japanese Sterling 4-per cent.	83¾
Russian 4-per cent.	100
Spanish 4-per cent.	90⅛
Uruguayan 3½-per cent.	58
Venezuelan 3-per cent.	34
Argentine 5-per cent.	100
Brazilian 4-per cent.	76½
Chilian 4½-per cent.	84

State Bonds

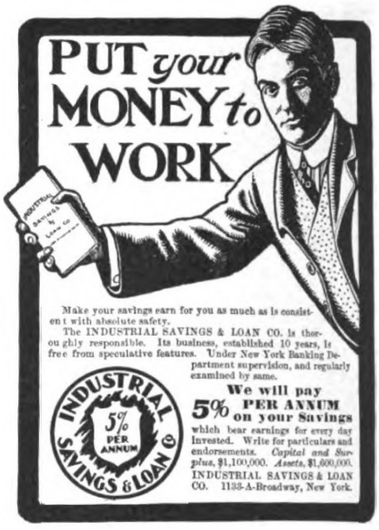
Bonds of the sovereign states forming the American union, form, almost without exception, sound, safe and conservative investments. They, too, are secured by almost unlimited wealth and taxing power. Defaults of either principal or interest have been rare indeed, except in a few of the Southern states during the reconstruction period; and a state needs only to announce its wish to borrow money on its gold bonds, to quickly secure favorable bids and an immediate absorption of the issue by the investing public.

An inspection of the figures showing the assessed valuation, the wealth per capita, and the percentage of the net debt to the assessed valuation of all the American states, shows a wonderful degree of prosperity and safety. The total net debt of no less than thirty-one states out of the entire forty-eight is below one per cent. of the assessed valuation, while the percentage of net debt to assessed valuations exceeds two per cent. with only eight states. Compare such figures as these with the indebtedness of business corporations or individuals in proportion to their total assets, and it will be readily seen how strong financially are most of the American states, and how unlimited should be their borrowing power.

The total wealth of one state, Massachusetts, exceeds one thousand dollars per capita ($1,464); seventeen states have a wealth of from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars per capita; and fifteen states, only, have less than two hundred and fifty dollars per capita; the wealth being measured in each instance by the assessed valuations, which are doubtless well below, in the aggregate, the real values of the property covered.

Municipal Bonds

In selecting municipal bonds for investment more care and discrimination must be exercised than is required for government or state bonds. A municipality is not a sovereign state but merely a business corporation chartered, like any other corporation, by the state and subject to state control. Its function is to provide water, sewage and light to its inhabitants, and to carry on certain other business enterprises which can in theory be done better by the whole people working through its representatives



Make your savings earn for you as much as is consistent with absolute safety.

The INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. is thoroughly responsible. Its business, established 10 years, is free from speculative features. Under New York Banking Department supervision, and regularly examined by same.

We will pay 5% PER ANNUM on your Savings

which bear earnings for every day invested. Write for particulars and endorsements. *Capital and Surplus*, $1,100,000. *Assets*, $1,600,000.

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We issue something entirely new and original in the form of a transferable certificate of deposit (copyright applied for) for 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 years, with **Interest Coupons Attached** paying

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annually, that is a little bit the best proposition ever made to depositors by a conservative banking institution. A $1,000 deposit earns you $20.00 every six months. Book accounts from $1 up, solicited, on which we pay 4%.

KNOW MORE ABOUT IT.

We issue a **Free Book** giving facts about our plan that we believe will convince you that this bank is **the** bank for your savings account. It also tells why this is one of Ohio's staunchest banking houses. Ask for book "A."

The Central Savings Bank, TOLEDO, OHIO.



Comfort and Luxury at All Times and Places

The **ORIGINAL** and mechanically perfect

STAR Safety Razor

guarantees you not only comfort but luxury in your daily shave. If you are traveling, you will find it most convenient, perfectly safe, and easy to manipulate. During the hot weather it guarantees you against face rash or any other discomfort found by using a razor not in condition, which is apt to be the case while away from home.

The **Star Safety Razor** as made by Kampfe Bros. (original inventors of the safety razor) for over 28 years, is used daily by over 5,000,000 people. This proves it to be a razor of merit. Imitators have tried to copy our razor, but if you insist upon getting the "**3 STARS**" (our trade-mark), you will be sure of satisfaction. Every razor is carefully tested before leaving our factory.

THE NEW STAR STROPPER guarantees absolute perfection to the user of the razor. *Send for catalogue.*

Razors, Complete, $2.00. New Star Stropper, $1.50 Sets, $3.50 and up.

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P. S.—If you are not interested or you do not happen to have a son who would take up this work, you may know of someone who has.

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Can furnish stock in best Banks in the West, in $25, $50 and $100 amounts, which pay from 10 to 20%, absolutely safe. Address **STEPHEN BROWN, - - - Rush Springs, Indian Ter.**

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. *Write at once.* **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1021, Detroit, Mich.**

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than by individual interests. The mayor and council of a municipality are merely the business agents of the people and are supposed to handle the municipal business in an economical manner, assessing the cost of the municipal undertakings equitably upon the whole people.

The business of a municipality may be managed well or ill,—economically or extravagantly. A municipality, like any other corporation, may be solvent or insolvent, but, if the latter, insolvency takes a form somewhat different from that of an ordinary corporation.

The constitution of most states provides that the municipalities may not create an indebtedness greater than a certain percentage of the total assessed valuation of real estate, or of real and personal estate. In New York this debt limit is ten per cent. of the real estate valuation. Owing, however, to the unbusinesslike methods and wasteful extravagance of the "city fathers" of not a few municipalities, the debt limit has been nearly or quite reached, and further borrowing power can only be obtained by increasing the assessed valuations. This is a very unpopular measure and is adopted only as a last resort.

One consequence of this condition is that there have been, for one reason and another, altogether too many issues of municipal bonds which have been pronounced by the courts illegal, and, while those municipalities which care anything about their credit always find some way of treating the investor in these illegal bonds with justice, there have been many cases where municipalities have claimed that they could do nothing to repair the damage to innocent investors in these illegal issues, and the latter have lost their investments partially or completely.

Another consequence is practical insolvency. One of our greatest American municipalities is to-day suffering most seriously from lack of borrowing power and of sufficient revenue to meet its annual expenses. Teachers and other city employees are kept waiting many months for their salaries; there is no money to spend even on repairing existing pavements, to say nothing of laying new ones, and the conditions confronting this municipality have become really most serious from every standpoint, in spite of the fact that the collective wealth of the community is enormous. This illustrates the care which must be taken in investing money in municipal bonds.

The best way, as a rule, is to ask some banker or reliable broker to give you the benefit of his experience, and particularly to ask him to find out whether the municipality in whose bonds you are planning to invest has reached anywhere near its debt limit, and if its annual income materially exceeds its expenses. It is also well to know if its bonds carry sinking-fund provisions, and if these provisions have been met up to date.

The care taken by the laws of most of the wealthy states of the country to safeguard the interests of savings bank depositors have led to specific detailed regulations as to the investments which savings banks are permitted to make with their depositors' money. A certain percentage of these investments may be loaned on bond and mortgage, secured by real estate; another percentage may be loaned on United States government and state bonds; and another percentage on municipal bonds of certain carefully specified cities and towns of the United States. The savings banks in New York State, for example, are permitted to invest in the bonds of New York State municipal corporations and in the following list of outside municipalities, an inspection of which list may be of interest, as showing the cities whose credit stands high in America:—

Boston, Mass.	Cleveland, O.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Worcester, Mass.	Toledo, O.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Cambridge, Mass.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Allegheny, Pa.
Lowell, Mass.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Reading, Pa.
Fall River, Mass.	Des Moines, Ia.	Scranton, Pa.
Springfield, Mass.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Louisville, Ky.
Holyoke, Mass.	Portland, Me.	Cincinnati, O.
Providence, R. I.	Paterson, N. J.	Detroit, Mich.
New Haven, Conn.	Trenton, N. J.	St. Louis, Mo.
Hartford, Conn.	Newark, N. J.	St. Paul, Minn.
Baltimore, Md.	Camden, N. J.	Milwaukee, Wis.

Additions to this list can be made in New York State only by special legislative enactment, but the lists of cities vary in the practice of the different states.

Taxation

One feature about government, state and municipal bonds which is to be borne in mind in considering the net return on money invested is the question of taxation. United States government and state bonds are not taxable by any state or municipality, and their rate of return, therefore, is *net*,—*i. e.*, not subject to reduction because of taxes. Municipal bonds may be taxed by the state, but are usually issued by the municipality free of local taxes, so that their rate of return is nearly *net*. The bonds of business corporations are, of course, taxable, either directly or indirectly, by both state and municipalities, and, although they appear often to bear a high rate of interest, a deduction must be made from this interest for taxation, unless the corporation voluntarily assumes the burden itself.

The difficulties of dealing with bonds of the character above described emphasize the advice which has already been given in previous papers to the effect that, for small funds at least, savings banks offer a good solution of the investment problem, for in such banks the benefit of the best financial wisdom of monied men is given freely and without hope of even indirect return, so that all the expenses chargeable against the *net* profits of the bank's investments are those of the clerks and paid officials necessary for conducting the business, while the depositors get the rest. Such institutions, therefore, are a real benefit to small investors, the value of which can hardly be overestimated.



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BY MAIL

is simply a matter of dropping a letter in the post office. It is as convenient and satisfactory in every way as making a personal trip to the bank, and is more beneficial and helpful because it enables you to take advantage of the security and high rate of interest offered by this institution.

Deposits are accepted in any amount from $1 up, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. compounded twice a year

The following table shows the rapid growth of small weekly savings:

Weekly Savings	Rate of Interest	For 5 Years	For 10 Years	For 20 Years	For 40 Years
$0.25	FOUR Per Cent. per annum, compounding twice a year, 1st May and 1st November	$ 73	$ 162	$ 403	$ 1,294
.50		146	324	806	2,588
1.00		293	650	1,614	5,177
2.00		585	1,301	3,228	10,355
5.00		1,462	3,252	8,070	25,888

This bank originated the banking by mail system. It has depositors in all parts of the civilized world

Booklet and full information sent free if you mention "Success"

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Founded 1866
Capital, Surplus and Profits, $1,116,000.00

You Owe It to Your Family

and to yourself, not only to save money, but to place your savings in a bank which is so strong that all possibility of loss is eliminated.

An account in the Bowery Savings Bank of New York guarantees absolute security. The largest savings institution in the world. Deposits of from one dollar to three thousand dollars received. 3½% compound interest on deposits. You can safely send your savings BY MAIL—no matter where you live—to

THE BOWERY SAVINGS BANK,

Chartered 1834. 128-130 Bowery, New York City.

Write for the book which describes our plan of Banking by Mail.



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"THE REAL" SAFETY RAZOR

The man with a *tender skin* and a *tough beard* may *now shave himself* with comfort—a razor has been made for him.

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The safety device is *adjustable* to *either* hand.
Very finest steel, full concave.
Price $2.00 at dealers, or from us if dealer hasn't it.
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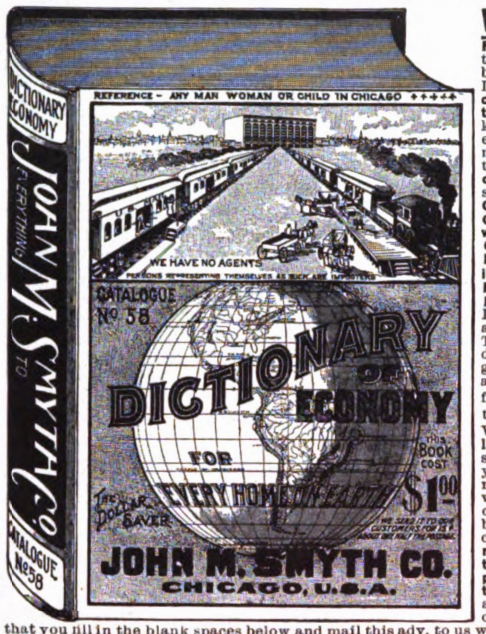
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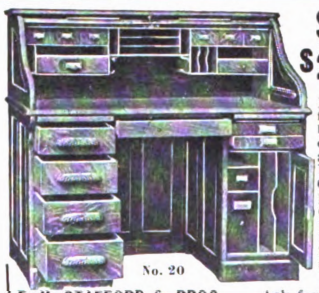
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AVE ET VALE

In Memory of Our Oldest Poet-Contributor

THE recent announcement of the death of George Shepard Burleigh, our poet-contributor, was read with a sense of personal bereavement by thousands of the younger as well as of the older members of the vast family of SUCCESS readers. His "Angel of the Fiat," "Little Workers," and "Intimations of the World-Soul," average specimens of his poems which have appeared in our columns, elicited unqualified commendation from some of the foremost scholars and poets of the day. He seldom took advantage of poetic license, and made no use whatever of the fantastic, meretricious aids—the "embroidery" and "gingerbread work"—which belittle more than they dignify the work of many modern versifiers. His verse flowed with perfect naturalness in a deep, strong current of combined intellect, sensibility and will. His subjects, although simple, were always of wide yet special interest,—as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves. Every line was strongly vibrant with high purpose and imagination. He touched, as it were, the silver cord of life, and it thrilled and echoed with his thought. He struck a lofty human keynote, and the hearts of his readers throbbed in unison.

It seems strange, in our materialistic twentieth century, with its utilitarian science, buzzing electricity, whirring wheels, and clashing competition, to meet any one who, on the one hand, stands in the very forefront of progressive thought, and, on the other hand, still shapes his life and his utterance in accordance with the Acadian simplicity and purity of the Greek philosophers or the fishermen of Galilee; but it seemed almost uncanny, in Mr. Burleigh's case, to find the sharpest, broadest modernity in one who was born before Napoleon had finished dictating his memoirs at St. Helena, who was doing yeoman work as editor of "The Charter Oak," one of the first "free soil and liberty" papers in the field, as early as 1846-7, who was the contemporary of Cooper, Irving, Poe, S. Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Osgood, John Pierpont, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Moore, Francis Scott Key, John Howard Payne, and Charles Dickens, and who was a coworker with Alton, Lovejoy, Whittier, Lowell, Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, Charles Sumner, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.



Photograph by Hurd, Providence, R. I.

GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH

The following poem, republished from one of the earliest numbers of SUCCESS, gives fitting expression to the dominant soul-thought of the dead poet.—THE EDITOR.

ASPIRATION

George Shepard Burleigh

WE see this life of man,
All crossed with joy and woe,
And ever seek, beyond our span,
A better than we know.
So shoots the farthest star
To find its central sun;
So gleams, in firmaments afar,
The eternal day begun.

O mystic dawn, unseen
By dwellers in the vale,
On peaks of daring thought serene,
Thy golden light we hail!
Higher, and ever higher,
Its rosy palms invite,
Where souls that ceased not to aspire
Stand robed in dazzling white.

A voice comes down the blue,
From every kindling peak,
That calls us nobler work to do,
And nobler goals to seek;
To climb the loftier zones,
Where kings of earnest thought
Reign, and still wrestle for new thrones,
With purer gold inwrought.

Forsaking, everywhere,
The prizes cheaplier won,
The eternal morn of true and pure
Shall light us on, and on,
Till, over summits dim,
In purple glooms afar,
We see, through deepening glory, swim
Our victory's morning star.

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Miss Finney's Sign

A Little Story of a Misfortune

JANE ELLIS JOY

MISS FINNEY had done the printing herself with pen and ink. To be sure, there was not much of it. On a small white card appeared the word, "Gowns." Miss Finney, who was sitting at a writing table in her modest little parlor, held the card between her left finger and thumb, and contemplated the initial step in her proposed business career with apparent satisfaction so far as the sign was concerned.

As regards what people would think when they should know that Arabella Finney was actually taking in dressmaking, that was another matter. The aristocracy of Finneyville would perhaps be surprised, and Aunt Broxton Finney and Cousin Philomena, now traveling abroad, might have something to say in disapproval.

Miss Finney had thought of all this long ago, but—stern necessity was to be reckoned with.

She had excellent taste, and she had taken some lessons in cutting and fitting from an expert. Though somewhat past her first youth, she was still a pretty, graceful woman, and she looked young. Her knowledge of the world, however, was limited to the social side of it. When she had figured as a belle in Finneyville, where she had resided before coming to Chester, she had been admired for her originality. She was aware of this, and she still prided herself a little on being different from others.

"This is rather a distinguished sign," she thought to herself, with a pleased little smile. "It's not vulgarly conspicuous, and there 's no suggestion of work about it to offend Aunt Broxton Finney and Cousin Philomena. "Gowns." Miss Finney, who had imagination, fancied that the extreme delicacy manifest in the setting of her occupation before the eyes of the world would appeal to the refinement of ladies, and bring her the class of customers that she desired.

"Now for crossing the Rubicon!" she continued to herself, as, rising to her feet, she realized that the putting of the sign in the window would be the crucial test of her courage. For a moment she stood irresolute.

In the little back kitchen, Nancy was putting away the dinner dishes. Miss Finney was not in the habit of consulting servants about her affairs; but, as Nancy was a very faithful girl, it seemed that it might be well, in the present instance, to hear her opinion of the sign. So she called the girl in.

"What do you think of this, Nancy?" she said, trying to speak lightly, and holding up the sign.

The girl's jaw dropped. This always meant that Nancy did not want to speak her mind. Plainly, Nancy, who knew her mistress's business intentions, was disappointed in the sign. "Why, ma'am," she stammered, when urged to give an opinion, "some won't know as it's *reel dressmakin'*. 'Gowns' standin' there all by itself sort o' looks far-offish, do n't it?"

"You do n't understand, Nancy," said Miss Finney, assuringly. The girl's idea amused her. She stepped to the window and peeped out to see if anyone were looking. There was a boy across the street selling fruit, and yelling "Apples! Oranges! Bananas!" at the top of his voice.

Miss Finney concluded not to mind this one unimportant witness of her launch into the business world, so she turned back the inside shutter, and, with burning cheeks and tingling pulses, laid her sign flat against the glass. A little crevice in the window-sash held the sign in place.

The boy saw, and came bounding and yelling across the street in the hope of making a sale. Miss Finney shook her head in her dignified way.

She noticed directly that the boy was regarding the sign with curiosity. Her own curiosity prompting her to watch the boy, she stepped back a little. Several times the boy spelled out the sign audibly, pronouncing it "gaowns." Miss Finney felt irritated, and did not feel reassured when the boy laughed as he ran away, repeating "gaowns, gaowns," in a tone expressive of derision.

Poor Miss Finney would have given a good deal to know what her neighbors and the passers-by on the street thought of her sign, but this knowledge was not vouchsafed to her.

Meanwhile, the sign did not attract any customers. The majority of people that saw it did not glance at it a second time. Once the door bell was rung, and a shabby woman standing on the step asked if old gowns were made over in the



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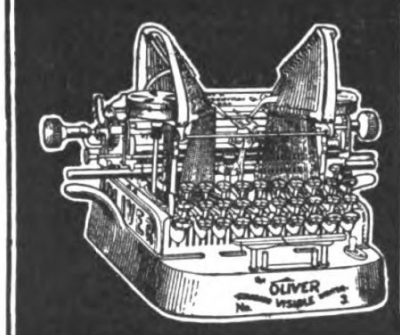
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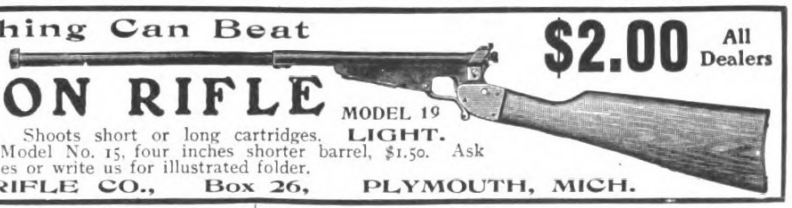
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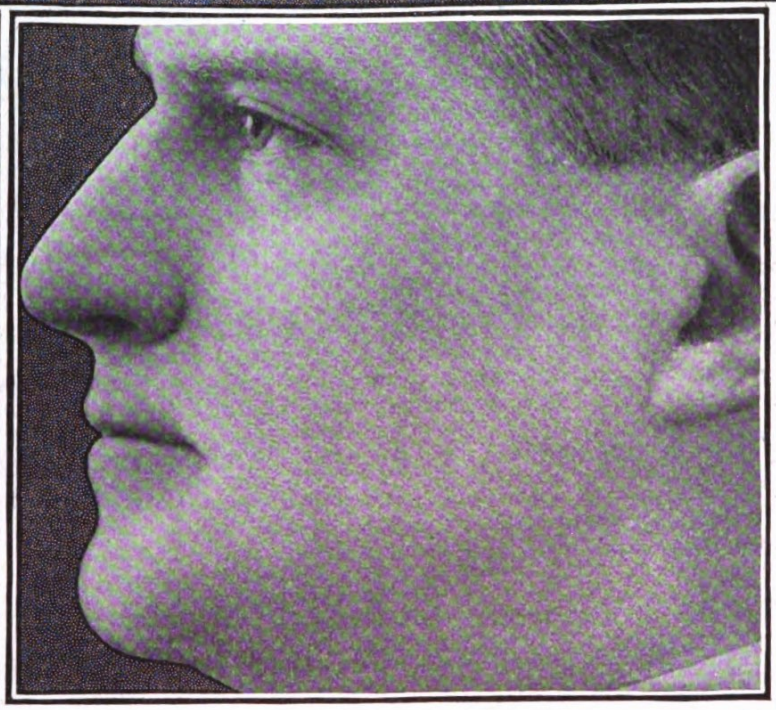
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house, or if ready-made clothes were kept for sale.

As weeks passed Miss Finney became discouraged. Her small resources were melting away for groceries, rent, coal, and wages to Nancy. Things came to such a pass that one day she was obliged to resort to a pawn shop to dispose of some articles of jewelry for cash.

So keenly did she feel the humiliation that, on coming out of the shop, she could hardly see the way before her for the mist that gathered in her eyes. She stumbled against the feet of a boy who was looking in the window of the pawn shop at some bargains in penknives. She fell to the pavement, striking her knees. The boy turned and helped her to rise.

"Oh, say, ma'am," he apologized, with sincere regret, "I'm sorry I tripped you. I did n't try to do it. Are you much hurt?"

Miss Finney was hurt so badly that she could hardly walk. She let the boy assist her to a car. There was something familiar about the broad nose and the wide mouth, sympathetic as well as humorous; but she did not recognize the seller of apples and oranges until an hour or so later, when Nancy admitted to the parlor a boy who called himself Michael Blair.

"I called to see how you are, ma'am," he said, subduing his coarse voice as well as he could; "I know'd you as soon as I saw you down street. As I made you fall and git hurt, I thought I'd come and see if I could n't do some errands or somethin' for you."

"You are very considerate, Michael," said Miss Finney, who was resting comfortably in a reclining chair. "No, I have n't any errands just now. Sit down, please. It was very kind of you to pay my fare to the conductor when you put me on the car, but I'm afraid you could hardly afford to do it. Please let me refund the money."

"No'm; I'd rather not," said Michael, in a manly way. "I ain't so poor as some huckster boys. I've got money in the bank."

"Indeed!" said Miss Finney. It was refreshing to her to even hear about prosperity.

"Yes'm, I've got money; made it all hollerin'."

"Hollowing? Oh, yes, hollowing the fruit on the street." Miss Finney's interest was awakening. Callers were scarce with her, and the boy's kindness and earnest desire to make amends overcame her scruples against his class. "Is it necessary for hucksters to hollow so loud?" she asked, thinking to encourage the conversation and thereby detain her interesting young visitor for a little while.

"Yes'm. You've got to holler if you want to do business," said Michael. "Now there was a feller sellin' blackberries. His father was a sort of 'gent,' and Daniel, he sort of felt above his occypation, and he sneaked around the alleys sayin' 'black-ber-ees,'"—imitating an absurd little squeaking whisper. "Daniel he thought it was more genteeler to say it that way, and maybe 't was. But he did n't sell no berries until he got to hollerin' 'BLACK-BER-EES!' for all he was worth, like the rest of us! No, sirree! You've got to holler your way through this world if ye want to make anything,—you just bet! I'm real glad you ain't worse hurt, ma'am," concluded Michael, "and I'll call to-morrow and see if you have any errands to do."

The flash light that Michael had turned on the ways of the world was startling to Miss Finney. When the boy had gone she limped to the window and withdrew the sign, which she deliberately tore to pieces.

"Daniel did n't sell any berries until he hollowed," she thought, with a grim smile, "and Arabella Finney will have to hollow, too!"

The next day, when Michael called, Miss Finney had an errand for him. It was to the office of a job printer in regard to a new sign to be executed in handsome gold-faced letters on a dark blue ground.

Miss Finney's second sign was so large that it covered the entire space between her parlor windows. It read:—

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ARABELLA FINNEY

From that time Miss Finney's career was upward. She never ceased to be thankful for her lucky fall, nor did she forget the boy who taught her the secret of her success.

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How Moti Lal Got to America

D. J. FLEMING

The true story of a Hindu boy who abandoned the religious beliefs of his country and was left to battle for himself

IF the Indian theory of reincarnation be correct, Moti Lal was once an American. Though born in a land where the ox-cart sets the pace for commerce, where grain is still ground by hand, and where the roadside is suitable for all the mill-space needed for the temporary weaving apparatus, Moti Lal had from the beginning a valuation of time and an alertness to the mechanically useful quite foreign to the oriental mind. His father was treasurer to the rajah or king of one of the many petty native states of India, and thus as a boy he saw many a European whom travel or business brought to the court.

It was from the sight of these travelers that an ambition was awakened in him that caused him many a heartburn. That he should want to see America—that marvelous land of which he had heard such wondrous tales,—seems to us simple enough, but to a Hindu boy it was almost revolutionary. He did not, as did some of his companions, think that seven seas of butter surrounded his land, nor did he quite believe that India is the center of the world; yet, to him, as to every other Hindu, the ocean was the "black water," to pass over which meant losing caste,—the greatest social catastrophe that can come to an orthodox Hindu.

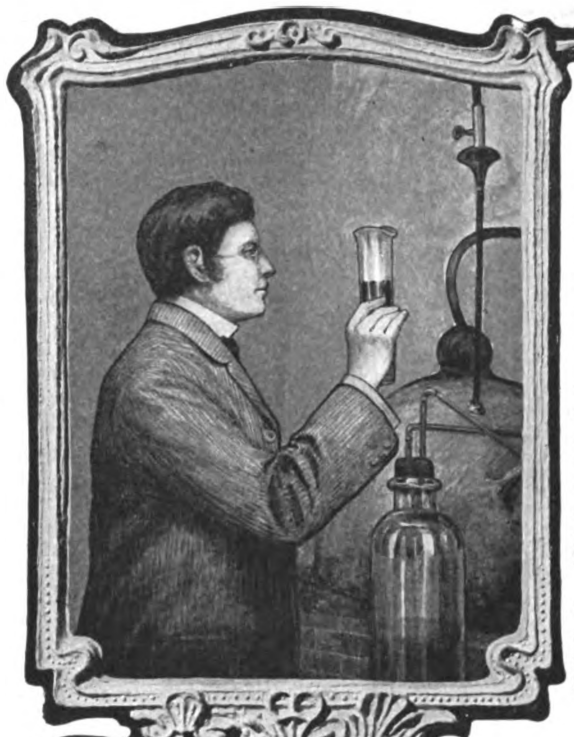
Imagine what this meant for this turbaned child of the zenana! First, there was the religious obstacle. In a land where one of the greatest sins is to eat with a person of lower caste, and where food will be thrown away if ever the shadow of a European falls upon it; in a land where hospitality will impel people to give the requested drink to the white face, but where religion compels them to smash the earthen vessel after his polluting lips have touched it,—in such a land how could he ever get permission to go to another where beef or flesh of any sort would be offered him, or where at least the food would be touched and cooked by Christians. There was also a practical difficulty. About him men were keeping families on six rupees, or two dollars, a month. Many a man's yearly income did not exceed sixty rupees. How then could he save six hundred, which would be necessary for a voyage to America? He supposed then that only his father's consent and help would make it possible.

To Become a Christian Meant Persecution

Undaunted, he began the study of English, with what help he could get in his native state. Many a time, when almost too tired to study, he would tie his *bahl* (a little tuft of hair about six inches long left by Hindus on the crown of the head for a religious reason, much as the sacred thread is worn around the shoulders by a Brahmin,) to a peg above him, so that he would not drowse off to sleep; for, when the intense and enervating heat of a tropical sun does not succeed in eradicating all ambition, it induces lassitude and sends a desire for sleep that it is almost impossible to overcome.

A test of the severest sort was ahead of Moti Lal. Some American missionaries settled in his city, and he naturally made their acquaintance, stealing away as often as he could to talk to them; but his parents, fearing that he would become a Christian, forbade his going to them. Notwithstanding their threats, Moti Lal continued his visits to the missionaries, for they could tell him of other lands. So his angered parents sent him out to the jungle, away from his palace home, to take care of goats and cows. When he would return, he would be beaten with slippers. Once, when found praying beside his *charpai*, his mother tore her hair and threatened to kill him,—for many an Indian parent would rather bury a child than see him become a Christian.

What was he to do? To become a Christian meant sacrifices unknown in lands of religious toleration. He knew that it meant the cutting of all home ties; his parents would no more eat with him; he would be an outcast from his home, and could marry no one of his own caste; he knew that it would mean no more support for education and travel, that it would mean risk of life itself,—in fact, all that was dear to him. Yet he had come to believe that Christianity is better than his own religion, and he believed this higher side



The Question of Dyes

Used by manufacturers of hosiery is of great importance. You should know about it, for cheap dyes are poisonous and are used frequently to make a larger profit at the wearer's expense.

We Guarantee all dyes used in Shawknit half-hose all for men, and ribbed hose for children, to be the costliest and purest dyes made. Our dyes are chemically tested by our own experts and ***are positively free*** from all injurious matter.

Our products are not affected by perspiration, never fade, stain, or run. Our colors will stand acid test—the most absolute test known.

Shawknit TRADE MARK.

Half Hose are Sold by Dealers



The style shown in illustration is another new creation in medium-weight cotton—finest quality

Style B 17—French Gray, white stripe
Style B 18—French Gray, cardinal stripe

New, neat, and stylish, also soft and durable. **25c.** a pair; 6 pairs for **$1.50**; sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive.

Sent anywhere in U.S., delivery charges paid upon receipt of price.

Catalogue free. Colors and Prices.

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LINEN UNDERWEAR

The layer of air in Belfast Mesh makes a non-conductor which maintains a comfortable and uniform body temperature. Its soft fibres are not "scratchy" like wool and it keeps the body dry as well as warm.

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The best test is a trial. It is sold by most good dealers or direct by us if your dealer won't supply. Our convincing book will show you the folly of the "wool for warmth" theory. Send for it today please—it is free.

The Belfast Mesh Underwear Co.
352 Mechanic Street
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"The best made, best fitting, most comfortable, durable and satisfactory underwear at popular prices that modern machinery and skilled labor can produce."

For complete information as to styles, sizes, fabrics and prices address

The Northwestern Knitting Co.,
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PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT at your home by note. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, **48** music lessons on either **Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin** (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." For booklet, testimonials and FREE tuition contract, address **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 204, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.**

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Provides distinct features essential to business system.



Write to-day for new Vertical catalogue 298 *S.*

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.,

Main Factories and Executive Offices, Rochester, N. Y.

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PAY AS YOU EARN

The Wellington Typewriter

PAYS FOR ITSELF

even while you are learning to operate it. Its price is $60, but, to any one who can give satisfactory references, we will send a Wellington Typewriter upon payment of $20, the balance to be paid at the rate of $10 per month. The machine is simple, the work easy to learn, and the opportunities for turning it into money numerous. You can largely increase your income at home, or fit yourself for a responsible business position.

The Wellington is a standard machine of the highest type, embodying all the best features of the high priced typewriters WITHOUT THEIR DEFECTS. It has a universal keyboard, quick, responsive touch, and a perfect alignment. It is strong, simple, light and portable. Send for descriptive catalogue and further details.

The Williams Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
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Guaranteed the most complete Typewriter Table Cabinet ever sold. Solid Golden Oak, 42 inches long, 24 inches deep. Effective and invaluable note book holder free with each cabinet. We ship to responsible parties on approval for $12.00, freight prepaid East of Rocky Mts. What more can we offer? Write now for free illustrated catalogue of Dearborn Typewriter Cabinets.

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of his nature should have the right of way. Should principle or expediency rule him?

In spite of the persecution he knew would follow, and notwithstanding the blighting of his hopes of getting to America, he decided to become a Christian, and was about to be baptized when his parents entered suit against the missionaries on the ground that he was not fourteen, the age under which it is a crime to baptize a child without the parents' consent. During the trial, they tried every plan to shake his purpose, offering him a horse to ride at will, immediate marriage, or even a trip to America, if only he would not become a Christian. The decision was not easy, for many plausible excuses could be found for putting oft baptism; but his higher nature conquered, and it was he himself that furnished the necessary evidence that he was over fourteen, and so could be baptized.

He Was Turned Out of His Home

That threw him on his own resources, for his father disowned him, and shut the door of his home upon him. His education had to cease, and he had to take up at once what work he could to earn his living. But he was far from being disheartened, his new faith seeming to help him. At night he learned how to use a typewriter, and thus succeeded in getting a place in the English service. He was earning twenty rupees a month and was boarding himself, but what was that toward an ocean voyage!

Bicycles, however, were getting to be popular in India, so he ventured in a little speculation. With a strangely occidental eye to business, he imported bicycles, acetylene lamps and accessories, and, because of his wide-awake, business-like bearing, made quite a success of this commercial venture.

Finally, a chance came of greatly reducing the amount of money necessary for passage, by going as a servant of a party. To us, used as we are to see boys wait at table or tend furnace "to get through college," this would seem a very natural thing to do, but for a well-born Hindu it was hard in the extreme. Again he was master of himself, accepted the offer, and was thus able to make the long journey to America. He was the first of a large circle of acquaintances to step out from the old environment and the old customs, which bind in a way unknown in western lands. Thus Moti Lal won a chance to see the world for himself, and to show what can be done by any Hindu, when pluck and perseverance are given a chance.

He Became An American Merchant

After getting his bearings in America, he settled in one of the most flourishing of our Lake cities. With rare insight for a foreigner, he chose his lodgings in the best part of the city, and joined a church of the denomination of which he had become a member in India. This brought him into contact, as he had planned, with influential people. These friendships he was able to retain by making it a point to be agreeable; by remembering little jokes and stories, so that he could join with the rest in an evening's chat; by dressing neatly; by reading, as time permitted, the books people were talking about; in general, by consciously adapting himself to his new environment.

His income at first was simply from stenography, but during this time he was studying American advertising methods: he observed that it pays to use good stationery and to be respectable in personal appearance and in one's place of business; and he was constantly increasing the number of his acquaintances.

Finally he began for himself, by importing India teas, which he resolutely refused to adulterate. In his business, he applied the principles which he had observed brought success, and he is gaining his share of it at the present time. Some day, he says, there shall be a branch office, for selling tea, in every Lake city. If attentiveness to detail, to conditions, and to business, will bring it, success is to be his.

SELF-CULTURE BY READING

WHATEVER your vocation may be, read, read, read! at every opportunity you get, and always read the best within your reach! Any book, periodical or paper is bad which takes the place of something better. Enrich your life in every possible way by self-improvement,—self-culture. This is success.

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it's ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself."

JOHN G. SAXE.

Ralston HEALTH SHOES $4

Fit Without Fault

because made on truly anatomical lasts. Full of style. Comfortable always

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For all our Patent leather shoes we use only the famous Corona Coltskin.

Send for Catalogue *post free.*

Where we have no local agent, we sell by mail, (only 25c. extra for delivery) and guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money.

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Simple and accurate in construction. Durable but light and portable. Made of cold rolled steel—full nickel. In short a **Practical Typewriter** sent on receipt of **$5.00**. Guaranteed for a year. Write for detailed description.

We want Agents everywhere—write for our proposition to agents.

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90 pages, full of information about modern business methods and valuable suggestions for bookkeepers, professional and business men who want a business system that will insure accuracy and completeness of records, lessen time, labor and expense, and increase profits.

No other book like it. Costs us 35c., but will be sent free, together with 30-day offer to prepare, without charge, a system especially for your business, if you write to-day on your business stationery.

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Thousands of graduates making **big money.** **Why not you?** Cost small, benefits large, **original school.** Write now for **special offer,** Mail or Residence

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Shorthand is a time-saver and a money-maker. Capable stenographers are paid well at the start and have the best opportunities for advancement. We have a most thorough Complete Course, a Short Course for busy people, and give special advanced instruction. Long experience in shorthand reporting for the Law Department of New York City. Highly endorsed by leading shorthand experts. Unsurpassed record in teaching by mail. Successful pupils in our own city and everywhere from Maine to California. Interesting 86-page Catalogue and Free Lesson for four cents to cover postage.

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191 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

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Tullahoma, Tenn., July 23, 1903.

Since R. R. Rutledge, the son of one of our firm, completed your course of advertising, **we have been getting better and quicker results from our advertising, and the money we spent for his instruction has been worth more to us than any money we have ever spent for advertising.**

Very truly yours,
J. H. RUTLEDGE & COMPANY.



Always
"New Worlds to Conquer"



Mr. J. A. Joseph of Asheville, N. C., upon completing our course, promptly found a larger field for his abilities as an independent advertising writer in Louisville, Ky. The publisher of the Louisville Herald who stood sponsor for Mr. Joseph, never knew him until introduced by the Chicago College of Advertising.

Are you satisfied with your Income?

If not, read these letters SERIOUSLY:



I am often asked "why did you give up your medical practice and go into advertising?" and I have no hesitation in replying, that while I could make a modest living at medicine, I could not lay up anything for the future, that I was carrying two hundred pounds pressure of energy and using only ten. I wanted to work hard and all the time and get paid for it. I wanted the opportunity to go after business and not sit and twirl my thumbs and wait for it to come to me. "How did I start?" On the advice of Mr. Thomas Balmer, I took up a course in advertising, partly finished it when the Mahin Advertising Company signaled me to come on board.

In ninety days I was earning my guarantee, in five months I was in Europe where I remained several months for one of our customers, and have been busy enough ever since to satisfy the most ambitious. All this, merely to show that the acorns planted in the initial study at an advertising school grow into oaks mighty fast, especially if an expert gardener like Mr. Mahin looks after the cultivation.

Every scholar of the Chicago College of Advertising gets the benefit of the same master minds that gave me an opportunity to use my capacities to the best advantage.

JOHN E. BEEBE, M. D.



Chicago, August 24, 1903.

I was associated with The Mahin Advertising Company while the Chicago College of Advertising was being organized and have watched every phase of its development since.

The same forces that make the Mahin Agency notable, have been injected through and through the methods and lessons of the Chicago College of Advertising. The course is not a short cut to achievement, but merely represents the difference between an old fashioned corduroy road and a modern, 100 pounds to the yard, steel railway upon which to travel toward success.

Such a course of instruction saves the student many hard knocks and the waste of energy that cannot be avoided in learning the advertising business by simply breaking into it. The preparation given by the 40 lessons now offered is certainly worth many times the cost of the course.

H. JENKINS, Advertising Manager,
The Tobey Furniture Company, Chicago.



MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY.

"Don't push your business. Keep ahead of it and pull" is undoubtedly a good maxim, but the first question which confronts the average young man without a "pull" today is how to establish a good business connection?

Six years ago I came to Chicago a stranger—without advertising experience, or even with a business acquaintance—armed simply with a reference from a former employer in the Mercantile Business, and with an intense desire to break through the fence into the field of advertising.

When I called on several of the Advertising Agencies I must admit their representatives listened to me attentively and treated me courteously. While a trifle discouraged, I determined to make one more effort and applied to your Company.

You put me through a short course in the General Principles of Advertising and secured for me my first position as Advertising Manager, which I held for three years. When I suggested to you my desire to make a change in order to broaden my knowledge in this line, you immediately placed me in my present position.

E. M. NOLEN, Advertising Manager,
Richardson Silk Co.



Letter to Chicago College of Advertising.

A personal experience with the astonishingly satisfactory results to be achieved by advertising led me to investigate the new profession and I welcomed the chance to study under "ten of Chicago's leading advertising men." My Connection with the Literary Department of the Mahin Advertising Company is the direct outcome of instruction received from you. Your course is wonderfully comprehensive and gives one a splendid start in the young, vigorous and rapidly growing profession of advertisement writing.

Very truly yours,
H. P. DICKINSON,
Literary Dept., Mahin Advertising Co., Chicago.



Chicago, July 17, 1903.

The practical value and effectiveness of the course offered by the Chicago College of Advertising is beyond dispute.

In less than one year I have "arrived" at the position of Advertising Manager for *Hillman's*. The course in advertising put me on the right track. The rest was merely work—and work is easy.

Yours sincerely,
IRWIN ROSENFELS,
Advertising Manager, "Hillman's," one of Chicago's great dry goods establishments.



Le Roy D. James, within a few weeks after his graduation, left a position with the Northern Trust Company to become Western Manager for the Magazine of Mysteries of New York. He was introduced to publisher by the Chicago College of Advertising, to which application was made for a competent young man.

Do you not feel that, given the opportunity you could do better, and would not the prospect of the better salaries paid advertising writers, managers and solicitors stimulate you to put out your best effort. Then get in touch with us. **Write immediately** for our **Free Test Blank** and other interesting information and take up the study of **Advertising.**

Would not the confidence of being able to apply the best advertising principles **to your own Business** be worth a great deal to you?

We can put into your life, and by correspondence, **without interfering with your work,** the combined experience of **ten of the leading advertising** men of Chicago, the logical advertising center of the United States. Send for FREE TEST BLANK and full information. **"Do it NOW."**

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
961 Williams Building, Corner Fifth Avenue and Monroe Street, Chicago.

CUT ON THIS LINE.

Send immediately **Free Test Blank** and other interesting information necessary to take up the study of advertising.

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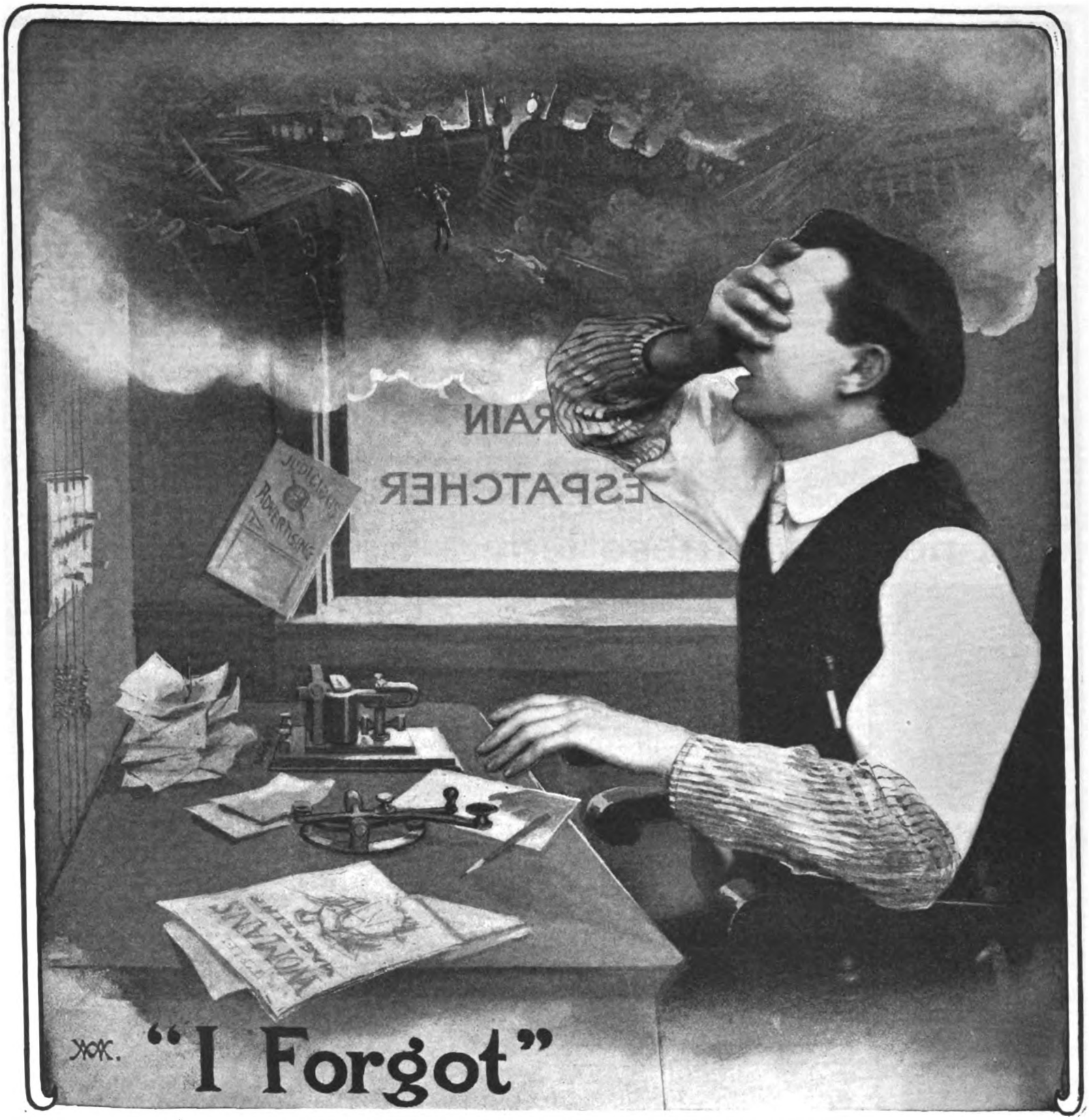
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How much is expressed in these two words—**"I forgot!"** Thousands of human lives and millions of dollars worth of property have been sacrificed to a faulty memory!

The Pelman System of Memory Training

scientifically trains the Natural Memory. Requires only a few minutes time each day, and is so simple a child can understand it. It is entirely original and of such absorbing interest that the pupil finds the half hour daily study a real pleasure. Our pupils range in age from 15 to 85 years. It is hard to conceive of any man or woman in any profession, business, trade or calling who could not receive permanent benefit of almost inestimable value from a course of training under **The Pelman System.** It will enable any person to remember figures, dates, names, appointments, addresses, speeches, business details, to learn languages, **to avoid mistakes.**

A Test

One should be able to think of a subject for a half hour or an hour at a time, yet we venture that not one person in a thousand can think of one subject for a single minute by the watch without the mind wandering off to other subjects. Try it yourself. This mind wandering can be cured as surely as sunrise and taxes by THE PELMAN SYSTEM. Taught in six languages: English, German, French, Italian, Dutch, Russian.

W. T. Stead

Editor of the London Review of Reviews, addressed the following letter under date of March 29, 1902:

"The improvement that can be effected in the memory by taking pains is so immense and so little realized that I consider Mr. Pelman one of the benefactors of the human race."

I am yours truly,
W. T. STEAD.

FREE

Mr. Pelman has published two books. **"Memory Training; Its Laws and Their Application to Practical Life" and 'The Natural Way to Learn a Language'** We will send both books ABSOLUTELY FREE, by mail, postpaid. Write at once. A thing done NOW will not require remembering. You will find these books interesting whether you wish to take instructions or not.

D. F. Urbahns

of Fort Wayne, Ind., himself an instructor in memory training, has the following to say in a letter dated July 3, 1903.

"I am familiar with every known system of memory training, and will say The Pelman System is superior to any I have ever come in contact with. Not another school, to my knowledge, which teaches by correspondence, can secure the good results which you do." Sincerely yours.
D. F. URBAHNS.

D. H. Patterson

Manager of the Patterson Mineral Spring, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. writes us as follows:

"I am simply amazed at the ease with which I absorbed the principles of the system, and at the immediate improvement in my memory. I devoted only about a half hour each evening to the lessons and I have had no trouble in mastering the course in the four weeks. I shall be pleased to answer all inquiries in regard to your system.

Don't forget that Mr. Pelman's books are SENT FREE.

THE PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY TRAINING,
1649 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO.

LONDON, 4 Bloomsbury St. W. C.; PARIS, Ave de Neuilly 109; MUNICH, Mozartstr, 9; MELBOURNE, G. P. O. Box 402; DURBAN, Natal, Lynn Bldg.

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This is the Kind of Evidence that Settles Every Question

Is it possible that thinking men and women could ask for a more sincere opinion—a keener appreciation of the personal interest both Mr. Page and Mr. Davis give the students of advertising? Could you, with the slightest degree of fairness toward the opinions of honest, intelligent men and women, demand more proof of the real merits of the Page-Davis System of Instruction?

It is a manifestation of appreciation. Another glowing tribute to our method

We are satisfied to rest with your decision based upon the evidence from our students



We Ask You as a Fair-Minded Person to Reason It Out for Yourself

The character and standing of the institution is determined by the character of its students and *vice-versa*. This is a tribute that comes from the hearts of our students—of every man and woman who gave toward it. No word of mouth could speak more sincerely and with such fullness of the soul as does this gift from the students to their instructors.

It is a reflection of their thoughts. It is a sealed approval of our labor. It is an evidence of friendship. It is a proof of loyalty and the acknowledgment of our faithfulness in keeping our word.

On first consideration it would seem almost impossible that a body of students, whose only acquaintance with their instructors is through correspondence, should meet in unison and bestow upon these instructors a substantial sign of their endorsement of this course of study. The astonishment which is created in the minds of the general public is only natural because the Page-Davis Company is the first institution of correspondence instruction to receive such honors.

One year ago, April 21st, 1902, Mr. Page was given a banquet by the students in New York City, and now again on Thursday evening, May 14th, 1903, the new students and graduates have signified their appreciation of the work done under these instructors, by bestowing on Mr. Samuel A. Davis a loving cup.

There is a Reason for It

No other Correspondence School in the World Can Lay Claim to Similar Honors—honors that cannot be purchased—they are beyond price—they must be earned. The Page-Davis Company is the original school. The Page-Davis Students are the first to recognize the value of that fact and know of its importance.

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

It is universally conceded that no one ever dared to attempt to teach advertising until the Page-Davis Company proved it could be done. No one ever thought of teaching advertisement writing until the Page-Davis Company proved the practicability of teaching it. Every man who attempts to teach advertisement writing in his limited way speaks to the world of the efficiency and thus recognizes the success of the Page-Davis instruction. Every man holding a position to-day is a living evidence of the value of the Page-Davis instruction. Every student absorbing the instruction of the Page-Davis Company is adding his share to the accumulation of evidence. Each has his way of proclaiming the results of the Page-Davis system.

Page-Davis Company Should Not Be Subjected to Comparison

It is more than natural to presume that the concern relied upon to prove to the business world the possibilities of teaching advertising is sure to keep abreast in all the improvements necessary to qualify every student. You can therefore rest assured that the Page-Davis Company have omitted nothing that should be embodied in their course, nor have they added anything to the course that should be left out. Nothing would be gained by such procedure and it would not be good business policy.

There is No Gain in Experimenting

Now write to the Page-Davis Company, the institution that has not only supplied this possibility but the institution that stands alone for creating a method of instruction never solved by others and for its imparting of the vital principles of publicity in such a manner as to preclude every hope of approach. There is but one original method; there is but one original school. "Learn to write advertisements" and the name "Page-Davis Company" are to-day one and inseparable.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you? When we say, we can positively teach you advertisement writing by mail and fit you to earn $25 to $100 per week, we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us. Our lessons are for each individual, and just as personal as if you were the only student.

Now write to us at once—it takes one minute and one cent. Mr. Page and Mr. Davis will be pleased to correspond with you *and* explain everything to your fullest satisfaction.

Send for our handsome Prospectus—it tells all

Page-Davis Company

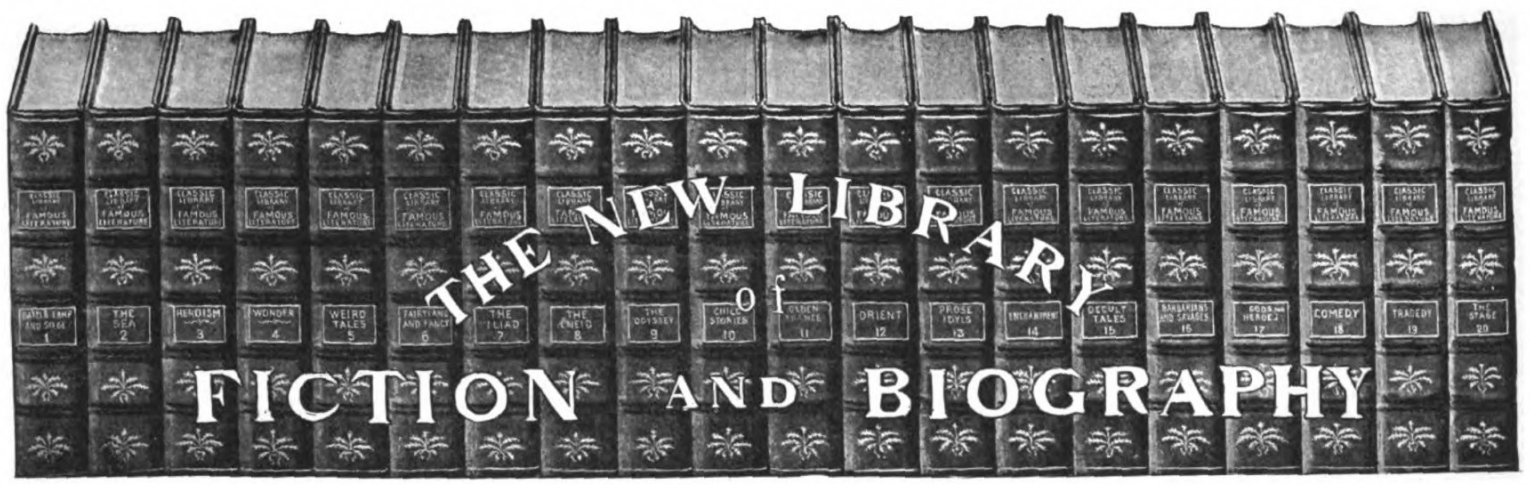
Taught thoroughly, practically and exclusively by mail

(ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE)

Suite 1021, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Suite 1721, 150 Nassau St., New York City

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WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

March 12, 1903.

My Dear Mr. De Berard:

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

With regard, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Frederick B. De Berard,
Merchants' Association of N. Y.

Theodore Roosevelt (Fac-simile)

Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, says to Mr. De Berard: "Accept my compliments upon the rare literary taste and discrimination you have shown in editing these volumes."

John Morley said: "The masterpieces of literature are worth reading a THOUSAND TIMES." Some good literature like some good people will stand a few meetings but do not wear well. There are other works which will become tried and true friends. They please, they entertain, they help, they instruct, they say in a most beautiful way what we have all at times felt but could not express. To get the full effect of these works they must be read throughout. Extracts do not satisfy. As well try to judge of a house by examining a single brick. Here is a strong point of the CLASSIC LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE, every masterpiece except three—the Iliad, the Odyssey and the Æneid—is full, complete and satisfying. The world's best is there from Homer and Plato to Stevenson and Kipling. You should have all these in a compact form and at a saving of many dollars. It is a library of handy volumes to be opened at random to provide the highest entertainment. The work was done by Frederick B. De Berard and others of the BODLEIAN SOCIETY with the advice and co-operation of Dr. Rossiter Johnson. After the most searching investigation it has been approved by the International Library Bureau. I have convinced the officers of the BODLEIAN SOCIETY that it will pay them to sell an edition at a GREATLY REDUCED PRICE to the lovers of good literature for purposes of introduction and endorsement. I have assumed with great pleasure the responsibility of collecting a list of purchasers to take the edition at a GREATLY REDUCED PRICE. Among the many handsome and truly illustrative pictures is a careful reproduction of the celebrated classic painting "Love and Life," by F. G. Watts, R.A., which was BANISHED FROM THE WHITE HOUSE during the Cleveland Administration and RECENTLY RESTORED. Speaking frankly, in order to secure your interest and attention, I shall take pleasure in sending to you along with the Table of Contents a special offer of the work and copy of this picture suitable for framing, with my compliments. If you are interested drop me a card or send coupon.

Mr. JAMES S. BARCUS,
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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

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

Yours truly,

Name _____

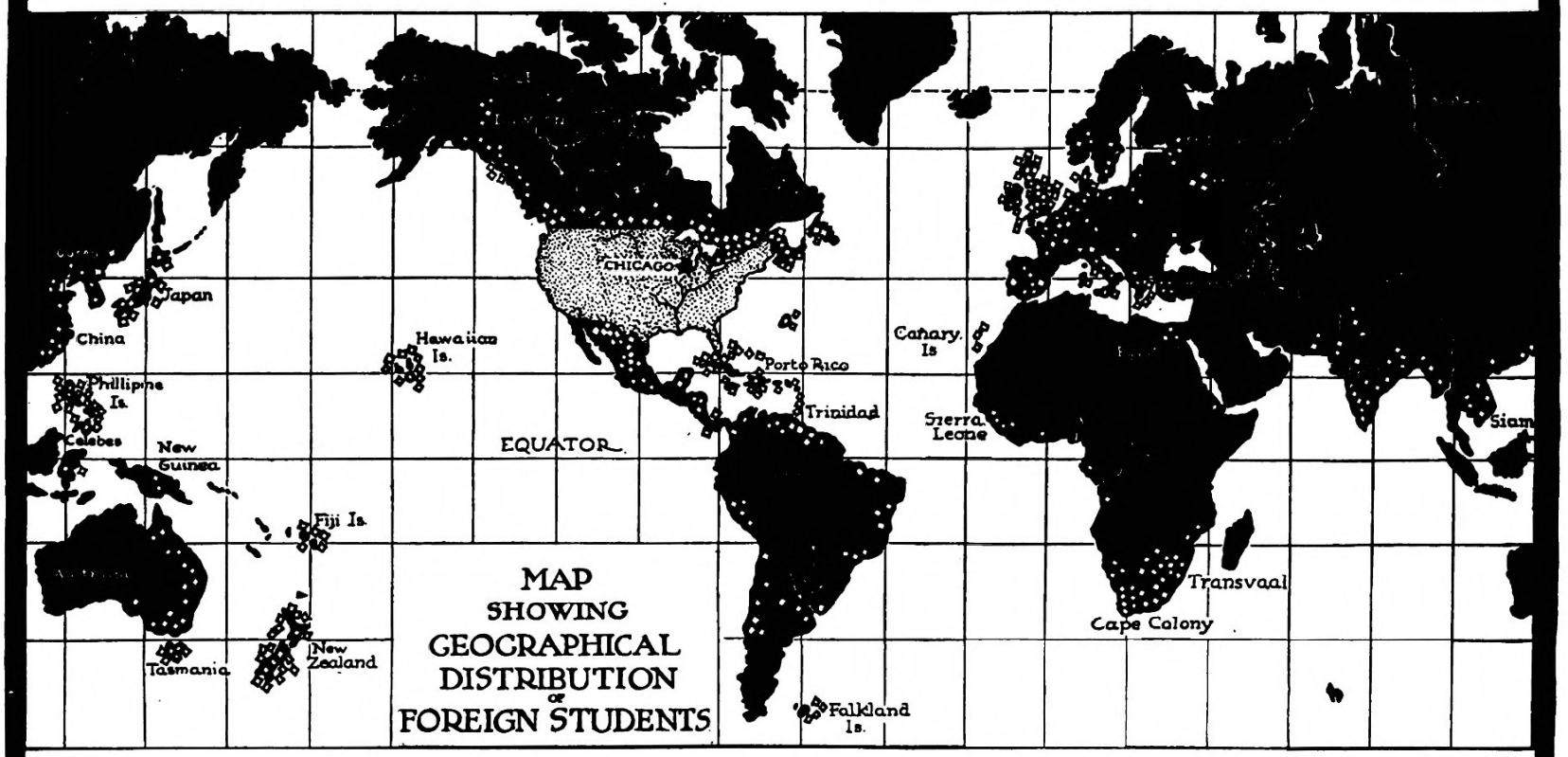
P. O. Address _____

JAMES S. BARCUS, - 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE STUDENTS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

THE Map below shows the distribution in every part of the world of American School Students. Every dot indicates a group of students—students within a few miles of the Arctic Circle—in the Fiji Islands—under the Equator—in the domain of the Great White Czar at Moscow and St. Petersburg—in Syria, the country of the Bible—in historic Rome—on the banks of the Nile—in benighted China—in India—in Siam—in the Transvaal—in Cape Colony—in the Falkland Islands, off Cape Horn—in Hawaii—in New Zealand—in Tasmania and Australia—in the Philippines and in Korea. ¶ Yet the vast spaces which separate



many pupils from the home of the School in Chicago—spaces so great that an exchange of letter sometimes takes three months, cannot deter ambition and determination. Wherever there is Youth, Hope and Industry there will be found pupils of the American School of Correspondence.

¶ The courses are Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Stationary, Locomotive and Marine Engineering, Architecture, Heating Ventilation and Plumbing, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Refrigeration, Telephony, Telegraphy, Navigation and the Manufacture of Cotton and Woolen Cloth. They offer an opportunity to obtain instruction at home under the direction of members of the faculty of a resident engineering college of wide reputation. They are used as text books by United States Government in School for Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, N. Y.

"ENGINEERS IN DEMAND"

(Reprinted from the Chicago Record Herald.)

The railroads, big packing establishments, refineries, the great steel plants, manufacturers and the government are looking for expert mechanical, electrical, mining, chemical, consulting and contracting engineers. In Chicago, more than a dozen firms to-day have positions awaiting the right men.

NEEDS OF OTHER PLACES.

St. Louis attracted many of the best men in Chicago recently because of the work that was being done for the exposition next year. In Australia great inducements are being offered to experts in the construction of railroads and the development of great investments involving the services of expert, trained and practical minds.

Foremost in the competition for experts, however, were the big American manufacturing establishments. Heads of firms handling great enterprises are on the lookout constantly for new blood, and a competent engineer or a young man whom the employers believe has the qualifications for an exporations in which yonng men are given this opportunity to put their theoretical learning into practice.

* * * * * *

"The difficulty we find in securing the men we want," said one of the largest employers of engineers in the world, "is a combination of business ability and expertness as an engineer. When discovered he may name his own salary with a dozen firms one could enumerate."

If you are too far from a technical school or college to attend it,—if you must support yourself, or have others dependent on you,—if you have not the entrance qualifications demanded by a resident college of engineering, the courses of the American School provide a means of fitting yourself for a position requiring technical knowledge without leaving home or giving up your position.

American School of Correspondence,
at
Armour Institute of Technology,

Illustrated catalogue may be had on request.

Room 134c, Chicago, Ill.

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W B

The Erect Form is built as you are built. It will develop your figure—bring out all its curves and graces—accentuate its natural beauties. Hygienic in its construction—all strain of lacing is removed from the sensitive parts of the body and thrown on the strong back muscles. The Newest Erect Form is made with extension hip and deep reach over the abdomen with the space between sharply cut away so as not to interfere with full freedom of movement. It is the one corset that is always best.

Erect Form 919. For fully developed figures. Cut very low in the bust and very long over hips and abdomen. In white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 20 to 36.....***$1.00***

Erect Form 929. A Long Hip Model for very stout women, built with heavy fan-front over abdomen to hold in undue stoutness. In white and drab coutil and black sateen. Sizes 20 to 36 ...***$1.50***

Erect Form 926. For medium figures. Very short hip and extremely long over abdomen. Of white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 18 to 30.....***$1.00***

Erect Form 930 is exactly like style 919, but is made of white and drab imported coutil, trimmed with wide fall of lace and ribbon bow. Sizes 20 to 36.....***$2.00***

Erect Form 924. For medium figures. Low bust, long over hips and abdomen, but not extreme. The best corset we have ever designed for average figures. In white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 18 to 36.....***$1.00***

Erect Form 921. For very heavy figures. Made with fan-front low bust and long hip. Of white coutil and black lasting cloth. Sizes 20 to 30 .....***$3.00***

There are numerous other styles of the W.B. Erect Form, an assortment so comprehensive as to assure an absolutely exact fit for each type of figure. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct, mentioning his name and enclose price. We will see that you are supplied.

WEINGARTEN BROS.

Dept. B, 377-379 Broadway, New York



Erect Form CORSETS

Erect Form CORSETS



6 Points of Superiority

We prove all we claim

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The ANGELUS—Orchestral

The Pioneer of all Piano Players Past the Experimental Stage



ORCHESTRAL because you can produce any of the following effects:

FIRST—The **Angelus** playing the Piano **alone.**

SECOND—The **Angelus** playing a set of soft, sweet, delicate toned **Pipe Reeds alone.** (These are contained within the **Angelus** and covered by United States and Foreign Patents).
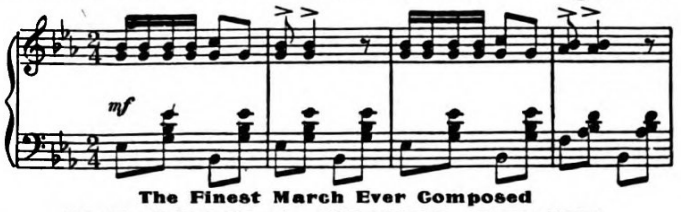
THIRD—The **Angelus** playing the **Piano** and the **Pipes** in combination with each other, producing beauties of harmony that will cause you to marvel.

You will take no other when you investigate.

They have been purchased by Royalty and the world's greatest musicians. Price, **$250.00** and **$275.00.** Agents everywhere. Ask to see the **Angelus,** or send for catalogue.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO., Sole Makers,
Established 1876. MERIDEN, CONN.

Ben Hur Chariot Race



The Finest March Ever Composed

SEE SPECIAL PRICES BELOW.

Ben Hur Chariot Race March—The greatest and best of marches; universal favorite. Every player should have this piece. Price, 50c.

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Warmin' Up in Dixie—The greatest and best of all cake-walk compositions. Get this, as there is nothing better. Price, 50c.

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READ THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

To any one ordering 3 or more of the pieces named above, at the extra reduced prices given below, we agree to send, free of charge our special book collection of 32 pieces, consisting of one complete full page of music from **29 instrumental pieces and 3 of the best popular songs.** Don't fail to take advantage of this liberal offer. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. *Mention this magazine.*

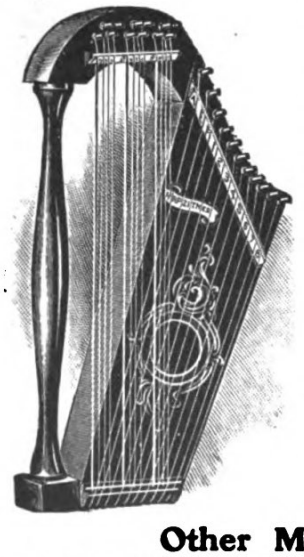
SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

Any 1 of above (postpaid),		**$ .25**
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E. T. PAULL MUSIC CO.,
37 West 28th Street, - New York.

You Can Get a Musical Instrument Without Cash

By spending a little of your spare time obtaining subscriptions for SUCCESS from your friends and neighbors. Doubtless there are many in your community who do not know SUCCESS, so you will need only to show them the magazine to secure their subscriptions. The liberality of our rewards for this work is shown in the following offers:



The New Harp-Zither

This instrument is justly styled the Piano-Harp because of its tone-volume. The strings cross each other diagonally almost the same as in a piano, the melody strings passing over the chord strings, thus the tone and volume of the piano is approached, while it can also be modulated to the soft sweet tone of the German Zither. The Harp-Zither is extremely easy to learn; a child can almost master it at sight. Each string is numbered, as is each note in the music, so that all one has to do is to strike the strings as indicated by the numbers.

We offer the New Harp-Zither, size 10 x 18 inches, ebonized piano finish, decorated, twenty-three strings, three chords, two picks, key, full instructions, book with figure music, with case, as a reward for securing five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Express charges extra.

Other Musical Offers

A splendid Xylophone, fifteen Maplewood blocks and frame, for only three subscriptions to SUCCESS.

The Harp of David. No knowledge of music is necessary in order to play this instrument. For only seven subscriptions to SUCCESS.

A B-flat Cornet of the celebrated Besson (English) model; light action; German-silver valves and mouth-piece; for only twenty-one subscriptions to SUCCESS.

We offer either a Mandolin, Banjo or Guitar for only twenty-five subscriptions to SUCCESS. These are genuine "Washburn" instruments, which is a guarantee of their quality.

Send for our complete catalog which contains a full description and illustration of all the above, together with descriptions of scores of other useful and attractive awards for neighborhood work. Address

The SUCCESS REWARD DEPARTMENT, 32 Waverly Place, New York

The Metrostyle Pianola

The Aeolian Company announces a new Pianola
THE METROSTYLE
which embodies features of the utmost importance to the future of music.

THE PRODUCTION of the Metrostyle Pianola marks another step in that advance which was begun when the first Pianola was invented.

¶It is as distinct an improvement on the old type as that in turn was over anything before it.

¶The Metrostyle attachment on the new Pianola, from which it takes its name, serves the double purpose of enabling the composer of a piece or some musical authority to record his interpretation of it upon the music-roll, and then guides others to a reproduction of the same interpretation.

¶The Metrostyle Pianola will have a potent effect upon the musical development of the future, as it enables a composer to leave not only a record of his works, but also of his own interpretation of them; and every owner of a Metrostyle may be the pupil of the best musicians and composers of the world.

¶The buyer of a Metrostyle Pianola does not have to develop musical ability before playing the instrument artistically, but from the very first can play the most difficult compositions with the artistic feeling of the best pianist.

¶The Metrostyle does not hamper a player's individuality, as the following of the Metrostyle marking is not obligatory; it only serves to indicate how some authority would play the composition.

The Metrostyle Pianola can be seen and played at our exposition-rooms or at the warerooms of our agents, and a personal opinion formed of this remarkable achievement.

A handsomely illustrated booklet on the Metrostyle Pianola (Catalog G) will be sent to those desiring information by mail, and all questions answered through our correspondence department.

Pianola with Metrostyle, **$800.** Pianola, **$250.** Purchasable by monthly payments if desired.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

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THE REGINA

"Queen of Music Makers"

IS an ever-ready entertainer, bringing the solace of music to all—in sickness or in health. Being automatic, it requires no skill or exertion to furnish music for social gatherings, the family circle or the nursery. It is so simply and durably constructed that it is safe in the hands of a child.

The REGINA'S repertoire is inexhaustible; there are thousands of tune discs and new tunes are added constantly.

Ninety per cent. of the Music Boxes in use in the United States are REGINAS.

The New Club Plan

Of selling REGINAS, which has been adopted by most of the dealers who handle them, makes it possible for any one to own one of these delightful instruments. Call and have the nearest dealer show you the various styles and explain the club plan if you are not prepared to pay cash for one.

Its latest improvements place the REGINA absolutely beyond comparison, and the club plan makes it a simple matter for you to secure one. Where there are no dealers we will send REGINAS on approval to responsible persons. Variety of styles and a range in prices to suit every purse.

Catalogue, music lists and a delightful love story, "A HARMONY IN TWO FLATS," sent free on receipt of postage

REGINAS are sold everywhere; below is a partial list of dealers in the larger cities.

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Springfield, Mass. { TAYLOR'S MUSIC HOUSE.
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Columbus, HENRY GOLDSMITH.
Galveston, Houston, Austin, Waco, Dallas, San Antonio and El Paso, } THOS. GOGGAN & BRO.
Philadelphia, C. J. HEPPE & SON.
St. Louis, THIEBES, STIERLIN MUSIC Co.
Toronto, WHALEY, ROYCE & Co.
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New York, SIEGEL-COOPER Co.
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Newark, HAHNE & Co.
Jersey City, FURST & CO.
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Bridgeport, HOWLAND DRY GOODS Co.
Omaha, A. HOSPE.
Memphis, Little Rock, } O. K. HOUCK & Co.
Kansas City, { J. W. JENKINS' SONS MUSIC Co.
Easton, Pa., WM. H. KELLER.
Jacksonville, { LUDDEN-CAMPBELL SMITH Co.
Providence, JOS. M. MANN.
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MUSIC SUCCESS DEPARTMENT

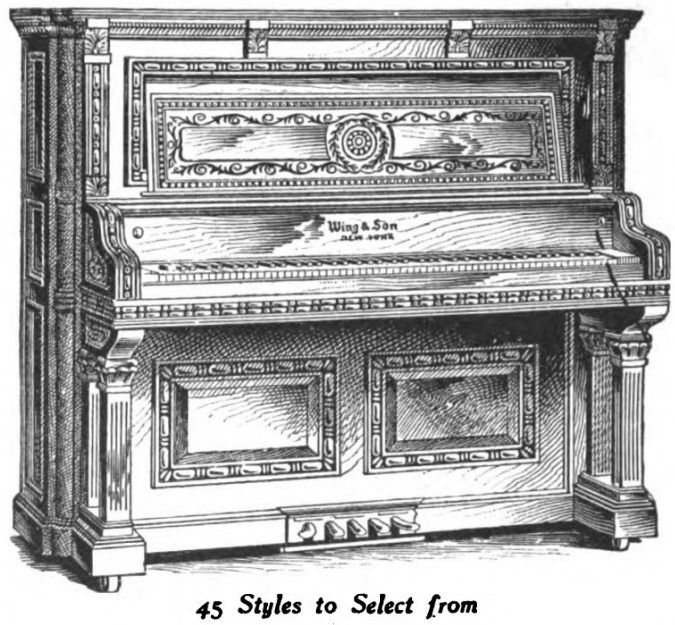
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The WING PIANO

From the Factory at Wholesale Price.

WE make the Wing Piano and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen, and do not sell through dealers or retail stores. When you buy the Wing Piano you pay the actual cost of making it and our one small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than from twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. Think for yourself—they cannot help it.

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45 Styles to Select from

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We Pay Freight. No Money in Advance.

We will send any Wing Piano to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

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No Other Piano made has so many improvements and special features as the Wing Piano. It is the largest upright piano made; concert grand with longest strings, largest size of sound board, and most powerful action, giving the greatest volume and power of tone. It has seven and one-third octaves, with overstrung scale copper wound bass strings; three strings in the middle and treble registers; "built-up" end wrest planks "dovetailed" top and bottom frame; "built-up" end case construction; extra heavy metal plate, solid maple frame, Canadian spruce sound board; noiseless pedal action; ivory and ebony keys highly polished; hammers treated by our special tone-regulating device, making them elastic and very durable; grand revolving fall board; full duet music desk.

Case is made in Circassian walnut, figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebonized; ornamented with handsome carved mouldings and hand carving on the music desk, trusses, pilasters, top and bottom frame.

Instrumental Attachment imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments with and without piano accompaniment can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano. Beware of imitations.

In 35 Years Over 36,000 Pianos

We refer to over 36,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States.

Wing Pianos are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Prominent Purchasers United States Governor Sayers of Texas, Governor Longino of Mississippi, Governor Bliss of Michigan, United States Senator Cameron, General W. R. Miles, Supreme Court Justice James; Professor Dana, of Dana's Musical Institute; Professor Nunnally, of Southern Female College, and Professor Peterson, of Humboldt College, are among those who have used the Wing Piano, in addition to prominent musicians, music teachers and orchestra leaders throughout the United States.

You Need This Book if you intend to buy a piano. A book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains one hundred and sixteen large pages, and is named **"The Book of Complete Information About Pianos."** We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

Wing Organs are sold under the same guarantee as Wing Pianos. Sent on trial to any part of the United States, freight paid in advance by us, without any advance payment or deposit being made. Sold on easy monthly payments. Separate organ catalogue sent on request.

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1868—THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR—1903

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Tamagno the favorite of Paris, who retired in the height of his power. **Caruso** who created such a furore in London and is coming to New York this Winter. **Aino Ackté** the idol of operatic Paris, who will be this winter's leading dramatic soprano in New York opera.

You can hear them at their very best on the

Victor Talking Machine

with the Imported Records. You can also hear

Plançon	**Crossley**	**De Luca**	**Scotti**	**Battistini**
Calvé	**De Lucia**	**Michailowa**	**Delmas**	**Mme. Christman**
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No other talking machine develops so rich and full a tone as the **Victor.**

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Cleveland—W. J. Roberts, Jr.
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Columbus—Perry B. Whitsit Co.
Detroit—Grinnel Bros.
Schenectady—J. A. Rickard & Co.
Rochester—G. B. Miller.
Louisville—Victor Co.
Grand Rapids—Julius A. J. Friedrich.
New Orleans—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co.
Atlanta—Phillips & Crew Co.
Savannah—Youmans & Leete.
West Superior—Brunswick Co.

Victor Talking Machine Company Philadelphia

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SYSTEM *the* Fulcrum

An ounce of effort here will produce a pound of result yonder if you have system for a fulcrum. Adopt a useful idea—system will multiply its usefulness. Start a new economy—system will increase its savings.

This page describes some of the devices which are necessary to the successful business man who needs to use system as a fulcrum. Read this page carefully.

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best Typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims—but easily proven. Catalog 2 explains the many points of superiority in the Oliver Typewriter.



Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1.



AN ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. All who have installed the system *know* it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson contains many of the best features found in no other 'phone. Ask now for Catalog 4.



Time is money. BAIRD'S NO. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. The clock movement, is in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, and unaffected by the hammer action. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates fully. Write for it to-day.



No matter what you want to file—information, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets—Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. Learn all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise. Costs 38c. to send it, but you can have it free by signing the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.



"Goods well bought are half sold." Retailer, wholesaler or manufacturer, you must buy close. All catalogs, circulars, and samples must be arranged so they can be found instantly. And there is no way to keep them together that is half so simple as the Shaw-Walker Catalog System—no other way so inexpensive.

If your business is small, a small system will do. For a large business you can afford a larger outfit for the saving will be more. Ask for Catalog 20. After looking it over you will be convinced that the file is needed.



There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back-Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work.

Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.



The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. It will pay you to learn now what it will do for you. Catalog 7 describes it. Write for it to-day.



SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might off-set the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens. If you are interested in manifold work, tell us.



For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 14,000 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. It bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. Described in Catalog 13.



No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in *your* office. You certainly will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better, write us a letter to-day.



The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, that you ought to know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date.



"RIGHT MEN FOR RIGHT PLACES: RIGHT PLACES FOR RIGHT MEN." This is the watchword of Hapgoods, the incorporated company which has made a clearing house for brains one of the most notable features of modern business methods. If you are an employer of high-grade men and want to hire good American brains, write for Hapgoods Catalog 21a. If you are a capable man, desiring a high-grade position, write for Hapgoods Catalog 21b.

HAPGOODS · HELPFUL IN BUSINESS ·

File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscript. Every busy man—literary, business or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc. Any one who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once marked, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends.

The LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the problem of classification. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference. Send for Catalog 8. It gives valuable information that cannot be acquired from any other source.



To save time and labor, to insure neatness and accuracy, to facilitate work, use the THEXTON ELECTRIC ENVELOPE SEALER. It is practical, durable and simple. Endorsed by over 1,000 concerns. It performs the labor of several people, is always ready for instant use. So simple any boy or girl can use it and feed envelopes at a minimum speed of 100 per minute. It is being used by the largest trust companies, banks, commercial and mail-order houses in the country, who have installed it after thorough and practical tests, and found to fulfill every claim made. Sent on free trial to sell strictly upon merit. Ask now for Catalog 11, with list of users.



For $1.00 you can learn all anyone can possibly tell you about system and business methods. Simply read SYSTEM, a 96-page Monthly Magazine brimful of bright ideas and clever systems. No arguments or theories—just facts. The actual experience of successful men who know.

Six months' trial subscription and six interesting back numbers for immediate reading for $1.00. Better still, send $2.00 for a full year's subscription and receive at once as a premium not only the six back numbers but also our booklet Short Cuts—27 pages of ways to save office wants.

Read the Magazine carefully for three months. Then, if not more than satisfied, we will return every cent you have paid.

SYSTEM

Edited by

A. W. SHAW,

Marquette Building

CHICAGO.

TO

SYSTEM

CHICAGO

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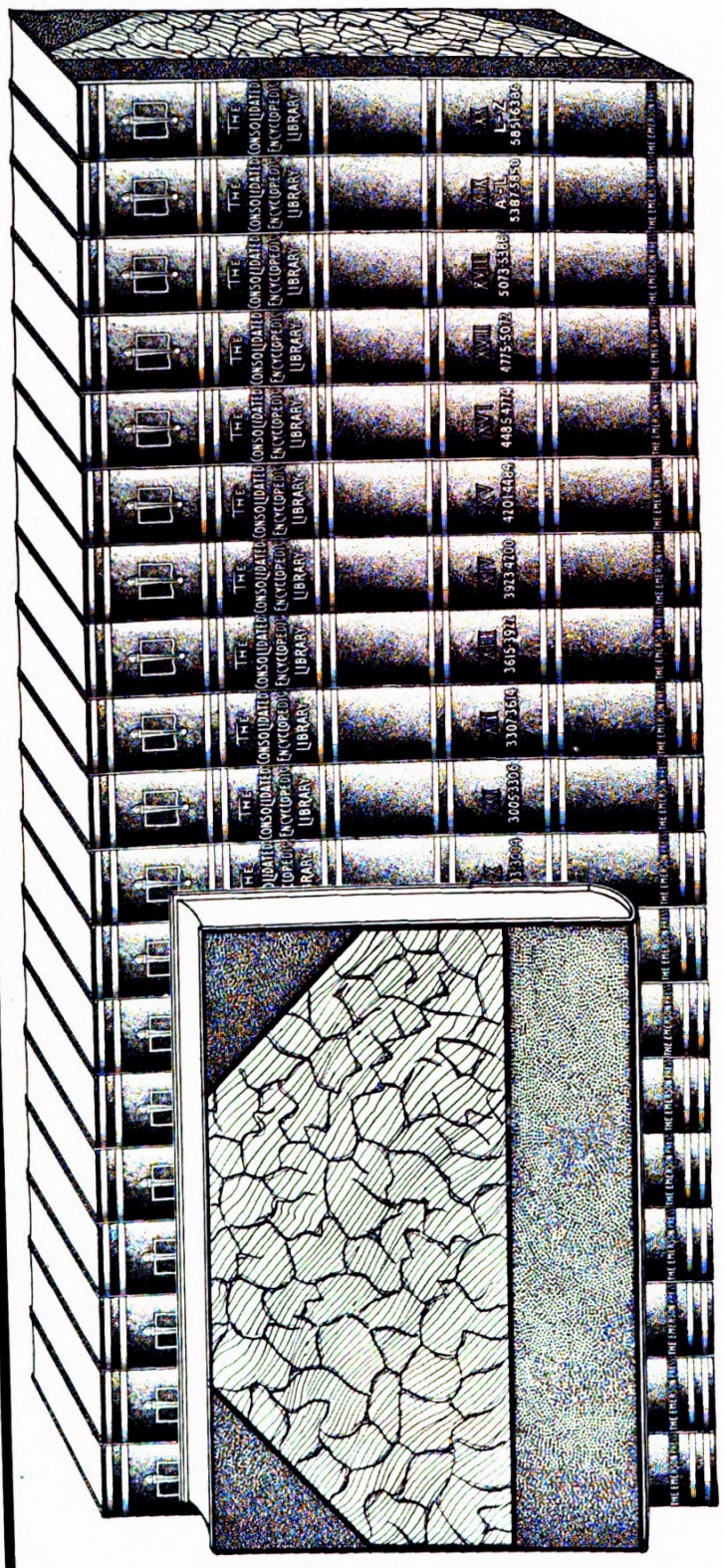
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Business .....

I enclose $ ..... Send SYSTEM the magazine, for ..... on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends, you agree to return my remittance.

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The Consolidated Encyclopedic Library



Meaning of the Name

Do you realize the difference between an encyclopedia and an encyclopedic library?

An "Encyclopedia" is a reference book,—and, too often, a reference book *only*. The contents are arranged alphabetically,—a plan which is illogical from every standpoint, except that only of convenience for reference.

A "Library," however, is a set of books in which the contents are arranged *topically*, that is, *logically*, so that different realms of science are grouped together for "easy reading."

Our "Encyclopedic Library" combines a *topical* arrangement of contents with an *encyclopedic index*, which preserves for this reading library all that is useful in the alphabetical plan, that is, a key to the contents.

The word "Consolidated" is adopted, because, in the **Consolidated Encyclopedic Library,** is merged all the practical, good, and useful knowledge of the old encyclopedias, together with a great deal of new matter. Like a factory merger, we have shut down the defunct, old-fashioned mills, and are running those only of the modern economic type.

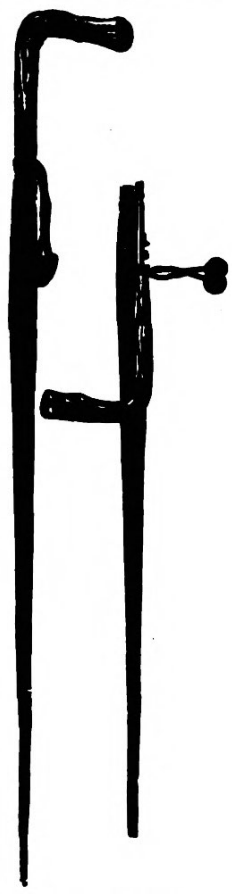
Therefore, the **Consolidated Encyclopedic Library** is *readable*, *modern*, *practical*, and, withal, a splendid *reference work*. We can't tell you anything about it in a mere advertisement. Send to us immediately for full information and illustrated sample pages, together with prices, terms, etc., and prepare for your winter's reading. Address,

INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY BUREAU, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

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SPECIAL REWARDS for OCTOBER

HERE are a number of things that thousands of people are wanting to get at this season. To be sure they are only a few sample offers selected from the hundreds that are described and illustrated in our new 1904 Success Reward Book; yet there are enough to denote the attractiveness of all our rewards and also to show how easily any article may be procured. As these sample offers indicate, we have articles that appeal to every member of the family. Of course, we have a greater variety of offers than are shown here. We have many kinds of guns, a variety of watches, several styles of opera glasses, and many pages of our Reward Book are devoted to descriptions of different household articles. As for football equipment,—well, we offer everything you need and the best to be had.



Magic-Folding Silk Umbrella

We offer this useful novelty,—a thoroughly convenient, durable, and stylish all-silk Umbrella, which can be reduced in length sufficiently to go into a 24-inch suit-case,—for a lady or gentleman, as a reward for securing five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Express charges extra.



FOOTBALL EQUIPMENT

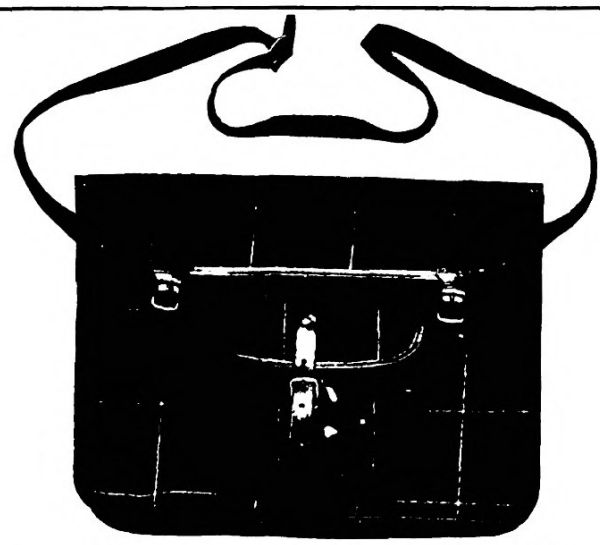
Spalding Rugby Football, of regulation size, for only two subscriptions and 20 cents additional. Postage prepaid. "How to Play Football," sent without additional cost.

A Football Jacket, sleeveless, of heavy duck, for only one *new* subscription and 15 cents additional. Postage prepaid. Give your chest measure.

A pair of Canvas Football Pants, well padded, for only two subscriptions, new or renewal. Postage prepaid. Give your waist measure.

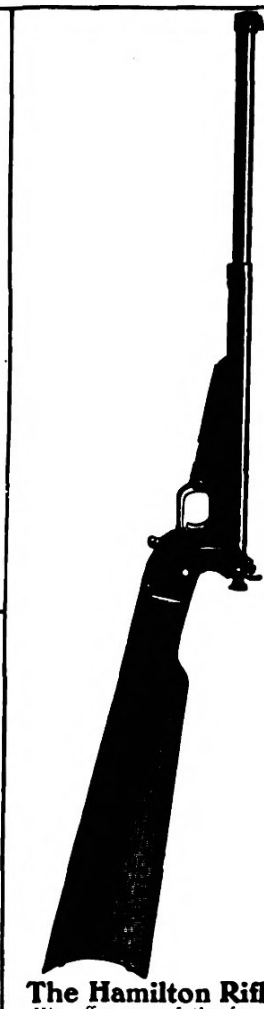
A pair of Shin Guards, for only two subscriptions, new or renewal. Postage prepaid.

A Nose Guard, finest rubber, for only three subscriptions, new or renewal, and 15 cents additional. Postage prepaid.



SCOTCH PLAID SCHOOL BAG

We offer this School Bag, in beautiful Scotch plaids, extra fine quality, leather bound, trimmed and fitted with leather straps, also supplied with a special compartment for luncheon, for only two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and 10 cents additional. Receiver to pay express charges.



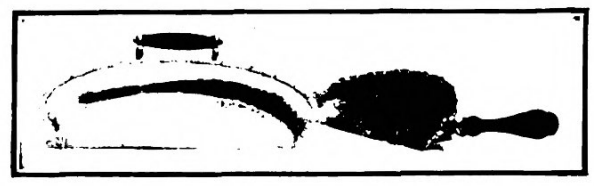
The Hamilton Rifle

We offer one of the famous Hamilton Rifles, 22-caliber, chambered for short or long R.F. cartridges of all kinds, levered action, with automatic shell extractor, weight two pounds and length over all 22½ in.; barrel with fine blue-black gun finish, and the stock handsome walnut, for only three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and 5 cents additional, or for two subscriptions and 45 cents additional. Receiver to pay express charges.



Ladies' Swiss Watch.

This solid silver Watch has a case handsomely engraved by hand, jeweled Swiss works, stem wind and set, inside cap, hinged case. We offer this watch for six subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and 15 cents additional, or for four subscriptions and 95 cents additional. Postpaid.



Crumb Tray and Scraper.

Crumb Tray and Scraper, quadruple silver plated on white metal, satin finish, burnished rim, with rococo border, handles of ebony, for only four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, or for two subscriptions and 80 cents additional. Receiver to pay express charges.



French Opera Glasses.

These glasses are genuine Chevalier French make, leather covered, nickel trimmed, and of full size. The cover is grained morocco leather, and with each glass we give a genuine leather case, sateen lined. We offer a pair of these glasses for only three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, or for two subscriptions and 40 cents additional. Postage prepaid.

SEND FOR OUR FREE OUTFIT. We furnish, without charge, sample copies of SUCCESS, subscription blanks, receipt blanks, and everything you will need in taking subscriptions. Send at once for full equipment.

THE SUCCESS REWARD DEPARTMENT,

University Building, - - - Washington Square, - - - New York City.

FREE SEND A POSTAL TO-DAY FOR The Success Reward Book for 1904

The Largest and Best Illustrated Reward Book ever printed.—JUST OUT

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If You Have Any Spare Time

We Will Pay You For It

The Great Success Magazine and Book Clubbing Offers

for the season of 1903-4 go into effect October 1st, (although they will not be announced to the public before December 1st.) Thousands of magazine readers look forward each year to these wonderful bargains, and wait until they can take advantage of them. Our offers cover a field so broad that they meet every possible taste, and the prices are so low as to command instant recognition, approval,—*and orders.*

Magazine Reading in America

Magazine reading in America is on the increase. Where one magazine was thought sufficient ten years ago, three, four, or even five are read to-day. Thousands of dollars are spent on magazines in every large town, and the business can be doubled or trebled by proper effort. By far the larger part of these subscriptions are now sent direct to the publishers, but nearly everyone would willingly encourage a "home industry" by placing magazine business through a Local Representative of SUCCESS.

Five Thousand Dollars a Year by One Man

In a New England city a man is earning five thousand dollars a year, with practically no expense for office or traveling. He simply lets his townspeople know that he is the "magazine man" for his community, and his efforts have been so successful that he has worked up a large and permanent business in renewing subscriptions each year, and many of his customers send or telephone for him when they want to subscribe for a magazine. In fact, we may say that our most successful representatives are those who stay right at home and cover their field carefully by personal, painstaking work, throwing their lines out into neighboring towns, perhaps, but spending little or no money for traveling expenses. It is safe to say that from $500 to $2,000 per annum can be earned in this way in large towns or counties, and from $2,000 to $5,000 in large cities.

Success Representatives May Renew Our Expiring Subscriptions

We desire to appoint a Local Representative in every community to renew our expiring subscriptions and to obtain new ones. We will give the fullest coöperation, sending lists before subscriptions expire, and otherwise doing everything possible to get our representatives well started upon their work. The compensation which we offer is the largest given by any first-class magazine. Previous experience is not necessary. Complete instructions are furnished, together with suggestions of special methods, assuring to anyone of ordinary intelligence and energy a successful prosecution of the work. A handsome booklet, in which some of our representatives tell just "how they did it," will be sent on request.

Write Us To-Day

The Success Circulation Bureau

UNIVERSITY BUILDING

Washington Square New York

THE NEW

SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS

For the Season of 1903-4

will be announced in full detail in

DECEMBER SUCCESS

The following leading American periodicals, among others, will be included in the

SUCCESS CLUBBING OFFERS:

	Regular Price
SUCCESS	**$1.00**
CLASS A	
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly,	**$1.00**
The Cosmopolitan Magazine	**1.00**
Pearson's Magazine	**1.00**
Good Housekeeping	**1.00**
Woman's Home Companion	**1.00**
CLASS B	
Review of Reviews	**$2.50**
World's Work	**3.00**
Outing	**3.00**
Country Life	**3.00**
Lippincott's Magazine	**2.50**
The Independent	**2.00**

Negotiations are nearly concluded with several other important publications, and the SUCCESS OFFERS for the coming season will be the strongest ever made by us.

Special quotations on SUCCESS, with any of the above magazines, and with other leading publications, such as Harper's, Century, Scribner's, Ladies' Home Journal, etc., will cheerfully be made on request to those who may wish to renew or enter their subscriptions in October and November.

The lowest prices on American magazines can at all times be secured by writing direct to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY

UNIVERSITY BUILDING NEW YORK

You Can Easily Win a Success Scholarship

Were you disappointed because you did not enter school this fall? If so, you should begin at once to get ready to prevent a similar disappointment next fall. If it was a lack of money that kept you from entering school, the Success Bureau of Education has a plan by which you can easily obtain a Free Scholarship. This plan will not interfere with your present employment, for it means only the devotion of a little of your spare time to our interests. *Over one hundred students were helped* this season by the Success Bureau of Education. About one-third of them won complete scholarships, and the others earned enough to pay their tuition fees. The ones who succeeded best were those who began four or five months ago. You will have no difficulty in winning a free scholarship

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Send to-day for full particulars. Address,

THE SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION

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Washington Square New York

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SUCCESS

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

Monthly Announcements to Our Readers

Our Book and Magazine Offers

You, the readers of SUCCESS, do not need to be told that we are firm believers in clean, high-class literature, whether in the form of magazines or books, and we count it as one of our most satisfactory achievements that we have been the means of placing such literature in so many American homes at prices within the reach of all.

We believe, too, in private *ownership* of books. The public library habit is well enough in its way, and public and circulating libraries are certainly doing a great work in the world among those who cannot afford anything better. But to those who can, there is something distasteful in being obliged to handle books which scores, or hundreds of others have "dog-eared" and which may even have the germs of disease within their covers.

Moreover, a good book becomes your personal *friend* and has an individuality all its own. Everyone has had times of longing for some little red-covered "Arabian Nights," or "Alice in Wonderland," with its odd pictures, that he or she remembers reading when a child. Much would be given for a duplicate copy of that little old-fashioned one,—much more, even, were the original itself preserved. When you read a book,—new, fresh from the printer, in strong, attractive binding, with clear type, on beautiful paper, your first impressions of that book are formed, and *it becomes your own*, never to be forgotten. A dozen such dear friends in your own bookcase are worth a hundred fleeting glimpses of books from the public library, and no boy or girl can commence too early to accumulate a little store of such literary treasures.

For this reason, therefore, and because we have among our readers chiefly those who can well afford the best work of the best publishers, we have put aside the temptation of obtaining cheap, flimsy, gaudily covered literature, at ridiculously low prices, and have contracted with the leading New York publishers—Scribner, Doubleday-Page, Appleton, Crowell, etc.,—for the most beautifully printed and exquisitely illustrated editions of their best and most popular books, and, by ordering these in large quantities, we are able to offer them to our readers, in connection with SUCCESS, at prices almost as low as could be done with the cheaper reprints.

We strongly commend to you, therefore, the book offers on page 707 of this issue, knowing that you will never regret the small investment required, and believing that you will find in the special list of books which we have chosen for you, a keen delight which will add most pleasant recollections to the treasure house of your brain and memory.

Those who desire to order also the leading American magazines, in connection with SUCCESS and our books, will please note the announcement on page 705 of this issue, and write us for quotations on whatever magazine may be desired. Orders of books or magazines should be placed before December 1st to make sure that subscriptions are entered and first copies sent in time. Publishers are always overwhelmed with orders in December, and in spite of their best efforts, it is often impossible to comply exactly with the wishes of subscribers.

Success for December

The December number of SUCCESS will be by far the largest ever issued from our presses. The cover will be a beautiful reproduction by six-color lithography, of an original painting, by F. X. Leyendecker, made expressly for SUCCESS (as are all SUCCESS cover paintings). This number will contain the first drawing on tinted paper for "The Success Portfolio," a new feature, full announcement of which will be made in December.

Among the contributors to the December SUCCESS may be mentioned: James Whitcomb Riley, Vance Thompson, Charles G. D. Roberts, Henry Kitchell Webster, Samuel Merwin, Henry Demarest Lloyd, and Elliott Flower.

Special paper, beautiful illustrations, and fine printing are the usual characteristics of SUCCESS and will be well exemplified in the December number.

About Subscriptions

Subscribers to SUCCESS *whose subscriptions expire with this issue should send us their renewal orders by November 20th, at the latest, in order to be certain of receiving our beautiful Christmas number (ready November 25th).*

Subscription price, $1.00, in United States, Canada, Mexico and the American possessions throughout the world; $1.75, in all other countries of the Postal Union.

Address,

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Publishers,
University Building, New York City.
Foreign Office:
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England.

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Our Advertising Guarantee

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 November; 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 urselves responsible for the accuracy of ordinary "trade talk," nor for the settling of minor disputes or claims between advertiser and reader.

Our November Prizes

How I Earned My First Thousand Dollars

"Getting a start," is the critical step in almost any undertaking. After that is accomplished progress is easier and success often assured. Getting together the first thousand dollars has been the hardest task in many a prosperous business career. Means are various:—economy, skillful management, working outside of regular business, devising novel enterprises,—are among the efforts of the ambitious, and it is such efforts that we want to discover. Articles not over 2,000 words each in length describing such plans are desired and for the best three received, prizes of $50, $30 and $20 will be paid. Address, Task Editor, SUCCESS, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

How I Managed to Educate Myself

Stories of successful struggles for education outside of the usual schools and colleges are not only of absorbing interest but they also open doors for aspiring persons who do not know how to plan and pursue a course in self-education. In order to secure the most suggestive and practical plans, SUCCESS offers three prizes,—$50, $30, $20 for the best three articles of not over 2,000 words each in length, giving actual personal experiences in acquiring an education without attending school or college, detailing studies, books, and system of time distribution. Address, Self-Education Editor, SUCCESS, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.

What Act in My Life Has Given Me the Most Satisfaction?

For the three best articles on the above subject, not over 2,000 words in length, SUCCESS will give prizes of $50, $30 and $20. Many interesting questions are raised by this query. Was it something done in achieving success, a kind deed done another, a position or office secured, happiness given to parent or wife, marriage, graduation, paying a mortage, a debt, or buying a home? Human tastes vary so that any of these is possible. State your feelings frankly, giving your reasons for your satisfaction. Your identity will not be disclosed if you prefer it withheld. Address, Satisfaction Editor, SUCCESS, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.

Winners in the Prize Contest
HOW I STARTED WITHOUT CAPITAL

First prize, $40, Miss Frances Ellen Wheeler, Chazy, New York. Second prize, $25, Miss Bessie Garland, Puyallup, Washington. Third prize, $15, Jane Smith, 5918 Elwood St., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Special mention: Robert Wilson Joyner, Harrisburg, Illinois; John Barnett, Jr., Dalhouse University, Halifax, Nova Scotia; John Rolands, 21 Nelson St., Utica, New York; Julius Clavel, Chelmsford Center, Massachusetts; M. J. Johnson, Warrensburg, Missouri; H. C. Mentzer, Siloam, Colorado.

Winners in the Prize Contest
MY HOME AND HOW I BUILT IT

First prize, $30, Mrs. L. L. West, East Avon, N. Y. Second prize, $20, Annie M. Baxter, Cecil, West Virginia. Third prize, $10, Mrs. Rose Reid, 1357 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Special mention: Mrs. Alice C. Walden, Newman, California; G. Griffith Clapham, Sea Cliff, Long Island, N. Y.; William Burton, 301 Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Missouri; Mrs. Ella M. Edson, East Braintree, Massachusetts; G. T. Athey, Blackwell, Oklahoma; M. Bishop, Box 77, Asoten, Washington.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

1.—The name and address of the writer should be written plainly at the top of the first sheet of the manuscript.

2.—Manuscripts must be written on only one side of the paper.

3.—No manuscripts will be returned unless stamps are inclosed for that purpose.

4.—The three contests close January 1, 1904.

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SUCCESSFUL COOKING

WITH RECEIPTS BY MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG



SUCCESSFUL cooking in its broadest and most practical sense means more than the mere tempting of appetite or pleasing of palate. Since our health and strength depend so largely upon proper food, the truly successful cooks are those who are able to present really nutritious food in forms that shall be at once attractive and wholesome, rather than those who aim to produce merely fancy dishes, regardless of nutritive value.

A new food product which makes cooking more successful in the true sense is Karo Corn Syrup. This syrup is more than a sweetener or a filling. It is a food of remarkably high nutritive value, and in a form very readily used by the system. Karo Corn Syrup is a clear, golden syrup made from the golden grain—Corn. It is put up in air-tight, friction-top tins, which preserve its goodness and purity.

The uses to which Karo Corn Syrup is adapted are legion. In baking, in candy and as a table syrup it has no equal. Wherever syrup is required, the best syrup to use is Karo Corn Syrup.

Following are a number of new receipts prepared by Mrs. Helen Armstrong, which indicate a few of the many uses of Karo Corn Syrup:

Emergency Buckwheat Cakes

For the true, old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, such as "mother used to make" there is no substitute for the yeast risen product, light and foaming as it bubbled up in the big brown pitcher those bright, frosty mornings, quickly browning as it spread over the warmly receptive griddle. There are times, however, when this method is not convenient, and a very creditable cake may be produced on short notice. The best of buckwheat flour should be used—the batter must be thin so as to cook through by the time it is browned, and the less grease there is used the more digestible the cakes. Some prefer a few spoonsful of corn meal or graham flour sifted with the buckwheat, and the same method may be used in mixing.

Sift two cups of buckwheat flour with four teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt. Make into a thin batter with water and add two tablespoons of Karo Corn Syrup. This will help them to brown nicely. Serve very promptly with butter and a generous supply of warm Karo Corn Syrup. These are more wholesome than the yeast risen cakes, usually soured by time and sweetened by soda.

Quick Graham Bread

Place in the flour sifter one cup of white flour, two of graham (measured after sifting out the bran), five teaspoons of baking powder and one of salt. When sifted make into a rather stiff batter, with about two cups of milk and half a cup of Karo Corn Syrup. Beat well and pour into a loaf pan which has been greased and floured. Bake in a slow oven for forty minutes, covered during the first half of the time. This is an easy bread to make, and wholesome even when eaten fresh.

Creole Buttermilk Bread

Warm one pint of buttermilk and add a scant teaspoon each of soda and salt, two tablespoons of melted shortening and quarter of a cup of Karo Corn Syrup. Pour this into a bowl of sifted flour, add a cake of compressed yeast softened with a little lukewarm water, beat very thoroughly and then work in flour enough to make a firm dough, which may be kneaded on the board. Place in a clean, buttered bowl, cover closely and let it raise. When doubled in bulk and elastic to the touch, turn out from the bowl and mould into two loaves. Raise again and bake about fifty minutes. This may also be used for rolls, adding more shortening if preferred.

Cereal Puffets

That cupful of cooked cereal left from breakfast is too good to throw away, and yet there isn't enough of it to serve again, either warm or cold. Very delicate muffins may be made, however, with this as a basis; they are best baked in hot gem irons, and must be served while crisp and fresh.

For one cup of cereal beat in one-fourth cup of milk and when smooth add a little salt and about one cup of flour, the amount depending upon the consistency of the cooked mush. Beat two eggs (yolks and whites separately) until very light, add yolks to the batter, beat well and fold in the stiff whites gently. Bake about twenty minutes and serve with Karo Corn Syrup, as a change from waffles, fritters or pancakes.

Peach Omelet

To a pint of sliced peaches add half a cup of Karo Corn Syrup and heat this slowly while preparing the omelet. Beat the yolks of six eggs until thick and light and add to them three tablespoons of hot water and a little salt. Have the whites of four eggs beaten stiff and pour the yolks into them, mixing very gently. Heat the omelet pan, place in it a tablespoon of butter and, when smoking hot, pour in the omelet.

Cook over a slow fire for several minutes, then place in a slow oven to finish cooking through. When firm, remove from the oven and place a thin layer of the prepared peach over one half. Fold the other half over and turn out onto a hot platter, dusting lightly with powdered sugar. Add a few drops of almond extract to the peach pulp and pour it around the omelet; then sprinkle lightly with chopped almonds and serve immediately.

Sweet Pickled Peaches

Select even-sized, firm fruit and remove the skins. The simplest way to do this is to have a large kettle of boiling water on the stove; set six or eight peaches in the frying basket at a time and place in the boiling water for a minute and then remove directly to cold water. Each piece of fruit may be easily peeled, much time is saved and a smooth surface is insured. Keep fruit covered with cold water until all is ready for the cooking and while syrup is being prepared. For eight pounds of fruit, place in the preserving kettle two and a half quarts of Karo Corn Syrup, three cups of vinegar, three-fourths of a cup of stick cinnamon and one-fourth cup of cloves (the spices should be placed in a cheese cloth bag) and a cupful of peach kernels. Let this boil for half an hour, remove the peach pits and pour over the fruit, which has been cooked in a steamer (lined with cheese cloth to prevent discoloration) until quite tender. Fruit prepared in this way will keep its shape better than when cooked in the syrup and has a more delicate color. If a pink tint is desired, a little of the fruit color paste may be added to the cooked syrup with attractive results.

Steamed Nut Pudding

Cream together one-fourth of a cup of butter and one-third of a cup of Karo Corn Syrup. Sift together one cup of flour, one teaspoon of cinnamon, two of baking powder, half a teaspoon each of salt and cloves, and add to first mixture alternately with one-third of a cup of water. To this batter add a third of a cup of finely chopped nuts and a beaten egg. Pour into six small cups or use timbale moulds, cover with buttered paper and steam half an hour. These puddings may be placed in a shallow pan of water, covered as directed and cooked in the oven, if more convenient, also saving fuel when roasting. Serve with a hot liquid sauce.

Karo Pudding Sauce

Heat three-quarters of a cup of water to the boiling point and thicken with one tablespoon of Kingsford's Cornstarch mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Cook slowly for five minutes, add one-half cup of Karo Corn Syrup, the juice of a lemon, two tablespoons of butter and a little salt. Beat two eggs until very light and pour the hot sauce over them, beating constantly until thoroughly blended, then serve in a heated sauce bowl or pitcher. Any preferred flavor may be substituted for the lemon juice, and a grating of nutmeg over this sauce is unusually liked.

Angel Parfait

One of our new sweets bears this ethereal name and has a delicacy of texture quite different from creams frozen with a dasher. If a vanilla flavor is used, the dish is doubly delightful served with preserved fruit or fresh berries in season, but the ice is delicious when flavored with pistachio and garnished with the green nuts at serving time.

Boil one cup of Karo Corn Syrup with quarter of a cup of water until it threads, then pour over the whites of five eggs, beaten to a froth, but not stiff. Stir this occasionally while cooling, then mix lightly with a quart of cream beaten until quite stiff. Flavor and color a delicate tint if desired, then pack into an ice cream mould or pail, filling quite full. Bind the edge of the lid with a strip of buttered cloth and pack in ice and salt for four hours or longer. Turn out on a chilled platter, cut into slices and serve on lace paper doilies, with a white rose at the side of each plate.

Orange Tart

Select a fine flavored, juicy orange, grate a little of the rind and add to the juice and pulp, which has been freed from all the inner skin. Heat one cup of water to the boiling point and thicken this with four tablespoons of corn starch mixed with a little cold water. Allow this to cook slowly for at least five minutes, then add two-thirds of a cup of Karo Corn Syrup, one tablespoon of lemon juice and the prepared orange. When heated through, add three beaten yolks of eggs and remove from the fire, beating well until the mixture is smooth, light and partly cooled. Pour this into a crust of pastry, baked to a delicate brown, and cover with a meringue of three whites beaten stiff, sweetened with eight tablespoons of powdered sugar and flavored with lemon juice. Brown lightly and serve very cold.

Mrs. Helen Armstrong is now writing a book of original receipts for Karo Corn Syrup. When issued, a copy will be sent free to all who now make application.

If your grocer does not have Karo, please send us his name and we will tell you where you can get it.

CORN PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK AND CHICAGO



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