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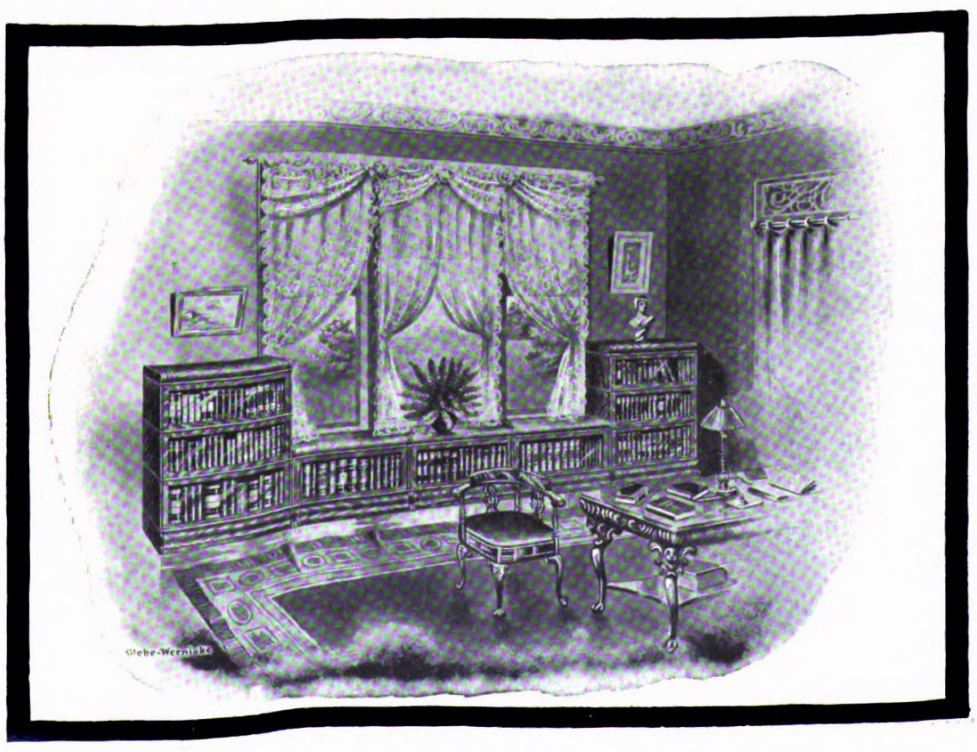
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THE FEBRUARY SUCCESS

A Few Important Editorial Features

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, author of "The Confessions of a Crœsus," will contribute an article dealing with one of the most important subjects of the day. It is entitled "How Wall Street Makes Something Out of Nothing." The recent startling decline in the stock of the United States Steel Corporation, followed by the "high finance" disclosures in the inquiry of the Ship Building Trust, and the deplorable bursting of some notable combines, give Mr. Phillips a splendid basis for his work,—a basis "built of the solid romance of facts."

"IF LINCOLN HAD GONE TO COLLEGE?" a symposium on a question that is burning with interest. The articles will be written by Colonel Alexander K. McClure, former editor of the Philadelphia "Times;" William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and others.

SIR HENRY IRVING will tell the story of his early days on the stage,—his first attempts at acting, how he was inspired to become an actor and how he overcame his first obstacles. This makes a story that contains a large percentage of the two strongest component parts of a literary production,—humor and humanity.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE will furnish a story about the wonderful children of fiction,—the dream-children known to the civilized world and like whom all children want to be. This is the first time that these children,—Paul Dombey, Tiny Tim, Whittier's "barefoot boy," "Little Orphant Annie," Helen's Babies, Little Nell and all the others,—have been brought together.

E. H. SOTHERN will write about "The Upbuilding of the Stage." Mr. Sothern is one of the representative actors of America who has always endeavored to promote the best interests of the drama. He writes from the standpoint of a student of dramaturgy, in a vivid and entertaining manner. This article will be illustrated by elaborate photographs in the SUCCESS Portfolio.

ALVAH MILTON KERR is the author of the principal short story in the February number. It is entitled "Saving the Long Shed,"—a story of romance and daring, and right in keeping with the SUCCESS short stories which have become famous because of their distinct dissimilarity to any other stories published.

HOWARD FIELDING will also have a new story in this issue,—a spirited, humorous tale entitled "An Artist in Publicity," which fascinatingly shows how one may be a useful citizen in spite of himself.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER will conclude his interesting serial story "The Duke of Cameron Avenue."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has a humorous side to his life. It does seem incredulous that the President of the United States should frequently figure in some supremely ridiculous incidents, and yet, as he recently said to one of the editors of SUCCESS, "I would n't miss them for anything, for I do love a good laugh." Arthur W. Dunn has put these incidents into magazine shape for SUCCESS.

ARTHUR STRINGER will continue his department, "Books Worth Reading." These criticisms have created wide attention, Mr. Stringer having discovered a new method of treating books,—a method that is analytical, fearless and independent, and not written from the standpoint of the publishers.

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After a full investigation, I regard an investment in the stock of the —— Company as safe and reliable as the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., and three or four times as profitable. I would like to have fifty thousand dollars to invest in it, could I get the stock. Dr. H. G. Jacquess, 272 W. 84th St., New York City.

I wish thank you for the pleasure you afforded me on my late visit to your city by showing me over the great plant of the —— Company. To say that I am highly pleased does not tell it but the next sentence will. If the stock is not all sold I want an additional ten shares. G. H. Flintham, Hiawatha, Kans.

The shares of the —— Company we purchased of you last March for which we paid $100 a share cannot be purchased at $150 a share at this date. I believe it is a safe, and know it to be a profitable investment. C. C. Callender, Canaan, Conn.

My investment in the —— Company has paid me the best of any stock corporation that I know of. Can recommend it highly to anyone for a safe investment. H. W. Nice, Dillon, Mont.

I am well pleased with the stock in the —— Company. I have had stock in the Company for some time and have received my dividends regularly every quarter. I think the investment a good one for anybody to have. H. E. Elliott, Chandlersville, O.

I have owned several shares of stock in the —— Company for some time and can recommend it as an excellent stock to own as an investment. Every three months I receive my check for the 3 per cent. dividend (making 12 per cent. yearly) and every year so far have received a check for 5 or 8 per cent. extra dividend in addition to the 12 per cent. regular dividend. E. D. Worstall, Jamison, Pa.

Am very much pleased with the —— Company as an investment. Consider it as safe as anything going. E. D. Wooster, Huntingdon, Conn.

My investment in the —— Company has proven more than satisfactory, and it is my desire to hold many shares in what I consider an excellent investment. Theo. Davenport, Darien, Conn.

I am the owner of stock in the —— Company, of Philadelphia, purchased through you, which has paid me quarterly dividends promptly. Before investing I looked up the rating of the Company and found it first class. My only regret has been that my finances prevented me from making a larger purchase of the stock. F. A. Battey, Chicago.

In regard to the —— Company, I certainly consider them all right and an A1 investment. I visited the works about Nov. 1st this year and was very much pleased with the outlook. There was no outside show but everything was business. S. H. Caswell, 31 East Avenue, Newark, N.Y.

I am well pleased with my investment in the stock of the —— Company. I think the stock a perfectly safe investment and I know the dividends are satisfactory. A. G. Robinson 401 West Main Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

Some time ago I became financially interested in the —— Company. I am pleased with my investment and with the dividends that the company has been paying. I purchased my stock through you and every promise you have made me has more than been fulfilled. J. L. Stephens, Lincoln, Neb.

Myself, and other members of my family purchased —— Company stock. We are very much pleased with the same, receiving quarterly dividends amounting to 17 per cent. per year on our investment. William Ashby, Wardner, Idaho.

My investment in shares of the —— Company has been entirely satisfactory, and I consider the company to be a safe and reliable one. Edgar Bridge, 83 Garner Avenue, Buffalo, N Y.

I shall be glad to have you refer to me as a satisfied stockholder in the —— Company. I have been through the plant and very carefully looked into the affairs of the company, and I am satisfied that stock in this company is a better paying investment than anything else that has been offered to the public in many years. Arthur J. Fleming, 4058-60 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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SUCCESS

Volume VII. NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1904 Number 116



"There is a lot of discriminate and indiscriminate dispensing of charity by missionaries"



THE BURDEN OF THE HEAVY-LADEN

OWEN KILDARE
[Author of "My Rise from the Slums to Manhood"]



The Work of Salvation, though Fostered by Money and Eloquence, Is often Hampered by Want of Tact and Common Sense

[We offer no explanation for publishing this article by Owen Kildare, because we believe it to be based on truth. For years he was one of the "heavy-laden," and he bore his burden manfully. On many occasions he has experienced the misfortunes set forth in his chronicles. No doubt there are many people who will oppose Mr. Kildare's views, and we shall be pleased to hear from all who care to answer him.—THE EDITOR.]

EVERYTHING which concerns my own people—the people who live in the slums or on the Bowery, the Highway of the Foolish and Miserable,—is my concern by birthright and choice. There are other spheres of people, some of them "worse off," some of them "better off" than my own, but I am not familiar with them, and it is not my custom to discuss or write of things about which I am ignorant.

At the outset, I must confess that I am strongly biased in the matters to which I am going to call your attention. Some of my opinions, colored by my feelings, may shock you, but the facts I am going to tell you must believe, because I have either witnessed or experienced them. I will go further. Read what I shall write, and then, if you can prove that I have told a falsehood, I shall be ready, for your sake, for my own, and for that of my fellows of the slums, to make all possible reparation. But do not come to me with "Oh, that can't be!" and put your sentiment and inclination against the testimony of my eyes and ears.

About the time when the wily politician is hustling around for campaign funds, another kind of emissary is also busy pleading for funds for carrying on his campaign,—the campaign of salvation. I do not know which side—the religious or the political,—is most successful in attaining its financial ends, but I do know that the money secured for Christian endeavors is considerable and enough to accomplish vast results,—if it were properly administered.

It is an old and frequently quoted saying that New York is the most charitable city in the world. While I have no positive proof to that effect, I believe it to be true, and, also, that the charitably inclined are not permitted to deem themselves forgotten. Most religious institutions of a reformatory character have authorized canvassers, whose daily business it is to solicit subscriptions of money. These canvassers are paid by a percentage of their collections, and those that I know are making an exceedingly comfortable living. Besides these financial agents, institutions, caring for their inmates, have canvassers for "soliciting" food and everything else needed for the large households. To offset this "soliciting," most of these institutions have been asserting for years and years to their boards of trustees and directors that they were in a fair way of becoming self-supporting. One who will view the situation carefully will find that, seemingly, business sense and Christianity are incompatible. This is further emphasized by the few splendid exceptions like the Young Men's Christian Association. But wherever the work is founded on hysterical emotion, it is carried on by incompetents and falls short of accomplishing its purpose,—the true man-making of the fallen.

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I will yield to no one in my understanding of the one grand, sublime *motif* underlying all the efforts made to save my fellow men from utter perdition; and I, as well as you, know that it all is inspired by the call of Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But I can not refrain from pointing out to you where the original good intention is often twisted by inefficiency, or, alas! sometimes, by worse than that,—at the expense of the millionaire's subscription and of the widow's treasured mite, and at the expense of the souls of the hundredths of the ninety and nines.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,—
Away on the mountains, wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."

Much has been written about the slums, and much more will be written; but, while others better qualified than I will tell you about the educational progress made therein, I will tell you about the fate of the hundredths, because I am qualified to tell you about them, as I know them, have lived with them, and have been one of them. Incidentally we may learn why they are so far from the gates of gold and wandering on the mountains wild and bare.

Scattered throughout the city of Greater New York are many so-called rescue missions. You can find them in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, uptown, crosstown, downtown, and, also, ONE on the Bowery. From time immemorial the Bowery has been, and is still, known as the seat of all wickedness; and yet, from the Brooklyn Bridge, along Park Row, to Cooper Union, a distance of several miles, we only find one rescue mission to counteract all this wickedness. Across the street from Cooper Union are the headquarters of the Volunteers and a meeting place of the Salvation Army, but there the neighborhood is given up to legitimate business and free from flagrant vice. In my time—and it embraces almost thirty years,—I have seen many missions begin work on the Bowery, but they were all short-lived. Perhaps the Boweryites were too far gone, or, perhaps, they were not wicked enough; but, whatever the cause, the old Bowery Mission is the only one which has lasted for years. The reason for this is not hard to find. The Bowery Mission, from its very start, offered nothing else to the men flocking there but the Word of God, and opportunity to hear it intelligently interpreted, and has never claimed to be anything else than the Church of Sinners. That is a great institution, however, in the highest humanitarian sense.

But, while the Bowery has only one rescue mission, a few are to be found on the side streets of the vicinity.

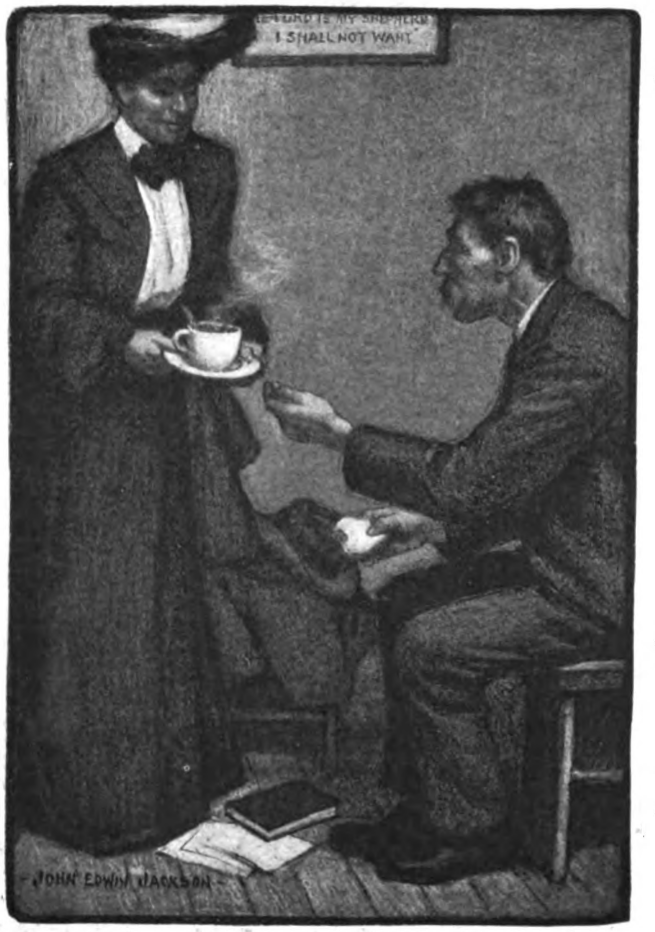
The men who attend these missions have various reasons for doing so, but some of these reasons are very apparent. The attendance decreases perceptibly during the summer months and increases mightily with the coming of cold weather. The places are well heated, if badly ventilated, and, as the services last from one hour and a half to two hours, and even to midnight in some missions, the homeless men welcome the warm shelter from the chilling blasts of evening. Besides, of late years, most missions have set one evening of the week apart to treat their congregations to coffee and cake, or sandwiches, and some of the men keep regular date-books so as not to overlook these enjoyable evenings.

Still, in spite of the large attendance during the winter, the percentage of the men who publicly attest their willingness to become converted is not so large as it ought to be. Excepting these lunches, the attractions offered at the missions are not many. The singing is of mediocre quality, the preaching is chiefly done by men and women who feel an uncorroborated fitness to expound the gospel according to their own views, and *at length*, and the testimonies are of such unvarying tenor that they have ceased to be interesting to the average mission-goer, so it should be logical to conclude that every unsaved man who enters a mission does so for the sole purpose of being saved. But it is not so, and one is compelled to believe that the men who rise from among their fellows to walk down the aisle to the sinners' bench are either physically, morally, or mentally at the end of their ropes, or else have an ulterior motive. Were the only motive for their attendance desire to spend an hour or two in warmth, it would stand criticism, because it would be honest, but many of the men play a farce, dreadful in its mockery, to get a pittance of some sort, and are often suspected of it, though without being stopped by the missionary authorities.

As far as I know, the Bowery Mission is the only one of the downtown missions that does not make it a practice to distribute free bed-tickets at the close of every meeting. In the other missions, that part of the meeting in which the tickets are given out is the most interesting to the congregation. It is not only interesting to those who hope to receive one of the tickets, but also to him who is there to see how deeply men and women can abase themselves.

Let us spend an evening at a mission of the slums.

The Broadway and Bowery of the Fourth Ward is Catharine Street.



"Excepting these lunches the attractions are not many"

It runs from Chatham Square to the East River, crossing Water and Cherry Streets, and is famed for its tough dives. The ward itself is so well established in its notoriety that any further comment from me is unnecessary. The streets of the district are peopled with thugs, petty and daring thieves, loafers, and men who are endeavoring to prolong their existence by living by their wits. Along the river, in South Street, hundreds of 'longshoremen hang about when not working at loading or unloading vessels. In addition, the ward has always a quota of transient sailors. All these different classes of men are supposed to be hurrying along the path to the brimstone region. Among them a missionary force should find a great field for work, and—there is a mission there.

It is not a bad-looking building and is much neater than its neighbors. The ground floor is the meeting room. The upper floors contain the free dispensary and the living rooms of the ladies in charge. These ladies, sweet and refined women, are sisters. One is a physician and in charge of the dispensary; the other, after having been the manager of a restaurant attached to an institution uptown, is now the superintendent of the evangelical work.

At the time I visited this mission, I was a staff writer for the New York "Herald," and especially assigned to ascertain what good—if any,—is accomplished by these rescue missions in reforming the Has-beens. It was left to my own option whether to make myself known or not. I remained *incognito*, and visited the mission every night for a week.

The exterior of the building was not very attractively illuminated, so the superintendent stood in front of the door to hand cards of invitation to those passing by. Yet this seemed hardly necessary, as the congregation was very prompt and quickly filled the not too spacious room as soon as the doors were opened. It did not take me long to ascertain that the congregation was not drawn from the neighboring slums, but was recruited from the Bowery,—a mile distant. This is one of the most peculiar features about the rescue missions, —that they do not seem to attract the vicious male element of their immediate neighborhoods, but depend mostly on a certain, regular crowd of Has-beens, which is well represented and easily recognized in every place where other things besides the Word are offered.

Until the entrance of the superintendent from the circular-distribution on the sidewalk a desultory form of singing was kept up. From five to nine hymns were sung, and, although about sixty men were present, the volume of sound was very disappointing. Half of the congregation was asleep, tired from the effects of travel on the preceding night.

Eventually the meeting would be opened with prayer by one of the old converts—usually the janitor, organist, or care-taker of the Home,—designated by the superintendent. After that would come two more hymns, and then the reading of a text from the Bible, to be followed with a dissertation on it by some invited friend. Only two of the seven *pro tempore* speakers heard by me confined themselves to interpreting the message of the gospel; the others seemed to have unlimited faith in the convincing power of their tirades and spoke for fully thirty minutes to a room full of sinners,—about themselves and what they were and had accomplished,—giving, occasionally, some credit to the Creator. After the close of the talk two or three more hymns were sung, and then the meeting was thrown open for testimonies. I have seen some terrible instances of degradation, but it remained for a rescue mission to afford me an opportunity of observing to what depths some men can sink.

Let me give just one illustration,—and it is by no means the most horrible.

I spent an entire day with a man known as Tom Martin. He left the Home,—located in a separated building,—where he had shared a mattress on the floor of the room with another man. He left unwashed and unclean. From there he proceeded to a hospital, where he had a cup of coffee and some bread given to him. That was only his "starter." His real breakfast was procured at the basement doors of residences. Cigarette "stumps" and newspapers were picked up in the street, and, after a sufficient number of "hand-outs" had been "solicited," he went to a sunny spot in a Central Park tunnel and gave himself up to the pleasures of eating, reading, and smoking. I asked him if he did not intend to look for work, as he was young, able-bodied, and did not yet look like the typical Has-been.



"Oh, yes: after I've had my rest I

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"'Are you saved?' With a ticket before him to save him from a night in the streets, can you not guess his answer?"

am going to take a walk along the avenue, and might catch an odd job; that is, if I do n't catch a few pennies whilst I 'bum' my lunch."

Whilst he was "bumming" his lunch, a lady drew him into conversation about himself, and he—he was a very glib talker,—worked so much on her sympathies that she handed him a twenty-five-cent piece. That, and a little more money, obtained by him later on,—he "earned" ten cents for lifting a barrel from the area way to the sidewalk,—were spent deliberately for bad whiskey with other cronies in a hell-hole on First Avenue, near Twenty-fifth Street. At eight o'clock we were again at the mission to assist at the services with many other "friends."

The testimony part of the meeting was reached, and my partner rose to give this testimony, faithfully remembered by me: "My dear Christian friends, I'm now saved eleven days. I thank the Lord I ever came into this mission. I was an awful sinner. I got a good trade, but I could never hold a job because I used to drink. I been drunk for—ever since I can remember, and used to give all my money to the saloon-keepers. But now it 's all different. For the first time in my life I been sober for eleven days, and I pray that I ever may remain so. I ain't got a job yet, but while I'm walking around the city, looking for work, I know that the Lord will not forsake me. I ask an interest in all your prayers that I may remain faithful."

I mentioned before that he was a glib talker. Any one who is at all familiar with the testimonies in rescue missions will at once recognize many stock phrases, continually used by a certain kind of men, in the foregoing quotation.

Another feature about these testimonies, which, in my humble opinion, should be discouraged, is the energy with which some of the men tear their past characters to pieces. It is emphasized every night from every mission platform that our Savior can save each and every sinner, no matter how low or wicked, and yet some will fairly gloat over the ghoulish incidents of their pasts. I have heard men tell of beating their wives, of fighting with stray dogs and cats for the scraps of refuse barrels for food, of being driven to the edge of insanity by the vermin on their bodies, and of other nauseating things, to make the contrast between "then" and "now" greater. I have also heard many "amens" and "hallelujahs" come from the platform and the congregation as an accompaniment to these tales of horror. Is there any real necessity for all this hysteria? Is it wise to encourage these men in whining about their past sinful days? There is still a shred of manhood left in some of the men listening to those testimonies, and they will not feel stirred or moved by such alluring vistas. If the echo of that call for the heavy-laden can not bring sinners to His feet, the telling of those Dantesque narratives will never do it.

After the testimonies came the "invitation," extended by the organist. Its leading strain was, "Stop drinking, become one of us, and you will eat oftener than you do now, will wear cleaner linen, and, perhaps, get a job." The superintendent, who had occupied a seat in the rear of the room, went out into the street before the invitation closed with, "Who'll be the first to come forward?"

It was always hard to decide who was the first to go forward. They fairly rushed to the seats reserved for the unconverted. When I first saw this a thrill went through me. I had sat through a most dispiriting meeting. Nothing of convincing force or breathing the spirit of brotherly love had been uttered, and yet these men were changed in a twinkling from lethargic, sleepy drowsers, into fervid seekers after true righteousness. But alas! this impression was not permitted to last long.



While the sinners were arranging themselves in kneeling positions along the front row of chairs, the organist stepped from the platform and began to turn out the lights and to open the windows to let the putrefied air escape. To do this he had to pass through the aisles and was buttonholed by the men who had testified. He knew most of them by name and handed each a small card entitling the bearer to the use of a bed for one night at the Home. A few who had not testified also pressed forward and begged for tickets, but were invited to get out as quickly as possible. With the remainder of the tickets in his hand, the organist then approached the sinners, still on their knees in expectant silence.

They had been undisturbed until then. No one had spoken a word to them. An old convert who had spoken feelingly of the "poor sinners, —God bless them! I was once one of them,"—was standing close beside the row of sinners, wrapping himself in his snug overcoat. I felt that he would step to the nearest man kneeling and say: "Brother, let us shake hands; I am poor, but I have Christ. I have learned to love Him and am ready to help you in your first steps in His path. Let me welcome you into the new and better life."

But no, not a word escaped him, and with a self-satisfied smirk he went on his homeward way. Why were those men left so entirely to themselves? Were the missionaries unfeeling and neglectful, or did they know of the true motive of those men on their knees? Neither answer can be very flattering to the missionaries.

When the organist got to the front row, he stepped from one to another, and, after touching them on the shoulder, scrutinized their features. How he formed his judgment I do not know, as his only inquiry was, "Do you want to be a Christian?" The man questioned would see before him the ticket, saving him from a night in the streets, and—can you not guess his answer?

As soon as the last ticket had been given out, the organist spoke again. "That's all for to-night. The rest of you've got to go home." It was merely a figure of speech, for he did not mean to be ironical; but their homes,—why, they were forfeited long ago,—and their brethren who had obtained shelter for the night had done so by the most fearful of lies,—by selling their souls for a night's rest.



The splendid, well-meaning woman who gives so much to the support of this mission attends there once a week, and then, by a peculiar coincidence, everything and everybody brighten up. The superintendent forsakes her seat in the rear and joins the guests on the platform, the hymns are played and sung with greater swing, the testimonies are more elaborated,—most of them containing a reference to the patroness on the platform,—and even more gas jets are lighted. But the men, the sinners, are there for the same purpose as usual,—to be "saved" by the bribe of a bed-ticket.

At the end of my investigation I sought official corroboration. I spoke to the organist.

"Do you think the men are really converted by one night's service such as this? Can a single shower of rain change a leopard's spots?"

"I'm afraid you're not a Christian," was his smiling reply, without an effort to convert me. "Why, of course they are converted. There is enough in that blessed Book"—he pointed at the Bible on the platform,—"to convert the whole world."

He spoke a glorious truth; still, on that evening, just eleven words had been read to us as a text from the Book.

"Why do n't you give tickets to some of the other men?"

"Because they're not saved yet. We've got to look out for our young Christians first."

He pointed to the men who had just risen from the penitent form.

"How do you know that these men are Christians now?"

"Because they came forward and knelt down."

"Oh, I see. And will they get tickets to-morrow night?"

"Yes, if they are still Christians and have not fallen into temptation."

"But how will you know whether they are Christians or not?"

"If they're Christians they'll testify."

I passed into the street and encountered the superintendent, to whom I introduced myself.

"Would you like to tell me something about your work here?" I asked.

"I am afraid I can not. You see, Mrs. B—— is really the only supporter of this mission, and, naturally, receives regular reports concerning it. You should interview her. It would be more tactful, and she is a splendid lady and will give you all the necessary information."

There is no doubt about it, but Mrs. B—— only sees the mission once a week, and has no other means of information than those reports; and reports, like statistics, are poor, feeble things. I would not like to be misunderstood in this matter, but in the pursuit of saving men's souls frankness has a rightful province.

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The statistics of Christian work are very satisfactory in their numerical strength, at first glance. A record of the conversions is kept by every mission and other organization given to the rescuing of men. Foot up the grand totals of these records and you will be in duty bound to conclude that New York City is absolutely free from sinners and the very borderland of heaven. Yet the statistics are technically correct.

There is that despicable and numerous mob of "mission-workers," every member of which is converted many times a month, making a round trip of all the missions in the city, to begin all over again when the circuit is completed. Then there are the many, many "backsliders," who "fall" at the least approach of temptation, to return to their whining and self-accusation at the same old stand, as soon as their debauch is over. I heard a man say in his testimony that he had "fallen" fourteen times, and had "come home" again as many times in the same mission. Every one of these cases is recorded, in addition to the sincere conversions, and helps to swell the total.

This brings us to a delicate phase.

I have heard it said, time and time again, that a man's soul—be he tramp or millionaire,—is priceless, and it is because I believe it to be true that I am willing to brave your criticism. We have no scruples in speaking our minds about politics, labor affairs, commercial situations, or anything else that is of moment to us, but we are afraid to speak and to see straightly the things which are veiled by the mantle of self-made righteousness. Yet they are the most important matters, because they concern men's souls, and criticism is allowable because the cap need be worn only by those whom it fits.

The public side of mission work can be seen by all; the nether side is seen only by few. I have peeped behind the scenes and find that human nature is very much the same everywhere. When one has a good job he hates to lose it. Leaders of missions receive fair salaries and are expected to show results in return for them. Converts must be made, and that they are made can only be proved by the number of testimonies. This puts a premium on testimonies, and this is noticed by those contemptible rascals, the "mission sharks," a kind of men possessed of a certain glibness and familiarity with Bible texts. This narrows itself down to the deduction that they who speak well and often receive much encouragement, including bed-tickets, meal-tickets, and cast-off clothing, while the less gifted and less cheeky convert—although, perhaps, more sincere than the other,—receives less. I am not speaking at random and am prepared to be challenged.

The fact of the matter is that the system is superannuated and needs revising. It has fallen into a rut and has become the refuge of a lot of incompetents, who, after failing at everything else, are put into this business, the most important in the world, by influential friends or tired relatives. The bright men among the evangelists can not confine themselves to missions in the slums, but feel "calls" to speak to the masses *en masse*, and the slave of the slum has to be satisfied with the outpourings and converting experiments of mediocrities.

These things seem incongruous to my people. Uptown, from where the good come to visit the slums, are beautiful churches, beautiful singing, and beautiful sermons, preached by men trained for their calling,—students, orators, and thinkers,—bringing to their work brilliant intellects and other qualifications. They are well equipped to bring the gospel nearer to their congregations. And yet their congregations are the good and righteous, understanding the Word, while the sinners are downtown. A well-known educational authority told me that it requires more science and knowledge to teach a kindergarten properly than to be a college professor. If that is so, why does the kindergarten of salvation fare so poorly? The missions are mostly makeshift, dingy meeting places with wretched song services, and the Word is twisted into the most grotesque interpretations by faddists in evangelical speaking, who find there their only tolerant territory. And they who are expected to be attracted by this are of warped, but not always of primitive minds. Yes, I know of the great power of the Word, but why make it so attractive to those who know it, and so unattractive to those who do not know it or have forgotten it? Medicine can not be taken by some unless it comes as sugar-coated pills: of such are my people, and they are sick in mind and heart of their sin. You send us well-trained men and women to educate our minds. Why do you not apply the same standard to those whom you send to save our souls?

A large percentage of the leaders of missions are men with records. Some, in their testimonies, tell of the time when they rolled around in the gutter in drunken stupor; others relate how criminal they have been in and out of prison. The note of shivering agony and misery is ever present, while the glad message of salvation is given with unconvincing lukewarmness. There is a place for these men—these personal-calamity howlers,—in the work, but they should not be leaders. The lower classes have heard rumors about the universally awakened progress along intellectual lines, and they are craving for it. Their lives have made them exceedingly practical, and spectacular methods have no more than temporary effect on them. They do not want freak methods and "horrible examples." They want to find the true, direct way, and, while looking for it anxiously, want it shown intelligently. There has been a lot of tomfoolery and very little common sense given to the slum people in every field of endeavor for years, but that day is past and they rightly demand now to be considered human beings with powers of feeling and understanding.

At this writing I have before me an authorized interview, published in the "Evening World" of September 25, in which Commander F. St. George de L. Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army told of his intention to forestall John Alexander Dowie's invasion of the Bowery, and pledged himself to save the people of the Highway of the Foolish and Miserable in nine days. I quote from it to show the tenor of the whole.

> Sensationalism will dominate it from start to finish, and the finish will be the most sensational of the whole nine days.
>
> It will be a procession of the Army's hosts from one end of the Bowery to the other during the afternoon of October 4. At the head of this procession twelve of the strongest soldiers of the Army will bear upon their shoulders a coffin. In the coffin will be a living man. When the Bowery has been traversed from end to end the coffin will be carried into Miner's Bowery Theater, and there all the ceremonies attending a regular funeral will be observed.
>
> Then Commander Booth-Tucker will preach his most powerful sermon of the week, his subject being "Buried Alive."
>
> "Then there will be the 'Jersey Lily.' He is a man of great personality, who at present is in charge of our Labor Bureau, and his words can not fail to carry great weight with those who hear him.
>
> "Others who will testify to the disadvantages of a life on the Bowery, from every standpoint, are 'Scottie,' an old-time saloon-keeper; the 'Tammany Tiger,' one of Tammany Hall's old-time spellbinders; the 'Harrisburg Tomato,' one of the greatest speakers New York has ever heard; the 'Happy Irishman,' who can make more bulls and exemplify more common sense than any other man in America, and the 'California Golden Minstrel.'
>
> "This last is the very sweetest singer New Yorkers ever have heard, and we are confident that his melody, backed by the eloquence and convincing arguments of our speakers, will win many souls to Christ and make Dowie's visit on the Bowery one without reason or necessity."

My personal opinion concerning the methods of the Salvation Army may not be of great importance, but I can recollect other promises and pledges of like nature, and still the Bowery is as it was, and the slums are weltering in their sin. I was born in the slums,—Commander Booth-Tucker was not,—and I know that only systematic efforts bear fruit, and not the cymbal and bass drum of an emotional wave. There is work to be done in the slums, but it must be quiet, hard work, without hurrahs. Speaking of work, I feel convinced that in that lies the result and non-result of many reformative and rescuing organizations.

God will abundantly bless any undertaking which has for its foundation good Christian sense, and He preaches with His word the gospel of honest toil. I still hold to it—because it has not yet been disproven, although I made this assertion a long time ago,—that there is work for everybody who can work and wants to. If a man, through his helplessness, finds himself penniless, he needs, first of all, honest work and honest pay to rekindle his self-reliance. Were this recognized, the missions would be rescue missions indeed. But what is done? Nothing is done for him, until he lowers himself to degrading, and often imaginary, depths of sin, to be saved from them by perfunctory workers. After that he is kept balancing between actual want and modified need. If eventually work is given to him, it is of the "odd job" order, and mostly paid for by meals or bed-tickets. He becomes a dependent creature and recognizes quickly that he is not trusted by his fellow Christians. It is an old saying among the Has-beens that Christians are exacting taskmasters and poor payers.

Would it not be better to draw distinctions? If a man comes to the mission for food or clothing, needy through lack of work, give him the chance to earn what he needs. If he comes because his burden of sin is heavy on him and throws himself at the bleeding feet of Christ, crying, "Save me, Master, I have sinned," be you the first to lift him from his knees and to lead him to the ever-ready fount. Let this distinction be observed and a lot of hypocrisy will remain unused. Do not try to purchase a man's soul with a free ticket.

The distinction can be made successfully. Great work is done by the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. There are an employment bureau, dormitories, and a restaurant. If you need work, you can go to the employment bureau; if you are hungry or homeless, Mr. Honeyman, the secretary, will provide for you. He will help you not only for a day, but until you can shift for yourself, or else prove yourself unworthy of help. No condition of conversion is imposed. But you must work for your bed and your meal. Meetings are held every night, and the unfortunate or sinful one who hears the testimonies given there will not hear them many times before a glowing desire will come to him to be also one of the bright-eyed, clean-cut men who were helped to help themselves out of temporary holes, and who can now tell of it in all manliness, without whining or crawling, giving God all the glory.

Then there is my old "hang-out," the dear old Bowery Mission, the stanch old Church of Sinners. There they offer you the Word,—nothing else,—but very intelligently and cheerfully, amid suitable surroundings, with splendid music. (I am not a stickler for ritualism, but only for fitness.) Constantly it is proved there that true righteousness brings its own reward. When the invitation is given there, they come forward and find good, loving friends to pray with them, put their arms around them, and bid them good night when they leave, some for their lodging-house cots, some for the long, nocturnal journeys in the streets. It is different when Mrs. Mary Bird is there. Long ago she was named the "Mother of the Bowery," and, as she says, "I can't let my sons be in want, when I have plenty." But—bless you!—she gives to all, Christian and sinner alike, and to be in want is the only plea necessary with her.

I know a man who was saved in the Bowery Mission, and who "carried the banner"—walked the streets at night,—without a murmur, for ten days after his salvation.

"I wanted Christ, not a bed-ticket," was his answer when I asked him about it. Truly he was a Spartan Christian.

Brother John G. Hallimond, the Bowery Mission can't spare you, but it would be a good thing for the other rescue missions if you could show them how the Word can make converts, irrespective of bed-tickets.

Good, square, sincere men have been reclaimed in the Bowery Mission through the test of honest work at honest pay, and God does not want the man who will not work.

The wreckage of salvation is darkened by many dreary ruins. As told before, much money is always available for Christian work, but the right spirit seems scarce.

Long ago a home for ex-convicts was started by a man named Dunn. It flourished for a while, then died a lingering death. Now New York is the only one of the great cities that has not a refuge for men released from prison. A home for ex-convicts is maintained by the Volunteers, but it is "an unknown quantity," the public not being permitted to know anything about it. Inspection of it or information concerning it was flatly refused me at the Volunteer headquarters.

In East Twenty-sixth Street is a group of buildings owned by the Fruit and Flower Mission. Once there was life and work there for redeemed men, but the valuable property seems sleepy and drowsy now. This is not meant as a reflection on the hospital work conducted by the mission.

Several missions tried to furnish work for their converts by starting broom shops. However, although the men were only paid twenty-five and fifty cents a week, they always had a deficit at the end of the year and were finally discontinued as being financial failures. This was in spite of the

[*Concluded on page 44*]

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"There was still a large crowd, but not the crowd that Connor was looking for"

THE MAKING OF CONNOR

J. GEORGE FREDERICK

A story setting forth the reasons whereby Mrs. Connor made it necessary to close the doors of the West End Bank

THEY were coming home from their honeymoon, and were very happy in their own interpretations of happiness and their own anticipations of the future. Sitting in a Pullman private compartment, they were deeply absorbed in the thoughts of the new life before them. Alfred Connor—tall, phlegmatic, dignified, keen, and cold,—was ideally constituted to be the financier he aimed to become; and, as a trusted clerk in the big Manufacturers' Bank, of which his father-in-law was president, there seemed every chance of success in his endeavor.

As they sat, each holding the other's hand, the difference in their thoughts was striking. Connor wondered vaguely why he did not feel the heart-beats of his emotion as lovers he had read about had done; but he told himself that it was only more evidence of his sound ballast that he thought rather of the improvement in his prospects, of the addition to his savings of a liberal gift check, of the social advance his marriage meant, and of how much more pleasantly and comfortably he would live now, with such a dear wife who loved him so much.

His wife, as she stole glances at his strong profile, believed that he loved her above all other things in the world, and she felt a deep satisfaction in contemplating the future. He was so strong, so determined, and so persistent that she was sure that her intuition was right that he would one day be very rich and very powerful. That was a sweet thought, for above all things else she wanted to be very rich, and her confidence in him she called love.

"Alfred, dear," she said, presently, "we won't live in the house on Jefferson Street more than a year, will we? I'm sure papa won't object if we rent it and get one farther uptown,—on Madison Avenue, if we can." The Jefferson Street house was a wedding gift.

"Why, you are near your parents, and you have lived there all your life," replied Connor, in surprise; "I'm sure that was your father's idea when he gave it to you."

"But we will, won't we?" persisted his wife; "Jefferson Street is so old, and we are n't near my friends at all. I'd like to be near them."

"We'll see what we can do," replied Connor, noncommittingly. He was conscious of a slight twinge of surprise, confusing and unpleasant. The Jefferson Street house was a palace in his eyes, used to humbler things, and fit for a man of thrice his income. Madison Avenue was a rich man's thoroughfare.

"You are going to keep pushing on and up," continued his wife, looking at him with admiring confidence, "and I know we shall be able to afford it soon. Everybody says you have a great future before you, and will be a big man some day."

Connor dropped his elbow from the window ledge, and shifted his seat uncomfortably. He smiled abstractedly at his wife, and presently pressed her hand and got up. "You won't mind?" he said, as he left.

He looked into the smoking compartment, and, seeing half a dozen men with their feet cocked up, telling stories, he sought the rear observation platform. He needed to be alone with some new thoughts. Leaning against the brass railing, he was conscious of a vague alarm. He had entertained a restful idea that his wife was wrapt up only in her love for him, and that she thought little of business. Such anticipative ideas as she had disclosed awakened in him keen sensibilities and a foreboding responsibility. He was too practical to have an overwrought and rosy view of the very near future. He knew himself, and understood that he had a stiff climb before him. He felt depressed to think that she might be disappointed if things should not improve as fast as she anticipated, and it weighed on his spirits. Yet his pride urged him not only to meet her rosy expectations, but also to eclipse them, while his reason told him of no way to hurry things up that he had not already tried. "But then," he soliloquized, suddenly, with a change of view, "is n't that just what I want? Do I want a wife who will hang on my arms all the time and never do anything to spur me toward greater effort? Is n't this just the woman who will never let me lag in my ambition,—to whom I can point with pride when I shall have reached my goal as the inspiration of my success? Is n't that a proof of her unfailing devotion to me?" Armed with this invigorating idea, the lines in his brow smoothed out and he returned, merry and cheerful, to his bride, more than ever before armed and ready to wring success from the world.

After he had spent the remaining days of his honeymoon helping to entertain his wife's friends and his own at their new home, in a blissful whirl of pleasure, he stirred himself up to more practical duties.

"What shall I do now, as the first step forward?" he asked himself going down-town to the bank for the first time, "to get nearer my aim?" Not a hair's length of opportunity should escape him; not a moment of time should he lose that might the sooner bring him there. All that his human capacity was capable of he would throw into the battle to wrest money and position from the jealous financial world. After a week of keen and studious going over local possibilities, he hit

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upon his plan. Alice should live in the Madison Avenue house, if it would give her so much pleasure, and he would place his income at a point sufficient to give her everything she wanted.

"Alfred," said the president to his son-in-law, in the bank, one morning, "I wish to see you. We have conversed before on your possible promotion to the cashier's desk, but you know the conditions which have hindered it. Moran is a sort of fixture, and he seems the man born for the place. We have conferred to consider some way in which to advance you in consequence of your marriage, and the only thing we seem able to do is to raise your salary."

"Very kind of you, sir," replied Connor, promptly, "but you remember I had an increase but a few months ago."

"But since there are two mouths to feed," said the president, with a fatherly smile, "we are well satisfied to do even more, if we can."

"I would much rather," replied Connor, evenly, "that you would look favorably upon a proposition I would like to make before the board at its regular meeting, next week."

"We will gladly listen to it, Alfred."

Until his wife grew alarmed for his health, Connor sat up that week at night, calculating and investigating. The city was rapidly extending westward, and the recent opening of a large steel plant in that section made him sure that the establishment of an independent bank was inevitable and would be profitable. From the information gained from a dozen careful journeys, he had gathered *data* which left little doubt that the project was a good risk, and he was sure he could persuade the directors to incorporate one.

The board listened critically to Connor's even tones and measured, conservative estimate of the chances of success, and he conveyed well his conviction of its feasibility. Several directors, men of quick judgment, were ready at once; but it was six months before the West End Bank was chartered, the directors organized, and a site chosen; and two months more before it was opened,—with Connor as cashier, and most of the directors of the old bank on his board.

Realizing very fully that he was no longer the mechanical part of a well organized, smooth-running machine, but the motive power of a new one itself, Connor spared no effort, physical or mental, to make the venture successful. He persistently, courteously, and vigorously sought all the banking business in the West End until he secured it. He had to fight commercial prejudice and lack of confidence in a new bank, and long-standing relations with the more distant down-town banks. He advertised, interviewed, and circularized until he had built up the bank to a very satisfactory point, and felt well satisfied. So unceasingly did he labor that a change came over his face. His eyes acquired a steely hardness in their gray tint, and the youthful markings of his face hardened into set lines of determination.

Nor was this entirely due to business. Steadily but surely Connor saw, with his indefatigable financial eye, that his income was becoming insufficient for his expenditures, and must soon, as surely as the law of arithmetical progression is true, be overrun by them. Such a foreboding paradox was an intense goad to his nature, and stinging odium in his anticipation.

He attached no blame to his wife. He laid no criticism upon her for her entertaining, her trips, her wardrobe, her table, her charities, her fads, or her servants. If those things were her delight, then their cost must be met,—somehow, somewhere. He felt a sorrow that she could not see their financial limitations so clearly as he saw them, and he endeavored to reduce his own expenditures to the slightest minimum.

"Why haven't you got a full-dress suit?" asked his wife of him, one evening.

"It is very seldom that I use one," replied Connor, apologetically.

"But it will never do," protested his wife; "it looks dreadfully cheap to go to the opera with only a white vest. Please get one!"

"I'll try," replied Connor.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will get one very soon."

Mrs. Connor was silent a moment. "Alfred," she said, "haven't they increased your salary since you've taken hold of the new bank?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, I think they ought to. You've just *made* that bank. I think they're stingy. Just think how nice it would be if they would give you one worth while. We could get that cottage at the seashore I've been wanting so long,—down by the Baldwins's,—and ever so many other nice things."

Connor was silent, depressed, and weary, and went to his study to meditate. He paced up and down, with some agitation. Life seemed miserably disjointed in his orderly mind, and, flinging aside for the moment his phlegmatic manner, he gave vent to a deep sigh of dejection.

"Why did I marry her?" he ejaculated, despairingly, and then he looked around the room in alarm, as if he thought the walls might have ears for the heresy. "But what could I expect?" he asked himself, a moment later. "What did I think when I asked her to marry me? Could I expect that she would consent to fare worse than she was used to? It is true that I am supporting her more lavishly now than her father did; but how can I object? Hasn't she ambitions, too, as well as I, to better herself and to advance?" The world seemed particularly uninviting for the moment, and he sat staring into cold vacancy.

"I'll make myself do it!" he suddenly said aloud, rising to his feet. "This is good medicine for me; I'll make it push me on, and up, till she has every earthly thing she wants, full and overflowing. I'll show her that I can wring from the world enough to support her and her tastes and aspirations. I'll do it! I'll do it!"—and he paced the room in a fervor of determination.

He went without delay before the board and asked for an increase, though he knew that the bank did not yet warrant it altogether, since it had paid him a good salary from its organization. But he just waived his scrupulous sense and boldly asked—and got it.

But a short time later the first domestic event which caused Connor to neglect his bank in the slightest degree occurred. A boy, the living image of his father, was born to Mrs. Connor, and a new psychological experience came to the young bank cashier. Although he had been cold, calculating, and unemotional, dealing in facts and figures, and almost impersonal in the absence of any warm, passionate affection, the advent of a wee baby boy, strikingly like himself, precipitated a peculiar metamorphosis. Home began to hold a sentimental attraction which his wife had never equaled. Marriage had brought him comfort, satisfaction, and balance; but fatherhood brought him something else. In the midst of laborious banking hours, the face of his son came upon the emotionless page of the ledger, and worked a subtle change in his spirit. He 'phoned to his house many times a day, and the hours in the tomb-like bank had never before seemed so long. There was no longer merely a weary desire for rest after banking hours, but an animated ambition to see the little face and hear the little voice croon quaveringly in a foreign language. He was constantly contriving something to do for the little one,—some way to alleviate its strange infant pains and to promote its willful little happiness. The child was sowing the seed of a new fruit in the starved soil of Connor's heart.

But the event had also other aspects. His wife insisted that there must be more help, and there rose with the coming of the new member of the family a tide of expense and increased cost that soon swallowed the narrow margin left since his increase of salary, and Connor felt with an inward revulsion of feeling that the money must come from somewhere at every hazard.

Knowing that there was no hope of more money from the bank he was managing, he quietly investigated conditions in other banks, in the hope of finding a chance to better himself somewhere. Then it was that he discovered something. With his shrewd eye he found that the Metropolitan Bank, though everywhere discounted as a mismanaged and non-dividend-paying institution in financial circles, having been robbed by its clerks, hit by failures, and beaten by its customers, was making fifteen per cent., and that the new cashier, together with a number of shrewd directors, was in the movement to score a grand *coup*, to get control of the stock from the disgruntled holders, before the earnings of the bank could no longer be hid. The discovery filled Connor with curious thoughts. From his earliest connection with banking he had had a cool indifference to speculation, and had had old-fashioned views about the exchange of values, equal for equal.

But he did not withstand the temptation long. The golden anticipation of making money so easily successfully waived every objection he could muster, and, before he had fully settled his promptings of principle, he was borrowing money from the trust companies, and was planning and carrying out a swift campaign to gather in Metropolitan Bank stock. He knew that he would have to work very quickly, and he, therefore, employed several brokers and set them on the trail of all the stock traceable. The Metropolitan people believed they had things their own way and could take their own time, and learned too late that five hundred shares had been bought by somebody at a below-par figure. When the *coup* was sprung and the surprise was over, Connor had netted a small fortune. He tried to keep it out of the newspapers, so that his wife, among others, might not see it, but he was not successful.

He was uncertain whether his wife would censure him or not. "Alfred," she said, "wasn't that lovely that you could circumvent those selfish men and make so much money?"

"It served them right," was Connor's only comment.

"We can go to Europe this spring, now, can't we, dear?" she asked, jubilantly.

"I suppose so," was the spiritless reply. He had hoped that he could hold the money without her knowledge, as a reserve fund for future necessities.

But straightway, actuated by the knowledge that there was a stanch bank account at her command, Mrs. Connor widened the range of her expenditures as she conceived the wife of a man worth that amount of money might widen them, and carried into practice many ideas that she had cherished all her lifetime. A nursery must be built and equipped,—though to this Connor lent his full approval, for he would himself gladly have lavished all he was worth upon the growing lad who bore his name; there must be more servants, more club memberships, more trips, and a carriage and mare and stable; and, finally, the removal to aristocratic Madison Avenue must be accomplished, even though it should take the remaining portion of the gains of the *coup*.

"You promised," said Connor's wife, and he had not the courage to gainsay or deny her, though he purchased the house with a vague foreboding and a confused idea of how he was going to maintain it. Sitting in his study, with the deed of the house before him, and his wife busy somewhere arranging for the removal which was to be the culmination of her social ambition, Connor felt all the solid foundations of his former financial ideas shaken and toppling. His keen business insight vividly realized his insecure position, but his judgment was powerless at the spur of his wife. He had pride, faith in his resources, and a horror of a scene, and he could not bring himself to confess to his wife his inability to keep up with her pace. In his generous heart he wanted her to have all that she took a notion to; in his pride in her he wanted her to shine socially and to appear to advantage; and in his love for his little son he was willing to sacrifice all he possessed to surround him with the best of everything. With these feelings all combining to keep him silent and plodding, he smothered his outraged judgment, and hoped and trusted in his ability to measure up to the notch.

"Alfred," said his wife, one day, in a puzzled tone, "what does this mean?"—and she handed Connor a letter from the old bank, informing her that she had overdrawn her personal account. "Didn't you say that you would deposit five hundred for me last month?"

"I had intended to," replied Connor, in a strained tone, "but the amount of the bills which accumulated by our moving and from considerably refurnishing the house obliged me to use nearly all of it otherwise."

"And you left me without any whatever, when you had rolls of money in your own bank!" said his wife, in a tone of anger and on the point of tears.

"I beg your pardon," replied Connor, quickly, endeavoring in his collected fashion to explain, "but I should have been only too happy to deposit the amount for you if—if there had been sufficient cash at hand to do it."

"Where is all the money?" suddenly asked Mrs. Connor.

"What money?" asked Connor, in surprise.

"Why, what you made on the bank stocks," said his wife.

"Do you mean to say you are not aware that the last dollar of it is gone?" asked Connor, with some amazement.

"I certainly do!" answered his wife, with a trace of hysteria; "O Alfred, and I told people we were going to Europe!"

Connor was silent.

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"*You* don't care!" suddenly burst out Mrs. Connor, choosing to read indifference in his inscrutable face; "you wouldn't care if I'd never see anything, as long as you had some bank to crawl into and bury yourself!"

Connor flushed deeply as a man of his nature could, and felt as if the ground were disappearing beneath his feet. He had never before dealt with an irrational, hysterical woman, and he made the sad mistake of believing just what she said.

"You're as cold and immovable as a rock," continued his wife, apparently about to give way to tears, "and I don't believe you care a snap for me. All you care about is balance sheets, deposits, and dividends, and you don't care whether your wife sees you or whether she is accompanied when she goes away, or—anything. I don't believe you love even our little boy!" Then the tears came.

Connor drew a deep breath. Every emotion he ever possessed was unstrung. His lips quivered with a hundred replies which the final and climactic insinuation had called up. Then, fearing he would do something foolish, he merely said, in a voice of determination and assurance: "You shall go to Europe."

His wife continued to sob, and, when she looked up to kiss him for the promise, he had left the room,—and the house.

Seated in the small private office of his bank, Connor took out some papers from a pigeonhole and looked at them with evidences of agitation. "I wouldn't have done this two years ago for twice the profit!" he exclaimed, with a troubled look in his fine face. He sat for some moments with his face in his hands on the desk, and allowed his thoughts to torment him. He was about to manipulate a deal in relation to a building owned by an industrious spinster who trusted her affairs to him, which would net him, if his plans went through, about five hundred dollars in clear profit,—a deal with which he was very anxious she should not be intimately acquainted. A score of times he reassured himself that the spinster was really not losing anything, which was literally true; but it was a very small grain of assurance against the vigorous protestation of his former self,—his old solidly founded financial standards, which were being encroached upon.

Suddenly he straightened up and drew a deep breath. "I must do it," he said, quite faintly, and with the words he cast away from consideration every opposing thought. He summoned his stenographer and very deliberately and composedly dictated the letter that clinched the deal.

His wife went to Europe with a party of club women, taking with her little Alfred, who was now a bright fellow of five years. When Connor saw them off, in New York, and waved the last good-by in response to the little hands on the receding ship, he was conscious that the absence of his son was the hardest of all his trials to bear. For merely himself, existence had become bare and empty; he was alienated and forcibly severed from all that had been dear to him earlier in youth, and to his sensitive conscience it appeared that all his seeming success was discounted by the instability of the ground he was building upon. There was no other motive left for pushing forward than pride and love for his son. In his mind's eye he could conceive no limit of wealth to bestow upon his boy that satisfied him. Could he have won it, he would have laid the whole world at his feet. Joy in his work he had no more, but only an enforced keenness, and a pride which prodded him upward to fulfill the promises and predictions of his earlier youth, in which so many of his friends had such implicit confidence. It had become money, above all other things, that he must aim at; it was no longer an incidental pursuit, as in the days of his aspiring youth. It was a glowing, burning, inexorable necessity now.



"His eyes were fastened upon them in ghoulish fascination"

"Say, Connor," said a business man who was depositing money through the cashier's window of the bank, some weeks later, "you're in the Empire Manufacturing Company, aren't you?"

"I am; but I have n't heard a word for a year."

"Well, I can tell you something. Got a little time?"

"The thing is just about on its last legs," said the business man, when in Connor's inner office, "and there'll be something doing in a short time. Got much in?"

"A thousand," replied Connor.

"I pulled out several weeks ago. There's been mismanagement. I don't see why you were never made a director. They need somebody to engineer the thing right. I'd pull out if I were you."

The informant had hardly gone before Connor was busying himself with *data* concerning the Empire Manufacturing Company, and informing himself in regard to its financial make-up. Curiously enough, he got notice by the next mail of a stockholders' meeting, and was on hand keenly alert to use his financial knowledge to his advantage,—a vulture on the scent of carrion. When the gloomy situation was faced, and remedies discussed, Connor suddenly rose, and, from an impulse which he did not stop to define then, proposed to the board, in the most smooth, persuasive, and confidence-inspiring tones he could muster, a sixty-day loan from himself of a large sum. As he looked at each individual on the board,—every one of them was comparatively poor, and of most ordinary financial knowledge,—he saw with a feeling of superiority that they trusted him, and believed that such a loan was, as he said, the only plan open. There was some vague objection, but it carried.

It was only until Connor was walking from the meeting at the suburban factory, across the meadows toward town, that he realized the devilish temptation that he had laid open to himself. He trembled with the weight of his tumultuous thoughts, and sat down under an old apple tree, quite unable to proceed. With a vividness that was torture he saw the ease with which he could tear that mill from the grasp of its distressed stockholders; how he could shape conditions so ingeniously that a foreclosure, swift and effective, would put into his hands the entire plant at an immense profit.

He could not stop these thoughts; they seemed to crowd upon him so softly, so persuasively, so innocently that they palliated the crying protests of his other self, and almost appeased them. His heart was beating rapidly, and the fingers that held the pencil which was quite automatically figuring out the situation trembled foolishly and spasmodically with the intensity of his feeling. When he had set down the final figures, which represented a close estimate of the profit,—one hundred thousand dollars,—his eyes were fastened upon them in ghoulish fascination, and before him came pictures of what it would mean to his resources.

"Alice is across the sea," he almost murmured; "she will never know; I shall not even tell her I have it. I will keep it so that I need not push upward so—so hard." He heaved a deep sigh here. The mere physical relief from strain and worry which it would mean to him was an intensely strong appeal.

Among the papers he happened to have in his hand was a list of the stockholders, and, as he casually opened this and read the names, he felt strange quivers. This was a man with a bright family of children in a modest home, this was an ambitious young schoolmate of his, and here was a laborer who lived by the sweat of his brow. Every one of these would lose every cent he had in the company. Connor paled and became cold as ice.

"My God!" he cried, suddenly, in an agony of distress, "what shall I do? I must decide now! I can't let this thing torture me for two months! Shall I do this thing or shall I struggle on trying to keep up with my wife, as I have done so far?"

II.

CONNOR foreclosed the mortgage on the mill, as he had planned, and, having used borrowed money in anticipation of the scheme, cleared every dollar of the profit himself. He reorganized the company with himself as president, placed in position a man of experience as manager, and had the mill on a fair way toward success before his wife got back from Europe.

By that time Connor had again undergone another marked psychological change. He was a man of affairs now, relegating fine scruples to the wind, and regaining some measure of interest in his work. It was purely ambition and will now that made him resolve to make the Empire Manufacturing Company go, and he was regaining a large measure of confidence in himself and an easier attitude toward life.

"I'm ahead of the game now," he told himself, and a self-satisfied light gleamed in his eye. "My wife can't put a hot poker to my back again

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in a hurry. I'll make that pile bigger yet, to make sure that she do n't catch up again."

Emboldened by his constant success, and made confident by his never-failing judgment, he kept his eyes constantly open for opportunities to profit by his financial sagacity. He bought a hotel that was embarrassed, and financed and started it, and sold it later through shrewd manipulation before its unfavorable situation in the city could affect him or be discovered by his far-away purchaser. He operated upon the town council with such far-sighted skill that, while he was making a popular reputation for good citizenship, he was most advantageously increasing the value of certain real estate that he held.

But he was nearsighted when he believed that his wife was entirely unaware of his increased profits and earnings. She was a bank president's daughter, familiar from girlhood with the local financial world, and she did not decrease either in penetration or personal ambition; and, as a club woman, there were many odds that she heard most of the things her husband was loath to inform her about.

At first Connor was perplexed at the almost indifferent attention of his wife toward the family's finances. She ordered what she wished for with the utmost carelessness, and never more referred to the question of money.

"I think," she said, however, one day, "you might offer to raise my personal allowance at the bank."

"Why should I offer to raise your allowance?" asked Connor, composedly. He was learning rapidly to understand and manage his wife. "Is n't your present amount sufficient for your needs?"

Mrs. Connor looked at him coldly for a few moments. He was not so simple and so readable as he used to be. "It was enough for me a year ago," she replied, "but, since there is no reason why I should not have it, and there are many pleasant things to be done with more, I can't understand why you have not thought of it before. I am sure it will not embarrass you." There was a faint note of irony in her voice, which Connor, grown more sensitive to such things, instantly detected, with some inward confusion.

"Certainly I shall raise your allowance as much as I can," he hastened to reply.

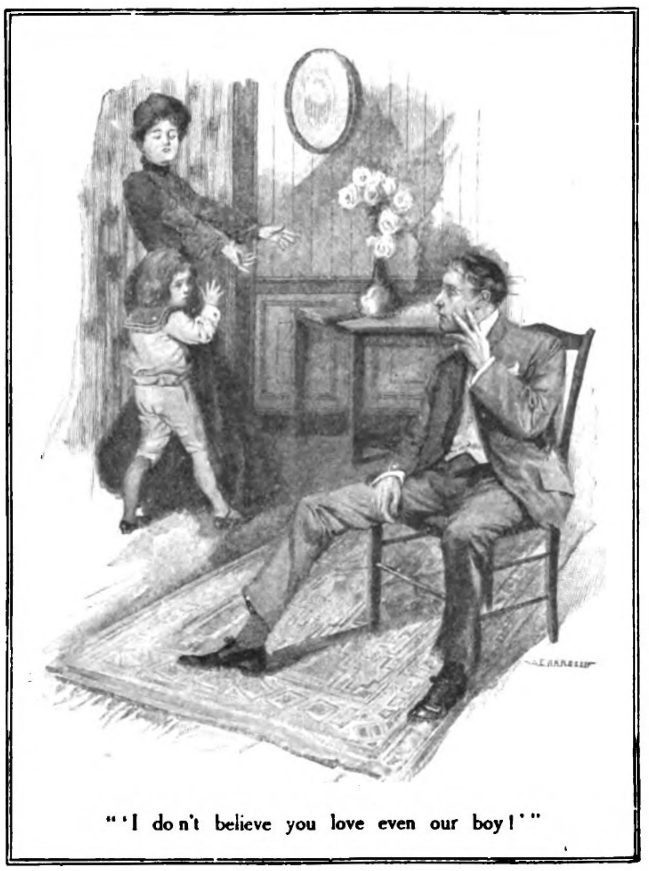
"Be sure not to outdo yourself in generosity," was his wife's parting thrust, and Connor retired to his room with just a trifle of uneasiness. "She's heard something," he soliloquized,—"perhaps about that shoe-stock deal Sam and I put through. But suppose she knows more!—that I have seventy-five thousand in the vault now, for instance! What then?" Connor's fears were quickened most uncomfortably as, in his imagination, he saw himself again embarrassed and harassed to distraction to keep up with his wife's pace. The memory of the other time when she had driven him to his last resources was so fresh and vivid that he could but feel much alarmed when it threatened to repeat itself. He had enjoyed existence hugely for a year, feeling well satisfied with himself and the world, and lavishing his awakened affection upon his son.

He went back to the bank with a more serious and concerned air than he had carried there for many months, and within a few weeks the matter had so preyed on him that he began to make up his mind to a *coup* which should eclipse every one in which he had ever before been concerned, and which should net him enough profit to safely assure him against any embarrassing inroads upon his means which his wife might make for many a year to come. Long ago he had half formed designs upon the bank of which he was cashier, and now they developed for him almost unconsciously. The institution was in the most flourishing condition, and he was sure that its stock could be disposed of *en masse* at a rich profit for the present stockholders. Though the bank was only a few years old, it had met the town's growth with fortunate timeliness and had correspondingly profited.

A few days after he had quite planned out this scheme, in which he was to buy up a lot of stock at the present quotation,—nearly all of it, if he could,—and sell it high after disclosing the bank's splendid earnings in a big first dividend,—he was greatly depressed for a few minutes by the news that he had been hit by a failure for twenty thousand dollars. He sat in his office with a wrinkled brow a little while, and then jumped up, almost quivering with excitement.

"That's it!" he cried; "could anything else be so fortunate?" Straightway he began to act on the lines that had so suddenly suggested themselves to him. He took care to have the news that the bank had been hit to a heavy extent spread in the papers and in financial circles, and when the directors consulted with him he did not assume much cheerfulness.

Under various disguises he began to buy up the bank stock just for what he could get it. The stockholders got the notion that the failure was due to his granting credit unwisely, and, believing that an attempt to remove him as cashier would fail because he was the son of its president, they threw much of their stock overboard. Connor's shrewd brokers tracked it all for him and bought, on money borrowed from a financial "ring" which backed him and each other, a full controlling power. Then, to the remaining holders of stock, for the most part directors in the old bank in which he used to be a clerk, he broached the subject, and showed them how profitable it might be to sell, and his confidence that he could sell at an advantageous figure. They had to believe in the bank's good standing, but they were skeptical about selling.



"'I do n't believe you love even our boy!'"

Connor knew it would be a hard and long pull to get a purchaser, but he set about it systematically, and really devoted more time to it than to his bank, leaving its affairs to his next man there.

He came to the bank, one morning, quite absorbed in his labors to dispose of it bodily, and did not notice the long face on the man who had run the bank in his absence.

"Mr. Connor," said the man, coming to him in his inner office, "I am sorry to report to you that we have been hit again."

Connor started. "How much?" he asked, quickly.

"Fifteen thousand," replied the man.

"Who?" asked Connor, sharply as a pistol shot.

"Maynard," was the simple reply.

"That was *you!*" cried Connor, rising hotly; "why did you discount that man's paper?"

The assistant murmured some palliative remark, but Connor did not hear him. He was in sore perplexity. Just before he had entered on his afternoon's work he had met with several severe financial disappointments, and before him on his desk there was a letter which meant the loss of several thousands he had relied upon.

He hated to have the news of this second drain upon the bank's resources get out, because he did not like the personal implication upon his financial integrity it bore. He was somewhat alarmed also lest he should not be able to declare a dividend and thereby hasten the sale of the bank. But farther than this he had not imagined its significance or calculated its effect.

He was tired and worn the next morning, and was just dressing when a reporter was announced. Scowling at the interruption in his absorbing thinking, Connor went downstairs. He had hardly greeted the young man before he rose with a show of eagerness.

"Is it true that your bank is on the verge of failing?" the reporter asked, with wide-open eyes.

Connor's first impulse was one of anger. His financial trials were real enough, without such a disquieting fabrication, which represented the height of financial misfortune. But straightway his sense of the ludicrous overtook him, since such a thing was the very farthest from his mind.

"My dear young man," he began, chaffingly, "who sent you after such a miserable pipe dream?"

"Well, it's all over town," said the young scribe, hotly; "everybody is saying so, and you do n't need to give me any bluffs."

"You just go and tell anybody that tells you such a thing again that he's talking through his hat, and that he is opening himself to a damage suit if he does n't quit," replied Connor, curtly.

When he had closed the door on the reporter, he stood in the vestibule, put his hands deep into his pockets, and whistled a long whistle. Then, feeling a sense of numbness creeping over him, he ran his hands through his hair and shook himself. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed, and then he ate a hurried breakfast and hastened to the bank.

There were three directors there, and there were no less than a dozen depositors. "Rather early," he smiled to them, cheerfully, and in their furtive eyes and evasive answers he read confirmation of the reporter's tale. "Curse these infernal gossip-mongers!" he muttered viciously, under his breath.

He went back to his office with the directors. "Now, Connor," said one of them, nervously, "give us straight facts. What's the matter with the bank?"

"Nothing! Hang it, gentlemen, nothing!" replied Connor, exasperated to the last degree by the serious demeanor of the directors. "That failure of yesterday puts us in the hole for fifteen thousand dollars, but this bank is as solid as it ever was. Where in thunder"—Connor rose, flushed and angry,—"does this infernal rot come from that our *status* is at all questionable?"

The directors looked at each other. This was not the Alfred of the old bank,—staid, unexcitable, and self-possessed.

"You won't mind if Mr. Gerry here goes over the books,—just to reassure us to the last degree of everything,—" and the director smiled with an admixture of politic apology and foolish fear which caused Connor to grind his teeth with rage, as he acquiesced.

It took all day to go over the books, and the directors hung over Gerry with an intensity that made Connor laugh and bite his tongue alternately. His father-in-law was in poor health, and 'phoned to him to come and see him. He stayed at the house and found out by 'phone that the examination had been satisfactory so far as it could be proceeded with.

"Of course it was! Such a gang of chicken-hearted sheep!" exclaimed Connor, pacing nervously up and down the room where the old banker was reclining upon a couch; "if a little boy on the street should come and tell them the bank was going to bust, they 'd come to examine the books!"

"Keep calm, Alfred," said his father-in-law, mildly; "it is a serious thing for men to be uncertain whether a third or a half of their possessions is about to be swept away."

In the newspapers that night place was given to discussion of the rumor, and several directors

[*Concluded on pages 53 to 57*]

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Washington as a Social and Intellectual Center

WALTER WELLMAN



SENORA RAFAEL S. LOPEZ, wife of the Salvadorean minister

SENORA G. DE QUESADA, wife of the Cuban minister

SENORA WALKER-MARTINEZ, wife of the Chilian minister

SENORA M. DE AZPIROZ, wife of the Mexican minister

MRS. PHŒBE A. HEARST, one of the social leaders of Washington

Twenty-five years ago the American capital was disliked by many foreign diplomats, but to-day it ranks first in international importance, and social and political prestige and power

By gradual growth Washington has become what its founders intended it should be,—a reflex of the more refined life of America, which is essentially democratic and cosmopolitan

WASHINGTON is something more than the seat of government and political center,—it is the social and intellectual capital of the great republic. It is preëminently the American city of leisure, elegance, politeness, beauty, and artistic and uncommercial aspect. It is a magnet which draws from all parts of the country those who are fortunate enough to be attracted by such soft and placid charms, and to have the means of gratifying their tastes. The magnetic power of Washington gathers force and effectiveness as the years go by; for like attracts like, and, as a place of residence for the wealthy, the cultivated, the literary, and the leisurely, the capital becomes more and more the American fashion. It is not many years since the fashion was of another sort,—that of avoiding Washington and sneering at it as an overgrown village, a ridiculously pretentious hamlet in a mudhole. Thomas Moore saw the place a century ago, and in fine irony dubbed it "The City of Magnificent Distances,"—a *sobriquet* which has clung ever since, but is now converted into a phrase of praise instead of reproach. The poet meant that in his day the distances were the only magnificent phases the young capital had to present, and he was right. Washington was long neglected and scorned. But it was not seeming that the American energy which had built a great nation should leave that nation's capital walloping and straggling in the red mud of the shores of the Potomac. So Washington was lifted up. Where there is a great work there is always a great man; and so it was in this case,—there were two great men, in fact. It was fitting, too, that one should be a Frenchman,—L'Enfant, who supplied the artistic plan which made a beautiful city possible; and that the other should be an American,—Shepherd, who supplied the energy. What Baron Haussmann did for Paris, Alexander Shepherd did for Washington,—he created the City Beautiful.

If Moore could return to-day he would find the squalid village of his day transformed into what most Americans and many foreigners recognize as the most beautiful capital in the world. Perhaps the poet, were he to come again, would be generous and appreciative enough to change his nickname to "The City of Magnificent Vistas." His distances are still here, but they stimulate admiration, not satire; for they have been filled in with such embellishments as great public buildings of marble or granite. The wide thoroughfares converge in many circles or squares, every one green with foliage, bright with flowers in season, and marked with the statue of some American soldier or publicist. The outward aspect of the city bespeaks its essential inner character; for these broad, clean, smooth, roomy avenues, leaf-shadowed from end to end, and flanked right and left with rows of handsome, and, in many instances, palatial homes, are filled with moving pictures suggestive of leisure, taste, and elegance,—fine equipages, smart pedestrians, gay automobiles, and dashing horsemen and horsewomen. Most of the people know one another, and polite salutations are frequent. Smiles and laughter abound. Sociability and cheerfulness are charmingly obvious. Heavy, laboring commercial traffic is pleasantly absent. A stranger, threading these thoroughfares for the first time, asked what holiday it was. But it was a commonplace, normal, everyday day; all days are holidays in Washington.

Excepting perhaps the Hague, the seat of the government of the Dutch, Washington is the only capital in the world given up wholly to the purposes and activities of a capital. Washington was created as a capital, designed to be what it is, and did not "just grow," like Topsy. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Stockholm, Brussels,—all are great commercial and manufacturing centers. Mammon, with his motley retinue, is painfully in evidence. The wildernesses of money-grubbing, wherein a few stronger animals prey upon myriads of weaker, surround the little colonies of law-makers and law-administrators. Those of the elegant minority are well-nigh lost in the sordid or squalid wastes,—swallowed up, or darkened by the sinister shades of their environment. Washington alone is a capital and nothing but a capital, a city where government is the principal business, where social and intellectual pursuits form the chief activity, where the well-mannered, the well-dressed, the more or less well-read and cultured form the majority, and where the smoke of the factory, the clang of the hammer, and the whir of the wheel of industry fall not upon the air. Of course Washington has its sordid side and even its squalid quarter, if you care to look for them. But they are not intrusive; they are not forced upon you; they are kept well in the background; and, if you are one of the many who come here for repose, and for cleanly and congenial surroundings, you need not see them at all.

Add to the physical and temperamental settings of the scene—to this atmosphere of polite placidity,—the soft and even climate of the seaboard midway between north and south, the sunlit winter days which are cool enough not to be enervating, the glorious springs and autumns and the summer heat,—which everyone escapes by fashionable flight to seashore or mountain,—and it is not difficult to realize the peculiar charm of Washington. Nor is it cause for wonder that, year by year, a steadily swelling number of people hither comes from other American cities, or that the magnetism of the capital is ever doing its silent work. Other American cities were built for labor, but Washington for play; others for business, Washington for beauty; others for the strenuous life, Washington for repose; others for making money, Washington for spending it. The capital is a haven of rest to those who, weary of the cares of commercial or industrial life, would find solace in a society which does not talk shop. Yet

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MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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BARONESS MONCHEUR,
wife of the Belgian minister



MRS. MANUEL ALVAREZ CALDERON,
wife of the minister from Peru



MME. J. A. A. J. JUSSERAND,
wife of the minister from France

it is something far better than a mere resort,—a mere place to rest, to do nothing, to rust, or to find relief from shop-talk in the inanity of making talk for talk's sake.

Washington has its aim in life, its inspiration, and its objective. One of its chief charms is its purposefulness. It is not a drifting derelict. Rather, it is a goodly craft, sailing a smooth and sunny sea, with a congenial ship's company, a well-tried chart, and a port in mind. Washington knows where it is going, and how it is to get there, and it enjoys the voyage. Its port is the intellectual. All things in the world which make for the world's betterment—all the phenomena of life and human activities,—are mirrored in the Washington glass. Many of the men who have to do with these things live or occasionally come here. Many go hence to study them, and bring back their reports. There is no other interest so keen as that produced by personal contact, and Washington is a city of personages. One may meet, in any social sally or pedestrian excursion, the representatives of all other governments and countries upon the face of the globe. If anything of human interest occurs anywhere in the world,—in Europe, or Asia, or South America, or the islands of the sea,—the Washington microcosm contains a human atom who has a direct, personal, and perhaps important connection with that occurrence. You may shake hands and chat with the atom at an afternoon reception, or sit next it at dinner. This element of personal contact with all governments and all countries and all events is a source of much of the charm of Washington life. The charm may not be realized by all who fall under its spell, but it is here. In addition to the members of the diplomatic colony, who come from the four quarters of the earth, there are Americans who, as officials, scientists, explorers, army or navy officers, investigators, or students, visit distant lands and return with their impressions, their stores of knowledge, and their travelers' tales. Thus life in Washington is anything but introspective; it is, on the contrary, universal in its interests. The intellectual horizon is as broad as the world. Curiosity is more catholic, and more stimulated by a wider range of happenings, than in a city given over to business. New York is generally said by well-informed people to be the most provincial city in the world, because it is sufficient unto itself. It is so big, and so commanding in its financial and commercial influence, that it has need for little looking beyond its own doors. Chicago and Boston and Philadelphia are not quite so narrow. But in most American cities the tendency is to introspection,—to letting the mind run round in the local circle. Washington alone is world-wide in its sympathies, its understanding, and in the stimulation of its personages.

Of course the central fact in the social and intellectual life of Washington is the presence of the government. The government is not literally all there is in the capital, but it is the center of the system. It is the great solar body. In other American cities the government is lunar,—is seen in a reflected, distant, hazy light. But in Washington it is the source of social light and heat. It fixes the form; it makes the seasons; everything revolves around it. Not only is the government the one great employer, giving occupation to twenty-five thousand of the three hundred thousand inhabitants, and thus directly supporting one-third of the population, while most of the remaining two-thirds live by serving the wants of the third, but the government also sets the pace in society, in the mental activities, and in the working habits of the people. The government is easy-going, well-regulated, methodical, good-paying. With hours from nine in the forenoon to four in the afternoon, and frequent holidays, its employees may lie in bed late and have plenty of leisure outside their working hours. Most of the other dwellers easily conform their habits to the government standard. Servants are none too strenuous, and the commercial classes not painfully energetic. No one is in very much of a hurry, and the early morning trains are not half so likely to be crowded with workers as are those of the late night with pleasure-seekers. Men and women come to Washington from all parts of the United States and soon find their life-formed habits of energy becoming softened and modified by their surroundings. They quickly learn to take things easily. At first they like to blame it upon the malaria which the tide-bared flats of the Potomac are supposed to induce; but, when sufficiently acclimated to be wholly frank, they usually confess it is a simple laziness acquired from their environment.



MRS. KOGORO TAKAHIRA,
wife of the Japanese ambassador, considered one of the brilliant women of the Capital

Washington is the most leisurely city of America, but it is not idle. The government sets a slow and comfortable pace, but it affords a stimulus, too. Gently, but irresistibly, it demands a certain intellectual and social activity. You must go about, and know people and be known, and know things and have ideas, or you are a nobody. In New York or Chicago you may be of importance because of the amount of money you have made or the property you may have acquired, no matter how narrow your social circle or how limited your intellectual equipment. But in Washington money alone is not enough. It is a great auxiliary, of course, as it is everywhere else; but it is an auxiliary only, as not a few rich people who have come to Washington with no capital other than their dollars have found to their chagrin. There is no other society more easily broken into than the society of Washington. With or without money, one may gain an *entrée*. All you have to do is to walk in. The doors are open. For that reason many have come from the provinces with dreams of rapid conquest and of royal roads to social distinction. It seems very easy when all one has to do is to own or hire a carriage and buy a pack of engraved cards and drive from house to house and present himself in the drawing-rooms of the elect, mingling with men and women of world-wide distinction, and depositing his pasteboard upon the silver tray in the hall. Nowhere else is the latch-string hung within such easy reach.

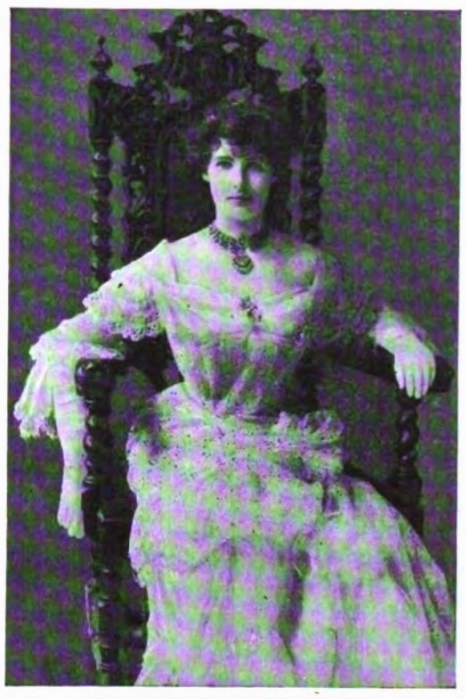
It is, indeed, easy to pass within the charmed precincts of high society. This is true because Washington society is like the government itself,—it is a democracy. The government fixes the form of it and makes its rules. The President is

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MRS. THOMAS HERRAN,
wife of the Colombian minister



BARONESS VON STERNBURG,
wife of the German ambassador



BARONESS HENGELMUELLER,
wife of the ambassador from Austria-Hungary

the *ex-officio* head, and of course must maintain a republican court. It is far easier to get an invitation to one of the President's receptions—and to two of them each year you may go without an invitation,—than it is to secure a bidding to the house of a millionaire or social leader in New York, or Chicago, or Boston, or Philadelphia. As with the President and the receptions at the White House, so it is with the cabinet officers and senators and other officials and their drawing-rooms. All these are public servants. More or less are they politicians; more or less are they dependent upon the suffrages of the people; and the democratic pattern upon which our social fabric was cut requires the open door for all who may wish to enter. So any one may drive up to Mr. Secretary's or Mr. Senator's house on the weekly "day" of Mrs. Secretary or Mrs. Senator, alight, walk in, and be sure of polite and considerate treatment. But if it is easy to enter, it is not easy to get out with full credit, satisfaction, and recognition. One may be in the drawing-rooms of the social leaders as many times as he likes to go to the trouble; but that is a very different thing from actually being in society. At first you may think you are in, but soon you will discover that you are very much on the outside. Years ago, when Washington society, like Washington itself, was a little new and raw, before it had settled down and learned how to shape and care for itself, it was the butt of many an international joke. It was the society of the *hoi polloi*, in which one was as likely to meet a department clerk or a boarding-house keeper as a diplomat or a statesman. The sneers were not wholly unmerited, for in a society where pushing in was so easy not a few of the pushers were sure to be of the class which had no real right there. But such complaints are no longer heard. It is only in rare instances now that a social climber intrudes herself rudely. The door is still open,—for the democratic form is maintained as something sacred,—but as the years go by there is less and less trouble with people who push in simply because it is not closed in their faces.

This is another way of saying that, in society as in physics, water will find its level, and that a society essentially democratic, like that of the American capital, has within its hands the means of protecting itself. Those who have a right to be in are in; and those who have not a right are gently, politely, but firmly made to feel that they would better withdraw. Gradually the social organization of Washington has become what it should be,—a reflex of the more refined life of America. It is to this day essentially democratic,—that is to say, there is no privileged class, no hereditary aristocracy. The people who are taken within the *sanctum sanctorum* must be somebodies or have done something. Money alone is not sufficient, unless it be reinforced by title, by achievement, or by the possession of genuine social talent. If there is any aristocracy here, it is the aristocracy of brains. The man who has done something, or is doing something, and the wife or daughter who shows she is worthy of him,—these are the *élite*. Broadly, success in the world's work fixes one's place in Washington society.



COUNTESS CASSINI,
the daughter of the Russian ambassador, whose home is one of the most notable social centers in Washington

It is only natural that there should be a distinct premium upon success in the field of politics and statesmanship, for the public service is the essential foundation upon which all Washington is built. The social organization has its quasi-official gradations of rank, starting with the President and running down through the list, according to the constitutional or traditional order of importance. To be a member of the cabinet or a senator is to have a certain place in society,—if you are equal to it. In other words, the title is a presumption in your favor, and you are to support it and make it good and valid if you care to and can. It is not always the highest official who has the highest social place. We have had presidents who were social failures, and the wives of presidents who were social mistakes. One of the poorest presidents the country has ever had was socially a shining success. He lacked tact in politics, but had it for society. There are secretaries in the cabinet and senators who do not care for social distinction or favor, and only strive to do the duty which the rules impose upon them, for they are very busy with their work, or they have not learned social art, or their wives and daughters lack that first of all social prerequisites,—tact. From nearly every administration some cabinet officer steps out or drops by the wayside for some cause unknown save to a few privileged persons who are aware that the victim's wife has been weighed in the social balance and found wanting. In cases of inherent inadaptability, inaction is the only safe course; it is only when incapacity and inordinate ambition are joined that trouble is sure to ensue.

A title will carry one only so far in Washington society; the man himself must do the rest. There is no doubt that a title—especially that of "Senator,"—helps, for Washington is a city of the governments of the world. All the world knows—and no one knows better than the diplomatists who come hither from foreign lands,—how great a part in our government the senate plays. It is in a man's favor that he has a good handle to his name, such as "Mr. Secretary," or "Senator," or "General," or "Admiral," or "Mr. Justice;" it is much more in his favor if he has a record of brilliant public service back of it; and it is still more in his favor if, to all these, he is able to add wit and tact and charming manners. Genuine worth and adaptability are not only cheerfully but also eagerly recognized. Society appraises both intellect and wealth at their true value, the one as a necessity, the other as a convenience. The man or woman who shines in Washington society must have both brains and tact; title alone is insufficient, and a great house and a large retinue of servants will be useless without the prime requisites. There is no American *salon*,—no Madame Roland or Madame de Staël; but, in every drawing-room worth visiting, and at every table worth putting one's legs under, will be found plenty of intellectual converse, wide-ranged and sympathetic, and plenty of men and women well-read, well-bred, and well-fed,—examples of the good living which ought to and often does make good thinking. Our Washington society has at length

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JOHN HAYS HAMMOND ON MINING ENGINEERING

Written by J. Herbert Welch, from an interview with the noted expert

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JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

A Sketch of His Career

TO MINING men in all parts of the world the name of John Hays Hammond suggests enterprise and development, the reason being that there are few important mines anywhere in which he is not directly or indirectly interested.

His career embodies the highest success yet attained in the profession of mining engineering. American engineers have the reputation of being the best, and among these he is widely recognized as the leader. The demand for his services as a consulting engineer has made it necessary for him to spend much of his time outside of the United States. In experience and breadth of view no man could be more cosmopolitan, and yet no man is more typically American than is he. In a remarkable degree he has the progressive American spirit, and among his chief characteristics of manner are alertness, wit, and geniality.

For these qualities he is indebted to his ancestors, a number of whom, originally of English blood, figured prominently in colonial and revolutionary history in this country. His father was Richard Pindle Hammond, a native of Maryland, who was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1841, and achieved distinction in the Mexican War, attaining the rank of major. His mother was a daughter of Harmon Hays, a Tennessee planter, and was a sister of Colonel John C. Hays, famous in the history of Texas. After the Mexican War the Hammond family settled in San Francisco, California, where John Hays Hammond was born, March 31, 1855.

During his boyhood he became familiar with gold mines, and entered the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale to become a mining engineer. After completing his studies there he spent three years at the Royal School of Mines at Freiberg, Saxony.

When he returned to this country he was employed as a mining expert on the United States Geological Survey and Mineral Census to examine the gold mines of California. He went to Mexico, in 1882, as superintendent of some large silver mines at Sonora, and then became consulting engineer of gold mines at Grass Valley, California. Important engagements that followed soon after this were those of consulting engineer of the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads.

Mr. Hammond's steadily growing reputation led to numerous demands for his services from foreign countries. He left California and spent some years in various parts of the United States, Mexico, and South America. In 1893, he was invited to become consulting engineer of the extensive system of mines owned by the Barnato brothers, in South Africa. He afterwards became associated with the late Cecil Rhodes, and was consulting engineer of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, the British South Africa Company, and the Randfontein Estate Gold Mining Company.

It was during this period that he had one of the most exciting of the many adventures of his career. He was arrested by the Boer government as a result of the Jamieson Raid, and was sentenced to death. His sentence was afterwards commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment. After languishing in confinement for some months, he paid out of his own pocket a fine of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and was released. Mr. Hammond returned to the United States, where he has since been very active in the development and supervision of mining properties. He has been a prolific writer on matters pertaining to his profession, and is the author of the dissertations on mining for the last two editions of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

IN the matter of the production of valuable metals, the nineteenth century has done much, but the twentieth century promises more. More gold, for instance, by hundreds of millions of dollars' worth, has been mined within the last ten years, than in any other similar period in the history of the industry, yet in my opinion this yield will seem small when compared with that of future decades. The indications are that we are at the beginning of an era of unprecedented activity in gold mining. In the early fifties of the last century, when the golden stream began to flow from the rich fields of California and Australia, it was thought that the output was enormous, and it was enormous in comparison with that of the years preceding 1849.

But in 1853 the world's yield of gold was one hundred and fifty-five million dollars. Never before in all the centuries of mining had there been in one year any authentic yield like that. In 1899, however, it reached the immense sum of $307,150,000. That this figure has not since been increased is due to the recent Boer War, which has restricted the South African output. But the revival of mining operations in that country is again adding to the world's gold production, and I see no reason why there should not be a progressive increase for many years to come.

Two causes have combined to effect this remarkable growth in the production of gold, and in giving such promise for the future. The cause that may properly be mentioned first lies in the discovery of new gold fields. In the years between 1874 and 1884 gold districts that had been rich were becoming exhausted, and there were no new districts of sufficient magnitude to replace the old, with the result that the production sank to a lower point than it had previously reached since 1849. A gold famine was feared. Statesmen were alarmed. This condition was, however, but an illustration of the old saying that it is darkest just before dawn. At the time when the outlook seemed gloomiest the situation began to change.

The Present Indications Point to a very Large Increase in the Production of Gold

In 1885 were discovered the wonderful Witwatersrand Gold Fields of South Africa, from which over a quarter of the world's annual gold output was derived, in 1899, when the Boer War terminated active operations there. *En passant*, I may tell you that the present gold output of the Witwatersrand Gold Fields is at the rate of about sixty million dollars a year, despite the lack of mining labor. When this labor problem is settled and the present mills are in full operation, I believe the annual gold output in this region will be at least one hundred million dollars, and will reach, in a few years, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Conservative engineers estimate the gold contents of the "Rand reefs" (veins,) at over three billion dollars. It would require nearly a mile of forty-ton freight cars to transport this golden treasure.

The recent discoveries at Tonapah and in the surrounding territory, in our own country, indicate that the mountains of Nevada have by no means given up all their stores of the precious metals, and the continued discoveries of important gold mines in Colorado, Montana, and the other Western States show that the mineral resources of these fields are far from exhausted.

Further exploration of the interior of Northwestern America, moreover, will probably result in the uncovering of new gold fields of importance. The result of mining developments in China, Siberia, South America, and elsewhere, will augment the supply of gold and other valuable metals.

The production of copper, for example, is steadily increasing, and of this production the mines of the United States, of which the most important are located in Michigan, Montana, and Arizona, are contributing more than half of the world's whole supply. It may be added that so great is the demand for copper in this country that almost all of this product is utilized here. The United States also leads the world in the output of silver, and its production of iron is far greater than that of any other country. All of this is important to every young American seeking opportunities and success in the profession of mining engineering.

The second important feature in the swelling of the flood of gold is to be found in the progressive improvements and economies in mining methods. There has been an unprecedented development of the efficiency of metallurgical processes in the extraction of gold, silver, and other metals from their ores. Rebellious ores from which but a small percentage of the metal could formerly be extracted can now be successfully treated. Improved mining machinery and the lessening cost of mining supplies have greatly helped in the exploitation of ores which formerly could not be profitably mined.

The result of all this is that the veins which once were valueless because of the low grade and the rebellious character of the ore can now be worked at a profit and thus made to contribute a large amount of the precious metals to the world's supply. In the matter of improved mining machinery the aphorism that necessity is the mother of invention is well illustrated. The days are gone when a miner with a pan can wash out a fortune from the auriferous alluvia, and the old placer fields in which this primitive method of mining prevailed have become to a large extent exhausted.

The Pioneers of To-day Are, mostly, the Enterprising Representatives of Capitalists

While this class of mining is rapidly giving way to lode mining,—the mining of metals from within the bowels of the earth, which obviously demands the expenditure of both technical skill and money,—the bulk of the gold from Siberia, Alaska, the Northwest Territories, and some other regions is still obtained from auriferous gravels. But this gold is being extracted not by the old-fashioned method of placer mining, but by the employment of special machinery under technical direction; as, for example, in the cases of hydraulic mining and of "gold dredging."

With the progress of mining methods and the partial exhaustion of the placer fields many changes in what may be called the external and the social aspects of gold mining have resulted. The romance is largely gone. The kind of camps of which Bret Harte wrote so graphically no longer exists. Railroads now run into the most of the larger mining camps. Electric lights and other up-to-date conveniences are in evidence, and the conservative opinion engendered by the presence of capital and its responsible agents has created an atmosphere in which the old-fashioned "bad man" of the camps does not flourish.

The quondam prospector, too, in his slouch hat and top boots, is, alas! becoming merely a picturesque figure of the past. He has done much for mining in this country, as has the plucky, hardy pioneer, penetrating dangerous and almost inaccessible regions in his search for precious metals. On the deserts of Arizona and elsewhere I have often come upon the bleached bones of men who have lost their lives in this hunt for wealth. *O sacra fames auri*, etc.

The method of pioneering is different now. The pioneers are mostly representatives of capitalists, traveling in parties, and in all other respects well equipped for journeys into unsettled regions. American experts now go to Siberia, Asia, South America, Africa, and all other parts of the globe where gold and other metals are likely to be found.

With the prospector with no other capital than hope and the grubstake is passing away, fortunately for the mining investor, the so-called practical miner, who poses as an authority on the value of mineral deposits. He is being superseded by young men thoroughly educated in mining schools, and equipped with practical experience in the field.

All this means that mining is becoming less of a gamble and more of a science, and is conducted along approved and established lines. A few years ago a man of means who was interested in a gold mine would hesitate to acknowledge the fact. It was as if he were playing with a bauble.

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He would invite you into his back office and shut the door so that no one else could hear when he wanted to talk about his gold mine. At the present time, however, capitalists are turning their attention every year more and more to mining, and an expert who is an accepted authority has little difficulty in raising capital on his assurance that certain properties constitute promising investments. Herein lie large opportunities for young mining engineers who are able to meet the many and difficult requirements of the profession.

I have often been asked if the professional compensation of mining engineers is not exceptionally large, and have answered that large financial returns will undoubtedly come to the men who reach the front rank in mining engineering, but that I know of no other calling in which so many qualifications are necessary to attain that distinction. A man must possess an unusual degree of physical endurance, as his life, if his services are in demand, is a very active one. He must be constantly traveling into wild regions where there are no comforts, but many hardships, and, frequently, dangers. He must be prepared to go down deep into the bowels of the earth and stay there for long periods, and often, also, at the outset of his career, to do a considerable amount of manual labor.

He must be able to crowd a large amount of work into a comparatively few years, for the usefulness of a mining engineer terminates sooner than does that of most other professional men. When he reaches the age of sixty the physical prowess of the old days is gone. As a rule, he can no longer climb in and out of shafts and travel on horseback in the roadless districts with the easy alertness that formerly enabled him to see everything of importance bearing upon his judgment of a mining property. In some other professions—law, for example,—a man of sixty is still in his prime to reap the harvest of his labors and of his learning.

The requirements for a successful career as a mining engineer are, I think, especially exacting. To succeed *he must be successful.* No excuses are considered valid in the failures of mining engineers. A doctor may ascribe the death of a patient to the will of God, and a lawyer may attribute his failure to win a case to the fact that the judge was incompetent or the jury ignorant or corrupt, but a mining engineer is judged wholly by the results attending the investment which he recommends in mining properties.

A Mining Engineer Makes a Mistake in Thinking That He Is a "Minihg Expert"

My idea of the right kind of boy to take up mining engineering is one of a practical, decisive mind, with confidence in his own judgment, a strong will, moral stamina, and robust physique, as well as sufficient power of imagination to divine facts from the *data* he has in hand,—for a mining engineer of to-day, especially if he has reached the *status* of an expert, would be of little value were he not able to see "further than the end of his pick."

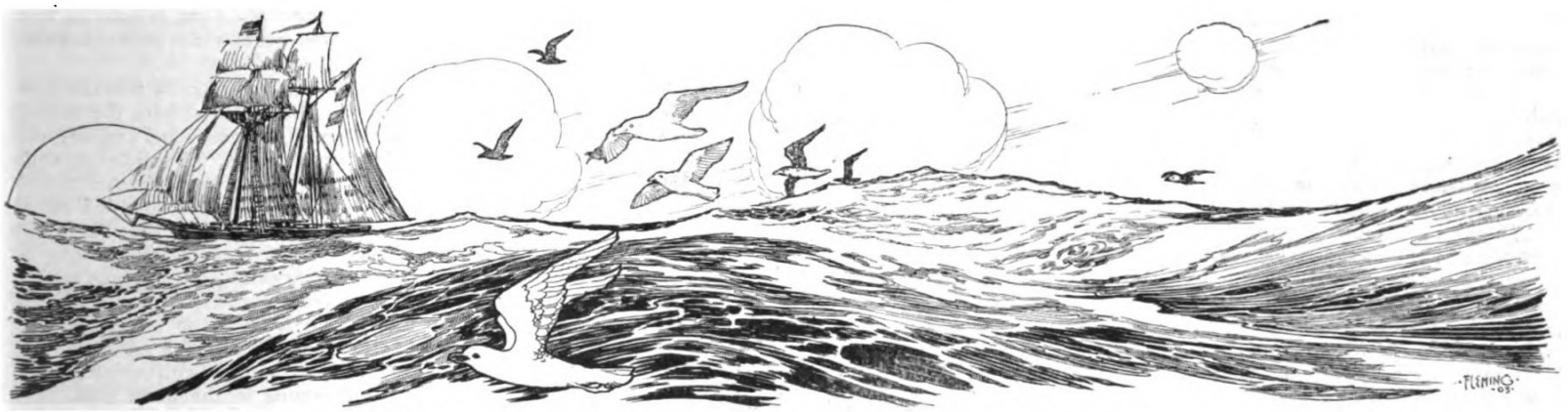
To this bed rock of natural equipment it is almost absolutely necessary that he should add a full course in some mining school of standing,—and there are, fortunately, many such in this country. It is true that there are some very distinguished and justly successful mining engineers who have attained success in spite of being handicapped by the lack of scholastic training, but these are men of exceptional ability, and they have, moreover, in all instances, qualified themselves technically by studying outside of technical schools. After a young engineer has been graduated from a technical school, he must devote several years to actual practical experience in mines, mills, smelters, etc. If he shows, after these years of probation, that he is made of the right stuff, he will then find no difficulty in obtaining a position as assistant manager in one of the large mines, or, perhaps, as full manager of one of the smaller properties.

The most common aspiration of a mining engineer is to become what is called a "mining expert." A serious mistake is often made by an engineer in assuming this rôle before he has had sufficient practical experience. In my judgment, the *sine qua non* for success as a mining expert is that he should have had several years' experience in the personal management of mining properties, supplemented by several years' experience in the investigation of ore deposits of different types. Many promising careers have been sacrificed because of the ambition of engineers to reach the experting stage before they have had this prerequisite experience, and also before there has been time for their judgment to become wholly mature.

A Thorough Mining Engineer Must Be a Financial as Well as Techincal Adviser

The weeding-out process is so constantly at work during the years of probation that comparatively few reach the position of mining experts of recognized authority,—men whose professional recommendation carries with it considerable financial backing. In my opinion a successful expert rarely carries his professional abilities to their logical conclusion. He is usually content with the presentation of a professional report upon mining properties. Frequently his reports are too technical, and nearly always too voluminous for the capitalist by whom he is employed. He is also inclined to content himself with submitting the technical facts, instead of assuming a position as both the technical and the financial adviser of the capitalist. As I have indicated, I am an advocate of the stronger development of the commercial tendencies of the mining expert than is now considered by the profession as part of his attainments, and I believe that this skill—this ability to decide for the capitalist the value of mining properties, and to conduct the negotiations on behalf of capitalists for their purchase,—is to be an asset of great value for the twentieth-century mining engineer.

Great remuneration is promised to the mining engineer who can not only pass judgment upon the technical aspects of a mining proposition, but is also capable of arranging terms of purchase and is able to officially direct, as a consulting engineer, or as a managing director, the subsequent operations of the property. In this way his professional services will become invaluable to the capitalist, who will welcome his connection with the enterprise on some partnership or corresponding basis which will insure the engineer commensurate compensation for his labors.



THE BRIGANTINE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG"

A true story of the fight of the famous American ship, as set down from the private notes and papers of Samuel Chester Reid III., (grandson of Captain Samuel Chester Reid, her commander,) who has for the first time made public the details of the little vessel's affairs

T. JENKINS HAINS

WHEN the Brown brothers built their little vessel for the coastwise carrying trade, they had other ideas concerning her strength than those developed by a knowledge of the hard service along the shores of the United States. They were ambitious and slightly more naval than nautical in their desires, and for this reason they chose a model of great stanchness.

The vessel was of about two hundred and forty tons, old register, when finished, and measured by the surveyor, which made her about one hundred and fifteen feet over all, thirty feet beam, and about twelve feet draught.

Under a schooner rig she made several voyages to the southward, and was always unlucky. She blew away a suit of sails in a cyclone in the Gulf Stream, and but for her stiffness would have been capsized. She sprung her foremast and lost her foretopmast, being hove down for two hours on her beam ends while the sweep of the Gulf storm bore her bodily to leeward toward the Hatteras Shoals. By almost superhuman exertions her crew got a bit of trysail on her mainmast and trailed a drag from her lee bow, which finally brought her head to the sea and righted her. Heavy and plungy with cargo, she shipped water clear over her and washed five men from her main deck before she cleared the storm belt and could bend new canvas to continue her unlucky voyage.

After this, the war with England breaking out with renewed vigor, she was armed for the work she had been fitted for, and was re-rigged into a brigantine that she might keep to sea to better advantage. A new foremast was stepped, and yards crossed so that she might have all the advantages for running in a seaway, and her owners spared no expense to make her one of the ablest vessels of her size afloat. Captain Samuel Chester Reid, a well-known seaman, was sent for, and he set about refitting the vessel for a long cruise. Leather helmets were manufactured, with steel straps to offer protection against cutlass attack, and long rifles of the hunting pattern were furnished that her men might have every advantage of small-arm fire over ordinary marines armed with inaccurate smooth-bore muskets.

She was a small craft for those days, but large for the coastwise trade, which seldom employed vessels of more than one hundred tons. Her timbers were bolted double and spaced closely, and her decks held no carlines but carried whole beams across. This enabled her to carry upon her main deck an old twenty-four-pounder of extra weight of metal which had done service in the main battery of the line-ship "Hoche." It was placed upon a carriage of somewhat clumsy construction about midway between the masts, and could be swung clear around upon a pintle, firing fore and aft and upon either side. She was pierced for six long nine-pounder guns, three on each side, all upon carriages of simple construction, working with quoins and wedges and without sights. The guns were fired by the crude use of priming and loggerheads or port fires, the use of lock-strings not having come into general favor.

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It will be seen that such a battery, while small, was much heavier than that usually carried by private vessels of this tonnage, even in time of war. It was equal to that of almost any naval vessel of a brig's rating, and the heavy gun amidships was the beginning of the idea which has since been carried into the heaviest ships of modern times. Two hundred and fifty dollars would not be considered a large amount to be paid now for a ship's gun, when a single shot from a modern rifle costs five times that amount, but it was a good price for the times and the pivot piece was looked upon with respect. It was called "Long Tom," after the manner of the earlier naval gunners, who distinguished between the long and powerful pieces and carronades of the same caliber.

The brigantine carried a maintopsail yard, after the manner of men-of-war, but she was properly rigged for a gaff-topsail. Her gaff was fixed aloft, working with a vang, and her mainsail was hauled out and stretched upon her boom, being brailed to the mast. Forward she carried a royal yard across, and her rig was of the usual pattern except a little heavier than that of ordinary vessels of her class. In consequence of this spread of cloth she was remarkably speedy, and in either light or heavy weather was a vessel hard to overhaul.

Captain Reid, after fitting her out finally, took command of her, and, as he was formerly a midshipman in the regular establishment, under Commodore Truxton, her owners hoped for rich returns in prize money. Captain Reid, although at that time a merchantman, was well trained in naval matters and was a thorough sailor and navigator. He knew the coast thoroughly, and also the lanes of traffic upon the Western Ocean.

On the night of the ninth of September, 1814, Captain Reid, having shipped a crew of ninety men and officers, determined to run the blockade at the mouth of New York Harbor and try to get to sea. He intended to get across to the English Channel as quickly as possible and make a desperate and sudden attack upon British commerce, which would be unprepared for him and at his mercy. He had a fast craft and feared nothing, for only a large frigate or ship of the line would be apt to overhaul him in anything less than a gale of wind.

He got under way before a stiff nor'-wester, and, carrying a fore royal with his mainsail reefed and ready to hoist, ran past Sandy Hook and through the fleet of heavy ships. As he passed they hailed him, but he was going very fast, and, as the night was dark, he held along to the southward to give the enemy the idea that he was trying to run down the beach with the wind abaft his starboard beam. Before the enemy could get under way he had disappeared in the darkness.

Holding on for an hour to run well out of sight, he suddenly clewed up his fore royal and his topgallant sails, which were new and capable of the strain he was pressing upon them. Then he wore ship, and, hoisting his single-reefed mainsail, braced sharp on the port tack, and, springing his luff, made all speed for the Long Island shore to run eastward in the smooth water in the lee of the land, being careful not to reach in too soon and find the enemy near the western end. By morning he had the satisfaction of raising Montauk Point and being able to shape his course without further annoyance.

With a half gale behind him he ran across the Atlantic for a few days, and put a thousand miles between himself and the English ships. Then the wind died away and he logged along until the twenty-fifth, when he raised the Western Islands ahead. His water being bad, and its shortage having been overlooked in the hurry of departure, he laid a course into Fayal, arriving there on the twenty-sixth and anchoring in the roadstead, as there were no signs of English vessels of war in the vicinity.

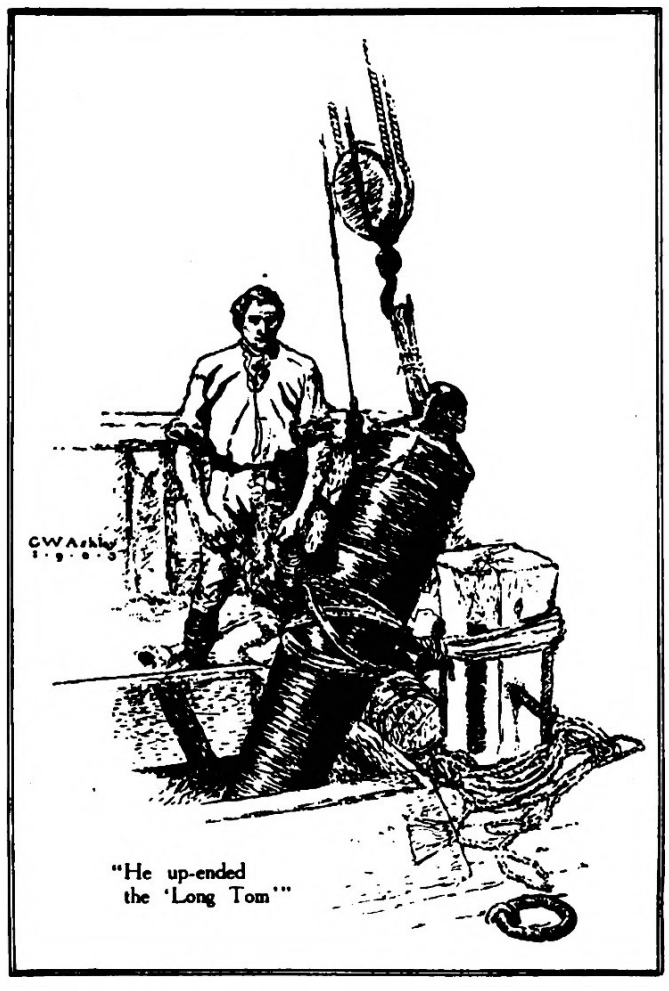
Captain Reid went ashore personally to see the American consul, Charles Dabney, in regard to supplies, and also to find out what he could concerning English shipping. He was informed that no war vessels had been near the town for weeks, and was induced to remain ashore to dine.

Late in the afternoon, while about to return aboard his vessel, he was astonished to see the British brig "Carnation" swing suddenly around the headland of the bay and come into the harbor under full sail. She was followed by the frigate "Rota" and the line ship "Plantagenet," the latter two heavy vessels anchoring well out in the roadstead beyond range of their guns, but close enough to prevent any attempt to escape on the part of the American brig should she decide to run to sea.

The "Carnation" anchored close aboard the "General Armstrong," and, by the time Captain Reid had realized his position, had lowered her boats and was signaling to her consorts.

The gentlemen who had accompanied Captain Reid were now advised to go ashore, as he felt certain that the laws of neutrality were about to be violated. To make doubly sure of his position he slipped his cable, and, getting out his sweeps, ran the "General Armstrong" close under the shore batteries for protection.

The first movement on his part was noticed with concern upon the British brig, and, thinking he was getting ready to run to sea, she dropped her topsails, which she had clewed up, and made all sail to cut her off. If it had been Captain Reid's original idea to run, he soon must have given over the thought, for the wind was falling and he would have been in range of a hundred guns for some time had he attempted to force his way out. He therefore kept his sails upon the yards, and, while his men worked steadily to get his ship ready for the action he now felt sure was coming, the men at the sweeps redoubled their efforts to get closer to the protecting castle on the shore. While they strove he saw boats leave the British vessel's side, and, seeing that he only tried to get under the guns ashore, they immediately gave chase.



"He up-ended the 'Long Tom'"

Four launches filled with men rapidly overhauled him, and, seeing that he could do nothing but await events, he dropped his anchor, put a spring on his cable, and took in his sweeps. Then, mustering all hands to the battery, he lay silent and motionless, the riflemen lying out of sight and watching the approaching boats.

The sun had gone down, and it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening. The moon rose and gave forth a bright light which enabled the men upon the "General Armstrong" to see objects distinctly. Captain Reid, armed with pistols and a cutlass, sat upon the quarter-deck in his shirt-sleeves. Mr. Worth, senior lieutenant, stood forward upon the forecastle directing the men at the guns and the riflemen along the rail. Mr. Williams, the second lieutenant, was in the waist with Mr. Johnson, the third officer, clearing away everything in the wake of the pivot gun and training that large piece upon the approaching craft. Seeing that a boat attack was inevitable, they had rammed grape and canister over the already placed charges and stood with loggerheads ready and priming placed.

The leading boat, with about thirty men, drew up under the port quarter. Reid hailed her, but received no reply. The riflemen, resting their guns upon the rail, covered the boat at a range that in the bright moonlight was most deadly. She was but three or four fathoms distant and to miss a man was almost impossible. Reid saw his advantage and was about to hail again as he could not believe that he would be assaulted without warning with the odds so against the boats. Before he could say anything the officer in the boat shouted, "Way enough," and, as the boat shot alongside and the bowmen grappled with their hooks, he cried, "Fire and board!"

Reid, seeing by the actions of the enemy that he had not a moment to spare, gave the order to his marines simultaneously, and in an instant all along the port rail there broke forth a withering, flickering rifle fire, which was answered by the men in the boat.

Lieutenant Worth was hit and badly wounded, and a sailor was shot dead, but the effect of the boat's fire was diminished by the carnage within her. The riflemen aboard the brig, standing and resting their pieces, almost annihilated the boat's crew. Men fell over each other, reeling and staggering, piling upon her bottom until she rocked and swayed, and making it next to impossible for those remaining to use their guns. Those unhurt fired wildly, while many called for quarter. The craft drifted astern, helpless, while the men shifted from the port to the starboard battery and worked madly to swing their pivot gun around to meet the three boats which now rushed up from starboard.

Without waiting an instant the nine-pounders were fired into the leading small craft, the grape and canister tearing up the crews. A solid shot, striking the leading boat, cut her almost in two, and killed or wounded nearly twenty men, sweeping them in a pile upon the stern sheets, where they lay a moaning mass until the boat settled. The scene was terrible, and the fire of the riflemen was so steady that the other boats hesitated a moment.

As they bunched with their headway, Reid sprang to the pivot gun. The next instant a storm of grape tore into them, causing the utmost confusion. Reloading "Long Tom" with all haste, he fired again into the struggling crews before they could bring a single swivel to bear upon him. The broadside guns fired again and again, the men working with rapidity, cheered by the effect of their shot. The cries of the struggling boat crews, mingled with the hoarse orders and execrations of their officers, caused such confusion that it was impossible to tell those who had surrendered from those who still fought. The breeze was too light to clear the smoke away and Reid had no chance to venture out to take prisoners. He fired his battery with precision, and all the time his riflemen worked steadily upon everything that moved in the moonlight. In a short time every boat that would swim, though half sinking, strove to get away from the black brig that flashed and flamed in the smoke cloud which fairly shook with the thunder of her guns. The first part of the fight was over.

Mr. Dabney, during this time, had sent a note to the Portuguese governor, demanding protection from the British. The governor sent a note to the British admiral, just as the news of his loss reached him. The latter's language was profane, and in heated words he declared he would sink the American brig if he had to blow the island off the ocean. With a ship of the line and a large frigate he

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"Reid, calling for all hands to follow him, charged again and again, driving the remaining enemy overboard"

could have made good his word so far as the human element was concerned, so the matter ended.

Captain Reid then hove up his anchor, and, getting out his sweeps, sent his little vessel close under the land. Then he anchored her, and, putting out a stream anchor aft, moored her parallel with the beach, so that no enemy could approach from the shore side. Then he shifted his battery so as to get two more guns upon the outside, and waited for the end which he knew must soon come. He had no thought of surrendering without a fight and his loss had been quite small. That he must be beaten was evident, but the men under him, knowing that the outcome could be but one thing, worked and cheered as if victory were at hand. They were American seamen to a man, and neither the odds nor the hopelessness of their fight appalled them in the least. To fight was but to die, apparently, but this they would do willingly. They would not go down without leaving something behind to remember them by. The shore was near by and any skulker could have easily made the beach in the darkness.

About nine o'clock the breeze made a little and the "Carnation" was seen standing inshore towing seven boats full of armed men. There were about two hundred sailors and marines of the royal navy opposed to eighty-eight American merchant seamen. The "General Armstrong" was so close to the shore that conversation could be carried on with those upon the sea wall, which was soon lined with spectators. Reid, with all his able men armed, lay silently waiting for the attack, forbidding any unseemly conversation between his crew and their friends on the beach. At midnight the boats, which had approached close along the shore under the protection of some rocks, came out of shelter and rushed in column upon the brig, firing their swivels and carronades, and cheering.

With orders to close the ports immediately after firing, Reid took his position in the gangway, beneath the boarding nettings, which had been stretched fore and aft and lined with kentledge to heave into the boats as they should come alongside. The pivot gun was loaded with musket balls and kept trained upon the approaching boats.

With his head above the rail, Reid hailed the front of the column when within close range. There was no answer, and he gave the order to open fire. The entire battery poured in its full weight of metal, and, as the oarsmen fell or struggled to clear their wounded comrades, the riflemen from behind the shelter of the bulwarks discharged a volley.

This reception abated the Britons' zeal to some extent; but they were well led, and, giving three cheers, they came on with vigor, gaining the bow and the quarter of the "General Armstrong" in spite of all that the crew could do. The following boats then opened upon the brig with a hot fire of musketry and carronades, to divert attention, and closed. The Americans took to pistols and cutlasses to repel boarders, while some, armed with axes, cut and hewed away at the grappling hooks.

The enemy gained the starboard bow and came upon the forecastle, forcing their way aft to the fore rigging. Lieutenant Williams, the second officer, was killed, and the third lieutenant was badly wounded. Reid, who had at length beaten off the boats from the quarter, charged up the gangway with his afterguard and forced the enemy back again. Lieutenant Matterface, of the British ship "Rota," climbed over the nettings and engaged Reid hand to hand.

The conflict became a *mêlée*, but such was the discipline among the brig's crew that the men in the gangways kept the men behind the nettings, and struck down all who came over the rail amidships through the gaps made by their weapons. Reid was sorely wounded, but, disdaining to shoot his adversary, he fought him to the rail and ran him through the body, his lifeless form going overboard. Seeing his two lieutenants wounded, Reid redoubled his efforts and called hoarsely for his men to rally. They needed little urging. A nimble-footed boy named Jones sprang upon the rail above the boats forward, and with his cutlass cut away the pieces of kentledge, the heavy iron going through the bottoms. He was quickly shot down, but his place was taken by another seaman, and he in turn was followed by others, some with cold shot which they hurled into the crowded craft below. Some of the boats shoved clear of the side, and the action caused the men upon the forecastle to call upon them to remain. Seeing the diversion, Reid, calling for all hands to follow him, charged again and again, driving the remaining enemy overboard. Then, rushing to the battery, he loaded the pivot gun and depressed it until it could reach the confused boats struggling to keep clear of the side. He fired and blew two boats practically out of existence, the gun leaping backward from the carriage and landing upon the deck dismounted.

The effect of this discharge was evident. Manning the broadside guns again the Americans opened a rapid fire upon the disorganized enemy. The riflemen, regaining their weapons, kept up a deadly hail from their small arms until the entire remaining force withdrew. Then, as the last boat drifted out of gunshot, the Americans gave three wild cheers, which were answered from shore.

The Americans upon the sea wall hailed their countrymen aboard the brig, and, hearing that Captain Reid was safe, cheered continuously.

Alongside of the "General Armstrong" was a scene of horror. Two boats full of dead and wounded hung to the brig's rail, fast by their own grappling hooks. Two more just awash lay drifting astern, and one floating and to all appearance uninjured contained naught save a desperately wounded officer, the sole remaining man of forty or more who had manned her.

This last action lasted forty minutes and was one of the bloodiest in the history of sea fighting.

Captain Reid then went ashore in response to a note from the consul, who begged that he would not endanger himself further by trying to defend a vessel that was undoubtedly doomed. He received congratulations, and was informed that Admiral Loyd was so chagrined at his loss that he had sent in a note saying that if the governor allowed the Americans to scuttle or harm the brig now in any way he would destroy the town. He would take her and her crew at any cost.

This ferocious spirit had the opposite effect upon Reid from what was intended. He went back aboard the "General Armstrong" determined to defend her to the last and then destroy her before she should fall into the admiral's hands. He ordered the dead and wounded to be taken ashore, and made ready for the final attack. The "Long Tom" was remounted, and fresh ammunition was distributed for a last desperate stand.

At daylight in the morning the "Carnation" stood in close, and, without notice, opened a heavy fire upon the "General Armstrong." The brig returned it so vigorously that she cut her up in men and rigging and finally forced her out of action, her maintopmast being cut away by a well-aimed shot from the pivot gun. The "General Armstrong" suffered very little damage, but Reid, seeing that further resistance would only end in useless slaughter, up-ended the "Long Tom" and pointed it down his hatchway. Then he fired it through the bottom and started ashore, leaving his colors flying. The men cut away the figurehead of General Armstrong, the war secretary after whom the vessel was named, and, placing it in a boat, rowed to the beach. The fight would not have ended here had it not been for Reid's steadiness. Admiral Loyd demanded that the governor hand over the Americans as prisoners of war, and, fearing the weakness of the Portuguese official, Reid took his men into a moated church, where he hoisted the American flag, knocked down the drawbridge, and defied the whole of England to come and take him. This stand convinced the British admiral that further force would be useless.

The American loss was but two killed and seven wounded, while that of the assailants was nearly two hundred. Captain Reid was given a commission as sailing master in the regular navy.

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"Should she idle by a typewriter to earn money for matinee tickets?"



"Girls are no more willing to stay at home and do nothing than their brothers are"



SHOULD A GIRL WORK WHO DOES NOT HAVE TO?

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

THIS is one of the questions which projects itself, modestly enough, above the heaving surface of our present-day levels of discussion, as the tops of great mountains sometimes make but modest islands,—the rest of them being under water.

We believe, in general, that no one should work who "does not have to," thus "taking the bread and butter out of some one else's mouth."

That is because we believe also that the bread and the butter are legitimately preëmpted by some persons, that there is a limited supply of them, that no one can have either unless he works for it, (except those who mysteriously possess it already,) and that, as soon as any one has some, he ought to "go away back and sit down," so that the rest can have a chance. No,—that must be wrong, in some way, for we greatly belaud the man who adds "a competence" to "a livelihood," then "means" to competence, and then "wealth" to means.

It Is Expected that Women Will Serve the Public Free

"We shall have to confine ourselves rigidly to the "girl,"—to the woman; for a man we do not seriously claim that he ought not to work if he can find anybody to feed him in idleness.

For men it is recognized, with varying clearness, that thorough doing of good work is their duty in life; that, the more and the better work they do, the more they are to be honored; and, if they thus earn a great deal of money, we do not despise and condemn them. The man who has a great deal of money which he has not earned, or who, rich or poor, is a mere idler, we do despise and condemn, with sound cause.

But for women we have a different economic creed, holding that, for them, "to be supported" is the correct attitude, and that only the pinch of instant necessity justifies them in working; that is, working "for money." Some of us, to-day, are quite willing to accept the largest public service from women,—if it be gratuitous; and all of us, from the earliest times, have been willing to accept an arduous lifetime of domestic service from women,—also gratuitous. It is the pay that we object to for women,—not the work. We have it very firmly imbedded in our minds that work is man's business, and that women have no duties whatever in that direction.

There Is One Argument for Men and Another for Women

Their labors in the household we do not count,—or remunerate. The man works eight hours a day at his trade,—gets his pay,—and "supports" the woman who is working fourteen hours a day to serve him and the children.

This whole subject is honeycombed with fallacies. We have no deep, certain ground to argue from, but take one for man and another for woman, leaping about like boys on floating cakes of ice, and muddling hopelessly between economic errors and primeval superstitions. Now let us try to get to the real bottom of the thing, resting on a foundation of scientific facts, and establishing the case from the ground up. Those who dispute the conclusion because they differ from the premises must give other premises to rest their conclusions on, and not try to out-top our little peaks by towering structures that have no foundations.

Under sound biological laws, as a matter of plain sociological fact, the life and progress of society rests on our work. All human beings live and grow in the shelter of this society and owe it their support; therefore, we all owe our best work to society.

The duty of every man to serve his country we got through our heads long since, when fighting was our principal industry. Now the life of any nation, as of all the rest of the world, depends most on its industrial processes. That nation leads which leads industrially. The power and the efficacy of our economic processes are what constitute America's preëminence, to-day. Able, honest, and intelligent work is what gave England her great growth in the last century, is what has moved Germany so wonderfully on, and is what is establishing our own position as a world-power.

It is every man's duty to work for his country, and he who does it not in any way, or does it wrong, is a traitor. Treason is a crime not much heard of in these days. Military treason and political treason we know, but we associate them with the block and the ax,—with kingdoms and empires of the Old World.

Yet our New World is full of treason, for we have plenty of traitors—social traitors,—whose crime is in their work.

The adulteration of food is social treason. The distortion of fact in our newspapers is social treason. The fratricidal assault of one set of workers upon another,—as when those who distribute beef lower the price to the producer and raise it to the consumer,—this is treason. It is a common crime.

The Present System of Wage-labor Is rather Ancient

True and loyal service of a citizen to his community lies first in his work,—in his giving to the society which supports him his full share of the complex labor which supports it. There is occasion for special service for some of us, in the old trick of warfare, in the administration of justice, or in politics and the like; but we *all* serve—or should,—in our work.

Without going too deeply into the relation between pay and work, it may be stated, briefly, that our present system of wage-labor is but a historic stage, just as slave labor was, or serf labor, but that none of these temporary processes alters the underlying sociological facts as to the duty of working. But, while this system holds, each worker is entitled to be paid for his labor,—just

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as each serf was entitled to his land, or each slave to his food and clothes. This is true without regard to the sex of the worker, but solely to the value of the work.

As to "how much" we need not question, save to remark that it has been well established that, the more people are paid, the more purchasing power they have, the more able they become, and, naturally, the better work they do.

All should do their best work,—as social service,—and all should be well paid, as soldiers should be well fed, clothed, armed, exercised, and kept in good health,—that they may serve the better. With this for our general premise let us now consider the woman's side of it.

When warfare was the order of life women had small share in it. They stayed at home, rearing people, feeding people, clothing people, nursing people, and teaching people; while the men went out and stripped them,—starved them,—robbed them,—killed them,—wasting with sword and fire.

Each New Year Sees Fewer Girls Willing to Be Idle

Productive industry is woman's natural field of expression. She carried it on at home first, while the world was full of warfare; but, now that man has also become industrious she has as much place in the world as he.

Work is woman's own distinctive province, but the habit of doing it at home alone is merely a "left-over" from those old times when the home was the only safe place.

Now we have a peaceful, orderly industrial community, with scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions which give freedom and power to women as well as men. The education of boys and girls is sufficiently equal to allow the development of human faculties in women, and each step of increased opportunity they have followed with increased ability. Each year sees a larger number of girls who are no more willing to stay at home and do nothing, or to stay at home and do housework, than their brothers are.

Why should they be? Why should an intelligent, able-bodied young woman be content not to take part in the great vital processes of society,—in the world's work?

The opposition to her so doing has several grounds, and as many faces. One is this proposition that she should leave the work—that is, the wages,—that strictly limited crop of benefits,—to those who need it most.

Let us take a good grip on this thing, hold it tightly, and apply it liberally to the general field of human labor, to see if it applies fairly and reasonably. As a principle it means this,—that labor—all our great industrial processes, business, education, law, art,—everything we call "work,"—is in truth a sort of beneficiary device to feed people. "We"—those who have that unaccountable possession of the precious work-crops,—should give the work to those who need it,—that is, to those who need the pay for it. When we say "work," in this connection, we always mean *pay*. We do not imagine that the needy person wants the work, for exercise or for enjoyment,—but that he wants food and clothes, and must work to obtain them.

If this is so we are singularly inconsistent in carrying out our idea. It would follow—if this were so,—that we ought to promptly dispossess President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, of his chair, and put in—requiring some efficiency,—the neediest scholar we can find.

Why should President Eliot be taking the bread and butter out of the mouth of the deserving poor man? All our rich people should give up business at once, and play the rest of their lives, as some of them are piously doing now. Of our working classes we should keep close watch, and, as soon as a man has more than others, take away his job and give it to the one who "needs" it most.

As to the real poor,—the tramps and paupers and defectives,—what numbers of able workmen should be dispossessed to make room for these because they need the money! Take your children from the good and prosperous school, and put them where the teacher needs the scholars most. Dismiss your skillful cook, who has money in the bank, and give the place to some poor girl who needs it more. Out with Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Greer,—and in with the struggling theological students who need the salaries! Mayor George B. McClellan, of New York, does not need his job,—have we no poor man in the city who ought to have it? President Roosevelt,—should he be drawing salary when he already has an income of his own?

If "need" is the right ground of distribution in work, all skillful service would soon be lost to us: dentists, doctors, and dressmakers would be employed not for efficient service, but because of their poverty. It seems childish, absurd, to dwell on any such proposal; yet that is the logical conclusion of this common idea that a woman should not work except when she needs the money.

The need of the worker is not the true basis of our human labor, but the need of the rest of us for the work. Those should do our work who can do it best, which means those who love it most.

All work should be chosen because of the special fitness and inclination of the worker, and it is our business to see to it that our workers—the living structure of society,—are properly paid. A woman who is fit for a particular kind of work has the same social duty as to performing it that a man has; it is not that she needs our pay, but that we need her work.

In schoolteaching, for instance, a common example, the real object is the education of children,—the best education of children; and the sole ground of choice in selecting teachers should be their excellence as teachers. Those who are not best as teachers should do other work wherein they are excellent.

If they can do no work well they should be maintained outright as paupers, and not allowed to injure our work by their incapacity! For those more numerous men and women who have no strong special gift or learning, there remains open the great field of occupation which is mercifully within reach of every normal human being; there the ground of selection should be the work which is most necessary, or that most convenient and so most efficiently done. The need of pay should never be made the test of employment in ordinary more than in special work, but the need of society for the best service from all its members.

Industry Is a Racial Characteristic, Irrespective of Sex

Our attitude toward the working woman has another base, however, much deeper than that. We think that she has no business doing "man's work," but should stay at home and do woman's work; and that, if she has a father to support her,—much more, a husband,—it is scandalous that she should go out and "compete with men."

This is a most outrageous folly that men have got into their heads,—that work is theirs as a sex distinction. Work is preëminently a female sex distinction in so far as it means activity for the good of the family, and was entirely done by women in the longest period of our existence,—the proto-social. But work of a civilized sort—all the great modern human activities,—is not a sex function at all, but a social function. It is a race characteristic, and has nothing to do with sex.

Take any common human faculty—language, for instance,—or any common human distinction, like going on two legs instead of four, wearing clothes, or using tools and utensils,—these things have no more to do with "man" and "woman" than running has to do with mare and stallion.

They can both run, being horses; we can both work, being human. Work is a human characteristic. We human beings, however, with our preëminent intelligence and remarkable faculty for getting ourselves into trouble, have mixed up the facts in this case most lamentably. Early man cheerfully allowed woman to do all the work for him. As soon as work began to develop,—and began to be paid for,—he took it up and has so consistently and persistently kept women out of the larger and better-paid branches that he really thinks work is a masculine characteristic,—like a bass voice and whiskers. Therefore he wants women to stay at home and work for love, and not come out into the world and compete with him—for money.

As we have seen, neither of them should be competing for money; but all the world, men and women, should compete in doing the best work.

Is the Highest Human Motherhood Being Developed?

Then our disbeliever in woman's working uncovers a little more of his objection. The best work—for woman,—is at home! If married, she should be doing that, and if unmarried she should stay at home and wait till she is married. If that does not befall her,—why, let her keep on waiting—at home!

The fallacy here is a big one. In the first place, to take the bull by the horns, woman's work at home is not the best, for her or any one else. It is the poorest and worst done of any work we have. It belongs to the proto-social, not the social stage of human life. Instead of best serving humanity by doing her work at home, she greatly retards and injures it.

This I have tried to prove at length in a recent book, but here it must stand as an assertion, while I go on to show that young women's desire to go out and work is a great beneficent social impulse, and means more for the improvement of motherhood and wifehood than seventy centuries of staying at home. It is really an amusing thing,—if you look at it in that way,—our profound conviction that marriage and maternity rest absolutely on the domestic limitation of women. The conviction is common, almost universal. "Wife" means *cook;* "mother" means *cook;* "home" means *cook*,—we can not seem to conceive of wife and mother and home unless the wife and mother is the domestic servant. And yet, at the same time, the human mother makes a very poor showing at her specialty,—buries her children by the half, has them sick on her hands, and turns out an average of population open to much criticism; and, as to the wife of humanity,—why, men have done nothing from the beginning of history but criticise and lampoon the kind of marriage they insist on having!

We have tied up our women at home to do the housework and nothing else, and have sworn we like them best that way. We pay their bills and bear with their weaknesses, their ignorance and littleness and eccentricities, and think they have to be characterized by such things.

How did we come to be so sure that women could not be improved—as men have been improved,—by larger contact in legitimate social activities? Women need to come out of the home and work together in specialized and organized industry; not only from that great duty to society which calls for the best work of every one of us, but also from two great duties more. There is a duty of self-development, of raising the narrow mind, the too-limited heart and conscience and the weak body up to their true standard of human efficiency; and, beyond that, beneath and behind and through and all around it, the duty of becoming better mothers.

The success of human motherhood is cruelly limited by the low, monotonous level of domesticity.

THE WONDERFUL THINKTUM TREE . . FELIX GALLAGHER

IN the Valley of Where, in the Country of What, by the shore of the Guess-again Sea,
Is a beautiful tree I have frequently sought,—'t is the wonderful Thinktum Tree.
Its flowers are fancies, its fruit is ideas, and ever they wait for us still
To go where they grow in the Valley of Where and gather the ones that we will.
Oh, the blossoms of fancy are sweet as the days of him whom their fragrance has blessed,
And the fruit of ideas philosophers praise, though they claim it is hard to digest;
And, knowing these things, and heeding these things, and sure that these things must be,
I want to go out to the Valley of Where and gaze on the Thinktum Tree.

I want to go out to the Valley of Where, in the marvelous Country of What,
And pick a few blossoms of fancy right there, and weave them, as likely as not,
In garlands and chaplets of lyrics and songs, to gladden the desolate wight
Who never has looked on the bright Thinktum Tree, because he has journeyed by night.
I would n't much try for the fruit of ideas,—they say it grows high on the bough,—
But I 'd lie on the ground where the shade was profound,—I wish I were lying there now!—
Aud the rain of the blossoms would cover me o'er as swimmers are lost in the sea.
If I only could go to the Valley of Where and gaze on the Thinktum Tree.

If I could be now in the Valley of Where, in the shade of the Thinktum Tree,
I would n't be here, a child of despair, with a head of ideas too free;
I would n't be here, a pencil in hand, still scratching my noddle for whims,
For I 'd shake the tall tree, and the blossoms would be all my own as they fell from the limbs;
And that would be joy without an alloy, to lie on the carpeted ground,
With whimsies and flings and fancies and things just rolling and tumbling around;
And there 's only one thing that continues my care, and that dampens my ardor and glee,—
I do n't know the way to the Valley of Where and the wonderful Thinktum Tree.

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The power of laughter, the rejuvenating force of cheerfulness, ought to be taught in our schools,—especially our medical schools



The faculty of humor was given us as a divine gift to be developed as much as the faculty of earning a living

With the Joy-Makers

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Why this serious, suppressed, anxious, sad expression on the American face? Why do we carry about gloom and melancholy, advertising that hope has died out of the life,—faces that never express a particle of humor? Is there any religion in it? Any common sense in it? Any success in it?

"PEOPLE ask me daily, when they look at my face that is without a wrinkle," says Adelina Patti, "what I do to keep so young. I tell them that, whenever I have felt a wrinkle coming, I have laughed it away. They can scarcely believe me. Women ask me if I do not use certain creams; if I do not advocate face-steaming, massage, or some other artificial beautifying process; or if I do not bathe in milk, or mineral water, or champagne. But I answer that I do none of these things. I never use anything but plain water, and I laugh my wrinkles away."

It does not seem possible that a woman in the sixties can retain the charm, the sprightliness, the agility, and the sweetness of thirty-five, but Madame Patti gives us a positive demonstration of its possibility, and by wonderfully simple means.

If we realized the power of good cheer and the habit of laughter to retard the progress of age and to stay the hand which writes the wrinkles of care and anxiety on the face, we should have discovered the famed fountain of youth,—the elixir of life.

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There is nothing better established among physicians than that cheerfulness prolongs life, and also enriches and enlarges it. Whole-souled, joyous laughter is a powerful health-tonic. "There is no one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body," says an eminent physician, "that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by a good, hearty laugh." Laughter stimulates the digestive process, accelerates the respiration, and gives a warm glow to the whole system. It brightens the eye, expands the chest, forces the poison out from the least-used lung cells, fills them with life-giving oxygen, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health. It is said that Lycurgus set up the god of laughter in the Spartan eating halls. If there is anything the American people need to learn, it is to laugh at meals. There is no table-sauce like it. It is the great enemy of dyspepsia.

Some time ago a patient in an insane asylum was suffering from extreme *melancholia*. He did not laugh or smile. Day after day he sat or walked with an expression of settled melancholy on his face. Months passed, without bringing any change in his condition. Finally his physician resolved to try a new form of treatment,—the laugh-cure. He employed a large, jovial, hearty man to come to the patient's door every day and laugh. What peals the visitor sent ringing through the whole establishment, of deep, melodious, side-shaking laughter, so joyous, hearty, and infectious that every one who heard was compelled to join in it! But the melancholy sufferer looked at the laughing man with the same deep, immovable gloom upon his face. One day, while the laugher was convulsing every one in his vicinity, the patient suddenly stopped pacing his room, and burst into a hearty laugh. The effect was magical. The light of reason shone once more in his face. He looked around in a dazed way, and asked, "Where am I? What is this place?" The black clouds of gloom had been dispersed. The *melancholia* had departed. The man was in his right mind again. Laughter had done for him what the physicians, the drugs, and all the treatment at the asylum had failed to do.

If people only knew what the habit of practicing real side-shaking laughter every day would do for them, thousands of physicians would be looking for a change of employment. If you want to be well and happy, practice laughter. Don't be afraid to let yourself out. Shake yourself with deep, hearty laughter several times every day. It will do more for you than horseback-riding, a gymnasium, or solemn, sober walks. It is the best kind of recreation. It is nature's great safety valve. It gives the body more resisting power. It doubles one's force, and increases capacity for endurance.

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An editor of a great daily, when asked why he did not care for the services of a man past fifty, replied, "It is not because he can not do the work, but because he takes himself too seriously."

Most of us take life too seriously. In old Germany there was a law against joking. "It makes my men forget war," said the king. One would think, as he goes through the streets of our great cities, that there must be a law against laughter, so grave and sad are the majority of faces he sees. Among the thousands who hurry to and fro, a bright, happy, radiant face is a rarity. Even when at luncheon, in the restaurants, and at lunch counters, city men can not forget the serious side of life. Most of them eat with long faces and without speaking a word, or exchanging a joke or a smile with one another. They are thinking, thinking, worrying, worrying, and planning, planning. The almighty dollar is too serious a subject to be trifled with. There is no time to laugh during business hours, or at meal times. That must be left for a holiday, which, alas, for many people, never comes. We have no longer time for making a life; it is all used up in making a living. Happier far than the solemn dollar-chasers is the poor farm hand who, when asked how he would like to die, replied, "Wal, I'll tell you, boys; I'd like something that would jest tickle me to death, and let me die a-laughin'."

Give me the man who laughs at poverty and misfortune! Give me the joy which is independent of circumstances, and lifts above environment!

No matter how hard your lot, or how dark the day: if you work a little fun and good-cheer into it, it will lift your life above a humdrum, joyless existence. Cheer will take the drudgery out of your work, and make it more interesting. It will make you more interesting, too, for dry, over-serious people are, as a rule, monotonous and unattractive. The man who never laughs, who has no fun in him, who can not see a joke, and who has no sense of the ludicrous, is dull and uncompanionable. His capacity for enjoying life, or making it pleasant for others, dries up and atrophies.

Many people have changed their dispositions from sour, morose, melancholy ones to bright, cheerful, optimistic ones by forming a habit of laughing, even forcing themselves to laugh heartily several times a day. Smiles have made all the difference in their lives between sadness and gladness, between gloom and bloom, and between failure and success. Try this for yourself. A great many people never learn to laugh heartily. A sort of half smile or a disagreeable chuckle is as far as they ever get. They look upon side-splitting, uproarious merriment as a misdemeanor, a breach of good manners. They can not imagine such an unbecoming performance in a well-regulated home. If the children get a little boisterous, they must be hushed. They are told to sit down and be quiet. Their little lives are suppressed until they almost lose the power of spontaneous, hearty laughter. I well remember my own boyhood experience, when I lived with one of those serious-minded people. I was constantly reminded that I "would better be reading my Bible, or making my peace with my God, than to be laughing all the time."

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It is positively sinful to suppress the fun-loving tendencies in the young. They were intended to bubble over, to be joyous and happy, and to exult in mere existence. A sober, gloomy face on a child should be impossible. Let the children laugh and romp and play. What have care and trouble to do with young life? Anxiety and worry in the face of a child show that somebody has been criminal. "Children without hilarity will never amount to much," says an eminent author. "Encourage your child to be merry and laugh aloud,—not a little snickering laugh, but one that will sound right through the house."

"Laugh until I come back," was a noted clergyman's good-by to a friend who had a fun-loving nature. This is the best leave-taking expression we can use,—"Laugh until I come back." Adopt it as your good-by salutation during the coming year. Cultivate that happy optimism of which joy and laughter are born, and see how much better than before everything will succeed with you this year.

There is one thing that makes success possible to the humblest man and the poorest woman: it is, to go through life with a smiling face. All doors fly open with a glad welcome to the face that radiates sunshine. The wearer of smiles, who possesses a kindly, optimistic nature needs no introduction. He will be welcome everywhere, without money or price.

There is a great drawing power in optimism. A cheerful man attracts us. A pessimist repels. Optimism is a tonic promotive of success as well as health. It brings peace and joy. It is a magnet that draws all good things to itself. An optimist sees success where others see failure, and sunshine where others see shadows and storm. He extracts pleasure from arid conditions in which a pessimist would see nothing but gloom and misfortune. One of those radiant souls, an old lady who had had a great deal of trouble all her life, said that no day in her existence had been so dark or full of suffering that she had not found something to be grateful for,—something that made life worth living. She kept what she called a "pleasure book," and every day, from her girlhood to old age, found some record in it. It might help many of us to keep such a book for 1904.

There is nothing else the world needs so much as sunshine, and the greatest benefactor of mankind is the man or woman who has the wealth of a cheerful, helpful disposition. This is wealth indeed. I would rather be a millionaire of cheerfulness and sunshine than a multimillionaire of dollars. The wealth of joy is greater than the wealth of money.

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When Miss Edith Wyatt was at Bryn Mawr College, she was known as "the girl in the cheering-up business." Homesick girls, discouraged girls, girls who were behind in their studies, and tired students went to her for a bit of sunshine and encouragement, and they always found it. She radiated cheerfulness. There is a great opening in the "cheering-up business." There is plenty of room in it for everybody, and it does not interfere with any other vocation. Make it a hobby, if you want to be happy and successful. You may do more good in it than in your regular vocation, and it may be the best investment you ever made. Try it.

"Keep the brightest trail," said an Indian, when asked by Bishop Baker, in pioneer days, the best route across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. This was good advice before the railroads were built; it is just as good to-day. It may be applied universally. Keep the brightest trail this year. Leave the dark, gloomy, subterraneous passages. Leave gloom, anxiety, worry, and discouragement behind. Face the sun.

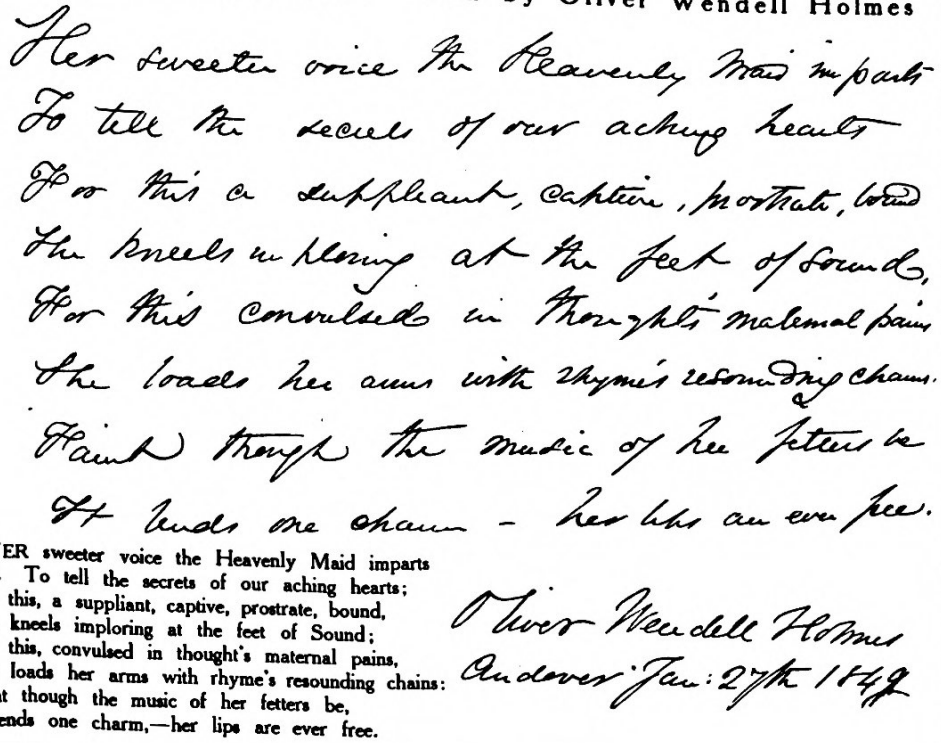
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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE MUSE OF SONG

A hitherto Unpublished Poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes



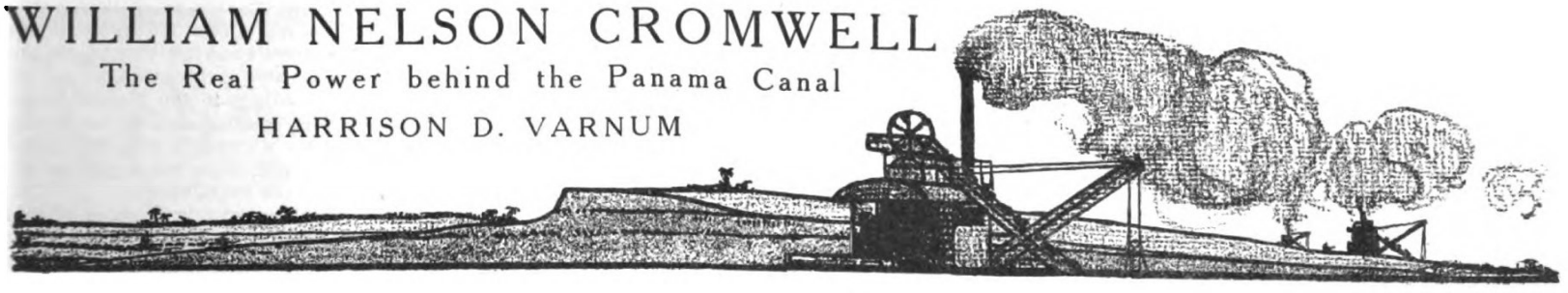
HER sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid imparts
To tell the secrets of our aching hearts;
For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate, bound,
She kneels imploring at the feet of Sound;
For this, convulsed in thought's maternal pains,
She loads her arms with rhyme's resounding chains:
Faint though the music of her fetters be,
It lends one charm,—her lips are ever free.

Oliver Wendell Holmes
Andover Jan: 27th 1849

WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL

The Real Power behind the Panama Canal

HARRISON D. VARNUM



ON November 3, dispatches to the daily papers informed the world that the inhabitants of the state of Panama were in revolt against the government of the United States of Colombia. On November 7, President Roosevelt, through Secretary Hay, recognized the Republic of Panama, and notified Colombia that she must not attempt to regain control of the isthmus. On the same day, the provisional government of the Republic of Panama, through the American consul, notified Secretary Hay that Philippe Bruneau-Varilla had been appointed its diplomatic agent in this country, and that a commission would leave Panama, for Washington, on November 10, to arrange for a treaty to govern the construction and operation of the canal. Singularly enough, M. Bruneau-Varilla holds a great deal of stock in the French Canal Company, of which concern he is also one of the engineers.

The promptness with which this country and Europe showed a determination to prevent punitive action by Colombia, caused many persons and newspapers to assume that there had been concerted preparation. The theory is strongly supported, and strongly contested. At any rate, a record in republic-making has been established, not only in speed, but also in bloodlessness. Not a shot has been fired up to the time of writing, nor has there been recorded the wounding or killing of one man.

Only in Panama could such an undertaking have been carried through to success, and only under the conditions actually existing in Colombia at present. Necessary, also, was an incentive. The big canal gave that, as secession from the Federation means the paying to Panama of many millions of dollars that would otherwise have gone into the Colombian treasury.

This newest republic is not very large, but its geographical position and physical shape combine to make it of decided importance to the world at large, and especially to the United States. It is only fifty-four miles across its narrowest point, but nature seems to have constructed it for the sole purpose of furnishing a means of utilizing the surplus in the national treasury and in the official-timber supply. Cortez was the first to see that a canal across the isthmus was necessary, and he actually had one route surveyed. Then came Antonio Galvao, in 1550, who suggested digging a ditch along the identical route now proposed. In 1818, Spain decided that the work should be begun, but industrial progress was interfered with by a continuous insurrection inaugurated just then by Bolivar, the Liberator, who succeeded in organizing the United States of Colombia, which became the Republic of New Granada after his death. In 1840, Panama and Veragua seceded, but were quickly whipped back into the union. In 1843, the French government discussed the advisability of building the canal, but soon abandoned the idea. In 1846, when travel to the Pacific was increasing, the United States entered into a treaty with New Granada, wherein that government guaranteed that "the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama, upon any mode of communication that now exists or may hereafter exist, shall be free and open to the government and the citizens of the United States." In compensation, the United States, in the same treaty, guaranteed to maintain uninterrupted traffic between Panama and Colon, and to preserve "the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory."

Then followed the building of the trans-isthmian railway, which was completed in 1855. The next year, Panama and Antioquia seceded, but were reincorporated in the Federation after a few years.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, in 1879, after completing the Suez Canal, searched for some new titanic undertaking. He concluded that Panama offered what he wanted. As the United States was pronounced in opposing any proposition involving the control of the canal by a foreign government, France officially declined to assist De Lesseps except to the extent of authorizing a lottery loan. Money came in slowly. The work was begun in 1881, but dragged. Eleven years later, the stockholders demanded an investigation, which showed that comparatively little work had been done. Of the two hundred million dollars that had been paid in, most had gone to influence public opinion in France, in the hope of inducing governmental assistance. De Lesseps was sentenced to five years in prison, where he died after serving one year of his sentence.

Last year, congress passed a bill in which provision was made to purchase, from the French company, for forty million dollars, its entire interest in the Panama Canal, and to pay Colombia ten millions for the right to build and control the canal, and an annual rental of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the territory traversed. The President was authorized to negotiate a treaty with Colombia, which he did, through the *charge d'affaires*, Dr. Herran, and Secretary Hay. Since spring, the Colombian senate has been "considering" the treaty. On October 31, it adjourned without ratification.

Unfortunately for Colombia, her practice has always been to ignore the maritime provinces. Bogota, the capital, is inland, and most of the senators are utterly indifferent to interests not immediately within their range of vision. Senator Carro, who led the opposition to the treaty, has never seen the ocean. Although Colon and Panama collected thousands of dollars annually in customs dues, the money all went into the Federal treasury. Nothing was spent on the isthmus for bridges, roads, colleges, public buildings, or any of the other improvements needed and deserved. The same system cost Spain her colonial possessions.

Six months ago, a report was circulated that, if the Colombian senate should fail to ratify the treaty, Panama would secede. It is rumored that, two months ago, a schooner cleared from Morgan City, Louisiana, with sixty thousand dollars' worth of munitions of war, billed as lumber; that the cargo was transferred, at sea, to a steamship, which tried but failed to land it at a point some twenty miles north of Colon; and that the arms were then taken to Porto Rico, a territory of the United States, and delivered to representatives of the Panama revolutionists, who, presumably, were able to land and deliver them to their ordnance department. Meantime the leaders of the secession were quietly plotting in New York City. On October 30, Secretary Hay notified Minister Beaupré, the United States representative at Bogota, that he had been granted leave of absence,—for which he had not asked! The next day, the Colombian senate adjourned. On the third of November, Panama declared her independence. Mysteriously enough, American naval vessels were cruising along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts in such immediate proximity to the isthmus that they began to arrive at Panama and Colon on the same morning. The commander of one of these immediately landed marines and assumed control of the railroad. Under the treaty of 1846, the United States is bound to keep the railway open; insurgents were camped along its entire line; had Colombian commanders attempted to send troops to Colon, from Panama, they would have been attacked, to the consequent interference with traffic. *Ergo*, the duty of the American naval officer in command was to ship the Colombian soldiery back to Bogota, with a polite little note informing President Marroquin that he must not interrupt transportation on the isthmian railway. Within four days, seven war ships nonchalantly dropped anchor off Panama and Colon.

President Roosevelt recognized Panama's independence, and warned Colombia off; the government of Panama was appointed "by itself and each other." M. Philippe Bruneau-Varilla—who was in Washington,—was instructed to act as Panama's representative, in which capacity he was promptly received; Secretary Hay issued a lengthy statement, to the effect that, by the treaty of 1846, the United States is pledged to maintain Colombia's sovereignty over the isthmus, and that, therefore, this country will not allow Colombia to attempt to thrash back into her fold and treasury the Republic of Panama, with her ten-million-dollar birthday cake. All in four days! Italy and France have recognized the new republic, Germany has refused all invitations to interfere, and England will say nothing, while the men in this country who know anything about Latin-American affairs unite in referring inquirers to William Nelson Cromwell.



WM. NELSON CROMWELL

AT five o'clock in the afternoon the great rotunda of the New Willard Hotel at Washington presents an animated scene. The luxurious leather-covered chairs are occupied, and the space in front of the clerk's desk is thronged with all sorts and conditions of men. There are members of congress, statesmen whose names are world-famous, visitors sight-seeing, and individuals who owe no allegiance to the official life of the capital.

These men are scattered about in little groups. They are, as a rule, well dressed, and most of them have an air of distinction. Their talk is of the senate and the house, and the doings of the day up on the hill at the other end of the avenue are openly discussed. It is, in fact, an adjourned meeting of our national legislators.

On the twenty-third of last January, while the usual throng filled the rotunda, a rather short man, wearing a silk hat and a conventional frock suit, quietly threaded his way to the desk. The face of this newcomer would have attracted attention anywhere. It was a swarthy, virile face, apparently that of a young man, despite the thick, gray mustache. The head was crowned with a

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dense mass of hair that was almost white, lying thick and shaggy like a mane. The eyes were keen, deep-set, and kindly. The step was vigorous, and there was unmistakable energy in every movement.

His passage through the rotunda attracted notice, and when he turned to leave the desk several of those present gathered about him. One, a well-known representative from Ohio, held out his hand and exclaimed:—

"I hear that the treaty is signed, Mr. Cromwell. Please accept my congratulations."

The man with the gray hair and mustache thanked the speaker very cordially, and, after a brief conversation with those about him, walked briskly to the elevator.

Mr. Cromwell promptly Resurrected the Panama Plan

"To-day marks the end of one of the most remarkable legislative struggles this country has ever seen," said the gentleman from Ohio to his friends; "and that man, William Nelson Cromwell, when Secretary Hay and Minister Herran, of Colombia, signed their names to the treaty between Colombia and the United States this afternoon, achieved one of the greatest victories I have ever known. In fact, he has made the Panama Canal possible, and that in the face of the combined opposition of congress, the press of this country, and his own clients."

It was a well-earned tribute.

Several years ago, as one may recall, there was about as much likelihood of the United States government accepting the Panama route for an isthmian canal as there was that the national capital would be moved to Spain. So far as the general public knew, indeed, the whole Panama Canal scheme was dead. In fact, very little was known of the Panama route except that it was regarded by the press, and even in Washington, as an abandoned ditch on the isthmus which had cost De Lesseps and his confiding countrymen some two hundred million dollars, and had been the cause of a national scandal.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, and the peerless "Oregon" made her spectacular voyage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the popular demand for a ship canal across the isthmus brought forth the surprising intelligence that there were other routes besides that in Nicaragua. At that time, William Nelson Cromwell was general counsel in America for the Panama Railroad, which formed part of the assets of the New Panama Canal Company, then really engaged in an attempt to finish the canal which had brought such overwhelming disaster to De Lesseps.

No attempt had been made by this company to give publicity to its work, because it was engaged in a private enterprise and had nothing to gain by advertising it in the United States or elsewhere. Its members did not fear any rival, and it was well understood that two canals would hardly pay expenses, and their canal was practically two-fifths completed.

When, however, there was a sudden and strong revival of interest in the United States in the subject of the isthmian canal, and it became apparent that this interest was limited entirely to the Nicaragua route, the French company realized that a very dangerous rival, indeed, had appeared upon the scene. Mr. Cromwell was the first to recognize this peril. He was in touch with public opinion, and realized that the interests of his clients, of the New Panama Canal Company, were in jeopardy. It was apparent to him that the United States is rich and powerful enough to build the Nicaragua Canal if it should wish to.

A member of the New York Bar since 1876, during which time he had won both distinction and experience in several memorable cases, Mr. Cromwell had thoroughly equipped himself for just such a struggle as that which he now found before him. It had been an essential part of his business methods to make a careful study of every important subject before taking any step. In the present instance he had two incentives to look into this subject,—one his natural desire to acquire a working knowledge of the proposition, and the other, of far greater importance, to convince himself that his duty to his country and his duty to his clients were compatible.

"If the Panama route is the best and cheapest, it should be adopted," he said to his associates; "but if the Nicaragua route is superior, then this country should lose no time in constructing it. I will do my best to settle the question for myself."

With characteristic energy he devoted his time for several months to a solution of the problem, and after a careful examination of all the available data on the Nicaragua and Panama routes, he became firmly convinced that the latter is by far the best route.

Then he threw himself heart and soul into the work.

A survey of the situation convinced him that it was necessary to conduct a most thorough campaign of education in the United States. The prejudice in favor of the Nicaragua route must be changed, and the advantages, engineering, financial, and political, of the Panama route made apparent to congress and the public.

Mr. Cromwell was in his element. He welcomed the fight. He mentally registered a vow that he would secure the adoption of the Panama route, no matter what odds might be arrayed against him. He would conduct a clean fight, too; there should be no lobby, no bribing, no underhand methods. From his office in New York he fired the first gun.

He sent for a committee of the Panama directors. When the committee arrived from Paris he explained the situation, and met with his first opposition. The directors were indifferent. They felt in no great danger.

He gradually Prepared to Meet Strong Opposition

"Your people don't understand what we are doing at Panama," Director General Hutin told him. "When they realize that we have a canal two-fifths finished, and that we have the money and ability to complete it, they'll drop the Nicaragua project and be satisfied with what we have to offer them."

"But they want an American canal," replied Mr. Cromwell, earnestly; "they will not be content with anything else. That I am sure of."

The Frenchmen were unconvinced. They did not understand American ways and took no pains to acquaint themselves with public opinion. Mr. Cromwell quickly realized that his campaign of education must include his own clients, so he determined to work all the harder. He prepared a comprehensive pamphlet fully illustrated and giving in detail the advantages of the Panama route. This was widely distributed, but it was received with incredulity by congressmen and with contempt by the press. The latter referred to it as an insolent attempt of the French company to unload its discredited and abandoned ditch upon the United States. In congress its effect was to stir into renewed activity Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama, an uncompromising advocate of the Nicaragua route.



SENOR MUTIS DURAN,

who will probably be the first president of the new republic of Panama, is at present residing in New York City. For many years he has been one of Panama's legal authorities. He served as chief justice of the superior court of the department of Panama, and twice served as governor. Señor Duran's last gubernatorial term ended in September. Shortly afterward, President Marroquin appointed him secretary of the treasury for Colombia, an honor which he declined. He is popular with the residents of the isthmus.

Several pamphlets, however, fell upon fallow ground. Representatives Burton of Ohio and Cannon of Illinois, and the speaker of the house, the late Thomas B. Reed, read the pamphlet and were impressed by its contents. Recognizing the importance of such powerful allies, Mr. Cromwell left no stone unturned to secure their advocacy of the Panama route. That he succeeded is proved by the fact that the United States Government sent the Isthmian Canal Commission to investigate that route. This was an important victory, but it was practically only the beginning of the struggle.

At this time Mr. Cromwell found arrayed against him Senator Morgan and his powerful associates in the senate, Representative Hepburn and his equally powerful following in the house, a strongly antagonistic press, public opinion, and his own clients,—a pretty strong combination for one man to face. It was the practical opposition of his own clients that gave Mr. Cromwell the most trouble, but it was an opposition that proved a boomerang to the company in the end. The story is interesting, inasmuch as it is now made public for the first time.

In 1900, two years after the beginning of the struggle between the advocates of the rival canal routes, it became evident to Mr. Cromwell that his clients would have to sell their property outright to the United States or see the Nicaragua Canal constructed. He made every effort to impress this conviction upon the director general of the company, M. Hutin, but the latter would not hear of it. Finally M. Hutin became so incensed at Mr. Cromwell's persistence that he ceased to consult him, and the general counsel found himself ignored in all questions concerning the canal. This situation caused Mr. Cromwell to do that which was thoroughly characteristic of him.

Mr. Cromwell Has always Kept well in the Background

"I'm in this fight to stay," he said cheerfully to his associates, "and I'll go ahead at my own expense. M. Hutin never will consent to selling outright, but it is the best thing not only for the Panama Company but for the United States as well."

The reason for M. Hutin's obstinacy came out when he was notified by the Isthmian Canal Commission that he must be prepared to sell all rights to the Panama Canal and to name a price. He evaded the issue as long as he could and then left for France without complying. It then became known that his one ambition in life had been to pass into history as the builder of the isthmian canal connecting the waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic. Realizing that a sale to the United States would make it impossible for him to pose as the constructor of the canal, he refused to give his consent to any plan leading to such a disposal of the property. Shortly after he had left Washington, the directors in Paris became panic-stricken and offered their entire holdings to the United States Government for forty million dollars, or twenty million less than Mr. Cromwell probably could have secured if he had been permitted by M. Hutin to conduct all the negotiations.

One of the most remarkable features of this memorable contest, which has been waged since 1898, is the manner in which Mr. Cromwell has kept himself absolutely in the background while acting as the real factor in the struggle. With the exception of those directly interested in the fight, very few knew that he was connected with it. The public at large had no knowledge of his existence, and it will prove a surprise to the general public to learn that the Panama side of the bitter struggle for the isthmian canal route has been conducted by practically one man, and that man a New York corporation lawyer.

The fee Mr. Cromwell is to receive for his work in the Panama Canal case is two million dollars, the largest single fee ever paid for legal services. It is said of him, however, that he regards the victory he has won as of far greater importance than the money.

This Promoter Is a Man Who Deals in Big Things

Though the Panama enterprise is probably the one that will add most to Mr. Cromwell's enduring fame, he has been identified with several other important cases. It was probably due to his suggestion that the United States Steel Corporation was formed. While connected with the National Tube Company in a legal capacity he made a general study of the steel situation and recognized the danger of serious competition by the Carnegie Company. Being personally acquainted with J. Pierpont Morgan, he suggested to him the advisability of the Naticnal Tube Company and its associates purchasing the interests of the Carnegie Company. It was this suggestion that undoubtedly gave rise to the plan of combining all the steel properties. When the steel corporation was organized, Mr. Cromwell was a member of the board of counsel consulted in connection with the various features of the professional work.

Despite his many interests and the incessant demand on his time, Mr. Cromwell is accessible to any one desiring to see him. His private office, one of a large suite occupying almost an entire floor in the towering Atlantic Building, on Wall Street, is fitted up after original designs. Everything in and about the room is solid, substantial,

[*Concluded on pages 66 and 67*]

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"Lastly, why not ask just how he could make her love him again?"

THE MAGICAL LETTER

The Story of a Missive that Found Its Mark

ROBERT MACKAY

BENNY sat on a park bench swinging his somewhat short legs nervously and staring with wide, unwinking eyes at nothing in particular, as is the way of small boys who are trying to prevent the opening of the firmament of tears. He also had difficulty in checking a queer quivering of his under lip, and there was a dry lump in his throat that felt as if he had swallowed a sawdust caramel which would not dissolve or descend. Furthermore, he sniffed often,—jerky, hysterical sniffs. Even a pair of sparrows that fell to fighting on the grass close by failed to draw his thoughts and gaze from the cloudy land of trouble on which they were fixed.

Benny's attitude and visage were seen and, sad to say, relished by Jimmy O'Shay; for, although Jimmy was a close chum of the sorrowful one, he possessed, in common with the rest of us, that capacity for the enjoyment of the misfortunes of our neighbors which is, doubtless, an inheritance from those primitive days when the sudden taking off of a hairy hunter by a cave bear or a saber-toothed tiger meant a division of skins, stone axes, and wives among the survivors.

Consequently, Jimmy, executing a *pas seul* in front of Benny's bench, yelled, "Cry baby, Blubber Tub! Yah! yah! yah!" adding, to this insult, the injury of tweaked hair and ears.

"Ain't cry baby," said Benny, with a convulsive click in his throat and a final attempt to hold back the briny waters.

"Yes, y'are, yes, y'are," hooted James, dancing violently around him. "Look at yer eyeses! Yah! yah! yah!"

Under the circumstances there was only one thing to be done, and Benny did it. He arose from his seat, chased and caught Jimmy, and smote him,—smote amid a storm of tears,—smote to the accompaniment of great and grateful sobs. Then, feeling much relieved, he bestowed a final thump on the snub nose of his repentant tormentor, performed a smeary toilet with the assistance of a drinking fountain and a grimy handkerchief, and, as Mr. Pepys would put it, "so to home."

Yet the little chap was less happy than, by all the laws of his nine years of life, he ought to have been. The problems of existence are not for men and women only. They begin with the riddles of the nursery and the enigmas of the school. They are the cause of as keen aches in small curly heads as they are in those gray heads which are confronted with the last of the series,—that of the grave. Benny felt this, but did not phrase it exactly that way. Still, in his childish fashion, he was trying to find a why and a wherefore for the many small unkindnesses that he received at the hands and tongue, not only of his stepfather, but also of his once sweet and patient mother,—his "real" mother at that. Hence came his forlorn face and general wretchedness.

Let it be said that the average child is blessed —or otherwise,—with an acute sense of what may be called the justice of the simplicities. A youngster who plays hookey, or surreptitiously puts cartridges on a car track, may howl lustily when under the purging application of the subsequent slipper. Yet the rankling is of the cuticle only. He has had his fun, he is paying for it as he knows he ought to pay, and his sense of the proprieties not only acquits his parent of wrongdoing, but also restores the latter to favor simultaneously with the cessation of the activity of the shingle or the slipper.

The case is different, however, when he has been unjustly accused of breaking a window or attaching a can to the tail of somebody's cat. Then it is that he sulks and revolts. Often this inactive protest of his is mistaken for a silent confession of guilt. So it comes that his faith is shaken in the verities. His belief in the all-wisdom of fathers and mothers is more or less upset. He is apt to become a knickerbockered pessimist, an anarchist in embryo. He may even determine that, if he is to have the name, he may as well have the game,—which is a state of mind that is as bad for grown-ups as it is for growing-ups.

On the other hand, there are small folks who, even in their small way, recognize the fact that two wrongs do not make a right. These suffer quietly and acutely, even as Benny did. He felt to the full how uncalled-for was the constant fault-finding to which he was subjected at home. Nevertheless he persisted in well-doing, according to his lights, knowing the futility of protests or attempted explanations; often going to sleep wet-eyed because his mother's good-night kiss had been refused on the score of his alleged lapses from the path of rectitude. Yet Benny was by no means a milksop or a "mamma's boy" in the playground's acceptation of the latter term. He was just a BOY, healthy in body, normal in mind, with a big loving nature, and, as has been said, an instinct of justice that was persistently outraged by the unthinking unwisdom of those to whom he looked for vindication as against all others.

It was not that Mrs. Kinsley meant to be unkind to her child,—nor, for that matter, did Mr. Kinsley. In the case of the former, the mother-love was deadened but by no means extinguished by a caking of daily and domestic worriments. As far as the stepfather was concerned, he, too, was sincerely fond of Benny, but his duties as bookkeeper in a big grocery house, including, as they did, long hours with a maximum of responsibility and a minimum of salary, bit into his good nature like acid into steel, and cheap and hasty lunches did the rest, so that he reached home nightly with raw nerves and an overwhelming desire to discharge his accumulated irritation upon somebody, he did not quite care whom. Had he been less the model husband that he was in many respects, he would probably have relieved the tension at a saloon or a pool table. But Benny invariably, and Mrs. Kinsley occasionally, were the victims of his nervousness and domesticity.

This case was but another illustration of the fact that the average man rarely realizes the strain on a woman's nerves and muscles that is incidental to the running of even a small flat on a small income without help of the smallest. Certainly Mr. Kinsley did not, or there would have been less opening of family jars on his home-comings. Mrs. Kinsley's replies on such occasions were inspired by a sense of the ingratitude of her husband's remarks. Usually these tiffs, as far as the principals were concerned, were of brief duration. Nevertheless the static conditions thus brought into being had to be discharged somehow. Poor Benny was the natural "line of least resistance," and so he caught the currents of ill-humor from both quarters, being charged with all sorts of petty and often imaginary offenses. The evening generally ended by his going to bed with a heavy heart and moist eyes, wondering why his real mother—of all people in the world,—should have "gone back on him" as she apparently had done. For the stepfather, the lad, in a dumb, illogical fashion, made some sort of excuses. Not being his "real" father, Benny felt that he, Mr. Kinsley, was n't supposed to act as a real father ought to, although that consideration did n't moderate the rankling smart of the uncalled-for unkindnesses done by the man to the boy. The quiet face of sleep, like that of death, often brings with it a realization of what the sleeper is to us or we to him. And so, not infrequently, Mrs. Kinsley, as she stole into her lad's room prior to retiring, saw, perhaps, a glistening on his eyelashes, and heard him sigh heavily as he slumbered, and upbraided herself bitterly, feeling how unwarrantedly she and her husband had exaggerated his childish offenses, and vowing to amend her methods on the morrow.

But, alack! the habit of faultfinding clings to us like a dry burr to a frieze coat. The morrow would come. So would janglings at the flat door-bell, wranglings with the janitor, minor troubles with neighbors, stoves that would n't heat, clothes that would n't dry, overhead children that cracked ceilings, underneath young women that banged on protesting pianos, insistent tradesmen and agents and peddlers, and, finally, a dyspeptic, neuralgic husband who "rasped."

Then would the much-tried woman's overnight resolves vanish, and Benny could n't eat, drink, sit, stand, move, or talk without each and all of his actions being greeted with wearying volleys of unkind criticism.

It was nearly four o'clock when Benny neared home, after his encounter with Jimmy, that Saturday afternoon. As he was not expected by his mother until half an hour later, he determined to call on his ancient friend and ally, Heinrich Schleissenberger, known affectionately and abbreviatedly as "Sly." "Sly" was short, and rotund, having a big, bald head that domed a big, red face whose insistent cheerfulness was character-

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istic of the owner. Furthermore, "Sly" was a newsdealer owning a miniature store that was perched on the curb at the junction of the roaring avenue and the quiet street on which lived the Kinsleys.

"Sly's" place of business was about twice the size of a large dry-goods box. It was painted dark green, and lighted by sliding panels. At one end were shelves and lockers for the stock, which exhaled a by no means uncertain odor of fresh printer's ink. At the other end was a tiny stove that heated "Sly" and his wares in winter, and was used as a cupboard for odds and ends in the summer. By its side was a Lilliputian cupboard and table wherein and whereat the proprietor stored and ate his meals. Midway came a clear space facing the outside counter, on which were displayed the daily newspapers and weeklies and monthlies.

"Sly" and Benny were fast friends. The lad helped the little German to make up his weekly newspaper bills,—a painful and serious task to both of them. Benny also stood guard at the stand at odd intervals, giving the proprietor a chance to collect accounts, stretch his legs, and replenish his commissariat. In return, the youngster had the freedom of the place and its contents. Snuggled down near the stove, with a much-pictured magazine before him, out of sight of everybody but "Sly" above, Benny enjoyed periods of peace,—too short, it is true, but perfect while they lasted. The store represented many of the things that his home should have been, but was not, to him, including a retreat from those outside troubles which even children feel. Then, too, it was in turn a hunter's log hut, the cabin of a pirate chief, the wigwam of an Indian warrior, and other dwelling places dear to boyish imaginations.

To this never-failing haven Benny steered, sure of the welcome that he knew would be wanting at home. "Sly" removed his pipe long enough to remark, "Ach, mine Pennie!" and opened the little outside door to admit the lad. Benny snuggled down in his usual seat by the side of the stove, received from the hands of "Sly" a new issue of a popular weekly, and, with a sigh of utter content, began to look over its pictures and to slowly spell out its text. The hour being that of high-tide trade with "Sly," there was no break in his enjoyment.

The proprietors of the magazine in question had just started a new department known as "Hints for the Home." This department dealt with all kinds of things germane to the family circle, from furniture polish to the cost of a summer cottage, and from potatoes to porcelains. At the top of the page was a half-tone illustration representing an ideal, if conventional, home interior,—the father with the evening paper, the mother at her sewing, the lamp, the cat, the drawn curtains, and all the rest. But the one figure on the picture that captured Benny's heart and eye was that of a lad of about his own age, who, seated on a hassock, cuddled lovingly against the knee of the industrious mistress of the home. Benny, as he looked, felt again that uncomfortable caramel sticking in his throat.

Below the illustration was a standing invitation to readers to write to the editor of the department whenever they found themselves confronted by the difficulties incidental to a family or an establishment. It was added that letters from children would be welcomed and treated with the consideration accorded to the screeds of their elders.

Benny read, studied the picture again, read the invitation once more, and then an idea took possession of him so daring, so tremendously overwhelming that he felt his face burn and heard his heart thump like a steam drill on the rocks across the avenue. Why not write to this editor, this wonderful being who seemed to know all things, [Benny's thoughts dropped to a whisper, if thoughts are capable of whispering.] just like God? Why not ask him how it was that his mother had seemed to forget to be kind to him as she had been two birthdays ago,—before his second father came to live with them! Lastly, why not ask just how he, Benny, could make her love him again, and kiss him good night, and let him tell her his small troubles and let him share with her his small joys as the old mamma of the happy time beyond and behind the two birthdays had always done? Benny felt that such a letter was beyond the bounds of the possibilities, almost. But the need of his life was strong upon him, and, after much cogitation, he determined to yield to his inspiration.

How "Sly," after being sworn to secrecy, supplied the needed stationery, snuffing suspiciously, not forgetting the stamp, and how, as he watched Benny in the agonies of composition, he kept muttering, "Mine poor little Pennie! Mine poor little poy!" and how the fateful missive was at length finished, sealed, and mailed, need not be told in detail. But it must be regretfully chronicled that Benny, on nearing home, found that he had outstayed his leave by half an hour or more, and was in consequence the recipient of a severer nagging than usual, and that, once more, Mrs. Kinsley, after assuring him that he was one of the most trying boys ever born, sent him without a good-night kiss to his small dark hall bedroom.



"He felt that uncomfortable caramel in his throat"

Benny did not sleep well that night. He felt as if that wretched sawdust caramel was still in his throat and his head ached woefully. His dreams, too, were unpleasant, and he was consumed with a thirst that he would fain have quenched at the kitchen faucet were it not that he was afraid of waking his parents and of the reproaches which he knew would follow. The next morning, his temples burned and buzzed, and he had a good deal of difficulty in swallowing his breakfast. During Sunday School, he was attacked by deadly nausea, but fought it off, fearing the whipping that he would catch should he leave the class before the end of the lesson.

That night he mustered up courage enough to tell his mother that he felt sick. Mrs. Kinsley happened to be pondering on the Monday's washing, a weekly event that always tried her temper and physique. So she answered him shortly, bidding him remember that disobedient boys, who play about in the sun when they ought to be at home as ordered by their parents, are likely to suffer the punishment of Heaven. Thus do even mothers sow the germs of skepticism, or worse.

When, the next morning, Benny was called to fetch the bread and the milk from the basement, he did not reply. Mrs. Kinsley, with an aching remorse clutching at her heart and the flood of a mother's love overflowing the dam of petty selfishness, found him tossing in a fevered delirium, in which "Sly," Jimmy, the editor, and herself were mingled in piteous confusion.

"Threatened with diphtheria," said the doctor. "The lad will want careful watching and nursing while we see how this develops. It's a good thing that he's in his mother's hands." He said this with a smile that was worse than a reproach to Mrs. Kinsley. "It's a pity," added the man of medicine, "that I was not called in earlier. Has he complained of feeling ill?"

The mother nodded. She could not speak.

"Usual thing, I suppose," said the doctor, somewhat gruffly. "People, somehow or other, won't believe that children can get sick until—"

"Well?" gasped Mrs. Kinsley.

—"Until they are compelled to acknowledge that a doctor's wanted,—as in the case of your boy. Great mistake!"

* * * * * *

In the meantime, the editor of the "Hints for the Home," with a smile that was n't quite a smile, was reading Benny's letter. Now, this same editor was a woman who had borne and lost children. Very white-haired and kindly-eyed was she, with long lines on her forehead and a droop at the lip-corners that told of experience bought by the sorrows of motherhood. And so, because she was that which she was, she knew forthwith that the letter was genuine. Furthermore, she realized to the full the heartburnings of its small author, and she made a pretty close guess at the maternal personality of Mrs. Kinsley. A woman's intuition, when linked to an editorial training, can accomplish marvels of divination.

This was Benny's letter:—

MR. EDITOR,—

Dear Sir:

[Benny had got thus much from the other communications in the magazine.] i hav a muther as i like verry mush and she luv me verry mush befor to berthdays ago wen she got me anuther farther for my reel farther is ded i sumtims think she do note luv me animor now but i want her to for other boyes muthers luv them and kis them god nite like mi muther usted to do to me but she don verry offin now and i get jawin froom her and my other farther also i try not to get thim and i dont want her to not bee as she was wunst. Plese, Mr. Editor, respeckful oblige bi telin me how to get her to like me agen an say kis me good nite benny sam as she us to to birthdays go.

Most Respectfilly yours, MR. BENNY WATTS,
car of Mr. Kinsley, hees my sekun farther,
No. —, —th St.

[The superscription was also copied from other communications.]

And so the editor, not without dabbing her eyes once or twice during the writing, dropped a personal letter to Benjamin Watts, which was in direct violation of the rules and regulations of the "Hints," inasmuch as it was specially stated that all communications of correspondents would be replied to in cold type.

Benny was somewhat better on Tuesday morning, but the fever was still in his veins and his brain was by no means clear. However, the diphtheritic symptoms had been checked, or, at least, had not developed further, yet there was every indication that the child would have to be very sick indeed before he could be better. Meanwhile, Mrs. Kinsley hung over him constantly, realizing to the full just what he was to her and realizing also what she had failed to be to him.

"If he was older," said the doctor, "I should say that he was suffering from some unpleasant mental impression or shock. There is a very puzzling end to his case. Has he been treated unkindly by anyone?"

Mrs. Kinsley shook her head negatively, although she knew that she was giving a false impression.

There came a ring at the doorbell, followed by

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the shrill insistence of a postman's whistle. Mrs. Kinsley did not leave Benny's bedside, however, and presently there came a tap at the hall door. There stood a kindly old Irish woman who occupied rooms in the same building.

"A letter for ye bhoy, missus," said she; "I thought ye'd hate to be afther lavin' him, so I brought it to yez. Sure, I hope Binny is betther?"

"About the same."

"Ah, will, be th' blissin' of the saints an' th' help of th' doctor, he 'll come around all right, all right, so he will."

Mrs. Kinsley eyed the envelope curiously. It was addressed to Master Benjamin Watts and bore on its upper left-hand corner the name of a well-known magazine. Evidently it was not for her husband. Watts was the name of Benny's father, but even then—

She returned to her boy's room, opened the letter, and read:—

My dear Benny:—I have received your letter in which you say that you are afraid that your mother does not love you as she did before she gave you a new father,—about two birthdays ago. You also ask me how you can get back her love and her good-night kisses that you seem to miss so sadly. Now, I am sure, my dear boy, that, if she knew how you feel about it, she would be just the same to you that she always was. Sometimes even the best of mothers forgets to give her children the love and little attentions that are so necessary to boys and girls. This is because some mothers forget that their first duty in life is to make their children happy, and that all other duties of the home should be secondary to this, the greatest. If you do not quite understand what I mean, show this letter to your mother, and she will catch my meaning, I think. Tell her from me, too, that I also have repressed good-night kisses to little lips that I can never kiss again, and that the remembrance of my so doing is bitterer than the loss of those lips themselves. I know by your letter that you must be a good boy at heart, and, in nearly all cases, good boys have good mothers. Because of this I know, too, that she loves you as she always did. Tell her so from me and write me again. Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

Mrs. Kinsley sat white and still for some minutes. Then a realization of what the sensitive child had suffered through the nervous selfishness of herself and her husband overwhelmed her. "If," she moaned, "Benny—should,—if I never kissed him good night again,—I—"

She flung herself on her knees by her boy's bed in an agony of tears.

"What's the matter,—mother dear?" asked a small, shaky voice, presently.

Mrs. Kinsley looked up. Benny, still flushed, but in his right mind, and with beads of promising perspiration taking the place of the dry heat of his forehead, was eyeing her wistfully.

'Nothing, dear," she replied, putting her arm beneath his neck tenderly, "except that mother's always going to kiss you good night in the future, and we're always and always going to be as we were two birthdays ago."

Benny sighed contentedly.

"I'm glad," said the little moonbeam of a boy, "and now I'm going to sleep."

Mark Twain's Mother's Story of His Youth

IDA HINMAN

THE mother of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain,") spent the last days of her life in Keokuk, Iowa, at the home of another son, Orrin Clemens, and his wife. They lived in a plain, comfortable-looking house in one of the best residential sections of the city. Samuel's brother made no attempt at a literary career. He was a quiet country lawyer, highly respected in the community. He lived in Keokuk till his death, which occurred a number of years after that of his mother. Mrs. Clemens, the mother, was a very small woman.

At the time I knew her she was over seventy years of age, bright and active for her years, and a great talker. Samuel must have inherited his flow of language from her.

We were neighbors, and I loved to visit her and hear her talk in her quaint, old-fashioned way. She was very fond of talking about her brilliant and celebrated son, and relating stories of his early youth. The father of her boys had died when they were small, leaving her with but little of this world's goods, and she felt the responsibility of their education keenly. Samuel was the most mischievous of all her children, and caused her great anxiety.

I used to say to her, "Now, Mrs. Clemens, please tell me about your son Samuel, when he was a boy," and she would comply with evident pleasure.

"Samuel was a very bad little boy, and gave me more trouble than all the rest of the children. I had a hard time to keep him in school. He loved to play and have a good time, and would run away from his school. One day I tried to whip him, but he ran around a tree. I chased him round and round the tree with a stick in my hand, but could n't catch him. He says he is going to pay me for all the trouble he caused me,—but I think it will keep him pretty busy."

"But he is good to you," I said.

"Oh, yes; he is very good to me. He says that I shall have everything I want."

The incident of her trying to make Samuel go to school and chasing him round the tree lingered in the little mother's memory after many of the other events of her life had faded away.

"THE RUG'S AT THE CRACK OF THE DOOR"

HOLMAN F. DAY



"Such comfort,—wal, now, I declare!"

WHEN I hanker for solidest comfort,
An' supper 's all et an' away,
Then I feel that I 'm due for a lay-off
To round out an' finish the day.
I fill up my pipe at the mantel,
Tip down on the hearth-rug a chair,
An' lay there an' look at the fire,—
Such comfort,—wal, now, I declare!

The wind comes a-whoo to the winder,
The snow goes a-whish on the glass,
There 's whummle an' growl in the chimney
But there is n't no op'nin' to pass.
For I pile up the wood on the irons
When Winter pokes down in that place,
An' up he goes, screamin' an' howlin',
With my fire-hounds at him, full chase.



"Mother sits flashing her needles"

Then I hear him a-dancin' an' roarin'
'Way out in the storm an' the night,
As though he was rollin' in snowdrifts
To comfort the smart of the bite.
Then mother sits flashin' her needles,
Knittin' an Afrigan fringe,
An' I have some fun with old Winter,
Givin' his whiskers a singe.

I love to lay smokin' an' thinkin'
He 's racin' around in the storm,—
The only one out in the darkness,
The rest of us indoors an' warm.
The cattle are snug in the tie-up,
The sheep cuddle under the mow,
The dog 's sound asleep by the chimney,
An' its rest-time for all of us now.
So, rattle an' bang, Granther Winter,
You 're beaten behind and before;
The fire is guardin' the chimney,
An' the rug 's at the crack o' the door.

As I lie on my back by the fire,
I figger what 's down in each bin:
An archway piled up with potatoes,
All chinked and all crannied in.
There's bins full o' Baldwins an' Greenin's,
Nodheads an' Northeren Spies,
With the blushes an' scents an' the savors
They stole from the sun an' the skies.

The squashes are snoutin' the punkins,
An' turnips an' beets in among;
They 'd sing you a song o' the harvest,
If the critters had ary a tongue.
Yet, standin' down there in the suller,
A-sniffin' an' snuffin' away,
I reckon you 'd get at the meanin'
Of all that they wanted to say.

They did n't come up to a whistle,
There 's callous-marks here on my palms,
That tell all the story how sullers
Are stocked from these rocky old farms.
But I 'm never begretchin' the gruntin's,
I 've forgot all the back-strainin's now,
When I think of the good things below, there,
An' what 's in the barn on the mow.

All kinds of ways for a livin',
All kinds o' folks for a world!
Sometimes the stick 's easy splittin',
Sometimes it comes to us knurled.
There 's this much to say for us farmers:
What 's earnt we can eat with good grace;
When Nature pays over our wages,
We stand with her, right face to face.

An' here on the floor, by the fire,
I 've thankfulness 'stead of a whine;
There 's not very much in my suller,
But all of it 's honestly mine.
It has n't been filched from a widder,
'Tain't swappin's from Peter to Paul;
It 's investments with Nature for banker,
With interest reckoned by Sprawl.

Hold off, then, you thief, Granther Winter,
The touch of your hand on my store!
The fire stands guard in the chimney,
An' the rug 's at the crack of the door.



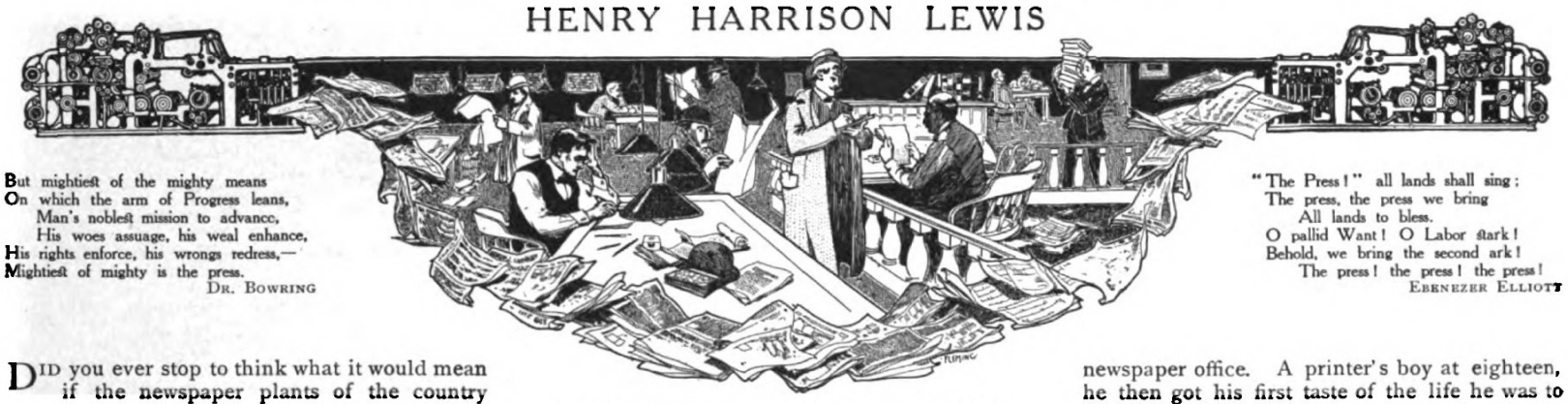
"When Nature pays over our wages"

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THE MEN BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The makers and editors of the great daily newspapers of America, their power as molders of opinion, and their masterly influence in upbuilding commonwealths

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS



But mightiest of the mighty means
On which the arm of Progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—
Mightiest of mighty is the press.
DR. BOWRING

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The press, the press we bring
All lands to bless.
O pallid Want! O Labor stark!
Behold, we bring the second ark!
The press! the press! the press!
EBENEZER ELLIOTT

[Half-tone reproductions of the photographs of leading American editors and publishers will be found in the "Success Portfolio" of this issue, pages 39 to 42]

DID you ever stop to think what it would mean if the newspaper plants of the country should suddenly cease to exist?—if your favorite paper should *not* appear with the morning rolls?—if the noon hour should come without its "six o'clock edition" of the afternoon paper?—if you did not have the solace of your evening sheet as you rode homeward?—if the quiet of the night were not periodically broken with the frenzied cries of the "extra" venders?

There is another thought, probably far more important. Do you know what it would mean if the great congregation of editors should use its power for evil instead of for the good of the community and for the benefit of mankind?

Julian Ralph said: "The power of the editor of a newspaper of national importance is such that it can be exerted upon a government and upon the policy and laws of a people, and vastly more direct and palpable is the less public weight of a country editor."

The Public at Large Has Commissioned Editors to Do Its Preliminary Thinking

"I once knew a country editor," continued he, "who was obeyed when he said 'this bridge must be repaired,' 'that theatrical show must not be given here,' 'the gamblers who meet in such and such a place must be driven out of town,' or 'this man must be elected and the other defeated.' Without risking capital or limb or life, in the course of an easy, honorable existence, in which he enjoyed leisure to become a scholar or whatsoever else he pleased, this man ruled a community and ruled it for its good."

Incidents without end could be cited to prove what every one knows, that we are committed practically body and soul to the care of that little army of newspaper workers who, seated at ink-stained desks in dingy offices, direct our destinies and control our meed of happiness and our sorrows. 'T is a strange thread in our woof of everyday life, this Fourth Estate. We solemnly elect presidents to guide our government, and governors to look after the welfare of our individual states, and mayors to manage our municipalities, and officials without end to enforce our laws; yet, behold! all these are but vassals in the *entourage* of the mighty and omnipotent press.

It does the same thing every day, in cities and in towns and on the farm. It works twenty-four hours each day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Its influence is not limited to the few who govern or the few who advise those who govern. There is not an individual who can read and write who is not influenced in some measure by the printed words that flow from the presses of the country.

In preparing this article for SUCCESS, I had occasion to study the biographies of almost half a hundred newspaper editors. I was in search of what proved to be a very elusive germ, the microbe of success. I wanted to be able to tell the host of readers of this magazine just what principle of personality or business blazed the narrow road from the reportorial notebook to the editorial chair.

I thought I had discovered it when I looked into a sketch of the career of Frank Brett Noyes, the editor and publisher of the Chicago "Record-Herald," a prosperous and influential paper. This is what I read:—

> At seventeen, Frank Noyes was in the preparatory department of Columbia University. But the smell of the print-shop was in his nostrils, and the love of newspaper-making in his blood. So he wrote his father (Crosby S. Noyes, one of the owners of the Washington "Star,") an earnest, boyish appeal for permission to leave college and go to work in the "Star" office. Crosby Noyes, the veteran, knew how it was himself; he understood, and he was sympathetic. The result was that the future great editor left his studies and went behind the counter in the "Star" office, where he sold checks to newsboys, received advertisements, counted out papers, and did everything else that came to his hand to do.
>
> Rapidly he mastered all the details of the office, and, about the time he reached his majority, was made business manager of the paper,—the youngest manager, beyond doubt, of an important newspaper in the United States. He was a good one, too, and under his direction the business of the "Star" grew by leaps and bounds. By 1893 he was prominent among the journalists who effected a reorganization of the Associated Press, and in 1900 he was elected president of the organization, an honor highly appreciated in the profession. One year later he was invited to go to Chicago as business manager of the "Record-Herald," and in 1902 he became its editor and publisher.

It was not at all surprising to me when I read further on that this young man who had the newspaper-making virus in his blood at seventeen had become highly prosperous in his profession at forty years of age, and I felt satisfied that I had finally discovered what wins success in journalism. This belief was heightened when I picked up the biography of Colonel Charles H. Taylor, editor and manager of the Boston "Globe."

Here is a man who could not keep away from the atmosphere of the newspaper office. A printer's boy at eighteen, he then got his first taste of the life he was to lead. Later he went to work on the Boston "Evening Traveler," and on this paper, it is said, "he received ample gratification of his love of toil by serving in the composing room in the morning, in the press room later in the day, in the mailing room next, and by taking the papers to the railway stations afterwards in a wheelbarrow, besides putting in four nights a week for full measure."

Surely this was not a very attractive beginning, but the work did not daunt this boy. He kept at it until the Civil War broke out, when he enlisted, serving until he was incapacitated by a bullet wound during the attack on Port Hudson. He then returned home and to the "Traveler" office, where he became enrolled as a journeyman printer. He was not satisfied with the opportunities presented in the mechanical department, but went about seeking a chance to obtain reportorial work.

It is good to read that this stripling, hardly out of his teens, met his chance halfway. During his dinner hour he would visit the Charlestown police court, as he was returning to his home from his office, and gratuitously supply the paper with the news items which he found. In this way he was unconsciously illustrating this advice, which in after years he has pressed home upon the young men within his influence:—

> Whatever your position in life may be, whether in an office, factory, store, or workshop, under any and all circumstances, do a little more than is expected of you, and you will not be overlooked, be the establishment large or small.

Is n't that fine advice? I feel like digressing here and pointing out to you the splendid turn you would be doing yourself if you should paste it in your hat to be read morning, noon, and night. If you knew Colonel Charles H. Taylor,—that kindly, upright, noble man and loyal friend,—you could see in his career the living proof of its value.

When I read on in his biography and learned how he went back again and again to a journalistic career, how he declined far more lucrative positions, and how he finally fought one of the most remarkable battles with adversity and discouragement known to the profession, bringing from the fray a successful newspaper which had long been moribund, I said again, "Here is the microbe. Journalists, like poets, must be born to the task."

Chester S Lord Has Made the "Sun" a Popular University of the Profession

What a help I found in my belief in the career of Chester S. Lord, managing editor of the New York "Sun!" Here is a man who occupies the enviable position of editor of what is familiarly known as "the newspaper man's newspaper." The "Sun" is not only a daily for the masses, but also a school,—in fact, *the* school for newspaper men in this country. It was said, the other day, "If a man has once held a position on the 'Sun' and come within the pleasant right to title of 'one of the "Sun's" bright young men,' it is always a subtle hall-mark, a sort of countersign that will get him the right of way. He may grow old and write himself out, but, if he sends up his card and this countersign, he will get a hearing."

The leading spirit in this university of the profession must be a great editor, and he must have had the editorial instinct born in him. Let us see. Chester Lord was only twenty-two when he first joined the "Sun's" staff; but, mark you, at that early age he had had three years of experience on country papers. They were years of hard work for small pay, but he regarded them only as a stepping-stone or two in his chosen career. He does not regret the time he devoted to this preliminary work. In fact, he says: "I think it is an excellent thing for an ambitious young newspaper man to work for two or three years on a daily newspaper in a small city. Three or four men write the entire paper, and the youngest gets a chance to try his hand at editorials, city news, book reviews, horse races, and all the other things that help to make up a newspaper. He has to revise the correspondence from the country towns, edit the telegraphic reports, write headings, puffs, and obituaries, and in that way he learns the details of the business and gets an experience that he can not find in cities, where the great newspaper staffs are divided up into departments, and where the men of each department do not know what the men of the other departments are doing. There are one or two drawbacks, such as the lack of proper criticism, and the possibility of acquiring careless habits, but I am glad that I had the experience in a small office and learned the details of the business of a small newspaper, for this helped me greatly in my later work."

Chester Lord did not suffer from a lack of proper criticism, nor did he acquire careless habits. Some young men might have been affected, but young Lord went on and up. He had the newspaper virus in his veins, and

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he could n't do anything else. For twenty-four years he has held the reins of an organ whose editoral voice is an influencing factor he country over. No matter what your politics, or the color of your prejudices, you must confess the greatness of the New York "Sun." Yet the "Sun" could not be great in the hands of a less capable man. Does his career teach the theory of success I had formed?

I sought further proof. There is Adolph S. Ochs. He is a man worth millions. He began his business career selling newspapers. If ever a man battled with almost insurmountable obstacles to gain his ambition, Adolph Ochs did. It is inspiring simply to read of his early struggles with adversity. A newsboy on the streets in Knoxville, Tennessee, at eleven,—selling newspapers, mind you, to pay his way through a business college,—and a printer's devil at fifteen, this lad felt himself predestined to become a great newspaper proprietor. He worked and slaved and schemed with that end in view.

He Is a Power To-day; He Was a Barefooted Newsboy a Few Years ago

He went up the ladder step by step, tried his fortunes here and his fortunes there, experimenting with that paper and this until finally he managed to secure control of the Chattanooga "Times." This was in 1878, and just eight years after he had started in life as a newsboy. A newspaper proprietor at twenty years of age! It reads like a romance, does n't it? It is a romance, but a true one, of successful ambition. From this time on Adolph Ochs trod the sunny road of prosperity. He was daring, clear-headed, resourceful, and possessed of a purpose that never faltered. In 1896 he came to New York to take charge of the "Times," and faced a proposition that would have made most men tremble. He agreed to increase the circulation of the paper to a certain figure inside of a certain time, and, provided he succeeded, he was to receive fifty-one per cent. of the capital stock. Mr. Ochs did succeed. The paper was badly run down, it was in the hands of a receiver, and its circulation did not exceed twenty thousand copies. It sold reluctantly at three cents, but Adolph Ochs took a Napoleonic risk and placed it on the streets at a penny. The circulation went up with a throb. To-day the edition is at the full capacity of the presses.

He now owns and controls the New York "Times," the combined Philadelphia "Ledger and Times," and some southern newspaper properties. He is a power in the newspaper world in 1904,—but not very many years ago he was a barefooted newsboy. His career reeks of printer's ink, and his destiny is linked with the printing press. But does his triumphant march teach the theory of success I had formed?

His career is paralleled in part by those of many others. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle," rose from practically nothing to an honored position in the profession. J. A. Wheelock, editor of the "Pioneer Press," of St. Paul, Minnesota, fought his way to fame and competency. Herman Ridder, the well-known editor of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," created a newspaper published in an alien tongue, and made it one of the metropolitan pillars of journalism. Whitelaw Reid—but everybody knows what he did with the means at his command, and how he has been honored by an admiring constituency.

What of Joseph Pulitzer? What of this foreign-born American who fought for his adopted country almost before he could speak its language, and then fought his way into the proprietorship of a well-known St. Louis paper—in fact, two of them,—before he was thirty-two? When he first came to America, he stayed at a hotel on the present site of the Pulitzer Building, New York City,—the home of the "World." Mr. Pulitzer, so the story goes, was too poor to pay his bill and was ejected. Shaking his finger at the proprietor, he said, "I will own this property some day."

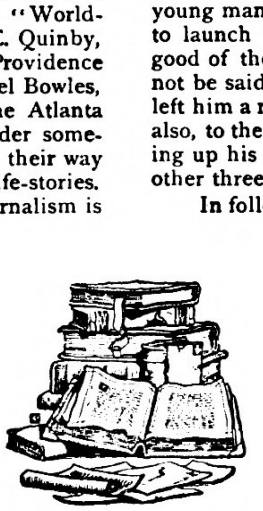
What of Page M. Baker, editor and proprietor of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat?" What of this successful newspaper man who, reared in the luxury of a wealthy southern home, went to work at seventeen because of reverses, and, after a bitter fight with adverse fortune, became a managing editor at twenty-six?

What of Harvey W. Scott, of the Portland "Oregonian?" The story of his efforts to obtain an education forms a bright page in the book of human endeavor. He literally hewed his way to knowledge with the ax of a western pathfinder. After working as a farm boy, disputing with nature the right to the wilderness, he won the honor of being the first graduate from the Pacific University. After he was offered a position as an editorial writer, at twenty-seven, on the Portland "Oregonian," he persevered until he became one of the proprietors of the paper. To-day he is one of the strongest, most rugged in honesty, and best-known men in the Northwest. He is a determined, vigorous journalist who has made as many enemies as friends,—but his enemies all respect him.

Beriah Wilkins quickly Became Powerful in the National Graveyard of Newspapers

Similar praise can be given such men as M. H. De Young, of the San Francisco "Chronicle;" Richard L. Metcalfe, of the Omaha "World-Herald;" William R. Nelson, of the Kansas City "Star;" W. E. Quinby, of the Detroit "Free Press;" Richard S. Howland, of the Providence "Journal;" E. H. Clement, of the Boston "Transcript;" Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield "Republican;" John Temple Graves, of the Atlanta "News," and Alden J. Blethen, of the Seattle "Times." Under somewhat different conditions and amid other environments they won their way to high rank in their profession. I have n't the space for their life-stories.

It was at this point that, fully satisfied that success in journalism is the result of a strong inspiration for the work developed in early youth, I came upon the biography of the editor and proprietor of the Washington "Post." You know what this paper is, and just how important a place it occupies in the newspaper world. Besides being one of the greatest papers in the United States, it is probably more widely known in Europe to-day than any other paper published on this side of the Atlantic. In 1889 it was a failure. The reputation of the national capital as a newspaper graveyard was well sustained by its approaching demise. After the death of Frank Hatton, its gifted but unfortunate proprietor, the "Post" rapidly lost its feeble circulation,—and then Beriah Wilkins, forty-three years of age, and with no more knowledge of the newspaper business than a Digger Indian, bought it.



That was in 1889. Mr. Wilkins was like a strange cat in a garret, but he had ideas and a wonderful talent for business. Under his wise and far-sighted management the "Post's" circulation grew phenomenally. He made it a clean, unbiased, independent sheet, with a special regard for news of congress, and he speedily built up his fortune. No virus of newspaper-making was in his blood, no editorial achievements in his callow youth, no longing for the odor of printer's ink, no inheritance of journalistic talent, yet he won success as an editor and publisher. What had become of my theory?

As a last resort I took to statistics. Surely a keen analysis of the editorial personalities would give some trace. This was the result: of thirty-three representative newspaper editors, three, James Gordon Bennett, of the New York "Herald," William R. Hearst, of the New York "American" and "Evening Journal," and John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," practically inherited their papers. James Gordon Bennett was left a splendid newspaper property, but he has crowned the edifice with a monument of personal achievement. His right to the title of a great editor can not be disputed.

Oswald Garrison Villard, chief editorial writer of the New York "Evening Post," was not a novice when he succeeded his father. The workings of the "Evening Post" are to him as an open book. It is still too soon to say just what he will do with the paper, but there is little doubt that he will carry out the best traditions of his predecessors. Not long ago the "Evening Post" celebrated its centennial. It was an important and weighty sheet one hundred years ago,—it is an important and weighty sheet to-day. Although its circulation is small, as circulations run to-day, every reader is a man of some affairs, and its advertising columns are evincive of prosperity. While Mr. Villard is the leading member of the "Post's" staff of vigorous writers, Rollo Ogden is the editor-in-chief and proprietor.

"Do n't Be a Tag on a Money-bag," Was the Advice Given to William R. Hearst

William Randolph Hearst is an anomaly in journalism. His enemies say that his success is accidental. You can not speak of him without treating of the so-called yellow journalism, but you must also acknowledge that he has done some remarkable things. It does seem strange that this shy, retiring, and really modest young man should have created such newspapers as the New York "American" and "Evening Journal," the Chicago "American," and the rejuvenated San Francisco "Examiner."

It is interesting to note just how he ventured into journalism. It can not be said that he was born an editor, nor that he showed any remarkable aptitude at the beginning, but it must be confessed that he has rattled some exceedingly dry bones in the newspaper world since he first took charge of the San Francisco "Examiner." It is known, of course, that this paper was formerly the political organ of the late Senator George Hearst, the father of the present owner. Like all other political organs it was expensive, but it was maintained against the advice of the late senator's friends. In 1883, William R. Hearst, then a Harvard student, returned to San Francisco on a vacation. He found Charles Dexter Cleveland in charge of the "Examiner." Doctor Cleveland, in describing his meeting with the young man, says:—

> I took him through the "Examiner "building, carefully inspecting every department. When we returned to the office of the editor-in-chief, I said: "William, I shall not remain with this paper much longer. When I leave, you take my place. Let all your studies in the future have reference to your preparation for the position of a conductor of a great newspaper. Study history, literature, politics, statesmanship, democracy, and at the same time ground yourself well in the fundamental principles of all the sciences. It seems now that you will not be a pauper, and about the most insignificant place a man can occupy is to be a tag on a money-bag. Take charge of this paper. Put your whole strength into it. Make it the greatest newspaper in the world. Stay with the people. Study their interest, know wherein it consists, and never swerve from it.
>
> "Give all the news without prejudice, and see that your paper is a daily panorama of the events of the world. As the conductor of a great newspaper your usefulness, importance, and eminence in the affections of the people will be bounded only by your energy, patriotism, enterprise, fidelity, knowledge, and ability."
>
> Modest, unostentatious, quiet, shy like his father, during this whole interview of several hours, I remember only his saying, at the close of our conversation, in a subdued, thoughtful tone: "Well, I like the business; I think I 'll become a newspaper man."

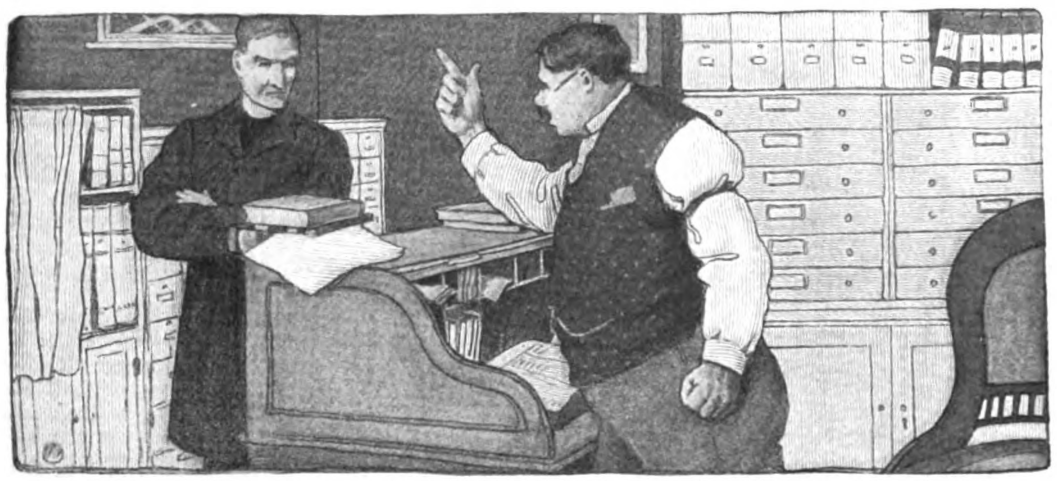
In the light of twenty years' knowledge of Mr. Hearst and his newspapers, this inculcation of journalistic first principles is not without interest. Perhaps he has followed Doctor Cleveland's advice more faithfully than we imagine. It is to be hoped that, with his increasing influence,—this young man is a member of congress, owns three great dailies, and is about to launch two more,—William Randolph Hearst will work more for the good of the people than for the financial value of his enterprises. It can not be said that his success in journalism is due to the fact that his father left him a newspaper, but rather that he owes it to a native shrewdness, and, also, to the fact that he has not been reluctant to spend his money in building up his newspaper property. Really the same thing can be said of the other three men who became newspaper proprietors by right of birth.

In following the statistical idea I found that, of the thirty-three considered, thirteen proprietors had risen practically from nothing, four (editors only,) had won success from a small beginning, five (editors only,) had began with the advantage of a good education and some wealth, seven (proprietors,) had started with both education and money, and one, Beriah Wilkins, of the Washington "Post," had entered the arena somewhat advanced in years and entirely without experience.

Of those who started with fair prospects in life and a thorough education, Arthur Brisbane, of the New York "Evening Journal," and William R. Hearst's right-hand

[*Concluded on pages 51 and 52*]

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"The lines on Father Lauth's face settled deeper. He folded his arms and waited"

THE DUKE OF CAMERON AVENUE,

or, the Settlement Fight in "The Seventh"

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

[Author of "The Banker and the Bear" and "The Copper King"]

Synopsis of the preceding chapters

[At a spirited meeting of the Carter Hall Association, an organization founded upon altruistic and sociological principles, for improving the condition of the people of the seventh ward, Douglas Ramsay, warden of the society, boldly demands an appropriation of two thousand dollars, "to tip Al. Gollans out of his chair." Alderman Albert Gollans rules the seventh ward, levying tribute and granting protection for his own aggrandizement. The newspapers dub him "The duke of Cameron Avenue." After an earnest appeal to the association, Ramsay succeeds in getting the appropriation. He confers with James Haversham, the county physician, and Democratic boss of the ward, to persuade him to assist in dethroning Gollans. After considerable deliberation they agree upon a man by the name of Schmeckenbecker as their candidate,—a fat, pompous cigar manufacturer with a shop on Cameron Avenue. The nomination of Schmeckenbecker as a candidate for the Democratic Party is left to Haversham, while Ramsay interviews Hunter, the editor of the "Evening Globe." After considerable argument the warden gains his promise of the support of the "Evening Globe." Anne Coleridge, a young woman of wealth and culture, one of the associates of Carter Hall, asks for the privilege of becoming a resident member.]

CHAPTER V.

MISS COLERIDGE answered the note she received from Ramsay the morning after the annual meeting by moving out to Carter Hall, bag and baggage, the very next day. It had been arranged that she was to share Mrs. Patton's apartment, which was in the new building on the east side of the quadrangle and accommodated two very easily. She found herself quite at home almost at once, and in a week she had slipped into the harness and was doing as big a day's work as anybody ought to do.

By no means the least of Anne Coleridge's charms was a knack for doing things easily, without commotion; and she not only had it, but she also knew she had it, and that it was—well, that people liked things done that way. She was on her mettle when she went out to Carter Hall, and so gracefully and quietly did she launch herself into the routine of residence there that few people noticed, even, how easily she did it. They simply took her for granted.

Ramsay was off lecturing somewhere the day she arrived, but the next evening, when he sat down at the head of the long table, he noticed that in some subtle way or other she seemed completely to belong there. It was a recreation to see the way she had dressed for dinner.

She had, of course, often visited at the Hall, but not until she had been several days in residence there did she comprehend fully what an immense, complex, nicely adjusted institution it was, or what a talent for administration was demanded of the warden. He ran it all too well, she thought, to get the credit for it, and she found many of her fellow residents with the notion that Carter Hall ran itself. Yet no difficulty was too minute, no detail too insignificant to be laid before him, and she saw that, whether it was the first question or the twentieth since dinner,—whether he was allowed to do one thing at a time or expected to do half a dozen,—his answers were never hasty or dogmatic, and that, judging from the range of them, there was hardly a detail connected with the settlement which was not at his tongue's end or his finger-tips. She reflected that a man as quick and eager as he was could hardly be by nature a patient man, either.

Indeed, she found the warden interesting and admirable, and there were some standing contradictions about him which piqued her curiosity. How did he manage, she wondered, to do so completely away with the forms and flourishes of politeness, and still to preserve the thing itself? Why was it that he could blurt out anything that came into his mind to say—the most amazing indiscretions they seemed, sometimes,—without setting people by the ears? She watched him rather minutely, from a distance, during her first days at Carter Hall,—from a distance because she knew he was doing two men's work and she did not intend that he should be badgered by her society unless he chose to be.

The next day after the Democratic ward convention nominated Schmeckenbecker, they opened the campaign in the northern part of the ward with a mass meeting in the auditorium at Carter Hall, and in company with a number of the residents Miss Coleridge attended it. There were all the accessories of a political meeting,—a brass band, a semicircle of vice presidents on the platform, with Ramsay and the candidate, very red and shiny, in the middle. The hall was packed.

One of the vice presidents made a few inaudible remarks and was cordially applauded by everybody, when he sat down much sooner than might have been expected; Ramsay introduced Mr. Schmeckenbecker in as few words as possible, and the serious business of the evening began.

Anne Coleridge found difficulty in taking it seriously, and, though outwardly she betrayed, of course, no unseemly levity, she found the cigar manufacturer more amusing than instructive. He was speaking pretty well, too, and what he said was by no means foolish, yet the imposing solemnity of the fat little man was undeniably comical. He concluded with a prodigious burst of oratory, and bowed several times very complacently in response to the applause, which, though not rapturous, was a good deal warmer than she had expected to hear.

When it died away Ramsay came forward. "As the candidate has very well said," he began, and Miss Coleridge smiled, for now the thing was said well. He went on for perhaps fifteen minutes, summing up the turgid oratory in a rapid, straightforward, businesslike presentation of the case, always as if simply giving assent to what the candidate had already made sufficiently clear. He concluded:—

"It looks well for the future of this city when a municipal party declares its independence on national questions, and takes its stand on a purely municipal issue,—an issue, moreover, that is vital to the well-being of all of us; and I am standing here to pledge to Mr. Schmeckenbecker, in behalf of Carter Hall, and I hope of all its friends and the friends of good government, our enthusiastic support."

Then there came a shout that was a shout, and another and another, till the body of sound pent up in the crowded room seemed to have material weight. The blood surged into Anne Coleridge's face, and she wanted to shout herself. It did not occur to her till afterwards that perhaps the Men's Club had had a good deal to do with setting that wave of enthusiasm into motion at just the right time.

She was caught in an eddy in the crowd which was streaming out of the hall, and was one of the last to reach the door. Then she heard the warden call her name.

"So you came to the launching," he said, coming up to her; "let me introduce Mr. Schmeckenbecker, Miss Coleridge."

She knew perfectly well that Ramsay was not addicted to giving miscellaneous introductions, but followed the English custom in such matters much closer than most Americans do. She guessed what he wanted of her, and cordially held out her hand to the little candidate.

"I think you're doing a splendid thing," she said; "a great many people's lives will be happier if you succeed."

After he had left them, Miss Coleridge and the warden walked together down the passage toward the drawing-room.

"Thank you," he said; "I'm a bit nervous about Schmeckenbecker. He's all right, but hard-mouthed, I'm afraid. Unless you get him headed right at the start, he's likely to bolt the track. You didn't mind being called, did you?"

"Of course not." She thought she deserved some credit for having guessed so well, but she was amused—and pleased, too,—that he should so confidently take her for granted.

They went on into the drawing-room in silence, but then, as she nodded and walked away, he came out of whatever had preoccupied him. "Are you busy for the next half hour?" he asked, abruptly.

"Since it's half-past ten o'clock at night, I'll call my day's work over," she said, smiling, "unless there's something you want me to do."

"Oh, just sit down in this Morris chair for a while and—well, do anything you please." He smiled, too, and moved another chair around opposite the one he indicated. She did as he asked, but chose to wait for him to begin the conversation.

He was in no hurry, it seemed, but, as she watched him, she saw a puzzled look come into his face which deepened into a frown of annoyance. "It's ridiculous," he burst out, at length, "but, for anything I can remember to the contrary, I've invited you out here and left you to shift for yourself. I can't recall having spoken to you or to anybody else about you."

She was shaking her head and trying not to smile.

"I'm sorry that I'm so stupid. It didn't occur to me till this minute that you've been out here a long while. We'll try to make amends at once."

"Oh, I'm quite settled and getting along beautifully. It wasn't your fault at all. With politics added to your regular work you had enough to do, and I was careful to keep away from under foot. I didn't give you any chance to bother about me, really." It struck her that this might sound like a clumsy lead for a compliment. She couldn't blame him for doing anything she had made so obvious, but she hoped he would not pay it.

"If a few more people were as thoughtful as that," he began. This was not the compliment she had been afraid of. Then he added, abruptly, "What do you think of Schmeckenbecker?"

"I don't know what I think," she answered, slowly. "Isn't he a little bit ludicrous? He is, of course, but, I mean, won't that hurt him?"

"That's what worries Haversham," said the warden. "He wouldn't do in an Irish ward, and that's true for you. But out here,—"

He stood up, and, plunging his hands into his pockets, began walking up and down. "Look here, Miss Coleridge," he said, halting suddenly before her, "I'd like to know what you think about it. Would it bore you to death if I told you the whole story?"

"That doesn't need an answer, certainly," she said; "but do you mean it?—or are you paying compliments?"

"Well, we break even," he remarked. "That wants no answer, either. Won't you come into my office? I can make things a little plainer in there."

After that evening Anne Coleridge rapidly grew to be, though not a power in the campaign, at least an influence,—not at once, however, for the warden was cautious even when appearances were as promising as they were here. But when he found that she saw the relations of things quickly and pretty justly, and that, when he asked her opinion, she told him what she thought and not what she guessed he wanted her to think, he gave a good deal of weight to her opinions.

Of course, now that the campaign was fairly started, Carter Hall talked of very little else. Ramsay had no love for mystery for its own sake,

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"Schmeckenbecker was more amusing than instructive"

and he talked with the utmost frankness about what they had done and were about to do. But when he talked with her there was a difference. He told her his notions before he had decided for himself whether they were good or not, and often he made her the unconscious arbiter between himself and Haversham. They saw but little of each other, for she herself was busy day and evening and the warden had seldom more than a moment's leisure at once; but, thanks to a certain incisive way of getting to the point which he was a master of and she was quick to appreciate, and also to the intelligent sympathy which made it possible for each to follow the other's short cuts, they got a good deal of conference into the shreds and patches of time when they were together.

What he talked of most with her, and what he discussed with no one else, was his hope and his endeavor to win to his cause the support of Father Lauth. He had mentioned this, you may remember, to Haversham, at the outset, but, as he had seen at once that the doctor could be of no assistance to him here, he resolved to do what he could alone. As the campaign progressed and the strategical positions defined themselves, he grew more keenly aware that the key to the situation was in the priest's hands. Without him, it was true that he might win, but with him the victory was certain.

A very pleasant acquaintance that might almost have been called friendship existed between Ramsay and Father Lauth. Their more bookish tastes and their ideas on many academic questions were close enough to give scope for much cordial agreement and genial controversy, and the warden was sure of at least a patient hearing of his case; he presented it in his own way, straightforwardly, and without suppression of anything. But the priest met him, as often as they talked, in a way that he found very baffling. He listened, he asked questions, and he often let fall very interesting *obiter dicta*, but Ramsay could get no hint as to what his real decision was to be; he could not tell whether or not his words were accomplishing anything, or if he might not just as well be trying to whistle up the wind.

It was here that Anne Coleridge helped him most. She seemed to have a sort of instinct for the priest's point of view. The grain of her mind ran more nearly with his than Ramsay's did, perhaps, and often she could reach the thought which lay behind his apparently casual questions and irrelevant comments. After Ramsay made this discovery, every talk with Father Lauth was followed by another with the girl, which usually left him with some ground under his feet,—with the feeling that he had something solid to stand on.

"I'll tell you," he said, one day; "If I do win him over, it will be you who will do it."

"That's nonsense, of course,"—there she made a little pause,—"but I liked to have you say it, anyway."

CHAPTER VI.

ALDERMAN ALBERT GOLLANS was in an unenviable frame of mind. The insurrection in his ward had in its earlier stages afforded him, if not very genuine amusement, at least an opportunity to appear amused. But that period was long past. They were carrying things altogether too far. All along Cameron Avenue rebellion was raising its head; over in the Italian Colony, between Hood and Byron Streets, Ramsay was talking their own ridiculous lingo to enthusiastic crowds in dingy halls, and to smaller gatherings on the street corners, and in the saloons, and Gollans's lieutenant, though not in despair, represented daily that it would be impossible to check the assault without a larger supply of the munitions of war.

The alderman's dominant feeling about it was one of irritation. He had not yet begun to consider the possibility of defeat. Down in the Frying Pan, Haversham's own quarter, he was actually making gains. He stopped to smile when he thought of the situation down there in that quarter. Up to this morning the campaign in the German district had cost him but little concern, though it was here that he was meeting the most serious losses, for here they were fighting him with the traditional reformer's weapons, mass meetings and morality, and it would be a colder day than one was likely to find in this climate when he could not afford to smile at such methods.

But this morning the report has come in that at a meeting at Carter Hall last night one of the speakers had playfully referred to him as Gollanski! The train had caught at once, and this morning, according to his disgusted lieutenant, the whole district was crackling with it. Gollanski! His sense of humor was not strong enough to keep him from laboring half an hour to see whether or not he could not retaliate with some such transformation of the name of his rival, Schmeckenbecker. The whole campaign was past a joke and Gollans was getting mad enough to do something.

It was not an auspicious time for anyone to pay the alderman a call, and it was a particularly bad one for Father Lauth, who always wanted money for this thing or that; but a priest is a priest, and Gollans mustered his best manner as well as he could and widened his mouth in an attempt at a bland smile. They talked for a few minutes, pleasantly enough, about parochial matters; Gollans led, asking one question after another, and at length, with the idea of forestalling the request he expected the priest to make, he said:—

"I hope it won't be a great while before I can make you another donation for the school. At present this election that's coming takes all my time and what little money I can spare. But I'll not forget you."

The priest could strike to the roots when he chose, and for reasons of his own he did it now. "I have not come to you for money, to-day," he said. "I have come to ask you a question. If you are again elected alderman, will you help to improve the sanitary condition of the tenements?—or will you hinder?"

Gollans's face turned purple. The question was a flick of the whip on a spot which his antagonist had already worn raw. If a layman had asked it, he would have answered, "What does it matter to you?" and for a second he was near forgetting that his inquisitor was not a layman. The priest's gesture checked him, and he modified the form, although not the spirit of the retort.

The lines in Father Lauth's face settled deeper. He folded his arms and waited. After expecting for a moment that he would say something, Gollans looked up at him, the ugly sneer still on his face; but, as the priest met his glance, he lowered his eyes and began playing with a penholder on his desk.

Up to that moment he was simply irritated, and smarting under the whip. He was not an imaginative man; a wholly new idea made its way but slowly with him, to the point of apperception. But the black figure of the Redemptorist priest, the steady resolution in his eyes, and the look of conscious power about his mouth, put into the alderman's mind the vague notion that Father Lauth intended to beat him, and that he knew he could do it. The sneer was gone from his lips, and his face turned from purple to yellowish white when he looked up again and began to talk.

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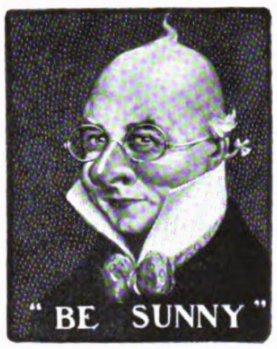
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Hammering rivets at the top of a new skyscraper seems a task for muscles only.

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These reflections come to me because somebody said that "FORCE" was evidently a food for brain workers, and that people who worked with their muscles might as well eat boiled beef and turnips.

"FORCE" makes muscle as well as gray matter. If a man wanted nothing but muscle he'd get a little more out of "FORCE" than any other food. But there are no men who work with their muscles alone—there shouldn't be at any rate. "FORCE" is vitally necessary to the man who thinks that he is a muscle worker.

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It is the food of the members of The "FORCE" SOCIETY, an organization which I think you would like to join if you knew about it. All you have to do is to believe that it is a good thing to try to live up to the "one thing at a time" idea in my Creed and to write to me for certificate of membership, engraved copy of the Creed, the badge of the order and the motto of the Society.

I would prefer that you would enclose a 2c stamp with your application. When you have become a member of the Society you will have conferred upon you the honorary degree of "M. F. S."

By the way, that "one thing at a time" idea applies nearly every minute of the day.

For the present moment, for example, the "one thing" I should think would be to write out your application for membership.

Before you forget it.

Be Sunny! Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

APPLICATION for Membership in THE "FORCE" SOCIETY—

CUT OFF the application coupon, fill in name and address plainly—enclose a 2c. stamp and mail to Sunny Jim

For the first time he was trying to look defeat between the eyes.

"We have always pulled together pretty well, Father Lauth, haven't we? I've tried to stand by you, and you've left politics to me,—"

"You have not answered my question," said the priest. "That is what I ask,—an answer." He spoke gently enough, but the tone of the last words was peremptory.

Gollans moved uneasily in his chair. "Your school means a great deal to you," he began, but Father Lauth's uplifted head and the blazing light in his eyes checked him.

"You are trying to offer either a threat or a bribe, but stop there and answer my question."

"I will answer your question when the time comes. But it has nothing to do with Haversham and Schmeckenbecker and this next election. They're grafters, and all there is to their campaign is graft. They put up a reform front because they hoped they could get you to help them. They lied to you."

He got on his feet, kicked his chair out of his way, and, leaning over his desk, shook his finger at the priest. "Look at Haversham. He's a reformer, he is! He's making speeches to women's clubs all over the city, and reeling off his goody-goody talk. I wonder if they know who his patients are and how he makes a living! As for Ramsay," —Gollans was excited, and his perception was quicker than usual. "Ramsay may mean all right, but he don't know what he's up against. He thinks that little Dutchman'll take his orders after he gets into the council, and that's where he's dead wrong. Schmeckenbecker's going to stick it into him just as soon as he gets the chance."

He was watching the priest closely; he seemed no more nearly convinced than at the beginning. Then a happy thought struck him. He laughed slowly, and said, in conclusion, "In fact, I happen to know that he's got the pipes laid to do it already."

That shot told. Father Lauth frowned. "This is no time for trifling," he said. "If you can prove such a charge as that, do it."

"I can prove it," said Gollans; "and I'll be able to show you the proof inside of forty-eight hours."

"Very good!" said the priest; "I shall come to see it." He rose and started toward the door, but Gollans had one thing more to say.

"I'm proving this for you, understand, but not for Mr. Ramsay. I owe him no favors. I'll thank you not to mention to him what I've said."

The priest nodded assent, and, with a brief "Good morning!" strode away.

Gollans's charge against Schmeckenbecker had been made quite on the spur of the moment, and, after the priest had gone away, he feared a little that the time he had allowed himself was too short, for he had not only to collect the proof but to invent the crime as well. But in forty-eight hours one can get evidence, of all sorts, on almost anything, and, of course, he did not need real court-of-law proof. A few black-looking circumstances would be enough to arouse Father Lauth's suspicions and keep him out of the campaign.

Gollans had heard a rumor that Schmeckenbecker was getting "chesty,"—in other words, that the success of his campaign had turned his head, and that the constant supervision of his two managers was becoming irksome to him. He wanted his head and they were afraid to let him have it. That hint gave Gollans something to start with. He sent for two of his henchmen to whom he had decided to confide the affair, and by the time they had arrived he had their instructions ready. They were much pleased and entirely confident.

"But remember," said Gollans, "that you've got only to-day and to-morrow, and get it in writing, if you can. Get it in writing, boys, and we'll have them by the short hairs."

The rumor about Schmeckenbecker was, unhappily, not far beyond the truth, and Ramsay and Haversham were greatly worried about him. Each new success had made him worse, until at length they had yielded to necessity and allowed him to take pretty much his own gait. "He's sure to make a fool of himself," Haversham commented, "but the result may be all right. He may scare himself half to death without doing any serious damage."

Schmeckenbecker's throat had become chronically numb, his stumpy little legs were always tired, and he had sweated off about fifteen pounds, but his soul soared majestically, like an eagle. For forty years people had patronized him and often laughed at him, and had left him and Mrs. Schmeckenbecker completely alone in the idea that he was a great man. He had many friends, but, seemingly, none of them had ever so much as suspected that he was a great man. But at length his opportunity had come and he had seized it. What a reward it was, after those years of waiting, to be cheered nightly by enthusiastic audiences, to see his name in the newspapers day after day, and to be the subject of long editorials! —it was worth waiting for.

He owed it all to himself. He felt no debt of gratitude to Ramsay and Haversham. They were merely the instruments of fate. They, indeed, had seemed to envy him his greatness, and had shown a petty desire to detract from his triumph and interfere in what was purely his affair. They were coming to their senses, however, and leaving him to manage his campaign as he thought best.

It was well that they had ceased meddling. He had done one or two very shrewd strokes of business in the past twenty-four hours. Two lodging-house keepers down in the Frying Pan, Hintz and Johnson, who had hitherto been Republicans, were going to support him, and, more than that, were going to round up their lodgers for him. He had met with some losses in the Frying Pan and this would counterbalance them. They had come to see him, and, on their telling him of some dissatisfaction they felt toward Gollans, he had promptly won them over,—but not for nothing, of course. All politics is a matter of trade, and he had promised them that, when the new tenement law should go into effect, he would see to it that they were protected. Was it not better that all the tenements but those two should be made sanitary than that none should be?

They had asked him to put the agreement in writing. He didn't know whether he would or not. A matter like that might be embarrassing. Well, he would see.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the Sunday before the election Ramsay found himself, after dinner, in possession of an hour in which there was nothing that he must do, and, as they had some strangers from out of town on their hands, he was piloting them about the place. They were going through the schoolhouse, looking at rooms for cooking classes, wood and iron working, kindergartening, and so on, when, halting before a door, they heard some one playing the piano.

Ramsay listened an instant. "No, there's no class in here now," he said, "and the room is exactly like the last one we looked at. We'll go on down this way, if you please."

He took them to the library, turned them over to another resident, and went back to the schoolroom. He knew who it was he had heard playing, and he felt pretty sure that she was alone.

"Is this your favorite piano?" he asked, smiling, after she had told him he might come in. Countless hours of kindergarten marches had worn through the two middle octaves, and the keys sagged.

"Oh, it's in tune," she said, "and, when you run off to hide yourself, you must take what you can get; a dry morsel, you know, and quietness therewith,—"

They were pretty well acquainted now, and she was not afraid of his saying, "I fear I intrude," or "Were you trying to hide from everybody?" He nodded curtly.

"Do you mind playing that thing again?—the rocking-horse part?"

She began the familiar *ballade*, got about half through, and lost herself. Then, impatiently, she faked a cadence into the original key, and shook her head. "It won't do,"—she suddenly said.—"Mr. Ramsay, will you let me ask you a silly question? You don't have to answer it."

"I think I know what it is," he said, smiling gravely. "Yes, ask it."

"Well, then,—oh, it is silly, but—am I any good out here at all? Am I really pulling my weight, or am I just going through the motions?"

"Yes," he said, nodding thoughtfully, "that's the question. We all ask it now and then, and nobody can answer, for himself or for anybody else. The only thing to do with it is to wear it out." He was talking half to himself, for he needed that particular homily as much as she did, but after a moment's pause he roused himself and turned to her.

"Of course," he said, "you know without my telling you."—He smiled. "So I won't tell, but you know just the same."

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"You have used Carter Hall to further your personal ambitions"

She flushed a little with pleasure, and, smiling, began a phrase of the *ballade* again, but checked it abruptly as she thought of something else. "Did you see Mr. Schmeckenbecker this afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, pulling up a chair. "Confound Mr. Schmeckenbecker! He keeps me guessing more than Gollans. He's off on a new tack to-day, meeker than a toy lamb. He wanted my advice about everything and showed me his speech for the big meeting to-morrow night at Harrison's Theater. He said he did n't want to make any mistakes."

"Well, but what in the world does it mean?"

"It means, I suppose, that he has committed some colossally stupid blunder and is afraid I'll find out what it is."

She quite agreed with him. "Though very likely," she added, "it is n't as bad as he thinks it is."

"Perhaps not," said the warden, "and perhaps it's worse." He rose and began his old patrol, adapted to the narrow limits of his office, four strides and an about-face, and she watched him as she had often watched before. But it had never occurred to her previously that it was possible for Douglas Ramsay to be slack-nerved, weary, and in need of a little encouragement and support, himself. But she saw now how the spring had gone out of his stride, how his head drooped, and how haggard his eyes were, and there was something pleasant about the discovery.

"We shall be beaten on Tuesday," he said; "I know that as well as I shall on Wednesday morning. Up to yesterday we were winning, but last night the tide set the other way. I can't tell you how I know, but it's true."

"I know," she said, and something different in the quality of her voice arrested his stride. "How many speeches have you made since last Sunday? And how many hours have you slept?"

"Well, you may be right," he said, "but I do n't think it altogether a question of fag."

She began the *ballade* again, and this time she played it through, though half her mind was somewhere else. "Mr. Ramsay," she said, when she had finished, "what are you going to do to-morrow?" What with watching her and listening to her music he had wandered far away from the campaign and from himself, and he came back with an effort.

"About six things a minute during the day, and attend three big meetings in different parts of the ward in the evening."

"They're a sort of last rally, aren't they?"

"Yes, they'll get the last ounce of steam we have left."

"Well," she began, "do n't you think—" That was the wrong beginning and she stopped in some embarrassment. He glanced at her in surprise. She had been so good a comrade during those weeks that he had forgotten or thought he had that she was anything else. This reminder pleased him.

She got the right start in a minute. "I have to go home to-morrow to—to attend to a few things, and I shall be there all day. You won't have a minute by yourself out here and you ought to rest a little for the evening's work. Nobody will be able to find you at our house, and you won't have to meet anybody, or talk, or do anything you do n't want to,—not even to drink tea. You do n't need to say in advance when you're coming or that you're coming at all. But, if you think it would be a rest to come,—I'll be very glad to have you."

The half hour with her had refreshed him and he buckled into his Sunday evening work with more zest than he had felt for the past three or four days, but the notion—he called it a premonition,—that they were going down to defeat on Tuesday was not to be got rid of. He found it still in possession when he waked up Monday morning, and with it he felt the dragging fatigue which she and her music had driven away for a while the evening before.

He worked as hard as ever, and he answered every one of the multitudinous demands that were made upon him promptly and almost as effectively as if he had been fresh, but he realized that it was bad economy. It was like making a ten-horse-power engine pull a fifteen-horse load. A good many times during that morning he thought for an instant of the hour he was to have before dinner time when he could let go, when there would be no questions to answer and no decisions to make, and he blessed Anne Coleridge for thinking of it.

He was out about the ward for two or three hours after lunch, and, when he came back, he found that Mr. Payne—he was ex-president of the Carter Hall Association, you remember,—had been calling him up on the telephone at intervals of fifteen minutes for the past hour, and had finally said that he would come out to the Hall and wait until Mr. Ramsay came back.

He was evidently much disturbed about something, and Ramsay wondered, a little uneasily, what it could be. He had not concerned himself at all, heretofore, in the campaign, and something serious—to his thinking at least,—must have occurred to drag him in thus, at the eleventh hour. Ramsay dreaded the approaching interview. Mr. Payne was prone to wander, he was slow, he was opinionated, and yet he never seemed to know exactly what his opinion was. The warden braced himself when he heard the uncertain voice of his visitor out in the hall inquiring for him. He was very old, and, whatever he said or did, one must not forget that.

He came in laboring under strong excitement and almost helpless from it. For a minute or two after Ramsay had got him into a chair he could only say, "This is very shocking, Mr. Ramsay. I do n't know what we are to do. I do n't, indeed."

"I do n't know what you refer to, sir," said the warden, gently. "Have you heard bad news? We'll hope it is n't as bad as it seems."

He was totally unprepared for the outburst which followed.

"You have brought this upon us!" cried the old man. "You might better have pulled down Carter Hall stone by stone. You have discredited us and undone the work of years. Oh, we should have kept close watch."

"How have I done this, Mr. Payne? What have I done?"

"You were responsible, were you not, for this outrageous nomination of—of,—his name escapes me. You publicly pledged the confidence and support of Carter Hall to *him*, to a common black-

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mailer, a low, dishonest, intriguing politician,—"

Ramsay interrupted him, not roughly, but in a voice that compelled his silence and attention. "In a campaign like this loose personal charges are often indulged in by both sides. Whoever has told you those things has misinformed you. What you say about Mr. Schmeckenbecker is not true. He is a perfectly respectable man, a manufacturer of cigars. He is not a blackmailer. He has never been active in politics before; in fact, he is not as much of a politician as the situation demanded; but, so far as honesty and decency goes, I will guarantee him."

The warden thought he was perfectly cool, but it is to be doubted if he would have said that last sentence if he had been. The violence of the old man's attack had made him forget the uneasiness Schmeckenbecker had caused him during the past day or two. However, nothing that could be said to Payne had any weight with him now.

"I do not accept your guarantee," he cried. "You have forfeited our confidence. You have allied yourself with thugs and anarchists. You have used Carter Hall to further your personal ambitions,—"

"I have done nothing, Mr. Payne, which I did not tell you openly, and before I had lifted a hand, that I meant to do."

Ramsay had in mind a good deal more to say. He understood Payne's attitude perfectly. When the old man had voted assent to the campaign he had probably not been aware that Gollans was a Republican, but had, no doubt, assumed as a matter of course that so bad a man must be a Democrat. It was unlikely, since he lived principally in the past, that he had given the matter another thought until the night before or perhaps that morning, when some of the Great Ones in the party had waited upon him. Ramsay wondered if Old Uncle John himself hadn't made one of that informal committee. It wasn't unlikely.

They had given him, of course, a horrible fright, and had made it clear to him that, unless checked, Ramsay's course would bring down ruin, destruction, anarchy, free silver, and all the rest of the pack of political hobgoblins upon them all, and had sent him, full of these terrors, out to Carter Hall to "call Ramsay off." He was the oldest of the twenty associates, and, traditionally, the most important, and he had the further merit of being the only one of the twenty whom the committee could have sent on such an errand. They may not have had much confidence that he would succeed, but it was worth a trial, anyway.

It was a shame, Ramsay thought, to treat an old man so, and he resolved to save up what was in his mind to say until he should have the luck to fall in with a member of that committee.

"I'm sorry you've lost confidence in me, Mr. Payne," he said, rising and holding out his hand. I hope that some day I may win it back again. I shall always try to deserve it."

"But you must act at once," cried Mr. Payne. "This candidate of yours is a rascal,—a blackmailer! If he is elected it will be terrible. You must withdraw your support before to-morrow morning."

Ramsay spoke very quietly, but with perfect finality. "I can't do that, Mr. Payne," he said, and the unsuccessful envoy went back to his committee, silenced for the time, but unconvinced.

It was half-past four now. The warden cast a glance over his desk and drew a long breath. He pulled on his gloves, seized his hat, and started for the door. Just as he was shutting it, he heard some one call, "Telephone, Mr. Ramsay." It was a narrow escape, but just as good as if it had been wider. He dashed after and caught a car in the middle of the block. He was like a schoolboy out for recess.

He found Miss Coleridge in a big, book-lined room, seated by a tea table; she was always dressed so that it was a pleasure to look at her, but to-day she surpassed herself. She did not rise, but nodded toward a big leather chair. "My little brother always chooses that chair when he comes back from college."

"Your little two-hundred-pound brother," commented Ramsay, "who pulls number three in the 'varsity boat this summer. I pulled that oar myself once, a thousand years ago."

He heard a heavy door opened, somewhere, and then the butler's voice, quite distinctly, saying, "Miss Coleridge is not at home," and he settled deeper into the chair, a movement which told of infinite comfort and satisfaction. She was watching him with a look a little amused, a little curious, but wholly friendly.

"You give one plenty of surprises," she said. "Yesterday you surprised me by looking tired and out of sorts, as if you needed—"

"'A touch of the shoulder to preserve my formation,' as Mulvaney said," he put in, for she had hesitated. "I did, and you promptly gave it to me."

"And to-day, when I have absorbed that idea and am really ready to rise to the occasion, you come marching along about as much in need of sympathy as a drum major. I had lots of sympathy to lavish on you this afternoon,—and look at you! What am I to do with it?"

"I need it," he said. "Never mind appearances." He told her all about his interview with Mr. Payne.

"Do you know what I believe?" she said, after he had finished and she had sat thoughtfully silent for a while over his account of it,—"I believe that Father Lauth has said something to Mr. Gollans. He wouldn't have called for help, would he, unless he was badly frightened?"

"I believe you're right," he said. "We've made noise enough to scare most people, but Gollans is an old stager and not easily stampeded. It's much more likely that Father Lauth has taken a hand. That's one to us, certainly."

He seemed to speak with only half his mind on it, as if it mattered very little, after all. She frowned as a doctor will over a puzzling case. "Are you still entertaining the notion that Mr. Gollans is going to beat you to-morrow," she asked.

"It's odd about that," he said, smiling. "At this moment I'm perfectly happy, perfectly contented. But I'm just as sure as I'm looking at you that Gollans will beat us. We were winning up to Saturday night, too."

"We're not going to talk politics this afternoon. What do you want to do? Did you bring a book in your pocket, or do you want to be amused? I'll do anything you like."

[*To be concluded in the February* SUCCESS]

THE BREAKING-PLOW... NIXON WATERMAN

I AM the plow that turns the sod
That has lain for a thousand years;
Where the prairie's wind-tossed flowers nod
And the wolf her wild cub rears,
I come, and in my wake, like rain,
Is scattered the golden seed;
I change the leagues of lonely plain
To fruitful gardens and fields of grain
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,
I am first to stir the soil,
I bring the glory of wheat and corn
For the crowning of those who toil;
I am civilization's seal and sign,
Yea, I am the mighty pen
That writes the sod with a pledge divine,
A promise to pay with bread and wine
For the sweat of honest men.

I am the end of things that were,
And the birth of things to be,
My coming makes the earth to stir
With a new and strange decree;
After its slumbers, deep and long,
I waken the drowsy sod,
And sow my furrow with lifts of song
To glad the heart of the mighty throng
Slow feeling the way to God.

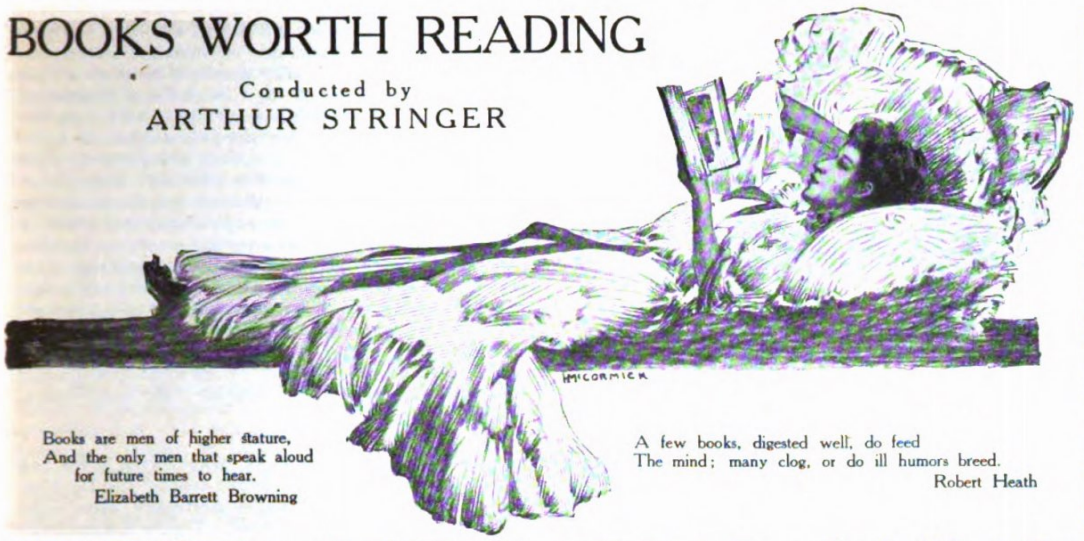
A thousand summers the prairie rose
Has gladdened the hermit bee,
A thousand winters the drifting snows
Have whitened the grassy sea;
Before me curls the wavering smoke
Of the Indian's smoldering fire,
Behind me rise,—was it God who spoke?—
At the toil-enchanted hammer's stroke,
The town and the glittering spire.

I give the soil to the one who *does*,
For the joy of him and his,
I rouse the slumbering world that was
To the diligent world that is;
Oh, Seer with vision that looks away
A thousand long years from now,
The marvelous nation your eyes survey
Was born of the purpose that here, to-day,
Is guiding the breaking-plow.

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BOOKS WORTH READING

Conducted by
ARTHUR STRINGER



Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud
for future times to hear.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

A few books, digested well, do feed
The mind; many clog, or do ill humors breed.
Robert Heath

UNDOUBTEDLY the most memorable publication of this tome-crowded first year or two of the twentieth century is John Morley's "Life of Gladstone," published by The Macmillan Company. Indeed, this absorbing study of the life and times of England's most interesting and perhaps most eminent statesman may even safely be denominated the best full biography of any great man of modern times.

Excepting neither James Bryce nor Goldwin Smith, no one stood better fitted than did Mr. Morley for such an Atlantean task. He was the closest friend of Gladstone the man, the astute and trusted political associate of Gladstone the administrator. During the kaleidoscopic though consistent enough career of this many-sided statesman, of whom he writes so affectionately and yet so dispassionately, Mr. Morley himself was both a controller of political destiny, in a lesser way, and also an equable, clear-headed and ever sedulous observer of the courses which that destiny pursued. He stood well behind the scenes, whether the setting proved academic or parliamentary. Above and beyond all this, he remained a scholar, endowed with a voice of undoubted authority, a man of ample knowledge, an investigator of scrupulous honesty, a writer of consummate skill,—sincere in the strict etymological sense of the word, and glittering with no bewildering waxy varnish of verbal dilettanteism. Although an agnostic, and even confessing, with a passionate conscientiousness that is more than mere *prolepsis*, his manifest inability to treat adequately of Gladstone as a theologian, he traces out in a startlingly comprehensive and entirely sympathetic manner the spiritual history of this only seemingly self-contradictory politician who so stanchly held that "the church should stand the soul of the state." The larger and even more difficult task of harmonizing apparent incongruities, of unifying an obvious dualism of mental make-up, of explaining vicissitudes of opinion, and of rounding out into one complete and comprehensible whole a mind that was as unique as it was complex, Mr. Morley has accomplished with a brilliance that seems to have levied no exaction on his scholarly method of thought and made no demands on his limpid manner of expression. From those alluring first chapters —touched here and there with a kindly and muffled satire,—dealing with the youthful Gladstone at Eton, and, later, at Oxford, down to that solemn final chapter containing the masterly and eloquent summing up of the alert old leonine spirit, with all its majesty and all its mortal limitations, we see ever grow and loom before us the heroic figure of England's last great man of the Old School. The shadow of this figure falls so wide across the age and the empire in which it labored that, restrict himself as he will, Mr. Morley has been forced to give us a more or less copious history of nineteenth-century England while striving only to reveal to us its most memorable statesman. The finished work stands not only a foil to, say, those earlier and unlovely "Memoirs" of Bismarck, where disheartened we beheld the avid opportunist, the artful, grim, cynic juggler with men and emergencies, laid bare to the eye, but it serves as well to take away the bitter after-taste of even those newer Bismarck "Letters" ("The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck;" F. A. Stokes and Company,) wherein so many eggs of illusion have been broken to make the omelette of literary interest. For it must be confessed that these last two turbid volumes fling about the memory of the Iron Chancellor too much of that "light which illumines not." Just what good purpose they serve it would be hard to say. But they could very lightly and very readily be spared from shelves already groaning with much denuding, distorting, and altogether unedifying Bismarckian literature.

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A REMARKABLE enough volume of American biography, which contrasts in many ways with Mr. Morley's monumental work, is Thomas Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," published by D. Appleton and Company. Mr. Watson's effort, it is true, has been a much more modest one than that of his maturer colleague. In this book, as in his earlier "Life of Napoleon," he deliberately strives for a sort of democratization of the historical process. But democratic as Mr. Watson is as an artist, he is not always Democritean. He writes of a personality quite as interesting, perhaps, but never so complex, as was Gladstone's. This he does with a rhetorical nimbleness and piquancy that tend to defy criticism. To step from Mr. Morley to Mr. Watson is to step from an Alpine chilliness and yet an Alpine vastness to the more intimate loquaciousness of a Lombardic rivulet,—always refreshing and always brisk enough of movement, but not always touched with academic serenity. Still, Mr. Watson makes an eloquent and earnest effort to mete out belated justice to America's most creative statesman, embittered as our historian evidently is, despite his prefatory disclaimer, over the fact that the North has not always dealt fairly with Jefferson. And determinedly as one may quarrel with Mr. Watson's methods, this vital and interesting product of an at times almost too facile pen will make an immediate appeal to thoughtful men and women.

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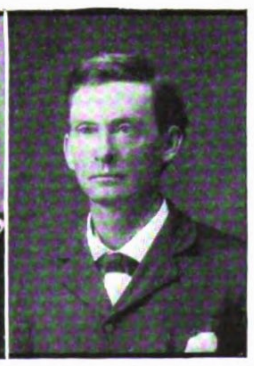
ANOTHER interesting bit of biography, which, at times, takes on almost the charm of pure romance, is the Comtesse Angèle Potocka's "Life of Leschetizky," published by The Century Company. Like the existence of many another Polish musical genius, the nomadic life of Theodore Leschetizky has been crowded with incident, adventure, and color. The once great teacher's sister-in-law has described this career vivaciously and affectionately,—almost too affectionately, one might lament, since a less solicitous and less reverent hand might have given us a dramatic and stirring chapter or two taken up with those deeper although darker currents over which the good countess skims hurriedly enough, realizing, apparently, the skate of affection to be on the thin ice of biographic impropriety. Although Leschetizky will probably go down to fame as the pedagogue, as the mere teacher, of such men as Paderewski, Gabrilovitsch, and Hambourg, he was a great musician and a large-minded artist. So appreciative and warm-tinted a study of his personality is a satisfying contribution to musical biography. Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," (The Century Company,) is, on the other hand, more a piece of clever journalism, desultory, moltiloquent, egotistic, and yet full of beguiling enough gossip about persons prominent in the musical and operatic world.

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LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH'S "Homes and Their Decoration" (Dodd, Mead, and Company,) is a book with a purpose, and a very worthy one. It is a practical, plain-spoken, suggestive volume designed to help the untutored or the bewildered householder in the matter of interior decorations, a volume admirable in its directness, simplicity, and wealth of illustration. "How to Judge Architecture," (The Baker and Taylor Company,) by Dr. Russell Sturgis, on the other hand, is a volume designed to rescue from past banalities the house-builder himself. A voice so authoritative as Mr. Sturgis's always compels attention and respect. We wish, however, that he had been a little more lucid or a little more elaborate in his scant pages on American architecture. This want, though, we find amply attended to in "Stately Homes in America," a volume with a rather misleading title, by Harry W. Desmond and Herbert D. Croly, issued by D. Appleton and Company. This huge and handsome publication is not an elaborate picture book designed to exploit the villas and interiors of ostentatious millionaires, or trucklingly to recount the money-baron's airy gambols in



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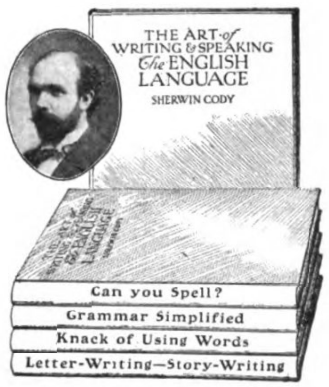
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architecture. It is, rather, a dignified, scholarly, and altogether interesting monograph on domestic architecture in America, tracing its tardy development from the day of the log cabin, through the Colonial and Transitional periods, down to our own time of Gregorian Courts and a more consistent if more sumptuous ideal of home-making. It tends to satisfy a lively and perfectly legitimate curiosity in one phase of our national expression of character. Here and there it cuts deep into the psychology of house-building, succinctly rationalizing the history of that art which in America is yet in its infancy, however robust that infancy may be,—for we must still regard the sky-scraper as a triumph of engineering, and not a conquest of architecture. The note it strikes is hopeful enough, for to-day we are in the full tide of a most commendable reaction, trying to forget and to forgive that anomalous residence of the Transitional Period which Montgomery Schuyler has somewhere dubbed "the most vulgar habitation ever built by man."

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PROFESSOR JAMES BRANDER MATTHEWS, in his new venture into a familiar enough field—"The Development of the Drama," (Charles Scribner's Sons,)—has done himself a grievous injustice. This he has probably effected quite unconsciously, for on more than one occasion the author of "Studies of the Stage" has aspired to speak with authority on dramatic history. But in delimiting, as rigidly as he does in his new volume, his area of critical and interpretative activities, Professor Matthews shuts out from his book the wider uplands through which it might be raised above its mere mediocrity of a pedagogic text. He lightly traces the evolution of the acted play from the first crude pantomimic affairs of primitive man to the rounded-out stage productions of Ibsen and Rostand; but, strange to say, from the beginning to the end of this unsatisfying but often interesting volume he keeps one hand tied behind him, as it were, by deliberately insisting on viewing the drama, not primarily as a fluid and dignified medium for the expression of impassioned poetry and the elucidation of character in action, but merely as a product of dramaturgic craftsmanship. In other words, Professor Matthews speaks from the standpoint of a playwright, pleading that the stage is the picture frame of a craft that "is likely to be increasingly pictorial and plastic," striving to reach the soul "through the eye as well as through the ear." So our author's effort is not philosophical, or even esthetic, but dryly technical. He views the drama not as language, but as an instrument for producing the essential theatric effect, however accidentally embellished with beauty of thought or depth of feeling that all-important instrument may be. It was probably some projection of this unfortunate principle of delimitation that prompted Professor Matthews to speak of "The Girl with the Green Eyes" as one of the undoubted triumphs of our modern dramatists. Luckily we have such playhouse failures as Milton's "Samson," and Shelley's "Prometheus" to console us until the ingenuity of the electrician and the stage-carpenter perfects for us a still somewhat unsatisfying spectacle-drama.

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AMONG recent fiction, which continues to pour voluminously from ever busier presses, there are at least two books which are exceptional in interest and noteworthy in accomplishment, however modest either may be in aim. One is Joseph Conrad's "Falk," (McClure, Phillips and Company,) and the other is Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Houghton, Mifflin and Company, publishers. Mr. Conrad's quiet advent as a master of graphic, incisive, and rather uncanny sea-fiction has been almost as remarkable and seemingly mysterious as was that, some score of years ago, of Rudyard Kipling himself. Yet with "Falk" the author of "Lord Jim" and "Youth" undoubtedly goes one notch higher. In this new territory his view of life, even in its more elusive and more unlovely phases, is as unerring as ever. His knack of conjuring up that sense of strange enchantment which broods over the sea, of giving form to the intangible and an air of conviction to the hitherto unconvincing, of catching his atmosphere from crowded scenes of that turbulent East which is so full of "age and mystery," of huddled strange shipping and odorous wharves and sun-soaked, crime-steeped vagabonds, can not quite blind you to his severer power of penetration, of probing deeply and yet dexterously into the human heart. A good deal of a phrase-maker, his graphic potency lies in his ability to select and repress, leaving his lines unemotional, aërial, yet meaty and always incisive,—a stylist in his very rejection of what is often known as style. The three stories which make up this new volume, marked by an artistry that at times almost amounts to wizardry, deal only secondarily with the sea. They show that Mr. Conrad, like Mr. Kipling, has not yet learned to paint women as he has painted men. But, on the other hand, there is something so titanesque in the great, gloomy figure of this Falk, (flung with consummate art on a contrasting background of quiet domesticity such as the old Dutch realists might have drawn on canvas,)—something so primitively tragic in the strange fate of this man who "hungered for life" and yet was cut off from his fellows because once, under what seem almost extenuating circumstances, he had eaten of human flesh,—that Mr. Conrad stands one of the literary stars to whom the readers of modern realistic fiction must hitch their wagons of attention.

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AN author who has painted for us a little lady, however, and one of the most charming little ladies since, almost with tears of regret, we beheld "Emmy Lou" grow up into dawning womanhood, is Mrs. Wiggin. Rebecca, who leaves Sunnybrook Farm to take up her home with two misunderstanding maiden aunts, and in the old stagecoach

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of Mr. Jeremiah Cobb rumbles her way at once into our sympathies,—who claims that light wines are "cider and ginger-pop," and blithely breaks her heart in most melancholy poetical effusions, and insists that a journey *is* a journey "when you carry a nightgown with you,"—this Rebecca, I repeat, is all gold. She is as pure and wholesome and enticing as sunlight. To prod with over-critical fingers about her stiffly starched little buff calico dress would be more than cruelty,—we must take her as she is, gratefully, unconditionally, or not at all. And when we have parted from her, as we must regretfully, the only reward we shall get from a little tale that has neither purpose nor profundity is simply Miss Rebecca Rowena herself. Rebecca is quite reward enough.

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"THE YELLOW VAN," Richard Whiteing's first novel since his well-deserved success with "No. 5, John Street," is too thoughtful a piece of work to be dismissed as merely dull. Yet dull it is, unrelieved by one ray of humor or one dash of strong color. Melancholy it is, as well, dealing as it does with what the author unconsciously writes down as the twilight of England's glory. A book which falls in the same category as this is Richard Makin's "The Beaten Path," published by The Macmillan Company. It fails only because it aims too high; as with "The Yellow Van," the tail of purpose seems to be wagging the dog of narrative. Yet "The Beaten Path" has both well-turned characters and well-planned plot-development. Its study of labor, the young economic giant intoxicated with his first taste of power, might have been made more effective if it had only been made more interesting,—as interesting, for instance, as the late Frank Norris might have made the same character of story.

▲ ▲

JACOB RIIS has taught us not to expeot great craftsmanship in his tales of city life. It is very seldom that he invents and embellishes. But, since he has seen slum life bare to the buff, and since he knows the men and women and children of New York's crowded East Side so well, and has a quick eye and a soft heart, his books are always interesting in the first place, and, in the second, always vital. "Children of the Tenements," (The Macmillan Company,) while by no means an ambitious effort, is still a remarkable little volume. There is, for instance, none of the veiled pessimism of "The Yellow Van" about it. Indeed, it remains one of the strange ironies of experience that those men who devote their time to laboring amid American life's most hopeless conditions are invariably of an optimistic turn of mind, seeing farther, perhaps, than the more superficial observer. These pictures of the children of the tenements are stories which came to Mr. Riis in the course of his work as a police reporter. They are not, confessedly, the bald truth, but truth touched here and there with fancy. We mean it as no reflection on our author's sincerity of purpose when we declare a suspicion that Mr. Riis is more of an artist than he would have us believe. However that may be, his books grip you as firmly as the most swashbuckling romances, and to far better purpose. A student of sociology can seldom afford to miss what Mr. Riis has to say.

▲ ▲

BOOKS RECEIVED

The following books have been received. SUCCESS regrets that space can not be given to Mr. Stringer to review all:—

"The Ms. in a Red Box," anonymous.—(John Lane, New York City. $1.50.)
"The Master-Rogue," by David Graham Phillips.—(McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.50.)
"The Long Night," by Stanley Weyman.—(McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.50.)
"The Five Nations," by Rudyard Kipling.—(Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40, net.)
"The Castle of Twilight," by Margaret H. Potter.—(A.C. McClurg and Company. $1.50.)
"Judgment," by Alice Brown.—(Harper and Brothers. $1.25.)
"The Promotion of the Admiral," by Morley Roberts.—(L. C. Page and Company. $1.50.)
"Gorgo," by Charles Kelsey Gaines.—(Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.)
"A Parish of Two," by McVickar Collins.—(Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.)
"Place and Power," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.—(D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.)
"The Law of Life," by Anna McClure Sholl.—(D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.)
"The Golden Fetish," by Eden Phillpotts.—(Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.)
"Honor D'Everel," by Barbara Yechton.—(Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.)
"The Young Woman in Modern Life," by Beverley Worner.—(Dodd, Mead and Company. 85 cents, net.)
"Homes and Their Decoration," by Lillie Hamilton French.—(Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00, net.)
"The Moral System of Shakespeare," by Richard G. Moulton.—(The Macmillan Company. $1.50.)
"Studies in Contemporary Biography," by James Bryce.—(The Macmillan Company. $3.00, net.)
"Trapper Jim," by Edwyn Sandys.—(The Macmillan Company. $1.50)
"The Beaten Path," by Richard L. Makin.—(The Macmillan Company. $1.50.)
"Letters Home," by William Dean Howells.—(Harper and Brothers. $1.50.)
"The Heart of Hyacinth," by Onoto Watanna.—(Harper and Brothers. $2.00 net.)
"The Adventures of Gerard," by A.Conan Doyle.—(McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.50.)
"The Fortunes of Fifi," by Molly Elliot Seawell.—(Bobbs, Merrill and Company. $1.50.)
"A Sequel in Hearts," by Mary Moss.—(The J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.)

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



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WE HAVE A PAGE FOR YOU in our ledger, where we invite you to open a Confidential Charge Account for a Diamond. See how easy it is to do it under the **LOFTIS SYSTEM:** You simply make a selection of a Diamond, Watch or other article from the finest line of goods ever illustrated in a catalogue. Your selection will at once be sent to you for examination—if it is all that you anticipated and satisfactory in quality, pattern and price, you pay one-fifth and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. If after seeing the article you should decide not to buy, you have only to send it back to us at our expense. In any case you will be nothing out, for we pay all charges and assume all risk. Our Diamonds are of specially selected, fine quality and at our prices, and on our easy terms, we secure a customer nineteen times out of twenty when we show goods. We do the largest Diamond and Watch business in the world—that explains everything. No competitor can meet us in prices, qualities, terms or liberal, progressive methods. Our house is just entering its fifty-sixth year in the Diamond and Jewelry business, during which time it has grown from a small shop, to the largest Diamond and Watch house in the world. We give a written guarantee with every Diamond—ask your local banker if it is good. He will turn to his book of Commercial Ratings and tell you that we stand very high in the business world, and that anything we say or sign is good as gold, and that our representations may be accepted without question. In exchange of Diamonds; refund of monies paid, and all other features of a broad-guage, liberal policy our house stands alone. There is one offer we have made for more than two years, and which has been accepted by thousands of customers, but no competitor has followed us in making it, for the reason that their smaller volume of business would not permit them to do business on a ten per cent margin. Here is the offer: Pay cash for any Diamond and we will give you a written agreement to refund all that you pay—less ten per cent, at any time within one year. You might under this offer pay $50 for a Diamond; wear it a year then send it back to us and get $45, making the cost of wearing a fine Diamond a whole year, less than ten cents per week. **A Charge Account** with us is a confidential matter. There are no vexatious delays or disagreeable preliminaries—everything is prompt, pleasant and guaranteed to be satisfactory. **Write today for our beautiful new catalog.**

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THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE OFFERS

Season of 1903-4



OUR MAGAZINE LIST

	Regular Price	Foreign Postage Extra
SUCCESS, . . .	**$1.00**	$0.75
Must be included in every order.		
CLASS A		
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly,	**$1.00**	$0.84
The Cosmopolitan, . .	**1.00**	.84
Good Housekeeping, .	**1.00**	.60
Woman's Home Companion,	**1.00**	.50
Pearson's Magazine, .	**1.00**	.84

CLASS B	Regular Price	Foreign Postage Extra
The Review of Reviews, .	**$2.50**	$1.00
The World's Work, . .	**3.00**	1.10
Current Literature, . .	**3.00**	.60
Country Life in America,	**3.00**	.85
Outing, ...	**3.00**	1.00
Lippincott's Magazine, .	**2.50**	.96
The Independent, . .	**2.00**	1.56
The Art Interchange, .	**4.00**	.75

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY has been for many years a leader among American magazines. During the coming winter it will be enlarged and improved to an extent far beyond any betterment in the past, and its increase in size will give room for new ideas and features that will greatly add to its already widespread popularity. It is always bright, entertaining, and full of keen human interest. Published monthly. Price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement on back cover. Among our best offers are:

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly and Success, $1.50.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, Success, The Cosmopolitan, and Woman's Home Companion, $2.50.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, Success, and either Current Literature, or any other magazine of Class B, $3.00.

Woman's Home Companion

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is large, well illustrated and interesting,—a home monthly of great popularity and influence. It has many special articles and departments on fashions, home decoration, etc. Published monthly. Price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 790. Among our best offers are:

Woman's Home Companion, Success, and either The Cosmopolitan, or any other magazine of Class A, $2.

Woman's Home Companion, Success, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and Pearson's Magazine, $2.50.

Woman's Home Companion, Success, and either Country Life in America, or any other magazine of Class B, $3.00.

The Independent

THE INDEPENDENT is a *weekly* news magazine of widespread influence. It discusses the social, political and religious topics of the day with unsurpassed strength. The world would be the gainer if it could be placed in every home. Published weekly. Price, $2.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 802. Among our best offers are:

The Independent and Success, $2.50.

The Independent, Success, and either Frank Leslie's Pop. Monthly, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

The Independent, Success, The Cosmopolitan, and Good Housekeeping, $3.50.

The Art Interchange

The ART INTERCHANGE is a magazine devoted to home decoration and art, and is almost the only periodical published of its special character. It is beautifully illustrated, and with each issue are given, as a supplement, one or more exquisite pictures, in many colors, suitable for framing. Published monthly. Price, $4.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 800. Among our best offers are:

Art Interchange and Success, (special and very unusual offer,) $2.50.

Art Interchange, Success, and either Good Housekeeping, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

Art Interchange, Success, The Cosmopolitan, and Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, $3.50.

The Review of Reviews

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS is the leading "news magazine" of the world, having widespread international connections from which its editors are able to obtain early inside knowledge of many of the most notable happenings in the domain of politics, diplomacy, science, and literature. Its monthly "Review of the World's Progress," by the editor, Dr. Albert Shaw, is an education in itself, and is invaluable to all who wish to be posted on topics of the day. Its reviews of contemporary magazines and books are also noteworthy, as are its reproductions of the best cartoons of home and foreign papers, and its many leading articles on social and other problems. Its daily record of important events is adapted for quick reference purposes. It is finely illustrated, and absolutely "up to date" in all important respects. Published monthly. Price, $2.50 per annum. See advertisement, page 797. Among our best offers are:

The Review of Reviews and Success, $2.50.

The Review of Reviews, Success, and either Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

The Review of Reviews, Success, and either Outing, or any other magazine of Class B, $4.00.

The Cosmopolitan

THE COSMOPOLITAN was the leader in the movement which brought about high class magazines at low prices, and has always maintained its great popularicy and interest. Its contents are timely, intensely interesting and brilliant in conception and execution. Edited by John Brisben Walker. Published monthly. Price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 798. Among our best offers are:

The Cosmopolitan, Success, and either Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, or any other magazine of Class A, $2.00.

The Cosmopolitan, Success, Good Housekeeping, and Pearson's Magazine, $2.50.

The Cosmopolitan, Success, and either The Review of Reviews, or any other magazine of Class B, $3.00.

Lippincott's Magazine

A complete set of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for thirty years past would contain more "first editions" of famous novels and stories than could be brought together at a hundred times the cost in any other way. Each monthly number contains a complete new copyrighted novel by a popular author, together with several short stories of the highest class, and other articles of current interest. Such a magazine forms a growing library of steadily increasing value, and the monthly novels alone, if published in book form, would easily cost many times the annual subscription price. Published monthly. Price, $2.50 per annum. See advertisement, page 803. Among our best offers are:

Lippincott's Magazine and Success, $2.50.

Lippincott's Magazine, Success, and either Good Housekeeping, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

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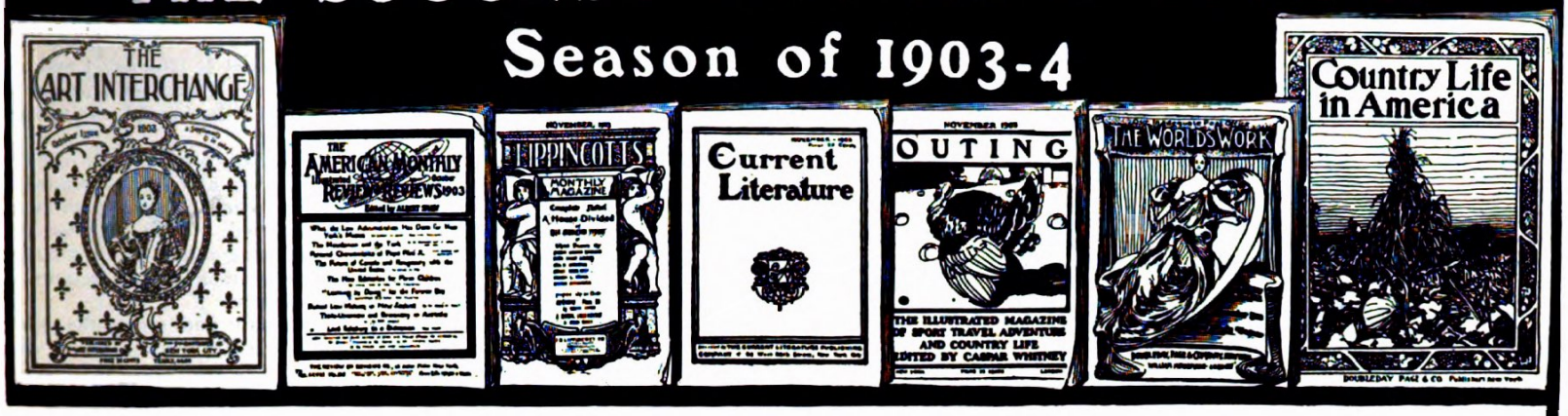
Any reader of SUCCESS who sends us *two* SUCCESS subscriptions, new or renewal, (either alone, at $1.00 each, or included in above SUCCESS clubs, when ordered at full club prices,) may have, as a reward, any one of the twelve books in "Our Book List," (see opposite page.) Any reader who sends us *three* SUCCESS subscriptions, may have, as a reward, a fourth subscription to SUCCESS, or a subscription to any one of the five $1.00 magazines of Class A, listed above.

Present subscribers to SUCCESS whose subscriptions have not yet expired may take advantage of these offers, either by ordering their own subscriptions extended for one year from dates of expiration, or by entering a subscription for some relative or friend.

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THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE OFFERS

Season of 1903-4



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THE TWO VANREVELS, .	1.50	HOW TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS,	1.35
OUT OF GLOUCESTER, .	1.50	THE BROOK BOOK, . .	1.35
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Mark Twain writes to Mr. Doubleday, "Two days overdue and THE WORLD'S WORK has not yet reached me. Pray make a note of this. I should rather not have to resort to violence." Such letters as these indicate how strong THE WORLD'S WORK has become among those who know what good magazine making is. It deals with a wealth of contemporary history and facts. Its illustrations are great in number, of wide variety and exceeding beauty; they are quite unique, in fact, from their size and quality; and the whole "get up" of this famous magazine is on the lines of breadth, generosity and beauty. Edited by Walter Page. Published monthly. Price, $3.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 796. Among our best offers are:

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World's Work, Success, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and Good Housekeeping, $3.50.

World's Work, Success, and either The Review of Reviews, or any other magazine of Class B, $4.00.

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Country Life in America, Success, and either Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

Country Life in America, Success, Good Housekeeping, and Pearson's Magazine, $3.50.

Country Life in America, Success, and either The Review of Reviews, or any other magazine of Class B, $4.00.

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Current Literature, Success, and either Good Housekeeping, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

Current Literature, Success, Woman's Home Companion, and The Cosmopolitan, $3.50.

Good Housekeeping

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is exactly what its name suggests,—a magazine of the home and homemaking. It is full of sensible, practical suggestions of interest to women, and, in fact, to all who are devoted to home life. Writers of prominence, and experts of special ability are contributors to its columns. Published monthly. Regular price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 801. Among our best offers are:

Good Housekeeping, Success, and either The Cosmopolitan, or any other magazine of Class A, $2.00.

Good Housekeeping, Success, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and Pearson's, $2.50.

Good Housekeeping, Success, and either The Independent, or any other magazine of Class B, $3.00.

Outing

OUTING is a magazine of fresh air and breezy outdoor life. If you once see a single copy you will want it regularly *for yourself*. Its pages are bright with life, sport, adventure, art, fiction,—the breath of the fields and the smell of the woods. It is an all-the-year-round vacation. Edited by Caspar Whitney. Published monthly. Price, $3.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 791. Among our best offers are:

Outing, Success, and either Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, or any other magazine of Class A, $3.00.

Outing, Success, The Cosmopolitan, and Pearson's, $3.50.

Outing, Success, and either The World's Work, or any other magazine of Class B, $4.00.

Pearson's Magazine

Among the dollar magazines, PEARSON'S has a flavor all its own, and an interest and charm which will explain its rapid increase in circulation to a place among the leaders. It is able to draw upon the literary resources of both Europe and America, and its many special features for 1904 are most attractive and interesting. Published monthly. Price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 800. Among our best offers are:

Pearson's Magazine, Success, and either The Cosmopolitan, or any other magazine of Class A, $2.00.

Pearson's Magazine, Success, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and Good Housekeeping, $2.50.

Pearson's Magazine, Success, and either Current Literature, or any other magazine of Class B, $3.00.

THE SUCCESS ATLAS and GAZETTEER

This is a most beautiful Traveling Atlas of nearly 600 pages, exquisitely printed and bound in silk cloth, and containing a most unique and convenient reference index to the 40,000 towns mapped. Regular price, $1.00. It may be ordered with any of the Success combinations by adding only $.35 to the combination price. Invaluable for the office or library table.

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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 are now in force. A list of these offers will be mailed to any one on application. 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

A Start in Life— And How to Make It

"How can I make money? How can I make a start in business? There is n't anything to do in this hide-bound village, and I can't leave the old folks."

This is the despairing cry of thousands of boys and girls in the little towns and villages scattered all over the country. Their lives seem to them narrow and circumscribed. They long for the city, or for some place where they can do a larger work—can make more money—can acquire a comfortable independence.

Hence the rush to city and town—the early delights and hopes—the quick contact with dirt and poverty and misery—the breaking of ideals—the living in stuffy, ill-ventilated, much inhabited tenements—the shock of competition—the difficulty of securing positions—the steady lowering of standards, until almost any work is taken that will secure a bare living. Terrible, indeed, are the contrasts between the "Castles in Spain" and the hard realities. Deep the homesickness and the longings for the pure, sweet country air—the smell of hay—the dog—the old friends—the father—the mother—and the brothers and sisters.

These things are not necessary. There is always work to do wherever one is placed, and the great law of compensation shows us that no matter how much we appear to lose we are, in some way, winning. Those who stay in the country live simply, perhaps, but cheaply; a dollar bill goes a long way, while in the city it is snapped up with the slightest luxury or indulgence.

One of the best opportunities in the world, both for profit-making and for helping your fellow man, lies in the adoption, as a regular business, of the work of introducing good literature—both books and magazines—into your community. Many a country district—and many a town and city district, too, for that matter—is starving for good reading, and the intelligence and knowledge of the world which comes in its wake. You can do nothing better than to help to replace poor and trashy literature with good and beneficial magazines and books.

A boy or girl can make himself or herself the headquarters of the village or county for this kind of literature. The leading weekly and monthly periodicals of the country will, in most cases, gladly send you lists of their subscribers to renew, and will pay you liberal commissions for renewing them. You can create new business constantly, putting in each family the periodical best suited for its capacity for enjoyment. By carefully keeping your records you will know exactly when subscriptions, which you have originally taken, expire, and can go around and secure the renewals, building up, in this way, a permanent, definite, easily-handled, and highly profitable business. Many of the periodicals such as SUCCESS give monthly and season prizes for subscription work in connection with large commissions on each order secured, and these prizes are often in themselves worth all the cost of the effort.

Here are a few illustrations of how magazine subscription businesses of this kind are built up:—

In a New England community a man is earning $5,000 a year with practically no expense for office or traveling. He simply lets his townspeople know that he is the magazine man of his community, and his efforts have been so successful that he has worked up a large and permanent business in renewing subscriptions each year.

In an Ohio town another SUCCESS representative is earning hundreds of dollars in the commission and prize money offered by several of the largest magazines for subscription work. He made a "ten-strike" last winter by securing an order of several hundred SUCCESS subscriptions from the head of a large manufacturing concern in his city to be given as Christmas presents to employés.

A lady who took up the work in a small way, in an Eastern town, has pursued almost the same plans, and her work for SUCCESS has yielded her a large sum in commissions and prizes,—much larger, in fact, than could have been earned in any ordinary salaried position.

$545 for one month's work is the record of a young man in Eastern Canada, who secured 810 subscriptions to SUCCESS, alone and unaided, by personal solicitation in the offices, stores and factories of his city. The work called for the investment of not one penny and no previous experience. He has done nearly as well in other months, and had never found it necessary to go out of his own community, in which he has been canvassing for SUCCESS for more than a year past.

One man has traveled from Georgia to the Pacific Coast within the past three months, and has found the work so profitable that, after paying all traveling expenses, he has netted over $50 a week on the subscriptions he has secured.

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The Great Newspaper Editors and Publishers of America



ST. CLAIR McKELWAY.
"The Eagle,"
Brooklyn, New York

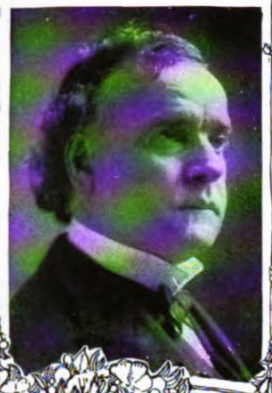


VICTOR LAWSON.
"The News,"
Chicago, Illinois

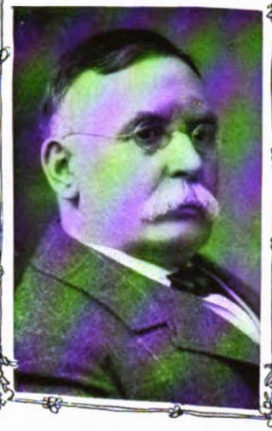
The virtue and courage of a nation are the guidance of its people, and virtue and courage are based on wisdom. Wisdom is the outcome of enlightenment, and enlightenment is born of the public press. No nation is wholly safe without an unmuzzled press, and the men who control that press are the nation's real builders.—WEBSTER.

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ALDEN J. BLETHEN,
"The Times,"
Seattle, Washington



THOS. M. PATTERSON,
"Rocky Mountain News,"
Denver, Colorado



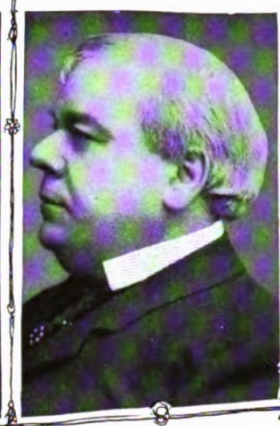
ADOLPH OCHS,
"The Times," New York City, and "The Public Ledger," Philadelphia, Pa.



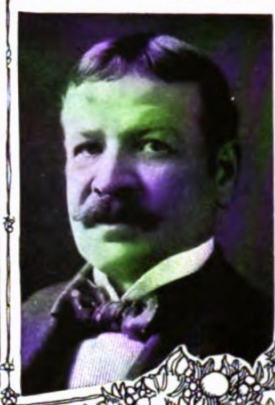
CHAS. EMORY SMITH,
"The Press,"
Philadelphia, Pa.



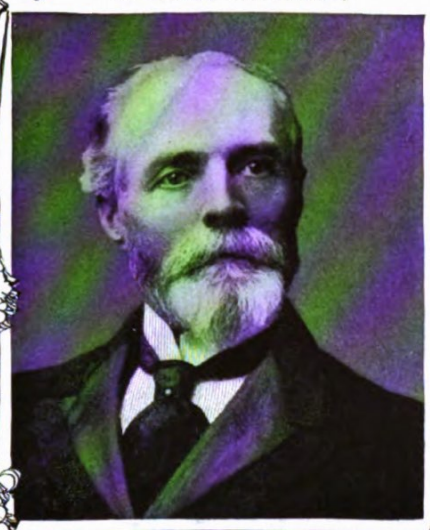
WILLIAM R. NELSON,
"The Star,"
Kansas City, Kansas



M. H. DE YOUNG,
"The Chronicle,"
San Francisco, California



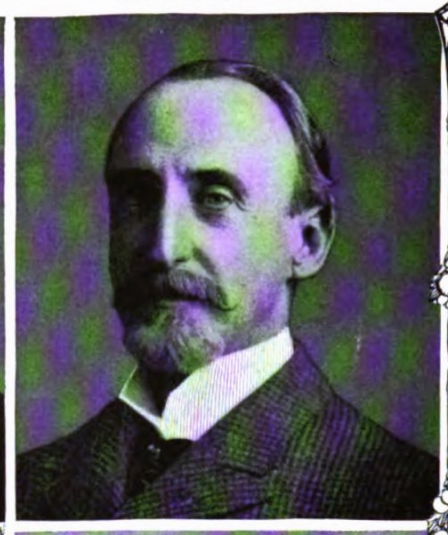
WHITELAW REID,
"The Tribune," New York City



BARIAH WILKINS,
"The Post,"
Washington, D.C.



PAGE BAKER,
"The Times-Democrat,"
New Orleans, Louisiana





WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,
"The Gazette," Emporia, Kansas



JOHN R. McLEAN,
"The Enquirer," Cincinnati, Ohio

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
"The Herald," New York City



CHARLES W. KNAPP,
"The Republic,"
St. Louis, Missouri



ROLLO OGDEN,
"The Evening Post,"
New York City



JOSEPH PULITZER,
"The World,"
New York City

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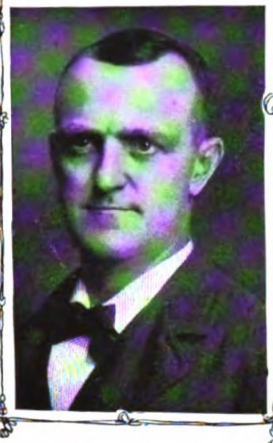
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CHARLES E. KENNEDY,
"The Plain-Dealer,"
Cleveland, Ohio



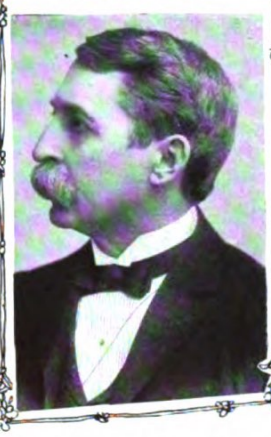
JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES,
"The News,"
Atlanta, Georgia



RICHARD L. METCALFE,
"The World-Herald,"
Omaha, Nebraska



SAMUEL BOWLES,
"The Republican,"
Springfield, Massachusetts



W. E. QUINBY,
"The Free Press,"
Detroit, Michigan



ARTHUR BRISBANE,
"The Evening Journal,"
New York City



CHESTER S. LORD,
"The Sun," New York City



CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
"The Globe,"
Boston, Mass.

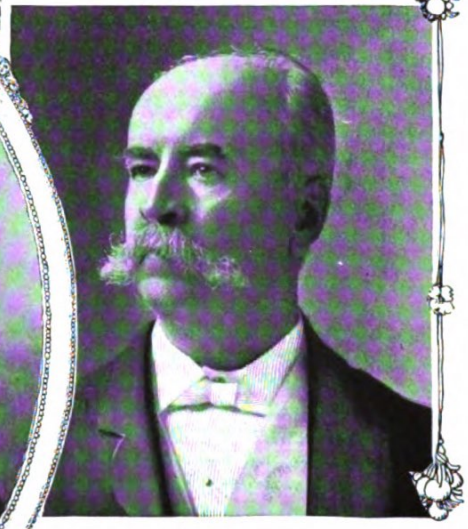


WILLIAM R. HEARST,
"The American," "The Evening Journal," New York City, etc., etc.



FRANK BRETT NOYES,
"The Record-Herald," Chicago, Ill.

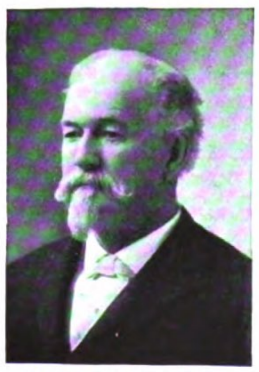
HENRY WATTERSON,
"The Courier-Journal," Louisville, Kentucky



FELIX ANGUS,
"The American," Baltimore, Maryland



HERMAN RIDDER,
"Staats-Zeitung,"
New York City



JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,
"The Courant,"
Hartford, Connecticut



SAM S. CHAMBERLAIN,
"The American,"
New York City

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HARVEY W. SCOTT,
"The Oregonian,"
Portland, Oregon



CLARK HOWELL,
"The Constitution,"
Atlanta, Georgia

As I look down the vista of the ages and see the men whose genius whirled civilization into its proper ken, one stands out greater, more powerful, more wonderful than all the rest, and he is the man who first gave his thoughts to a printed page. He was the founder of the press, the beacon of a benighted world.—CONKLING.

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All three $2.00

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My Price $2.25

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Success, or any Class A . . 1.00
My Price $1.50

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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly . $1.00
12 months, including handsome Christmas Number and Heroine Calendar worth .50
Success, or any Class A 1.00
Woman's Home Companion Or House Beautiful, $2.00; or any magazine in Class A. 1.00
My Price $2.25

Review of Reviews $2.50
Or World's Work, $3.00; Country Life, $3.00; Outing, $3.00; Art Interchange, $4.00; Current Literature, $3.00; or any magazine in Class B.
Success 1.00
Cosmopolitan . . 1.00
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Success or any Magazine in Class A may be substituted for either.
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Cosmopolitan . . . $1.00
Or Harper's Bazar or Woman's Home Companion.
Household Ledger . . 1.00
Or National Magazine.
My Price $1.25

American Boy . . . $1.00
Or Frank Leslie's Pop. Monthly.
Household Ledger . . 1.00
Or National Magazine.
My Price $1.25

SUCCESS $1.00
Or any magazine in Class A.
Household Ledger . . 1.00
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. 1.00
Or any magazine in Class A.
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Or Twentieth Century Home.
Household Ledger . . 1.00
My Price $1.25

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Woman's Home Companion 1.00
Harper's Bazar . . . 1.00
Success or any Magazine in Class A may be substituted for either.
My Price $2.00

Outing $3.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Cosmopolitan 1.00
Or any other Magazine in Class A.
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World's Work . . . $3.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Cosmopolitan . . . 1.00
Pearson's 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
My Price $3.25

Country Life in America $3.00
World's Work . . . 3.00
My Price $3.75

Art Interchange , . . $4.00
Or any magazine in Class B.
Outing 3.00
Or any magazine in Class B.
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. 1.00
Or any magazine in Class A.
My Price $4.25

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will be sent free to all customers and applicants. It contains list of and quotes low prices on about 3000 periodicals as well as many additional club offers. This is one of the most complete and correct subscription catalogues published and is used as a reference by thousands of agents and publishers.

REFERENCES—Any American Publisher; Any Brockport or Rochester Bank; and Dun's or Bradstreet's,

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED to take orders for my Club Offers. Liberal Commission Paid.

I HAVE NO TRAVELING REPRESENTATIVES. Pay No Money to Such who are Strangers to You.

The periodicals in these offers may be sent to one or to different addresses. If you only want one or two periodicals, join with your friends and divide the cost of the club. The

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All magazines are sent one full year direct from publisher's office to the subscribers in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii, or the Philippines. Postage in other foreign countries extra, viz.: one cent for each 2 ounces weight.

Present Success subscribers may order their own subscriptions extended for one year, or enter another Success subscription to some friend.

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Or any other magazine in Class A.
Etude (for Music Lovers) 1.50
My Price $2.00

Cosmopolitan . . . $1.00
Pictorial Review . . 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
My Price $1.50

Cosmopolitan . . . $1.00
Twentieth Century Home 1.00
My Price $1.25

Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. $1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
SUCCESS 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
My Price $1.50

Cosmopolitan . . . $1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
SUCCESS 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
Woman's Home Companion 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
My Price $2.00

Art Interchange . . $4.00
SUCCESS 1.00
Or any other magazine in class A.
My Price $2.50

Current Literature . . $3.00
SUCCESS 1.00
Or any other Magazine in Class A.
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My Price $3.00

Success or any Class A with Century Magazine	$5.00	$4.50
Success or any Class A with St. Nicholas	4.00	3.50
Success or any Class A with Scribner's	4.00	3.75
Success or any Class A with Four-Track News	1.50	1.25
Success or any Class A with Leslie's Weekly	5.00	4.00
Success or any Class A with Judge	6.00	4.50
Success or any Class A with Puck	6.00	5.00

CLASS C.

Arkansaw Traveler	1 yr.	$ .50	Any three $1.25
American Poultry Journal	1 yr.	.50	
Beauty and Health	1 yr.	.50	
Boys' World	1 yr.	.50	
Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette	1 yr.	1.00	
Four Track News	1 yr.	.50	
Holiday Magazine (Children)	1 yr.	.50	
Housekeeper, Minneapolis	1 yr.	.60	
Home Needlework Magazine	1 yr.	.50	
Ladies' World	1 yr.	.50	
Little Boys and Girls	1 yr.	.75	
McCall's Magazine	1 yr.	.50	Any one with any one in Class A $1.25
Modern Priscilla	1 yr.	.50	
Nickell Magazine	1 yr.	.50	
Normal Instructor	1 yr.	.50	
Poultry Success	1 yr.	.50	
Sunny South	1 yr.	.50	
Vick's Magazine	1 yr.	.50	Any two with any one in Class A $1.50
What To Eat	1 yr.	1.00	
World's Events	1 yr.	.50	
Young People's Magazine	1 yr.	.40	Any three with any one in Class A $1.75

CLASS A.

American Bird Magazine	1 yr.	$1.00	Any two of these $1.50
American Boy	1 yr.	1.00	
American Motherhood	1 yr.	1.00	
Atlanta Constitution	1 yr.	1.00	
Bookkeeper	1 yr.	1.00	
Boston Cooking School Mag	1 yr.	1.00	
Chicago Wk. Inter Ocean	1 yr.	1.00	
Cincinnati Wk. Enquirer	1 yr.	1.00	
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1 yr.	1.00	
Cy Scudder (Arkell Co.)	1 yr.	1.00	Any three $2.00
Educator	1 yr.	1.00	
Eleanor Kirk's Idea	1 yr.	1.00	
The Era	1 yr.	1.00	
Farm Poultry	1 yr.	1.00	
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon	1 yr.	1.00	Any four $2.50
Foolish Book (Arkell Co.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Good Health	1 yr.	1.00	
Good Housekeeping	1 yr.	1.00	
Harper's Bazar	1 yr.	1.00	
Health	1 yr.	1.00	
Health Culture	1 yr.	1.00	
Hints (for Church Socials, etc.)	1 yr.	1.00	Any three of these with one of Class C $2.25
House Beautiful	1 yr.	2.00	
Household-Ledger	1 yr.	1.00	
Junior-Toilettes	1 yr.	1.00	
Just Fun (Arkell Co.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Literary World	1 yr.	1.00	
Little Folks (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Louisville Courier-Journal (wk.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Men of To-Morrow	1 yr.	1.00	
Musical World	1 yr.	1.00	
National Magazine	1 yr.	1.00	Any two of these with two of Class C $2.00
Nat'l Stockman and Farmer	1 yr.	1.00	
Normal Instructor (three yrs.)		1.00	
New Education (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Olympian	1 yr.	1.00	
Outdoor Life	1 yr.	1.00	
Pathfinder	1 yr.	1.00	
Pearson's Magazine	1 yr.	1.00	Any two with any one in Class B $3.25
Philistine	1 yr.	1.00	
Physical Culture (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Pictorial Review	1 yr.	1.00	
Pilgrim Magazine	1 yr.	1.00	
Popular Educator (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Prairie Farmer	1 yr.	1.00	
Primary Education (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00	
Recreation	1 yr.	1.00	
Success	**1 yr.**	**1.00**	Any one of these with two of Class B $4.25
Twentieth Century Home	1 yr.	1.00	
Vick's Magazine (three years)		1.00	
Woman's Home Companion	1 yr.	1.00	
World's Events (three years)		1.00	
Youth	1 yr.	1.00	

CLASS B.

World's Work	1 yr.	$3.00	Any two of these $3.75
Country Life in America	1 yr.	3.00	
Current Literature	1 yr.	3.00	
Outing	1 yr.	3.00	
Craftsman	1 yr.	3.00	
The Art Interchange	1 yr.	4.00	
The Week's Progress	1 yr.	2.00	Any three $5.25
The Critic	1 yr.	2.00	
The Bookman	1 yr.	2.00	
Toilettes	1 yr.	2.00	
Education (new sub.)	1 yr.	3.00	
Lippincott's	1 yr.	2.50	Any one with any one in Class A $2.75
Independent	1 yr.	2.00	
N. Y. Observer (new sub.)	1 yr.	3.00	
Trained Nurse	1 yr.	2.00	
World To-Day	1 yr.	3.00	

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FREE If you will send me **THREE** orders for **ANY** combinations, you may have, **FREE**, as your premium, a yearly subscription to **ANY** periodical mentioned in **CLASS "A" above.** Your **OWN** club and **TWO** other clubs make the **THREE** orders. Special cash commission quoted to agents on SUCCESS CLUBS.

Harper's Magazine, $3.35. McClure's Magazine, $1.00. Munsey's Magazine, $1.00. Everybody's, $1.00. Ladies' Home Journal, $1.00. Saturday Evening Post, $1.25. Youth's Companion, (including all double and Free Numbers and Calendar for 1904,) $1.75. Scribner's may be added to any combination for $2.85, but alone costs subscribers $3.00. Century, $3.65. St. Nicholas, $2.65.

My Prices.—I intend to have my prices the lowest. Should any agency or publisher make different or better offers send your orders to me at their price.

You Receive Receipt from me for each remittance.

Periodicals Not in My List.—If you want any periodical not found in offers write for terms.

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By Post Office Money Order (Brockport is an International M.O. office.)
By Any Express Co's Money Order.

Address all orders to **W. H. MOORE, No. 47 Moore Bldg., BROCKPORT, N. Y.**

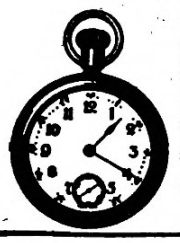
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Which of These Articles Do You Want?

TAKE YOUR PICK—THEY WILL COST YOU NO MONEY

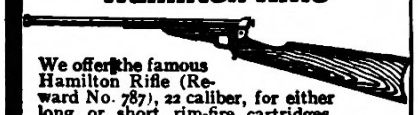
They are given for SUCCESS subscriptions. You certainly know of two or three people who would willingly subscribe for such a fine, helpful magazine for the mere asking. Why not see them at once, and thus get the article you want?

Nickel Watch



We offer a gentleman's nickel watch, stem wind and set, not a "pocket clock," but a good watch in every particular (Reward No. 893), for two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and twenty cents additional. Price, $2.25, postage paid.

Hamilton Rifle



We offer the famous Hamilton Rifle (Reward No. 787), 22 caliber, for either long or short rim-fire cartridges, with lever action, automatic shell extractor; weight 2 pounds, length, 22½ inches, with barrel finished in blue-black, and handsome walnut stock, for three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and five cents additional. Price, $1.50, receiver to pay express charges.

Game Board



We offer the well-known Crown Combination Game Board (Reward No. 524), with equipment for playing 65 different games, for five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Each board is well-made of hard-wood and is accompanied by the following equipment: 29 rings, 19 Spider and Fly men, 2 cues, 15 numbered disks, 1 combination backstop and score-tab, 4 metal spinning rings, 1 rule book and a box containing men, making 72 pieces in all. Price, $5.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Striking Bag



The striking bag is the one gymnastic equipment which does not pall upon one because of the sustained interest which its various uses entail. In fact it is almost a gymnasium in itself.

We offer a Striking (or "Punching") Bag (Reward No. 455), substantially made of well tanned leather, double stitched, with rubber bladder, rubber cord for floor and rope for ceiling attachment, for only three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, or for two subscriptions and twenty-five cents additional. Price, $1.25, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Camera



The Cyclone, Jr., which we offer, is generally regarded as the most practical low priced camera in the market. It takes pictures 3¼ by 3½, and has a capacity of three double-plate holders; an especially constructed automatic shutter for time and instantaneous exposures, and high-grade Meniscus lens of universal focus. This camera (Reward No. 792) will be furnished for four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and ten cents additional. Price, $3.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

The "Post" Fountain Pen



Nothing else is more useful to a student, clerk or business man than a good fountain pen, and there is no better and more practical fountain pen than the "Post." Our illustration shows the great advantage of the "Post" over other pens; namely that it is self-filling. It is only necessary to dip the nib of the pen in the ink bottle, draw out the plunger, and the pen is ready for use. It can be cleaned in five seconds by putting the nib into water and drawing the plunger backward and forward a few times. We offer the "Post" Fountain Pen (Reward No. 767) as a reward for sending two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, and fifteen cents additional, postage prepaid. Price, $3.00.



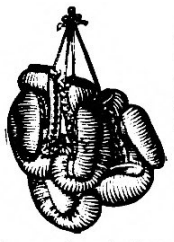
TIME FOR SKATES!

TO glide with long swinging strokes over the frozen surface of river, lake or pond on a pair of good skates is as nearly akin to birdlike flight as humans ever get, and a keener pleasure would be hard indeed to find. But this pleasure depends almost wholly on a pair of **good** skates. We have them. Just now the hockey skate is **the** thing. We will send you a pair of Winslow's St. Nicholas Club Hockey Skates, flat bottom runners, made from the best rolled cast steel, nickel-plated and buffed, brackets of extra quality and strength of steel, warranted not to break, sizes 8 to 12 inches in length (be sure to send your size), as a reward for only three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.25, receiver to pay express charges.

An all-clamp skate, however, is easier of adjustment, and therefore appeals to those occasional devotees who do not care to provide a special skating shoe. You may obtain a pair of the famous Peck & Snyder skates, full nickel-plated, also for three subscriptions.

The popular style for women and girls is a skate with clamp toes, and russet leather heel-straps. We have them also, and will furnish a splendid pair, full nickel plated, for four subscriptions to SUCCESS. The subscriptions may be new or renewal.

Boxing Gloves



About this season the boys and young men are laying plans for making the long winter evenings pleasant and profitable. Nothing will afford more genuine entertainment for a group of boys, or will be of more use in developing their physical power and their manliness than a set of boxing gloves. The set shown herewith (Reward No. 453) is one of our most popular rewards. They are the famous Corbett pattern, men's size, grip and cuffs of olive tan leather, balance of glove finished in dark wine color, well padded with hair, with laced wristbands. Given for only four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, or two subscriptions and eighty cents additional. Price, $2.25, receiver to pay express charges.

We have another set of gloves (Reward No. 451) almost as good in quality and style as the one shown above, which is given for only two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal, or for one subscription and forty cents additional, receiver to pay express charges. Price, $1.00.

Indian Beadwork Outfit



The making of beadwork, such as Apache Indians used to weave, is more than a passing fad. It is an art easily mastered by anyone, and our outfit contains full instructions, equipment and material for making various articles of beadwork, such as belts, collarettes, etc. The loom in our outfit (Reward No. 900) is one of the best on the market. The beadwork loom is offered as a reward for three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price of the complete outfit, $1.50, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Electric Bell Equipment



By means of this equipment (Reward No. 129) any bright boy or girl can install an electric bell either for the door or elsewhere. It contains 1 "Mascot" dry battery, 1 bronze push button, 1 Japanned iron box, bell with nickel-plated gong, 75 feet of insulated wire and a package of staples and screws; with full directions for installing and equipment. The outfit is sent as a reward for two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Steam Engine



Reward No. 121. This is a real steam engine, 16 inches high. It can be run with alcohol or coal oil and is made so strongly that it cannot explode, being carefully tested before leaving the factory. Has brass boiler, automatic safety valve, water gauge, steam whistle, balance wheel, and book containing full directions for running and taking care of it. Sent packed in a wooden box as a reward for five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $2.50, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Electro-Medical Machine



In this machine (Reward No. 659) no battery is required, the electricity being generated by hand-power applied to the highly geared mechanism. It is a very interesting piece of machinery and substantially constructed. It offers much amusement and considerable benefit in certain pathological conditions. Offered as a reward for two SUCCESS subscriptions, new or renewal. Price, $1.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Electric Motor



The little Rex Electric Motor and Fan (Reward No. 130), is small but very powerful for its size. The size of the fan is 3½ inches. The fan may be detached, and a pulley wheel or any other machinery operated by means of the motor. Given as a reward for three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.15, express charges to be paid by the receiver.

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Amateur Journalism, the Prince of Hobbies

WILLIAM ROBERT MURPHY

THE junior world of letters, known as amateur journalism, is in most particulars a counterpart of the professional literary world. A desire to see one's thoughts expressed in print comes to many young people, and the easiest, and at the same time the most practical, way of attaining this desire is by entering the field of amateur journalism, either as a contributor to some of the two hundred or more amateur papers now published, or by starting a publication of one's own. Many amateur journalists are amateur printers as well, and the work of setting the type and running off their issues gives additional zest to the pastime. An amateur with his own printing shop possesses a distinct advantage over his fellows in that he materially decreases the expense of riding his hobby. Sometimes he even turns it to profit by printing the papers of his brother amateurs.

While one should not enter the field of amateur journalism with the expectation of gaining pecuniary profit, yet the expense of pursuing the hobby is by no means beyond the resources of the average youth. Few amateur papers appear so frequently as to cost more time and money than the advantages of the hobby are worth. In fact, most amateur journals are issued once in a while, or, as one amateur prints on his editorial page, "are published occasionally, because the editor likes to fool with type." Some papers cost only a few dollars for each issue, although of course some of the most ardent devotee of the hobby publish *edition de luxe* papers with deckel edges, printed in colors on splendid paper and costing large sums. But the average amateur publishes a paper of from eight to twelve pages of the standard Century size, seven by twelve inches. Such a paper costs from two to four dollars a page for an issue of about five hundred.

Amateur editors and printers, however, are not the only active figures in the junior world of letters. In fact, a large proportion of the devotees of that hobby are content to be contributors, and so amateur journalism has its essayists, poets, critics, and fiction writers. The columns of all amateur papers are open to outside contributors, and there is frequent rivalry to secure the work of favorite authors.

The social and fraternal side is considered by some the most interesting phase of amateur journalism. There are many associations of amateur journalists, the most important of which are the National Amateur Press Association, the United Amateur Press Association, and the Interstate Amateur Press Association. The National or "N. A. P. A." was organized at the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876, and last July held its twenty-seventh annual convention in Chicago. It has the largest and most diversified membership. The United or "U. A. P. A." is next in point of numbers. It was organized in Philadelphia, in 1895. This organization is composed largely of the younger element, and what it has lacked in experience it has made up in enthusiasm. The Interstate, which held its first convention in Boston on Labor Day, is of course the smallest, though in quality it perhaps averages the highest. It is somewhat restrictive in its requirements, accepting only those who are active and able, yet giving everyone a chance to come up to its constitutional standard. Nearly all of its members are affiliated with one or both of the other organizations, hence it can not be considered as a rival. Its projectors evidently intended it to be a sort of thirty-third degree for those interested in the literary side of the cause.

An interesting feature of the large associations is the annual convention held by each association. At these conventions the various officers are elected and the campaigns preceding the election of the various officers have in them all of the elements of national politics. It is generally held by most amateurs that the element of politics is valuable for keeping up the interest, although it is regretted by all that occasionally there are political transactions that are almost as questionable as some that are enacted in the outer world of serious politics. Each association publishes an official organ, and the editorship of this paper is one of the political plums greatly to be desired. There are also the usual offices of president, vice president, and secretaries, as well as various committees.

There is nothing new in publishing small papers, the earliest authentic journal being the "Juvenile Portfolio," published in Philadelphia in 1812 by the memorable Condie,—Thomas J. Condie, Jr., the invalid boy. John Howard Payne, composer of "Home, Sweet Home," published a little journal devoted to the drama. In 1830, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great novelist, published a manuscript called the "Spectator." Cyrus Curtis, proprietor of the Ladies' Home Journal, published an amateur paper about which he writes, "I have only two copies left, and these I would not part with for anything." Governor George W. Peck, of "Bad Boy" fame, and Mark M. ("Brick,") Pomeroy, the humorist, also published papers about 1850. After 1860 more papers began to appear. Among the amateurs of this decade who have reached distinction are George Alfred Townsend, "Gath," the novelist, Joel Cook, city editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger," E. A. Grozier, publisher of the Boston "Daily Globe," Thomas A. Edison, Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the "Century," and John Wanamaker, who says about his paper, "When I was sixteen years old I was the editor and business manager of a paper called 'Everybody's Journal,' which paid its way with advertising." This is a significant fact when we consider that Mr. Wanamaker largely owes his success to his ability to make his advertisements pay.

In 1868 the Novelty Press, a cheap printing press, was put on the market, chiefly through the influence of W. T. Adams,—"Oliver Optic." At once amateur papers began to be published by hundreds. Scribner Brothers, now Charles Scribner's Sons, published "Merry Moments," which was remarkably successful, and at their house the first amateur association was formed, in 1869. This was called the Amateur Printers' Association, which later became the National Amateur Press Association.

Of course the best way to understand the purpose and details of amateur journalism is by actual examination of typical amateur publications. The Amateur Journalist Secretary of the Success League will be glad to mail samples of papers to anyone who sends four cents to cover the postage. Address: The Success League, Amateur Journalist Department, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.



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The Burden of the Heavy-Laden

[*Concluded from page 8*]

fact that they were getting better prices for their wares, and had a better market—opened for them by sentiment,—than outside manufacturers. There are wrecks all along the shore, giving plenty of opportunities to "calamity-howlers."

Perhaps you would also class me among the croakers. I hope you will not, because I should fervently resent it. I want to be perfectly fair, and am willing to admit much. Every mission does good and is an influence for good. Every agency that gives a bed or a meal to one of my needy fellows is welcomed by me, provided it uplifts instead of distorting manhood. What I am complaining about is that much of the money which is sent to the rescue of the slums is wasted, not so much by intent as by ignorance. If a man gives me a hundred dollars to help you and I buy you a five-dollar pair of shoes, I help you, but not according to the degree of the giver's intention. There is a lot of discriminate and indiscriminate dispensing of charity by missionaries, and some of the discriminate is sinisterly tinged.

Remedies for these cancers on the long-suffering body of Charity should not be hard to find. Centralize material relief; scatter the Word. Draw distinctions between the two in every place where the work is done in His name. You, rich and free givers, give not only your money, but also your thought and coöperation. Never was the time more auspicious than now for work in this vineyard, for the soil is ready. Do not come to the tune of tam-tams and trumpets, but come to quietly follow His command, "Go ye, and labor."

Yes, and a hundred times yes, I am biased and bitter, because I know there are men and women who would "try God's way,"—it has come to that,—but they are frightened away by the hovering shams and cheats. I have asked men to go to missions, and they have answered: "No, we don't want to have anything to do with 'fakes.'"

Think of it! "Fake" coupled with work for God! You will throw up your hands in horror at this, but you have always been more ready to condemn than to help your fellow, the slave of the slum.

Even one, a unit, can contain a great dynamic force. Were I a missionary, I would prefer making ONE Christian to making a thousand converts, and I feel sure I could convince my financial patrons that their money was not ill spent. That one Christian, by his personality and example, would be a living witness and the greatest means of bringing others to Him. Numbers do not count with the loving Shepherd who went out to the mountains wild and bare to gather home the one,—just one,—the hundredth of His sheep.

FORWARD!

ERNEST NEAL LYON

BECAUSE you may not scale the mountain peak
To comrade with the thunder-cloud or star,
Because your single arm may be too weak
To break Fate's bar,

Shall you, in sleepy indolence, recline,
Or sigh for sterner souls to lead the way,
Until the sunlight blushes into wine
At your delay?

Because you fear to try the shoreless sea,
Alone, unpiloted across the night,
Because your camp unfortified may be
For final fight,

Despair not! For, if thou but do thy best,
With present weapons against real things,
Remember Heaven, for the final test,
Will lend thee wings!

The Optimist and the Trolley

THE late Reverend B. M. Luther was an optimist of the first water. In preaching his gospel of cheerfulness one day, he said to a friend of pessimistic tendencies:—

"What is that coming up Broadway?"

"Why, just a trolley car."

"Precisely. To your eyes it is a commonplace, yellow vehicle, with an ordinary motorman in front and an everyday conductor in the rear, but, to the man of God-given sanguinity, it is a chariot of gold with diamond-studded wheels, a seraph at the wheel and brake, and a cherub collecting fares."

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The Latest Wonders in the World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

SIR OLIVER LODGE, the eminent English physicist, thinks it is time to stop asking this question. We know vastly more about electricity, he thinks, than about ordinary matter. In fact, in trying to state the relations between matter and electricity, Sir Oliver has defined the former in terms of the latter, instead of *vice versa*. In other words, he asks the question: "What is matter?" and answers it by telling us that matter is probably made up of units of electricity.

What Is Electricity?

▲ ▲

THE change produced by boiling in the colors of certain shell fish is now believed to be caused by oxidation, both the black and red of the lobster, for instance, being perhaps due to the presence of iron in the composition with different proportions of oxygen. On this theory the change would be analogous to rusting. In discussing this question, "The Lancet" reminds us that red hair owes its color to the presence of iron, and that the brilliant colors of autumnal foliage are due to the oxidation of the chlorophyll, or green coloring matter, of the leaves.

Why Does Boiling Turn Lobsters Red?

▲ ▲

THAT all kinds of acute mania are due to some form of blood-poisoning, affecting the brain, has been the belief of many authorities; and a German investigator, Dr. Berger, now announces that he has experimental evidence of this, although he is not quite prepared to draw final conclusions. His method has been to inject fluids from persons suffering from *dementia* into the veins of a healthy subject, and he has not only used animals in his experiments, but has also not hesitated to perform some of them on himself. The results show that the blood of a person in delirium is distinctly a brain-poison.

The Toxin of Delirium

▼ ▲

THE sterilization of all water used in and about the house, whether for drinking or not, is advocated by a French hygienic expert, M. Mellère. Boiling will do it, but an addition of one two-hundredth part of hydrogen peroxide will accomplish the same result, as will also the permanganates in about the same proportion. Tincture of iodine may be used for drinking water in the proportion of four drops to an ordinary *carafe*. There is a slight taste of iodine, but it is not injurious to health. The sterilization, however, lasts for only half an hour.

Sterilize all Your Household Water

▲ ▲

THE theory that delirium is the result of some kind of brain-poisoning, due to a toxin in the blood, is believed to have been confirmed by recent experiments in Germany. Blood taken from a patient suffering from signs of approaching *dementia* caused, when injected into the veins of a healthy person, palpitation, pressure on the brain, and a sensation of fear. Other experiments produced even more marked results, but blood from persons in whom the *dementia* was well developed had no such effect, which the author accounts for by supposing that the poison has left the general circulation by the time the acute symptoms have appeared.

Is Acute Mania a Form of Blood-poisoning?

▲ ▲

IT was asserted by Buffon, the naturalist, that the number of years required by an animal to reach adult life is about one sixth or one seventh the entire length of life in that animal. Later, Flourens thought that one fifth is more nearly the correct ratio. A recent German authority, Dr. G. von Bunge, has confirmed this general law, although the ratios do not appear to be perfectly constant. Dr. von Bunge measured the time taken by various animals to double their birth-weight, and finds this approximately proportional to the time required to reach adult age. Man takes one hundred and eighty days to double his birth-weight, twenty years to reach maturity, and lives ninety to one hundred years. The corresponding numbers for the dog are nine days, two years, and ten to twelve years.

Is Length of Life Proportional to Duration of Growth?

▲ ▲

IN recent experiments on bacteria, Dr. Allan Macfadyen, director of the Jenner Institute in London, has found that some of these microscopic plants will resume activity after immersion in liquid air for six months. Evidently life under conditions of this sort is potential rather than actual, and exists only in virtue of the possibility of its revival. Matter that lives thus while frozen must be, Dr. Macfadyen thinks, "in a new and hitherto unobtained 'third' condition," between life and death, and furnishes us with an absolutely perfect case of "suspended animation." It is evidently no longer possible to maintain that the low temperature of space would have prevented the arrival of living germs with cosmic dust, which was suggested by Helmholtz, the great German physicist, and others, as a possible way in which life may have been introduced on the earth.

Life in Liquid Air

▲ ▲

THAT all standards tend to become lower unless special care is taken to maintain them is asserted by Professor W. Le Conte Stevens. Professor Stevens instances university degrees and professional titles in this country, which he belives continually tend to deteriorate. In school and college a definite numerical marking becomes associated with a lower and lower standard of performance. Judging, for instance, by the usual laws of probability, only about twenty-two per cent. of the students in an institution should attain a grade of eighty-five per cent.; yet in a western college it was found that eighty-five was the average grade. Professor Stevens advocates the protection of university titles

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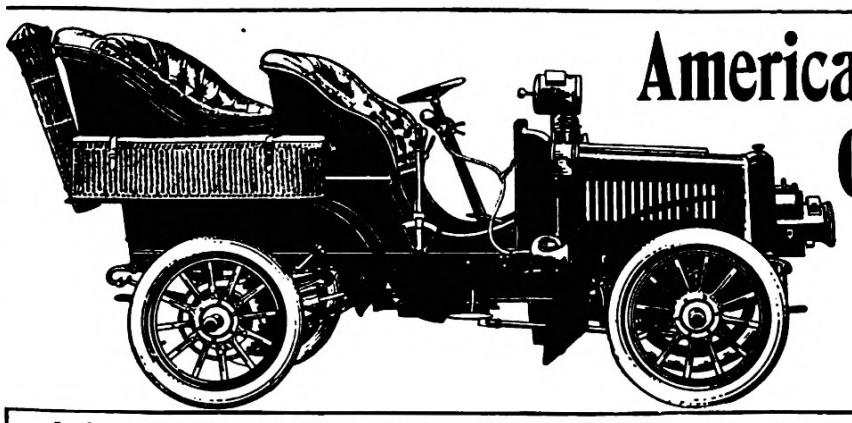
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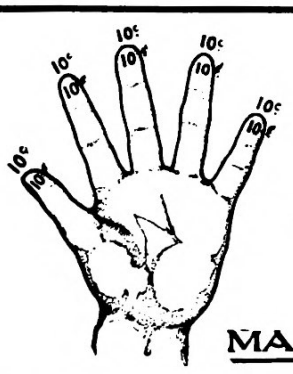
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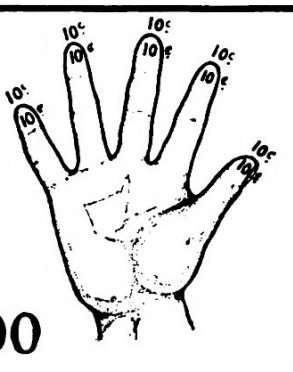
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▲ ▲

To Destroy the Odor of Petroleum

THE disagreeable odor of the refined petroleum used as an illuminant has been largely done away with, although it is still unpleasant when spilled on one's fingers or clothes; but that of the naphtha or "petroleum essence" used in explosion-motors is still objectionable in the highest degree, and the common use of these motors on highways in automobiles makes some process of deodorization imperative. The odor of petroleum may be overcome by mixture with a more powerful odor of the same type, such as amyl acetate, but this is expensive. Most processes of deodorization are complex or difficult, consisting of treatment with various chemicals. The simplest seems to be that in which the oil is treated with a mixture of massicot (lead protoxide,) and caustic potash. Filtration methods have also been announced, but they do not seem to be yet in general use.

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Metals That Suffer from Sickness

THAT metals may be "poisoned," or otherwise pass through stages of structural change analogous to those produced in the cells of the body by organic disease, is maintained by Professor Heyn, a German metallurgist. According to his theory, the reason that copper is injured by overheating is that the protoxide so produced "poisons" it and breaks down its structure. In like manner steel may be so "poisoned" with hydrogen that it will become ruinously brittle. When crystallization of a metal in the so-called state of "superfusion" is brought about by dropping into it a crystal of the same substance, Professor Heyn sees in the process a kind of inoculation, whereby the metal is so infected as to bring it into the crystallizing state. Some of those who hold these views believe that similar processes of "inoculation" may one day replace the present slow processes of structural change by forging and tempering.

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Wood That Is Better than Coal

PERHAPS we may some day give up burning coal and use *eucalyptus* wood instead. In some parts of Cape Colony it is even now regarded as cheaper to plant a forest of these quick-growing trees than to import coal. The *eucalyptus*, according to observations made in Southern India by D. E. Hutchins and Sir A. Brandis, produces annually the equivalent of twenty tons of coal per acre; and these writers believe that, under cultivation, this yield would be doubled. There are in the world about eight billion acres of land suitable for growing the tree at its most rapid rate, and one-half this area under forest might thus yield the equivalent of one hundred and sixty billion tons of coal yearly,—more than two hundred and eighty-eight times the world's present consumption. Evidently our descendants will not have to go without fuel, even if the coal mines should give out, or if the operatives of the future should decide to go on a permanent strike.

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May We Eat Sugar?

THOSE who love sugar may now, it appears, indulge their appetite openly and without apology; for most dietists are acknowledging that it is, on the whole, a healthful and valuable article of food, instead of being injurious to the teeth and productive of acidity in the stomach, with attendant evils, as believed by the old medical men. The latest investigations, in fact, show that pure sugar stops lactic acid fermentation, instead of increasing it, excites the secretions of the stomach, increases the digestion of albumen and of substances containing iron and lime, and in proper conditions is a remedy for *anæmia*, chlorosis, and scrofula. In many instances sugar seems to act as a digester, and in case of disease or injury to the organism it seems to favor the natural reparative action of the tissues. In fact, while an exclusive diet of sugar can scarcely be recommended, we need surely not be afraid of it.

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A New Form of Arc Lamp

INVENTORS have been trying, for many years, to improve the ordinary electric arc lamp, and they have met with varying success. A recent modification that promises well is what is called the "flame lamp," in which the carbons are impregnated with metallic salts that vaporize in the intense heat and give a very bright light. In spite of its name, the light from the ordinary arc lamp comes chiefly from the white-hot ends of the carbon points, the arc itself furnishing very little of it. In the new lamp the luminous vapor is highly conductive, so that a much longer arc can be used, giving the flame-like appearance that suggested the name. The device is said to be economical and effective. The color of the light may be controlled, to some degree, by the preparation of the carbons, but it is generally milk-white or yellow. The violet rays are not present to such a degree as in the ordinary arc; hence the old form is preferable for photography.

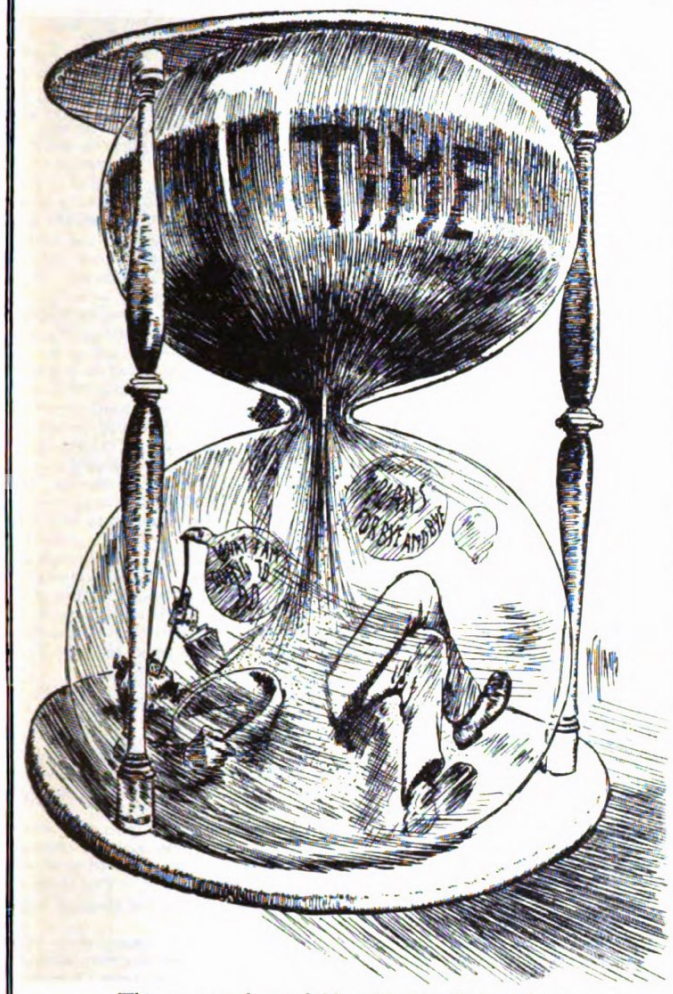
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The Zebra as a Domestic Animal

IT is reported that a systematic attempt is to be made by the British government to domesticate the zebra for use in its South African possessions. It is proposed to catch large numbers of wild zebras and allow them to breed in captivity, training the young as draught animals. No attempt, apparently, will be made to tame and train the captured animals themselves, although this has often been accomplished with selected individuals. The zebra proper is very difficult to tame, but allied varieties, such as the South African quagga, are more easily domesticated. At the Cape, twenty years since, these were often seen working with draught horses. Still better success has rewarded a recent attempt to cross the zebra with the horse and the ass. The resulting hybrids, which are called "zebroids," are lively but docile, and are easily trained. They have unusual muscular strength, and their immunity to the bite of the tsetse fly, which is fatal to the horse, makes them especially valuable for African service. It is thought by some that the zebroid will supplant the mule, especially for work in the tropics.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



This man made good New Year resolutions, but—

Human Prospectuses

THE world is full of just-going-to-be, subjunctive heroes, who might, could, would, or should be this or that but for obstacles and discouragements,—prospectuses which never become published works. Many brilliantly endowed youths never get beyond the prospectus stage. They promise finely, raise the hopes of their parents, teachers, and friends, and then vegetate in obscurity all their days, or try various lines of work, only to fail in all. They are conscious of ability, sometimes too conscious to put forth the required effort, but they lack the practicality, the application, or the sense of proportion necessary to steady advance toward a high, definite goal. Many of them wait for opportunity to come and pull them out of their lethargy, for friends to push them into lucrative positions, and so, waiting and grumbling at inappreciation, they are engulfed by the sands of time, and pass from sight, seeds that have never sprouted, plants that have never flowered, characters that have never fulfilled the plans which they alone could have worked out. Some of the finest intellects have exhaled away in this sluggish evaporation and left no vestige on earth except the dried froth, the obscure film which survives the drivel of vanished dreams; and others have done just enough to show how important they would have been, had they awoke sooner, and kept awake longer.

Let It Go

IF you have had an unfortunate experience this last year, forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book, or your article; if you have been placed in an embarrassing position, if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step, or if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it, forget it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind forever. Drop them. Forget them.

If you have been indiscreet or imprudent, if you have been talked about, or if your reputation has been injured so that you fear you can never outgrow it or redeem it, do not drag the hideous shadows or the rattling skeletons about with you. Rub them from the slate of memory. Wipe them out. Forget them. Start with a clean slate and spend your energies in keeping it clean for the future.

Resolve that, whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons nor cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sunshine. Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, but that every one of them must get out of your mind. No matter how formidable or persistent, wipe them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worrying and foreboding, anxiety and regrets,—sap your energy, for this is your success and happiness capital.

A gloomy face, a sour expression, a worrying mind, or a fretting disposition, is a proof of your failure to control yourself. It is an earmark of your weakness, a confession of your inability to cope with your environment. Drive it away. Dominate yourself. Do not let your enemies sit on the throne. Do your own governing.

"Dismiss from your mind every suggestion that has to do with illness. If you have had an operation,—it is over; let it glide into the shadows,—the background of memory. Do not dwell upon it. Do not talk about it."

Whatever is disagreeable, or whatever irritates, nags, or destroys your balance of mind,—forget it. Thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in worry, or in useless trifles. Let the rubbish go. Make war upon despondency, if you are subject to it. Drive the blues out of your mind as you would a thief out of the house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies, and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it; entertain it; never let it go.

A despondent young writer says that while he was in the West he used to watch the cows on the prairies, and could not help envying them. "I used often to heave a sigh and wish I were a cow." "What keeps them so contented?" he asked a farmer. "Oh, they are enjoying themselves chewing their cuds," was the reply.

The trouble with many of us is that we do not enjoy chewing our cuds,—letting go of our aches, pains, and anxieties, and just enjoying ourselves. We can not bear to let go. We cling to them like a thrifty housewife, who can not bear to throw away a rag or a scrap of anything, but piles useless rubbish in the attic. We can not bear to let our enemies go. We can not seem to kick out of doors the things that worry and fret and chafe, and yet never do us any good.

We Americans keep our muscles tense and our nerves up to such a pitch that it is the hardest thing in the world for us to drop things. We chafe and worry and fret instead of just resting without being haunted by the skeletons of care, of anxiety, and of business.

Who can estimate the medicinal power of one cheerful life in the home,—of one serene, balanced soul?

The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomfort is the man who is sure to rise, for it is what we do easily and what we like to do that we do well.

The most of us make our backs ache carrying useless, foolish burdens. We carry luggage and rubbish that are of no earthly use, but which sap our strength and keep us jaded and tired to no purpose. If we could only learn to hold on to the things worth while, and drop the rubbish,—letting go the useless, the foolish, the silly, the hamperers, and the things that hinder,—we should not only make progress, but we should also keep happy and harmonious.

Don't Postpone Your Enjoyment This Year

"IF we would see the color of our future," said Canon Farrar, "we must look for it in our present; if we would gaze on the star of our destiny, we must look for it in our hearts."

The majority of us go through life with our eyes fixed on a distant goal, straining every nerve to reach it. On our way we pass beauties indescribable of earth and sky, and opportunities innumerable to help others over rough places, to brighten and beautify the commonplace life of every day, but we see them not. Heedless of all that does not point directly toward what we consider the winning post, we finally arrive at our destination, to find—what? We have, perhaps, gained what we sought: wealth, the secrets of science, fame, or glory on the battlefield or in the forum; we have satisfied our ambition, it may be, but at the cost of all that sweetens, beautifies, ennobles, and enriches life.

How few of us ever learn to enjoy as we go along! We see happiness away ahead of us, next year, or the year following; we see it across seas, in some far-distant land; but we hardly ever see it in the present and where we are. Happiness is always a vision of the future; some other time, in some other place, when we are a little better off, and have a little more leisure, then we will surely enjoy ourselves.

The high-school boy thinks that he will be happy when he enters college; the freshman is dreaming of the day when he will be a senior; the senior, of the time when he will be graduated; the graduate lives only for the propitious hour when he will go into business for himself or start in his profession; and the young man who has just entered on an active career looks forward to the happy time when he shall have saved enough money to build himself a costly mansion. But by the time he has built his fine house he has become so bound by his business, or profession, so absorbed in the every-day routine, that enjoyment must be pushed still further ahead, until he can spare a little more time from his business or office, or to the indefinite season when he shall retire.

The majority of American business men are like lions and tigers in menageries, who walk back and forth in



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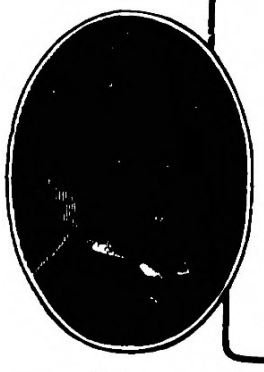
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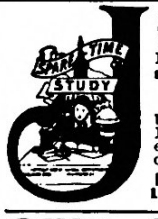
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their cages, dreaming of jungles where they would be happy if they could only get out. Men are restless in business, pacing their stores or offices or factories, dreaming between whiles of the glorious future when they shall have made their millions and be free to enjoy them. In the meantime, they thrust from them the little pleasures and enjoyments that are within their grasp every day.

There is no doubt that man was intended to be happy and contented; and, if we learn the secret of right thinking, if we try to have perfect control of our minds, and harbor only such thoughts as will leave bright, sunny pictures on our consciousness, we shall be always happy.

Note the abandon with which a child gives himself to the joy of life! There are no "ifs" or "wherefores" or "can'ts" in his bright sky; no care-filling thought of time or money haunts his vision. He enjoys the passing hour, unshadowed by dreams of the future. Why should he not, when grown older and, presumably, wiser, do the same?

The average man, in pursuit of coarser success, cuts off the finest enjoyment of friendship and sentiment. Most of us feel that there is something of mockery in our lives, that there must be something radically wrong in a social scheme which sets the mass of humanity struggling and striving, one unit against another, each crowding to get past his neighbor or to get something away from him. We know that God intended life to be infinitely better, richer, and nobler than this brutal game of football which the human race has, so far, played. This is not what He planned for His children. The pushing and crowding for place, the lust of power and wealth, the selfish game of "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost" has no place in the infinite plan. The time is coming, too,—some have already realized it,—when each man will find his highest good, not in taking away something from his brother, but in adding something to him; when each will find his greatest pleasure in doing the greatest amount of good to some one else, and when, instead of striving for self alone, each will strive for all. This is the bugle call of the twentieth century, and each New Year is responding to the call more cordially than the preceding one.

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Speculation Is a Deadly Peril

AMERICAN haste has a most unfortunate and dangerous manifestation in the too common eagerness to get rich quickly. The speculative tendency of the times is a real peril to young men. It is antagonistic to business principles and subversive of high character itself.

It is a dangerous experience in a young man's life when he gets his first dollar that is not fairly earned, or when he makes a few hundred dollars by the turn of a wheel, or the fortune of a card, or by a lucky bet. The chances are that he will never be quite content to jog along in what he considers humdrum business life.

There have been sad instances of young men with splendid prospects who were working for ten dollars, fifteen dollars, or twenty-five dollars a week, but who were induced by friends to take "little flyers," and made what they considered fortunate hits. After the first thrill of the consciousness of getting money without effort, they were not content with their positions, their work, or their prospects. Their minds wandered, their efforts slackened, and their interest in their employers' business waned until they became so demoralized that they lost their positions.

In some instances where young men made a few hundreds or thousands of dollars in some speculative venture, they resigned their positions to devote themselves to what they thought more profitable, and never afterwards amounted to anything. Their business habits became so slack that no one wanted them. When reduced by reverses to taking such positions as they could get, they could not hold them. The passion for gambling, awakened almost by accident, did not leave them, but pursued them to their utter financial and moral destruction.

Occasionally a young man gets a prompt lesson, and is warned from the path to ruin. The "Conservative" tells of such a man.

"His father was a grocer, and he could have earned a clerk's wages in the store and become a partner, in time; but he married, and found his expenses increasing, and came to the sapient conclusion that he must get rich more rapidly than he was doing; so he bought several things on the Chicago board of trade, and then he sold all his wedding presents, and his silk hat and dress clothes, and borrowed all the money he could, and got his father to mortgage his grocery store, and by this means paid up the greater part of what he found he owed to his Chicago agent at the close of the day. Then he went to work again on the clerk's salary that he had despised before."

Such bitter first fruits of speculation have in them seeds of future honesty, prudence, and usefulness, while success might have been a bait to lure to further ventures, and the final abandonment of all honest endeavor.

▲ ▲

WHY HE DID NOT GET ON

He had low ideals.
He did not dare to take chances.
He had too many irons in the fire
He tried to give his relatives a chance.
He was never a whole man at anything.
He thought a good business should run itself.
He was afraid to burn the bridges behind him.
He did not appreciate the value of appearances.
His rude manners drove customers from his store.
He loved his pipe and a story better than his work.
He could not concentrate all his powers on his task.
He did not know how to duplicate himself in others.
He let gruff, indifferent clerks drive away his business.
He trusted incompetent friends with responsible positions.
He would not change fairly good methods for better ones.
He did things over and over again because he lacked system.
He thought he knew all there was to know about his business.
He tried to economize by cutting down his advertising appropriation.
He was a good, honest man but did not do business in a business way.

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What to Wear and How to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN

THERE is no danger now in saying that the winter fashions are established,—a month ago one would not be safe in saying that certain modes would prevail, for fear the wind of fashion would veer in another direction. In following the styles, considerable latitude is allowed by Dame Fashion to exercise personal prejudice and fancies. One may have the severe tailor-made; the long coat with blouse or plain lines, or those charming little Etons. It is all a matter of individual choice and one may suit her own style,—or perhaps we would better say,—her purse, when selecting her street costume. The models most popular are the Russian styles with circular skirts; then there is the long, half-fitted coat and the tight-fitted one with attached skirt like a cutaway coat. Both rough and smooth cloths are considered smart, but camel's-hair zibelines are decidedly the most fashionable



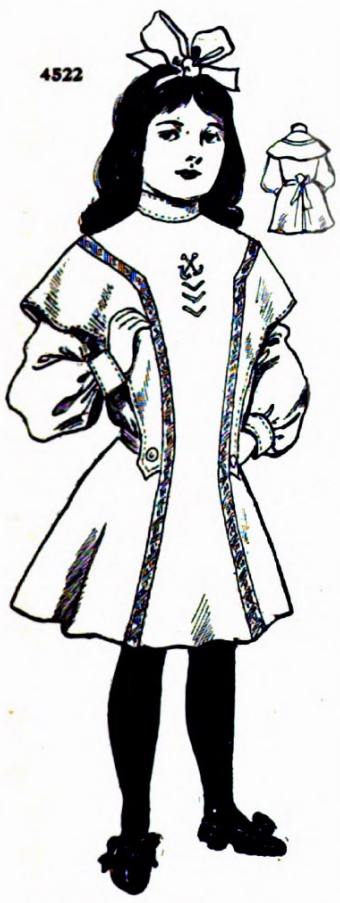
6106.—Having once realized the comfort of the dressing sack, women refuse to dispense with it. The styles are numerous, yet the supply of new designs keeps pace with the demand. A mode that is popular because of its good style and graceful shaping is the one with a cape-like collar, extended down the front in stole effect. The sleeve may be in flowing or bishop style, and the back may be gathered or laid in a Watteau pleat. A pretty way to make up this design is to use plain colored material for the collar and figured goods for the foundation. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.



6101.—Among the numerous smart designs shown this winter, the one having the back brought over the shoulder in yoke effect stands well to the front. The construction is simple, the front having a few gathers at the shoulder, to give the fashionable fulness over the bust, and a graceful round blouse at the waist. A feature of the design is its prettily shaped collar, which opens in the front. The model is well suited to the fancy stitching so much in vogue. Additional charm is given to the blouse by the little roses and puff balls, which may be made of silk or chiffon. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.



6091.—Never before has there been a season when original ideas in blouses were so much in demand, and designs in yoke effect are among the most sought after. They are deservedly popular, for they are not only becoming, but also carry out the long shoulder line as nothing else will do. The design shown here is best suited to soft, pliable materials. The shirring at each side of the broad front, together with the prettily shaped yoke or cape, adds not a little to the smart design. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.



4522.—Fashion is most kindly disposed toward young girls this season, and many of the pretty, modish ideas in their dresses are mere *replicas* of the prevailing styles for older people. In this design, the broad shoulder effect is carried out in a cape which follows the outline of the Princess front, fastening at the belt with a large button. The skirt is circular, a mode that is much more becoming than the "straight up and down" style, and the closing is in the back. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 years.

NOTICE

[For the convenience of our readers we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 49 and 50 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.

Address: Fashion Department, The Success Company, Washington Square, New York City.]



4531.—Child's Russian Dress. Numerous as the days of the year are the Russian styles in children's wear, but none seems to be more popular than the plain design, opening on the shoulder and in double-breasted effect. The cause of the popularity is not far to seek. The design shows at a glance that it is easily made and a suitable tub-suit. No furbelows, no trimming save a plain colored band which forms a facing at the side. This is a becoming and serviceable dress for children and epecially for boys. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.



4530.—New designs in dress for the little folks are warmly welcomed, and the quaint little frock shown here will find many admirers. A very pretty result is obtained by the use of tucks in sunburst effect in sleeve and skirt. This, together with the Princess front, gives the drooping shoulder effect which is carried out in juvenile wear as well as in that intended for their elders. The back is tucked like the front and attached to the deep, round yoke, which is a continuation of the Princess front. Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

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Remember We Make Everything to Order. Nothing Ready Made.

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$20 Suits reduced to $13.33
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67
$30 Suits reduced to $20.00
$36 Suits reduced to $24.00

Winter Jackets, lined throughout with satin, former price $12 reduced to $8.
$15 Jackets reduced to $10.00
$20 Jackets reduced to $13.33
$24 Jackets reduced to $16.00
Reduced prices on Skirts, Rain Coats, Visiting Costumes, Traveling Dresses, etc.

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You take no risk in dealing with us, as any garment which is not entirely satisfactory may be returned promptly and we will refund your money.

Catalogue and a full assortment of samples will be sent **free** by return mail; be sure to say you wish Winter Catalogue **No. 40,** and the reduced price samples. If possible, state the color of samples you desire, as this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just what you wish.

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NEW SPRING CATALOGUE

We are now receiving from abroad the new Spring styles. We have never seen handsomer garments than have been designed for the coming season. Our new Spring Catalogue will be ready January 26, and it will be the most beautiful fashion book ever issued. It will illustrate Stylish Suits, from $10 to $40; Skirts, from $5 to $20; Spring Jackets, from $10 to $30; Etamine Costumes and Skirts, Mohair and Brilliantine Suits and Skirts, Walking Suits, Church and Visiting Costumes, etc. Every woman who wishes to dress well should have one. Write now and we will mail you a copy free, as soon as issued, together with the new Spring samples. Be sure to say you wish new Spring Catalogue **No. 40-S** and samples.

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OF BEEF always at hand both for flavoring soups and sauces as well as for making that handy cup of hot beef tea, will oblige by sending her address to Corneille David & Co., 105 Hudson St., New York, N. Y. She will receive free, a useful cook book.

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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE TALLER, TO ADD FROM TWO TO FIVE INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT, to improve the general symmetry of your figure, to add to your general appearance? There is no longer any reason why anyone should be short or stunted. Mr. K. Leo Minges has at last perfected the work of his life in discovering a safe sure and permanent method by which anyone can get taller without any inconvenience. It is such a simple method that one wonders why it was not thought of before. Yet it took a life-time of study to perfect. Anyone can now enjoy these benefits; to do so necessitates no application of drugs; no internal treatment; no operation; no hard work; no big expense. **Mr. Minges' method has been adopted by the leading educational institutions and gymnasiums in Rochester and elsewhere.** Anyone can now take it up.

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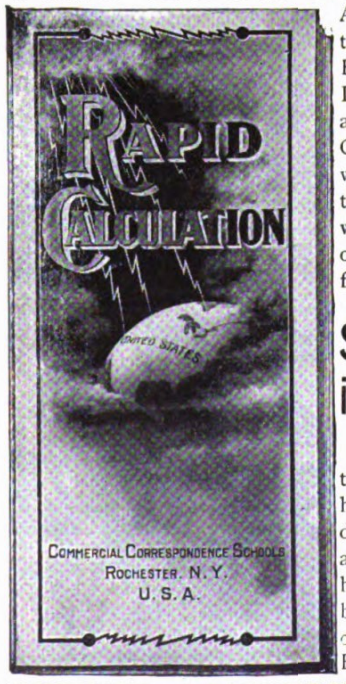
The secrets which Mr. Minges has discovered will enable you to get taller, more graceful and improve the symmetry of your figure, and this can be accomplished **in your own home,** no matter what your age, your sex, your height may be. And in order to put these benefits within the reach of all, there has been prepared for free distribution among short people a limited edition of a book explaining this discovery in detail. If you wish to add from 2 to 5 inches to your height, if you want to be graceful and have a symmetrical figure, if you want to be a "proper height to dance with," to be able to "see in a crowd," and to reach the correct height, you should write for this book at once. It fully explains how you can obtain these benefits and is free.

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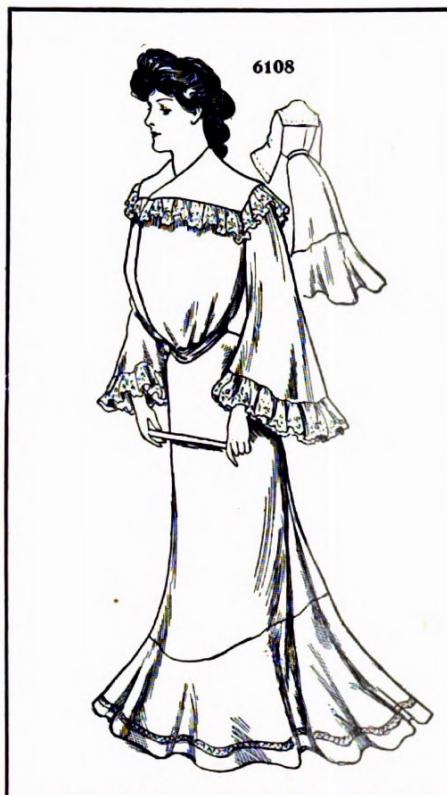
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It shows how the work of hours may be done in minutes and explains how you may become a rapid calculator. It is Free. Address

COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
108 C. Schools Bldgs., Rochester, N. Y.



6105.—Ladies' lounging robe or kimona. Quite the most fascinating articles of feminine attire are the dainty kimonas. New modes appear and disappear, but in the end the conventional Japanese style remains the favorite. The designs are somewhat limited, but with the new model, which gives the fashionable droop to the shoulders, one will have an opportunity to display both originality and taste in the selection of materials. Sizes: small, medium, and large.



6108.—Every woman knows of the usefulness of a wrapper or teagown. Its charm is not only that of comfort to its wearer, but it is becoming also for house wear, and imparts an air of coziness to surroundings. The wrapper shown here is characterized by a large sailor collar, flowing (or bishop,) sleeves, and graduated circular flounce. It may be worn loose or belted in with cord or ribbon, and it may be in round or sweep length. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.

A Laboratory Kitchen and Supply Room

ELENE FOSTER

THE article by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, entitled "The Home as a Food Purveyor," which appeared in a recent number of SUCCESS, has created a great deal of comment because of its seemingly Utopian ideas on the solving of the food problem and the servant question.

"An arrangement such as Mrs. Gilman suggests is ridiculous," says Mrs. Grundy. "Meals sent to one's home from a neighborhood kitchen would be stone cold or dried up or tasteless by the time they reached one's table, and where are the wonderfully educated cooks necessary to be found? My dear, it is as absurd as Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.'" Luckily for us all, Mrs. Grundy's opinions do not carry a quarter of the weight with the public that they did even a decade ago. Moreover, Mrs. Grundy has only to take a walk with me into Boston's shopping district and I will show her two bright young college-bred women who are carrying out in a very practical way the selfsame ideas of which Mrs. Gilman has written in that much-discussed article.

How One College Girl Used Her Education

In one of Boston's busiest streets, a new lunch room for women has recently been opened. Many of us received, a short time ago, a printed announcement of its opening. The notice stated that lunch and food-supply rooms would be opened under the combined direction of the Laboratory Kitchen of Cambridge and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. There are three objects stated in the circular for which the rooms were established: first, to provide a simple luncheon of excellent quality and moderate price for down-town shoppers and workers; second, to offer a salesroom for breads from the Laboratory Kitchen and for certain other cooked foods of standard quality; and, third, [Shades of Mrs. Grundy!] to serve as a central kitchen for the preparation of food that shall be delivered hot at the homes of consumers. If your curiosity is aroused by this announcement, won't you join Mrs. Grundy and me in a visit to the new lunch rooms? At the street door is a little glass case containing shining copper and brass pitchers and plates, a bunch of wild flowers, fresh every morning, and a card which invites the passer-by to take the elevator and visit the lunch rooms. We will accept the invitation. The elevator takes us to the top of the building and we step from the car into the lunch room itself. A more attractive eating place it would be difficult to find. The chairs and tables are of the "arts and crafts" order, stained green, and at the windows are boxes of flowering plants and draperies of India prints in soft oriental colorings. The little round tables are spread with cloths of brownish cream-colored linen, and the walls are tinted in the same neutral tone with here and there a tier of green shelves holding candlesticks and vessels of copper or brass. The waitresses are in white with dainty white Priscilla caps and kerchiefs.

"Very pretty!" says Mrs. Grundy, "but it is not very different from other lunch rooms." One of the Priscilla waitresses volunteers to go in search of "the manager." Now, the manager of a lunch room suggests to one's mind a portly, middle-aged woman, but it is no such person who comes from the little green office in the corner to greet us. A dainty young woman of, maybe, five and twenty, in a sailor hat and linen gown, smiles her welcome and looks Mrs. Grundy squarely in the face with never a quiver of surprise or awe. This is Miss Bertha Stevenson, the founder of the Laboratory Kitchen and manager of the Food Supply and Lunch Rooms. Miss Stevenson's career is interesting as an example of the great usefulness to which a college-bred girl can attain. She is a South Carolinian, a graduate of Converse College in her native state. While a student she became greatly interested in chemistry, and for three years she pursued a special course in the subject. Later she spent several terms at Radcliffe College in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was her intention to teach chemistry, but gradually she became absorbed in the practical chemistry of bread-making, and the need for better bread seemed to her imperative. About this time she met Miss Frances Elliot, the daughter of a physician of Toronto, Ontario. Miss Elliot had also specialized in chemistry and was willing to join Miss Stevenson in starting a bakery where really good bread should be made. Cambridge was chosen as the place to make the experiment, and about two years ago a store was rented and the "Laboratory Kitchen" established. Malted bread sticks were the first products of the new bakery to be put upon the market. These were made from a recipe which Miss Stevenson obtained from Dr. Fillmore Moore, of New York, a man who had made the subject of good bread a life study. These sticks were sold at the Laboratory Kitchen and at the salesrooms of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston. They were an immediate success and within three months the bakery paid its expenses, and it has continued to grow in popularity. At first the two young women did all the mixing and baking themselves, but now there are five workers at the Laboratory Kitchen; and, besides the bread sticks, three kinds of bread are made,—whole wheat, cream, and malted. The malted or health bread, as it is called, is for people who can not digest the other kinds, and is used in several private hospitals about Boston. Mrs. William Dean Howells says that it saved her life, and the chemists of the Department of Agriculture at Washington have pronounced it the only bread ever analyzed which is free from yeast when baked.

They Have a Special Process for Making Bread

These young women hold that bread can not ordinarily be made in the home. The home-made bread is put to raise at night when people go to bed. The house gets cooler as the hours pass, and the result is inadequate and uneven raising. In the Laboratory Kitchen bread-making is an eight to ten hours' process of the most intricate nature. Carefully balanced ingredients, carefully mixed, particle by particle, without pressure and without contact with the hands, carefully regulated raising temperature, and last, but far from least, baking calculated to a degree to insure even expansion of the loaf and the killing of the yeast germs, are the essential elements of the process necessary. On the wall of the Laboratory Kitchen is this motto: "Nothing is better than common bread unless it be bread of a finer kind." Miss Elliot now takes entire charge of the Laboratory Kitchen. This leaves Miss Stevenson free to look after the new venture which has grown from the Laboratory Kitchen experiment. The directors of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union believe so thoroughly in Miss Stevenson's ideas in regard to hygienic food that they offered to coöperate with her in starting the Lunch and Food Supply Rooms. The food served therein is as pure and well cooked as it is possible for food to be. The prices are very moderate, as a glance at the little red *menu* will show. The head cook has been for years at the head of the diet kitchen of St. Luke's Hospital in New York.

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The Men Behind the Headlines

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

[*Concluded from page 29*]

man, is a shining example. At the age of forty, he has these achievements to his credit: a record as London correspondent of the New York "Sun," seven years' work on the New York "World," during which time he was editor of the "Sunday World," editor of the "Evening World," managing editor of the morning "World," and almost seven years again as chief editorial adviser and writer of the "Evening Journal."

Born in Buffalo, he was sent abroad at fourteen, and from 1877 to 1882 was a student in France and Germany. With the advantages of this foreign life, he returned to America, and on his twentieth birthday went to work on the New York "Sun" as a reporter. He was one of the "Sun's" bright young men. He was to be trusted, he never failed, and he never tired. He never wasted time nor words,—valuable qualities in a newspaper man. These traits, you can almost call them virtues, soon won him promotion, and at twenty-two he was sent to London as the "Sun's" correspondent. Here he was successful to such an extraordinary degree that his dispatches were eagerly bought from the "Sun" by such influential dailies as the Boston "Herald," the Pittsburg "Dispatch," and the Chicago "Herald."

It is worthy of note that Mr. Brisbane was not content even with this gratifying success. He felt that a correspondent's position did not offer sufficient chances for advancement, and his thoughts morning, noon and night were to get on in his profession. He returned to America and received the distinction of a staff dinner given in his honor by Charles A. Dana. The compliment implied by this can only be appreciated by newspaper men. Such an appreciation is only equaled by royal approval.

Mr. Brisbane was made editor of the "Evening Sun." He took hold with a vigorous hand. Under his control the evening paper increased from sixty thousand to one hundred and forty thousand daily. The importance of this feat can be understood when one knows that the true test of an editor is his influence over circulation. To double the circulation of a newspaper is like the capturing of an enemy's entire army or the sinking of a hostile fleet. It is worth dying for.

Mr. Brisbane's ability is clearly shown in his invariable policy of gathering about him the very best men available. His wonderful discrimination is shown by the fact that, while editor of the "Evening Sun," he brought out such men as Richard Harding Davis, Winfield S. Moody, and Jacob Riis. When Mr. Brisbane's salary had grown gradually to one hundred and fifty dollars a week, he left the "Evening Sun" and went to the "World." He seemed to have exhausted interest in his position, he had conquered difficulties, and he wanted fresh ground to rouse his fighting spirit,—it was the splendid American restlessness. During the seven years that he worked for the "World" he at various times filled the editorial chair of the "Evening World," the morning "World" and the "Sunday World."

It was when William R. Hearst bought the "Journal" that Arthur Brisbane was called upon in a unique way, the situation being probably as dramatic as falls to the lot of a young newspaper man. Mr. Hearst engaged Morrill Goddard, then editor of the "Sunday World," and the entire associate staff of that paper, leaving it destitute of its men and its editor, the latter being considered the best Sunday editor in the country. It was a critical time and a critical vacancy. It was expected that Mr. Goddard's loss would hurt the circulation not a little. Joseph Pulitzer selected Mr. Brisbane to fill Mr. Goddard's place. It was the one chance that comes to a man in a lifetime. Mr. Brisbane felt that the situation called for all the grit and energy in his nature. He welcomed the opportunity to show what he could do. He realized that here was a trial worthy of any newspaper man's steel.

In 1897 Mr. Brisbane went to the "Journal" as managing editor of the evening paper. He was at his desk at five in the morning, and he worked there until six in the evening. One night something happened and editorials were needed. Mr. Brisbane sat down and wrote two or three,—wrote or rather spoke them out of his sincere belief and his sincere standards,—which is the character of this man, and the charm, it may be said, of his writing. The editorials seemed to strike a popu-



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Senator Hanna's articles last year on "McKinley as I Knew Him" was one of the most notable contributions to periodical literature.

Think of every monthly magazine in the country and do you know of any that can offer a greater list of contributors? Senators Hanna, Bailey, Allison, Spooner, Clapp, Hansbrough, Fairbanks, Proctor, Clark, Frye, Dolliver, Cockrel, and scores of other men eminent in public affairs.

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lar chord, and Mr. Brisbane has been writing editorials ever since.

They are known the country over, they are on current topics, and Mr. Hearst places no restrictions on the subjects. It is believed that they have a helpful influence with the reading public in a peculiarly personal way, a way which may be explained by the fact that the writer never points out and holds up a fault without suggesting its remedy.

In his method of work Brisbane is unique. He lives much of the time out of town, but a stenographer goes with him everywhere. In traveling he invariably engages a Pullman drawing-room, and, armed with a mass of newspapers, begins his work before the train pulls out. He reads quickly and carefully, mapping out work from suggestions, and gathering ideas as he does so. When this preliminary task is over, he leans back and dictates editorial after editorial as rapidly as the stenographer can take them. By the time Hempstead or Lakewood is reached, or whatever may be the destination, he has done the to-morrow morning's work. Going back to town the next day, he does the same. Not long ago Brisbane took a much needed vacation, but his daily editorials did not lapse. He called his stenographer, and, with an intermission for rest, in twelve hours he dictated sixty editorials, amounting to about fifty thousand words,—a book in twelve hours!

Few newspaper men in the United States are better known than Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal." He can be said to represent the type of man, who, born and bred to the work, strongly impresses upon it his own personality. His father was a member of congress from Tennessee before the Civil War, and Watterson, Junior, learned the printer's trade, or part of it, before the war. The picturesque nature of the man can be imagined when one learns that he carried his attachment to his beloved profession with him into the ranks. One who knows him says of this period of his career:—

> It was his custom, when fighting was to be done, to shoulder his musket and kill and maim as many of the enemy as the devil aided and the Lord permitted him to. Then, the battle over, and the work of getting ready for another killing under way, young Watterson laid hold of the other kind of shooting-stick, (by far the deadlier weapon, sometimes,) and, setting up a little peripatetic print shop he had acquired in some way, busied himself with getting out a newspaper for his fellow soldiers. How he did fire the southern heart and bewhack the "Yanks," and dissolve the Union and establish the Confederacy in that fiery newspaper! Sometimes he was lucky, and then he printed his journal on white paper, but sometimes on brown, and, almost always, I have a shrewd suspicion, on trust. I remember to have seen a copy at Chattanooga, just after the battle of Chickamauga, printed on wall paper.

After the war Mr. Watterson went to Cincinnati, where he secured work on the old "Times." Men who knew him in those days talk of the woebegone sample of a paroled Johnny he was when he came around the office, ragged and forlorn and, no doubt, hungry. But all he asked was a man's chance to earn a man's living, and that he got; and the stuff that was in him asserted itself, and in time he grew and prospered till he became the head of the rich and powerful "Courier-Journal." He has strong personal views on most subjects, and does not hesitate to make an enemy, but his friends are many and his power in the profession undoubted. He is a good example of the typical newspaper man whose fame extends beyond the limits of the newspaper world.

If it were the purpose to group editors according to their picturesque personalities, General Felix Agnus, editor of the Baltimore "American," would rank next to Henry Watterson. In fact, General Agnus's career is even more romantic and striking. It began in a foreign country—he was born at Lyons, France, in 1839, of a fine old lineage,—and included fighting in three armies and a most romantic marriage. He fought for Napoleon III. against Austria, served in the Flying Guards under Garibaldi, and carried a private's musket and an officer's sword through the Civil War in America. During his military career he sustained eleven bullet wounds and was made a brigadier general at twenty-six.

In July, 1862, when Charles C. and Eddington Fulton, of the Baltimore "American," met a vessel at a wharf in Baltimore, they found in the cabin Lieutenant Agnus, prostrated from the effects of a bullet wound in the shoulder. His condition was serious, and he was taken to Mr. Fulton's home through the kindness of that gentleman. Lieutenant Agnus was nursed back to health by Annie Fulton, the daughter of his benefactor, and, after the close of the war, General Agnus hurried to Baltimore to wed the girl who practically had saved his life.

His connection with the Baltimore "American" dates from shortly after that period. He entered the business department and was soon placed in entire control. Like Watterson and several others, he speedily became prominently allied with national politics, being on terms of friendly intimacy with every Republican president since the war. Secretary Blaine said of him: "He is a great Frenchman, a great American. He came to this country with the same zeal that made Lafayette's coming an honor to this land." Is it strange that this man, who was a great general, should also become a great newspaper man? He has followed only two professions in his career, and he has succeeded in both. If he had entered medicine he would have become a famous physician, and if he had taken up law he would have become a bright light in the legal world. It was in the man to succeed,—that's all.

This undoubtedly can also be said of such journalists as Charles Emory Smith, of the Philadelphia "Press;" Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican;" Victor F. Lawson, creator of the notable Chicago "News," and Clark Howell, editor and proprietor of Henry W. Grady's old paper, the Atlanta "Constitution." These men won success because they had it in them, and, after all is said and done, why is n't this the microbe of success in journalism as it is in every other profession?

You can take still other prominent newspaper men,—efficient, capable, silent workers like William C. Reick, Dulany Howland, and C. M. Lincoln, of the New York "Herald." What they have done in their own careers is not public property. They are not "accidents" in journalism; every step they have taken and evely rung they have climbed have been the results of personal effort and sheer ability. They, too, have won because they had it in them.

What of William Allen White, editor and proprietor of the Emporia, Kansas, "Gazette?" Why is it he has not shared the common fate of the majority of country newspaper editors, the little army of men who seldom penetrate beyond the shadows of their own environments? He could not remain unknown. He worked away in the dull and uninspiring grind of a provincial newspaper office, and, when the time came, wrote a single editorial that made him famous in a night. His article, "What Is the Matter with Kansas?" was the work of a man of genius, and all the stifling atmosphere of local influences could not prevent its conception. Mr. White is still editor of the Emporia "Gazette," but his name is a household word. It is delicious to read in his own words what he has to say about his paper:—

> It is not a financial success in any large sense, though it pays the editor and owner three or four thousand dollars every year, which is equal to twice that amount in a city. The paper has grown naturally, and, if it has any virtue, it is that virtue which its esteemed but loathed contemporaries call its "brazen impudence," which its editor likes to think is its fearlessness. I have been in the newspaper business nearly twenty years and it seems to me that the essence of success in a newspaper is wisely directed courage. All the struggles I have had here have been due to the mistakes I made in temporizing with evil. Whenever the "Gazette" has been brave and fair it has been easy enough to get money to pay off Saturday night, but when it has done the "smooth" thing, has played to the gallery, and has truckled to its subscribers when they were wrong,—when, in short, the "Gazette" has played the demagogue,—it was hard work to make the paper go.
>
> Character is the one essential to running a successful newspaper, whether the success is financial or political. The best epigram ever made about a newspaper was made by the late secretary of agriculture, J. Sterling Morton, who said: "A newspaper's foes are its assets, and its friends its liabilities.

The First Speaker Had Said Enough

AT a recent public dinner given in Washington, at which Senator Chauncey M. Depew was present, one of the postprandial speakers expressed himself in somewhat fulsome terms regarding the distinguished guest. At the termination of his speech, the senator, in spite of hints from friends, declined to respond, and retained his seat. An awkward pause ensued.

"For goodness sake, say something," whispered Mr. Depew's neighbor.

Thereupon the senator reluctantly arose, coughed, adjusted his cuffs, toyed with his eyeglasses, and said:—

"Life is worth living only for those who can, on occasions, let their convictions overcome their modesty. In the belief, therefore, that the gentleman who has just been talking to you has tried to do me justice, but has fallen short in the treatment of his subject, I beg leave to resume my chair."

The clerk who hates the yardstick never makes a merchant.

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The Making of Connor

[*Concluded from page 12*]

interviewed, the general effect of all of which was that of uncertainty and contradiction.

Connor hardly slept at all that night, and paced the floor, reviewing in disorderly succession the many pressing perplexities which needed attention. Before bank time he was called to the 'phone, and excitedly informed that there were twenty or more people waiting for the doors to open. The full gravity of the situation then flashed upon him, and, forgetting breakfast, his family, and all but the idea that the impending calamity must be averted at whatever cost, he had his coachman drive him at a full gallop to the bank, to the rear entrance, where he entered and joined the clerk, who was feverishly fumbling over the ledgers and stumbling over the stools.

"How much is in the vault?" asked Connor, in a masterly voice of authority.

"I don't know," almost whined the clerk, in the extremity of his nervousness; "we can't open it until nine."

"Hold your wits together, young man," commanded Connor, steadily. The situation was fast becoming clear to him, and his executive mind was rapidly framing a plan of action to minimize the disaster.

Seizing a pad, he began to note the exchange availabilities and emergency sources of currency, and, on another slip, the possible chances of loans. Summing up and hastily going over the books himself, —they were balanced every day,—he had before him the approximate amount of available cash. Seizing the last quarterly statement of the bank's condition, with a vigorous jerk that spread the large sheet before him, his quick eye sought the amount of deposits. Sixty thousand dollars short still!

"Here, you," he yelled to the clerk, holding out the slip he had penciled, "get into my carriage at once and have my man drive you to these places, and get as much of this money as you can!"

The clerk took the slip and walked toward the door, looking at the paper meanwhile. He slowed down before he got there and looked at the bank clock. It was only twenty minutes past eight. "I can't get in," he said, with his nervous whine; "none of them opens before nine."

"Get in somehow, you fool," yelled Connor, explosively; "there's somebody around; don't come back till you've got as much of that cash as you can get!"

He was uncovering the typewriter, and his fingers flew over the keyboard. "Notice!" the types clicked off; "Depositors will kindly form into an orderly line by opening time, if they wish to draw their money, and maintain strict order. The bank has never been in better condition, and all rumors concerning its embarrassment are false and unfounded. Each depositor who does not care to take our word for this shall be paid promptly and in full as soon as we can count out the money."

Drawing out the sheet from the machine with a pull, Connor underlined the heading with red ink, calling meanwhile for the janitor, to whom he gave it to post on the door. He looked out the heavy plate-glass windows, and saw a mass of people, impatiently moving to and fro. As the janitor elbowed his way through with the notice, there was a stir and a murmur which were audible inside, and the crowd pressed about the door. The murmur kept up, and, as Connor looked, he saw several anxious faces pressed against the large glass, peering sharply inside.

"Fools! fools!" he soliloquized, as he stood leaning with his arm on a big account book, looking at the window through the grating of the desks; "if this had happened two weeks ago, I could have paid off every depositor and never winked an eye. Now I've got all the money I own in bank stock, the cash balance is unusually low in the bank, and I've loaned on my property from the trust companies for my intended *coup* until I can't squeeze another security readily! It's tough!"—and he pounded the thick book with exasperation.

Presently the bank force arrived, and dressed for work with bewildered looks and mechanical actions that grated on the young cashier. "Get some ginger in you!" he said, tartly, himself getting on his office coat, and arranging the paying-window desk with snap and temper.

As the big clock's striking spring began to hum in preparation to strike nine, and as he heard the janitor slide the bolt in the big double doors at

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the entrance, and a little later open the iron gate outside, Connor drew a deep breath, pushed up his sleeves, and began to stuff the cash drawer with bills from the tray brought from the vault. "You keep me supplied, and watch for John," he said, turning around to the force; then, noticing the white and scared faces, he said, in stentorian anger: "Look cheerful, you idiots! Don't stand there like captive Zulus! There's nothing going to happen! Brace up!"

He had given the janitor the night watchman's stick, and, as the doors swung open, the line which had formed surged in, a procession of anxious and troubled faces came eagerly toward the window, until the room was full, and the janitor was obliged to stay the rest with his stick. As Connor saw out of the door, and made an instant's survey of the crowd, it seemed to him that every depositor was on hand, and for a moment he felt dizzy; but he instantly regained his grasp on the situation. The line represented old and young, rich and poor, male and female, —a motley, excited assembly.

"Fine morning!" he remarked very casually to the first man at the window, as he deftly counted out his amount. The man nodded sheepishly, but kept his eyes fixed upon the bills, and seized them with an avidity which was almost pathetic. "Next!" called Connor, briskly.

He counted out bills until the skin of his fingers became worn and thin, attending to the line of depositors with a rapidity of which he had never realized himself capable. He had hardly time to think, so quickly did he proceed. There appeared to be two selves to him, a mathematical self which seemed to operate upon the bills before him, and another which was rehearsing the situation all the while absorbedly in his mind in a subconscious way, bent all the time on presenting an appearance of confidence to the depositors.

"I would n't draw this out, Mr. Connor," said a business man, apologetically, "but—"

"Oh, that's all right," replied Connor, cheerfully; "it's your money. Next."

Up to this time the clerks had kept the drawers full of bills, and he had been drawing from large piles; but he noticed that the piles were not kept as large as before, and he made a motion with his hands to indicate that more bills must be given him. The coin holder he had not yet heavily drained. The clerk passed him a note. "Only a thousand here," it read. Connor quickly looked up upon the waiting depositors.

"You won't cheat me out of my money, will you?" asked a voice filled with anxiety at the window; and, when Connor quickly turned, he saw a woman who looked as if she had passed a sleepless night and was broken up with nervous dread. Her eyes were red, and were bent upon the cashier intently. For the first time since the run had begun he felt a pang. The woman was a schoolteacher, declining in years, and he knew that it represented her only future hope.

"You shall certainly have it all," he replied, with some feeling; "but I assure you there is nothing wrong with the bank."

When he had paid her, he looked at the waiting people again. Every little while some one would appear breathless in the bank, nervously make out a check to himself, and gaze furtively at the people and the bank force. The line seemed never-ending, and extended out upon the pavement. The arrivals became so thick, and the atmosphere again so nervous, that Connor once more became somewhat wrought up. He was greatly fatigued. For two hours he had counted out money as fast as he could handle it, and he began to hear a buzzing noise in his ears. He had hoped the run would be over by this time.

"Here, Brown," he called to his assistant, "take my place now. As he stepped away toward the vault, he heard his carriage draw up at the back door. He went out. John, the clerk, was lifting some bags down and muttering something unintelligible to him.

"Lift those in again," commanded Connor, wiping his brow, and speaking less animatedly than before, "and drive around to the front. Carry the bags in one at a time."

The bags had a noticeable effect, and somewhat relieved both Connor and the crowd. But they clung tenaciously to the line. Several times there were disturbances, and, as the line seemed steadily to grow, Connor deemed it advisable to send for a policeman.

Quickly interrogating the clerk as to his success in cashing paper, Connor calculated the *status* of the assaulted institution and saw at once the neces-

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sity of determined effort to secure money to tide over the unfortunate day, and he took all the securities he could muster and drove off in his carriage—toward his home.

"Alice," he said to his wife, hurriedly, and avoiding her eyes, "will you sign over the deed of the house on Jefferson Street to me?"

"Why?" she asked, startled.

"Oh, some fool circulated a rumor," burst out Connor, passionately, "that the bank is embarrassed, and there is a—a slight run on it to-day. I want to get enough money to tide me over."

"Why, Alfred, what about this house, and—and your own account?" inquired his wife, with some intuitive alarm.

"Well, I—I've got it tied up,—I can't explain it to you now. Where is the deed?"

"O Alfred," cried his wife, with sudden alarm, as she came toward him and gazed intently into his face, "you are quite white and worn! What is it? You must n't have that deed! Father gave it to me. Do n't ask me for it! It's all I have."

"Very well," replied Connor, wearily, turning to go, "I must hurry." But before he had taken many steps his wife encircled him with her arms. "Come home as soon as you can," she said, anxiously; "you are worn out and overtaxed." Connor looked at the face before him and read something there that he had never looked for; and, heeding an impulse he had rarely entertained before, he kissed her and left.

"Mr. Bailey," he said to the president of the largest trust company in the city, a little later, "the West End Bank is in a pretty tight place. Somebody has circulated the rumor that it is embarrassed,—some fool—"

"Eh?" interrupted the president; "was it a fool?"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Connor.

"Well, I hope you'll honor us for that private loan of yours in a few days, young man."

Connor felt his knees weaken under him, and a shadow came across his eyes. "You—you have n't pushed it?" he said, uncertainly.

"We certainly have, and I hope we will be saved to some extent in the general disaster," returned the president, with temper. He wheeled around in his chair and took off his glasses. "Young man," he began, "yours has been a meteoric career, and your end will undoubtedly be quite as meteoric when the day is over. You belong to that growing class of financiers who endeavor to compass in a day the legitimate growth of a year. You started out all right, but something took you from the right road, and—"

"I beg your pardon," replied Connor, flushed and hurt, "I have always valued your advice and do still; but, man, what I want now—*must have*,—is financial backing! Do n't refuse me now,—do n't make the bank go up!"

"I am sorry for you, Connor," replied Bailey, toying with his letter-opener; "but this institution could n't help you and do justice to its stockholders and its reputation."

Springing angrily into his carriage, Connor sought out other banks and trust companies, and, after an hour's humiliating work, during which no assurance he could give could altogether dispose of the general supposition of embarrassment, he succeeded in raising no more than ten thousand dollars on the ample securities he had. He could not even get a second mortgage on his house, and all his former supporters seemed to be mysteriously prejudiced. He got out at the bank, with his head revolving with the situation and, as it seemed to him, its utter, paradoxical absurdity. He found more excitement than ever before, the clerks badly rattled, and the directors holding an excited session in the small board room, discussing the advisability of taking succor from the Manufacturers' Bank, most of whose directors were represented. His father-in-law was sitting, white and weak with the strain, at the head.

"Look here, Connor," said a hot-headed director, when he came in, "tell us, now,—what game have you got in the wind?"

Connor was too depressed to reply spiritedly. "Gentlemen," he said, slowly, "to show you my absolute innocence of any design upon this bank, I will tell you that if it fails none of you will be as heavy a loser as I. Here"—getting the certificates from a drawer,—"is my holding in this bank,—four hundred and twenty-five shares." There was a look of surprise. "If I had any design whatever it was the very legitimate one of selling at a profit for you as well as for me. Had not the two failures hit us so closely, I could now declare ready a four-per-cent. dividend. But, you



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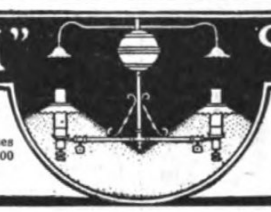
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see, I hired money to increase my holdings, and they have pushed me now, and, if we can't stem the tide, I will carry the bank with me to the wall."

While they were further deliberating, afraid to put in any money to save the bank, the run reached its height. Two, three officers were not enough to prevent a fight and a crush in which women fainted, and many were bruised in the desperate effort to get to the window before the bank should cease payments. The loud and sometimes angry voices could be heard there.

"I beg your pardon," said a breathless clerk in the board room, not very long after,—"it's all gone."

"Now, then," said Connor, harshly, "what will you do?"

"Throw her up!" said the hot-headed director, angrily; and then the formal motion followed to notify Washington to send an examiner and close the doors.

Dreading to be near when the notice was posted, Connor shut himself in his own office and waited half an hour, at the end of which he rose and got into his carriage, bound for home. He was so sure that the crowd must have dispersed that he opened the closed window, seeking fresh air. The carriage drove around the bank, and then Connor looked at its front. What he saw strangely riveted his attention. There was still a large crowd, but it was not the crowd that he was looking at. In a niche of the wall stood a messenger boy whom Connor had persuaded personally to place his savings in the bank. The lad was sobbing tearfully. There were two young girls standing with handkerchiefs to their eyes before the sign, and near them was a group of young men whose feelings were also only too plain. At the curb stood an old man with a beard, gazing vacantly into the street, his chin down and his shoulders drooping dejectedly. The men in another group were gesticulating vehemently and angrily near the door.

With a smothered exclamation of extreme suffering, Connor closed the window with a bang and fell back upon the cushions. The full blow, averted all day by the necessity of activity, fell upon him then, and he suffered as if tortured in an inquisition. All day he had blamed unfortunate circumstances and a foolish public for the disaster; but the appealing sight of the messenger boy, crying as if his heart would break for his meager dollars, the farmer desolate and discouraged by his lost savings, carefully accumulated by the sweat of his brow, and the hard-working women whose only barriers from an old age of privation and humiliation were washed away in the wreck of his bank took away the last straw of pride from him, and left him deep in the valley of humiliation.

He was the cause of their ruin; he saw, now, clearly and unobstructedly, that, load the responsibility of the run on whom he might, it returned to him with unerring certainty. The bank need not have failed, it was true; but the public took no chances with a man whose flyers had time and again been exploited in the press, and in whom even his financial friends had relaxed their once solid confidence. If a man would not hesitate to ruin a corporation for personal gain, he would also not hesitate to ruin even his own bank to the same end. That was the cold equation, in the eyes of the public, and this was the calamity it brought upon him.

His old, well-grounded principles returned to him with a shock, and, as he reviewed in rapid succession every piece of sharp practice, clever manipulation, adventurous, shrewd speculation, and questionable scheming, and remembered the palliative, weak excuses he had made to himself, he was shaken with remorse like a reed in a storm.

"I've been blind, feeble, and saturated with folly!" he cried, weakly, his whole being rent, and then there appeared a shimmering black curtain before his eyes.

When the coachman reached the house and opened the door of the vehicle, he found the young cashier dazed and ill, his head bowed dejectedly upon his breast, and the servant was obliged to lead his master to his room and place him upon a couch.

"Papa," called a voice, some time later, and at the sound of it Connor rose and straightened up very suddenly; shaking off, with a mighty effort, the lethargy that enthralled him, he gathered the boy in his arms and held him tightly. As he looked into the clear, blue young eyes, some measure of life reëntered his weary frame, and he chatted with the lad a bit, until the door

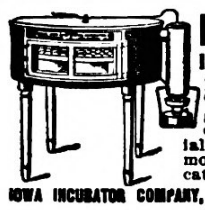
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stirred, then slowly opened, and his wife appeared.

It was a severe moment for Connor. He flushed deeply, for he saw that she knew, and he felt humbled and broken before her eyes. His youthful promise had miscarried, and her old confidence in his ability must be forever shattered,—so ran his confused thoughts.

He did not know that she had had, too, a moment of realization, and was rent with a consciousness of her part in his fatal misstep.

"Alfred," she said, gently, avoiding his eyes, "I have arranged to move back to Jefferson Street just as soon as you are ready."

A faint gleam of animated hope came into Connor's eyes: he had forgotten that his wife's gift still remained. "Almost," he said, coming toward her, with his flush deepening, "I would have lost even that for you."

In that moment, she remembered, there was a deeper love, born of purified motives, distilled in the crucible of life's experience, begotten between them, making forever impossible a repetition of their mutual life's mistakes.

ONE RESULT OF INCIVILITY



"Mr. Blank threw it into the wastebasket"

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, district attorney of New York City, in speaking of the necessity of public men exercising courtesy to anybody and everybody, told the following story:—

"I want to say, in the first place, that what I am about to relate is not told in order to emphasize the need of politeness on the grounds of mere policy only, but rather to show that an ungentlemanly action is pretty sure to act as a boomerang. Some years ago, a reporter called on a man of wealth and prominence, whom I will call Mr. Blank, in order to interview him in regard to the latter's alleged political ambitions. He was shown into his library.

"'Well?' said the great man.

"The reporter presented his card and explained his errand. Mr. Blank glanced at the pasteboard, deliberately tore it in two, and threw it into the wastebasket.

"'Nothing to say,' he growled, and that was all that the visitor could get from him.

"So the reporter departed with a flush on his cheek and a burning desire in his heart to thrash the discourteous Mr. Blank.

"Several years passed, and Mr. Blank was a candidate for a high municipal office. Meanwhile, the reporter had been made political editor of a journal whose views were opposite to those of Mr. Blank. In that capacity he again called on Mr. Blank, and found him suave and silky. The editor did not forget the torn card. The incident rankled within him.

"So it came about that he made such a tremendous fight against Mr. Blank's election that, mainly through his efforts, he suffered an overwhelming defeat.

"A single act of unnecessary rudeness cost him position and power."

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"For a night may weeping endure,
But cometh joy in the morning."

EMMA C. DOWD.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy them,—not merely industrious, but to love industry,—not merely learned, but to love knowledge,—not merely pure, but to love purity,—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—RUSKIN.

Why don't I retire and enjoy myself? Because the two things don't go together. I can retire and be miserable, or I can work and enjoy myself. I'm going to work. I've seen too many of my old friends drop out and then come back in a few months willing to do anything to get into the harness again.—LYMAN J. GAGE.

"The curse of England," wrote Macaulay to his sister, "is the obstinate determination of the middle classes to make their sons what they call gentlemen. So we are *overrun by clergymen without livings, lawyers without briefs, authors without readers, and clerks soliciting employment, who might have thriven as bakers, watchmakers, or innkeepers.*" Is not this equally true of America?—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

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Washington as a Social and Intellectual Center

WALTER WELLMAN

[*Concluded from page 15*]

found its level. It is an American society, and American ideas rule it and set its standards. Not many years ago members of the European *corps diplomatique* looked upon assignment to Washington as a hardship; and, after their arrival here, they regarded themselves as so superior to the crude natives that they formed a colony apart, mingling with the local society only so far as the rules of etiquette rigidly required. When at length the diplomats thought Washington society sufficiently developed to be worthy of their attention, they loftily condescended to take part in its activities, but only upon the implied condition that they should be held as the very upper crust of it,—the glass of fashion and mold of form. This continued for a time; but, gradually, the diplomatic circle has been absorbed. It no longer pretends to any superiority or exclusiveness, and is glad enough to be a constituent and welcome part of the whole. Though the social organization has remained distinctly American, it has learned much from its foreign guests,—for one thing, to eschew the lavish display which, ever the tendency of the *nouveaux riches*, survives to this day in its most vulgar form in certain large cities of the country. Not a few of the distinguished diplomats who have served in the American capital since the Civil War have found wives here, and many of them have learned what America really is and have formed here some of the closest friendships of their lives. Service at Washington is no longer regarded as a hardship, and in a half century the American capital has advanced from third to first rank in the estimate of the chancelleries and diplomatic corps of Europe. The principal embassies,—those of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, and Austria-Hungary,—and a number of the legations, are social headquarters of the most hospitable and attractive sort, as popular with Americans as with the members of the diplomatic colony.

If the capital is interesting and inspiring as a microcosm,—as a little world connected in its personalities, its interests, and its sympathies with the societies and governments of all Christendom,—how much more interesting and inspiring must it be to Americans whose curiosity does not as yet extend beyond the frontiers of their own country! The Washington of to-day is on its human side a composite portrait of the best blood and brain of America. It is an assemblage of men who have done things, who have wrought success in one field or another, and who have risen through their talents to the topmost crest of the wave. Most come through political preferment, but many because the magnet draws them hither. They hail from every state and city, and almost from every county and hamlet of the Union. In New York, or Chicago, or Boston, or Philadelphia, society largely divides into *coteries* or circles, some of them rather small and narrow, keeping up only a fugitive and occasional acquaintance one with the other. But in Washington the President, cabinet members, senators, representatives, supreme court justices, army and naval officers, ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, journalists, scientists, government specialists, educators, wealthy residents, visiting men of note, travelers, and authors and their wives and daughters, form one great circle in which pretty nearly every one knows every one else. In other American cities one's social acquaintances may be numbered by hundreds; here they are numbered by thousands.

How interesting they are! Here the men of fame—of leadership,—of thought and action,—are as profuse as the flowers in May. There is no difficulty about meeting them. You may go to the chamber of the senate, or the hall of the house, and see and hear the debates. You may sit in the classic supreme court chamber and silently gaze upon the solemn array of begowned justices. You may go to the White House and meet the democratic President in his office. You may secure cards to one of the White House evening receptions and there shake hands and converse with the President and his wife and everybody else,—and his wife and daughter and cousin and aunt,—the diplomatic corps glittering in their gold braid

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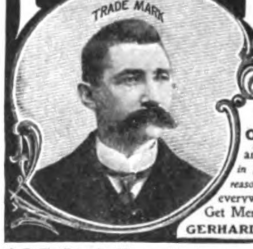
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Washington's daily parade of personages is most fascinating. Of a sunny winter afternoon stroll out fashionable Connecticut Avenue, the broad thoroughfare which leads from the White House to Dupont Circle past many of the embassies, legations, and notable private houses. Here our democratic court may be seen at its best and brightest, out for an airing, unostentatious, genial, and affable. You hear a clatter of horses' feet on the asphalt, and you see the President astride his big charger, returning right and left the salutes of the throng passing in carriages or automobiles or afoot. By his side is Mrs. Roosevelt, sitting her saddle with rare ease and grace, and presenting a most charming figure in her black habit. There is no escort of cavalry or other guard, as when *royalty* rides; only an orderly grim and grizzled *from* his service on the plains, riding far behind. The President leans from his saddle to chat with a group of three who are swinging along toward the country for a ramble across fields. They are the British ambassador, the new German ambassador, Baron Freiherr Speck von Sternberg, and General Leonard Wood. The quartette were chums when Theodore Roosevelt was a minor official of the government, years ago; and they still are, for that matter. As the President walks his big horse up the avenue,—there will be plenty of galloping when the country roads are reached, and both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will



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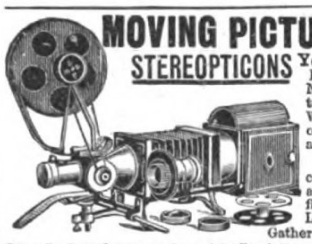
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come back in a couple of hours bespattered with mud,—he lifts his campaign hat to the gay Countess Cassini, riding in a barouche beside her father, the ambassador of the czar of Russia; to a handsome woman who drives her automobile fully as fast as the law permits,—the Baroness Hengelmüller von Hengervár, of the Austria-Hungarian embassy; to the *distingué* Misses Nancy L. C. and Marguerite Leiter, whose beautiful sister was the heroine of the Durbar; to Admiral and Mrs. George Dewey; to Mr. and Mrs. George Westinghouse, who live just across Dupont Circle from the Leiters, in the house which James G. Blaine built; to Thomas Nelson Page, the author, ahorse as becomes a true Virginian; to Mrs. Scott Townsend, leader of the smart set, whose *chateau* on Massachusetts Avenue is like a royal palace, and to many more whose names are famous in the world of diplomacy, government, literature, invention, science, and society.

Where the Great Men Stroll

Connecticut Avenue is kaleidoscopic with notabilities. There is one of America's greatest and most modest of men,—Secretary of State John Hay, literary, affable, sparkling, swinging along for his afternoon constitutional. The very next man is Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, head of the geographic society, and flying-machine experimenter,—a massive man with a face good to look upon, and so busy with his friends and his studies that he does not go to bed until four in the morning. A little further on is George Kennan, the famous traveler and author, and with him is Commander Robert E. Peary, from up near the north pole. There is the trim, prim, intellectual, masterful Elihu Root, recently secretary of war, walking home from a call at the war department, where he served Uncle Sam for a yearly compensation just about equal to what he earned in a single average month when he was practicing law in New York. He is chatting with the breezy, sagacious, story-telling westerner, Leslie M. Shaw, the secretary of the treasury. Senator George F. Hoar, the Old Man Eloquent, gets off a street car and walks down Massachusetts Avenue to his modest home. Thomas R. Walsh, whose millions came from Colorado mines, dashes by in a big automobile toward his palatial new house, hard by. Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, who makes millions upon millions because he can't help it, but whose true love is art, and who has paid more money for pictures than any other living American, moves down the avenue in his rapid, nervous way. He has a sixty-horse-power French automobile but prefers walking, and likes nothing better than a ramble at midnight in a rainstorm. He is not out of sight when the giant of the supreme court bench, Justice John M. Harlan, ambles heavily up, and stops to tell a friend that service on that greatest tribunal in the world is no sinecure,—only hard work and a salary so meager that one is put to it to make both ends meet year after year.

Some More Notables You Will See

Before your stroll is finished you will have seen Henry Cabot Lodge, the senator who "helped make Theodore Roosevelt" and is now enjoying life as never before; Gertrude F. Atherton, the novelist; Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer; the widow of John A. Logan; Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, who has endowed one of the greatest universities in the world; "Big Steve" Elkins, a senator, large of heart, brain, and body; the little chief justice of the supreme court, Melville W. Fuller, with a white mustache and flowing white hair; Admiral W. S. Schley, smiling upon every one; Mark A. Hanna, bright-eyed, good-humored, but protesting that he doesn't want to be president; the Chinese minister in full oriental regalia, riding in an American automobile; Professor Willis L. Moore, the man who makes the weather; Jeremiah Curtin, translator of the works of Sienkiewicz; slender Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who visited Tolstoi and whose subject of study is the world; the fine soldierly figure of General Nelson A. Miles, fresh from his oriental tour and hobnobbing with the dowager empress of China; big and handsome General Henry C. Corbin, who is to be at the head of the army if he lives a couple of years; Nelson W. Aldrich, the leader of the senate; Admiral John G. Walker, the man who is to build the inter-oceanic canal; in short, so many famous men, so many beautiful or noted women, and so many other interesting characters from all nations and all fields of human activity and endeavor that it is impossible to catalogue them. This is a mere glimpse of the passing show of Connecticut Avenue, day by day; and every day when congress is in session there is

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another procession of personages when the senate, the house and the supreme court pull down their flags, and with their satellites of lawyers, journalists, and spectators pour themselves into far-famed Pennsylvania Avenue for a walk home to dinner,—a mile and a half of the men who make the laws and mold the policies of this nation. Is it cause for wonder that the people of the states and territories love more and more to come to Washington to live or to sojourn for a season?

For the many who come to Washington for its intellectual advantages or educational opportunities there are rich inducements. The capital is gradually becoming recognized as a scientific center. There are here the government's most valuable collections, and here the government itself carries on scientific work of the highest value. It would be interesting to give a list, did space permit, of the government bureaus and government servants who have won the highest praise throughout the scientific world. The value of the Library of Congress, a truly great collection housed in the most beautiful and most perfectly appointed library building in the world, is simply incalculable. So also is it with the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, and other institutions under government protection. Here are the great Columbia, Georgetown, and Catholic Universities, and many private schools of rare excellence. The Methodist University is building, and the Carnegie Institution, richly endowed by its founder, is organizing, for the purpose of adding and conserving the energies of original investigators. Each of the great government departments contains a technical library which many specialists come hither to consult.

There are many scientific and philosophic societies, and the Cosmos Club, occupying a famous house which was once Dolly Madison's home, is a center of scientific activity, where a spirit of warm sympathy and hearty coöperation prevails, and where distinguished scientists from all parts of the world may frequently be found in consultation with the specialists of Washington who congregate there. The vigorous Geographic Society encourages exploration and conserves its results. The Metropolitan Club is a purely social organization renowned far and wide. Country and golf clubs afford open-air outlets for the smart set. In the libraries of congress and of the various departments, and in the invaluable archives of the state department, students of American history may always be found at work. Art-lovers and students find the classical Corcoran Art Gallery, opposite the White House, a source of delight and inspiration. The scientific, patriotic, and social-reform organizations of the country make Washington a favorite place of assemblage.



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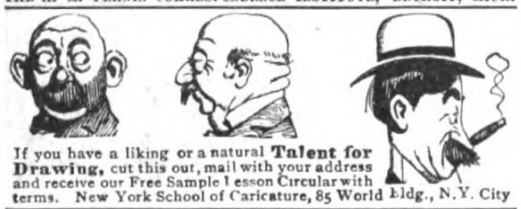
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MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE

[SCENE:—*The living-room of a house on a day devoted to a children's party. Near the walls are ranged small oblong tables with little red chairs set around them. These have, presumably, been borrowed from the nearest kindergarten. Upon the tables, set at each place, are some objects hidden by squares of tissue paper in all colors of the rainbow. In the next room and in the hall are heard the voices of children as they arrive, and the greetings of their hostess.*

[*Enter,* A YOUNG LADY *who goes to the piano and strikes a chord. The children appear at the open door, headed by their young hostess, who leads the way about the room, marching to the music of the piano. Enter,* THE STORY-TELLER. *The music stops. So do the children*]

THE STORY-TELLER.—Children, would you like to hear a story? Then sit down here on the floor at my feet. We will wait until you are all quiet and comfortable. Do you like stories?—and fairy-stories, especially? Well, this is going to be a fairy-story. [*She signals to the pianist, who begins to play, very softly, Mrs. Gaynor's song, "Blowing Bubbles."*]

THE STORY-TELLER.—That is our orchestra. Have any of you ever been to a theater? Then you know that the play always begins with music. This play is going to take place in our own minds, but I think we might have a little music for it, just as if it were a real play in a theater, don't you think so?

[*All through the story-telling the music goes on,—the same song, over and over, usually played very softly, so as not to confuse the children, but occasionally, in places where the story calls for it, rising into clearness and filling the senses of the listeners.*]

THE STORY-TELLER.—Once upon a time there was a little girl who went out to walk in the woods with her nurse. Just inside the woods they found a tree standing by itself. All around it the grass was thick and green, and a circle of toadstools ringed the edge of the grass. They looked just like little seats set there for the fairies. The little girl wanted to go into this pretty place to play, for nowhere else was the grass so thick and soft, and nowhere else was there a tree with such low, comfortable branches,—just the kind of tree a little girl could climb. But the nurse pulled her away.

"Sure, darlint, 't is a fairy-tree," said she, "and no good luck will come to ye from playin' under it."

"A fairy-tree, Norah?" cried the little girl, pulling back on the nurse's hand. "Oh, tell me about it, Norah! I want to go there worse than ever!"

"I'll not tell ye about it, then," said Norah, resolutely. "The only way ye'll hear about that tree is to come walkin' home with me again, like the good girl ye are. When we're safe in the house, maybe I'll tell ye all about it."

So they went home again, and Norah told the little girl that the reason why that tree stood all by itself in such a smooth circle of grass was because it was the tree the fairies danced under every night of the full moon. They do not like any one to watch them, and, if any one is bold enough to do so, they take him prisoner and do not return him to his friends again until he has bought his freedom by giving them a present. The little girl listened with shining eyes, and when Norah went down to get her supper she went over to her bank and took out of it all the money it contained. This, she found, was just one cent, because, only a day or two before, the balloon man had gone by and she had bought two balloons of him, deciding, recklessly, that she was going to have enough of those lovely red things for once in her life. So now she had only one penny, and that a dingy one. However, she thought, it might seem big to the fairies, since they were such very little persons. She got it into her pocket just as Norah came back again. You see, she had made up her mind that she would creep out of the house that night, if the moon was full, and watch the fairies at their dance. Do you think you would dare to do such a thing?

When she went to bed she put her clothes very carefully in order on the chairs, so that she could quickly slip them on again. She lay for a long time looking straight into the sky. Yes, the moon was full, and very bright. She would be able to see the fairies as easily as if it were day.

"Hark! the clock was striking twelve"



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But how slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y it climbed the sky, and how very, v-e-r-y slowly the hands of the clock went round! She had never known the night was so long. Usually, it seemed about a minute long. She would surely have time for a teenty-tawnty nap before the clock struck twelve. If she took a nap she would not be so terribly sleepy when she was watching the fairies. So she went to sleep. Her eyes were shut and she breathed this way. She was sound asleep.

Hark! The clock was striking twelve! She sprang out of bed, put on her clothes in the quickest time you can imagine, ran down the stairs as light as a feather, and was out of doors before she could believe it herself. The grass was half hidden under the steaming mist that rose above her ankles. The air was full of light. The moon swam close above her head. Soft stirrings and whisperings were all about her. She was a little afraid, but a tree toad shrilled out near by. "Tereee! tereee! tereee!" he sang. Yes, of course, the tree! Was n't it worth being scared for? Besides, was she going to be scared when a little tree toad was not? "Tereee! tereee! tereee!" She could almost make that noise herself. She would practice it the next day, when there was no danger that the fairies would hear her.

She came to the edge of the woods. The shadows lay black on the ground. A little way in was a patch of light, —there stood her magic tree. The fairies had not come yet; perhaps the clock at home was fast. The shadows between her and the tree looked almost alive,—and big and black. She wondered if she could step over them. There was the tree, in the light. She made a little rush through the shadows and hugged the trunk of the tree tight. It was very still all about her; there was no noise but the loud drumming of her heart. But was n't that music in the distance? Listen! [*The piano, still very softly played, fills the pause.*]

The little girl knew that it must be the fairies, at last, and she climbed nimbly up into the tree. The branches stood out at even distances, almost like stairs, and she could see down between them perfectly well. She clasped the trunk with one arm and leaned over to see the fairies coming. The music sounded nearer and clearer, and a faint gleam of color broke into the black and white reaches of the woods. Gauzy robes floated among the distant branches like bits of sunset clouds. Little voices sang and laughed like brooks running and springs gurgling. The fairies drew near, their music filled the air, and they swarmed all beautiful in the green space beneath her. They threw kisses up into the tree she sat in, and shouted all together to welcome it. "To the dance! To the dance!" they cried, and joined hands. Some of them nearly tripped over their long, floating robes, in the hurry of it; and, as they circled round and round the tree,—round and round,—round and round,—their robes floated almost up to the little girl, and she could smell the perfume of flowers in their folds. She grew dizzy as she watched them. Her own body began to sway. Round and round,—and round,—the little girl could hold on to the tree no longer. Down she fell among them. [*A chord on the piano. There is no more music for a time.*]

The fairy circle broke up; the fairies all gathered around the fallen child, who lay blinking up at them, very much frightened, but not at all hurt. They whispered among themselves, and then suddenly began their dance again. [*Music, softly.*] They threw their misty scarfs across her as she lay, the opposite fairies catching the ends of them, and they wove a many-colored net about her, so that she was their prisoner, wound in their scarfs. She was almost ready to cry, when, all at once, a bright thought struck her. She worked her hand down into her pocket and brought out the copper penny she had put there for just such an emergency. The fairies gathered around her curiously, and at first would not touch it. At length one of them took it with the tips of her delicate fingers, but almost immediately dropped it. It rolled over against the trunk of the tree, and lay there unheeded.

"I do not like the touch of it, nor the look of it, nor the smell of it," said the fairy. "Pray, what is it for? Is it something to eat?"

"No, indeed," said the little girl, eagerly. "It 's to buy things with. You can buy lots of things with it."

"What kind of things?" asked the fairy. "Honeydew? Bird songs? New games?"

"I do n't know," said the little girl, faltering.

"Well, what if you can?" said another fairy. "Do n't we know pleasant ways of getting those things and all the others we want, without carrying around with us a great, dirty thing like that? Have n't you anything else?"

The little girl felt in her pocket again. There was only her handkerchief. It had been fresh in the morning, but she had made mud pies that day, and had washed her doll's face with it, and had wrapped a piece of candy in the corner of it,—the fairies floated away from her. They looked almost angry. They put up to their faces little, filmy squares of cobweb lace.

"What is that?" they asked. The little girl was ashamed to tell. You see, it was her everyday handkerchief, not her party handkerchief. She thrust her hand desperately into the depths of her pocket again, and her fingers closed on something hard. She brought it forth. It was a little piece of soap from her doll's washstand. The fairies closed up around her again.

"What is that?" they asked, tiptoeing like eager children.

"It is a piece of soap," answered the little girl.

"And what do you do with it?" they asked.

"You wash things with it," she began, but she was interrupted by a merry peal of laughter.

"Wash!" said they. "Why use that little hard thing, so long as the woods have brooks, and the plains have rivers, and the clouds have rain?"

"But if you get very dirty,—"

A chorus of elfin shouts interrupted her. "What an idea!" they cried. "As if we, who live always out of doors and in the clean woods, and the clean air, were ever in need of washing! We wash, it is true, but only for sport. There is no sport in that dry thing."

"Oh, but there is!" cried the little girl, fairly roused to a defense of her treasure. "It makes the loveliest suds to play in that ever were. And it makes soap bubbles."

"What is that?" the fairies asked. "Is it a new kind of game? How do you play it?"

"Well," began the little girl, "you make soapsuds in a bowl of water."

"Here 's a bowl," cried the fairies, pointing to a depression in the green turf. "The dew fairies will fill it with

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"The bowl is full of white suds"

water for us in a minute." The dew fairies were transparent, pale creatures, almost invisible in the moonlight. They danced lightly in and out of the bowl, and, although the little girl could hear no sound of splashing drop, nor see any water falling, yet the bowl slowly filled up as their dainty feet tripped over it. Then the little girl took the piece of soap from her pocket and waved it to and fro in the water, this way, while all the fairies, watching her closely, sang their song. Play that you are the fairies, and hum as I move the soap through the water here at my feet. [*The children hum in time to the music.*] There! The green bowl is heaping full of white suds.

CHILDREN.—But where did the fairies get their pipes?

THE STORY-TELLER.—They took Indian pipes. Have you ever seen them? They grew near by, and shone pure silver in the moonlight. The fairies dipped them in the bubbly foam in the grass and blew balls of loveliness into the air. Fairies as they were, they actually screamed with delight. The air fairies got into some of the bubbles without breaking them and floated off above the tree-tops. Then all the fairies wanted to ride, so that none was left to blow. The little girl, since she could not ride, offered to do this for them, and, as fast as the bubbles floated from her pipe, the fairies climbed into them, winding their colored robes about them. Did you ever see them in the bubbles you blow? Of course, the fairies themselves are invisible, but the colors of their robes show through the fine walls of the bubbles. Even in the moonlight the colors showed, filling the shadowy glen with faintly-colored lights. Every now and then a bubble burst with a tiny spurt of spray, and the fairy rider came tumbling through the air. Then the little girl laughed so that she could scarcely blow, and spilled streams of bubbles on the ground. At length, when the fun was at its height, the topmost bubbles caught a glow of richer color, and their startled riders burst their cages and darted under the sheltering shade of the trees. A cock crew in the distance, and all the gay rout vanished like a broken bubble. (*Music stops.*)

The little girl sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. In the East the sky was heaped with bubbles in all the lovely colors with which she had been playing. The cock crew again beneath her window, and she jumped out of bed and began to dress herself, wondering if it could all have been a dream. But when she put on her dress, and felt in the pocket of it, she knew that she had really been with the fairies because—what do you think?—THE SOAP WAS GONE!

THE CHILDREN.—Oh, I wish we could blow some bubbles!

THE HOSTESS.—So you shall. See what we have here on these tables. [*The children flock to the tables, from which the squares of paper have been lifted in the last few moments. Each child has a pipe and a bowl full of soap-suds, and in a few minutes the air is bright with bubbles and jubilant with laughter. Every now and then some child, half unconsciously, hums the melody he has heard all through the story.*]

THE STORY-TELLER.—Would you like to know the words of that song? Listen, and I will sing it to you. [*She sings it several times, till the children catch it. When one or two of the younger guests, leaning back in their chairs, show signs of fatigue, the hostess again comes forward.*]

THE HOSTESS, *holding her arms behind her.*—Come, children, we will play that we are all soap-bubble fairies. Here are things to dress up in. Can you guess what I have?

[*The children rush upon her and try to see what she holds behind her, but she backs against the wall and does not show them what she has until the last reluctant bubble-blower has left the tables. Then she deals out to each one a scarf made of two yards of colored tarleton. The children throw the scarf over their heads with cries of delight, and behold a transformed world. The hostess takes the hand of one of them, and motions that he is to take the hand of his neighbor. The bubble music begins again. The hostess arranges the children in a circle.*]

THE HOSTESS.—Here is the bubble spinning in the air. It is a great big bubble and we are all having a ride. [*The circle revolves fast and faster, until, at a chord from the piano, the hostess drops the hands she holds, the others do likewise, and the bubble breaks, the children falling on*

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the floor, as in ring-around-a-rosy. This maneuver is repeated two or three times.]

THE HOSTESS.—Now let each be a bubble and whirl by himself. [*The children dance about the room, waltzing, hopping, running according to the degrees of their learning, tossing and waving their colored scarfs. Another chord from the piano gives the signal for change. The children huddle about the hostess, panting.*]

THE CHILDREN.—*What shall we do now?*

THE HOSTESS.—Join hands about me here, but all close together, as you are now. I am going to blow you slowly into a bigger and bigger bubble. But it will take a lot of breath. Perhaps you would better help me. [*The children, imitating the hostess, all blow, and as they blow the circle grows wider, until their arms are stretched to their fullest extent.*]

THE HOSTESS.—Now whirl. [*The circle spins around faster and faster, until, as before, it breaks, and each child spins off by himself.*]

THE HOSTESS.—Oh, our nice bubble is broken! Let's make another one. [*Again the children draw close to her, clasp hands, blow while they widen the circle, and repeat the dance. Three times this is done.*]

THE HOSTESS.—Would you like to act out the story we have just heard?

THE CHILDREN, (*in a confused shout.*)—Yes! Yes! How do we do it? Show us how!

THE HOSTESS.—I will be the little girl and you shall be the fairies. This chair is my tree, and here I sit among the branches, watching for you. [*She climbs upon the chair, sitting on the back of it, with her feet on the seat.*] Now you must all go into the other room, and come dancing toward me, very lightly and quietly, softly singing your song. [*The children do as she directs.*] Now circle around me while I watch you. Dear me, how dizzy I am getting! Oh, I shall fall! [*She slips out of the chair and lies at their feet. A chord. The music stops. The children gather around her and toss their scarfs over her. She catches one end of each and holds it above her head.*]

THE CHILDREN.—Oh, but you must not help us! We are going to take you prisoner, you know.

THE HOSTESS.—Yes, I know. We'll pretend I am not really holding the scarfs, but that this end of them has been caught on a branch of the tree. Now stand in a circle for a minute, as far off as your scarfs will let you. That is it. Now, Bernice, hold up your hand,—the one with the scarf in it. Harold, (*to the child next but one to Bernice,*) hold yours up also. Mabel, (*to the child next but one to Harold*) now hold yours up. Ethel, yours, too. [*She goes around the circle in this way, naming each alternate child until every other scarf is raised in air.*] Now, Richard, (*to the boy standing on Bernice's right,*) slip under Bernice's arm, and stand on the other side of her. Each of you that has his hands down slip under the arm of the child at his left. That's it. Dance on, now, around the circle, till you come back to your former places. Now it is your turn to raise your arms while the others dance under. [*In this way the children perform this modified version of the Maypole dance, and wind the hostess under a net of tarleton.*]

THE HOSTESS, (*without waiting to have the dance very perfectly performed.*)—Now I am caught. Alas, alas! Good fairies, what will you have from me? Would you like this penny? [*The children refuse it.*] Nor this handkerchief? [*She holds it up, all crumpled and only half visible. The children again refuse.*] Oh, dear! dear! Whatever shall I do? Oh, let's see! Here's a piece of soap. Will that do?

THE CHILDREN.—What's it for?

THE HOSTESS.—To wash with, you know.

THE CHILDREN, (*in a loud triumphant chorus.*)—We don't need to be washed.

THE HOSTESS.—Well, then, you can make soapsuds—and soap bubbles. But what shall we do for water?

THE CHILDREN.—Here are the dew fairies, they will dance for it. [*They push forward a sheepish few, who stumble around a second or two, and retire, giggling.*]

THE HOSTESS.—What a fine bowl of water! But what shall we do for pipes? [*The children pretend to pick them, to dip them into the water, and to blow bubbles into the air. Some of them turn to the tables to get the real pipes, in order to make the game more realistic. But, fortunately for the order of the game, some one has already cleared the tables. Suddenly the young lady at the piano crows like a cock.*]

THE HOSTESS, (*in a loud stage whisper.*)—Fly to your seats,—quick! That is the signal of daylight, and you are afraid of being seen. [*When the children are all seated,—and during this process the colored scarfs about the hostess are whipped out of sight by the obliging pianist, the hostess yawns, stretches, and opens her eyes.*]

THE HOSTESS.—Dear me, I wonder if I could have been asleep and have dreamed it all! I know how I'll make sure! I'll see whether my soap is gone or not. [*She feels in her pocket.*] Yes! My soap is gone.

There, now, that proves that it was melted in the fairies' soapsuds. Oh, what a story I shall have for them at breakfast! I wonder how soon it will be ready. [*A bell rings.*] There, it is ready now. Children, will you come to the dining room with me? [*The piano strikes up a gay march, and the children, without too much regard for order, follow their hostess to the dining room. The back of each chair is seen to be covered with a wisp of colored tarleton, and each child chooses the color of the scarf she has been wearing. At each place lies a clay pipe, its bowl filled with little colored candies tied in place with a piece of tarleton of the same color as that on the chair. The ice cream is shaped into balls of vanilla cream. In the center of the table is a large round cake, sunk in a circle of many-colored fringed tissue paper. Its white frosted surface is dotted with little china dolls, dressed in colors.*

THE CHILDREN.—Oh, more bubbles! What good bubbles to eat!

NOTICE TO SUCCESS JUNIORS

ON account of lack of space in which to publish the prize-winning articles, photographs, and drawings, we have decided to discontinue these contests in SUCCESS, but will continue them in a new magazine for enterprising young people, which is about to be issued by the Success League. In the new magazine there will be more contests and a greater number of prizes, and ample space will be devoted to the publishing of the prize-winning articles. A sample copy of the new magazine may be secured by sending a postal card requesting the same to the Success League, Washington Square, New York City.

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William Nelson Cromwell

HARRISON D. VARNUM

[*Concluded from page 24*]

and luxurious. But it is the luxury of business. A finely-carved bookcase covers one wall, and its contents include the very latest works on corporation law.

It is the desk, however, that strikes the eye of a caller. At first glance, it resembles a crescent-shaped buffet. It is flat-topped and probably twelve feet long from end to end. Behind this desk is a swinging chair that moves easily from place to place. When Mr. Cromwell reaches his office in the morning, a stenographer follows him into the room and waits while he carefully assorts the various documents requiring his attention. These he distributes over the length and breadth of his great desk. When he is quite ready the dictation proceeds without interruption until every subject has been covered.

Mr. Cromwell's clients are many, but there is no waste of time in attending to their needs. If the business does not require his personal care, each client is turned over to one of the half dozen junior associates, every one of whom has a specialty. It can be well understood that Mr. Cromwell's time has been pretty thoroughly taken up since 1898 by the Panama Canal case, but still he has found opportunities to conduct others. During the summer months he lives at Seabright, on the New Jersey coast, going back and forth on the Sandy Hook boat. One afternoon during the past summer, when he was about to leave his office, a visitor was announced.

"He claims to have important business, sir," said the attendant.

"Show him in," replied Mr. Cromwell, stuffing a bundle of papers into a bag, and donning his hat. After a brief conversation the lawyer glanced at his watch and said briskly to his caller:—

"Come with me."

He led the way to the elevator, and out into Wall Street, and hailed a passing cab. Seven minutes later, the two were boarding the Sandy Hook boat. There they found a stateroom equipped as an office, with a desk, an attending stenographer, and all other necessary appurtenances.

"I keep this going for just such emergencies," explained Mr. Cromwell. "We have a full hour before reaching Sandy Hook. Now to business!"

It is said of this modern corporation lawyer that perhaps no other man at the bar of New York has devoted so many hours of work to his profession during the same number of years as he. Work is his passion, and no pleasure or diversion of any kind is permitted to interfere with the successful accomplishment of any great professional task. It is one of his peculiarities that, no matter how late he may be detained by social duties, he seldom misses a big night's work. He will frequently have guests until midnight, then settle down until one or two in the morning, and be up again at half past six.

He requires similar energy in those associated with him. It is understood that everything must be subordinated to the business in hand.

"I have little use for a man who studies the clock," he once said to an applicant for a position. "Study your task, and, if you have to take cognizance of the time, do it only for the purpose of keeping your business engagements."

Mr. Cromwell's reputation is that of a great corporation lawyer, but it would be a mistake to confine his reputation to that class of work. He has a wonderful aptitude in all commercial undertakings, whether corporate or otherwise. This, together with his unerring practical judgment, has caused him to be regarded as a valuable adviser of business men and bankers who have very important interests.

He is a director and counsel in more than twenty of the largest institutions in America, and has probably reorganized more great enterprises that had gone to pieces through mismanagement than any other man on earth. One of the most striking things he effected, which is familiar to the general public, was the reorganization of Decker, Howell and Company, the great New York Stock Exchange firm which failed for millions of dollars in 1890 in a big grain "slump." He was made assignee, and when he had finished he had not only paid all the creditors, but had also left a million dollars of surplus. When Price, McCormick and Company failed for thirteen million dollars, a few years ago, owing to cotton speculations, Mr. Cromwell was made assignee; and, when a broker of prominence recently tangled up the entire Wall

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CONTENTS.

TECHNIC—Working with pen, brush (oil and water color), pastel, grease, and conte crayon, lead pencil, carbon pencil, scratch paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treatment, zig-zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines double cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Distemper drawings. Tracing and copying photographs. What materials to use, including papers, canvases, and bristol boards. Tools and how to handle them. Drawing from nature, including landscape, flowers, animals, figures, portraits, etc. Drawing from memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc. COLOR—Primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. How to mix different shades, etc. ARTISTIC ANATOMY—The bones and muscles as applied to pictorial work. LETTERING—Copying and originating. Roman, block, old English, and script styles shown. Elementary, historic and geometric ornament. Conventionalization of flowers, ornamental composition, pictorial composition (including form and color arrangement and balance), fashion work, caricaturing, cartooning. FACIAL EXPRESSION—Sorrow, joy, anger, fear, contempt, laughter. Aerial and linear perspective. BUSINESS DETAILS—How to sell pictures, how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, lists of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or express, etc., etc. Explanations of various engraving and reproductive processes.

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Street district, it was Mr. Cromwell again who was put in charge to straighten out affairs.

His practical judgment in emergencies is well illustrated in connection with an incident that occurred during the early history of the Cotton Oil Trust. When the state of Louisiana attacked the trust's properties located within the state, on the ground that the anti-trust laws were being violated, and the attorney-general had asked for a receiver, Mr. Cromwell, as its counsel, was called upon by the corporation for legal advice. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, he hurried to New Orleans and assumed personal charge of the fight. He retained the ablest counsel to be had, and placed them at work preparing the case for trial. A glance over the field convinced him, however, that it would be dangerous to try a question of this character in the Louisiana courts when the property at stake was so valuable, and the chances of financial loss to the stockholders through the appointment of receivers so great.

While he did not disapprove of meeting the issues raised by the question, he concluded that the best way out of the difficulty would be to practically dispose of the property, and thus place it beyond the control of the state.

He accordingly arranged with the Union Oil Company, of Rhode Island, to purchase the various holdings of the trust in Louisiana, and then placed himself in communication with each of the local companies. There was no time to spare, as the case was to be called for argument in a few days, and it was necessary to make the sale of all the properties to the Union Oil Company for cash, to attend to the dissolution of the companies thereafter, and to make the legal distribution of the proceeds of the sale.

To accomplish this required the utmost energy, and during the following sixty hours Mr. Cromwell scarcely ate or slept. He engaged special trains, hired steamboats, and personally visited every home office in the state, holding the requisite meetings and attending to such details as the authorization of the sale by vote of stockholders, etc. He saw the money paid in cash, deposited in a bank, and finally distributed to the stockholders. Then he formally dissolved and wound up the affairs of the company. The Union Oil Company became the purchaser for actual cash, and, as it was not domiciled in the state, it could avail itself of the jurisdiction of the Federal courts in defending itself against any attack such as was made in the first instance.

The sale of the property, of course, made the application of the attorney-general for a receiver of no value. On the day that the case was called for argument, Mr. Cromwell walked into court and blandly showed his legal evidence of the dissolution of every one of the companies involved. The stroke was a brilliant one, and undoubtedly saved the properties from ruin.

A great deal has been said in this article of Mr. Cromwell's work. He has only one recreation,—music. In his New York home on Forty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue, is one of the finest organs to be found in any private house in America. When beset with the cares and worry of his many interests he seeks both inspiration and solace at the keys. A strange combination it is, in truth,—music and work! But the two form the sum and substance of this great corporation lawyer's life.

Baden-Powell as an Artist

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, of the British army, can use both of his hands with equal dexterity. During the South African War, when he was at Pretoria, a school girl at Durban had the temerity to write to him, and, knowing that he was something of an artist, asked him for "a tiny drawing which she could put into her scrapbook." Her friends prophesied that she would not receive an answer, and her delight can be imagined when a letter was received from the defender of Mafeking. It contained a picture of a scarecrow, clad in a shabby torn coat, with a few hairs standing upright on his head, seated on a chair at a table, a mass of correspondence around him, writing busily with his left hand. Beneath it was written, "The above is a portrait of me, and shows you that I am too busy to draw you a picture. R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL."

The Khaki Uniform

IT is now understood that *khaki* as the British national color for soldiers' uniforms is, after its very brief reign, doomed to pass into oblivion. The substitute is to be that tasteful gray tint known as "Atholl gray," and there is good reason to believe that King Edward himself was one of the first to suggest the change. This color has always been one of his favorites. Many of his suits of mufti incline towards it, and it has occasionally been conspicuous in his undress uniform. This taste seems to be to some extent hereditary, for Queen Victoria liked the gray, and detested *khaki*, while the Prince of Wales is similarly inclined.

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EDWARD E. HIGGINS

V.—Corporation Securities

THE obligations of national governments, of the states, and, to a certain extent, of municipalities, have behind them, as already explained, the good faith of an entire people, with practically unlimited taxing power on their real and personal property. Nearly all other securities, however, are dependent more or less directly upon *operation* and operating profits. Railroads, banks, factories, mining companies, water companies, lighting companies,—these and many others, are *business corporations* whose profits fluctuate with the conditions of supply and demand for their several products, and it is inevitable that the soundness of their securities from the standpoint of investment safety should be dependent largely on the ability, conservatism, and foresight of their individual managers,—not on intrinsic strength, or unquestioned resources.

It follows, as a matter of course, that investors in the securities of these business corporations will expect and demand a larger rate of return for the use of their money than they would require from the government, inasmuch as the risk is materially greater; and so we find such corporations going into the money market and tempting the investor with five and six per cent. bonds instead of two and three per cents.; with glittering promises of large dividends on preferred and common stocks; and with special privileges of one kind and another. This is natural, inevitable, and usually quite proper and legitimate.

Corporation finance in America—and in fact in all countries to a greater or less extent,—is accompanied in many cases, however, by serious extravagances. The most dangerous of all, from the standpoint of the investor, is "over-capitalization," so-called. It has grown to be a common practice to manufacture bond and stock issues with reference, not to the actual money investment, but to the expected earning power. In other words, earning power is capitalized, not property or actual cost investment, and the general theory is that if people can be made to believe that they can obtain a regular permanent return of $50 or $60 per annum on an investment of $1,000, they will pay $1,000 for the certificates of stock or the bond, which give them the right to this return.

This theory is not unnatural, and is hardly, in fact, unsound. It is, of course, earning power and not property investment that investors want. A property that actually cost a million dollars in cash would not bring a single dollar in the market if it had no earning power or could only be operated at a loss, while, on the other hand, an investor would gladly buy a property for ten times the actual cash investment made in it if he could be brought to believe that it could permanently earn one hundred per cent. per annum on this actual cost. The real danger in over-capitalization lies in the habit which financiers and promoters have of greatly over-estimating future earning power, in order to support their fictitious security issues, and in not providing reserves for depreciation or contingent losses of other kinds.

In the following discussions of different kinds of business corporations I shall try to tell something of the history of each class, the strength and weakness of each from an investment standpoint, and some methods of discrimination and selection which can be used by the investor.

Railroad Securities

No class of securities stands higher in the estimation of investors than the bonds and stocks of the great transportation companies of well organized countries, such as America, England and the principal continental states. The reason for this is obvious. Every producing and manufacturing industry, together with a large majority of the people, themselves, have to buy transportation. They can do without almost anything else, but transportation they must have. The market for transportation can never be destroyed even though it may fluctuate a little, and it may, therefore, be regarded as a great staple, like wheat, coal, oil, cotton, etc.

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* Previous articles in this series have appeared in SUCCESS for March, April, May, and October, 1903.



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try, and become, therefore, a liquid investment of a high class. If an investor needs money he may take his "gilt-edged" government bonds and railroad stocks to his broker and get a check for their value in thirty minutes, while with low-grade securities, real estate, and other less known properties, purchasers have to be searched for, and can often be found only at much sacrifice of time and trouble.

The history of American railroads has been a somewhat checkered one. In the early days of railroad-building, lines were pushed out into unsettled country and had to be constructed cheaply,—even flimsily,—just well enough to allow trains to run while the country and the traffic were being developed. Hardly were the roads finished before repairs and reconstruction had to be commenced. Double-tracking of the main line followed, and, in most cases, all the earnings and much more besides had to be turned back into the properties, in order to build them up to meet the constantly increasing requirements. In some cases the need for more money and loss of confidence in future earning power led to receiverships, bankruptcies and reorganizations. In others the roads were able to pull through. But in practically all cases there has been a squeezing out of watered stock and bonds, and an improvement in values such that it may be said broadly that the railroads of this country could probably not be duplicated to-day for the par of their stocks and bonds. Over-capitalization, therefore, while present originally, may be said to have disappeared, in the case of many properties at least.

Railroad transportation in this country is the cheapest in the world. Both passenger and freight rates in England seem high, out of all reason, to the American. This is due primarily to the fact that there have been developed in America types of passenger and freight cars and locomotives enormously more powerful and more economical than English and continental types, and the proportion of live weight to dead is far greater in America than across the water. In spite of the cheapness of transportation, however, American railways are profitable, and will be increasingly so in years to come. There has been a gradual process of absorption and consolidation going on during the past ten years which has welded many small independent lines into great railroad systems, and the securities of these systems are regarded so highly by the large body of wise investors as to lead to their present reputation as the steadiest and most certain of income producers. It is the policy of the managements of these great systems to pay regular and moderate dividends, passing the large profits of fat years into a surplus account which can, if necessary, be drawn upon somewhat to make up dividends in the lean.

It is impossible to lay down any rules for discriminating between good and bad railroad securities. Even experts find it difficult to learn from railroad reports whether or not the properties are being managed safely and conservatively, and it is only in the case of the largest properties of the country that one may speak with full confidence, even though many of the smaller ones may be entirely safe and strong from an investment standpoint. The consolidations in the railroad field in the last five or ten years have greatly strengthened the important properties and brought many of the weaker ones under the wing of the larger systems, the latter guaranteeing interest and principal on bonds of the former, and in many cases guaranteeing also dividends upon their stocks.

Among the great railroad systems of the country whose main and subordinate bond issues may be safely purchased without serious risk of great diminution of earning power are the following:—

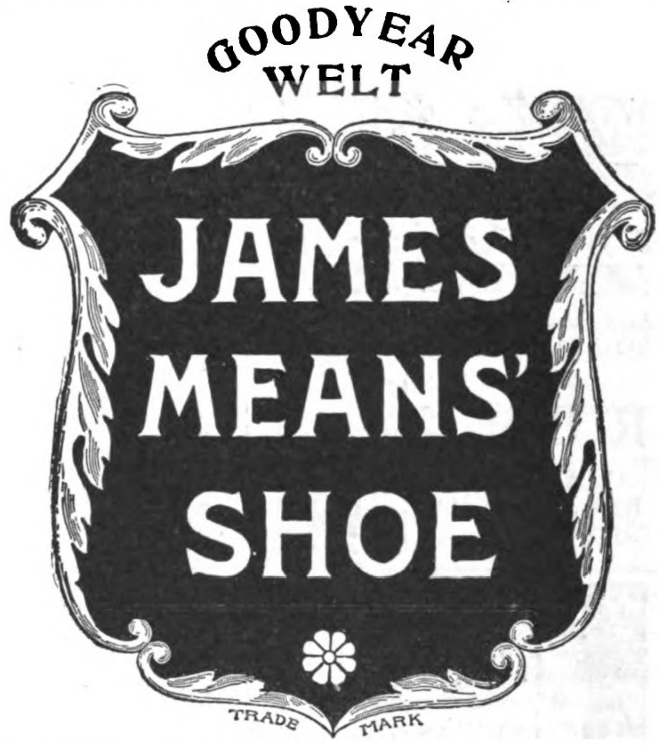
The Vanderbilt System.—The Vanderbilts, among the great railroad magnates of the country, have always stood for the building up of railroad values, and never for "bear tactics." Their properties are justly considered among the strongest, most conservatively managed, and safest in the country. The roads generally included in the Vanderbilt system aggregate about 30,000 miles, and include the following rich properties:—

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The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway.
The Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

The Pennsylvania System.—The great system

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IT TAKES many years of satisfaction given to consumers to firmly establish the reputation of a trade mark. One or two seasons of lavish advertising cannot do it. The JAMES MEANS TRADE-MARK has been widely known and highly regarded for more than a quarter of a century. THAT TELLS THE STORY.

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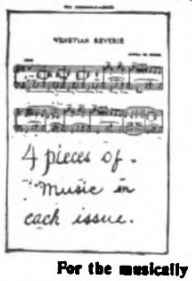
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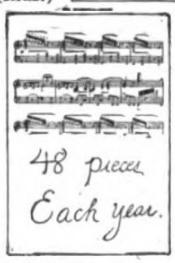


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Baltimore and Ohio System.—This is another trunk line of 4,500 miles, extending from Chicago and St. Louis, on the west, to the Atlantic seaboard, on the east, paralleling the Pennsylvania system a little to the south. It is by no means as strong as either the Pennsylvania or the Vanderbilt lines, having had financial difficulties of a more or less serious nature within the last ten years, but its bonds and stocks are now selling at good prices, and its management, as well as the physical condition of the property, has been greatly improved within the last five years.

The Southern Railway System.—This system completely covers the South with some 7,000 miles of railroad, extending from Washington south to Florida, and west to the Mississippi River, with lines running as far north as Cincinnati and St. Louis. It, too, has needed the touch of the financial surgeons during the past ten years and is not even yet on such firm and unquestioned ground as are its more northern competitors, but its earnings and prospects are believed to be constantly improving with the betterment of the general business conditions of the South, and there is a little question that this system will in time become exceedingly prosperous.

Other Eastern Systems.—Among some of the smaller independent systems of the East are numbered several exceedingly wealthy and financially powerful railroads, such as the Boston and Maine and the New York, New Haven and Hartford, dividing between them the greater part of the densely populated New England section; the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad in New York State; and the Philadelphia and Reading in New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania.

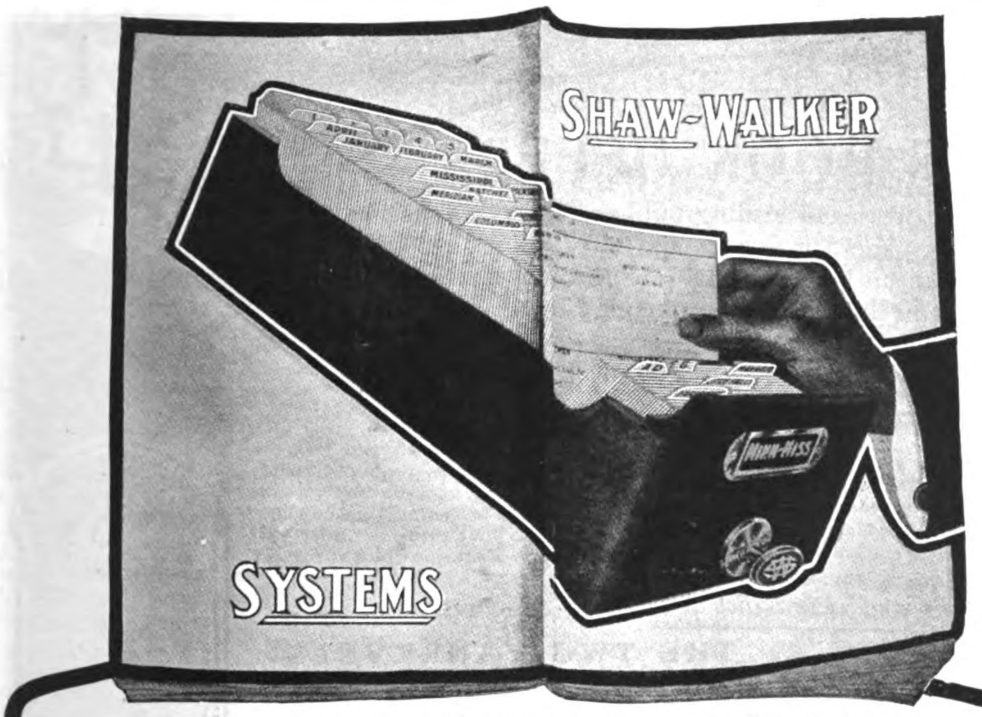
The Systems of the Central West.—The Central West contains numerous widely ramified systems which have converted that rich and fertile section into a district second in population density only to the eight or ten Eastern States, and the future of these systems is a constantly brightening one, so that it is easily possible to believe that in time they will almost rival such systems as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. Among these systems are the Wabash, the Evansville and Terre Haute, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, the Rock Island, the Chicago and Great Western, the Missouri Pacific, the Louisville and Nashville, and the Illinois Central, all of which are regarded as safe and profitable properties, so far at least as their mortgage and other bond obligations are concerned.

The Transcontinental Lines.—The great transcontinental through-routes from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast, form another class of railroads whose securities are constantly appreciating in value with the building up of the great western territory. Twenty years ago these roads were struggling against financial troubles. To-day they are all firmly established and doing an immense and constantly increasing business. The Great Northern Railway, the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific divide between themselves the traffic of the rich wheat-raising belt of the Northern States and Canada; the Union Pacific Railway and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy take the Central States; while the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific connect the great Southwest and the Pacific Coast with St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, and a vast steamship trade to Europe. The earnings of all these systems are enormous, and any serious disaster to them can hardly be imagined.

Altogether the great railroad systems of America are financially healthy and strong. The development of irrigation in the West, together with the more thorough cultivation of the land with increasing density of population, has rendered the dangers of crop failures less serious than was the case even ten years ago, and so vast are the areas now under cultivation that weather troubles are much less likely to be general in character than heretofore. Great crops mean railroad prosperity, with all that brings in its wake, and investors in American railways of the character mentioned above can hardly fail to see a rapid appreciation of their properties from decade to decade.

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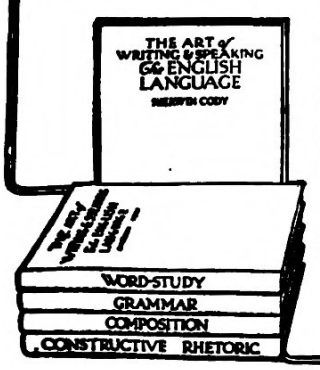
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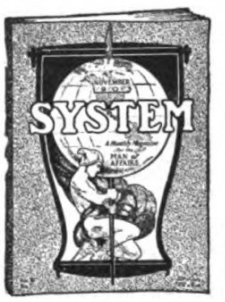
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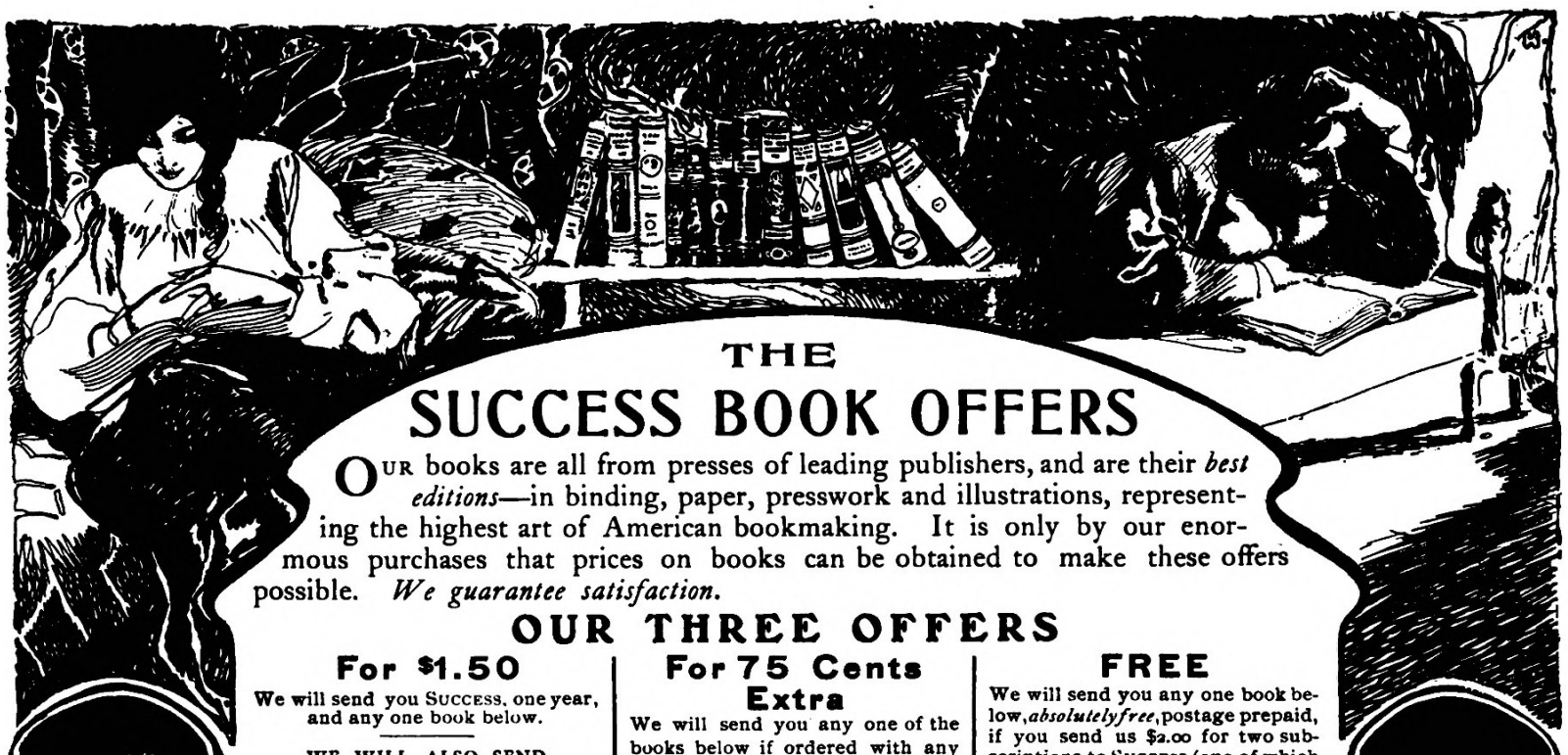
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Lippincott's Monthly Magazine

WHAT IS THE CHARM?

An Interesting Question for Magazine Readers



WHAT is the quality that gives LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE its peculiar hold on readers? First and foremost, it is the charm of a good novel. From the earliest time down to the present day the world has sat at the feet of the masters of fiction, as the King and his court sat and listened to Queen Scheherezade as she held them fascinated by the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

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Each number of LIPPINCOTT'S contains a complete novel, chosen for its quality alone. Often they are by the best-known and most popular authors, but in many cases also they are by the coming writers of fiction,—not yet famous, but still fresh and unspoiled. This feature has for years distinguished LIPPINCOTT'S, and given it a place with the reading public different from that held by any other magazine,—yet a place much envied and striven for, as many feeble attempts at imitation testify.

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Or send to the publishers for sample copy and prospectus for 1904

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SUCCESS, Jan., 1904

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