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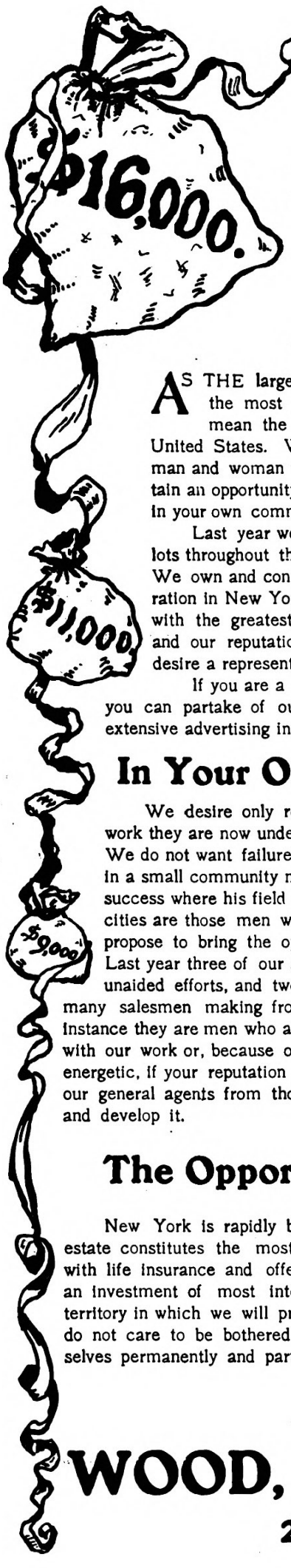


IRVING AND TERRY as
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FEBRUARY 1904
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THE SUCCESS COMPANY
University Building, New York City

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YOU MAY MAKE $16,000 A Year

THIS AGENT DID

Read His Letter Under Picture



Z. M. P. INGE, Our Mobile Agent

AS THE largest real estate firm in the world we are undertaking the most important step in our history, and one which may mean the material prosperity of many people throughout the United States. We would therefore ask the careful attention of every man and woman who reads SUCCESS to see if this step does not contain an opportunity for you infinitely broader than any which is afforded in your own community.

Last year we sold more than $4,000,000 worth of New York City lots throughout the United States and the rest of the civilized world. We own and control more Brooklyn house lots than any firm or corporation in New York City, and we now propose to push our enterprises with the greatest energy everywhere. We intend to make our name and our reputation a household word throughout the country, and we desire a representative in every town and city in the United States.

If you are a man of character and energy, we have a plan by which you can partake of our prosperity and receive the direct benefits of our extensive advertising in building up a business

MOBILE, ALA., September 1st, 1903.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that fourteen months ago I accepted a position as Mobile agent for Wood, Harmon & Company's New York properties in connection with an active law practice. I did so only after an investigation extending over six months, convincing myself of the absolute responsibility of the firm and the remarkable character of their properties. My commissions in the past year have amounted to $16,561, and this amount of money has been made without in the least neglecting a general law practice and other institutional work with which I am connected.

While it is possible that all persons who attempt to sell lots for Wood, Harmon & Company might not succeed, yet I can not conceive how any man who will thoroughly acquaint himself with the facts, and put earnest and intelligent effort into his work, can fail to do handsomely for himself, nor can I see why there are not hundreds who are sufficiently well equipped to do at least as well as I. My faith in Wood, Harmon & Company and their properties may have been an important factor in my success, but it is certain the sale of New York real estate has been the easiest kind of work for me.

Yours very truly, Z. M. P. INGE.

Another agent made $9,747; another, $8,649 in the last year
Many are earning from $3,000 to $5,000 annually

YOU MAY DO AS WELL

In Your Own Immediate Territory

We desire only representative men. Men who are successful in the work they are now undertaking. Men who can give the best of references. We do not want failures. We believe the man who is a good business man in a small community needs only the opportunity to make relatively greater success where his field is broader. Many of the best successes of the great cities are those men who have made successes in the small towns, and we propose to bring the opportunity of the great city right to your own door. Last year three of our salesmen averaged over $11,000 apiece by their own unaided efforts, and two of them while working in small cities. We have many salesmen making from $3,000 to $5,000 a year, and in nearly every instance they are men who are either conducting their own business in conjunction with our work or, because ours was so much more profitable and attractive, have given up their other occupations entirely. If you are energetic, if your reputation is clean, there is no reason, as Mr. Inge says, why you can not do as well as he. We desire to select our general agents from those who manifest ability, and eventually to give exclusive territory to men who are competent to manage and develop it.

The Opportunity is Practically Unlimited in its Possibilities

New York is rapidly becoming the financial centre of the world, as well as the centre of the largest population. Her real estate constitutes the most conservative of investments, and is owned and being sought for over the wide world. When combined with life insurance and offered in the attractive form in which we place it before the public, our New York City house lots form an investment of most intense interest and attractiveness. We intend to give all who apply this year the opportunity of securing territory in which we will protect them and in which they can grow with us and share in the magnitude of our future business. We do not care to be bothered with triflers, but to those who are thoroughly in earnest we will give every assistance to establish themselves permanently and partake of the great future our business is destined to enjoy. For full particulars address

Agency Department, F-15

WOOD, HARMON & COMPANY

257 Broadway, New York

RUSSELL SAGE, one of the world's greatest Investors and Financiers, recently said in an interview in the New York *World:*

"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. BROOKLYN is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year."



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SUCCESS
Orison Swett Marden

SUCCESS

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

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SUCCESS
Orison Swett Marden

A Few Important Announcements



"On the Trail to the Golden Gate" By EDWIN MARKHAM

THIS is a companion story to Mr. Markham's fascinating "Romance of the C. P.," which appeared in SUCCESS for March, 1903, and is one of a series of "Romances of Great Industries" which are appearing from time to time in SUCCESS. "On the Trail to the Golden Gate" describes the wonderful history of the upbuilding of the Wells, Fargo & Company Express business, whose humble beginning was made fifty-two years ago by a young man delivering a few packages in a carpet bag. For nearly a year Mr. Markham has been gathering data for this special paper, having been assisted in his work by Homer S. King, President of the Wells, Fargo & Company Bank, of San Francisco, W. H. Mills, Land Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the late J. J. Valentine, one of the pioneers on the Pacific Coast, and others. "On the Trail to the Golden Gate" will appear in our next issue.

The Cover of this Issue

The fine painting by Masters which forms the cover of this issue represents one of the noblest triumphs of the stage,—the wonderful scene in "The Merchant of Venice" where *Portia* pleads with *Shylock* to show mercy and not to exact his "pound of flesh." Few will dispute the claim of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry to pre-eminence among all the great actors and actresses of the world in the portrayal of this great scene, which is at once dignified, noble, inspiring, and beautiful to a degree. Mr. Masters has faithfully reproduced, in this cover, the costumes which have lent so much of charm to the Irving-Terry performances, and our readers are especially fortunate in being able to obtain and preserve such a vivid color picture.

For the benefit of those who wish a copy for framing, we have prepared one thousand artist's proofs of this SUCCESS cover, taken from the original plates when in an especially perfect state, on fine proof paper, with wide margins, and with the word "SUCCESS" omitted. Orders for these proof-copies will be filled, in the order of their receipt, at twenty-five cents each, carefully packed in tube, with delivery in perfect condition guaranteed. Send early in order to secure a copy.

The Success Portfolio

Our readers have doubtless noticed the special four-page insert bound in the center of each issue of SUCCESS, and forming "The Success Portfolio." These inserts are worthy of separate preservation because of their artistic and human interest, and we have prepared beautiful Portfolio Covers, lithographed and printed in gold and colors, and containing, on the inside pages, "The Success Two-Century Calendar." We will send these Portfolio Covers, together with a Title Page for the Portfolio, to any subscriber on receipt of eight cents in stamps. The Success Portfolio in these covers will form an attractive art book for the drawing-room table. The Portfolio feature for March will be a striking double-page picture illustrating "The Horse Trade with Deacon Perkins" (in "David Harum"), and will be executed by the well-known artist, A. Grunwald.

About Renewals

Subscribers to SUCCESS whose subscriptions expire with this issue will find this paragraph marked in blue pencil, and will also find a renewal blank for their convenience in remitting. Renewal orders should be sent to us by February 10th, at the latest, in order to be certain of receiving the magnificent March number (ready February 25th).

New subscribers will please take notice that we can not guarantee to supply copies of the current issue after the tenth of each month, as the greatly increased demand for SUCCESS is exhausting our editions shortly after publication.

Address all orders for subscriptions to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
UNIVERSITY BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

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Our Advertising Guarantee

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

Our New Serial

The remarkable little four-part serial "The Duke of Cameron Avenue," by Henry Kitchell Webster, ends with this issue and will shortly appear in book form (Macmillan) under the same title. In the March issue of SUCCESS will appear the first chapters of a most fascinating serial story by Joseph A. Altsheler, one of New York's prominent newspaper editors, entitled "Guthrie of 'The Times.'" It is a story of intense present day interest in which are portrayed the experiences of a young reporter who, almost unconsciously and without distinct effort upon his part, becomes a "power behind the throne" in the politics of a great state. We confidently recommend this story to our readers of both sexes as one which is worthy to rank with "The Gentleman from Indiana" as a bit of brilliant fiction.

Apropos of SUCCESS serial stories it is worthy of note that nearly all are meeting with extraordinary success in book form. "The Confessions of a Crœsus," by David Graham Phillips, is running into the thousands under its book title of "The Master Rogue" (McClure, Phillips and Co.,) while "The Whip Hand" (Doubleday, Page and Co.,) by Samuel Merwin, has also been widely successful with the reading public, and "Hiram Bennett's Gold Mine," by Henry Wallace Phillips, is soon to appear.

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Put $10 in a business established 10 years and now amounting to $1,250,000 a year

I am more than pleased with my investment in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. Before becoming a stockholder I made careful investigation into the standing of the concern and personal examination of the plant. I have only one regret which is that I am unable to double my holdings. John H. Hackett, 1721 Ritner St., Philadelphia.

Yours of the 16th to hand. I am so well pleased with my carpet stock that I only regret I am not able to invest ten times the amount of my present holdings. It pays more than five times as much as National Banks. You are at liberty to use the above statement. W.E. Paul, Elkin, N.C.

In reference to the stock of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. purchased through you, beg to say that the policy of the Company has been very fair and liberal toward their stockholders and my returns have more than met my expectations. I have recommended this stock to some of my friends and I congratulate you on having it on your list. F. C. Hoyle, Cambridge, O.

I have to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 16th inst. in reference to the James Dunlap Carpet Co. and to advise that I have the utmost confidence in the prospects of the Company and the fidelity of its officers. My opinion was formed after a thorough investigation and I feel no hesitancy, therefore, in recommending the stock as a safe and remunerative investment. Geo. F. Bell, Rooms 107 and 108 Exchange Building, Kansas City, Mo.

I feel very fortunate and greatly favored to own some stock in the James Dunlap Carpet Company. It is a grand investment for they are perfectly reliable, and only regret I have not means to buy more stock while there is still an opportunity. Mrs. Annie Heermans, Jackson Summit, Pa.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the stock in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. purchased through you, has more than met my expectations in regard to dividends realized. John H. Kline, Williamsville, N. Y.

Yours received and in reply I am very well satisfied with the investment I have made in the James Dunlap Carpet Co., and I think that if any one wants to invest money, that they would be well pleased if they bought shares of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. W. J. Anthony, Lopez, Pa.

I am well pleased with my investment through you in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. stock. It has paid a regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent., and last July I received an extra dividend of 5 per cent., so of course I think well of the stock. A. W. Nelson, Birmingham, Ala.

Thus far I have found James Dunlap Carpet Company stock a very satisfactory dividend payer. Being in the carpet trade somewhat myself, I am impressed with the idea there is nothing safer or surer in the industrial line than the manufacture of carpets. The only regret I have in the matter is the fact that I am not able to own more James Dunlap Carpet Co. stock. Ed. M. Brown, Knoxville, Tenn., 116 Vine Ave., West.

Replying to your inquiry of the 16th, would say that I am very much pleased with my investment in the stock of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. and my only regret is that I am not able to own more of it, for I certainly think it is a FIRST CLASS investment. C. A. Norton, Mentor, Ohio.

Early in the year I purchased from you a share of the J. Dunlap Carpet stock. Dividends on that stock have been coming to me regularly and I have received five dollars over and above all I expected. I believe the company is prosperous and honest. All my investigation confirms the good opinion previously formed of the Company and its business methods. As an evidence of my belief, I have lately subscribed for a second share. J. D. Meese, California, Pa.

Here is an opportunity for people of moderate means to share in the immense profits of an old established business,—the James Dunlap Carpet Company of Philadelphia. It can be done on the easy saving plan of $10 a month.

I own and offer for sale, a few shares in the James Dunlap Carpet Company—an old established enterprise, which has been making money—more each year—for ten years and which paid 17 per cent. interest on the par value ($100) during the past year.



Think of it—$17 net yearly profit on each $100 safely invested.

The par value of this stock is $100 per share. It is certainly worth $200 per share. At $200 it is an 8½% investment.

I will sell you a share for $125 and you may pay $10 down and $10 a month, if you prefer that plan.

At $125 a share the investment nets about 13½%, which is $13.50 net profit per year on each $100 invested.

I will sell you a share for $75 less than I consider it worth for the sole purpose of widely advertising my Investment Department. If you buy a share in this business and find it the most profitable investment you ever made, you will surely come to me the next time you have any money to invest, and that is the very good reason you now have an opportunity of securing an interest in this money-making enterprise.

It will be the best investment you ever made, and it is the best kind of advertising for me.

One hundred well-pleased clients will send more business to my office than thousands of dollars worth of newspaper and magazine advertising.

Sit down right now, and answer this ad. and learn how to invest as little as $10 a month where it will be absolutely safe and where it will earn the largest possible profit consistent with safety.

Do not delay. I have but a limited number of shares for sale.

Here Are Ten Reasons Why You Should Investigate This Offer at Once.

1st—The business is as staple as wheat.

2d—This is not a "prospect" or "maybe." It is a full-fledged business, and has been making money—more each year—for ten years.

3d—You will be given an opportunity to make any kind of an investigation you desire.

4th—There is not a dollar's worth of water in the entire enterprise. Every dollar you invest will be secured by a dollar's worth of actual, tangible assets.

5th—The shares are full-paid and non-assessable.

6th—There are no preferred shares. All shareholders draw the same percentage of profits.

7th—Your money will begin to share in the profits the minute it is received.

8th—The business now amounts to $1,250,000 a year, and is still growing.

9th—I will send you convincing letters, from well-pleased shareholders in all parts of the country, verifying my statements regarding this enterprise.

10th—This offer is made you through your favorite magazine, one of the most reliable and substantial publications in the world.

W. M. OSTRANDER,
Investment Department. 391 North American Building, Philadelphia.

I am pleased to be the owner of five shares of stock in the James Dunlap Carpet Co., and I consider it to be the best investment that I have ever been connected with. Otis I. Bell, Hanover, N. H.

I am very well pleased with my investment in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. and regret that I am unable at present to increase my holdings. Dividends come promptly and statements issued by the Company tell about the business without the shareholders having to ask for the information. Willis R. Knox, Intercourse, Pa.

Replying to your inquiry as to my opinion of the stock of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. as an investment, I will say that I wish I was able to hold more of it, as it is the best-paying investment I have. The income from this stock has been greater than I expected when I made the investment. Indeed I have received profits from it which you, acting as agent for the Company, in answer to my inquiry, assured me that I could not reasonably expect. You have my permission to publish this letter if it will be of use to you. Geo. W. Van Horn, Newton, N. J.

Your letter received and I write to say that I am much pleased with the James Dunlap Carpet Co.'s stock as an investment, and if you can judge the future from what it has done in the past, it is a first-class investment in every respect, and should be selling at 50 per cent. above par at the present time. Wm. C. Young, Westboro, Mass.

I take pleasure in saying that I am very much pleased with my investment in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. of Philadelphia, Pa. In fact, I regard it as the most profitable investment I have ever made. My only regret is that I do not have more shares of stock. I regard the Company as strictly reliable and honorable, and wish to thank you for calling my attention to the stock when it was offered for sale. M. M. McCreight, Manteno, Ill.

As a shareholder in the James Dunlap Carpet Company, I am much pleased with my investment, which thus far has netted me 17 per cent. on the investment. It certainly must be carefully and conservatively managed to produce such a handsome income to the stockholders. I value my stock at $200.00 a share. Bryce P. Smith, Moweaqua, Ill.

In answer to your letter of the sixteenth would say my reasons for investing in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. are, first—the demand for carpets; second—the financial standing of the Company: third—the phenomenal growth of the business in the past nine years; fourth—confidence in the management of the business. For these reasons I intend to increase my stock in the Company after Jan. 1st. Wishing you success, I am, John H. Matthews, Plantsville, Conn.

In reply to your letter of recent date will say we consider the stock of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. to be a safe and profitable investment for those who are situated to invest in industrial securities, I. W. Wimer and J. W. Jackson, Jane Lew, W. Va.

In answer to your favor of of Dec. 16th, 1903, I would say from an advertisement in Munsey's of February, 1903, after making due inquiry and finding it satisfactory, I subscribed for some shares for myself and family in the James Dunlap Carpet Co., Philadelphia. I am very much pleased with my investment as every statement was fulfilled to the letter and I expect to increase my subscriptions. James McFarland, Somerset, Pa.

I am pleased to be the owner of three shares of James Dunlap Carpet stock. It is the best investment I have ever been connected with. George W. Stevens, Hanover, N. H.

The shares of stock which I purchased from you in the James Dunlap Carpet Company have so far proved a very satisfactory investment. I wish my circumstances would allow me to purchase additional shares. Albert Hurd, Galesburg, Ill.

I wish to say that I am very well pleased with the stock I own in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. I only wish I were in a position to buy some more of it. You have convinced me fully that the securities you recommend are just what you claim they are, and I am indebted to you for the opportunity of making this investment. With best wishes, I am, Ralph W. Henry, 702 Bank for Savings Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

I wish to thank you for the promptness and courtesy which have marked your dealings with me in the purchase of my holdings in the Dunlap Carpet Co. The fact that during the past month I have doubled my original purchases of this stock is an evidence of what I think of it as a sound, safe investment in an enterprising, well-managed company. Albert G. Keeler, M'Cance Blk., Pittsburg, Pa.

The industrial stock I purchased of you in April last has been a surprise to me as a dividend earner. I am pleased but not surprised since seeing the plant. Mrs. Emma Werner, 208 South Atlantic Ave., Haddonfield, N. J.

I am glad I lost no time availing myself of the opportunity in securing stock of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. I am more than pleased with my investment, and am now realizing all that you have predicted in your advertising. Thanking you for the personal attention you have given me in this matter, I remain, Ira Beettorff, New Cumberland, Pa.

The James Dunlap Carpet stock I have purchased of you within the past six months, I consider to be the best investment I ever made. Would recommend it to anyone, looking for a safe investment with GOOD dividends. Fred B. Huse, West Hartford, Vt.

Yours of the 16th inst. at hand. In reply will say that I am well satisfied with my investment in the James Dunlap Carpet Co. With best wishes for your success I remain, John S. Smiley, Lopez, Pa.

I think that the stock of the James Dunlap Carpet Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., is a good and safe stock to invest in and do not see why it will not be a good paying investment if it can be bought at $125 a share or about that price. I have none which I care to sell at that price, preferring to keep it. Franklin J. Pomeroy, Westhampton, Mass.

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SUCCESS

VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1904 Number 117



How Wall Street Makes Something Out of Nothing

The Manner in Which Some Notable Combines Have Burst because of too Much Water and Indigestible Securities, and how a Foolish Public Is the Loser thereby

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

SEVEN and one half years ago—in the summer of 1896,—came the first general big crop we had had in almost a decade. It made the beginning of the end of our longest and dreariest depression,—the depression that had overwhelmingly defeated Benjamin Harrison and triumphantly elected Grover Cleveland in 1892, and that had caused Cleveland's administration to be fiercely assailed by a people bent upon holding somebody more personal and tangible than the weather responsible for the unsatisfactory conditions. The beginning of the boom came too late to mollify the rage of the Democratic and Populist conventions of 1896, but just in time to soften the voters sufficiently to defeat William Jennings Bryan and to elect William McKinley in the fall.

This beginning of prosperity was on a scale worthy of the flush years which were to follow. Year has followed year, each with its history of bursting barns and high prices and consequent business of manufacturers and merchants. Last summer repeated the golden tale of the seven preceding summers. Yet we find manufacturers and merchants looking gloomy; we read of a declining volume of business, of closing mills or running them on half time, of thousands of workmen laid off or put on reduced wages, and of a general curtailing of programmes for improvements and enlargements. Why? Has there been a repeal of the old and supposedly invariable law that big crops at good prices insure prosperity?

In scientific investigation there is a basic principle called the "law of parsimony." That means, when you wish to find a general explanation for a related lot of occurrences, that you must take the smallest explanation that will explain all the facts. In the present instance, the curious occurrence of a pinch when there should be prosperity *could* be explained as a proof of Providential interference, or of total depravity, or as evidence of the power of sun-spots, or as the result of Mr. Roosevelt's lunching with John Mitchell and other supposed controllers of "the labor vote," whatever that may be. But there is a simpler adequate explanation, and under the law of parsimony we must accept it.

For seven merry years Wall Street has been making something out of nothing. Now, Lucretius was too dogmatic—perhaps it would be more exact to say "too previous,"—when he laid it down flatly that "out of nothing comes nothing." J. Pierpont Morgan and a large and brilliant company of contemporary high financiers would soon laugh him out of that notion. It is an old, old discovery of high finance that more can be made out of nothing than out of something, and that it is the "nothing"

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part of a big flotation which produces the most "something." But to our modern get-rich-quick geniuses belongs the credit of taking up that ancient discovery and re-demonstrating its truth with a force and effect that have made countless millions gnash their teeth bitterly as their wealth has melted away.

To the fact that out of a nothing can be made a something as big or bigger than was the nothing must be added another indissolubly related fact,—that the something which financial genius has evolved from nothing returns to its original nothingness soon after the "flotation" is over, sometimes even before the "flotation" is quite complete. The "nothing" part of the United States Steel Corporation is only now resolving back to its nothingness; the "nothing" part of the United States Shipbuilding Company returned to a particularly messy, smelly kind of nothingness while the magic wands of its promoters were still waving.

In Seven Years Wall Street Has Received Over Two Billions for Water Alone

In the "Arabian Nights" there is a story of how one of the Barber of Bagdad's seven brothers—I can not recall which one, but he was a butcher,—sold meat to a certain old gentleman whose eminently respectable and responsible appearance was embellished by a beard of the proportions that could not grow upon the face of an evil man. Soon after the departure of this distinguished customer the money he had paid for the meat was found to be transformed into mulberry leaves. The respectable, piously whiskered old gentleman was a wizard,—and great was the woe that befell the barber's butcher-brother for trying to expose him and get his meat or his money back for the mulberry leaves. The distinguished wizards of Wall Street have been exchanging the nothing of "mulberry leaves," whereof they had or could get unlimited quantities, for the meat of the "cold cash" whereof the "investing public" seemed to have unlimited quantities which it wished to part with. The "mulberry leaves" have changed and are changing back to plain, worthless mulberry leaves, and the row has begun. Hence comes the pause—for it is probably only a pause,—in prosperity,—that is, in the prosperity of those who trafficked with wizards.

Since 1896 more than one billion dollars (face value,) of bonds, more than a billion and three-quarters dollars (face value, also,) of preferred stock, and more than two and one half billions (face value,) of common stock have been issued by about two hundred industrial combines of various sizes, ranging from a capitalization of five millions or so to the colossal capitalization of the Steel Trust,—a billion and a half. When the word "issued" is used here, it means *passed from the hands of the underwriters and flotationers,*—that is, of the wizards. To describe all of this stupendous total—more than five billion, two hundred and fifty million dollars,—as "mulberry leaves," or as mere nothingness, would be unfair, unjust, and preposterous. How much of it is value and how much "mulberry leaves?" Obviously an accurate answer to this question is impossible. The most that can be done is to approximate, and, in doing so, care must be taken to understate. Overstatement would, as it ever does, defeat the object.

In arranging a flotation the flotators, if they are what is called in "high finance" conservative men, are careful to have a solid marketable value *under the bonds.* Sometimes—more often than anyone would have believed before the Shipbuilding Trust revelations caused a general turning-on of search lights,—they are not so careful about this conservatism as they might be, to put it charitably. Again, as is undoubtedly the case with a majority of the good "industrials" listed on the New York Stock Exchange, the flotators are careful enough to have a solid foundation of marketable value, not only for the bonds, but also for a considerable part of the preferred stock. Balancing these two opposite factors, we may, with sufficient caution to understate the ugly truth, assume that all the bonds and half the preferred stock in the foregoing grand total of good, bad, and indifferent, represent *tangible* value,—the only kind that used to be considered or tolerated in inventory assets. What of the common stock? Some of it, as the Sugar Trust Common, commands a higher price than the preferred; much of it is not worth the paper spoiled in authorizing it. Not a share of it has a *tangible* value under it, for the theory of "flotationers" is that common stock shall represent the increased earnings that will result from the increased advantages due to combination. To state it arithmetically, combine an uncombined *two* with another uncombined *two,* and a Wall Street wizard gets *four,*—plus the common stock.

The Wizards Rival the Man with the Mulberry Leaves in the "Arabian Nights"

We are now in a position to make an estimate that is well within the monstrous bulk of the nothingness in that grand total. One half the preferred stock—the half that has for foundation "the baseless fabric of a vision,"—is (more than) eight hundred million dollars; all of the common stock is (more than) two billion, five hundred million dollars. Thus, the total of stock issued upon no *tangible* basis is (more than) three billion, three hundred million dollars. But still we are not down to "mulberry leaves." There are, beyond question, many intangible but none the less highly valuable assets in any business enterprise. Good will is one of them,—though not a large one in these days, when the best advertiser with the best goods can so quickly connect with the pocket of the public. Opportunity to monopolize is another intangible asset,—a huge one in the case of a Standard Oil Company or a Sugar Trust with great skill in corrupting legislatures, campaign committees, and the guardians of the temples of Justice. A patiently-built-up and thorough business organization is another,—that which the Steel Trust got when it absorbed the Carnegie Company was of enormous value, and no doubt still is of great value. How much, then, of the (more than) three billion, three hundred million dollars of stock based on no tangible assets is based upon intangible but genuine assets?

To write off one billion dollars for this is the widest limit of liberality in the anxiety to be fair to the wizards of Wall Street and get at the minimum of the public losses through them. There remain two billion, three hundred million dollars,—more, much more, than that amount; for our estimates have been most carefully made under-estimates. More than two thousand millions of dollars have been exchanged by the investing public for "mulberry leaves!"

Is it strange that there are in process "expensive liquidations?" Is it strange that the water is gushing from the stock of the "combines" and the tears from the eyes of luckless investors? Is it strange that we have had in the past seven years so many scores of brand new multi-millionaires, the wizards and their confederates,—I beg pardon, their fellow financiers? Is it strange that we have had a spectacle of drunken prodigality? Is it strange that the man in the street has been talking glibly of hundreds of millions, that promoters have thought nothing of "ten or twenty millions" to be added to a flotation, "just to oblige" somebody or other who needed that amount to bring his fortune up to a good round figure? Is it strange that we have had, that we are mournfully emerging from, an attack of the mania for speculation which has reached down and down through all the property-owning class until it has led the wife and mother reluctantly but hopefully to yield to the husband, for get-rich-quick investment, the deed of the little house, the home of which they were so proud, and in which they were so content in their sane days, before the spell of the wizards was cast over the country?

At the most moderate estimate, Wall Street has in seven years worked off, or palmed off, or floated—or whatever name, polite or coarse, you choose to apply to the process,—more than two thousand millions of "securities" manufactured out of just nothing at all; and the thousands on thousands of investors, rich and poor and of moderate means, from Maine to California, but principally in the Eastern and Middle Western States, have paid for these "securities," at the very least, one thousand million dollars; for at the very lowest estimate that stupendous sum represents the difference between the purchase price and the marketable value.

Tens of thousands of the thriftiest, most ambitious, and most enterprising Americans find their strong boxes, large and small, sprinkled with, if not full of, "mulberry leaves." No wonder that enterprise staggers. It has had a billion-dollar solar-plexus blow.

Those Who Invest Have Good Excuses for Believing in the Wiles of the Wizards

What has become of the money that thrift gave the wizards in exchange for "mulberry leaves?" Most of it is in possession of wizards and their associates or beneficiaries. Much of it has shifted back and forth until to trace it would be impossible; for the most conspicuous quality of a true Wall Street wizard is not, as might at first blush be supposed, his wizardishness, but his gullibility. The "investing public" may be excused for its susceptibility to the wiles of wizards. Their excellent names, their good or even high reputations, their extreme plausibility, and their adroit playing upon public ignorance of "the game,"—all these factors make it astonishing that the public has remaining in its cash drawer anything but "mulberry leaves." But how can we explain or excuse the ease with which wizards take each other in? A few years ago all the world was jeering at a Baring—several generations from *the* Baring,—who had ruined his house and caused financial England to totter, and the financial world to quake, by listening to the smooth talk of a Kentucky patent medicine fakir expatriated to Argentina. But what of our "great leaders of finance" biting eagerly at bait so obvious that even the credulous "investing public" refused so much as a nibble? How account for those millions on millions of "undigested securities" (!) which caused the "rich men's panic" last fall and dissipated so many large fortunes in shrewd hands?

The fact is—and no one should fail to take it into account,—that most wizards of the very expert class first fool themselves, and get themselves in a state of mind in which they are prepared to accept "mulberry leaves" as veritable value. The bigger the wizard, the more completely he finally comes to fool himself. He sees "mulberry leaves" turning into money under his magic; and presently he is saying to himself: "Why, they are not mulberry leaves, as I feared. Yes, I am a greater wizard than I thought. Indeed, I'm not a wizard at all, but a true manufacturer, a high and mighty creator, of true wealth." Thenceforth, he passes the basket in church with an easy conscience and works off "mulberry leaves" with a smile of benevolence that springs from an honest heart. And what a righteous wrath flames in him if a humble Barber of Bagdad's butcher-brother takes after him and calls him unplesant names in the street!

This brings us to the most interesting part of the inquiry into Wall Street's wholesale manufacture of something out of nothing. We are at the door of the great Wizards' Workshop. Let us go in and see how it is done.

John D. Rockefeller is an industrial leader; J. Pierpont Morgan is a financial leader. The one is a business man; the other, a banker. Both have achieved large results, but by widely different methods. From the very beginning of this seven-years-of-wizards-loose-upon-the-earth, Mr. Rockefeller has been a pessimist. "That's not business; that's a mere banker's proposition," he has been quoted as saying, whenever one of those large combinations has been brought to his attention for criticism. While he has reluctantly approved several of them and has tolerated others, he has done so simply because he has seen no way of transforming the "banker's proposition" into one which his business instinct could approve. The "combine" has seemed to him absolutely necessary; but the various "interests" to be placated would not be placated unless each got many times the actual value of its property. For example, Andrew Carnegie made the Steel Trust inevitable; then it had to buy him out; he refused to sell for less than a sum which represented almost the whole of the tangible assets of the entire "combine," a sum more than double his own preposterously high valuation quoted about a year before. Some hasty persons have called such performances "blackmail." But blackmail is a nasty, jailodorous word, beneath the dignity of transactions so far removed from the decimal point.

Mr. Rockefeller Believes that a Business Should Be Capitalized on Its Tangible Assets

To illustrate what Mr. Rockefeller meant by the distinction between a business man's proposition and a banker's, take his own formation of the Standard Oil Company,—leaving out, as not pertinent to the present inquiry, the robberies, the oppressions, the extortions, the suicides, and the murders incident to the closing of that conscienceless corporate hand upon the oil industry.

In 1902, the Standard Oil Company paid forty-eight million dollars in dividends. A Wall Street wizard, if given this company to bring up to date and "float" on the modern plan, would say: "A dividend-earning capacity

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of forty-eight millions a year means, on the most ultra-conservative basis, a bonding and capitalization of at least nine hundred and thirty million dollars. Of this, bonds to the amount of one hundred and fifty million dollars would call, in annual interest, for eight million dollars of the forty-eight million dollars of distributable profits; dividends on preferred stock to the amount of two hundred and eighty million dollars, at seven per cent., would call for just under twenty million dollars more; dividends on common stock to the amount of five hundred million dollars, at four per cent., would be met by the remaining twenty million dollars. On second thought, my estimate is too conservative. Let us make it a billion-dollar corporation, with, say, two hundred million dollars' worth of additional unissued stock to provide against "emergencies." At this word "emergencies," the wizard would grin or wink, according as he was a high-bred college graduate or an underbred Indiana suspender drummer. Perhaps, if this wizard should get a peep at the carefully concealed undivided surplus account of the Standard Oil Company, he would be tempted to add at least half a billion to his "conservative" estimate of its proper capitalization as "a mere banker's proposition."

Not so Mr. Rockefeller! He capitalized the Standard Oil Company at one hundred million dollars; and two million, five hundred thousand dollars of that is, I believe, unissued. The Rockefeller theory —and it is applied wherever an industry or a railroad or a bank is seized or created and "Rockefellered,"—holds that a business should be capitalized on its *tangible* assets. Then, whatever the fluctuations in dividends, through fluctuations in prices and earnings, there need be no unpleasant or painful or disastrous consequences. That is what Mr. Rockefeller means by "business;" and the other thing—a billion-dollar or billion-and-a-half-dollar Standard Oil Company,—would be what Mr. Rockefeller means by his pessimistic sneer, "a mere banker's proposition."

A business man reaps in good times, but never forgets that bad times and slack times will come again. The makers of these "mere banker's propositions" look only to selling as many "securities" at as high a price as possible to-day; to-morrow,—why, to-morrow the "flotation" will be accomplished and they will be clear of it. These "mere banker's proposition" flotations remind one of those surgical bulletins which announce that "the operation was a triumphant success," and add, as a mere incident, that "the patient died the next day from heart failure."



"It has led the wife, reluctantly but hopefully, to yield to the husband the deed of the home"

It Is clearly not a Case of "Shrinkage OF Values," but of "Shrinkage TO Values"

But the bankers—and the lawyers; let us by no means overlook the lawyers,—have been in control of the industrial movement in Wall Street these past seven years. Wall Street, that does not raise a pound of foodstuff or clothing-stuff,—Wall Street, that does not whirl a wheel in any factory anywhere,—Wall Street, that does not move a ton of freight,—Wall Street, that has, as its sole province,—and a vast province it is,—the dealing in the things, not the dreams or imaginings, but the tangibilities, the *things* that others produce elsewhere,—in field and mine and factory,—Wall Street has gone into producing wholesale. Ignorant of business, it has taken up business enterprise after business enterprise, and has "floated" them as "mere banker's propositions."

The event has justified Mr. Rockefeller's icy, sardonic sneer. We are having an appalling, a deplorable shrinkage,—not "shrinkage *of* values," as Wall Street phrases it, but shrinkage *to* values.

There are two distinct kinds of "mere banker's propositions,"—the visionary and the viperous. Both are, in essence, dishonest. But the one has the dishonesty of the bandit who comes, in gay plumes and velvet breeches and flashing buttons, to raid; the other has the dishonesty of the creature that crawls through the underbrush to bring down the unwary traveler, and then crawls up to rifle his pockets when life has surely fled. Of course, the practitioners of both kinds of dishonesty, the exploiters of both kinds of "mere banker's propositions," are in various stages of sundry familiar illusions and delusions—about their own intentions, about their own morals, about the prospects of their enterprises "coming out all right somehow." But the "investing public" looks not at intentions, but at acts and facts. An empty pocket has small charity for the motives of its emptyers.

Of the visionary kind of "mere banker's propositions," the United States Steel Corporation stands as the most colossal example. Its total capitalization, all items included and all *acknowledged* subsidiary companies, is $1,605,949,856. What *value* is there beneath this? A tangible value of perhaps six hundred million dollars; an intangible value of perhaps two hundred million dollars more. What, then, is the meaning of the other half of the capitalization? What is that water doing there?

Sundry "interests"—Mr. Carnegie, with his Carnegie Company, Mr. Gates, with his American Steel and Wire, the Moore brothers, with their concerns, etc., etc., etc.,—were to be welded together. Each one gave Mr. Morgan the figure at which he would "consolidate." Mr. Morgan toiled heroically to cut these figures down as much as possible, and did cut them down in many instances. But every "interest" had to have much more of the new "securities" than it deserved. The whole thing was slapped together; large "bonuses" of common stock, with dividends at four per cent. until the holders could unload, were handed round as presents to "participators;" and, presto! slap, bang,—the great Steel Trust! Then came upward of fifty millions distributed to the guaranteeing syndicate, which did not have to invest a dollar, though, of course, it might have had to do so and lose millions. There was a bond-conversion syndicate, later on, which made huge sums by having preferred stock bought in the open market and having it sent to the company's offices to be registered for conversion. There was not a ray of real business anywhere, but pure, unadulterated "wizard banking" and "wizard finance." The thousand millions of preferred and common stock can now be had at less than half their face value; even the bonds have fallen below par. Most of the "wizards" unloaded their preferred stock at upward of eighty-five, and their common at upward of thirty-five,—magnificent pay for the prestidigitators. Not a share of that preferred stock represented an investment of so much as forty dollars; and not a share of the common stock represented any investment whatever. A practicable, plausible "capitalization"-value—less water, less pickings and stealings, less blackmail, less "rake-offs," less syndications, less conversions, less dreams, less hopes, and less "future possibilities,"—would have been, at the very outside, six hundred million dollars,—stocks, bonds, and all. A cautious—a Rockefeller,—capitalization, sound and businesslike, would have been about two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Of the viperous kind of "mere banker's propositions" there is the Shipbuilding Trust as a conspicuous, noisome example. It had "securities" of eighty million dollars, issued upon property worth about one eighth of eighty millions,—and almost all of that property so "fixed" that the head assassin of the gang of bush-crawlers could get it back and leave every one else absolutely in the lurch. Millions of these "securities" were handed out for preposterous alleged assistance in "flotation." Hundreds of thousands were squandered in frantic and foolish efforts to delude Americans and foreigners into buying the worthless stuff. *Eminent* business men and lawyers, men of reputation for piety as well as of reputation for honesty, struggled to outdo each other in meanness and treachery and thievery that would make a bunko steerer stare and a highwayman blush. All the while three plans were at work,—one to swindle the public; another to wreck the concern and "do" all but a small coterie of "insiders" out of the "swag;" a third to loot the looters for the benefit of one man.

How far is the Shipbuilding Trust typical of the methods of Wall Street wizards? Certainly not in its stupidity; for, while the flush times did superheat all but such cool heads as those upon the shoulders of Rockefeller and Russell Sage, it did not wholly destroy that "'cuteness" which is Wall Street's prime distinguishing characteristic. But in other respects is it typical? Again, not in its utter and shameless dishonesty. Wall Street is often dishonest in the sense in which a very old-fashioned and scrupulous American gentleman would use that word. But nothing that is typical of Wall Street is viperously dishonest.

Not All the Great Consolidated Corporations Bear the Stamp of Absolute Honesty

But both the Shipbuilding Trust and the Steel Trust, and all the big "mere-banker's-proposition" trusts in between, bear the stamp of the morality to be expected of men who habitually traffic with bosses and corrupt legislatures, who defy laws, who bribe and browbeat and—pose as our best and most successful citizens. Indeed, is it not astonishing that any one should expect a sense of responsibility in any matter of any man who has for mere dollars debauched the public administrations of his country and fouled its fountains of liberty?

It was not Mr. Searles, of the Sugar Trust in its organizing days, who discovered that the largest part of the capital of a corporation should have no tangible basis. Long before Mr. Searles and Mr. Havemeyer, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds and the Sages and the Fields were watering stock to hide excessive dividends or to "milk" the public. But it was Mr. Searles who, when the organization of the Sugar Trust was under investigation, first formally expounded and defended, as not only legitimate but also

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businesslike, the process of growing rich by making a few figures on a piece of paper. His contention was that the true basis of capitalization is not market value of assets, but is earning power. All "mere banker's propositions"—all the necromancy of the Wall Street wizards,—are based upon or purport to be based upon this "notion," as Mr. Rockefeller would probably call it.

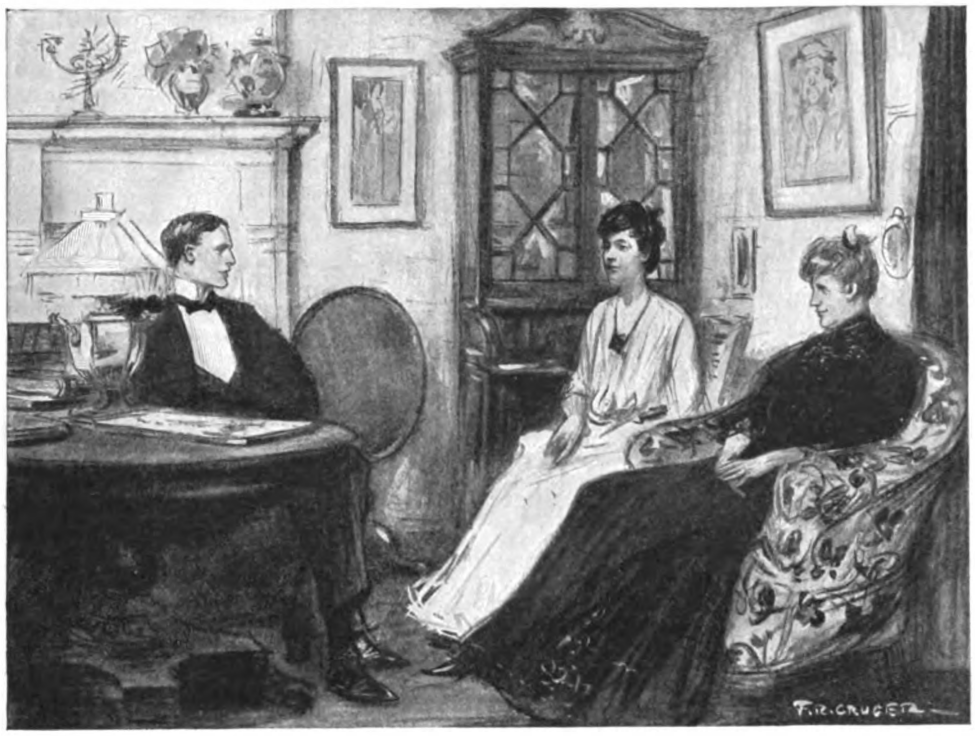
Thus, to make something out of nothing, to "create" wealth under your own hat, all you have to do is to capitalize earning power,—present and prospective. Present earning power must serve as the basis for bonds and preferred stock; prospective earning power, for common stock. Mr. Morgan dreams a Steel Trust; Mr. Carnegie—not much of a dreamer,—takes the bonds; Mr. Rockefeller and some like him take the preferred stock, *after it has been squeezed dry;* the public gets a chance to take unto its confiding bosom the unsqueezed preferred stock and that baseless fabric of the Morgan vision,—the common stock, the "prospective earnings" as conjured by a wizard whose confidence in his art is boundless,—though, it is said, his holdings of Steel Common are not large.

"Something out of nothing!"—and upward of a billion of money has changed hands, has passed from those who made it by hard work, has passed in part to the multi-millioned colossuses, and has passed in still larger part to those who certainly know how to put on "style" with it.

Well, at no price is experience dear-bought, provided it does not take life itself. In that fact, those of the "investing public" who are "long" of "mulberry leaves" labeled "Steel Common," "Shipbuilding Trust," "Asphalt," "Mercantile Marine," "Consolidated Superior," etc., etc., etc., may take cold consolation. Such of them as insist upon consolation of the fervent kind may possibly seek it in Epictetus. When that philosopher saw a fellow making off with his only lamp, he looked after him pityingly, as an indulgent father would look on an erring son, and said: "Poor wretch! How badly he must have needed that lamp to become a thief to get it!"

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"Gilbert and his folly, and the somewhat excessive punishment thereof, remained in the background"



AN ARTIST IN PUBLICITY

The Story of John Gilbert's Clever Method of Selling His Art Treasures

HOWARD FIELDING

GILBERT had dined at the Harvard Club three evenings in succession, and had found it a very agreeable form of economy. A man is not supposed to be lavish in his college club, whose doors stand open for good fellows of small means, but in the more pretentious institutions there is an increasing tendency toward extravagance. Letters of resignation addressed to six of them were in the pockets of Gilbert's dinner-coat, as he finished his lunch in a corner, alone.

His thoughts touched upon a great number of personal topics; and, as he passed from one to another, it was as if he bade good-by to his own life in various aspects, all of them agreeable. Yet he was not in the least degree cast down, though he gave himself every chance, and disdained the cheerful lying which is so loudly recommended nowadays as a substitute for courage.

His luxurious bachelor apartments whirled round and round in his imagination, and vanished, and then thoughts of an anticipated pleasant trip abroad wandered away into the vast realm of Never-come-true. There was a girl who was going across with her mother, and Gilbert had expected to meet them in Paris and elsewhere,—particularly in Venice, which he had seen but once, and then alone. However, the girl would come back again, and by that time he might have rebuilt his fortunes.

"Hello, Gilbert," said a voice, and he looked up, startled, to see Jimmy Deering leaning over the back of a chair upon the other side of the table.

"Sit down, Jimmy, and have some coffee," responded Gilbert: "you look as if something had gone wrong."

Deering seated himself and surveyed his friend critically, but hesitated a moment before replying.

"I was afraid something had gone wrong with you," he then said, "but you have the aspect of a man with ready money. Such being the case, I'd like to know what you mean by this!" and he tossed across the table a four-page folder announcing that John Gilbert's collection of curios and objects of art was to be sold, and might be seen by intending purchasers at the gentleman's apartments in Lincoln Chambers.

"I had a notion that I could sell it myself, instead of turning it over to any of the usual intermediaries," replied Gilbert, "so I got up this thing. I drew these illustrations myself, lettered in the reading matter, and had the four plates made by a photo-engraver, who turned me out a score or more of these folders on his proof press. I sent them by mail to some men who are accustomed to squander their money on artistic rubbish."

"Rubbish?" echoed Jimmy.

"Well, it's rubbish in comparison with the collection that I'll have some day," responded Gilbert.

"But why—"

"Jimmy, I'm broke. I've been speculating. As a matter of fact, I never had a third of the money that I was supposed to have, but I knew how to get what I wanted,—until I struck Wall Street. Then I got what I didn't want. Yet I wasn't doing so badly up to the big squeeze of last Friday. I was caught in both the Leonard and the Stuart and Gibbs failures, and that settled me. I haven't a red cent."

Deering expressed his sympathy somewhat incoherently, most of his intelligible language consisting of bitter reflections upon the characters of the brokers whom his friend had named.

"I had no idea of this," he said, at length. "I made up my mind that you were going abroad, and I was confoundedly anxious to know whether you were headed east or west."

"Why?"

"Because I happened to hear that Miss Brenton and her mother are to cross the Atlantic," was the reply; "and I had a notion that you'd sail on the next boat or go to Patagonia. I hoped it wouldn't be Patagonia, because you're my second choice for the honor of Miss Brenton's hand; and my first choice is really out of the race, because he isn't tall enough, as you'll observe," he added, rising.

"It may be possible," said Gilbert, "that the lady's choice would n't light upon either of us. I have never been presumptuous enough to inquire."

"Well, don't let this little pecuniary cropper bother you," responded Deering. "She's not the sort of girl to care about that. Besides, she's got all the money that anybody needs, even in this era of steam yachts. Good-by, old man; I must skip along."

He hurried away, and presently Gilbert also took his departure. He was in excellent spirits. Without a definite plan, he still persistently beheld himself repairing his fortunes; and, whenever he thought of anything that had been lost, there rose the vision of a better to take its place. Viewing this unreasonably hopeful attitude dispassionately, he decided that his recent experience had somewhat unsettled his mind. "I'm glad of it," he said, aloud: "I prefer my mind this way."

In the hall of the Lincoln Chambers an attendant informed him that three gentlemen had called during his absence. One of them must have been Jimmy Deering, another he could not immediately identify, and the third had just been ushered into the reception room. Gilbert received this gentleman's card from the attendant, and observed that a message in pencil had been written upon the back of it and then carefully erased. There were indications that this had occurred some time ago and that the card might have seen other service. Turning it over, Gilbert read the name, "Columbus Smith Savard," which he vaguely remembered. The phrase, "You ought to meet Columbus Smith Savard,"—or some equivalent expression,—recurred to him as if he had heard it several times, yet he could not recall a specific instance.

The reception room of the Lincoln Chambers was furnished with that specious magnificence which results from "spending money on it," as people say in New York with more and more gusto. When Gilbert entered he beheld his visitor alone, engaged in contemplation of a bronze figure upon a pedestal. This bronze figure had been derived, by a series of imitations, from a genuine work of art, and it had a most offensive air of pretending to be good.

Fascinated by the shameless dishonesty of the image, yet recoiling from it with a fine and high disdain, there stood a slender, frail old man clothed all in black, and wearing an ancient "stovepipe" hat. His face and hands, his heavy, glistening eyebrows, and his abundant hair with a quaint little curl at the back of his neck were startlingly white, and yet he had not the look of very advanced age. All the delicate muscles that control expression were sharply alive, and the blue eyes were bright. The rugged outline of the face was strong in its own way, but the strength was quite unworldly.

He was so thin that there was not enough of him to give an outline to his garments. They hung limp and neglected, as if upon a peg. Supported only by the customary strap at the back of the

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collar, that long-tailed, melancholy coat would have had exactly the same folds, —and surely there were no legs inside those forlorn trousers.

The desolation of his raiment served to enhance the gentle animation of his countenance, and the sensitiveness of his remarkable hands, which looked as if they had been etherealized by contact with the most fragile and beautiful objects.

Gilbert took in Savard at a glance and was seized by a great and presumptuous desire to sketch him. His attitude and expression in the presence of the bad bronze figure were absolutely ideal; yet he was not so deeply absorbed as to miss the sound of Gilbert's steps.

It was pleasant to behold the change in his aspect as he turned; and interesting, too, to note how the old black suit seemed to turn some seconds later than its wearer, and to adjust itself, with queer little wavings and flappings, to its new position.

"Mr. Savard?"

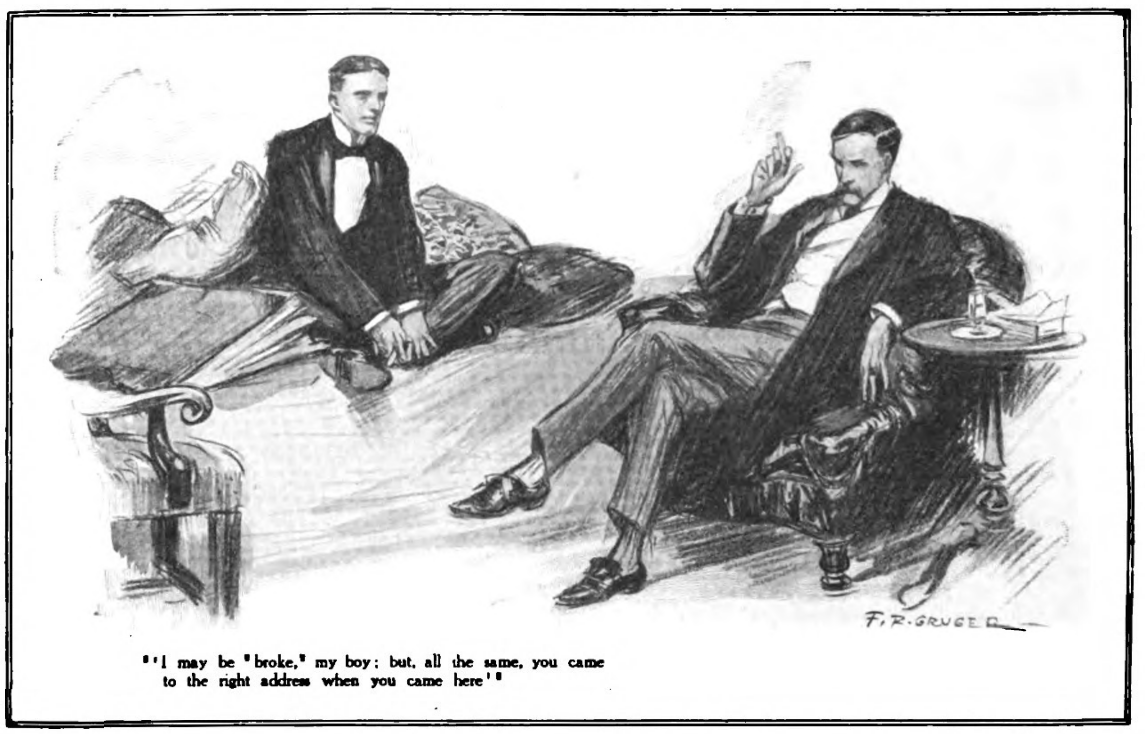
"Good evening, sir," said the old man, gravely, and he proceeded to remove his hat; not, as it seemed, from the usual motive, but merely to secure a document which he carried in its crown. This proved to be the folder announcing Gilbert's sale.

"A friend, knowing my interest in such matters, kindly gave me this," said he.

"I thank your friend and you," responded Gilbert. "If you will go with me to my rooms,—"

"Yes, sir; yes, with pleasure," said Savard, eagerly; and yet he paused to adjust his hat upon his head with a certain nervous impatience as if his faculty of locomotion resided in it and would work only when the hat was on. In the midst of this process he chanced to notice his card in Gilbert's hand, and a faint flush came into his cheeks.

"Really," he hastened to say, "I found that I had no other,—no other by me at the moment. An old man's forgetfulness! I fear it may have been somewhat soiled. Pray excuse its appearance!"



"'I may be "broke," my boy: but, all the same, you came to the right address when you came here'"

It was placed in his hand, and he was regarding it with disapproval. As they walked toward the elevator, he put it into his pocket, and Gilbert wondered how long it had served, and whether he had to do with a remarkable old miser or with a gentleman in pitiable straits.

In his apartments Gilbert found the card that had been left by his second visitor, a man to whom he had sent a folder, but not one from whom he expected any extensive purchases. Before the momentary inspection of the card was finished, Columbus Smith Savard was busy with the collection. Some examples of Japanese carving in ivory had attracted his attention, and at a single glance he had chosen the best of them. It was a beautiful standing figure of Kwannon, the Japanese Madonna, holding a rosary and a long-stemmed lotus flower.

"Suzuki-Nosuyoshi," said Savard, naming the author of this work without an instant's hesitation, "was a carver by divine sanction, but he never forgot that he was an Oriental. Mark the inexpressible peace of this face! In the Orient all that is good is sublimated toward extinction, for the ideal is nothingness. We are not permitted to understand it."

He went on to speak of the carving in detail quite as if Gilbert had never seen it before. The ornaments of the headdress, the folds of the drapery, and the lotus-pod pedestal suggested the most entertaining comments. So he passed to others: a she-devil lying in wait for her victim in the shadow of a great temple-bell; a woman, prone, whose child interceded for her with the ravenous tiger that had felled her, and other typical Japanese conceptions.

The scene was strangely reversed. It was not Gilbert who displayed these things for sale; it was Savard who exalted their merits, and in some instances pleaded with Gilbert not to sacrifice them. Moreover, his words were not without effect: the artistic craving which had led to the acquisition of these objects was strongly revived in the young man's heart.

Gilbert had taken Savard for a connoisseur sent by some prospective buyer, and he began to be amazed at such a choice of a representative. Surely nothing that he said was calculated to prepare the way for bargains: he praised what was good, and passed by the inferior articles without comment. His demeanor was something of a puzzle, and the mystery was greatly deepened by a remark that was called forth by a little silver candlestick on a bracket.

"You may have heard," said he, "that I have in my collection the famous Nemesis candlestick."

Gilbert was greatly amazed to know that a man who could afford only one visiting card possessed a collection of any sort, and still more that it contained so great a treasure.

"You doubtless remember the story," continued Savard. "The candlestick was found upon the coffin of the Duke of Pentland, whose tragic death has never been explained. Eight days after the entombment, the vault was opened because of a rumor that the body was not the duke's. Then they found that a round hole had been cut through the inner and the outer coffins, and a gold candlestick, in which a wax taper had burned to the socket, stood there to show by what illumination the mysterious visitor had beheld the face of the dead. Undoubtedly there were those who knew why and by whom this desecration was committed, but the information has never been made public; and, though the candlestick was of such remarkable beauty and value that all connoisseurs should have known of its existence, it was openly sold in London, some years later, and yet no one came forward to tell its history previous to the moment when it was found in the tomb."



These facts were familiar to Gilbert, who had heard, also, that the candlestick had been sold again in New York, and had then disappeared beyond the ken of those who are interested in such relics. If Savard owned it, and openly boasted of the treasure, why should it be spoken of by experts as lost?

While he was considering the various aspects of this puzzle, a ring at the telephone summoned him to another room. As he put the receiver against his ear a very charming voice greeted him with the customary salutation.

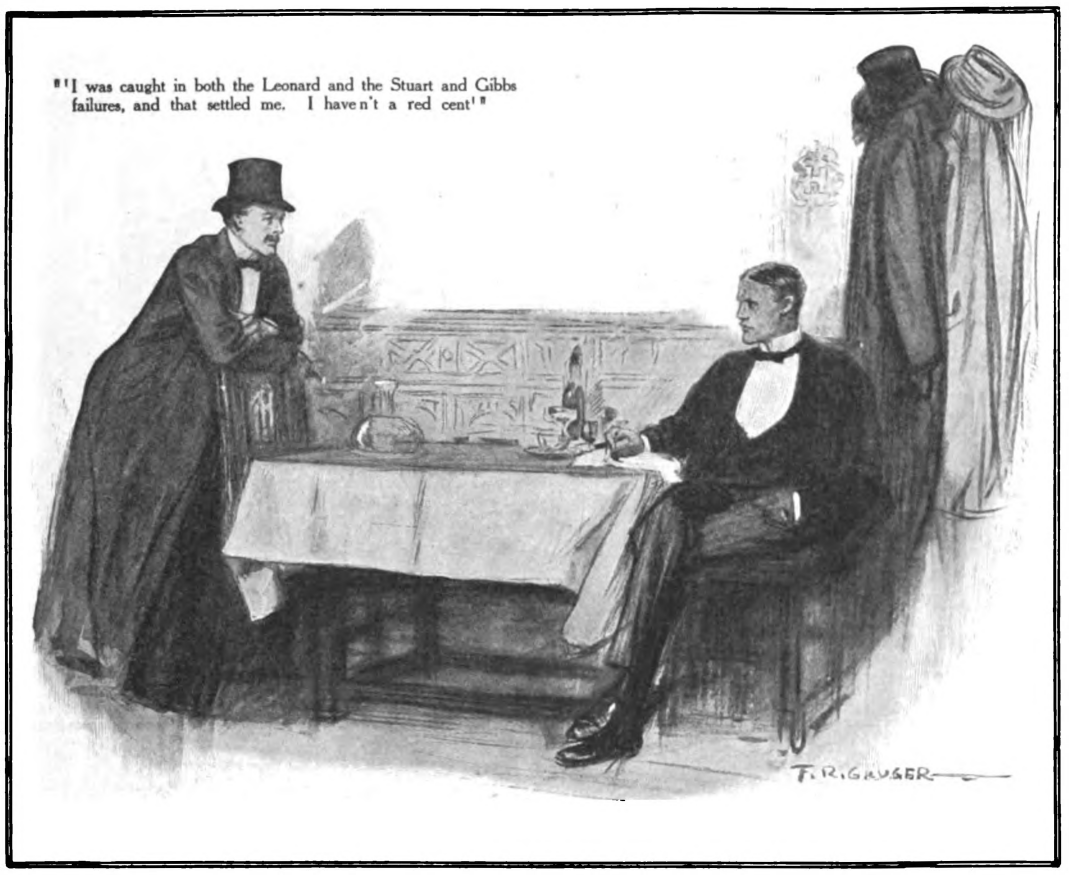
"Miss Brenton? How do you do? . . . Thank you; I am very well. . . . Yes; it is true. . . . That miserable circular! Who in the world gave it to you? I didn't mean that you should see it. . . . I'm ashamed of it. The drawings are so bad; and you're so critical. The wretched thing seems to have gone everywhere. . . . No, no; I don't mean it that way at all. Surely, I know that you are sorry, and I wish you weren't. But it's very good of you. . . . I meant to write to you. I called once and you weren't at home. . . . This evening? I'm afraid I oughtn't to. I've a customer here, or,—really, I don't know what he is; but you should see him! . . . Muriel, you are absurd. I'd rather have your sympathy than the collection, four times over. . . . Yes; I'll send him away. I'll fire him out immediately. . . . In five minutes. Good-by, till then!"

"Mr. Savard," said Gilbert, reëntering his parlor, "I have just received an important message which calls me away."

Savard turned slowly from the contemplation of a very beautiful vase, and looked at the door out of the corner of his eye. There was something so gentle and appealing in this quaint old man that Gilbert was seized by sudden contrition because he had dared to think of the painful reputation which attaches to impoverished connoisseurs, and had meditated leaving the door between the rooms wide open when he went to the telephone.

"You are welcome to stay as long as you like, and inspect the things at your leisure," said he. "If you consent to do so, and make yourself perfectly at home, I shall know that you pardon me for rushing off in this way. Perhaps, by and by,

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"I was caught in both the Leonard and the Stuart and Gibbs failures, and that settled me. I haven't a red cent!"

you will feel like having some light luncheon."

He paused an instant, arrested by Savard's look, and then he hastily set forth some appetizing refreshments.

"Your hospitality comes from the heart," said the old man, looking him in the eyes. "I am, indeed, somewhat weary after a long day."

He moved toward the table with an eagerness against which he strove in vain, and Gilbert saw that it was the food rather than weariness that drew him. He seated himself, and absent-mindedly replaced the "stovepipe" on his head. In truth, the venerable tile was so thoroughly a part of him that there could be no impropriety in his wearing it indoors. Gilbert began to pass the food, and at that moment the bell at the door rang sharply. Savard rose, as if startled, and put down the untasted biscuit upon the table.

A hall-boy entered with a card. Gilbert took it from the salver, and his face revealed amazement, followed by almost boyish delight.

"By all means; at once," said he to the boy.

"May I hope to come again?" said Savard, resolutely turning his back upon the table. "You have many beautiful things here, and I have not yet seen all."

Gilbert begged him to remain, but he was quietly obstinate.

"I have studied faces in paint and in marble for a great many years," he said, "and I have not neglected faces of flesh and blood. From yours I learn that you are waiting for some valued friend whom you have not seen in a long time."

The situation was somewhat difficult for Gilbert. He could not urge Savard to take along some crackers and cheese in his pocket or the crown of his serviceable hat, and the old man's delicacy was such that he would not risk a moment's intrusion. He moved off down the hall with steps that were not feeble, and yet had no more weight than a ghost's. Gilbert escorted him to the elevator and made one last attempt to detain him.

"My friend will be sorry to have missed meeting you," said he. "You have much in common, for he is a student of the beautiful, and has traveled the world over in search of it. He is an Irishman by birth, and a cosmopolite by education. I knew him in college, met him last in Crete, and lost track of him completely when we parted there. His name is Gordon O'Neil."

"I have a slight acquaintance with him," said Savard,—"a business acquaintance merely. He is a very cultivated man. Will you present my compliments to him?"

A descending car took Savard aboard, and, while Gilbert was wondering what sort of "business" acquaintance the singular old man could have with anybody, a car stopped in the other shaft, and Gordon O'Neil stepped out.

He was a tall fellow, with the deep chest and lean shanks of a cavalryman, and a drooping, dark mustache to match; but the military suggestion was only a trick of heredity, somewhat assisted by travel on horseback. Upon a second glance one could see that the man was unmistakably enlisted with the arts, and, though he had the rich, strong, and commanding voice of his grandfather, who had worn a saber, his gentle brown eyes were not those of a leader of men.

Gilbert gripped his hand as if he had been pulling him to land out of a receding wave, and they laughed together like boys for the mere pleasure of meeting.

"I'd know it was yourself, in the dark," said O'Neil. "Those are the same iron fingers that used to put the queer curves and shoots into a baseball. But I'm told you've laid the sports aside, and have gone in for money-making."

"Yes," said Gilbert, with a laugh, "I went in for it. But how did I come out? That's the question."

"Pretty well, I should fancy," responded O'Neil, standing upon the threshold of the apartments. "This looks like the abode of wealth and magnificence."

A very open reply came into Gilbert's mind, but he decided not to be too prompt with his own troubles, the more especially because there was something ominous in his friend's demeanor.

"As for myself," said O'Neil, "I made some money, too,—by the death of my Uncle Edward; but that won't occur again. I oughtn't to joke about it," he added, hastily. "He was a fine man, and I'd wish him heartily back again with all his money in his pocket, if the world were a fit place to live in, but it isn't."

"You used to like it well enough," said Gilbert. "What's it been doing to you lately?"

"It's not so much what it's done as what it's going to do," answered O'Neil. "Did you ever feel yourself going over a horse's head, and know that the beast would turn a somersault and fall atop of you? That's myself to-day," and, from the chair into which he had flung himself, he looked up with a sudden nervous eagerness into his friend's face. "I want you to give me a hand, Jack, and help me roll out of the way."

Gilbert was aware of a sudden sinking of the heart, such as his own troubles had never been able to produce; it seemed so ghastly inopportune that he should have flung away his money at the very moment when Gordon O'Neil needed it. Yet he asked for the story in a cheery voice.

"Some one told me you were going abroad," said O'Neil. "He had seen some sort of notice that you were to sell a part of your collection. I was startled by that, but the fellow assured me that, if you had any trouble, it was in your heart and not in your pocket. Also he said some very flattering things of the lady and of yourself; and he gave me your address, and here I am.

"I've got a bit of a business, Jack, just off the avenue, below here. Why the deuce we haven't run across each other is beyond my guessing, but that's mended now; though, if you're going abroad,—"

"I'm not," said Gilbert. "Tell me about the business, Gordon."

"Why, it's quite in your line, and that makes it the more confoundedly odd that you've never run across my shop. It's full of treasures that would delight your heart, Jack. You know me well enough to be sure that I wouldn't pick up rubbish, nor pay more for a good thing than it's worth. Of course I can't yet touch the very high-priced rarities and the freaks, except on a commission basis, but—"

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Gilbert, interrupting, "that you've been running a curio-shop within a stone's throw of this building, and I've lived here nearly three months without hearing of it?"

"It's amazing," said O'Neil, "and that's a fact."

Gilbert, who was pacing the floor, stopped and faced his friend as if about to deliver a weighty utterance; then he changed his mind and simply said:—

"Go on, Gordon; I'm interested."

"That's about all," said O'Neil, "except that I've got eight thousand dollars' worth of notes in the Murray Hill Trust Company's bank, and they'll go to protest a week from to-morrow. That will wind me up, though, of course, my stock is worth many times the amount. It isn't the sort of stuff that a man can raise money on handily, and you know what will happen to it in a forced sale."

"Can't you persuade the bank to renew the notes?"

O'Neil rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"The bank has renewed once or twice already," said he. "You remember little 'Stubby' Warren? He's the cashier,—and a fine position for so young a man. We're as good friends as ever, and the fact that 'Stubby' Warren won't carry me any further in his bank sends a cold chill down my spine. It makes me know that I must be pretty near the edge."

Gilbert sat down on the arm of a chair, and the two men stared at each other in silence.

"Don't fancy that I am wandering from your affairs," said Gilbert, at length. "I have them well in mind. The question that I am going to ask you bears upon them. I had a visitor, this evening, to look at my stuff; and, by the way, he desired me to present his compliments to you. His name is Columbus Smith Savard. Have you any idea whom he represents?"

O'Neil laughed.

"He doesn't represent anybody except himself," said he. "There was no other idea in his mind except to see what you have. That is his business in life. He will not buy, because he can't, and he won't tell a living soul about your things. He would regard it as a breach of etiquette."

"Very good," said Gilbert; "that's off my mind. And now, Gordon, I have a disclosure and a business proposition for you. I am a complete pecuniary wreck. I've lost every penny that I possessed. That's the disclosure. Now then, I'm going to make a call which has nothing whatever to do with your troubles or mine, except that I shall hear some very friendly and sincere expressions of sympathy. The call will occupy an hour, or perhaps a little more. At half past ten o'clock I will meet you at your shop, and we will spend the rest of the night, if necessary, in looking over your stock. Then you shall hear my business proposition."

O'Neil had been too deeply overwhelmed by the news of his friend's disaster to pay any attention to the remainder of his remarks. Indeed, he beheld his own ruin so clearly in Gilbert's that all possibility of business propositions went completely out of his mind.

"This is the end of all things!" he exclaimed.

"I'll show you, Gordon, that it's the beginning, and not the end," said Gilbert, earnestly. "I may be 'broke,' my boy; but, all the same, you came to the right address when you came here this night."

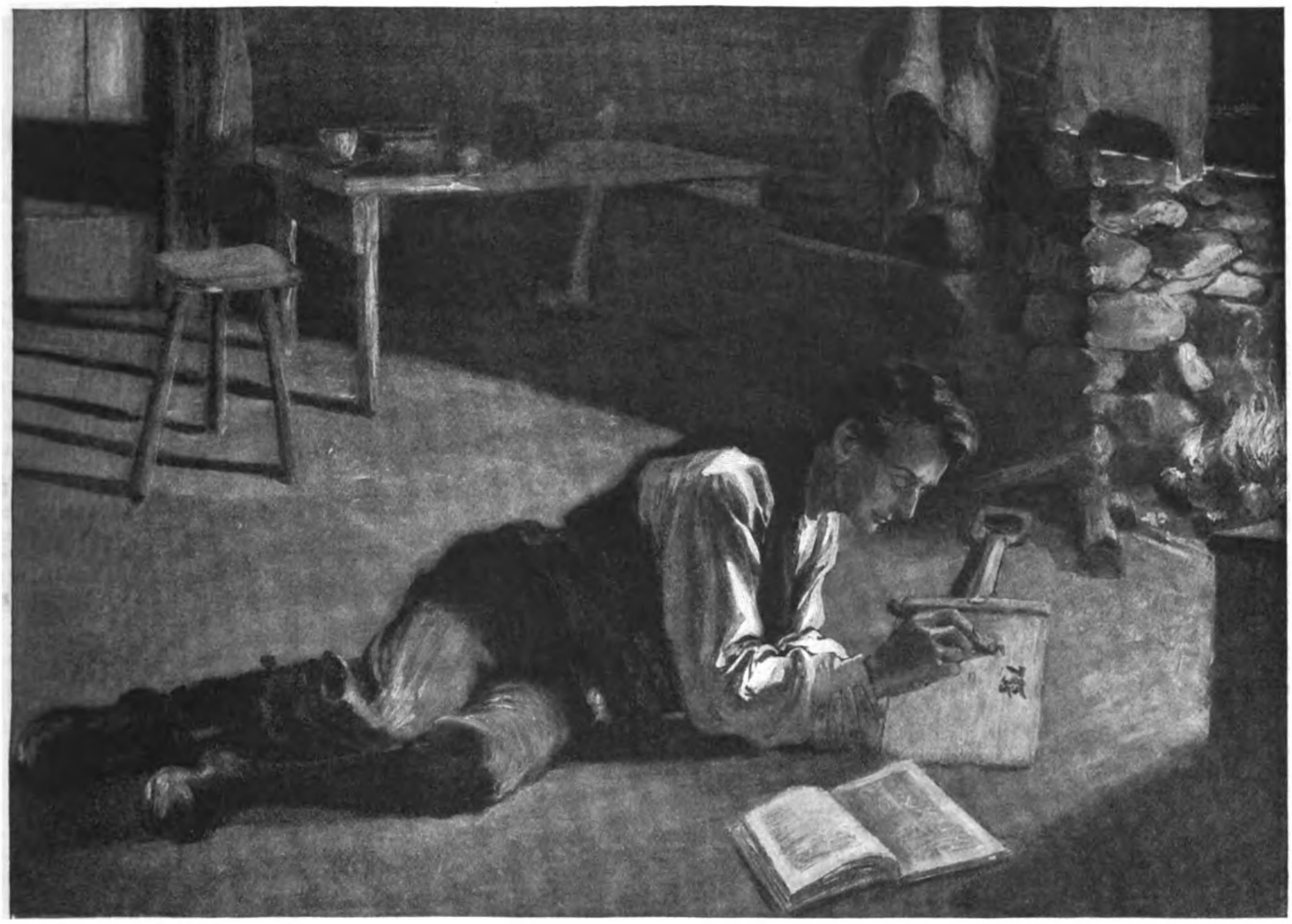
Gilbert's cheerful confidence really rested upon a basis so slender that he dared not be more explicit. Its foundation consisted of three fragments of an idea which he had not had time to

[*Concluded on pages 138 to 141*]

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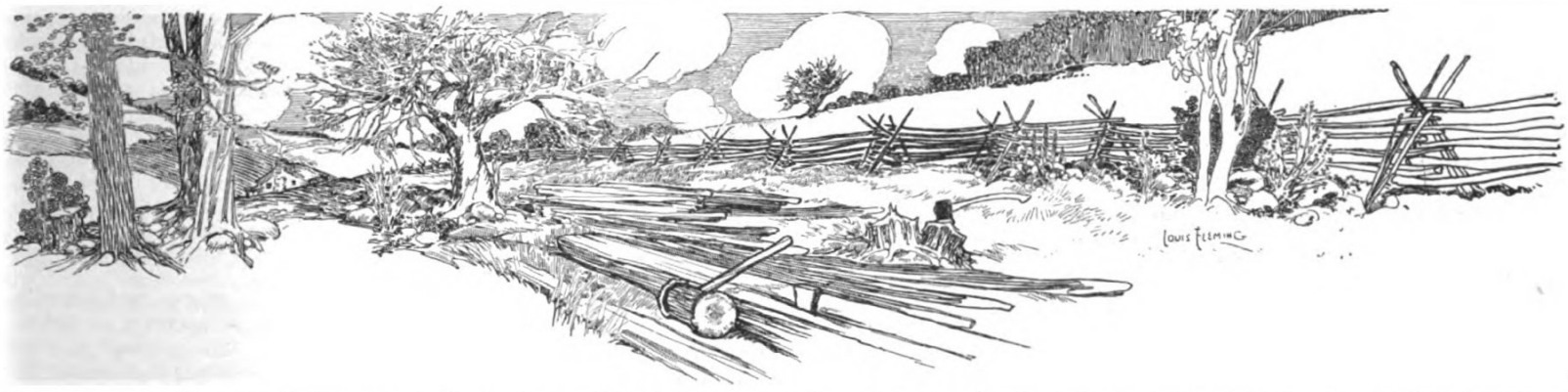
"HAD LINCOLN GONE TO COLLEGE,"

A Symposium by Alexander K. McClure, William T. Harris, E. Benjamin Andrews, Charles F. Thwing, Henry Mitchell MacCracken, Henry Clews, and William O. Stoddard



I'll study and get ready, and then, maybe, the chance will come.—Abraham Lincoln

[Reproduced from the first issue of "Success," December, 1897, in response to many requests]



His Career Was a Climax of Ceaseless Self-Culture

ALEXANDER K. McCLURE

[Former editor, "The Times," Philadelphia, Pa.]

WOULD a collegiate education have made a greater Lincoln? It is safe to assume that ninety-nine hundredths of the men who have achieved distinction have been aided by a collegiate education in their youth, or have been in some measure hindered in their advancement by the want of it. It is justly accepted, as a correct principle in fitting young men for usefulness in life, that a liberal education is one of the most essential advantages that can be given, but the rule is not without its exceptions.

I am quite sure that Horace Greeley would never have been the accomplished and incisive paragrapher that he was, if his early life had been spent in schools and colleges instead of starting at the lowest round of the ladder as a printer's apprentice, and working his way up under discouragements that at times must have been disheartening. He stands alone as the greatest paragrapher produced by American journalism, and his leaders for his great newspaper are among the ablest and freshest which came from the editors of his day. He was always a great student of books, but he never ceased to be a greater student of men, and that is what gave him his advantage over a collegiate editor. His everyday-life study always dominated the education that he had acquired by close application for many years. John W. Forney, who was probably second only to Greeley as a paragrapher, had just the same education. His training, that fitted him to be one of the great editors of the country, began as a printer's devil. They both learned, at an early day, the important lesson that the greatest study of mankind is man.

Abraham Lincoln was born close to Mother Earth, and his associations were almost wholly with the struggling lowly until he reached full manhood. He was also a great student of books, and borrowed the few that could be found within miles of his humble home. His life was one desperate struggle for bread and raiment, and he was in constant intercourse with those who, like himself, were learning the lesson that "hardness ever of hardiness is mother." It is only natural that a young man with such an environment should have all his sympathies enlisted for those who suffered as he did, and it was fortunate for him that, in his study of mankind, especially of his own class, he early acquired a settled conviction that the safety of the nation lies in the patriotism and integrity of the masses of the people.

I once heard him rebuke a western congressman who was new in Washington, and who felt that, in making some request of the President, he had to apologize for the want of intelligence of his far-away constituency, by saying: "I have always felt that God must love common people, or He wouldn't have made so many of them." I have seen him confronted by the struggles of faction and the jealousies of statesmanship to a degree that would have made almost any other man despair of the Republic, but in shaping the policy of the government to meet civil war, and again in determining upon his emancipation policy, he was entirely indifferent to the wrangles of the great men about him, and sought solely to ascertain the considerate judgment of the American people. When convinced on that point his course was settled, and no human power could change his purpose.

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His convictions flowered in decision, and fruited in action.

There was no material change in Mr. Lincoln's chief studies after he had reached the bar and created a new and entirely changed environment for himself. He was less a reader in later life than he was in his boyhood. One of his biographers, who understood him better than all others, said that Lincoln "read less and thought more than any other public man of my acquaintance." When he was a rising man in his early days at the bar he was seldom found in the cloister. The village store room, or the village hotel, where he spent many of his evenings in free conversation with the commonalty, was the school in which he was more thoroughly educated than any other of our great public men.

He was fond of a typical western story, and was most apt in repeating it. It was the one safety valve to Lincoln in the sorest trials of the war, when almost any other man of his keen sympathy for the sufferings of the country would have fallen in the race. I have seen him, after discussing in the soberest strain the sorrows and perils of the country, when he would speak with almost superhuman grandeur, and appalling sadness would settle upon his brow, suddenly seem to forget it all, and his face would brighten like the sun just emerging from a cloud, as he would tell a story and seem to enjoy it as thoroughly as he did when entirely free from care in riding his western circuit.

Lincoln's education was thus almost wholly made up of the study of the people. He loved them, he was in thorough sympathy with them, and he felt that they needed only to reach a fair understanding of any vital issue to enable them to decide it with absolute fidelity to their own free institutions. The effect of the habits of his early life was never effaced from his character, even when oppressed with the consuming cares of civil war; and, when he had labored and suffered through a whole day and even to midnight, there was nothing else that he loved so much as to spend all the time he could afford to give to his western associates who knew him well, or to those who had become intimately acquainted with his habits and tastes.

His school education was extremely limited, but he possessed extraordinary natural ability, and learned something every waking hour of his life. On more than one occasion he plainly exhibited his contempt for those about him who obviously claimed superiority because of superior education, and he proved in every instance that he was a foeman more than worthy of the steel of those who belittled him because of his presumed ignorance of a college curriculum. During all the many exhibitions of his extraordinary ability, while president of the United States, he never departed from the methods which his peculiar education had taught him. He thus stands in the history of our great Americans as the one whose education was one continuous study of mankind from his early boyhood until his tragic death.

There are not in any of the productions of our great statesmen more exquisite and impressive exhibitions of rhetoric than are found in very many of Lincoln's state papers and letters while president, but a student who carefully analyzes them will find that in every instance they are the offspring of the profound sympathy of a great student of the people. In his second inaugural address, delivered when the military power of the Confederacy was confessedly broken, and when he might have been excused for indulging in some expressions of triumph, he uttered the beautiful sentence that is now quoted in every civilized land: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," and his sympathy for the southern people, whom he regarded as the victims of their great leaders, was quite as sincere as his sympathy for the men of the North who bravely wore the blue. He had learned the law of kindness by his keen appreciation of the few kind offices shown him when in poverty and want, and it remained as one of the jewels of his character until the assassin struck him down. His sole study was the great school of the world, whose doors are ever open.

I have long believed, after an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, that he would have fallen short in many of the best attributes of his greatness if he had enjoyed good educational advantages in his boyhood and had become a graduate of a college. His studies would have absorbed him and entirely changed the trend of his life. He would have been great under any circumstances; he would have been more polished, and more scholarly, but he would have lost much of the most important attribute he possessed,—his thorough knowledge of the sovereign people whose government and laws he was called upon to administer.

I know of no better distinctive illustration of the two sources of education than is given in the lives and public careers of Abraham Lincoln and Edward Everett. Everett was born to the best educational advantages, was graduated from college with high honors, and studiedly increased his scholastic attainments during his whole life. Had he been born in a hovel, as Lincoln was, and destined to struggle desperately for bread from boyhood to manhood, without educational advantages, and a stranger to college halls, would he have attained distinction? On the other hand, had Abraham Lincoln been born to comfort or affluence as Everett was, with the best educational advantages in school, academy, and college, would Lincoln have been the Abraham Lincoln of the people?

Soon after the decisive battle of the war, at Gettysburg, the corner stone of a monument to our brave soldiers who gave their lives on that bloody field for the preservation of the Union was laid with imposing ceremonies. It was one of the great popular demonstrations of the war, and the occasion called for the first of American orators to tell the story of the heroism and sacrifice of our people to maintain their government, and Edward Everett was logically chosen as the man best fitted for the task. He came in the grandeur of his vigor, eminently skilled in scholarship, in oratory, and in all the manly graces, and his address is beautiful, pure in diction, and elegant in rhetoric, but who remembers it? On the same occasion President Lincoln delivered a brief address, occupying not over ten minutes, that he had that morning written on a few scraps of paper.



It is an old and true maxim that "a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So it is with men. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great highroad to his reason, and, when once it is gained, you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if, indeed, that cause really be a just one.—LINCOLN

He was a stranger to scholarship, and destitute of the graces which add so much charm to personality, but he was listened to with breathless silence, and there is not a schoolboy or girl in the country to-day who does not know of that great deliverance, and there is not a worshiper at the altar of liberty in any clime who does not quote it. In the beautiful concluding sentence of that address Lincoln sums up the education of his life and the one study that he had ever cherished, when he told that the men who had there given their lives had made the sacrifice so that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

▲ ▲

College Life Would Have Made Him less Melancholy

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

[Chancellor of the University of Nebraska]

I AM unwilling to admit that a liberal education can be or could have been deleterious or superfluous in the career of any man. In Lincoln's case it is harder than usual to show positively that such an education would have been advantageous, because both in character and in achievements he was not only the peer of the best rulers who have lived, but also nearly all that could be expected or desired of any man situated as he was.

The qualities usually lacking in uneducated or self-educated men, such as logic, method, and ability to master quickly new situations and problems, could hardly be said to characterize Abraham Lincoln. Even the culture proceeding from large and good reading he had managed to acquire, at least in its general features. He was not narrow or opinionated, but wide-minded and full of sympathy.

If one were to admit that Lincoln would not have been benefited by a more complete and regular education, the admission would not constitute an argument against the importance of higher education. Had Mr. Lincoln been president during any other crisis of our national history, the relative slenderness of his mental outfit would certainly have been unpleasantly apparent, much hindering his success. Acquaintance with history, international law, and deep statecraft at large,—a species of knowledge of which Mr. Lincoln had comparatively little, but which so adorns and assists the present president of the United States, are almost always necessary to true success in the presidency; but the lack of them did not greatly weigh against Mr. Lincoln in his peculiar time. The problems confronting him when elected—I mean, of course, the general ones, such as slavery, its *status* in the constitution, and the rights of the states,—were preëminently domestic, and had been threshed over during his earlier lifetime until the principles of them were familiar to all. He had only to bring to bear upon these questions that marvelous good sense which was native to him, in order to make his way triumphant.

It is sometimes said that education tends to deprive a man possessing great native ability, like Abraham Lincoln or Horace Greeley, of simplicity, straightforwardness, implicit trust in oneself, discretion, and adroitness, and to render him pedantic and artificial. I can not admit this. At least, in the evolution of Abraham Lincoln no such ill results would have appeared. He was one of those men whom no amount of information, nor any influence of schooling or association with others, can change in any essential characteristic.

Even situated as he was, having tasks in hand with which in a general way his whole life had rendered him familiar, President Lincoln would, in at least three particulars, have been better off had his educational training been more ample.

He would have been less a boor,—less given to vulgar and indecorous ways. It is no longer a secret, I suppose, that, on account of such things, the War President was a constant source of anxiety to his family and to all those near him. Naturally, little was said about this while he lived or immediately after his death, but enough of it is now known to make one wish that the life, perfect as it was, could have been, in this not unimportant detail, more so.

Education would also have given Mr. Lincoln greater confidence in himself. With it he would have been less under the necessity of feeling his way, of taking counsel with one and another, and less fearful, after having acted, that he had not acted well. His difficulty in this respect weighs upon all undereducated men who are truly great.

Still again, had Mr. Lincoln been better educated, he would have been less given to melancholy, and would have enjoyed his mind and himself better, with a greater power of healthful, mental diversion, and more abundant and more worthy food for reflection. Thus, quite possibly, he might have achieved things in which he failed, and might have brought to pass more easily some of the things which he accomplished.

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His Directive Intellect Utilized the Learning of Others

WILLIAM T. HARRIS

[United States Commissioner of Education]

WHAT would have been the career of Abraham Lincoln had he received a full college and professional education? There are difficulties in the way of an answer. It happens quite often that men of small school education prove themselves to have great directive power when they find themselves placed in the management of large wealth or in responsible public positions. But it is always found, in such cases, that these men show their power in selecting for their lieutenants or subordinate commanders persons of higher education for those functions which require it. For instance, an illiterate commander—say a king, for example,—may have a gift for strategy, but he secures educated engineers to make his bridges, lay his pontoons, build his fortresses, write his

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dispatches, organize his military courts, and perform any and all other operations which require a knowledge of the art of war.

So we have known great railroad kings who despised college graduates, and abused students just from college who were seeking places, but that they did not despise college learning is very evident from their employment of the best-educated engineers to direct the construction of their railroads, and the most skillful lawyers, not to conduct lawsuits after being prosecuted, but to prevent lawsuits, to aid by their advice the management of their railroads, and not only to prevent the railroad manager from trespass and breach of peace, but also from violations of the criminal laws. All papers, contracts, and agreements constantly require thoroughly trained lawyers. Railroad kings show their respect for professional medical service by employing the best-educated physicians and surgeons not only in their families, but also for their employees who happen to get injured in their line of duty. The illiterate commanders in war are careful to secure the most competent physicians and surgeons for their armies. These are only a few of the items to be considered in explaining the fact that an illiterate person proves himself of great directive power in a high place. Just as his blade must be made by the skilled Toledo artist, so his assistants must have their native powers reinforced by higher education in order to enable them to carry out and realize his lines of policy or to carry out his commands. It is beyond all question true that, where the highest education is lacking in a commander-in-chief, it must be made up for by educated officers on his staff, or by educated advisers in his cabinet, if he is a president.

There are two kinds of educated people; in one kind the education is there, but the power to use it is absent. In the other case there is not only education, but also a common sense in the individual which makes him able to use his higher education. Both kinds of educated men are useful, but only the latter kind can be intrusted with much directive power. An educated person who lacks common sense is very useful, but he has to perform carefully limited functions. It is essential that the logarithmic calculations in engineering be done with great accuracy, and only a person in possession of higher mathematical education can make the calculations necessary. When the *data* are secured, the person of limited common sense but of accurate training can make the calculations. But the calculations, after being made, must be combined and rendered useful by the man who has both common sense and higher education. Engineering combinations can not be made by an illiterate commander, but have to be made by a thoroughly educated person who possesses also the rare quality of directive power.

Abraham Lincoln, however, is not by any means to be regarded as an illiterate or poorly educated person. His education in school was barely sufficient for the merest elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, like all other aspiring persons, he turned himself, with increasing vigor, after reaching mature age, to self-education, and it would seem that his course in elementary school studies was extended by him for eight or ten years, every possible opportunity being improved until he became a much greater master of the common school studies than any pupil who was ever graduated from such a school. The difference of ages accounts for this; the graduate of a common school would be sixteen to eighteen, or at most twenty-one years of age, while Lincoln completed his studies in this line at the age of twenty-eight or thirty years. Biography states that he read voraciously all the books procurable in his own and the neighboring settlements, that he studied Euclid, and, from the time of his election to the state legislature of Illinois, when he was twenty-five years of age, and especially after his removal to Springfield in 1838, that his access to books was all that could be asked.

In his twenty-third year he had begun the study of law. He pursued this study with iron diligence for fifteen years, for his work in politics, temperance, state improvements, and other public enterprises did not prevent his constant work in the mastery of the law, and he had real gifts for it. He possessed what is called a legal or judicial bent by nature, (or heredity,) and there was something of a real thirst in his mind for laws and judicial decisions. Were this not the case one would be inclined to say that, if Lincoln had been at college and through the regular law school, he might have become a distinguished jurist and have been diverted by his success in the law from the field of politics, and that the nation would have lost his services as a great statesman. But the point is not well taken, in Lincoln's case, for he did concentrate his powers with absorbing devotion for many years to law, and this did not cause him to neglect the political advocacy of all of the humane causes that occupied the minds of his fellow citizens.

With this view of the case one could say that it is not probable that a higher education would have unfitted Abraham Lincoln for the great career which he followed by diverting his powers to preparatory work in the more subtle and minute studies of law. In the majority of cases it would have had this effect, but not in his case. On the contrary, he would have proved a great leader among his highly educated companions.

That he not only was highly educated in the sense of having a fair acquaintance with the history of the world and its best literature, and such conventionalities as those, but that he also possessed the fundamental requisite of directive power which sometimes accomplishes wonders when possessed by illiterate kings and commanders, are facts that have excited comment ever since the close of his career. But he showed the extent of his directive power by his ability to use the learning of others in making his great combinations. One can read in his speech at Gettysburg the influence of Theodore Parker's sermon on the Nebraska Question, which was delivered on February 12, 1854, and was by far the greatest of all the political speeches delivered in that exciting period of our history.

From Theodore Parker he took the effective expression, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." In an address on the public education of the people, delivered at Syracuse, New York, October 4, 1849, Theodore Parker describes the government under a theocracy as a "government of all the people, but by the priests, ... and in the name of God;" he describes the government under an aristocracy as "the government of all the people by a few, the nobility and the gentry, for the sake of a few and in the name of a king;" and he describes finally the government of a democracy as a "government of all, by all, for all, and in the name of all." In an address on "The Slave Power in America," May 29, 1850, (delivered before the New England Antislavery Convention,) he said: "This idea demands as the proximate organization thereof a democracy that is a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people." In a speech on "Dangers which threaten the rights of man in America," delivered July 2, 1854, he said: "Next, the national theory of the government is a democracy,—the government of all, by all, for all. All officers depend on election, and none are foreordained. There are to be no special privileges, but only natural, universal rights." In the sermon on the Nebraska Bill, February 12, 1854, he said: "The blessing of Almighty God will come down upon the noblest people the world ever saw,—who have triumphed over theocracy, monarchy, aristocracy, despotocracy, and have got a democracy,—a government of all, for all, and by all, a church without a bishop, a state without a king, a community without a lord, and a family without a slave."

Lincoln's famous utterance, in his great speech at Springfield on June 16, 1858, commencing, "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this government can not endure permanently half slave and half free," and what follows it, closing with, "Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South,"—this utterance is an echo of the closing paragraphs of Parker's Nebraska Bill speech, and of a subsequent address which he gave in New York on May 12, of the same year, 1854. It is not only the part of a great directive power to use as instruments the eloquence and learning of their fellow men, but it is also a part of the higher education which a great directive power is always getting for himself to find sources of inspiration for himself in the learning and eloquence of the most highly educated and gifted of his kind.



LINCOLN'S OWN STORY OF HIS LIFE

[The notes of this autobiography were given to J. W. Fell, December 20, 1859. From "Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln." Copyrighted, 1903, by Howard Wilford Bell]

I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families,—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the legislature the same year, (1832,) and was beaten,—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of congress. I was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. I was always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; of dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands are recollected.



What Can a College Do for a Genius?

HENRY MITCHELL MacCRACKEN
[Chancellor of New York University]

IN answering the question whether an exceptional genius is helped or hindered by college training, I prefer first to define college training. I offer, as an equivalent phrase, mental discipline and special instruction and drill. I deny that any genuine college exists that does not provide its students these two objects: first, the disciplining of the mind to hard study and the mastery of problems, and, second,

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the storing of the mind with useful knowledge including, in some degree, the art of applying this knowledge to achieve important ends. Understanding a college in this sense, I believe that no genius has risen who would not have been helped by college training, it being understood that such training must have been taken by him at the right age and under wholesome circumstances. A sharp line exists between a college of arts, on one side, and of applied science, on the other. I include under the former the advanced training that is sought by men who look forward to giving themselves to law or political science, to literature or journalism, to teaching, or to preaching. Under the latter, I place college instruction with special application to applied science in some one of its various forms, such as engineering or architecture, military or naval science, chemistry, geology, physics, and the rest.

I have never found a thoughtful man who believed that any one was so much of a genius in the world of science as not to require either the instruction of a faculty of science or of its equivalent. The record of applied science, in general, is fairly illustrated by the annals of military science in the Civil War. How few military men attained to leadership who had not been trained at West Point! While the West Point graduates bore a very slight proportion to the entire number of commissioned officers, they seem to have accomplished far more in military achievement than all the thousands of untrained generals and officers taken together. It is easier for a student who must study by himself to obtain the mental discipline and the professional knowledge needed for vocations outside the applied sciences. Shakespeare enters literature, Spurgeon enters upon preaching, and Lincoln enters upon law and statesmanship, each without attendance upon college. But did not each one of them find the college discipline in his own way?—Shakespeare under his fellow dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, Spurgeon under his fellow preachers, and Lincoln under the tuition of his strong, shrewd contemporaries in Illinois. Shakespeare would have been better for such college training as Milton's, only with free election of teachers and studies being given him after his freshman year. Lincoln would have been better for the college drill enjoyed by the younger Pitt or Daniel Webster, it being understood that the necessity of making his own way should have remained upon him with equal power. Spurgeon, despite his natural gifts, can hardly be compared to such college trained men as Martin Luther and John Calvin, John Knox and John Wesley.

On the other hand, I am free to admit that, if Shakespeare or Lincoln had been put under school and college taskmasters from the time when he was five years of age until he was twenty-five years of age, it might have hindered the working of the constructive imagination or diverted it to comparatively unimportant tasks. Given a genius, I prescribe, as the absolute necessities for the accomplishment of a great work by him, the attainment of mental discipline and the acquirement of knowledge and skill for his particular mission. In addition to these, even though he be an Apostle Paul, necessity must be laid upon him to work.

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A College Education Would Have Made the Great Commoner still Greater

CHARLES F. THWING

[President of Western Reserve University]

FIRST, and negatively,—a liberal education would not, I believe, have robbed the writings of Lincoln of their simplicity, sententiousness, and effectiveness. I believe, rather, that a liberal education would have made his style richer, and broadened his references and allusions without causing it to suffer in its compactness and directness.

Second, and, also, negatively,—a liberal education would not have robbed Lincoln of the essential originality and uniqueness of heart, mind, and character. This originality and this uniqueness were so distinct that the college could not have spoiled them, as it does work as a despoiler in the character of certain smaller men. Lincoln would have still been the Lincoln of apt phrase and impressive, of power to crystallize the significance of a movement or an institution into a paragraph or a sentence. A liberal education could not have essentially altered those permanent and fundamental elements, contributions which the Friends of the Middle States and which New England, Virginia, and Kentucky men made to his being.

Third, and positively,—a liberal education would have liberalized Lincoln, liberal and large and free as his mind was. It would have given him a larger citizenship. It would have helped to make him more completely a man of the world. It would have increased the number of his relationships. It would have opened up to him treasures in the life of the peoples of Greece and Rome in which he would have exulted. It would have widened his power of appreciation. A liberal education would not have made him less of a worthy American, but it would have made him a greater human being. It would have opened to him new sources of life.

The question receives some light by asking another, which is not inappropriate. What would have been the effect on Gladstone's character and career if he had not gone to Oxford? He was born in the year Lincoln was, which is also the one in which Tennyson was born. Gladstone's career began two-thirds of a generation before Lincoln's began in a large way and lasted a generation after Lincoln's had closed. Oxford did much for Gladstone. But without Oxford, Gladstone would have been a great, a very great man. Liverpool lay deep in the character of this master of budgets. The qualities which John Morley notices in his incomparable biography,—prodigious industry, gravity of temperament, regard for things rather than for persons, courage, constancy, self-control, conscientiousness, optimism, magnanimity, energy, and idealism,—would have been the permanent parts of his being had he never dwelt on the banks of the Isis. Gladstone declared he loved Oxford from the bottom of his heart, and he also affirmed that Oxford filled him with a single and passionate love of truth. He acknowledged that Oxford laid the foundation of his liberalism. But, with all this, Oxford did not make Gladstone great. Oxford merely gave direction to the current in which he was to move.

A college education, therefore, would not have made Lincoln less Lincoln. It would not have given him the "dullness of a lettered brain." It would have enlarged, ennobled, broadened, deepened, and heightened his character. Lincoln would have still been Lincoln in any event; but through a liberal education he would have become a yet greater citizen of the world and of all time.

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His Rugged Force Was an Important Factor in His Success

HENRY CLEWS

[Henry Clews and Company, Bankers and Brokers, New York City]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the right man in the right place, and it was evidently his destiny to fill the niche which he did. He was one of nature's noblemen, and his early humble training and corresponding education entered into his life's work. His decisions on all important matters were based on "horse sense," which was born with him; his nature was a natural one,—he was kind of heart, uncouth in person, rough in manners, and original in thought. Had he been born to the luxury of home life and received a college education, it might have revolutionized his nature and caused him to be hemmed in by "red-tapism" and other slow methods of action, requiring him to consult with others on all great questions, and be influenced thereby, instead of deciding for himself, which he was always forceful in doing.

His early struggles made him essentially one of the people, and gave him an insight in judging human character, and a feeling of kindness and sympathy for the downtrodden, which might have been dulled by the environment of college life. His homely expression, "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time," will live in history and outrank the sayings of the wisest men of his time.

A college training is eminently calculated to smooth the rough spots and round off the corners of a man's make-up,—to make him polished and politic, and that very operation might, in the case of Abraham Lincoln, have been the means of destroying the rough directness and rugged force which constituted important factors in his success.

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Higher Education Would not Have Increased His Usefulness

WILLIAM O. STODDARD

[Secretary to Abraham Lincoln, 1861-64]

I THINK that a college is but an aggregate of means and appliances for the assistance and direction of self-education. Precisely this did Lincoln obtain in all the incidents, occurrences, and circumstances of his life, from childhood. If he had been taken out of his own peculiar university during the years of a routine course, he would have lost—in large part, irreparably,—studies and developments,—social, political, personal,—on prairie and river, which prepared him for his career. I studied him during several years, and believe that no college course could have increased his vast and varied education for his appointed work.

THE LILT OF THE LOGGING BOSS.—HOLMAN F. DAY

WITH a peavy-stick, a peavy-stick, we boost
the sun with a peavy-stick,—
Gettin' a prop on Tumble-Dick,
And all so bright in the mornin'.
Then it's hup-oho, and up ye go!
Mornin', all, and cook, hullo!
Grub for a hundred men in a row;
If a biskit's shy, take warnin'.

Oh, it's larrigans tied and the leggin's tight,
Cap pulled down and your pipe alight,
Breakfast tucked where it ought to be,
Fresh-ground ax and a hemlock tree!
Then, lick-lock, hock-chock,
Chips and trimmin's till twelve o'clock!
Chips and choppin's, totter and crash,
Oh, where's cookee with the noontime hash?
The world may wig and wag outside:
Somebody's born and somebody's died,
Somebody's high and somebody's low,
But *we* don't care, 'cause *we* don't know.
It's noon by the sun a-top o' that tree,—
Where's that sway-back, durned cookee?

With coffee hot and grub a lot and dry-kye snappin'
beneath the pot,
And hungry enough to chaw a knot,
A hundred men and a noonin'!
Beans a-plenty, and biskits, too,
Doughnuts with holes a cat'll jump through,
Ginger cookies and swagon stew,
And a sooflin' chorus spoonin'.

Oh, it's cuff the snow from a cradle-knoll,
And squat and eat with a thankful soul,—
Your tablecloth a township wide,
And whiter'n a laundress ever dried.
Plenty to eat and an appetite
'Twould make raw hedgehog taste all right.
Tossin' hemlocks there with spice,
Winter ready to pass the ice,
If the wind crawls down to tickle your backs,
Up and hustle with saw and ax!
So, lick-lock, hock-chock,
Till sun shets cover at four o'clock!
Then down the windin' tote-road we
Follow the trail of our cookee.

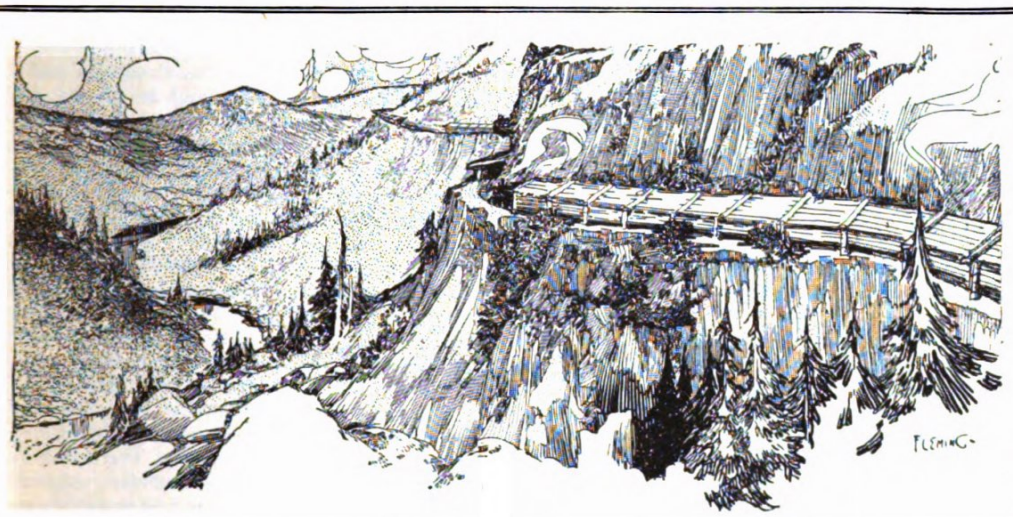
On the deacon-seat in the leapin' heat, and the
corncobs drawin' all complete,
And timin' the fiddle with tunkin' feet,
A hundred men in a chorus!
"*Roule, roulant, ma boule roulant,*"—
It's only Canuck, but a good old song;
Lift it up, then, good and strong,
For a cozy night's before us.

Oh, the snow goes slish on the shakin' glass,
And the hemlocks groan as the big winds pass,
And the snow-cloud spooks they wheel and spin,
But Tip-toe Tim's as brisk within.
And he doesn't jig to jest keep warm,
Like the ghosts out there in the frost and storm.
Good log walls and a snow-banked house;
Double blankets and springy browse!
We don't need drugs, we don't count sheep,
It's into our bunks and fast asleep!
Storms may rave and squall and fuss,
But they can't get in and they can't wake *us*.
We'll sleep till the four o'clock, whoo-ee,
Of that red-haired, sway-back, durned cookee.

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"Away from the confusion, off through the gloom, crept the two box cars and the ore flat"



Saving the Long House

How a Fearful Emergency Was Met in the Rocky Mountains by Park Taylor

ALVAH MILTON KERR

IT happened during the summer, in the fourth year after the snowsheds were completed on Muley Pass. The region appeared to be a place for large accidents, — a stage for tragedies and strange occurrences. The reader may fancy, if he will, a building one hundred and forty-seven thousand feet, or some twenty-eight miles, in length, lying like a stupendous worm, crooked yet motionless, across the top of a mountain range, six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Within and through this shadowy passage, by day and by night, trains of gold-bearing ore, trains loaded with man-made goods, and trains carrying sleeping and waking humanity, passed with their low and rumbling thunder. In summer the region rolled green and gray and brown in a heaven of warm white ether, while in winter it was as a realm smitten with a white death, snow-heaped, cold, and desolate.

That the officials of the Western Central Railroad should have been burdened with peculiar care respecting this house on the mountains may be easily conceived when it is stated that the structure had cost fourteen dollars a lineal foot, or some two million dollars altogether. Fire was the menace that always hung over the vast shed. Both winter and summer, being constructed of spruce beams and boards, it stood in imminent danger of destruction. Sparks thrown out of locomotive smokestacks might ignite it, tramps traversing its endless tunnel, and cooking their meals or lighting their pipes, might carelessly give it over to the monster, telegraph wires might become crossed with telephone, electric light, or power wires, and sting it with a spark that would sweep the pass with flames, or lightning might strike and burn it; hence, ingenuity and solicitude were exhausted in its protection.

Beginning near Muley Point, a little station on the high eastern shoulder of the mountain, the vast shed stretched around the slope toward the west and slightly downward through the Great Bend, then began to ascend by a long, twisting grade toward a monstrous dent in the top of the mountain called the Hopper, through which it passed like a huge welt left by the blow of a giant whip, ending where the track began to wind downward to Quartz Creek, on its way to the head of Peace Canyon.

On that high range, in winter, storms raged that were deadly to all unprotected life, and at times snow fell to an incredible depth. Heavy and packed, it lay in the draws and depressions, sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, sometimes fifty feet deep. The roof and wall boards and framework of the shed were thick and braced in many ways, that the enormous burden sometimes imposed upon them might be safely borne. Without the Long House the passage of trains across the range in winter would have been, frequently, impossible. In summer the strange structure existed to no purpose, save that it continually beset the souls of the officials with direful fancies, and blinded the traveler to the glory of one of the most beauteous scenic visions anywhere inviting the eyes of men.

Directly opposite the Great Bend and across the stupendous gorge of the Muley River, a little house was erected on a high, projecting peak, a spur of Forked Mountain. From that swimming height the eye, aided by a field glass, could command a view of nearly every foot of the twenty-eight miles of shed. From the warm end of May until the middle of November, by night and by day, a pair of human eyes looked unceasingly from a window in the little stone house, ever dwelling watchfully on the curving miles of the Long House. On the window sill, which was fashioned like the top of a table, swung a long field glass on a tripod and swivel; at the lookout's right hand stood a telegraph instrument; and on the left was a telephone,—these latter instruments being connected to wires that wound down the crag, swung across the Muley, and climbed the side of Muley Mountain and stretched away through the Hopper to a little station on the track near the western end of the great shed. Thus by the telegraph or telephone the operator at Sag, the railway station, might be instantly informed by the watcher on Forked Mountain of the breaking out of fire anywhere in the long shed, the telegraph being available if by chance the telephone should fail, and *vice versa*.

Through four summers Park Taylor and his mother, the wife and son of Price Taylor, who died while station master at Sandrock, lived in the house on the crag and watched the shed. Through five months of the year they were sky people. The crystal floor of heaven seemed so close that they could almost touch it, for white clouds often drifted around the peak below the house, like mighty, muffled swans swimming lazily in the clear sea of ether that spread about them; sometimes at night a gray cloud passed by the door so close that they could almost touch it, a huge ghost wandering among the peaks and trailing its skirts of lace noiselessly across the cold bowlders; sometimes they looked straight over the top of a rainbow, a prismatic bridge woven of ethereal ribbons and sunk in the ether sea beneath them; and sometimes vapors rolled about them through the mountain prongs like cataracts of black froth veined with lightning.

At night, when the weather was fine, the stars hung so large, so alive, and so fearfully near that awe and prayer seemed more natural than sleep. Then there was the silence! At times the Muley, frothing through its sunken groove, sent a faint, purring whisper along the sky; at long intervals, when the wind was right, they vaguely heard trains rumbling in the Long House; and sometimes an eagle circled about the peaks and screamed,—these were almost the only sounds, save that through the Hopper stretched a forest of pines which, when winds blew, sent up a ghoulish, neutral, seething noise, inexpressibly lonely and sad. When winter came and they went down to the haunts of men,—to live in their home at Sandrock that Park might go to school,—for a time the noises of even so small a town seemed jarring and boisterous, and for weeks the silence of the sky clung to them and made them seem strange. Beautiful, in many ways, and wholly out of the common as was that life among the stars and clouds, they always went back to it with a qualm of dread, so oddly exacting was the task and so entirely isolated were they.

Park, a gray-eyed, strong-limbed, laughter-loving youth, watched during the night, for the most part, while his mother kept her eye at the glass during the day. She, too, was a merry soul, but they rarely laughed while on Forked Mountain; the strain was too great. To look and look and look and never do anything,—it seemed like insanity. At long intervals one or the other of the pair broke out laughing immoderately, but quickly hushed, for laughter, too, somehow sounded out of place and half insane. Three times during their four summers on the mountain the Long House broke into flames, and for a little space the two were swept with excitement as they flashed the startling news to Gap, but the "department" soon

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subdued the flames, and again silence fell and the long waiting. Then, for the mother and son, one day it all ended.

Over at Gap, fifteen miles distant, time hung somewhat less heavily. A fire train and engine, with steam up day and night, stood on a side track ready to run at a moment's warning to any point in the shed where a conflagration might be under way. The fire train consisted of seven flat cars upon which were built big tanks capable of carrying collectively one hundred and fifty tons of water, and a pressure engine. The train was manned by eight men, strong, active fellows, who lay in wait the year round, watching for the monster. Near Gap a spring gushed out of the side of the mountain, and there a water tank was erected, from which engines and the fire train got their supply. Between the siding and the main track stood a small station house, in which Todd Mercer, the day operator, and his wife and baby lived. With them lived Todd's nephew, Sloan Mercer, the night operator. Throughout each moment of night and day an operator remained on duty, for once in every thirty minutes a report of the condition of the great shed came by wire from the lonely lookouts on Forked Mountain. An alarm, in the event of fire, might also arrive by telephone from one or the other of two track-walkers who patrolled the Long House. But almost inevitably fire in the shed at any point must cut the wires of communication traversing its endless curves, hence the supreme need of keeping the wires intact from Forked Mountain to Gap, and of the human eyes that looked down from the crag never faltering in watchfulness.

A half mile west of Gap lay the property of the Fuller Gold Mining Company. Ordinarily this fact exercised no influence on matters pertaining to the Long House, save that trains of the company's quartz went through it on the way to the smelters at Denver, but with the event of which the reader is to be told the mine had profoundly to do. The company had a private siding connecting with the track of the Western Central near the mouth of the mine. The mine itself was a "drift," piercing the mountain northward, and striking the lode at a depth of some three hundred feet. At that point a transverse tunnel bored the quartz east and west, extending in the direction of Gap nearly a quarter of a mile. The vein of water that supplied the fire train broke from the mountain in that vicinity, and, one day,—the day of the fourth fire in the Long House,—the spring ceased to flow. The precious artery had been cut in two by the tunnel.

The day was late in August and the region was as dry as flour. Not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks. A strong wind from the southwest, hot from the sand and sagebrush of Arizona, had sucked through the mountain gorges all the afternoon. At sundown the peaks were tousled in a yellow foam of light that wavered restlessly, and, as the shadows of night fell, these, too, seemed to tremble in the buffeting wind. A fine dust, almost as impalpable as ether itself, was in the air, the sky-blown siftings of a far-off Arizona sand storm. As Park sat down at the lookout window on Forked Mountain he said to his mother:—

"The wind usually falls at sundown, but it seems to be rising."

"Yes; it would be a bad night for a fire," said Mrs. Taylor, looking across at Muley Mountain anxiously.

Park looked at the heaped masses looming and graying and purpling beyond the gorge. "Listen!" he said: "hear the pines in the Hopper; they sound like the sea, do n't they?"

"Yes; I heard the ocean once when there was a storm; it sounded a good deal like that." She moved away and began preparing supper.

Toward evening John Berg, foreman of the fire train over at the Gap, decided to empty the car tanks and charge them with fresh fluid. The water of the tanks had not been changed for nearly two months and had grown foul. The train had not run to a fire for almost a year; the men were restless and needed exercise. Accordingly the vent-cocks were turned along the train and the tanks were rapidly drained. When the water was low enough in the tanks the men entered and swabbed the floors and the walls. It was growing dark when the train was backed up to the big stand-tank to be refilled. One of the car tanks had been charged when suddenly the pipe from the stand-tank ceased delivering. Berg at once mounted the ladder and peered down through the manhole into the mighty tub. The tank was empty! The pipe from the spring reservoir yielded nothing! The foreman's tanned face was suddenly filmed with gray, and lines of anxiety leaped across his forehead. He scrambled to the ground and hurriedly climbed to the spring reservoir; it was almost dry! The fountain was dead! His bearded mouth worked oddly and he stood bracing himself against the strong wind and staring down at the empty basin for a little time.

"Who could have foreseen?—who would have expected?—who ever heard of a big spring stopping?—" he began, then turned and ran down the slope and shouted the news to the crew. Consternation reigned.

"Slack ahead," shouted Berg to the engineer; "run down to the station; we've got to report this and get orders to run to the Quartz Creek tank to fill."

They piled off at the station and crowded into the office. Berg wrote out a message to Superintendent Burke.

"Hold on," said Sloan Mercer, the night operator; "let me call Fuller's. They must have cut the vein with the tunnel; maybe you can get water there."

He called the mine office by telephone. "Yes," they said, "an unusual quantity of water is flowing from the drift; no doubt we have cut the spring vein."

"Most of the fire-train tanks are empty,—been cleaning out,—anyway the tanks can be filled there?" asked Sloan.

"No,—well, if you'll dam the flow near the mouth of the mine, and lay a line to it, you might pump the water into the tanks with the pressure engine, possibly," came the reply.

"Send my message to Burke," said Berg; "get me an order from the dispatcher to run to the Quartz Creek tank. Tell them I'll stop at Fuller's Mine and see if we can fill there. If we can I'll not use the order to the Quartz."

He walked up and down the room, impatient and anxious. Outside the wind roared; the two-million-dollar house was unprotected; its chief defenders had been caught napping. Sloan beat on the key. Presently he handed out an order, and the fire crew scrambled aboard the train and started west.

At the lookout window, over on his crag, Park sat watching the looming bulk of Muley Mountain, an immeasurably huge tent of shadow rising against the west. Above the mountain a streak of dirty yellow stained the sky like a smear of rust, the wind poured violently against the seamed forehead of the crag, hissing and sobbing, and the pine forest stretching through the Hopper roared like a thousand softly beaten drums. Park could not see the great shed at any point, but he knew infallibly, to a foot, where it lay. Inside the Long House a track-walker was going east. He was five or six miles distant from Muley Point. Another walker, moving westward, was some three miles from the center of the shed. An eastbound freight train had just emerged from the shed and had taken the siding at Muley Point; passenger train Number Four met it there, pulled by, and entered the shed; Berg and his crew were at Fuller's Mine. That was the situation when Park Taylor saw the fire.



PARK TAYLOR

As he sat listening to the voices of the wind and looking steadily at the mighty black thing looming three miles away across the gorge, he heard a rumbling thunder run downward through the noisy wind upon the left-hand side of the lookout crag and dwindle off and cease as if smothered in the distant Muley River. A big fragment of rock, tottering toward the abyss, had toppled under the pressure of the wind, he fancied, and had plunged from the crag and found a resting place at length in the bed of the Muley, a mile and a half away. Now and again, especially during periods of atmospheric unrest, they heard these noises, for their mountain, like every other boastful height, was bowing, grain by grain and bowlder by bowlder, to the eternal leveler, gravitation.

As the sound ceased Park suddenly leaned forward and gazed earnestly at the distant cloud of darkness; two thirds of the way up Muley Mountain, just where the long shed wormed its way around the Big Bend, a shapeless, whitish object seemed to waver and roll back and forth. Was it smoke? He rubbed his eyes and looked again. His heart suddenly thumped in his throat; surely it was smoke! He put his eye to the glass and turned it quickly toward the Big Bend. Almost as he caught the focus a gleaming blade of red pierced the vague mass of gray that wavered on the mountain's bosom. With a shout and a thrill of all his pulses, he caught the crank of the telephone bell-box and whirled it round. The bells were dead! He snatched the receiver and put it to his ear and tapped the transmitter tube with his finger-ends; the transmitter diaphragm was mute! He leaned over to the circuit-breaker of the telegraph and jerked it open; there was no current! His hands went up through his hair wildly as he rose to his feet with his blood on fire. His mother stepped quickly to his side; her lips whitened as she saw his face.

"Look!" he cried; "it's in flames! It's burning! and we've got no wires! I heard a slide of stone or something go down the mountain,—it must have cut the wires! O mother,—mother!" He was turning round and round helplessly.

His mother tried both telephone and telegraph. The instruments were as unresponsive as wood. She fixed her eye to the long glass; flames were spurting up like red water in the smoke on Muley Mountain. Park was tearing something out of a cupboard at the side of the room and coiling it around his shoulders. He thrust a bright object into his pocket. His mother turned and looked at him. Her face shone white but firm, and her lips moved.

"The break must be found, my son, and found quickly," she said.

"Yes, mother; I've got wire and the pliers; watch close,—maybe I can close the break."

She put her hands on his shoulders and lifted her face and kissed him, and he leaped out the doorway and was gone. She had been cooler than he, but now she turned to the table and sank into a chair, and shook from head to foot. She knew what it meant to hunt on the shattered face of Forked Mountain in the dark: death lay down that way.

From the heart of the youth plunging through the wind and gloom all personal fear died as he crossed the threshold; the need of haste was so awful that it seemed to shrivel every other thought and consideration. Away across the valley he caught glimpses of the red destroyer tangling in the bosom of the black heap of shadow. The wind would fan it fearfully. Already the flames had probably melted the telephone and telegraph wires that threaded the Long House. Sloan and the fire-train crew would not know until it was too late! Passenger train Number Four must have left Muley Point; would it run into the fire and be wrecked? He plunged downward recklessly, stumbling over bowlders and plowing through yielding shale. He knew where the wires led,—around a heaving horn of the crag toward the left, then downward over a great flight of rent and tumbled stone, then along a ledge toward the right and again downward toward the left, and still downward and away through a jumbled chaos of rocks, to finally leap over the gorge through which the Muley boiled.

He followed the falling course of the line in wild eagerness. The wires, of "number six" steel, were fastened to heavy insulators on iron rods that were much like long crowbars set in holes drilled in the rock. Here and there he could touch the wires, and now and again he could see them above him, vague threads outlined against stars that were yellow spots in the wind-swept sky. The wind took hold of him, too, shaking him and breaking off his breath as with sudden blows, and leaving him flattened and gasping. He went down the long slide of jumbled slabs and hanging blocks in painful lunges, and literally fell upon the ledge that crossed the face of the crag, three hundred feet

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below the house. He glanced at the fiery tousle over on Muley, scrambled to his feet, and hurried along the broad shelf, panting and eager. The wires were intact all along the ledge; the rupture was somewhere below. He came to the point where the wires again turned off into darkness down the mountain. Here there was a sheer fall of fifty or sixty feet. But one mode of descent was possible; he caught hold of the lower wire where it crossed the edge of the ledge and shot downward. His hands burned as if he were clutching white-hot coals as he flew through space, then, with a sudden crash of all his senses, he struck the iron post to which the wires were fastened, a hundred feet below, and dropped in a heap among the rocks. He struggled to his knees; the world tipped and went round him like black water, while afar, lifted on an immense billow of the black water, danced and fluttered a huge rosette of gleaming ribbons. He got to his feet waveringly and looked at it, fascinated by its brightness and striving to force his stunned faculties to receive its meaning. Beautiful though it was, he vaguely felt that it was something terrible. A warm, wet stuff was creeping down his face and neck; it got upon his lips; its flavor was saline,—sweetish. He took hold of the iron post and tried to call to mind his original intention. What had he come there to do? His face came round to the flaunting rosette on the distant mountain of black water. Then suddenly he struck his wet forehead and stared at it in horror; his faculties seemed to break open wide, and the shed, the fire, the broken wires, Sloan waiting by the telegraph table at Gap, his mother pacing the floor of the stone house on the crag, Number Four rumbling down the long grade toward the flames,—it all leaped upon him, a cataract of things. He sprang forward with a cry and again went plunging downward through the gloom, falling in deep furrows and scrambling over ragged heaps of rocks, sliding to right and to left, hunting furiously from post to post for the broken wires.

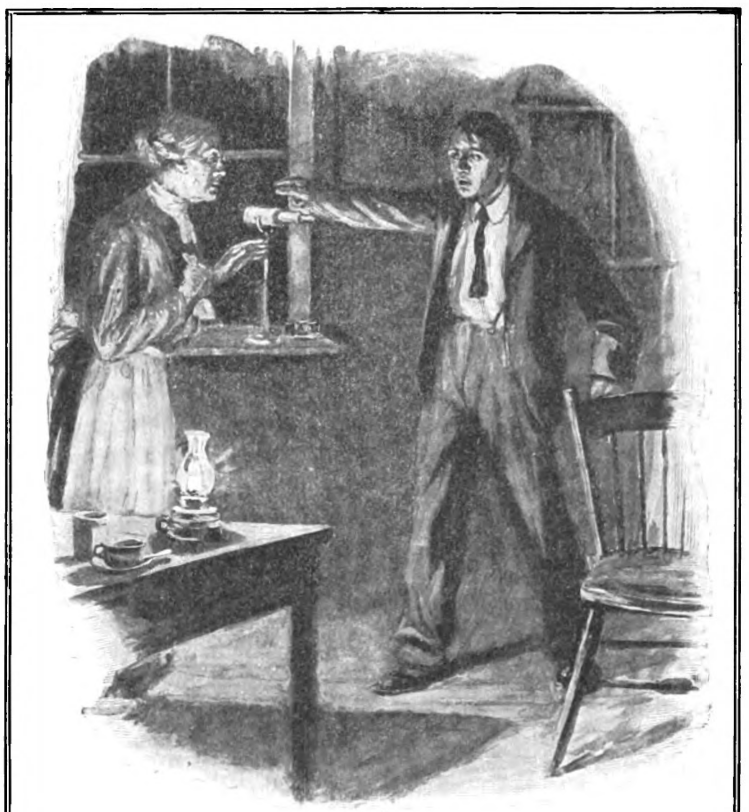
Nearly a quarter of a mile below the big ledge he found the break, a post cut clean away by a bowlder that had crashed down the face of the crag. In wild haste he fell upon his hands and knees and began hunting among the stones for the ends of the severed wires. His breath came in sobs and his battered hands flew out before him, feeling everywhere. He glanced over at Muley Mountain; the flames looked to be leaping a hundred feet high and combing over eastward in the wind. Fourteen miles of the shed stretched away in that direction; all that part of the Long House must sink into ashes, involving a million-dollar loss and the suspension of traffic for weeks, if Berg and his crew did not soon arrive! The youth worked as if he himself were on fire.

At length his hand fell upon a cold thing, the precious steel. With a cry he wrenched the splicing wire from his shoulders and fastened an end of it to the broken wire, and, paying out the splicing wire as he went, crept onward, searching feverishly about him. Again with a thrill of joy his crooking fingers laid hold of a wire end. He drew the wires together, all his body shaking; he clipped the splicing wire in two with the pliers, and then paused. He did not know whether he had the telephone or the telegraph wire or a part of each; there must be no mistake. He pressed a wire end against either side of his tongue. There was a needle-like dart of pain, then—blank. It must be the wire of the telephone,—no, it was the telegraph wire; some one had opened a circuit breaker and was working; the current came in short, swift throbs. His mother could not work the telegraph; it must be Sloan calling the house on the crag! If he had but found the ends of the telephone wire, then his mother could tell Sloan of the terrible situation.

There was one thing that could be done,—a chance,—he would take the chance, for not a second must be wasted. If he were not so bruised and battered and shaken, and if his hands did not tremble so! He tried with all his soul to steady himself. He laid one wire end down upon a stone, and with the other "wrote" upon it in Morse dots and dashes by tapping one wire end upon the other, breaking and closing the circuit as one does with a telegraph key.

"The—shed—is—on—fire—at—Big—Bend!" he tapped, slowly, unevenly, laboriously. "Tell—Berg—fire—in—shed,—Big—Bend!"

He placed the wire ends against his tongue.



"His mother stepped quickly to his side; her lips whitened as she saw his face"

The current came in little sharp spurts, and then ceased. Had Sloan heard? Had he gone to tell Berg? The youth on the mountain side sat still a moment, staring at the distant conflagration. The radiance of the fire fell upon the rocks and against his dripping face in filmy quiverings, and the forest in the Hopper roared like a cataract. Could Sloan have read a message sent so bunglingly? Doubt smote him; he began hunting for the broken telephone wire like one half mad with fear.

* * * * * * *

Sloan *had* read the message. Sitting among his instruments in the station at Gap, he suddenly awoke to the fact that all the wires were dead. The telegraph sounders ceased their gabble. He plugged the board quickly; the wires were open somewhere east. He tried the shed telephone; it was dumb. He turned to the Forked Mountain wires; they were mute as oysters. His scalp began to creep cold. The private wire to the Fuller Mine alone was alive. He called the office; a tired grunt came back.

"Is that you, Davis?" Sloan asked.

"Sure."

"What you doing there so late?"

"Sweatin' my skull over a trial balance."

"Say, is Berg there?"

"Yes; damming the flow from the tunnel so he can fill his tubs."

"Tell him the wires are all dead,—something wrong,—maybe fire in the shed. He'd better get a move on him."

"That so? All right."

Sloan went out and looked toward the shed, came back, and began testing for current and walking to and fro; over in the stone house on Forked Mountain Mrs. Taylor went from window to window, white-faced and twisting her hands together; in the Long House a patrol came leisurely toward Gap, unconscious of peril; and away east of the fire the second walker strolled toward Muley Point. He began to smell burning wood and faced about; the odor, mixed with a thin vapor, came through the long tunnel borne on a draught of air that sucked through the shed from the west. He instantly started westward on a swift run, looking eagerly ahead,—but the fire was eight or nine miles away.

Davis, the accountant, stepped out of the office at the Fuller Mine, after his conversation with Sloan, and shouted the substance of the operator's message over to Berg, where he was working with his men near the mouth of the drift.

"All right!" yelled Berg. "Here, Jim, you couple the train to them three cars in there on the side track; snake 'em out and kick 'em back on the main line out of the way; back the tanks in on the side track as near to the water here as you can. Hurry! Tell the engineer. Boys, be lively; Burke'll can the whole push of us to-morrow, I expect."

The fire train was backed in on the spur and coupled to the three obstructing cars,—two box cars and an ore flat,—and the cars were drawn out and "kicked" westward on the main line. Jim Tarney, the brakeman, having pulled the pin between the cars they were shunting and the fire train, threw the switch for the train to back in again on the spur, thinking he would run to the three cars on the main track and set their brakes as soon as the fire train was in on the siding. By that course they would save several precious minutes. But just when the train was in upon the spur and he had closed the switch, Davis burst from the office door with a yell that swept every heart with terror.

"Sloan has got a message from Forked Mountain," he cried; "*the shed is on fire at Big Bend!* SHE'S BURNING UP! SHE'S BURNING UP!"

Tarney, with a sudden thrill of consternation, dashed toward Berg and the men at the mouth of the mine. Panic swept the veins of every man; shouts, mingled oaths and orders and counter-orders cleft the night, heavy feet rushed here and there, and away from the confusion, off through the gloom, crept the two box cars and the ore flat, the wind at their backs and a falling track all the way to the Big Bend! Tarney got a glimpse of them as they disappeared, and, with a swift vision of the closing of his career as a Western Central man, started in a vain pursuit, hollowing as he ran. Davis, seeing what had befallen, stopped in his tracks and stood for a moment with outstretched hands and clutched breath, unconscious of what he was doing.

"The cars—the box cars,—are loaded with powder,—giant—blasting!" he burst out and whirled around. "Berg, do you hear?" he cried, "our three cars have gone down the grade to the fire! Two of 'em are loaded with powder; just got 'em in to-day!"

That staggered the foreman. He stopped in the midst of a driving activity of mind and body; his face in the flare of the lanterns looked elongated and gray. He lifted his arms as if warding off some falling object and then dropped them.

"Cut off the engine and the front tank car,—it has water," he ordered. "We must catch the cars of powder. The passenger must be comin' down to'ards the fire,—if them cars should go through the fire and get on fire as they went and then strike Number Four! Hurry, boys; don't lose a second! Part of you stay here and see if you can't fill the tanks in some way. Let her go, Steve; plug the escape, and don't shut off for anything!"

In three minutes they battered out through the switch and whirled down toward Gap. Sloan had seen the three runaway cars whiz by and was out on the platform. The engine and tank car went by him in a sweeping roar. He heard a voice shouting something to him from the midst of the noise, but could not distinguish a word. He ran to the office; the Forked Mountain telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Taylor cried some strange things in his ear,—the Long House was burning madly, Park was somewhere in the darkness on the face of the mountain, she did not know where, but clearly he had found and mended the broken

[*Concluded on page 142*]

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There never will be a trust in excellence, or a combination in superiority. As long as man yearns for improvement and hungers for the larger, the better, the truer, there will always be opportunities. Competition in excellence can never be suppressed as long as man continues to aspire



The man who has learned the priceless habit of never slighting his work, of always doing to a finish whatever he undertakes, has a perpetual tonic. There is nothing else which gives the satisfaction which comes from a sense of completeness, of wholeness, from an absolutely completed task

SUPERIORITY, THE BEST TRADE-MARK

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

MEN spend large sums of money and a great deal of thought, nowadays, in protecting the products of their brains and their hands by patents and copyrights, and even then their ideas are appropriated and imitated by others. There is one safe way, however, by which we can protect the work of our brains and muscles, and that is by superiority,—doing things a little better than anybody else can do them.

Stradivarius did not need any patent on his violins, for nobody else was willing to take such pains to put the stamp of superiority upon his instruments. Plenty of other makers were content to make cheap violins, and they ridiculed Stradivarius for spending weeks and months on an instrument when they could turn one out in a few days. Stradivarius was determined to make his name worth something on a violin,—to make it a trade-mark which would protect it forever,—the stamp of his character, of honest endeavor,—this was his patent, his trade-mark. He needed no other.

The name of Graham on a chronometer was protection enough, because nobody else at that time could make such a perfect timepiece. He learned his trade of Tampian, of London, probably the most exquisite mechanic in the world, whose name on a timepiece was proof positive of its excellence.

Joseph Jefferson has been all the protection the play, "Rip Van Winkle," has required for a quarter of a century, for he has stamped such superiority upon his part that no one else has ever approached it.

The name of Tiffany on a piece of silverware or jewelry has been all the protection it has needed for half a century.

The name of Huyler, who, as a boy, began by peddling molasses candy from a basket in the streets of New York, placed upon a package of confectionery, has been a protection almost equal to a patent, for a great many years.

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Such names, which are synonymous with honesty, are equal to any trade-mark or patent whenever and wherever they are found. Nobody thinks of going b ck of them, or inquiring into the quality or reliability of goods so marked. These names stand for character, which is the consummate protector and best advertisement, and they are mentioned with respect. How often is the contrary noted,—a contemptuous reference to a man or a firm whose name is known to be synonymous with inferiority, and who tries to palm off just as paltry goods or talent or service as can force acceptance. We never have respect for a man who deals in imitations or who manufactures or sells shoddy, as we have for one who deals in genuine articles. The human mind loves the actual, the real, the genuine, the things that ring true, and hates the false.

Note the difference between the character of the maker and seller of articles of merchandise that are noted for their superiority and that of the man who spends a lifetime in the barter of cheap make-believe goods, who constantly tries to make things appear what they are not,—to cover up base metal with a thin wash of gold, and to imitate diamonds with paste.

To spend a life buying and selling lies, or cheap shoddy shams, whether in jewelry, clothing, furniture, stocks, or bonds, is demoralizing to every element of nobility,—to excellence in any form.

There is a vast difference in the character of even the employees in a place like Tiffany's and in stores of the imitation-diamond and cheap-jewelry dealers. It does not matter that they do not make or sell imitations, the very fact that they deal with false things affects them. The quality of the sham is caught by the employees through familiarity with the inferior, and through need of employing pretense in dealing with customers.

It is demoralizing to have any share in dishonest, shoddy work. There is enough of the good, the true, and the beautiful to do, so you need not ally yourself with their opposites. Ally yourself with a house that stands for something high, and makes and sells substantial goods.

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"Never put your name to a certificate of a piece of work, unless you know it is worthy," said Senator George F. Hoar, in an address to students; "throw up your job first. Let no employer's command move you to do that which you know is wrong. The city of Lowell was built on the Merrimac River. Dams and canals were constructed to conserve the water power. There was no competent engineer for such work in America at that time. A young Englishman named Francis came over and was employed. He looked over the work already done. He learned that, sixty years before, there had been a great flood in the valley. He went to the directors of the company. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you must rebuild Lowell and the works.'

"'We can't do that,' was the answer; 'we have spent large sums and must take a risk.'

"'Then, gentlemen,' said Francis, 'here is my resignation.'

"The directors reconsidered, and rebuilt under Francis's direction. In a year a flood came, and the town and the works stood the test. Under the former conditions they would have been swept off the face of the earth. There is a lesson. Learn it."

The influence upon one's life of always expecting and demanding the best effort of oneself can not be measured. There is a great difference between going just right and a little wrong,—between superiority and mediocrity,—between the fairly good and the best; and there is something in the determination always to keep up the standards in thought, or in whatever we do in life—whether it is hoeing corn, mending shoes, or making laws for a nation,—which gives an upward tendency,—an inspiring quality which is lacking in the character of the groveling man, with low ideals. There is something in the upward struggle involved in giving one's best to what he is doing that enlists and develops the highest faculties, and calls out the truest and noblest qualities, which often lie dormant.

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This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency; the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul-satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all of his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing, and give their unqualified approval to his efforts,—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral, and the physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality, and of a broadening horizon, gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind.

The writer has a friend who has been of inestimable assistance to him in his work, who has from boyhood made it a rule of his life never to let anything pass out of his hands until it is done to a finish, and has received the last touch of his best effort. It does n't matter to him that people are in a hurry, or that others about him are fretting and fuming,—he can not be induced to slight his work. There must be the stamp of completeness and superiority upon it before he lets it go. During many years of extensive correspondence with him, the writer has not received from him a hurried or slipshod letter or note, or one which was not well balanced and accurately punctuated. People envy this man his superior power to do things, but this is the result of always doing his level best in everything he has touched. He will not guess at a thing, and he insists upon absolute accuracy, and in doing everything to a complete finish.

The effect of this habit upon this man has been most remarkable; his character is solid and substantial; there is not a false note in his make-up; everything rings true. He is honest, transparent to the very core, and I attribute a large part of this symmetry of character to this life-habit of putting the stamp of superiority upon everything he touches.

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While continual and determined thoroughness develops character and leads to success and happiness, one of the greatest success-killers and character-destroyers is a habit of leaving things half done or otherwise incomplete. It makes no difference whether our work is seen or not, for there is a certain something within us which gives approval when a thing is done to a finish, and it says "Right" to a fitting act, or a completed work, and "Wrong" to a half-done job, or a slipshod service. This still, small voice keeps repeating, "Wrong, wrong! You know it is all wrong. It is n't right. You know it is n't right." It tells us that we are failures, and we know when we are failures, although the world may applaud us and the press may laud our achievements over the world. A man must learn that there is something greater than the world's applause and nearer and dearer to him than others' approval,—and that is his own. If we can not have our self-respect, the respect of others is only a mockery. However, if lax methods and slipshod work are continued, the self-condemnation wears off, the slack work does not seem such a terrible thing, another temptation to carelessness is yielded to, and soon we are so hardened that some day we are surprised to find that we are habitually slighting work. The tiny departures from conscientiousness have become mighty cables of habit; conscience no longer reproaches; self-respect is no longer outraged. We can do things in the most slipshod manner without the slightest feeling of discomfort or regret. After a while, if the tendency is not checked, the whole character becomes undermined and honeycombed, so that everything one does has a certain incompleteness about it,—is not quite right,—lacks something. Such actions affect one's attitude almost as does dishonesty. In fact, it is dishonesty to take a position with the tacit agreement that one will do his level best for his employer, and then to slight work, half do it, botch it. Many a criminal, now in prison, could trace his downfall to a habit of half doing things, and putting dishonesty into his work.

If you resolutely determine, at the very outset of your career, that you will let no work go out of your hands until it is done just as well as you can do it; that you will put your character into your work, and set upon it the seal of your personal nobility, you will need no other protection,—no patent or copyright. Your work and you will be in demand, and, better still, your conscience will be clear, your self-respect firm, and your mind serene and happy.

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THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD MANNERS

A Special Plea to Girls

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

IN our progressive country, where the chances and changes of fortune make of marriage even a greater lottery than elsewhere, you should learn not only the arts by which a dollar can be made to do its full duty, and the cunning magic of the heart that will make you a cheery comrade and true helpmeet to the man who marries you, if he has to work hard for a modest livelihood, but the graces of life as well, that you may be fitted to take a prominent position if his fortunes are prosperous.

How little did some of the "American duchesses" dream of what their education and home training was fitting them for! It is almost a matter of national interest that Lady Curzon and the Duchess of Marlborough do credit to the country of their birth, not by their conduct only, but also by the manner in which they acquit themselves in the society of the "daughters of a hundred earls." But, quite aside from marriage, the ups and downs of fortune are likely, at any hour, to bring us into different environments, and a woman who is well-bred, and who knows the usages of good society, is ready to take her place unchallenged within its *penetralia* and feel at no disadvantage. Most of us have a fairly good education in these days of free schools, in which the best opportunities are offered,—but a lack of social training is as apparent as a hump or a limp. To be genuine, it must come through habitual association with well-bred people, or it has to be acquired with deliberate purpose and persevering practice. To those who have natural refinement, and what the French call "the politeness of the heart," it will be but the simple matter of learning the conventions, as one might the rules of a game. Without that foundation, it is an art almost as difficult to acquire as any of the other fine arts for which one has no natural aptitude. To appear a gentlewoman one must *be* one by nature.

To such a one, it is but the conning of a lesson. She learns, for instance, that, when a man is presented to her, she should bow and smile, but need not rise, unless he is an old gentleman and she a young girl, but when introduced to another woman she rises at once, and may shake hands or not, as she chooses. She learns that it is her province to ask her young men friends to call upon her—if they are such as her parents would approve,—without waiting for them to ask permission. The custom leaves the decision wholly with the woman as to whom she shall receive in her home, unhampered by requests that are embarrassing to deny. These are things worth learning.

It sets one at ease and gives poise and an added self-respect to know what is expected of you. It gives freedom from the sense of being critically regarded, from that miserable self-consciousness that makes us awkward, from the fear of silence that makes us mute when we are expected to talk, and from agonizing dread of making a blunder. Then, too, a well-bred girl attracts a better class of men. Any man with the instincts of a gentleman, when he comes to choose a wife,—the one to whom his good name is to be confided, and to whom he is to look to make the happiness of his future, to bring up his children, and to do the honors of his home in all social relations,—selects the girl who appears like a lady under all circumstances.

What are called "free-and-easy ways" may please a coarse type of man, and hoydenish manners sometimes seem to amuse even men whose families, and presumably themselves, are persons of gentle breeding, but that which attracts is the merry light-heartedness, the high spirits, the ready laugh, the absence of stiffness, and the sense of being accepted on intimate, friendly terms, without formal preliminaries,—but it is *in spite* of the coarse manners, not because of them. Men *hold cheap* the girls that are so easy of access, who meet a man more than half way, who plainly show their eagerness for his attentions and his society, and who treat him with familiarity on very short acquaintance. He regards such girls as belonging to quite a different world from that inhabited by his mother and sisters, and would by no means allow their inter-association. Should his sisters verge upon such freedom of manner with other men, he would rise in his wrath and call such conduct by very ugly names. It can not, therefore, be really pleasing.

Another plea for good manners is the fact that proper behavior, the courtesy and consideration for others that good form imposes, has a distinctly refining influence on character itself.

Politeness has been well called "Christianity in trifles."

When a young girl opens a door for an older woman, permitting her to pass first, and then closes it after her, or, when calling upon another girl, rises from her chair when her friend's mother enters the room, and does not resume it while that lady remains standing, she not only proves herself a well-bred girl, but the attitude of respectful courtesy strengthens her own reverence for age, for the lack of which other nations reproach us and stigmatize our young people as badly brought up. In France all such little attentions to older people are taught from earliest childhood.

It involves sometimes a little self-discipline, but so do all other courtesies. Unselfishness is at the foundation of every one of them. That is why true politeness is so fine a thing. Is not every little child taught that, in the division of apples or sweets, he must give to his comrade the "larger half?"

Perhaps that in which our girls are most open to criticism, and which draws down upon us the shocked condemnation of persons belonging to the older civilizations, is the manner in which they speak to their parents. No one else in all the world is so entitled to their respect, their deference, and their loving consideration; for, quite aside from their claims of parenthood and from the fact that their children are indebted to them for almost everything that they have had in the past, American parents are admittedly the most indulgent in the world. Is it not contemptible, therefore, to turn that very indulgence against them, and assume airs,—not merely of equality, but even of superiority? The tone of voice is uncontrolled in argument, contradiction, or criticism. Sometimes the manner is distinctly patronizing, as if "mommer" were well enough in her way, but rather stupid, and "popper" a mere maker of dollars and provider of wants.

Every daughter of Eve—or at least every one who belongs to that branch of her family that eventually became American,—is fond of pretty clothes, as an adjunct in the furtherance of the natural desire to please, an instinct implanted by a beneficent Creator,—but not every girl knows that her breeding is shown in her clothes, and that fine ones do not make her a lady nor impose upon any one by making her appear to be one.

Cheap finery not only betrays poverty, which it is unnecessary to confide to the world at large, which regards it most unsympathetically, and not only proclaims ignorance of good taste, but also lays a girl open to misconception and possible identification with the least worthy of her sex. We are not all amenable to suggestions for our good; and, when our desires clash with our "sense of oughtness," it depends upon the quality of our make-up which shall prevail. Another evidence of gentle breeding is a well-modulated voice. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said, "Shut me up in a dark room with a mixed multitude, and I can pick out the gentlefolks by their voices."

In the compass of every voice there are three registers,—the middle or throat, the lower or chest, and the upper or head register. The use of the middle pitch for talking is very desirable, but the voice should be trained to slide up and down, varying with the emotions; low, when the mood inclines toward seriousness, and higher when it becomes tinged with excitement. An interesting speaker constantly changes his pitch; not abruptly, but with ease and skill, and the greater range one has the more certain he is to get and retain the pleased attention of listeners. Our high-pitched, strident voices are sharply criticised, and it is quite within our power to change them.

I confess to liking a bit of slang now and then from a young man's mouth. It sounds racy, adds snap and spice if used judiciously, and a few of its terms are pithy and expressive, but when a girl uses slang it only sounds common. What is becoming to one sex is not necessarily so to the other.

When we see a woman who laughs and talks loudly in public places, we put a severe strain upon our charity and judgment not to think her vulgar. When to the conventional "How do you do?" she replies, "Fine!" we know on just what rung of the social ladder to put her.

There is one convention that is most unpopular among young folks and is protested against more or less vigorously according to circumstances. This is the exaction made by society that where young persons of both sexes are together they shall be chaperoned. At first sight, it looks like espionage,—like the treatment that children require,—and girls and men, conscious of rectitude and of the best possible intentions, demand fiercely why they may not be trusted and not insulted by suspicions of their good faith and proper behavior. But that is not the question.

The custom having been adopted by those highest in social standing, from having seen its working abroad, it has come to be the mark of the proper care over a young girl that she should not drive alone with a young man, enter a restaurant, or attend a theater unaccompanied by some married woman—whose character and standing are above suspicion. Occasionally the sister of the girl or the man, even though unmarried, may be a substitute for the chaperon, and a younger brother may do as well, since it is universally acknowledged that little escapes the notice of a boy, where a young man's relations with his sisters are concerned,—and this insures most exemplary behavior. This hedging about, this protective policy in regard to young girls, may not please the man who wants to talk to her alone, and have the opportunity of making her the sole *confidante* of his emotions, but it is at the same time an assurance that other men also have been fenced off, and that none has had an opportunity of offering any but the most respectful homage. Young people have an opportunity of seeing each other alone when, under the protection of the home roof, the young men call upon their girl friends. It is noticeable that the manners of young folks are better where the system of chaperonage obtains. Even in the absence of the chaperon, the *habit* of well-bred restraint continues, and counts for much in all their relations.

There is one department of social convention for which one needs to make no plea. You girls are all eagerness to know and observe the proper forms when it comes to a question of how you shall conduct yourselves as hostesses, either toward the young men who come to make social calls or when entertaining a number of your young friends. Begin, then, just there, and, when you find how much you have added to that subtle grace called "charm"—of which you doubtless have your share,—by observing the gentle code of true etiquette, you will require no further argument in order to appreciate its value.

[This is the seventh in the series of articles on the subject, "If You Are Well Bred,"—articles that show how correct social etiquette should be maintained,—which prominent writers are contributing to SUCCESS.—The Editor.]

THE STORM KING

HENRY TYRRELL

The day is dying, somber-browed,
  Its gloom affrights each tender flower;
But o'er the land yon mountain grand
  Stands sentinel, in pride and power.
O Storm King bold, I trust in thee,
  Thou emblem of eternity!
Alone thou art: oh, would my heart
  Like thee alone, were strong like thee!

I saw the sunset redden wild,
  One last despairing smile of fate;
An instant bright in face of night,
  It looked serene on love and hate.
O Storm King high, inspire my soul
  To such nobility as thine!
'Mid tempest's ire and lightning's fire,
  Point thou where shine the stars divine.

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The Higher Influence of the Drama

But few of those who try to write, or to act so that the ideal shall be shadowed forth, have the subtle personality—the element unnamable,—that attains success; that is, that permits the personal expression of the ideal

E. H. SOTHERN

WHY there is constant controversy about the functions, the purposes, and the ideals of the stage is plain. It is because acting and playwrighting seem so easy that nearly everyone secretly believes he could do either very well himself.

One goes to a theater and sees men and women on the stage walking, gesticulating, and using words he uses every day. "This is perfectly simple," he reflects; "all you have to do is just be yourself."

One reads a play and comments: "This is very easy to do. Why, I have the material for a wonderful play if I could take the time to write it." But one looks at a good picture, or listens to a piano rhapsody, and says: "Dear me, I could n't do that!"

Acting is done by means of words and gestures which are everyone's medium of expression. But painting and music are mediums whose terms are alien to all but specialists. So painting and music are regarded as "true art," with ideals in abundance; while the stage is considered as a sort of hybrid art, with no reason for being but to amuse, like a comic supplement.

Aimless Amusement Will not Amuse Good Taste

Now, the first function of the stage is to amuse, if you like. But alleged amusement will not amuse good taste unless it have elements that do more than amuse. I do not mean that it must have a conscious moral purpose; I do not mean that it must set out deliberately to instruct; I mean simply that, in order really to amuse, it must be an admirable presentation of Truth and Beauty. Such a presentation can not be made without, in addition to amusing, also influencing for good.

This touches the long-argued question of the legitimacy of moral purpose in art. "Should art have the conscious purpose of morality and education, or is accurate portrayal of life its only reason for being?"—so runs the old dreary question, to me nearly meaningless. Indeed, to many minds the question, applied to the stage, becomes not so much, "Does the stage exert a moral influence?" as, "But ought the stage to exert a consciously moral influence?" Poetry, music, sculpture, painting,—is their object to teach or simply to present Beauty and so to present Truth?

The Stage Is One of the Greatest Teachers of the Age

Could anything be greater nonsense? Truthfully to present life,—or to teach! Why, could there be any presentation of life that would not teach? Is it possible to watch either life itself, or a portrayal of life, and not be taught? How could there be fine dramatic impersonation, working out cause and effect, action of character upon character, of event, and of destiny, without an overwhelming reiteration, to those who watched, that good must triumph over evil? The apparent triumph of evil, in drama as in life, only more forcibly illustrates the real truth of this. To say that the stage should strive merely to present life and not to teach is a contradiction of terms. On the face of it, any art that faithfully represents life is a teacher second only to life itself, which teaches ceaselessly.

The stage is one of the greatest teachers of this age. Ideals, functions, purposes,—fancy using those terms doubtfully about an art which gains its very substance from the accurate presentation of the ideals and the purposes of people! By its very nature the stage is able to present both ideals and purposes more tellingly than painting, because the stage has not only form and color, but also motion; and more profoundly than poetry, because to the spoken words of poetry itself are added line, color, and motion. Therefore, to my mind, far from falling short of the ideals of the other arts, the stage practically includes and transcends them all. The working out of its ideals is dependent on and coöperative with its accurate portrayal, which is its only conscious aim.

Bad portrayal of life,—there is the sin against the ideals of the stage. Bad playwrighting is responsible for much, for "the play's the thing," and without a good play the best actors have little chance to serve any ideal. To see a good play poorly rendered is a torture, but this is nothing compared with the spectacle of a badly constructed, unconvincing play presented by a company of the best actors. Put Duse or Bernhardt in an impossible play and neither could hold an audience. "The play's the thing," indeed. Therefore bad plays have to answer for much of the public's skepticism concerning the purpose of the stage. "What, beyond amusing as a cartoon amuses," people very justly ask, "can possibly be the aim of a musical comedy? To this I answer very readily that I have no idea. Personally, musical comedy bores me as can nothing else. But the significant part is this: I do not suppose there is on the stage—engaged in personations which have no effect upon the audience except to win a moment's laugh,—a man or woman who does not cherish a dream of playing something that shall stir the people differently. What does this mean? It means that the actor has ideals for his profession which are broader than ideals for his own success. Rather, it means that the hope of his own success is identified with the ideals of his profession. It is the same with a good actor compelled to play a part in a badly written play: his impatience with the rôle is never wholly at his own lack of opportunity; it is as much because of the lack of conviction of the audience. Badly written plays and plays that choose trivial incidents as an excuse for being,—these, in playwrighting, are offenses against stage ideals.

Acting itself, given a good play, is nothing more than a struggle for ideals. After speech and gesture and expression and standing and walking on the stage are mastered, there comes that eagerness of an actor to make the people see in the lines what he sees, and to feel what he feels, which lashes him at every performance. To feel so deeply the meaning and intensity of one's lines, and then to hear oneself, for all one's trying, saying the words coldly, leaving the faces in the audience unmoved! Oh, the constant failure of even the most finished actor to stir an audience as he is stirred! The ordinary three hours' performance of most plays is a three-hour struggle of men and women to make people feel, and a three-hour failure to reach their ideals. Ideals? They are about the head of every worthy actor as plainly as is the calcium itself. My point is that these ideals of acting are not alone ideals for personal success. They are for the people,—that the people's hearts be stirred,—stirred to imagination, to fancy, to judgment, to perception of the portrayal of life with its evil and its magnificent good!

Popular Playwrighting Should Demand Strict Morality

The voices of the stage reach more people every night in the year than the churches reach on any Sunday. Is it, then, possible for men and women to contend that, with a chance for influence like this, the function of the stage is not to influence? It seems incredible to me. To waken and open heart and mind, to plant understanding of the ways of sorrow, of deceit, of treachery, of kindliness, of loyalty, of love,—all this is expected of any drama, and yet there is doubt in the minds of many that the drama makes for righteousness! The very laws of successful playwrighting ought to prove conclusively that a play must teach morality. Would a play be possible in which the "villain" came triumphantly off, his machinations all successful, the leading woman his wife? Would a play be possible in which the adventuress succeeded in bringing the heroine to discomfiture? Does murder or theft or baseness of any sort ever go unpunished in the drama? A play in which these rules of melodrama itself do not obtain could not run a week on Broadway; the boxes and parquet as one man would lift up their voices with the gallery gods and the critics to denounce it. Could there be any better proof in the world of what the public demands of its stage, and what the stage must present?

Sometimes the same end is served by the presentation of vice and ugliness. There is but one answer to the cry against the plays that show ugliness and immorality: it is that these plays are preaching simple beauty, too. They are preaching the worth of the truth and the law by showing the horror of their violation; it is an indirect means to the end taken by the plays that show forth beauty in positive terms. "Ghosts" preaches its sermon about the beauty and purity essential to successful and happy life just as patently as the plays that are all sun and lavender and sweet, fresh air.

There is a question of taste in these things, always; but, whatever the taste of the playwright or the actors, the motive is always the same,—the presentation of the ideal.

Not the Drama, but Human Nature, Is usually at Fault

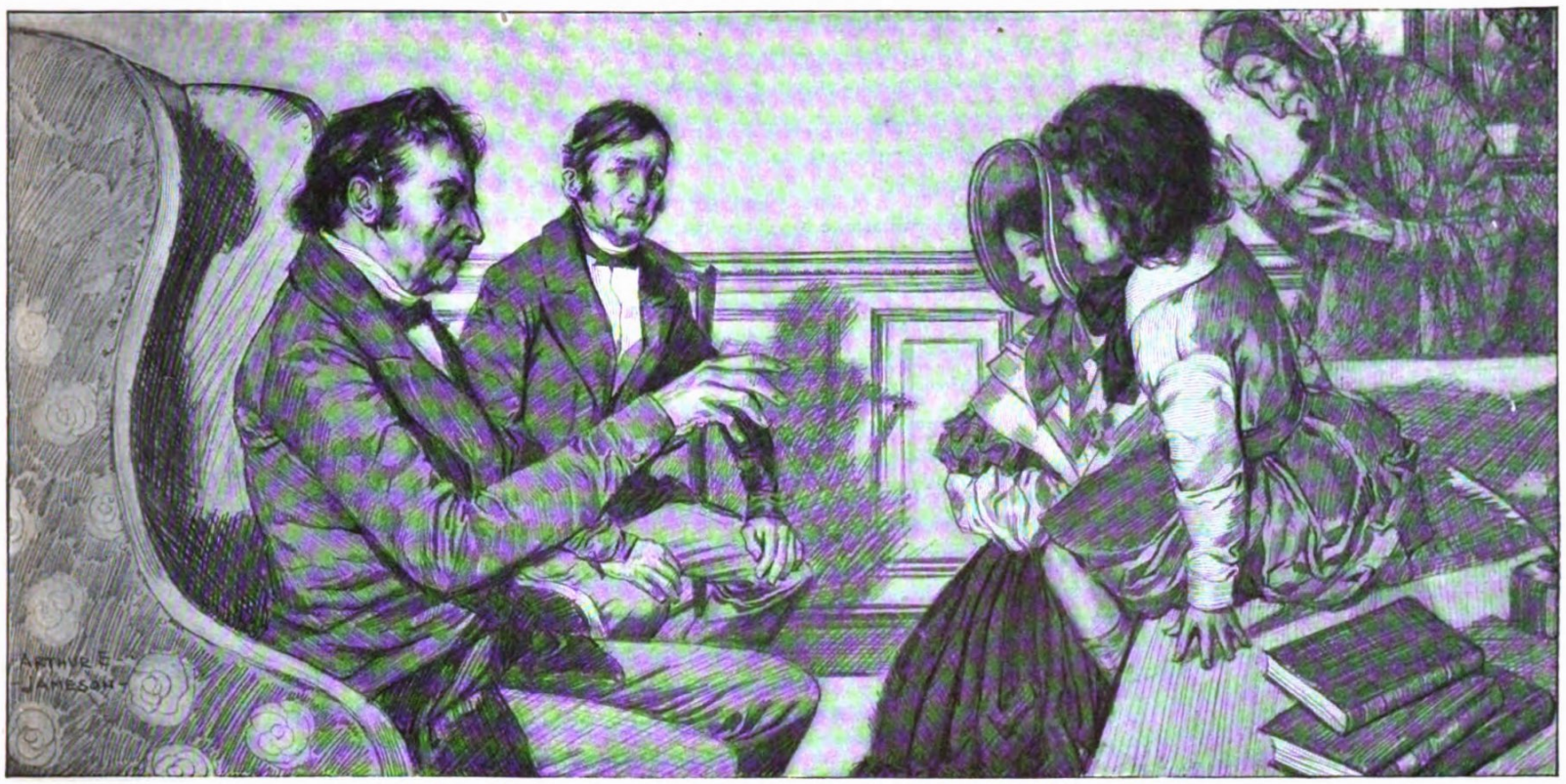
In the actual stage productions made in the course of a winter, I confess that all this is often temporarily lost sight of by those accountable for play, production, and interpretation, so that the public on the whole is not to blame for wondering. Unfortunately, we can judge of the spirit that prompts work only by judging the work itself. Of course a man may have a singing soul, but the world will not readily know this, providing he have not also singing lips. Plays and their actors often and often fall so far short that it is difficult indeed to find what impossible impulse toward the ideal could have prompted them. But in such cases the point to be borne in mind is not that the stage as a whole is losing its ideals; it is simply that in a single case, or series of cases, it has fallen short. It is not, in other words, the nature of the drama that it is to be blamed. It is human nature. No number of bad picture exhibitions would ever make the public doubt that art still has ideals!

Do not Condemn Dramatic Art for a few Bad Plays

This illustrates a most curious inconsistency in the public's method of judgment. Painting, sculpture, poetry and music stand in the public thought as great unassailable realities, never to be in the slightest degree harmed by failures in their followers. Now thousands of people have been painting pictures and carving statues for hundreds of years, and yet there have not been many thousands of masterpieces in either painting or sculpture. Yet nobody ever doubts that the two arts are legitimate expressions of art itself. There are thousands of bad musicians in the world,—men and women who are very charlatans of musical composition and interpretation,—yet music itself stands securely in its own place. Millions of execrable verses are published and written every year, and the number of poems in a year's output is very small,—and still poetry is never regarded as other than a voice of art, for expression of the highest. Very many more unworthy bad and positively bad plays are produced every season than good plays,—and thereupon the public agrees that the stage is growing worse, and that the drama is not a legitimate expression of art, anyway.

The drama is a legitimate expression of art. The only great voice that has ever thundered this forth with convincing power was that of Wagner. His dream of the music-drama was not alone as we have it to-day, a performance in which music and poetry and moving figures and stage-setting should combine to express great thought; but he dreamed of a music-drama, in which architecture and sculpture and painting, as well as music and poetry and the drama, should unite in a great coöperation of appeal to eye and ear. Wagner believed in the drama as an adequate expression of art, and he believed in it so devoutly that he made the drama the center of all the rest, and chose not the concert room or the picture gallery or the covers of a book to be the medium, but the stage. There is not one of his music-dramas that does not give its lesson of faith or fidelity or worship or pity as no other medium could ever set it forth. That is because he was a master. The stage lacks masters, if you will; but he who has studied it and loved it will deny that it has no ideals. That it is not an adequate and legitimate means of expressing art and of reaching the ideal,—that is an opinion no one who knows the history and seriousness of the drama in all the countries of the world will for a moment tolerate.

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"'Shall we make a man of you?' asked Dr. Blimber. 'I would rather be a little child,' replied Paul'"

The Dream Children of Literature

The Legendary Little Ones Whom Noted Authors Have Made Favorite Members of the Great Human Family

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

My title from a better man I stole.—
Ah! how much better had I stolen the whole!
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THERE is a corner of the world of dreams filled with the voices of little children, as a wood is filled with the singing of birds. It is peopled with those "nurslings of immortality" who, with a divine precocity, have, as we say, made names for themselves no less personal and everlasting than those of some of their elders,—children as typically "childish" as some great soldier is typically soldierly, or as Helen of Troy is typically womanly. There was no need for them to grow up, to become immortal, for they live forever just because they are always children,—children, as one might say, who have supremely succeeded—as children.

Of all these it was Paul Dombey who, unconsciously enough, raised the banner of the child. Dickens is very near to Shakespeare in that moment of divination when the little frail and moonlit Paul is first taken to school and confronted with the magnificent Dr. Blimber,—Dr. Blimber, who means so well in his plush middle-class way.

"Shall we make a man of you?" asked Dr. Blimber.

Little Paul replied: "I would rather be a child."

I would rather be a child!

Without knowing it, how right little Dombey was! Who is there amongst us that does not protest against growing up, does not battle against maturity, and does not try his best to remain a child? Who of us with any sense is anxious to grow up? Is it not always felt to be a special grace of nature when we say of anyone that he has kept the heart of a child? This we say of Goldsmith, of Lamb, and of Stevenson, with the sense of paying them signal tribute, and the first law of most greatness is the law of the Kingdom of Heaven.

To be made a man of by Dr. Blimber or by those other disillusionizing agencies of experience employed in licking our immortal beings into mortal shape may be a very fine thing,—but happy is he who has succeeded in remaining a child, has kept his heart pure, has escaped the pride and the cynicism of knowledge, and can still turn eyes of uncontaminated simplicity upon human life and all the wonder of the world.

Dream children!

When Lamb wrote that immortal fragment of his own pathos, he was thinking of two little children who might have been his, had he not through life remained a bachelor, for his sister's sake. He cheered his lonely evening thought with the fancy of taking little Alice and John on his knees, and telling them, paternal fashion, about the time when *he* was a child, till suddenly, as the story neared its end, the soul of the first Alice looked out of the eyes of the little dream Alice so poignantly that the dream was broken, and, as the children faded away, he seemed to hear them saying: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been. . . ."

Perhaps others of us have personal dream children of this sort,—the little boy that never came to us, or the little girl that went too early away, while she was still a mere snowdrop in February; but it is not of such dream children I would write, but rather of those who belong to the whole world's dreamland,—that corner of the world of dreams where we may come upon a little girl in a red hood carrying dainties in her basket for an old grandmother who lives in a lonely hut in the forest, the same forest where you may find two babes lying asleep under a coverlet of leaves which the kind robins are spreading over them, or meet with Little Boy Blue blowing his horn, or come just in time to save Little Silverlocks from the three bears: there is no end to the famous people you may meet in this corner of the dream world, and so little is it necessary to grow up to become famous that one can seriously claim that there are no names better known than those one meets with there. Think of being as famous as Little Red Riding Hood! Napoleon himself is hardly as well known as Goody Two-shoes! Adelina Patti is hardly more famous than Mr. Riley's "Little Orphant Annie!" Let us wander in this land awhile, and see if we can meet with any more of its famous inhabitants!



"Little Orphant Annie" telling the other children about the goblins

Yes; here comes Kilmeny, a Scotch maiden, with a strange dream on her face. For seven long years she has been missing from her home in the glen, and her home-folks mourn her as dead.

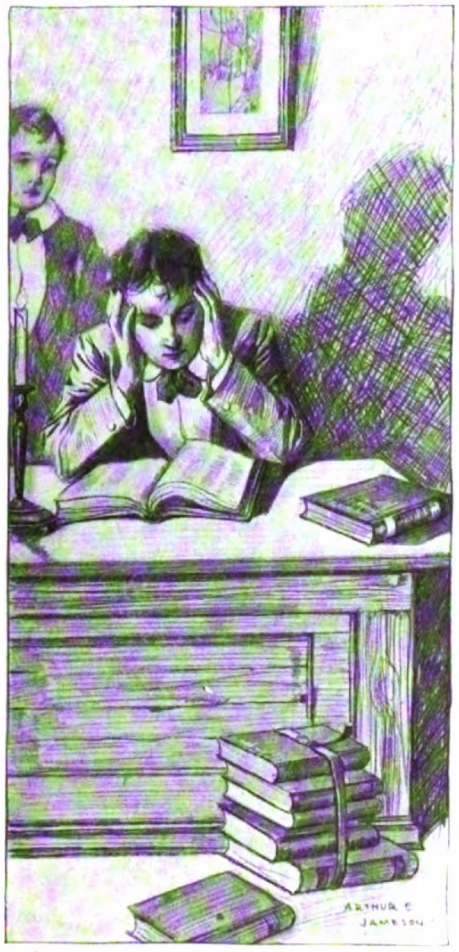
"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup [mantle,] o' the lily sheen,
That bonnie snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?

Kilmeny has been to fairyland, and here in the twilight she is coming back home to tell them about it all.

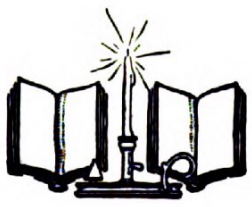
"Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swelled, a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam;
The land of vision, it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream."

But she will stay only a little while, and then

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Tom Brown, who exercised a powerful influence at Rugby



The babes in the wood, whose pathetic story has appealed to all nations



wander back to fairyland. She was not of this world, after all.

"It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again." *

But here is a less eerie apparition,—a merry little fellow, without shoes or stockings, intent on dabbling up and down the stream. He calls himself "the barefoot boy," and, if you know your poets, you will stroke his curly head and say:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy. . . ."

But before you have finished he will have escaped into a treetop, and be whistling back to the wood robins.

As he swings there, you will be reminded of a similar apparition of elfish childhood from another land and another time,—though yet, they say, still inhabiting ours. He carries a bow and arrows, and is even more scantily clad than our "barefoot boy." One of the most vivid descriptions I can find of him is this from an old Greek writer (Longus,) who knew him well:—

"As I entered my garden to-day, about noon, I espied a little boy under my pomegranates and myrtles, some of which he had gathered; and he was holding them in his hands. His complexion was white as milk, his hair a bright yellow, and he shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and amused himself with plucking the fruit with as much freedom as if it had been his own garden. . . . I asked him to what neighbor he belonged, and what he meant by gathering what grew in another person's garden. He made no reply, but, approaching very near me, smiled sweetly in my face, and pelted me with myrtle berries, and (I know not how,) so won upon me that my anger was appeased. I entreated him to come close to me, and assured him that I wished only to give him one kiss, for which he should ever after have liberty to gather as much fruit, and to pluck as many flowers as he pleased. Upon hearing me thus address him, he burst into a merry laugh, and replied:—

"'I am not the child I appear to be; but I am older than Saturn, ay, older than Time himself. I knew you well, Philetas, when you were in the flower of your youth, and when you tended your widely-scattered flock in yonder marsh. I was near you, when you sat beneath those beech trees, wooing your Amaryllis: I was close to the maiden, but you could not discern me. . . .' With these words he sprang like the youngling of a nightingale among the myrtles, and, climbing from bough to bough, ascended through the foliage to the summit of the tree. I observed wings upon his shoulders, and between them a tiny bow and arrows; but in a moment I could see neither him nor them."

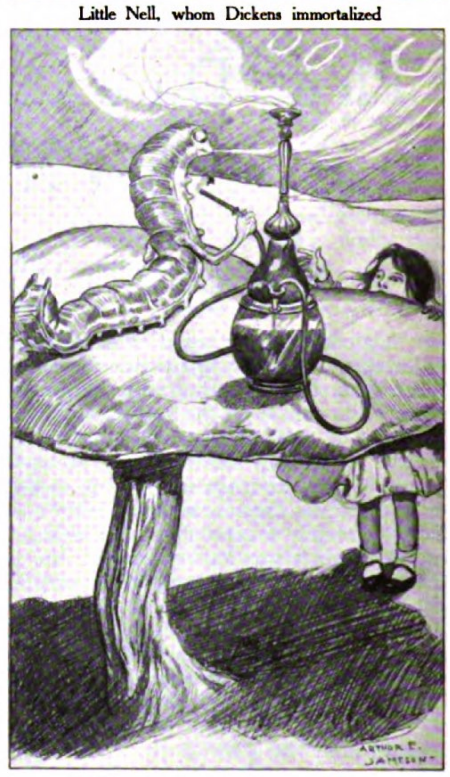
This charming description is taken from "The Delectable History of Daphnis and Chloe," that exquisite idyl of boy and girl love which may be called the Paul and Virginia of the ancient world; yet, if Daphnis and Chloe and Paul and Virginia, are little more than children, they are, perhaps, too near to the frontier of grown-up romance to be classed among "dream children." Our dream children are, for the most part, in that earlier period when the opposite sex is an uncongenial rather than a congenial mystery,—when the little girl is apt to regard the little boy as a disagreeable species of wild animal, and the little boy to wonder what little girls can possibly be good for. Of course, there are exceptions. Fred Vincy married little Mary Garth with a ring taken from an old umbrella stick, while they were still babies, and in actual life such infantine matrimony is not unusual; but, so far as I know, it has found no striking exponents in childhood romance. We must not forget, though, that Dante and Beatrice were only nine when they first met, and, if their story belongs rather to history, it is history so transformed into poetry that Dante's well-known description of his first beholding Beatrice may well go among our "dream pictures,"—

". . . when first the glorious lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes, even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore, she had already been in this life for so long as that, within her time, the starry heaven had moved toward the eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly, the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: '*Ecce deus fortior me, qui, veniens, dominabitur mihi.* [Here is a deity stronger than I; who, coming, shall rule over me.]'"

* The story of Kilmeny is, of course, told by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in the beautiful ballad from which these are quotations.



Little Nell, whom Dickens immortalized



Alice in a corner of her wonderland



Whittier's "barefoot boy"

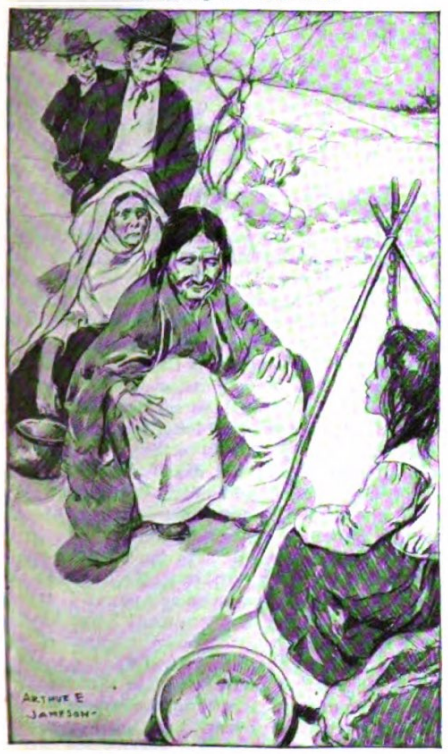
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Wordsworth's Lucy Gray



Eva reading to Uncle Tom



Maggie Tulliver among the Gypsies

Yet, as a rule, the dream children of fame seldom go in couples, though now and again we do meet them holding each other's hands for company in the mysterious wood of the world. Such a forlorn and fear-stricken pair, which the imaginative pity of centuries has long immortalized, are, of course, "The princes in the tower," shapes of boyish helplessness in an evil world, which concentrate more dramatically than any others the piteous, lonely terror of children before the menace of the unknown evil of life. We have seen them in many pictures, stealing fearfully among the grim shadows of the wicked old stones, and has not Shakespeare shown them to us as follows, in such a pity of innocent sleep that even their murderers turned poets as they slew them?—

"Lo, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay those tender babes!"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind . . ."

While we are with Shakespeare, shall we not look again on the little Arthur, and his keeper, Hubert, another child shape lighting up like a lily the dungeons of those bloody times,—another boy prince with "his little kingdom of a forced grave?" But, before we return to the lonely children, let us not forget a happier picture of a famous two, that of St. Theresa and her little brother setting out—the saintly mites,—to seek for martyrdom among the Moors!

However, as I said, the dream child is usually met alone, and the fact may be taken as symbolic of that pathetic isolation of childhood in a world of grown-up mysteries for which even the kindest mother somehow fails to give any adequate explanation. The child asks this question and that, receives an answer no less puzzling than the original mystery, and goes back again into his loneliness, to ponder it out for himself. Perhaps no other human being is so lonely as a thinking child. Surrounded, on every hand, with the cabalistic writing of the strange world into which he has suddenly awakened, he asks himself, again and again, why he is here, how he came, and what it all means. Of course, no one can tell him, because no one knows any more about it than himself,—but the grown-ups don't say that. They say that he will understand it all when he grows up. They mean that he will have ceased to ask questions, found commonplace solutions, or given up expecting answers,—as the shades of the prison house more and more darken around the eager little beam of inquiry. Even a Whittier must cease to be a barefoot boy, and even a Wordsworth, so sensitive to the mystic harmonies of existence, and so close a confidant of the soul of the world, has sadly to confess thus that dimming of the spiritual eye, that deadening of the spiritual ears, which comes with the passing of youth:—

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

Wordsworth was the first to give us the lonely child in literature, and to say over the names of such little heroines of his as Lucy Gray and Alice Fell is to call up pictures of childhood almost unbearably wistful with their penetrating sense of solitariness.

Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child. . . .

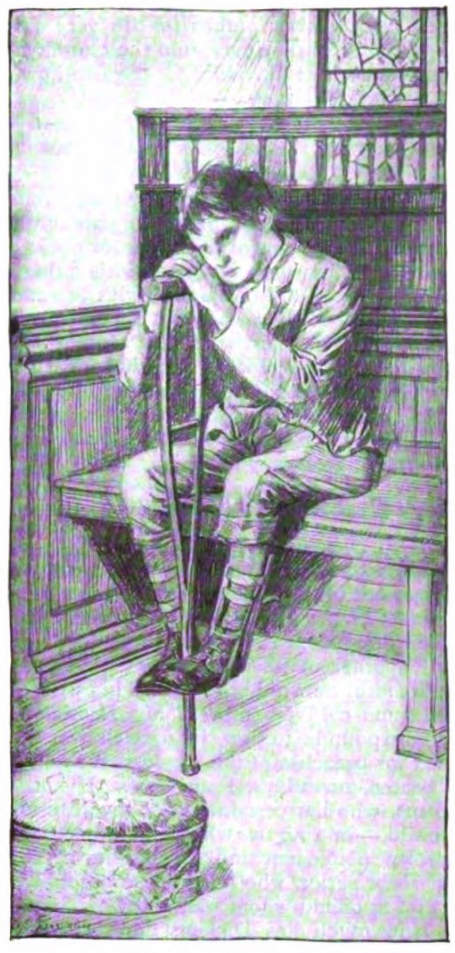
How simple the lines are, but with what an intense loneliness they fill the heart!—what a poignant tenderness for the little figures so forlorn there in all that wilderness of heath and sky!—and, as the poem proceeds, surely the pathos of all children that have ever lost their way and never been seen again is concentrated in its broken-hearted close.

How solitary, too, was that other Lucy whom Wordsworth has immortalized thus:—

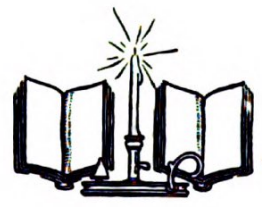
A maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

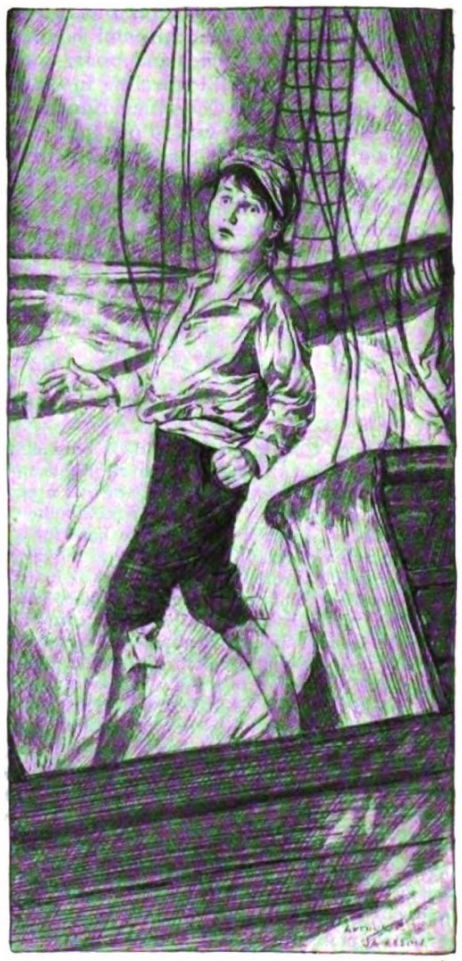
The little maid in "We Are Seven" seemed



Tiny Tim, the famous hero of "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens



Mrs. Hemans's Casabianca, the boy who stood on the burning deck



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unconscious of her solitude, so sure was she that her brothers and sisters were still with her, though unseen, yet what a loneliness is there in the verses, and what a pathos in the very faith with which, at sunset, she brings her little porringer into the churchyard, and eats her supper by the graves of her lost playfellows. Again, how the "Solitary Reaper" echoes with upland loneliness.—

> "Behold her, single in the field,
> Yon solitary Highland lass,
> Reaping and singing by herself! . . ."

In other poets, children are usually represented as romping and singing in happy bands at play; they are unindividualized groups of joyous creatures, like clumps of primroses, or flocks of birds; but with Wordsworth, for whom, as we know, "the child is father to the man," theirs is already the loneliness of the individual, with the added isolation of a little creature "moving about in worlds not realized." They have the look on their faces of small travelers who have come a long journey, and find themselves set down in a strange land, and their hearts are lonely for the brighter land they have left. They always seem to be looking for the hidden road home again. That is the meaning of that wistful look upon their faces, and who knows but that, when, as we say, they lose their way in the snow, they have really found their way home?

Dickens's Novels Have Done much to Mitigate the Severe Lot of Unfortunate Children

With Dickens, the archcreator of dream children, it is, again, as with Wordsworth, always the lonely child, and with what a love did his great heart go out to the little beings his imagination has made immortal! What an almost divine pity he has for the fears and bewilderments and hardships of their dependent little lives, so at the mercy of grim elders, and the sport of all manner of heartless bullying forces! Poor David Copperfield and that dreadful new father-in-law of his with the black whiskers,—how one's blood runs cold for him as Mr. Murdstone takes him into a room and sternly expounds to him, in ogreish words, the iron discipline to be expected for breaches of the law in that sepulchral household! Children are not beaten, nowadays, I am told. If not, the change is largely due to Dickens, who has certainly done much to mitigate the former severe lot of the child,—in a *régime* where the father was little more to his children than the stern policeman and executioner of home, the dread Rhadamanthus in the best parlor, who must on no account be disturbed by childish laughter, and to offend whom was to invite swift and certain doom.

How much has Dickens done to mitigate the lot of the schoolboy by his savage satire of Dotheboy's Hall, and the lot of all poor boys whatsoever by the pleading figure of Oliver Twist! There are few strokes in literature so trenchant in their tragic laughter, so irresistibly comic in their shattering criticism of human nature, as that scene which has passed into the proverbs of the world,—the scene, of course, where poor little starved Oliver asks for more. The astonishment on the face of the cook is positively Olympian in its humor. A charity boy ask for more! Why, the very walls of the institution rocked, and the earth quaked, at such a request, and the rumor of it passed like thunder from room to room, till even the board of directors, then in session, must have heard it. Great heavens! "Oliver Twist has asked for more."

Paul Dombey, Tiny Tim, and Little Nell,—They Are the First of All Dream Children

Again, the pity of the lot of frail and sick children foredoomed to death from their cradles, who else has ever made it touch the heart like Dickens, with Paul Dombey and Tiny Tim? There are no children in the world of dreams whose faces we know better than these: Paul, with his air of only paying life a rather weary little visit, and having to go soon, and brave little Tim, who, for all his crutches and irons, would sing his tiny song,—a song, though, "about a lost child traveling in the snow,"—and give his cheerful toast with the rest at the Christmas dinner.

How like Dickens it was to put that "God bless us, every one!" into the mouth of a little cripple that was soon to die. Yes; there are many little graves in Dickens's volumes, and on no other graves in the world, perhaps, have so many tears been shed.

So at length we come to Little Nell,—the queen of all the dream children. We meet her often in that world of dreams, from the moment when she first looks up at us in the street, a self-possessed, but "just a little frightened" wisp of a child, and begs us to tell her the way home to her grandfather's, to the moment when she lies silent and smiling among the winter berries and green leaves she had loved. "When I die," she had said, "put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." So there she lies among the berries and green leaves.

"You do well to speak softly," says her old grandfather. "We will not wake her. I should be glad to see her eyes again, and to see her smile. There is a smile upon her young face now, but it is fixed and changeless. I would have it come and go. That shall be in Heaven's good time. We will not wake her."

Nell, too, belongs to the little lonely ones,—but surely her grave is not lonely.

George Eliot Understood, better than Any One Else, the Thoughtful Religious Child

Another lonely child we shall often meet in our corner of the world of dreams is Maggie Tulliver, much communing with her earnest young soul "of God and nature and human life," and carrying in her hand an old thumbed copy of "The Imitation of Christ." No one else has understood so well as George Eliot the thoughtful religious child, and portrayed the spiritual agonies of the young with so intimate knowledge; and, incidentally, one may add that no other writer has described with such painful reality and delightful humor the sufferings of such children from prosaic and grotesque relations.

Another dream child, too, belongs to her,—the child that Silas Marner found on his hearthstone, one winter evening, whose shining curls he at first mistook for his stolen gold come back to him again; "but, instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls," the gold that was to soften, not harden, his hearth.

At the thought of bright babes that soften the hearts of strong men, there flashes on the eye across the centuries the very different picture in which Homer makes us behold great Hector, all dreadfully girt in his warharness, taking his little son in his arms before going into battle,—little Astyanax, "like unto a beautiful star." But the child, "dismayed at his dear father's aspect, in dread at the bronze, and at the horsehair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top," shrinks from him and cries for his nurse, and Hector and Andromache laugh together, and the father takes off the dreadful headgear, so that the child is no longer afraid, and, tossing him in his arms, prays aloud to Zeus that old human prayer—so seldom answered,—that he may become a better man than his father!

There Are Other Children of This Charming Company that Should not Be Forgotten

To somersault back again through time, we must not forget our little friend Alice, the type of all lonely children who "make up things" out of the wonderland of their fancy, and, being so lonely, make friends of the very furniture, and fairy tales even out of sofas,—like the boy in Stevenson's "child's garden." It would be ungrateful to forget such still older friends as Sandford and Merton, Tom Brown, and the boy who has stood so long upon the burning deck. Then there are the naughty children like Budge and Toddy, the impish boys like Flibbertigibbet in "Kenilworth," and the gentle children who make goodness almost as fascinating as naughtiness, such as Timothy of the Quest, and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

I said that the dream children seldom go in couples, but you may sometimes meet them in companies and groups. One eager company you may meet at the heels of a wizard piper playing the sweetest of strange tunes,—but here again is a lonely child, the Tiny Tim of mediæval legend, the little lame boy who could n't keep up with his companions, and came to the fairy hill just too late, only in time to catch a glimpse of its shining inside and hear the great doors close on all the music.

Then there is the rosy group of children that pulled at Charlotte's skirts while she was cutting bread, and made Werther think that she never before looked so charming as when surrounded by all this chubby clamor.

There are, doubtless, other groups of children one might think of, but there is one group of all we can not forget, that sacred little group that years ago in Judea brought down so tender a blessing upon all children.

Dream children! Yes! if we grown-ups are such stuff as dreams are made of,—what must the children be?

BOOKS WORTH READING

CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR STRINGER

EVERY man, as Coleridge once said, is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. So all Englishmen—and, for that matter, most Americans,—of half a century ago were either devoted "Dizzites" or passionate Gladstonians. To-day, however, it is a little hard for a new century and a new generation fully to realize the *ci devant* power of a capricious and self-contradictory D'Israeli, or, rather, Disraeli,—"Knock out the apostrophe," he once commanded, "it looks so foreign!" With certain great names time has a habit of dealing over-sternly. The flashier the temperamental colors, the sooner they seem to fade. The brilliancy of to-day has a tendency to become the theatricality of to-morrow. The hard light of the widening new era takes the warmth out of all the valiant old singularities. It is the more somber and reticent great man who seems to wear the best,—the grim scholar of Hawarden who outlives the gay romancer of Hughenden.

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BECAUSE of these things, primarily, Morley's "Life of Gladstone" will for all time stand somewhat above Wilfrid Meynell's "Benjamin Disraeli," which has recently come from the press of D. Appleton and Company. Besides his quondam antagonist, too, Disraeli here suffers in a secondary way. Mr. Meynell has accomplished his task as brilliantly as did Mr. Morley, perhaps, but it must be remembered that the present effort of our Beaconsfield biographer has been a confessedly and studiously delimited one. I mean that this copiously illustrated volume of more than five hundred pages necessarily loses in weight because Mr. Meynell makes no effort toward showing the hero of his "unconventional biography" as a man of public affairs. It is more an effort to nail the base smaller coinage of scandal to the counter at which Disraeli long traded for the nation, a gossipy study in temperament, an intensely personal record of the social lion, the man of strange moods, the ready-tongued epigrammatist, the brilliant young novelist. Cut off as we now are from the direct magnetism of that volatile and subjugating personality, we find it hard to fall under the spell of a one-time gracious and audacious Disraeli, who held such easy sway over the heads and hearts of his countrymen, and, significantly enough, of his countrywomen as well, from Queen Victoria down to Lady Blessington. The impression that is forced on one, as he reads, is that of the foppery and dandyism of a flashy alien figure, even in boyhood a consummate egotist, ["I was the soul of the school," he proudly writes in his youthful letter.] a cynic and a good deal of a charlatan, provincial to the very end, a lover of the ventral pleasures of life, a self-conscious and overassured young orator maddeningly deserted in the very midst of his maiden speech, a Byron and Heine and attenuated Burke all rolled into one! "He wears his eyeglass like a gentleman!" was the most he could say of Chamberlain. "The worthiest objects of our chase," he confesses again, "are women and power." "Remember, Mr. Dean, no dogmas, no dean!" was his laconic reproof to Dean Stanley, who had given signs of becoming disconcertingly "broad." "Oh, I find it uncommonly light!" he laughingly answered, as, in 1852, he drew on the heavy robe of the chancellor of the exchequer. "We have been married thirty years," was his summing up of his wife's virtues, "and she has never given me a dull moment!" Perhaps there is more of a confession than

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
BACON



I have a family; aye, a large one. It lives in my library; it is my thousand books.
C. MACKAY

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he intended in his cry: "Gladstone treats the queen like a public department,—*I* treat her like a woman!"

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YET such things as these do not show us all the man. It was something more than this flimsy smartness that carried the lonely and unloved young drawing-room dandy up to the leadership of a great party. It took more than mere quickness of tongue to make him the idol of the English Tory democracy. Yet just what the source of his power was, above and beyond his bald opportunism, will scarcely be gleaned from Mr. Meynell's almost too intimate biography. Even most of the old epigrams which Mr. Meynell repeats with such apparent gusto to-day fall a little flat and dull, excepting, perhaps, that deathless flower of aspersion as to Gladstone being "a sophistical rhetorician inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity," and that last, solitary profession of faith from his dying lips: "I would rather live, but I am not afraid to die."

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AS I said before, however, Mr. Meynell invariably prefers to treat of Disraeli, the man about town, rather than of Beaconsfield, the parliamentarian and opponent of Peel and Gladstone. The result of such an effort, no matter how interesting, is bound to be somewhat unsatisfying. Somewhere in "Lothair" Disraeli himself speaks of a man falling into his "anecdotage." This is what has happened to the biographer before us; for, when we find ourselves face to face with the maturer Disraeli, the chastened and humbled man, touched with age, weighted down with sickness, and for all his mockery of gayety relentlessly isolated from those who should have stood closest to him, we have in Mr. Meynell a desultory and erratic guide, loaded down with beguiling enough small-talk, but seldom cutting more than skin-deep as either a psychologist or a historian. It may be that a year unprecedentedly rich in excellent biography has taught us to expect too much. It may be, as Mr. Meynell hints in his preface, that it was wiser to leave somewhat sphinx-like a character which has long remained inscrutable. But until we have a biography of wider historical sweep this interesting and vivid enough volume, for all its shirt-sleeve style, may well remain the final word on Disraeli.

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IF that starring system which obtains with our thoroughly commercialized theater had not of late been dragged into the business methods of the modern publisher, more than one book of this tumultuous past season might have mellowed a little longer in the wood. I am afraid that "The People of the Abyss," which comes from the busy pen of Jack London, and is published by the Macmillan Company, is one of those volumes where eminence in another field of literary activity served to oil the editorial press. This publication recounts the adventures and impressions of a slumming party of one. Mr. London, who constituted this party, for a few weeks in the summer of 1902 ventured into what he would have us believe was the *terra incognita* of East London. This rash excursion was made in the face of much discouragement, and in the teeth of many warnings from less resolute friends. Yet nothing could dissuade him. Landing from his cab at Highbury Vale, he divested himself of his own soft gray traveling suit, and attired himself in a ragged second-hand suit, into one garment of which a gold sovereign had been sewn for emergencies. Thus disguised, the seeker of local color became what I can best describe as a sociological whale, periodically coming up to civilization and a Turkish bath room to breathe. His adventures, however, were neither numerous nor novel. Likewise his investigative opportunities (in the face of what had been so laboriously and ardently accomplished by a Besant or a Booth,) were lamentably limited. In the end, indeed, we have found out more about London the man than about London the city,—we know that he "thunders" at cabmen, that his eyes could snap with anger, that, like Dickens's fat boy, he delights in making us creep, and that an opening chapter in which occur no less than one hundred and two *I's* is an ominous beginning for any self-effacing economist. "The People of the Abyss" is not the sort of book we want from Jack London. Solemnly as its author proclaims himself to be a Socialist, and pensively as, after his Turkish bath and his square meal and his fifteen good hours of sleep between white sheets, he soliloquizes on the sorrows of his slum brethren, Mr. London's volume can not escape the charge of shallowness and insincerity. Dull it never is,—after the way in which horrors are piled up before us, and statistics are flung at us, and the hopelessness of England in general and East London in particular is preached about. But in it all he takes such an unholy journalistic joy that one is tempted to forget the solemnity of the pamphlet in the brilliance of the pamphleteer. Because of such things more than one follower of Jack London, more than one admirer of his intellectual nimbleness, will prefer to view his vivid and strenuous personality when diffused through the pages of pure romance, and not when revealed in hastily concocted diatribes against social conditions.

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HAD Owen Kildare been able to lay claim to anything like the technical equipment of a Jack London, what now stands as a remarkable human document would have proved an absorbing and compelling work of literature. As it is, "My Mamie Rose," published by the Baker and Taylor Company, stands as the vitally interesting story of a slum boy's regeneration. It has an actuality that clinches. There is little glitter in its stern alloy of romance, but it has that moral uplift which covers a multitude of mere artificer's sins. Indeed, its very ingenuousness tends to disarm criticism. What would be serious defects

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ARTHUR STRINGER

in a more conventional romance are almost virtues in a life-confession so artlessly outspoken as "My Mamie Rose." Thirty years ago Timothy Sullivan and Owen Kildare were members of the same East Side street-gang, and a goodly part of this volume is devoted to a simple recountal (in places, it is true, disappointingly meager,) of the author's life as a Bowery waif, newsboy, prize fighter, loafer, bouncer, soldier of fortune, and boxing master. The instrument of his ultimate regeneration was a public-schoolteacher, a valiant little woman who died shortly after opening up a new world to her rough hero. It is a sorrowful ending, but not a sad one. With all its faults this book has three things which the more brilliantly executed "People of the Abyss" does not possess, and these are earnestness, optimism, and, in the face of all its intimate touches, impersonality.

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IT is after reading such a book as Owen Kildare's that one feels that professionalism in story-telling may, indeed, have as many drawbacks as professionalism in sport. This feeling becomes even stronger after closing the pages of "Hetty Wesley," a new novel by A.T. Quiller-Couch, published by The Macmillan Company; for, after all, that great Russian realist was not altogether wrong when he declared that within the most industrious and the most prolific novelist there lies one and only one story really worth the telling. Like that of many another teller of beguiling tales, the pen of Quiller-Couch is a feverishly busy one. "Q." is a man of power and observation, the master of an enviable style. Scholarly and dignified he always has been. Eminently popular he has long remained. Yet he has not yet struck twelve. If he had given us, not a dozen books, but one into which had flowered all those facile excellencies now dissipated by him through too numerous—dare I call them?—mediocrities, his name might stand almost beside those of Hardy and Meredith. Even as it is, this clear-cut, sedate, biographical romance woven about the tragic figure of Hetty Wesley stands out far above the historical fiction of the past year. If it is not a masterpiece it is at least a remarkable book. The grimly pathetic central figure of the ill-starred yet youthfully resilient Hetty, the gray story of her long atonement for one early error, the glimpses of John and Charles Wesley and the strong-willed family of which they were members,—such things, together with "Q.'s" crisp charm of style, still make the book a memorable and beautiful one. To say more would be ill-advised; some day, let us hope, the king who has not yet found his crown may come into his own!

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THROUGH the operation of some mysterious law of mental evolution both the modern world of fiction and that of poetry are slowly but surely becoming gynecocracies. To maintain that, in the restless twentieth-century-woman's life, versifying and novel-writing have filled a want which knitting and needlework, a generation or two ago, seemed to satisfy, altogether fails to explain away the mystery of this skirted invasion into a field in which a Sappho or a George Sand once appeared as an unsexed anomaly. The fact must be faced that the feminine mind has, for good or for evil, made so deep an impression on the intellectual life of our times that henceforward it must be reckoned with, and that most deliberately and studiously. Woman, to-day, is the controller of our artistic destinies. As one of our novelists has pensively lamented, she is now both the reader and the writer. Although women poets are still few and far between,—I do not, of course, refer to the makers of that verbal drawn-work known as magazine poetry,—and although the gentler sex still faces the elemental Fates, and, indeed, all the vaster problems of life, with a note that may be characterized as minor and lyrical, on the one hand, or as evasive and blindly rebellious, on the other, there are yet left to us a few eminent women novelists. In America, after Edith Wharton and Gertrude Atherton, may very safely be mentioned Margaret Deland. Her new volume, "Doctor Lavendar's People," published by Harper and Brothers, will in no way come as a disappointment to what must be her very large following. Beside this eminently gentle and loveable little book, I have, as I write, seven recently published works of fiction by women, which in one way or another very well illustrate the virtues and the weaknesses of the successful woman writer. Almost invariably her tendency is to bring fiction back to the simpler and sweeter planes of life, either up from the miasmic glooms of the too introspective psychologist, or down from the clouds of the too impassioned idealist. She likes to go back to the rudimentary loves and hates, as a rule shunning the more turgid undercurrents of life, contentedly evading its inscrutabilities, and pinning her ultimate faith on love, the all-sufficient. All this we see admirably exemplified in Margaret Deland's beforementioned "Doctor Lavendar's People," another collection of those "Old Chester Tales," which have already brought eminence to their author. These simple stories are as homely and refreshing as clove-pink and mignonette combined, dealing, as they do, with the loves and sorrows of simple village folks, with the renunciations of those old-school hearts which can still welcome suffering, and with the sacred weaknesses of women who can still rejoice in sacrifice. The note, in this materialistic age, may sound as old-fashioned as the note of a spinet; we can forgive its lack of volume because of its tremulous sweetness. In "The Joyous Heart," by Violo Roseboro, (McClure, Phillips and Company,) much the same note is struck, not with the same bell-like clearness, yet with a more masculine audaciousness in the face of life's uncomprehended tragedies. Miss Roseboro's heroine, like the unhappy Hetty Wesley and Hardy's ill-starred "Tess," is a woman hungering for the fullness of life, predestined, through her very passion for sounding the depths of experience, to tears and disaster,—a strong woman, but not always a wise one. Like Hetty Wesley, too, Vella Carruthers has the warm blood of purity in her veins, disfigured as is her outward history, and smirched with horrors and warped into occasional ugliness as she is. Only, to the last, we feel that this author, with a terror essentially feminine, so winces, under the "bludgeonings of Chance," that life bewilders and overawes her, that the simple faith of a Doctor Lavendar, for instance, has become inadequate to her. To pass from "The Joyous Heart" to Onoto Watanna's "The Heart of Hyacinth," published by Harper and Brothers, is like going from the almost forbidding gloom of a pine forest into the exotic prettiness of a trim little conservatory. This thin-voiced little Japanese romance is a trifle, intended obviously for harmless amusement and nothing more. Its hero, the child of a Japanese mother and an English father, and the heroine, the daughter of American parents, are brought up as brother and sister, and, notwithstanding the machinations of an interfering Japanese missionary, and many stiff-kneed events, in the last chapter the two are reunited as lovers in true oriental musical-comedy fashion.

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IF "To-morrow's Tangle" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company,) had not taken the bit of true artistry in its teeth, and, at the end of a prologue which is worth all the rest of the book, straightway run away from its author, Geraldine Bonner could have claimed a story which would realize the promise of her earlier "Hard Pan." It is, however, a novel of large and generous dimensions, full of the wide sweep of the early West, primordial, in its more melodramatic moments, as much of the action remains. "By the Stage Door," (The Grafton Press,) a collection of theatrical stories by Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman, deals with a phase of modern life full of color and incident and yet seldom exploited, at least adequately exploited, by present-day novelists. The power of more than one of these vividly realistic stories depends on a daring portrayal of episodes in the lives of actual player-folks. The authors tell the truth, often the depressing truth, as to a much misunderstood profession, each incisive little sketch dealing with some different phase of a theatrical career. Entirely different in note and atmosphere is Clara Louise Burnham's "Jewel," published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. This naïvely solemn child-story is practically a second "Little Lord Fauntleroy" wearing the forbidding mask of a treatise on psychotherapeutics. But when once we have become accustomed to her sermonizing and her Christian Science, Jewel is a very genial and engaging little lady, who must not be taken too seriously, or inquired into too ponderously. Equally subdued and gentle in atmosphere is this relievingly new character of historical romance which comes to us from Margaret Horton Potter, bearing the title of "The Castle of Twilight," and the imprint of A. C. McClurg and Company. It is a modern woman's idea of a mediæval woman's life, an attempt to show there were quieter tragedies and serener lives in those early ages which the popular romancer would have us remember only with strange oaths and the ring of shields and clash of swords. Even a Pater found it no easy matter studiously to reconstruct the times and moods of a Roman Epicurean. Margaret Potter, accordingly, should not be unduly humiliated by the knowledge that she was not eminently successful in a somewhat similar effort, where the difficulties were eminently insuperable. It is a relief even to escape the woodenness and robustiousness of the everyday, overworked, tinsel-strewn historical romance. Of "The Fortunes of Fifi," (The Bobbs-Merrill Company,) being the sort of gift-horse one should never look in the mouth, perhaps the less said the better. It is a thankless task to spoil good romping with sour words. This story, by Molly Elliot Seawell, is all that it claims to be, a sprightly romance,—about as nimbly active and about as complex as a stageful of Italian marionettes. When the reader has totally surrendered to the blithely imperfect mechanism of the thing, though, it can carry him along tranquilly enough. But, after all, one good ounce of the red blood of Doctor Lavendar is worth a whole bushel of sawdust. *Facile est inventis addere!*

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"Ramsay scrambled over the rail to the orchestra pit, and over the piano and the footlights"



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 cordial support of his paper. 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. Miss Coleridge receives a note from the warden and answers it by moving to Carter Hall the next day. The Democratic ward convention nominates Schmeckenbecker, and the campaign is opened with an enthusiastic mass meeting at Carter Hall. Miss Coleridge becomes influential in the politics of the ward, and discusses with Ramsay many of the issues of the election, which she seems to understand instinctively.]

CHAPTER VIII.

He carried with him, as he strode down town from her house, the same feeling of detachment from his cares which had come to him while he was with her. He thought about the speeches he must make during their last assault that evening, and about the various indirections of Dr. Haversham and the perversity of Schmeckenbecker, but they seemed to belong to a story he was reading. He himself was still looking at Anne Coleridge, listening to her, and enjoying every turn of her head, every inflection of her voice.

A newsboy was crying an extra. Ramsay had been aware of his hoarse piping all the way down the block, but now the words took meaning,—"All about the Reform Election Scandal!" He bought a paper; it was a tricolored rag with no morals, a good scent, and a bad smell. "Schmeckenbecker a Blackmailer!" was printed in type so large that it took the whole top half of the sheet. He ran his eye hastily over the lower half of the page, trying to learn the nature of the charge. It was quite likely to be true, for Schmeckenbecker was fool enough for almost anything, but what was it? There were ejaculations, and insinuations, but where?—ah, here, in the frame, in the middle! There was a facsimile of a typewritten letter with Schmeckenbecker's signature at the bottom of it.

Well, he had done it. The letter was a clumsily, or cleverly, written thing, addressed to the keepers of two of the worst tenements in the Frying Pan, and its purport seemed to be that, if they would support him to the extent of their ability, he would see to it that they suffered no inconvenience from the new tenement law. There might, or might not, be an implication in it that, if they should not support him, they would know what to expect.

He met it as a strong man meets a blow, with a wave of blood-hot anger; but in a moment, while still he stood there with the letters before his eyes, the wave receded and left him cold, yet thinking faster than a man can think except in a passion, and grappling with the question of what to do. The newsboy was bawling the old refrain in his ears, and the crowd jostled him impatiently, but for the moment he did not stir. Then he hurried down to the cab stand in the next block and got into a hansom. Schmeckenbecker, he reflected, looking at his watch, was probably at supper in his rooms over the cigar shop on Cameron Avenue, and his first business was with Schmeckenbecker.

He found him, as he expected, and the little candidate, from his wordy torrent of explanations, had evidently seen the accusation.

"Is it true?" asked Ramsay, cutting him short.

"It is a lie."

"Then it's a forgery. Come! We'll have some one in jail for this in an hour."

"It is not a forgery," faltered Schmeckenbecker; "but it is a lie, a twice-black, dastard lie."

"I thought so," said Ramsay. "They would n't have been foolish enough to forge it. No,—I do n't want to hear. I know enough about it now. I know all I want to know. I suppose you will deny or explain the thing as well as you can at the meeting to-night. I shall speak at that meeting myself, as we have arranged. I shall go my own way and say what I think best. I shall tell the truth, as far as I know it, and I advise you to do the same. If you can explain yourself, well and good, but I sha'n't concern myself with that. I'm not going to try to rehabilitate you. I'm going to try to save the election. I'll get over to the meeting at Harrison's Theater, but I may be a little late. You'll begin without me, of course." Before the meaning of all this could fairly get past Schmeckenbecker's ears, the wheels of Ramsay's cab were already rasping along the car tracks down Cameron Avenue.

Harrison's Theater was the largest hall in the ward, but every seat in it was occupied long before the hour set for the meeting, and, when Schmeckenbecker faced the audience from the stage, he saw it massed solidly everywhere. There did not appear to be room for one more to get in. When the main entrance was blocked the people had found out the side door, and had poured in across the stage until the biggest policeman of the detail was given orders that nobody else should come in that way, whoever he was. Four out of five of them were Germans, for the theater was well within the outskirts of that colony.

Haversham opened the meeting. He was never a good speaker, and was at a sad disadvantage that night, for he was on exceptionally thin ice. His auditors did not want his jokes and parables, but they waited patiently for him to finish. They were waiting for Schmeckenbecker.

About supper time, down in his part of the ward, the candidate had seen newsboys giving away copies of the paper which had attacked him to whoever passed on the street, and it had made him very uncomfortable. He saw those tricolored sheets scattered about in his audience like fallen leaves, but even without this portent he must have been aware that this meeting was like none of the others he had addressed during the campaign.

He was nervous while Haversham spoke, partly in anticipation of the reception he himself was likely to get from the audience when the doctor should finish, and partly from an uneasy memory of what Ramsay had said to him at supper time. But when the time came to speak he felt better. It had become a familiar and delightful sensation to stand alone upon a platform in the eye of an audience, and, also, Ramsay had not yet come, and, at this late hour, he hoped, was not likely to come. He walked down to the footlights and began his speech,—the oratorical masterpiece, it was to be, of the whole series. There was no volley of cheering to drown out his first phrases and compel him to repeat them, and the novelty disconcerted him somewhat, but he plunged ahead bravely, nevertheless.

The audience waited to hear what he would say, and to learn how he would try to explain this charge of blackmail. He might, perhaps, have carried it off with merely a bald denial, yet he did not even give his hearers that satisfaction, but gave them oratory instead. They were in no mood for that. There was a sound of moving feet and growling voices, and then somebody shouted a jeering question from the rear of the hall. Schmeckenbecker could not make out the words, but the hostile inflection was not to be mistaken. "I did not understand you," he said.

"What do you say to this?" called the man, waving a newspaper.

"My only answer to that," answered Schmeckenbecker, suiting the action to the word as well as he could, "is silent contemptuousness."

"That ain't enough for us," shouted somebody else, and then followed a roar of assent. He glared at them an instant and tried to go on with his speech.

They did not let him go so far. Even with the non-Teutonic twenty per cent. among them and the few choice spirits from Gollans's headquarters to start the ball rolling, they were slow at this sort of thing, but they were warming to their work and much in earnest about it.

They drowned out his voice when he tried to speak, but were silent when he stopped to give way to some rude utterances from the gallery. Haversham, who saw the situation was past saving, tried vainly to signal the band to strike up, and at the same time whispered hoarsely to Schmeckenbecker to sit down.

But the little candidate was beyond reason. He faced the mob, gallantly shouting his defiance into the vortex of sounds which swallowed it up. Every one of the sounds cut him like a lash. The people were laughing at him,—laughing in his face! It was a bitter crucifixion for his vanity, but he stood the torture gamely, and not without a certain pitiful dignity.

Some man not far from the front rolled his newspaper into a wad and flung it at him. It fell short, but the idea was caught up quickly and the execution improved with practice, and in a moment the twisted missiles were sailing all around him. One or two struck his face.

The group on the stage was in a tumult. Several of the vice presidents had fled precipitately by the stage door, while others, with Haversham, were trying, with a sort of ludicrous pantomime, to quiet the thoroughly excited audience. The time had about come, it seemed, for a general retreat. The front part of the mob was all that could throw newspapers with effect, and somebody in the rear of the center aisle seemed to be starting a movement in force toward the stage. He was advancing as fast as he could himself, and a good many seemed disposed to follow him. He was drawing near the stage.

"Thank God," said Haversham; "it's Ramsay. They would n't let him come through the stage door."

But as only a few in the audience had recognized him, his progress to the front had been misunderstood. His followers in the center and his imita-

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"Schmeckenbecker faced the mob, gallantly shouting his defiance"

tors to right and left were coming along in fast increasing numbers. They did not know what they meant to do when they should arrive, but that did not make them much less formidable. It was a race,—a question who could reach the stage first.

Ramsay won it. He worried out of the tangle, scrambled over the rail to the orchestra pit, and over the piano and the footlights. He whirled around and faced them, flinging out his big hands before him, palms forward. They knew who he was, and, thanks to his dramatic entrance, they paused to see what he would do next. He waited an instant for silence, and, when it came, asked, quietly:—

"Will you listen to something I have to say?"

"Will you tell us about this?" some one demanded, waving a still unthrown newspaper.

Again he had to wait a little, then quietly, and, simply, but with no overdone nonchalance, he said: "I know very little about it, and I care still less. It is not even important, if true."

Haversham, who thought he was braced for anything, gasped. Schmeckenbecker stopped mopping his forehead with his black silk handkerchief, and gaped at the warden's back. For fully five seconds, out in the audience, there was a solid, incredulous silence. Then from the gallery came a solitary, jeering guffaw.

"Wait!" cried the warden, for the first time raising his voice. "Wait till I tell you who else is laughing. Do you want to know? He is laughing not at *him*,"—he pointed to Schmeckenbecker,—"but at you,—at you who laugh. He has laughed before, and many a time, and always at you. Shall I tell you about him?"

Then, with a grim simplicity, Ramsay told them. He had something of the orator's instinct, and in his excitement he acted on it. The guffaw from the gallery gave him the theme,—the man who laughed,—and he built up his speech on it. His auditors had spent their hostility on Schmeckenbecker, and in the reaction they listened to him. He had his will with them, and he told of some of the times in the past ten years when the man had laughed.

He told them, in conclusion, of his own studies in the ward, of the map he had made of it, and of how he had taken it to this man and shown him what it meant. "There will be deaths here, and here, and here," he had said, and the man had laughed at him. After the epidemic he took the map again and showed it to him, with the yellow crosses marking where they had died, and again the man laughed at him. Had he not sent flowers to most of the funerals?

"Now," he said, picking up a newspaper at his feet, "you ask me to explain this. I know very little about it. I suppose Schmeckenbecker signed it through a mistake. I have not asked him. But who tricked him into signing it? It was the man who has laughed at you and wants to laugh again. He was frightened, yesterday, but he means to laugh to-morrow. It won't be a contest, to-morrow, between Schmeckenbecker and Gollans, but between you and Gollans. What is Schmeckenbecker to you? Nothing but what you make him. You make and you can unmake. You give and you can take away. Now he knows that. You have told him, to-night, that you do not wish him to sell protection to two lodging-house keepers. He will not forget what you have told him to-night. He will do your bidding. If you elect Gollans he will sell protection to all his two hundred lodging-house keepers. If you elect Schmeckenbecker he will not even protect his two. You may be quite certain of that, even though he signed that paper.

"There he is. He is your servant. He has not learned to laugh at you. At the end of his term, if you want another, choose another. But do not destroy him at a jibe from Gollans, in order that Gollans may stand in his place. You can choose whether Gollans shall laugh again to-morrow night or not. It's between you and him. Think it over."

CHAPTER IX.

At three o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Douglas Ramsay walked into his private office and locked the door behind him. He sat down at his desk, laid a blank sheet of letter paper before him, and dipped his pen into the ink.

For just an instant he hesitated, and let his eyes rest on the familiar furniture of the little room. During his four years of labor there, he had sent his roots deep, so that the strongest wrench could never pull them all out of that soil. Part of him must always remain there. It was only for an instant that he let himself go. Then he began to write, in his cramped, scholarly hand, a letter to the president of the Carter Hall Association.

> Will you please call a meeting of the association, as soon as it can be made convenient, to act upon my resolution, which I inclose?

On another sheet he wrote as follows:—

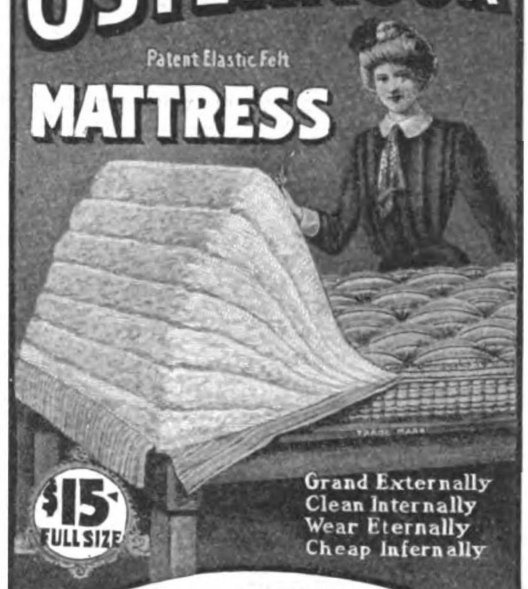
> *To the Carter Hall Association:*—
> At the annual meeting, held January last, I obtained your permission to attempt to secure the defeat of Albert Gollans, alderman from this ward, and to elect in his stead an alderman who would help instead of hinder our endeavors to improve the sanitary conditions in this and other parts of the city. At the election which took place yesterday our candidate was defeated by a small, but, of course, sufficient majority. I have been active in his support, and this result is as much, if not more, of a defeat for me than for him. As I do not wish Carter Hall to be embarrassed and made less effective in its work by a discredited warden who has outlived his usefulness in this field, I herewith hand you my resignation of that office, and recommend most earnestly that you accept it. DOUGLAS RAMSAY, Warden.

He dropped his pen on the desk; it rolled to the edge and fell on the floor. He sat staring at the paper, motionless except for the big muscles in his neck which twitched and tugged at one corner of his mouth. It was just twelve hours since he had conceded to the waiting reporters that Gollans was elected. Part of those hours he had slept away, in complete exhaustion, and the rest of them had been spent in getting up arrears in the routine work of Carter Hall. He had had nothing in the way of nourishment except coffee since—he knew not when. He ought to take a light lunch and go for a walk, or he ought to strum on his piano or read a chapter or two of "*Morte d'Arthur*." He was not fit for business. That phrase, "a discredited warden who has outlived his usefulness," betrayed him.

He knew all that, but nevertheless he sat there, trying to goad his tired mind to grapple with the future. Until now, though he had for several days expected defeat, he had not looked beyond the moment when he should tender his resignation to the association of Carter Hall. That was done, and he was asking, "What next?"

There was with him no crude question of his ability to get a job or to earn a living. He had, in certain spheres, a national reputation; there were two offers lying on his desk, either of which the world would regard as advantageous, and, for that matter, the royalties from the sale of his books made enough to live on modestly. But what was he to do? Where should he go? He belonged here in the ward, and he lived here.

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Success Feb.

The goading was all in vain. His thoughts were like a broken regiment. The intrenchments of the future were too much for them, looked too high, and, after every attempt, came pouring back over the plain of his recent defeat. There was no use.

Somebody knocked at his door. "Alderman Gollans is here to see you, Mr. Ramsay."

Ramsay rubbed his forehead like a man coming out of a dream. "I'll—I'll see Gollans in a minute or two. Tell him to wait, won't you, please?"

He swung round in his chair and went to the window which looked out into the little grass-grown court. Anne Coleridge was there and a wilderness of babies, kindergarten youngsters, whom she was trying to preserve from sudden death in one way or another. She nodded to him and he answered absently, automatically, for the sight of her did not really get to his mind at all. For a minute he stood there. When he turned, his eyes had the old, bright light of battle in them.

He strode to the desk and picked up two sheets of paper which lay there, jerked them to pieces impatiently, and threw them into the wastebasket. Then he unlocked the door. "Come in, alderman," he said; "I'm glad to see you."

The alderman did not look like a man who had just won a victory, and, after they were seated in the office, Ramsay reminded him of it.

"Well, you were right," he said; "you beat us this time. But, own up, did n't we make a good fight?"

"You injured me terribly," said Gollans, sourly, avoiding the question. "I know who it was started to misname me Gollanski, and I'll give him a name he won't like, perhaps, some day. As for you, you lied about me, too. You told them, Monday night, that I killed the people off and then sent flowers to their funerals."

"Well, of course that's true," said Ramsay, coolly. "Did you never think of it that way? But I'm sorry you take it personally. I supposed, from your coming out here, that you meant to let bygones be bygones. Why did you come?"

"I came out to see what you mean to do,—from now on."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I tell you right now," said Gollans, "that you'd better drop it. I never raised any objections to Carter Hall, but you've got to mind your own business. If you monkey with my buzz saw again, something's going to drop. You be very careful from now on, or you'll lose your job."

"Now, I'll tell you what we're going to do," Ramsay answered, pleasantly. "We're going to get fully ready, and next time we're going up against you again. Next time we will give you a fight that will make this one look like a picnic, and—you can be perfectly sure of this,—we shall clean you out."

Gollans did an unwise thing. He sat back in his chair and laughed aloud. A laugh reveals more than many words, and the alderman's laugh was such a mirthless performance that Ramsay smiled.

"I'll tell you why," he went on. "Do you know why people have voted for you all these years? Because it never occurred to anybody that it was possible to beat you. They do n't care anything about you, personally. You've driven them pretty hard, when it comes to that; you've really overdone it a little. You've got the idea that you're the boss, and that you can do things just because you please to. When a man gets that idea, he's ripe to be picked. Now, then, what was your majority yesterday? A little less than two hundred. They did n't quite drop you. But they all see now how easy it would be to do it. We've begun our next campaign already, and there's only one way it can end, and that end will be that this ward will be represented—really represented,—in the council."

The warden paused, looked at Gollans, smiled, and added, very slowly: "And you know all this, Mr. Gollans, as well as I do. That is the reason you have come out here to-day. I know that as well as you do."

"Well," demanded Gollans, roughly, "what do you want? It comes to that, I suppose, in the final reckoning."

"Why, yes, I suppose it does. You want to know how much it will take to call me off. Well, as long as you do as well by the ward and by the city as an average honest man is likely to, I've no reason for trying to throw you out. In fact, I'd rather not, for a new man is always an experiment. You have a copy of my tenement bill, have n't you? If not, here's a duplicate."

Gollans was silent for a long while. This man Ramsay was only a reformer, after all. Here he was in a position to make a great bargain and he knew it, and yet all he asked was—Gollans wiped the sweat off his face, for it had been a bad quarter of an hour for him.

"I'll look this over," he said, taking the typewritten sheets, and trying to get back some semblance of the old, ducal condescension into his voice. "I'll look it over, and, if it seems to be the right thing, we'll try to pass it for you, Mr. Ramsay." So passed the glory of the Duke of Cameron Avenue.

Douglas Ramsay was looking out of the window into the court. The babies had gone away, but Anne Coleridge was still there, and this time the warden saw her, with more than his eyes. He threw up the sash, and, vaulting the sill into the court, stood before her. She looked up at him.

"What is it?" she demanded. "What has happened?"

"We win," he cried;—"no, not the election, but better. We win Gollans. He came out to see me. He promises to be good."

She drew a long, deep breath of the April air, and held out her two hands. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she said.

"I do n't know what I am, over it. He came just in time for me. I'd already written them—you,—(I forget that you're one of them,) my resignation."

"You did n't intend to resign?"

He nodded. "But I've torn it up, and, if they want it, they'll have to ask for it. What a day it is! What a day! It smells good even out here."

"It's helped me to forget yesterday," she said.

He looked at his watch. "There are two hours of it left," he said. "Come, let's take a holiday."

She hesitated a moment, then shook her head.

"We have no excuse for such a thing, any more," she said.

"Not an excuse in the world," he answered, smiling. "Won't you come?"

[THE END]

A WORLD THAT'S FILLED WITH SUNLIGHT

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

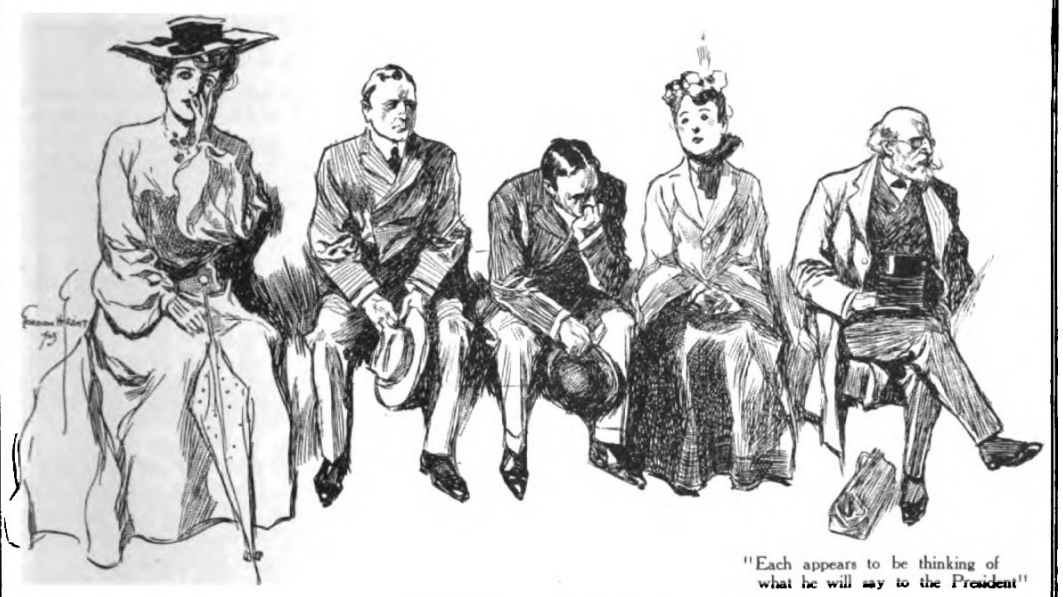
"THIS world," said Uncle Abel, "is a middlin' pleasant place,
And you won't hear me hintin' that some other is the case:
The birds keep sweetly singin', and they never charge a cent
To fill the earth with music and my spirit with content;
The air is filled with oxygen that's like a soothin' balm,
And the evenin's, with their starlight, all are wooin' me to calm;
The sunbeams in the daytime sprinkle hill and vale and tree,
And a world that's filled with sunlight is good enough for me."

"They say," said Uncle Abel, "that Elysium is desired,
That its streets are ruther takin', and its scenes are much admired,
And I ain't disputin' 'em, nor the things that they have said
'Bout the glad departed spirits, but it happens I ain't dead;
I'm livin' in this vale of life, and smellin', as I go,
The flowers that are a-smilin' from their places here below,
And I can not say that I desire a 'late deceased' to be,
For a world that's filled with sunlight is good enough for me."

"A king may have his jewels rare," said Uncle Abel, "but
They're homely 'side the dewdrop in a daisy's mantle shut.
When the fields are bright with blossoms, and each flower wears a gem,
There's nothin' half so perfect in a queenly diadem.
'Life is sweet!' the songsters twitter, and 'Life's sweet!' the brooklets call,
And of 'life' the squirrels chatter, while His smile is over all,
Till my spirit swells the music and perceives its wings are free,
And a world that's filled with sunlight is good enough for me."

"I don't object," said uncle, slow, "to thinkin' of the next,
And frequent go to meetin', where I note the preacher's text;
But I reckon that it's possible to dwell on future cheer
Till we're given to discountin' all the joys of now and here;
And, if ever I reach heaven, which you'll likely hold in doubt,
I judge that some fine evenin' I shall want to wander out
Beyond the portals starred with pearls, this dear old earth to see,
For a world that's filled with sunlight is good enough for me."

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"Each appears to be thinking of what he will say to the President"

The Humorous Side of the White House

Amusing Incidents in the Daily Life of the Chief Executive, as Told by Mr. Roosevelt and His Secretaries

ARTHUR W. DUNN

NEARLY all people are in awe of the President, even those who see him quite often. The casual caller betrays his uneasiness in every movement. While waiting in the outer room of the executive office at the White House, he looks about trying to appear unconcerned amidst the detectives, policemen, doorkeepers, and other *habitués* of the place. When escorted into the office of William Loeb, the President's secretary, he assumes an air of importance toward those whom he is leaving behind, but in Mr. Loeb's presence he again has an air of uncertainty and concern which betrays that he is nerving himself to meet the President. Again he moves on, this time into a little room between the secretary's office and the President's room. He does not know that there is another wait, and he "braces" himself for the introduction. But he only finds himself in a box of a place with several other people. Here he essays to appear at his ease, but fails miserably. Every other person in the room is doing the same thing and making the same wretched *fiasco* of it. Each appears to be thinking of what he will say to the President, and you can see that a serious speech is being rehearsed in the mind of each person. Even his lips are moving as the words form in his brain.

After what seems a long wait, a well-groomed man with glasses and a smile showing a fine set of teeth bustles through the door, and shakes hands with first one and then another. To the favored visitors he says: "Step into my room; I will be with you in a moment."

It is President Roosevelt.

He goes from one to another of those remaining and exchanges a few words. If any one has a matter of sufficient importance to demand further time, he makes an appointment, or, calling in Mr. Loeb, directs him to arrange for another meeting. With those who simply call "to see the President" he exchanges greetings, and, perhaps, asks about the state from which they come, expresses his cordial pleasure at seeing them, and at once returns to his own office, whither the favored caller has been sent.

Having made halting progress through three rooms, and having been ushered into the fourth room, but still waiting, the average visitor is almost in a state of collapse, and is fortunate indeed if he can remember the carefully prepared sentences he intended to utter. But he does not need them. The President soon makes him feel that he has been needlessly disturbed. Mr. Roosevelt is just a man, a very energetic man, with a very pleasing personality. He talks rapidly and laughs heartily, and the visitor soon finds that, instead of a formal interview, he is having a jolly visit. Then official visitors are ushered into the cabinet room. Captain Loeffler comes in with a card, or a brief message. The visitor rises to go. Often he is detained until the President tells a story, or the topic under discussion reaches a period. The visitor then passes through a little hallway into the main waiting room, where he had his first attack of presidential stage fright, and finds a large number of others in about the same condition he was in an hour previous.

▲ ▲

Theodore Roosevelt is the youngest man that ever held the office of president, and it was on account of his youth that many people felt that they should be generous with him in the matter of advice. During the early months of his administration every person who called on him told him what he should do and filled him full of suggestions.

"How do you like being President?" asked an old acquaintance, after Mr. Roosevelt had been in the White House about a year.

"It would be first-rate if it did not carry with it the necessity of listening to advice as to how the government should be conducted," he replied. "So far during my term, I have received nothing but advice,—mostly bad."

▲ ▲

One of the grave and dignified senators came out of the White House the other day and remarked:—

"That youngster does n't always do what I want, or do things as I do them, but I can't help liking him."

▲ ▲

The unaffected pleasure that the President takes in meeting all classes of people and his keen sense of humor illumine very much the official routine which to another temperament might



"We have to write essays on the extra session of congress"







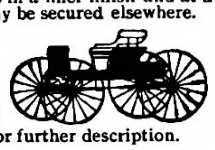
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prove irksome. No one appreciates a ludicrous incident more quickly than he, and there are many such to excite his ready laughter.

▲ ▲

Just before congress convened in its recent extraordinary session, two girls called at the White House and asked to see the President. They belong to families of prominence in the city, and, having stated that their business was with the President and that they must see him personally, an interview was granted. After greetings were exchanged one of them explained the nature of their business.

"We have to write essays for our seminary, Mr. President, and the subject is the extra session of congress. Now, as you have called the extra session, we thought you would be just the person to give us information for our essays."

Then they smiled and gazed earnestly into the President's face. Mr. Roosevelt is a kindly-disposed man, and very polite, so the young ladies were informed that it would be impossible for the President to furnish information concerning congress even for such a laudable purpose as essays, and that congress is jealous of its prerogatives and would be offended if he should presume to say what it would do, even in extra session. The fair visitors persisted with an appealing, "Oh, please, Mr. President!" and really could n't understand why he should decline to grant their request.

However, these young ladies did not want quite so much as did a certain young man. It was not long ago that the President received a letter from a student at Harvard, who said that he had been requested to deliver a speech on the occasion of the anniversary of the founding of his university, and asked if the President would be so kind as to write the speech for him.

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For days there haunted the White House an old man in the worn and faded uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic. He wanted to see the President, so he said, and was told to wait. Each day he returned and waited, only to be turned out after the President had left for his afternoon drive. Finally a man who had seen the old veteran there day after day secured for him an interview with one of the secretaries.

"I want to see the President," said the old man. "My son is in the penitentiary," he added, huskily. "I want to get a pardon for him. He is our only support. I have come all the way from Ohio to ask the President to pardon him and let him come back to us."

He was sent to the department of justice to have the case looked up, but when the story was told to the President he was inclined to temper justice with mercy for that old soldier and his aged wife.

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"Did you see the President?" asked one lady of another who had just stated that she had been to the White House.

"I certainly did," was the reply, "and I was such a fool!"

"In what way?"

"Why, I wanted to tell him a number of things, and especially to speak about my brother, whom he knows very well, but I did n't say a word."

"What was the matter?"

"Why, as soon as he shook hands and smiled, I saw that row of teeth and became simply fascinated with them. So I stared and stared and never said a word. He must have thought I was an idiot, because he did n't know that I have a great admiration for nice teeth in a man."

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He is showered with invitations to make addresses or speeches. He is asked to attend every banquet of a public nature, both in Washington and elsewhere throughout the country. His well-meaning friends, if they had their way, would have him traveling about the country talking from dawn to dawn.

To delegations who visit him with requests to go to these banquets he has always the same answer: "I can not go. In the first place, if I accept this invitation, I must accept others. A president can not be talking all the time, no matter if there are some things he would like to say."

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Men who like shooting are constantly going to him with invitations to hunt big game, or to indulge in the milder sport of shooting ducks or birds. "That is a recreation that I am debarred from," he replied, when the suggestion was recently made to him. "It is really amusing to note the comments that have been made about me in regard to my fondness for hunting. If I am successful I am described as 'bloodthirsty;' while, if I do n't happen to get near anything, I read that I have 'lost my grip,' or that I 'can no longer shoot.' It was certainly amusing to read this sort of comment on my trip to Mississippi, when we did not even get near the track of a bear."

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While he was vice president, Mr. Roosevelt joined a Masonic lodge at Oyster Bay, and after he became president quite a pressure was brought upon him to continue taking degrees and become one of the higher devotees of the order.

"Do n't you think," he asked a body of Masons who had waited upon him, "that with the various matters now pending it would be better for me not to add goat-riding to my other duties?"

▲ ▲

A cabinet meeting was held almost immediately after the President returned from his recent western trip. When it was over there was a rush to the different cabinet members by the newspaper men to find out what had taken place.

"The members of the cabinet did not present much government business to-day," said one of the older members; "in fact, most of the time of the meeting was consumed in receiving information concerning the vast domains beyond the Mississippi."

Then the newspaper men knew that the President had talked of his trip.

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At one time there was a close conference at the White House between him and two or three members of his cabinet. While it was going on another cabinet officer arrived, and the President was so informed.

"Tell him to wait; I want to see him," said he.

The conference proceeded, growing more interesting and more important, and continued a long time. Finally, when it was concluded, the President was again told that a member of his cabinet had been waiting to see him.

"The dear old man!" he exclaimed; "has he been waiting all this time? Tell him to come in directly, and I will apologize for keeping him so long."

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Every person with a fad goes to the President with it, if he can get to him, and asks that his particular idea be advocated in a message to congress. If he listens courteously and says that he will consider the suggestion, the next day the papers have a story to the effect that this particular fad or theory is to be exploited in a message. It was stated not long ago that the President would urge legislation for a system of divorce laws uniform throughout the country. He had not even heard of the suggestion, but it was found that some one had sent a letter urging it, and had then told a newspaper that divorce was to be discussed in Mr. Roosevelt's message.



A bear for the Chief Executive

After the publication he was asked about it. "I never heard of it," he said.

Going back to the man who originally furnished the story, he was asked to explain, and he answered: "Why, I have made the case so plain that the President can not help but adopt my suggestions."

"If I should adopt all the suggestions I receive about my messages to congress," remarked Mr. Roosevelt, "they would be the most fearfully and wonderfully made documents ever received by that body."

▲ ▲

President Roosevelt fre-

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"So I stared and stared and never said a word"

quently uses odd and striking illustrations. He was talking about the difficulties this government had in trying to negotiate with the Colombians at Bogota.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you can't negotiate with them any more than you can fasten jelly to the wall with a nail."

His listeners felt like asking him if he had ever tried the latter feat, but they refrained on account of his earnestness.

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All kinds of letters are received at the White House, most of them directed to the President. These are all answered, but are generally signed by the secretary to the President. Not long ago a man who wanted a favor wrote directly to the President, and in due course of time an answer was dispatched stating that the latter could not attend to the matter, as it belonged to something over which he had no control. Back came another letter, directed as before, saying:—

> I have received a letter signed by your secretary, and am confident that you never saw the first letter or you would not have had a reply sent so cruel and heartless. I want you to see this letter yourself, as your secretary evidently does not know how to treat men who have important business with you.

This was marked "personal and important," the writer thinking it would not be opened by the secretary who was so severely criticised. Nevertheless, the secretary complained of opened and read the letter.

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A man wrote a peculiar letter to the President, some time ago, and its contents were published in some papers as an amusing incident. The writer's name was not given, but he evidently fancied that the whole world was pointing the finger of scorn at him. At all events, he showed his feeling in another letter similarly addressed. "When I wrote you upon a matter of importance," he said, "I supposed I was dealing with a gentleman who surrounds himself with gentlemen. I find I was mistaken. I can not conceive that the contents of my most confidential communication to you were made public by you, but it is evident that in your service are men who do not hesitate to betray confidence and bring ridicule upon a fellow being. These men should be properly disciplined."

▲ ▲

George B. Cortelyou, secretary of commerce and labor, is one of the most affable men imaginable to newspaper men, and after every cabinet meeting or conference at the White House he is besieged by them for a tip, or for a straight story as to what has been going on. One who was not quite "up to snuff" and was somewhat new in the business rushed up to Mr. Cortelyou, after a recent cabinet meeting, and said:—

"Mr. Secretary, what can you say about the details of the cabinet meeting?"

The secretary was surprised, as not details, but pointers are what the average newspaper correspondent wants.

"I can say," he replied, "that I can say nothing."

As he walked away the questioner turned to some of his fellows and asked, in a dazed manner: "Now, what did he mean by that?"

▲ ▲

One busy day a clergyman called at the White

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House and expressed a wish to see the President. The doorkeeper, to whom he addressed himself, took his name and asked him to sit down and wait. In the reception room were, perhaps, fifty other citizens awaiting the termination of various errands; while probably as many more, of higher degree, were cultivating patience in an inner room. After pacing thoughtfully to and fro for a few minutes, the clergyman again made known his request, and, upon receiving a repetition, in substance, of the previous reply, resumed his walk. In a few moments he returned to the doorkeeper.

"See here!" he said. "At home I have a very large congregation, any member of which can reach me any minute of the day or night without being kept waiting. In addition to my own flock, as I have lived in the community many years, nearly the entire population is accustomed to turn to me for advice or help. I am accessible to them all, at all times. Now it seems strange to me that the President can't see me without all this delay."

"How many does your congregation number?" asked the doorkeeper.

"Well, my own congregation is about six hundred. But, counting all of those with whom I have to deal, I should say it is not less than five thousand. I never keep any of them waiting, sir."

"Five *thousand!*" said the doorkeeper. "Huh! How large a congregation do you think the president of the United States has? He has eighty millions, sir. *Eighty millions!* Do you suppose he can see every one of *them*, whenever they come?"

▲ ▲

The President is constantly besieged for autographs. Many of the requests for them are novel in their nature. Some ask for photographs of the President, and others for photographs of the entire Roosevelt family; but about the most audacious was one which said:—

> DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I very much want your autograph, but I would like to have it upon the fly leaf of each of your books. I have always wanted to secure a collection of books with the autograph of the author in each. If I could begin with the President of the United States, I think the remainder would come easy. I presume you must have extra copies of your books about the White House.

Requests for copies of the books Mr. Roosevelt has written are frequently received at the White House. People who make them seem to think that he keeps a large number of his different books on hand and is anxious to give them away.

❧ ❧

One Asset Had Been Overlooked

H. GERALD CHAPIN, editor of "The American Lawyer," takes considerable delight in telling how he was once foiled by a woman whom he was examining as a witness in supplementary proceedings.

"I had been admitted to the bar but a short time, and was a fair specimen of the average theory-stuffed, practice-wanting, law-school graduate. How joyously were the commands of the managing clerk obeyed! Here was the looked-for opportunity to demonstrate my ability in the noble art of searchingly examining a recalcitrant witness. Of the two I fancy, however, that it was the lady who was the more self-possessed when the proceedings opened. She was a dressmaker, and had been sued by a dry-goods firm. The examination dragged its slow length along, revealing no assets, until finally came the *omnium gatherum* query asked as a finisher.

"'Have you any property of any kind or nature, real or personal, or any right or interest in property which you have failed to mention?'

"Perhaps it was my tone she disliked. At all events, her eyes snapped.

"'Well, I've got what perhaps you wouldn't call an interest, but it's almost as good. It's an expectation. Must I answer?'

"'If you please.'

"'Well, you see, it's this way. I've got two sisters, and both of 'em have married finely. Now, neither of 'em begins to be as good looking as I am.'

"'Yes?'

"'Well, I really don't see why I shouldn't have the same show.'

"Needless to say, no receiver was appointed to administer this 'asset.'"

❧ ❧

Mr. Carnegie Was Busy with Africa

A CRANK of the gentler sort recently wrote to Andrew Carnegie, calling his attention to the fact that the Esquimaux could not advance morally and intellectually so long as they had to expend all their energy in keeping warm and seeking food; therefore it was the clear duty of their neighbors further south to aid them in overcoming the disadvantages of their *habitat*. To this end the writer proposed that Mr. Carnegie equip a fleet of coal-laden steamers, which, during the summer months, should cruise along the Greenland coast, leaving supplies of coal wherever needed for winter consumption. Stoves, cooking utensils, etc., were also to be given to the natives.

Mr. Carnegie, it is said, dictated the following letter to his secretary:—

"DEAR SIR: Yours is received. I am considering a plan to supply the natives of equatorial Africa with ice cream and electric fans, hence I can not entertain your excellent proposition just now."

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THE TOP PRICE FOR A COW

FELIX G. PRYME

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, former secretary of war and now junior United States senator from Michigan, is said to have paid the record price for a cow,—and that a dead one. Fifty-odd years ago he was an orphan in Richfield, Ohio, without a cent and with but one suit of clothes. He wanted to attend school, and went to a doctor who lived in a neighboring village to ask for a chance to work for his board. The doctor did not need the services of a boy, but was so much impressed by young Alger's earnestness that he took him into his family and sent him to school. He did no work except to care for the doctor's horse and cow. The years sped on, and Russell A. Alger became a millionaire, while his benefactor was reduced to straitened circumstances. One by one the doctor's children died, and he and his aged wife were left alone. But the old man kept his pride, and when General Alger assisted him he was forced to do so in roundabout ways. A dozen years ago the general paid the doctor a visit, determining to aid him.

"Why, Alger, you don't owe me anything," said the old man, "and I won't take anything."

"But I owe my education to you."

"Bosh! You owe that to yourself."

"But I caused you trouble and expense, for which I want to repay you."

"The trouble need not trouble you, and there was n't any expense worth talking about. In fact, the only expense that you caused me, so far as I can remember, was the loss of a cow. Do you know, Alger, that, when you came to live with me, I had the best cow in these parts, and that your awkwardness completely spoiled her? Within three weeks you had made her so skittish that no one could go near her, and I had to sell her for beef."

"Then I owe you for that cow. I am going to pay you for her and to add a little interest for the use of the money for about forty years."

After long argument the old man reluctantly consented to receive pay for his cow, and the check that General Alger drew to his order kept him in comfort for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Yerkes's First Deal in Soap

SI. F. PERKINS

CHARLES T. YERKES, who is now busy supplying London with an adequate rapid-transit system, began his business career with a successful speculation that did not involve the outlay of a dollar. It was a Saturday afternoon and he was strolling along a wharf in Philadelphia, when he came to a store where an auction sale was in progress.

"How much am I offered for this box of soap?" asked the auctioneer.

The thirteen-year-old-boy looked at the brand and saw that it was the same soap as that used in his home. He knew what his mother paid for it at retail, and so he made a bid. The auctioneer smiled at him, cried the bid once, and said: "Sold to—what's your name, bub?"

"Charley Yerkes."

"Sold to Charley Yerkes for ——."

Then another box was put up and bid in by the boy, and this was continued until fifty boxes had been struck off to him. He had a deposit of five dollars in a savings bank, which had been there for some months. He showed the auctioneer his certificate of deposit, and said he would soon return and pay for the soap.

He went to the grocer with whom his family traded, and asked him if he wanted to buy some soap. The grocer asked how much he had and what it was worth. The lad replied that he had fifty boxes, and that he would sell the lot for a certain sum, naming an amount double that which the soap had cost him at the auction house. The deal was closed, and then the storekeeper asked the lad how he had come by it. When young Yerkes told him, the man opened his eyes and said: "I had intended to go to that auction, but forgot it." The boy did not draw his five dollars from the bank, and thereafter it was his great pride to add to it. "It is surprising," said he, not long ago, in telling the story of his first money-making effort, "how it grew from year to year. When I was twenty-one years of age the money of which this was the foundation amounted to several thousand dollars."

He Had Bait for Both Parties

H. M. LOME

SEVERAL years before Brooklyn became an integral portion of New York City, a newspaper reporter was ordered to interview Hugh McLaughlin relative to the identity of the Democratic nominee for mayor.

As many people know, Mr. McLaughlin has been a leader of the Kings County Democracy for years. The time was late summer, and the political veteran was on his vacation on the north shore of Long Island. His aversion to talking for publication is well known, and the reporter met with a somewhat chilly reception from him. Days passed and Mr. McLaughlin's silence remained unbroken in spite of every effort to the contrary from the visitor. Very early one morning, he was found alone on the dock near the hotel abstractedly fishing for snappers.

The often propounded question was again put to him. Before he could answer a shoal of "snappers" in pursuit of small fry ruffled the water.

Mr. McLaughlin turned. "Do you know what those are?" he said.

"Yes."

"Ever fished for them?"

"Yes."

"What bait did you use?"

"Sometimes 'killies' and sometimes clams."

"And if you could n't catch them with one, you usually could with the other?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Mr. McLaughlin, with a grim smile, "politically speaking, a municipality is very much like a 'snapper.' Its appetite varies. The leaders who find out whether it wants 'killies' or clams are successful."

"Then," said the reporter, "you have your prospective 'killie' nominee and your prospective clam nominee."

"Young man," was the answer, "I think you could see a brick wall in front of your nose if the day was sunny."

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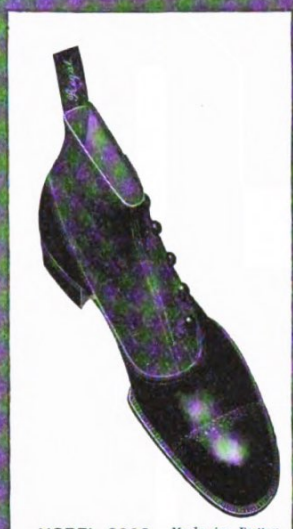
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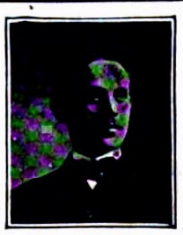
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HENRY IRVING'S FIGHT FOR FAME

How the Great Actor Battled against Adversity to Attain Eminence on the Stage

Written by Roger Galeshore from interviews with Mr. Irving

IF the practical world were only half so practical as it pretends, it would have a greater respect for dreams. It would see how very useful dreams are in laying the foundation for the most practical and potent lives. The earth has a thousand sacred spots where great men and great women, in their obscure and often lonely childhood, have dreamed gloriously while the practical world around them beat out its brains on knotty problems about milk pans, furniture, and the like,—problems for which nobody need take up the cudgel for the very good reason that everyone is carrying it already. But long after the very problems were forgotten and the very milk pans were rust, those sacred places have been haunted by little spirits of old dreams that have trained and purified the world. Anyone can see for himself how practical are dreams.

To a happy few it has been given to be born in sea places where dreams come ready made. These few have a new heaven and a new earth every day, hand in hand on their doorstep, in raiment of rainbows, with girdles and crowns of the evening stars. No other place in the world is so dream-ruled and dream-inhabited as Cornwall, England. Probably to only a few, since King Arthur himself saw "cities dim, though swathed in light" on that magic coast, have dreams been so richly revealed as to a boy who, from his own home, lived in that haunted land more than fifty years ago. Then he was John Henry Brodribb Irving, son of a mine-owner; and, now that all the dreams have come true, he is Sir Henry Irving, the greatest living actor of England.



Mr. Irving as Digby Grant, one of his earliest parts. Reproduced from a drawing by Barnard

Henry Irving's boyhood was not spent at home with his parents in London, because his mother, in her girlhood, had breathed the wild air of the English coast, and she longed to have it nourish her son. So in 1838, while he was still a baby, having been born on February 6 of that year, at Keinton, near Glastonbury Abbey, she took him, not to London, where she was obliged to remove with her husband, but down to Halestown, a little Cornish town, desolate in its heap of mining drift. There lived her sister Sara, and her sister's husband, Captain Isaac Pentworthy, the owner of mines whose substance nourished the child's body while their musical names did him as honorable service. Rel del Monte, St. Ives and Wheal Providence were the names of the mines. Here, with the two sons and one daughter of his aunt and uncle, he spent the first ten years of his life, in bare little Halestown, where beat the very heart of romance.

The Picturesque Surroundings of His Boyhood Helped Shape His Later Career

Bare indeed is Halestown, set in a bleak country of rock and sand and fair sweeps of sky-line, and high rugged coasts crashing down in many ponderous promontories. But it is enchanted country, and the child who came into it had besides some little store of inheritance from his own birthplace. Keinton, where he opened his eyes, is within sight of the spires of Glastonbury Abbey, and it was in Glastonbury that the bodies of Guinevere and Arthur were exhumed, though the king had been buried in Avillon. It was near the abbey, too, that the staff of Joseph of Arimathea took root and blossomed and still bears, only at Chrismas time, the wonderful thorn roses. All the world, as the boy first knew it, was a nosegay of tradition and bright lore; and, nurtured from the first in such sweet association, it was not wonderful that the child early grew into the truth that such exquisite realities are of more importance than everything else.

Sara Behenna Pentworthy, his mother's sister, to whom his upbringing had been intrusted, was one of the wonderful old North Country women who, born to life's very stern practicalities, and skilled in handling its iron and its shard, have still drunk deep of the air of the charmed part of the world in which they live, and so entertain forever, unaware, certain of its gentlest spirits. She had just that combination of religion aud superstition which, unvexed by familiarity with the world, bears fruit almost in the quality of mysticism. The wife of the mine-owner, therefore, proved worthy of her great trust; and, though Irving had the training of any Cornish lad of the middle classes, he was given, too, the inestimable benefit of solitude, and was allowed by his aunt to go his way and think his thoughts for hours together, out on the lonely coast, and the lonely cliffs, and the long Parepta Sands.

On these excursions the boy used to meet some of those marvelous old men of Cornwall, who have seen signs and known wonders and whose minds are never very far from either. Most men believe themselves at best to be dreamers, but these old men have their dreams and wisely never know them from realities,—if, indeed, they are not realities! They found in little John Irving such a ready, pleading listener, and such instant joy in all the luminous lore with which it was their privilege to feed him, that presently he was sharing everything they knew.

Through Him They Speak Who Taught Him of the Northland

On one of these excursions it was that the boy came upon the great gray obelisk of granite built by one Kerrell to be his own monument, and later whimsically bequeathed by him to the villagers instead, for their delight. There, every fifth year, or twice in the memory of the lad while he lived there, a company of girls and matrons and mu icians came from the surrounding villages for a day of sport and games,—the whole a sort of religious revival called, with rare unconscious humor and much music, the "guise dance." The custom and the name are symbols of the people among whom Irving's boyhood was passed,—people who talked and thought much of religion, and had, although it does not necessarily follow, a really deep spiritual insight and understanding of beauty.

So it is that, when some exquisite bit of dramatic presentation has been given to it, the true and radiant meaning which lurks behind nearly every conventional form, people have praised Henry Irving for it; while he alone has known that through him were speaking many of those long dead who taught him the dearest aspects of that northland where "eerie" and "fey" are loved words, and where it is no difficult journey to go to live among the fairies. Surely there was, too, the echo of another voice,—the voice of his mother who bore the separation from him that he might have the heritage of a childhood spent among "wonders and sweet air," rather than in glamourless London, where she was a prisoner.

His First Dramatic Performance Was in Revenge upon an Old Woman

Irving's boyhood education was of the simplest. He received some instruction in Halestown, but the only books in Captain Isaac's house were the Bible, a book of English ballads, and "Don Quixote." The ballad book was, of course, food well suited to the lad, and the first lines that he ever committed to memory were from its treasury. The picture has wonderful charm,—that of the boy whose destiny was so great, nursing it in its infancy away there in Cornwall, with the fine food of "Chevy Chase" and "Sir Patrick Spence" and "An Elegy on Henry, Fourth Earl of Northumberland." His first really dramatic performance, however, was in revenge upon an old woman of the captain's household, who had been much too fond of frightening the children with her witch and goblin accounts, so that, led by "Johnny Irving," the three other children appeared before her in the night, while the leader frightened her well by offering for her a formal "Prayer for Impenitent Story-tellers."

The time came when reverie days were at an end, and Irving was to leave Cornwall, but then the business had been done. Whoever has breathed that air, luminous with fancy, must walk forever afterwards a person apart. When Irving went down to London he carried his own world with him to help him to conquer a world far less real. It was in 1849, when he was nearly eleven years old, that he at length left Cornwall, and went to London to enter Dr. Pinche's school, in George Yard, Lombard Street. It was a good school, and Irving remained there two years. But he had not been there two weeks before he began to give unmistakable signs of answering the strange little voice that was already calling to him. He mulled about in the old books of the school library, feeding his fancy on whatever he might find there to quicken it, and making his own selections for the declamations that were required of the pupils. It was, of course, everything that was weird and highly imaginative and fantastic, too, that attracted him, and one of the first that he learned was "The Uncle," a piece familiar to all who used the old school readers, and one of the eeriest of all. Unfortunately, the too-widely-acted tragedy was again to take place,—there was no one in the school to see the spark in the shy little boy which ought to have been so tenderly nourished, and for all encouragement he was good-naturedly advised by the well-intentioned Dr. Pinches to "try something more solid,"—the piece specially recommended being "The Defence of Hamilton Rowan." Such laudable attempts to kindle flame with chalk and water are still made in many a school and many a household everywhere; the consolation being that the lamp, if it will light at all, will light itself.

Though Apprenticed to a Clerkship, He Carried Books to His Office and Studied There

The lamp in this case did light itself, for no sooner had Irving been taken from under the tuition of the estimable advocate of "The Defence of Hamilton Rowan" than he was put in the office of a friend of his father to become a clerk. The office of W. Thacker and Company, East India merchants, in Newgate Street, did not appear a likely place to nourish that which was to be nourished, but there are plants that draw their sustenance from mere air, and so it was. The office was endurable to Irving because there were, up and down its dingy rooms, rumors of India itself, and India was a fairy place with which it was pleasant to be in any sort of connection. The office of W. Thacker and Company had one hold on the boy's imagination, and he set himself to work the while he went about the real business of his life, for it was there that he decided to be an actor.



Mr. Irving's initial appearance as Matthias, in "The Bells"

That he was also to be a counting-house clerk made, of course, no difference to the lad who had definitely decided upon his real career, so he discharged the nearest duties of his desk, and every day brought to the office books and poems and plays; and, in odd minutes and at luncheon, and in the evening and morning, he set himself to learn them, word for word. That was not learning to act, as he very well knew, but it was the only thing he thought of that would lead at length where he wanted to be, so, hopeless and far away as the goal looked, he learned his poems and plays and waited.

These two years in the life of Irving that were to follow have, in some form or other, their duplicate in every successful life. The boy was earning thirteen shillings a week, which was all he had to live upon. Out of this he saved money to buy books on the stage, books on the art of acting, and books of plays and poems which he conceived to be the things that he would have to learn. He rose every morning at four

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The Great Actors and Actresses of the World



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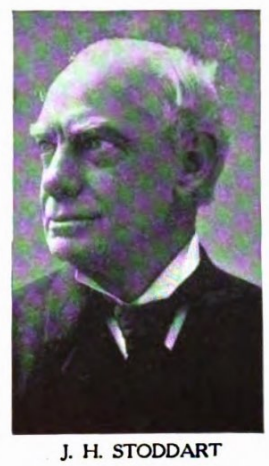
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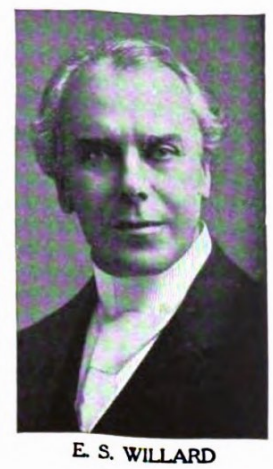
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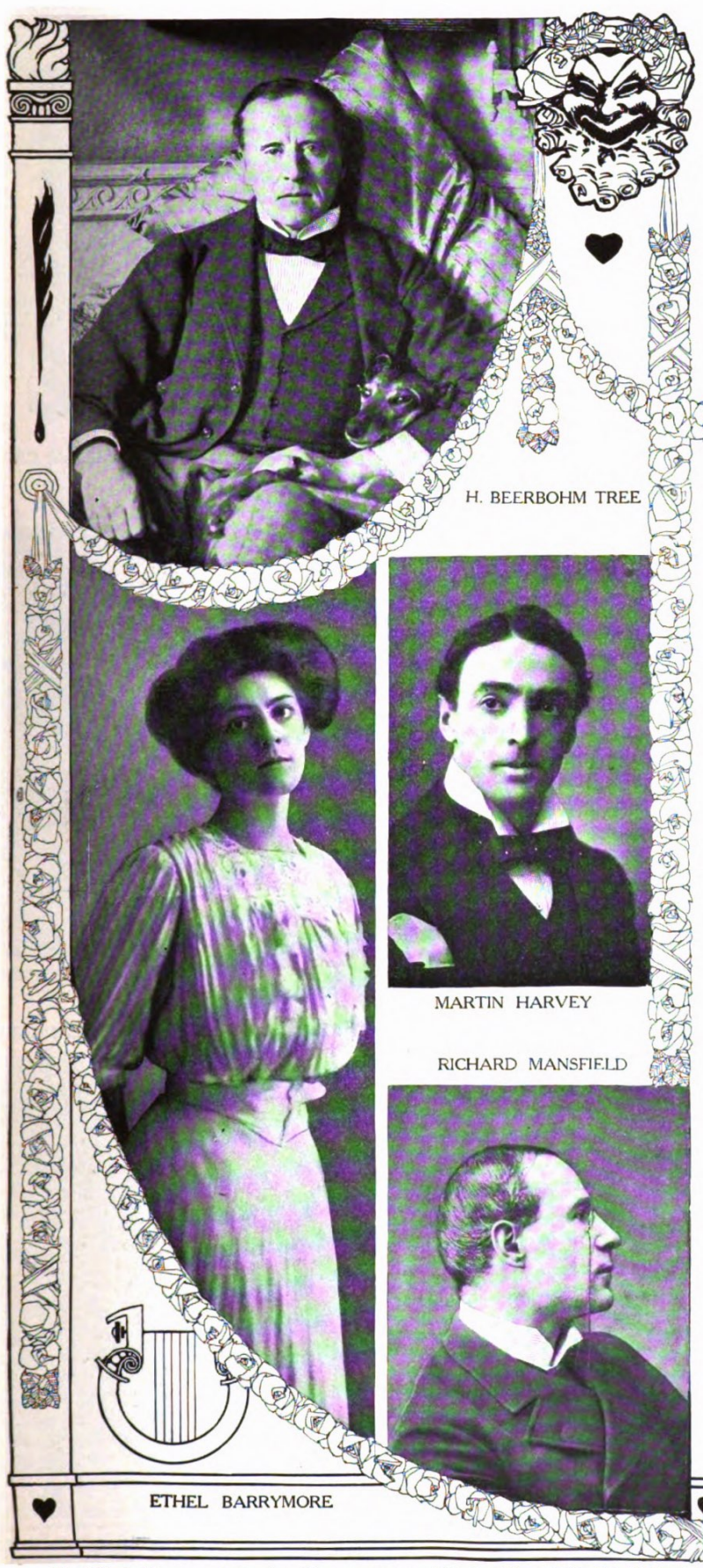
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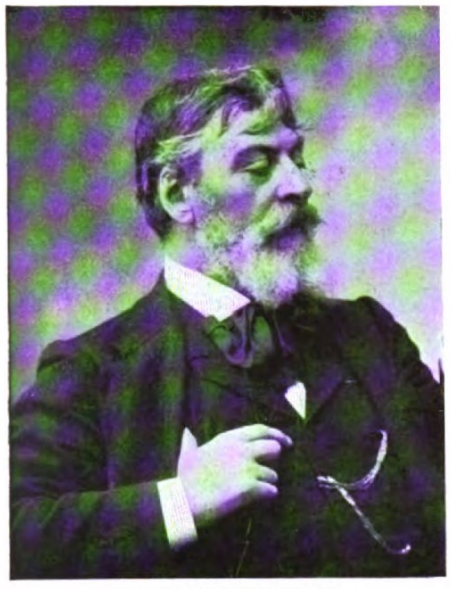
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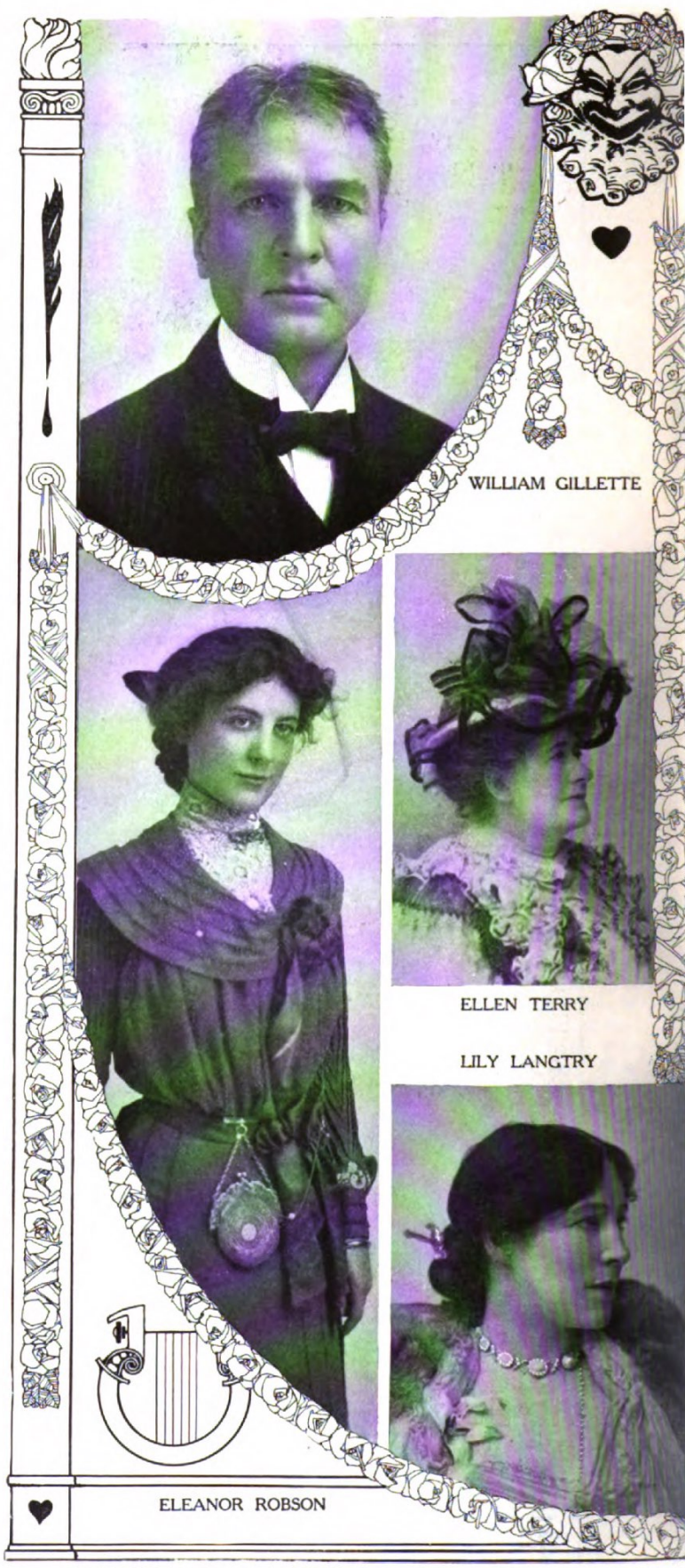
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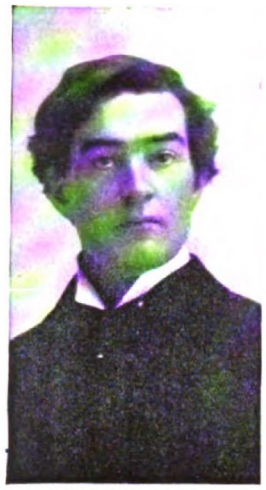
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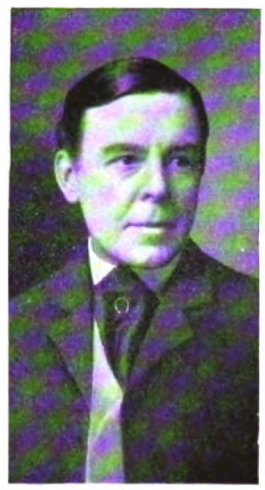
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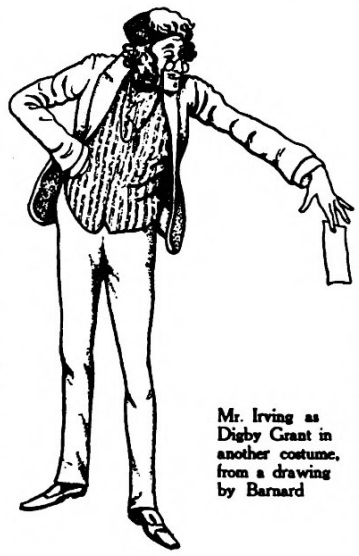
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o'clock, walked to the river to bathe, and from then until fifteen minutes past nine, when he was required to appear at the office, learned pages of his books, and declaimed them in his room. Every night after his work he spent several hours in the same study. In these days the meal to which he sat down was more often tea and bread and butter than anything else,—even for dinner. He had no one to help him, then,—no one to advise him; he was simply going blindly after the things that seemed to bring him nearest to his heart's desire, and, because his purpose was his life, he selected the right things. This lasted until 1853, when he got his first outside help and inspiration from what was known as "the city elocution class."



Mr. Irving as Digby Grant in another costume, from a drawing by Barnard

Samuel Phelps Formed Dramatic Classes among British Mechanics

It chanced that Samuel Phelps, of Sadler's Wells Theater, having it in his heart to teach the secrets of dramatic expression for his own love of it, formed classes among the mechanics' and other educational institutions, for the study of elocution. One of the most flourishing of these classes was in Gould Square Institute, near Fenchurch Street. The class was conducted by Henry Thomas, but its system was rather one of mutual criticism and other help than of direct instruction. The members simply met, each reciting something selected by himself at the dictate of his fancy,—if fancy ever does anything so didactic,—and he then received the comments and suggestions of the others upon his performance. One evening there appeared in their midst, unintroduced and unaccompanied and quite unknown to anyone present, a strikingly handsome youth of fifteen. He was tall, dressed in black cloth, with a "round jacket" and a broad white linen collar turned over it. He had black hair, his eyes were piercing and beautiful, and his manner was unassuming. He rose and took his turn at recitation without apology, and when he had finished he had impressed his personality upon everyone in the room. There were those who believed in "John Irving" from the moment of his first "recitation" in his roundjacket and white collar.

The meetings of the city elocution class continued at Gould Square Institute and in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street, and Irving was in constant attendance. Later the class ventured upon some public presentations, without accessories, and these were the lad's delight. Many of the lesser London actors took interest in the class, and used frequently to be present. Irving always won commendation, especially in such pieces as "Boots at the Swan," "Delicate Ground," "Love in Humble Life," "The Silent Woman," "Who Speaks First?" and "The Man with the Carpet Bag." He was always letter-perfect, but his size and delicate appearance permitted him to be cast for none of the manly parts which he so longed to assume. *Wilfred*, in the "Iron Chest," was most to his liking, but usually he was given gentler rôles.

One of Irving's Greatest Obstacles Was His Mother's Prejudice against Actors

His first appearance on a real stage, with all the attendant glory of gold lace, sword, and plume, was on the occasion of the production, by the members of the city elocution class, of "The Honeymoon," at Soho Theater. He had a small part, but a great deal of gold lace, and the night was the greatest one of his young life. He had occasion to remember it for another reason: it was while this piece was in rehearsal that, at the thought of real footlights and paint and wigs, the smoldering distaste of his family for the career which he had chosen flamed into active opposition. His father, who was slow of decision and never opinionated, made no serious objection, though he had hoped that his son would pass from a competent clerk to a prosperous member of his firm. But his mother—she who had forced herself to a separation from him for ten years that all the best in him might be fostered and trained by Nature's nearness,—saw, in his adoption of the stage, all her hope in ruin, and her sacrifice set at naught. She begged that he would abandon his design, and her opposition was the hardest thing that he had to meet, for he loved her, and he saw, as he could not make her see, that his way to the beauty which she had tried to teach him lay across the mimic world. It was in vain that he tried to tell her what he himself felt only gropingly as yet, that the voices of the Cornish coast, chanting wonders, and the little voice that called to him from his art were identical. Her prejudice against the stage was deep, and her love for her son was great; and so far did both carry her that, when the members of the city elocution class came to her home for a visit or for private rehearsal, she herself went to them individually and begged them to try to dissuade her son from choosing a stage career as a profession.

But he went on, studying in his leisure, rehearsing nights, and all the time earning his thirteen shillings a week at his desk. This sum was still further drawn upon now by his conclusion that he ought to be paying attention to other points in his training, and his consequent determination to take fencing lessons. Take them he did, too,—two a week at the school of arms in Chancery Lane, and he found time every day to practice. But even this did not satisfy him. He was not content with using every available minute to some advantage; he wanted to use it to the best advantage, and he was not sure that his own study and the help of the elocution class were putting him altogether on the right road. So, one day in 1854, he appeared suddenly before William Haskins, an actor at Sadler's whom he knew a little, and begged him to let him go to him every day to "talk about acting," and to be taught odds and ends. Mr. Haskins was so impressed with the lad's earnestness that he received him heartily and made his plans and hopes his own. But Irving was in the office all day and Mr. Haskins was at the theater all the evening, so the only possible time was the hour before Irving had to appear at his desk. Therefore Mr. Haskins accepted the charge which was so plainly demanded of him, and offered to be ready to receive Irving every morning at eight o'clock. This was no small sacrifice, for he was kept very late at the theater; but he was ready at eight o'clock every morning, awake and in his dressing gown, and he sat till nine o'clock with the lad, telling him what to read and how to read it, hearing him declaim, correcting his gestures, and teaching him voice control, till at length nine o'clock struck and the little clerk had to rush to Newgate Street. Thereupon Mr. Haskins went back to bed and finished his night's rest.

So, with the mother who sent him to Cornwall, the aunt who accepted his training and did it wisely, Captain Isaac Pentworthy, and the old, silent Cornishmen, is William Haskins entitled to take his place as a sharer in the sacrifice which goes into the making of every great man. Men and women will always do it; whoever is worthy of the sacrifice finds it prepared and alight all about him. Irving was proving himself worthy of everything that was being done for him. His final success was no accident, was due to no lucky chance, and was due to nothing in the world but his own effort. He forgot nothing; he worked day and night, for years; and even easily-overlooked details were not overlooked. In his office days, poor as he was, the obscure little clerk was always carefully dressed; he was, too, exceedingly careful in the choice of his friends. Two of them were Professor Edward Palmer, then a clerk in Eastcheap, and Edward Clarke, afterwards queen's counsel and a member of parliament. The latter, who had a leaning to the stage, related, at a great dinner given to Irving, a few years ago, how furious he himself used to be with another friend of his who, for all comment upon some ambitious declamation of his own, would say:—

"Ah, all very well! Very good, indeed! But you ought to hear Johnny Irving give it."

He Was Obliged to Run away to Witness the First Performance He ever Saw

In those days Irving had few opportunities to see plays, and, because of the opposition to the theater in his family, he was obliged to run away to witness the first performance he ever saw. He went to Sadler's Wells to see Mr. Phillips's *Hamlet*, and the night was a "white stone night" all the rest of his life. Next he ran away and went to the Adelphi to see "The Haunted Man," "The Enchanted Isles," and "Slasher and Crasher." There he sat in the gallery expecting it to pitch into the pit, for his sins; and he arrived home at one o'clock in the morning, wild with delight, to find his family in the utmost concern for his probable fate. But neither then nor afterwards did he ever go to the theater without studying the play he was to see, and arranging the action himself.

The day came when the office in Newgate Street and the time which it left at his disposal had yielded him all that they could, and he burned his bridges and announced himself a candidate for the stage. His friend, Mr. Haskins, had lately left for Australia, whither Irving had refused to accompany him as a member of his company, because he wanted to fight it out in England itself; so Mr. Haskins had given him a letter which he told him would win him some sort of engagement when he was ready to present it to E. D. Davis, of the newly-built Lyceum, in Sunderland. This the letter did, and in September, 1857, on that stage, Henry Irving, as he had decided to be called, made his first professional appearance. The occasion was regarded as an important one, because it was the opening of the theater, and the first presentation of the piece there. The real importance of the event was, not unnaturally, overlooked, and the first appearance of Irving passed almost without comment. Curiously enough, he had the first lines in the piece, and they were, "Here's to our enterprise!" The toast seems to have had magic in it.

It was then, of course, that his real struggle began, but his self-imposed training had made him ready to master anything. In the provinces he played his minor parts, and learned and rehearsed big parts; and at length, in Glasgow, where he found his earliest success, he was given his first benefit, only two and one half years after his first appearance. In that time he had made the almost phenomenal record of having appeared in four hundred and twenty-eight parts, and the incalculable amount of work which this involves shows how he devoted himself to his profession when his opportunity had finally come. His first London appearance was on September 24, 1859, in an arrangement of "*Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*," in which he was given only six lines. Though he had made a three years' contract to remain there, he boldly asked to be released, and went back to the country and worked and waited, wisely seeing that he was not yet ready to make his metropolitan appearance. His procedure was never rash or unreasoning; he went upon his way slowly but absolutely relentlessly, and there could be but one outcome. But his discouragements were almost overwhelming.



Drawn by Bromley, after Mr. Irving's first appearance as Macbeth

Not One Person Attended His Reading in Linoleth, England

On one occasion he and another unknown actor, being especially in need of money, arranged to go down to Linoleth, where Irving was to read the "Lady of Lyons." His companion billed the town and engaged the hall, and Irving was announced to appear "at precisely eight o'clock." At that hour the two friends left their hotel and found the town hall not only deserted, but locked. When they had hunted up the old Scotch janitor they were discomfited to find that he had forgotten all about the reading! But he opened the hall, and they waited in patience and absolute solitude for an hour and a half. Not one citizen of Linoleth came to hear the "Lady of Lyons" read. Irving says that for years he could not hear of anything taking place at "precisely eight o'clock" without a shudder.

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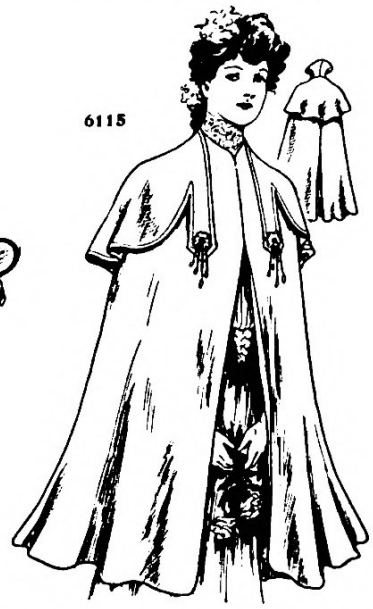
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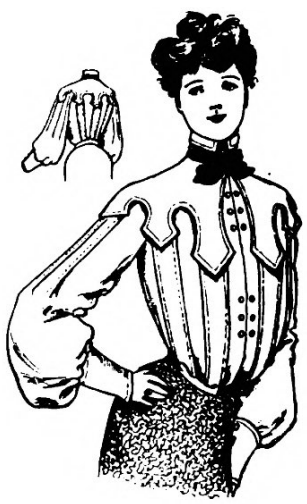
MARTHA DEAN



6111



6115



6118

6111.—Pretty handkerchiefs are being employed everywhere this season as the basis of dainty and very quickly made fancy work. Their field of usefulness is not confined to collars, stocks, and lingerie, but as negligees they form a combination of style, comfort, and good taste. Experiments with white handkerchiefs having colored borders only prove that the possibilities of the bandanna in cotton or silk are untold. Brightly colored Japanese handkerchiefs joined together with bands of Mechlin lace are exceptionally beautiful. In the design shown here, the pattern provides for two distinct styles, which may be made of handkerchiefs or any preferred material. Sizes: small, medium, and large.

6115.—It is undoubtedly due to the present style of large dress sleeves that the cape is so much worn. The pattern of the wrap shown here provides for either the regulation or the short three-quarter length. The garment may be made with or without the military cape and Medici collar, and is attractive for both evening and street wear. Rough or smooth-faced cloth may be used in the development. Sizes: 32, 36, 40, and 44 inches, bust measure.

6118.—In the charming design shown here, we have two of the season's latest fancies,—the tab and the deep collar or yoke. The box-pleated blouse, with Duchess closing in front, is made on the regulation shirt-waist lines, and the pleated sleeve, with full lower portion, is attached to a deep cuff. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure.

4527.—The little coat shown here is the most popular model for the wee folks. It is very simple in design. The large square collar may be trimmed with fur, lace, or appliqué, as simply or elaborately as one may desire. Sizes: ½, 1, 2, 3, and 4 years.

4345.—For a little child of from one to four years the choice lies between Russian suits and yoke dresses. The Russian styles are rather old, and most mothers prefer the little yoke dresses with the full skirts. These may be varied by differently shaped yokes and by the trimming, but the little square yoke edged with a ruffle is the favorite. Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

4384.—Aprons form a most useful part of a girl's wardrobe, and, in the model shown here, simplicity and good taste combine to make it a most desirable model. It is made in one piece, with the top reversed to form a frill. A cord, in a casing at the top of the frill, regulates the fullness and makes the garment easy for laundering. For everyday wear small checked gingham is satisfactory, while crossbarred muslin, trimmed with insertion and lace, is a dainty development for best wear. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 years.

4517.—The quaint and picturesque features that characterize the fashions of the "grown-ups" this season influence the youthful modes as well. In this little short-waisted "baby-dress," tucks in yoke effect contribute to the fullness. The pattern provides for high or round neck, and the sleeves may be of short puff or bishop style. Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

4528 and 4529.—The drooping shoulder effects that characterize so many of the fashionable designs are shown to good advantage in the charmingly youthful frock portrayed here. The deep yoke, which comes over the sleeve in cap effect, is embellished by a very full ruffle, although for a plain waist this may be omitted. The skirt is of the newest shaping, in gored style, and finished by a deep ruffle. The use of net for ruffles is only a suggestion, as they will be equally effective if made of the same material. Sizes for both patterns: 12, 14, and 16 years.

6119 and 6120.—The fashionable "1830" suggestion is given this waist by a stole-yoke that extends over the shoulders. The shirred bodice, which is attached to the yoke, is quite full and worn over a high girdle. The sleeve is one of the newest, contributing a most attractive feature to the waist. The graceful skirt is shaped by seven gores and worn over a foundation skirt The model is quite simple to reproduce and is distinctively new Sizes, for waist: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure Sizes, for skirt: 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches, waist measure.

▲ ▲

QUAINTNESS is the fad of the hour. The drooping shoulder effect, the beruffled Victorian skirt that is full and round, the high girdle with buckle in front and the flat pelerine made up in the season's furs tend to make a modern girl look just like an old daguerreotype of her grandmother. Fortunate, indeed, is the girl who has some of the gowns worn many years ago. However, a modern girl will wear only the 1830 modes that are adapted to her individual style. It will not be necessary for her to wear bodices that are stiffly boned and corsets that are like armor. She will wear graceful clothes and becoming colors, but they will be comfortable as well.

In the fashioning of the up-to-date skirt there is great license. Shirrings, puffings, pleats, and tucks share honors with nuns'-folds in ornamentation. These nuns'-folds, or bias bands, are put on above the hem. They are of graduated depth as they ascend, and may be made of cloth, silk, or velvet. Tucks extend around the body,—not "up and down." With the coming of the full skirt and the charming little shoulder cape, fringe, cord, tassels, and ruchings—especially those of raveled silk,—are used for dress adornment. Sleeves are voluminous, but the fullness has crept up to the forearm, where it is gathered into a close-fitting cuff. The reappearance of another old fashion is the flowing sleeve, composed of a circular flounce, or ruffle, from below the latter puffs a wide undersleeve, finished at the hand with a narrow buttoned wristband.

Blouses become daily more ornate in character, and are as universally worn as ever before, although it is a fashion to have the waist match the skirt in color, if not in material, and hat, gown and wrap should harmonize. Velvet is more fashionable than ever before; not the stiff, old-fashioned velvet, but new soft weaves that are as light and supple as liberty silk. These chiffon-velvets, for that is what they are called, come in the most exquisite shades and colorings. They are made up with such quantities of tuckings, shirrings, and rufflings, that they look, so far as style is concerned, like the muslin frocks that were worn during the summer.

The long military or "soldier" coat, with jaunty capes, leads all others just now. It is snug-fitting, with high darts, and is double-breasted. Coats of this description are made of blue and cadet-gray coatings, and ornamented with military accouterments, including gold buttons, emblems, and black braid. The smartest coats have scarlet collars, over which is stitched narrow gold soutache braid. The style is one that is popular with the little folks



4527 4345



4384



4817

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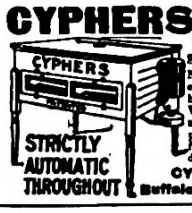
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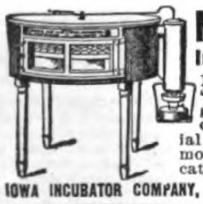
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MANY people know in a vague sort of way that advertising is a well-paid profession, but very few have any conception of what a good ad-writer receives for his work.

A short time ago a prominent manufacturer paid me $3000 for writing and designing four sixteen page booklets, sixteen magazine ads, and thirty-two newspaper ads.

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I do not claim that every man or woman who completes my course of instruction can immediately begin to make $50 to $100 weekly.

That would be dishonest.

Everything depends upon the student. Those who study industriously and intelligently succeed almost at once. Those who simply glance over the lessons and do the work mechanically, will never achieve very much success in any line of business.

Advertising can't be learned by everybody, but there are thousands of clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers who have the ability to become ad-writers and managers at good salaries. They need only the right sort of a start and I honestly believe my course of instruction in advertising will give them that.

In my last ad I told briefly of one most important feature of my instruction—the "development of the *idea*." I wonder if I emphasized it sufficiently. The "Spotless Town" *idea* which made Sapolio doubly famous, and the "Uneeda Biscuit" *idea* which sold millions of crackers, are but two of a long list of sensational successes which prove that my method of instruction is the right one.

Some of the best advertising *ideas* of the last decade have come from Mr. E. J. Bliss, treasurer and managing director of the Regal Shoe Company of Boston, who rightly considers the advertising of his business of sufficient importance to give it his personal attention. It was he who invented the "window of the sole," and the buzz saw *idea*, both of which helped to give the Regal Shoe an international reputation. So highly does the Regal Shoe Company value his services that the corporation recently caused his life to be insured for $100,000.

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A former student of my methods is now president of a $250,000 corporation. Another student increased a $13,000 business to $33,000 per annum. Other graduates are making big salaries.

Some time ago I received the following letter:

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I am going to learn advertising, but I can't seem to decide whose course to take. I learn that you are widely known as an extremely successful advertising specialist, but I have received some very convincing matter from——and——. Furthermore, your course is the highest priced of the three. Please tell me wherein it is superior to the courses just mentioned.

WILLIAM C. B.———

Here is my reply.

"Dear Mr. B———

Yes, my advertising course costs more than any of the others. That is because I give every student practical and valuable instruction and it can't be done for less. Instead of making invidious comparisons I will let you judge for yourself just how good my course is. Send me $2 merely as a guarantee of good faith and I will give you four weeks trial instruction.

Isn't my willingness to do this pretty good evidence that my course is all that I claim for it?

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES"

Mr. B. sent me the $2, received his four weeks' instruction and has now enrolled for the full course.

Since then I have been making the same proposition to every interested person, for I believe prospective students should be offered every facility to investigate before paying for a full course in advance.

If you want to learn to earn $25 to $100 weekly send $2 for four weeks' trial instruction. That will show you just what my course is, and just how I handle my students. If I find that you lack the ability to become a successful advertiser, I will tell you so frankly. I know so well how valuable my instruction is that I am cheerfully taking all the risk. I simply want a chance to demonstrate what I can do for you.

Will you send me $2 to find out whether or not this is the course you want, or do you prefer to spend from $30 to $50 for a course you don't know anything about?

This is a proposition you don't need time to consider.

Send $2 *to-day*.

A two-cent stamp will secure my 66 page prospectus.

Charles Austin Bates 185 William St. NEW YORK

More than Market Value

A Little Story Which Tells why the Price of Eggs Rose in a Snowstorm and Rose again during the Night

RALPH GRAHAM TABER

THREE college students were on their way home to spend a short holiday. The only other occupant of the western railway coach in which they were traveling was a thin, elderly gentleman, whose careworn features and old-fashioned attire seemed to evidence a struggle with adversity. It was a blustering winter day, and the keen wind, blowing across the snow-clad prairie, penetrated the car and sharpened their appetites long before the noon hour.

"I could eat an elephant!" exclaimed one of the students, addressing the brakeman. "Where do we get dinner?"

"At the next station."

"How far is that?"

"Twenty miles."

"Lucky for old skinny, there, that it is n't further; if it were, we might become cannibals."

"The nearer the bone, and so forth," said his chum.

The thin gentleman's face flushed. The remarks had been carelessly made, and he had overheard them. He said nothing, however, but quietly proceeded to open his valise. The students craned their necks, and saw displayed a collection of small parcels, a bottle of milk, and a glass of home-made jelly. The thin gentleman spread a newspaper on the seat beside him, from one of the parcels abstracted an egg, from another a morsel of cheese, and from a third produced a loaf of bread, of which he carefully cut a slice with his pocketknife; then he opened his bottle of milk and silently began eating his luncheon. The first student sneered and whispered something to his chum, whereat the latter seemed ready to explode with ill-suppressed laughter. The third student winked at his companions, and, leaning over the back of the thin gentleman's seat, addressed him in tones of mock politeness.

"I say, sir, perhaps you did n't hear what the brakeman said; we get dinner at the next station. Are n't you afraid you will spoil your appetite for the meal?"

The thin gentleman replied, quietly, "I do not depend on the dining room."

"But they serve a good meal for a dollar."

"Have you learned the worth of a dollar? I have."

"From lack of it?" asked the student, impertinently.

"Yes. You may learn the lesson, some day."

"Hardly from lack of it, I think," replied the student, arrogantly. "My father is owner of the mills at M——, and I am to become his partner."

The thin gentleman did not reply, but he looked up at the student with an expression that seemed to say, "I do not congratulate your father;" then he calmly continued eating.

The train, which had been moving slowly for some time, at length came to a standstill. The passengers, peering through the frost-covered windows, could see nothing but a blinding mass of swirling snowflakes. The students hurried to the car door, where they encountered the brakeman, who replied to their inquiries with a short "Stuck in a drift," and hurried through the car.

An hour passed. The thin gentleman had long since finished his meal. The college boys were hungry and silent.

A second hour passed; they were very hungry. A third hour elapsed; the car had grown cold; the boys were uncomfortable and ravenous.

They cast at the thin gentleman eloquent glances, which comprehended his valise; but he was absorbed in reading a newspaper, and took no apparent notice. At length, after some whispering, the rich miller's son again addressed him thus:—

"Pardon me, sir, but — er, — we are very hungry. You seemed to have considerable surplus luncheon. We would appreciate it greatly if you would share part of it with us."

The thin gentleman smiled gently, and replied: "Did I not tell you that I had learned the worth of a dollar?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Well, I also know the value of hard-boiled eggs."

"Oh, if you will sell them,—how much?"

"Um-m," mused the old gentleman; "eggs



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and dollars, under certain circumstances, may possess equal value."

"Surely," exclaimed the student, "you would not charge us a dollar for an egg?"

"Surely," replied the thin gentleman, firmly, "you can not have one of mine for less."

The student started in search of the brakeman. As he turned the knob of the car door, a fierce blast wrenched it from his grasp and deluged him with snow. With some difficulty he reclosed the door and returned to the thin gentleman.

"I'll take one of your eggs," said he, producing a silver dollar. The thin gentleman dropped the dollar in his pocket, opened his valise, and handed the student an egg.

"I'll have one, too," said the second student.

"And I," said the third; "how much for the bread?"

"It is not for sale; I may need it."

"You have more eggs, however?"

"Yes."

"I'll take another, then."

"The price has risen."

"Wh-at?"

"Yes; they are now two dollars each."

The students eyed the valise hungrily, but contented themselves with one egg apiece.

Hour followed hour with no change in the situation outside; indeed, the storm grew more furious. The students bought out the train boy's small stock of stale fruit and indigestible gumdrops, which were all that he had that was edible, and for which he charged them enormous prices. At nightfall they watched the thin gentleman as he again opened his valise and proceeded to eat a delicious repast consisting of bologna sausage, cheese, bread, and jelly.

"Would you be so good as to sell us a piece of bologna?" asked the miller's son.

"I have nothing whatever to sell but eggs."

The students silently tendered two dollars each, and each received one egg in exchange. After this scant supper, they curled up on the car seats and passed a miserable night.

Morning came; the storm continued; the train was almost buried in snow. The starved students again applied to their commissary, only to find that the price of eggs had risen in the night to three dollars. Sorrowfully they counted out the remainder of their pocket money and received each a single egg for breakfast. They were devouring these in silence, when the first faint tooting of a distant whistle was heard. The brakeman thrust his head in at the door with the cheering news: "The snow plow!"

The miller's son approached the thin gentleman.

"Sir," he said, manfully, "I have to thank you for showing us any consideration whatever. I shall not soon forget the lesson I have learned here."

The thin gentleman's eyes grew misty. "My boy," he said, "I realize what that speech has cost you,—even more than my eggs,—is it not so? Though the snow plow has arrived, it will be some hours before we get out of this. Call your friends, and we will make a meal on what I have left."

As they devoured his good things, he added: "Remember, economy is a virtue; and, even if you are so fortunately situated as to escape being called upon to practice that, no one can afford not to practice respect to his elders, no matter what their station in life may be."

As they descended from the train at M——, the miller's son exclaimed, "Plague take it! I neglected to learn that gentleman's name."

"Why," said the brakeman, "don't you know? He is the heaviest land owner in this section,—has a farm as big as two counties that supplies half the wheat your father's mills grind."

"The deuce, you say!" exclaimed the miller's son's chum. The miller's son said nothing, but perhaps he thought the more deeply.

The Lost "H's" Bewildered Him

A MEMBER of the bar of Great Britain, with a pronounced Cockney accent, once appeared before Justice Lawrence, of the criminal court. In the course of his remarks the advocate, who was appearing for the prosecution in a case evolving the theft of a halter, constantly alluded to the article of equine equipment as an 'alter. Justice Lawrence, unable to stand it further, called before him the clerk of assize and asked, in perfectly serious tones, albeit with a certain twinkle of his eye:—

"Is this the crown court?"

"Why, yes, my lord," answered the bewildered officer.

"Thank you; I am right, after all. I thought, perhaps, I had found my way into an ecclesiastical tribunal."

A coward can't stand defeat. It is only a brave man or woman who can turn a defeat into a triumph.



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adds, subtracts, divides, and multiplies any problem almost instantly. He can multiply 3214 and 4231, or any similar problem, without writing any partial product; he simply writes the answers. He adds with marvelous speed and accuracy, and it is seldom that in making an extension on a bill he requires paper and pencil. He usually writes the product in its proper column without any apparent effort.

Mr. Baker says that he never seemed to possess any particular bent for figures until he began a systematic study of short cuts in figures under a new system. He attributes all of his success to that system, and expresses the opinion that anyone can master it as he has done. In a recent communication he said: "Two of my promotions I owe directly to my ability to figure fast and accurately, which in turn is due directly to the excellent training I received from your course in rapid calculation. It is beyond me to adequately express my appreciation of the benefits to be derived and which I myself received from this course."

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The Wit of Women

KATE SANBORN



He was the most humorous object she had ever seen

I SOLEMNLY resolved never to allude to this subject again in print, for I have fought earnestly for years to prove that women are not lacking in either of these delightful qualities, only to be ridiculed in a lofty way by men, and to receive no encouragement from the women themselves. So, from eager, intense defense of my sisters, I have retired to laugh at the absurdity of the position.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote me not to waste time on such a contest. "If any man lives who is such a fool as to believe that women are not witty," said he, "he is too big a fool to be noticed."

The outlook is now more encouraging. In Parton's "Collection of Humorous Poetry," there was not one woman's name, nor in Dodd's large volume of "Epigrams of All Ages," nor formerly in any of the humorous departments of selected poetry or prose; but, in a recently published volume, "The Poetry of American Wit and Humor," nine women are represented. This is a decided gain. Yes, we have not only been left out, but also severely snubbed, and every time a woman dares to attempt to right this absurd injustice some man hiding behind the coward's mask of a *nom de plume*, or, assuming that air we so often see, (overpowering omniscience seasoned with sarcasm,) declares that her position is utterly hopeless as well as most absurd, since women are born lacking these precious gifts.

▲ ▲

In "A Treasury of Humorous Poetry," lately selected from the writings of British and American poets, no English woman is represented, and but five American women are honored; one specimen is given from each; but that a masculine critic could really find anything worthy of being called humor and placed in such a collection from even five women is a proof of advance, and of clearer perceptions.

Women certainly do look at life in a different way from men. As a general thing, they do not enjoy the vulgarity of broad humor or see anything supremely amusing in the beastly idiocies of a drunken man. Being more sensitive, to them it is sad and painful. Women could see nothing comic in the distressing coal strike, but the feeble "Funnies" of the "Dreary Column" have rung every change on the (to them,) ridiculous features of the crisis. What woman in her senses would say, when stating that President Roosevelt was going bear hunting, that there was trouble bruin? I know some women who are splendid dinner-talkers and story-tellers, but they have too much modesty to occupy the time that the men feel belongs to them and too keen sense of the ludicrous to tell the same old anecdotes over and over till every one is worn out. There are plenty of good, uninteresting women, too, who never make a joke or see one.

▲ ▲

It will be better to speak of instances that occur to me offhand and from the humorous women writers of the present time. I had a letter from a friend recently in which she spoke of a poetical widow, saying, "She now wears her black gowns during the day, and in the evening is gorgeous in her old-time velvets, point lace, diamonds, and pink feathers; a sort of half-mourning."

Another friend had as a guest a brilliant literary man who is apt to be too sharp in his criticisms. He was laboring at the tough rind of an orange at breakfast,—first with a useless fruit-knife, then with the silver blade,—and looked up despairingly from his (may I say fruitless?) struggles. "Try one of your remarks, Frank," advised his amused hostess.

I know women and girls who are wonderful and convulsing as mimics, caricaturists, or *raconteurs*, and simply irresistible in droll exaggerations and in burlesque, but I think that the wit of the modern woman is at its best in repartee quick as a lightning flash, or humor as shown in good-natured comments on daily happenings, like that of a bright girl at Mount Holyoke College. They chanced to have hash for supper and meat balls next morning for breakfast. "Yes," she said, as she glanced at the table, "'Review of Reviews' this morning."

It is told of another witty girl at Mount Desert, last summer, that, after an Englishman had been discoursing at length about the Boer War, without receiving any very warm expressions of sympathy from his audience, he turned to the young lady by his side to remark, "You know the very cream of England is in South Africa now." "Yes," she said, at once, "the whipped cream."

▲ ▲

Professor Syle, of the University of California, tells this story of himself:—

At the beginning of the last session, while calling the roll of the new students, he came to the name, Miss Sara Greene. He stopped to express disapproval of the final "e" in her name by asking, "G-r-e-e-n-e,—does that spell Green, or Greenie?" Miss Greene responded promptly: "S-y-l-e; does that spell Syle or Silly?"

If that strikes you as simply saucy, remember the old proverb about the goose and the gander. There are a

Books Worth Having

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score of capital retorts from our American women when patronized by English dames. At a dinner at an English mansion where Americans have often been bantered until they returned a telling shot, Mrs. Mills's twin sister was slightly annoyed by a tactless woman who undertook to banter her, and said:—

"I take it for granted that you have no coats of arms in your new country."

"Of course no American family could have one unless it was borrowed from English ancestry," replied the former American.

"For instance, has your family any especial cause for pride over your grandfather?" persisted this particularly tactless female cad.

Then Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck replied, as calmly as possible under the circumstances: "Not much, perhaps; only that my grandfather on my mother's side received Burgoyne's sword when he surrendered at Saratoga, and my grandfather on my father's side received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown."

▲ ▲

The pretty and *petite* daughter of a famous bishop, lately deceased, was most patronizingly addressed at a farewell dinner in London by a corpulent dowager, of the type so mercilessly ridiculed by Hawthorne with allusions to sirloins and so on. At length she remarked, "You will doubtless have much to relate to your friends in that wild western country, of what you have seen during your trip. What do you consider the most wonderful thing you have observed here?"

The spirited and patriotic little lady, who, by the way, wore a "number one" shoe, said quietly: "I think the most wonderful thing I have seen here or anywhere else is an Englishwoman's foot."

The first time that an American woman saw an English farmer, she thought he was the most humorous object in the world. Who would doubt it?

In the sharpshooting that often goes on between husbands and wives, I think all will own that the wit of a woman usually gains the day. I give instances of the old and the new style of reply.

Old Mr. Sparques was somewhat irritable when he came down to the breakfast table, and, when his wife reproved him for wearing such a gloomy aspect, he answered her snappishly and they had some words, after which she said: "Well, I'm sure I don't know how you can expect we'll agree in the next world if we can't agree in this." "Oh, we'll agree well enough in the next world," said old Mr. Sparques, sarcastically; we won't see much of each other there; the Scriptures say there's a great gulf fixed betwixt the two places." Having fired this shot the old gentleman caressed his bald head and looked triumphant. Mrs. Sparques was thoughtful for a moment; then, with a twinkle of her eye, she said: "This is the first time I ever knew that you had given up all hope of going to heaven." Mr. Sparques went out on the back stoop to take a look at the weather.

▲ ▲

Mrs. Richard Clarke, wife of the congressman from Mobile, Alabama, is one of the few women brave enough to scatter witty things in the waste of five-minute official calls. At the house of Mrs. Eugene Hale, of Maine, the church service was mentioned.

"There's one portion of the Litany," said Mrs. Clarke, "that always used to bother me. It's where we pray especially for the 'widows and the fatherless.' I never could see why they needed praying for so much, as I thought motherless children deserved pity much more, but I've just found out why the motherless aren't mentioned. It's because there are so few of them, as the first thing a man does when he is bereft of his wife is to look around for a new mother for his children."

In the laugh that followed, Mrs. Clarke clinched her argument on the Litany with: "I think I ought to know, for was n't I married to a widower myself?"

It is rather illogical for men to cordially acknowledge the wit and humor of women authors as individuals, even complaining of certain writers for being too continually brilliant, yet still denying that women possess any capacity for wit. This used to disturb my over-sensitive soul; now it seems so inconsistent that I enjoy collecting their praise of the wit and humor of such women as Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the creator of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;" Josephine Dodge Daskam, and so on.

▲ ▲

Even if a woman says, as does Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks, that "no truly sweet woman can possess humor," she is a proof of the opposite fact; and one admirer expressing in verse the charm of her novel, "Oldfield," alludes to "the free, pure laughter-peal, and humor's whimsic flight."

I could furnish sufficient testimony to the wit and humor of women from those who consider themselves the sole proprietors of both to fill this magazine; and two hundred names of women who have one or both, from Jane Austen to Carolyn Wells; and, to fully illustrate this statement, I could easily fill two large volumes. A critic in "Temple Bar" says of Miss Austen: "Her gift is preëminently humor,—a rare gift at any time, and perhaps peculiarly so just now, when a general earnestness seems likely to make existence intolerable." Of Miss Wells's sprightly jests in "A Phenomenal Fauna" he says: "The reader who desires a glimpse of modern humor at its best, of modern humor which is genuinely independent of slang and its analogues, need not hesitate to read and revel in her verse." How's that?

Here is Miss Wells's description of "Time Flies:"—

> Time flies are well-known insects; sages claim
> That Tempus Fugit is their rightful name.
> When we're on idleness or pleasure bent,
> They sting our conscience and our fun prevent.
> We hear them, winter mornings, ere we rise,
> And oft in fly-time we observe Time Flies.

Her "Welsh Rabbit" is equally humorous:—

> See the Welsh Rabbit,—he is bred on cheese;
> (Or cheese on bread, whichever way you please.)
> Although he's tough, he looks so mild, who'd think
> That a strong man from this small beast would shrink?
> But close behind him follows the nightmare;
> Beware of them, they are a frightful pair.

This is an inexhaustible theme with me, and for this very reason and fearing it may prove exhausting to you, I have just wit enough to stop,





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Why Over Five Hundred Churches Have Formed Success Clubs

HERBERT HUNGERFORD

After the Success League idea had been planted and it had reached a stage when it was beginning to branch out, it was seen that six branches would doubtless attain the greatest development, namely, the church, the home, the school, the Young Men's Christian Association, the commercial institute, and the field of amateur journalism.

It was impossible at first to predict which branch would grow most rapidly and strongly, but now a comparison of the Success League records shows that the church branch by far overtops all others. In fact, more than half of the societies federated in the Success League are connected with churches of various denominations. This development was somewhat in the nature of a surprise to the League founders, for it was thought that the church already contained so many organizations that there would be found in it little room for the Success League work. Our surprise, however, has been a happy one, and we are gratified to find that the work of the Success League in the church, occupies a distinct and original field of equal importance to any of the other organizations connected with the church.

The reason why the Success League met with such cordial welcome and hearty support by so many pastors is summed up in the fact that the Success League interests and holds the attention of the average boy or young man. Probably there is an equal number of young women in the various branches that are connected with different churches, yet the male members predominate in the work of each society.

In order to understand why this is so, we must look into the purposes and plans of the work of the League branches. In the first place, the Success Club appeals to the practical side of a boy's nature. Some boys are especially interested in athletics, some are interested in reading and studying, and some are interested in various other things, but *every* normal boy wants to succeed in life, therefore his interest is immediately aroused when he hears of a society that is organized for the purpose of helping its members to win success.

Once the interest is gained and a boy joins a club, his interest is sustained by the progress of the society. The Success League approaches a boy on the side of the things in which he is naturally interested rather than trying to create in him interests which he does not naturally possess. Debates in the League are always alive, up to date, and teeming with human interest.

It must not be thought, however, that because the League appeals to a boy's practical nature it develops only his sordid ambition, or caters merely to his desire for material success. On the contrary, the Success League in all its precepts points out that the mere getting of money, or winning of fame, does not mean success, but that there is only one genuine success, and that is found in the development of character.

Possibly the best reason why the Success League has found such favor with church leaders is explained in the following letter from the Reverend E. H. Stranahan, pastor of the Friends' Church at Sabina, Ohio, one of the first clergymen to organize a branch of the Success League in connection with a church:— [This branch has since built its own club house, and is, to-day, one of the foremost of our League. At the last election, Mr. Stranahan was chosen church secretary of the Success League.]

My Brother Pastor:—

Just a moment of your time on behalf of the boys of your church or community. No doubt you will find a number of boys within your reach whom you can not touch with the usual young people's societies, because of some false prejudice which they have for the religious idea of those societies. Or there may be some who do not have these prejudices, but who have some hesitancy in taking part in the business or devotional sessions of the various church organizations.

To meet the needs of these two classes, I have found the Success Club admirably suited, and can cheerfully recommend it to you.

Its literary programme, not only cultivates ingenuity as the members arrange it, but in the carrying out of it, the members are also taught to keep posted on passing events, to read the current helpful literature, and at the same time are being taught to apply what they read. The Club affords splendid opportunities to become efficient as a presiding officer and to gain the ability to think while on one's feet before an audience.

Surely you will agree that these are valuable qualifications. Why, then, should not the church offer the opportunity to acquire them? Instead of allowing boys' clubs to be organized by other organizations that will not always look after the very best interest of the boys, let the church have the supervision of the club and eliminating all that is not positively for the help of the boys, make the club a power for good and cause the boys to realize that the church is interested in their welfare.

Personally, I know that the Success Club will do much towards this. The Success Club works. The Success Club pays. Try it. It offers all that any boys' club does and more. The fellowship that it offers with other similar clubs is beneficial. Its bureau is a clearing house of ideas.

Come, join with us in the march to true success.

Your friend, E. H. STRANAHAN.

It is easy to organize and conduct a branch of the Success League. An announcement of the date and place for organizing will bring together a sufficient number of enterprising young people to form a society. Our League will furnish pastors, church leaders, or in fact any one who desires to organize a club, whether in connection with church, school, Young Men's Christian Association, or otherwise, with booklets containing complete instructions, including plans for organizing, a model constitution and by-laws, together with suggestive programmes and plans for club work. Simply send four cents in postage to the Success League, University Building, Washington Square, New York City, and the booklets and other material will be promptly forwarded.

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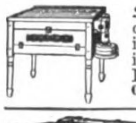
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Cultivate the Power of Initiative

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

"WHEN a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit," says Professor James, in his "Psychology," "it is worse than a chance lost: it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge."

This statement by so eminent an authority is well calculated to make many of us pause and study ourselves carefully. "Am I increasing my brain power by working out to practical issues the perfectly feasible ideas that suggest themselves to me in regard to the development of myself, my business, my profession, or whatever work I may be engaged in?—or am I stunting the growth of my mental powers, scattering and reducing to naught my ability to realize thought in action by merely talking volubly of the 'capital idea' that has occurred to me, or of 'the plan' I have been thinking over, until the idea or plan has been pushed out of the mind by events or has given place to others equally barren of fruit?" These are pertinent questions which it would be profitable for any one who wishes to grow to the height of his powers to put to himself.

There are a few qualities which are rarely, if ever, absent in the man who accomplishes things. One of these is the power of initiative, the will and energy to transmute thought into action. If James Watt had been content to talk about the "great idea" suggested to him by the sight of steam pouring out of the spout of a teakettle, our modern steam engine would not owe its existence to him. If Fulton had satisfied himself by vaporing about his plans to build and launch a steamboat, the "Clermont" never would have steamed its successful way up the Hudson. Had Franklin merely talked about his theory of electricity, he never would have succeeded in chaining lightning. Nor would any of the other great achievements in art, science, or mechanics have been realized, if the first crude idea that presented itself to the mind of the originator had not been seized and acted upon.

If the legitimate ideas and impulses that leap to our minds like flashes of inspiration are not allowed to take their "normal path of discharge" in action, the brain cells become clogged and cease to grow. Many people have brilliant ideas and wax highly enthusiastic in talking over them, but they expend all their force in talk. In action they fall short, and grievously disappoint friends and teachers who had predicted great futures for them.

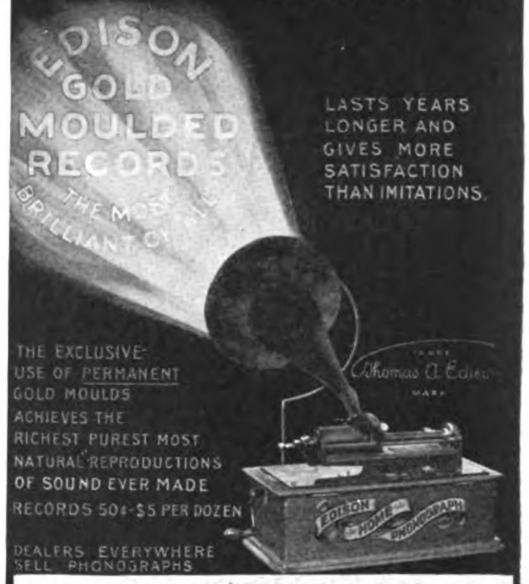
"When I take the humor of the thing once," says Ben Jonson, in one of his plays, "I am like your tailor's needle,—I go through." An incalculable amount of talent and ability of a high order is lost to the world through sheer supineness or lack of concentration in focusing ideas and putting them into practical shape. If a small percentage of even the average man's ideas and plans were put through with vigor and determination, he would prove a far more useful member of society, and be, if not eminently successful, at least comfortably so.

One of the most important things for a young man to cultivate, from the outset of his career, is the power of initiative, the habit of marshaling his ideas and putting them into practice before his enthusiasm over their conception evaporates and his power to strike vigorously wanes.

Some make the mistake of trying to work out ideas without examining them closely and giving them that calm, cool, unbiased consideration which is necessary to the initiation of any successful work. Any one who does this, taking heed of every passing idea that suggests itself to the mind and tries to give it shape, is as unpractical, in a different sense, as one who lets all his ideas float away into oblivion. Common sense must be our guide in the matter of choosing the right ideas to work out, as it must in solving all other problems.

The power of initiative, however, is not sufficient of itself to carry a project to a successful issue. A bullet starts from a rifle with what we call vigor of projection, and if the aim has been true it will be certain to hit the mark. So, there must be sufficient vigor and force back of every initial effort to carry it to its goal. Many promising schemes fall short of success simply because of the lack of energy and power behind the initiative.

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Vitality and Success

What Must Be Done to the Body in Order to Make it Meet the Demands of a Healthy Life

W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.

[This is the first of a series of articles on health-culture, which Dr. Latson, editor of "Health-Culture," has been engaged to write for SUCCESS These articles will be published during 1904. —THE EDITOR.]

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W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.

THE world may be divided into two great classes,—the strong and the weak,—those who command and those who obey. The leaders are the few, the great ones of the ages. The followers are many, the nameless, unremembered hordes.

Cromwell, the uncouth butcher who pushed a weakling from the throne; Luther, the low-born priest who dared to defy the earth's most powerful potentate; Napoleon, Beecher, Gladstone, Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Whitman, — those men were leaders, and those leaders have varied widely in almost all respects. Gladstone and Washington were large men. Napoleon and Grant were small. Gladstone was a marvel of intellectual power. Cromwell knew only a great fiery emotion. Some great leaders have been good men, and some have been evil. One thing, however, all have possessed in common; namely, great nervous vitality. Every strong man, every great leader in the world's history, has possessed great nervous vitality.

Application and Endurance Are equally Indispensable

To-day, in active life, professional or commercial, the same thing holds good. What is the essential characteristic of the men who achieve great successes in trade, in finance, in the professions? Is it intellect? Is it refinement? Is it morality? No: for men without intellect have swayed multitudes; men without refinement have built up great industries; and men devoid of morality have forced their way to the command of nations. But no man has ever won great success as a leader of men except through the possession of those powers of application and endurance which are possible only as the result of great nervous vitality.

Vitality is the available working energy of the body: it is to the body what steam is to a locomotive. Between the human body and the locomotive there is, in many respects, a perfect analogy. The locomotive is merely a mechanism by means of which the energy latent, or stored up, in coal and air and water may be converted into energy exhibited as heat and work. Now, the human body, like the locomotive, is a mechanism for the conversion of energy. Food and air and water contain stored-up energy. This energy, latent in the food, air, and water, is converted by the human body into energy manifested as heat and work. Exactly as the power of the steam engine depends upon the amount of energy it can produce from its fuel, so the power of the man depends upon the amount of energy he can produce from his food. That is to say, "vitality," as applied to a man, corresponds exactly to "horse power" as applied to a steam engine.

Our Nervous Capital Is Used up in Respiration and Digestion

The body, then, acting upon food and air and water, produces. Certain acts and influences draw upon that vitality. The greater the amount of vitality made, and the less uselessly expended, the more will there remain to be expended in the chosen work of the individual.

The whole matter may be reduced to a very simple equation. Let us suppose the amount of vitality generated by the body to be one hundred per cent. In moving about, in digestion, respiration, etc., one uses up, we will say, eighty per cent. of this vitality, which is, so to speak, his nervous capital. This leaves twenty per cent. which he can devote to his chosen work. Such a condition of things means physiological balance,—that is, health. But what if he devotes to work more than twenty per cent. of the vitality made by the body?—in other words, if he overworks. In the case of a man who expends in his daily work vitality equal to thirty per cent. of that made, there is left for the bodily functions only seventy instead of the eighty per cent. which they need. The vitality-making organs, deprived of ten per cent. of the motive power needed for their work, produce less than the one hundred per cent. needed by the body as a whole,—say ninety per cent. Of this ninety per cent., thirty is being consumed by the daily work, leaving for the motive power of the organs only sixty per cent. instead of the eighty required. That is to say, the organs which produce vitality need vitality for their motive power. If this motive power be deficient, they will make less and less vitality until the zero mark is reached. This zero mark means insanity, nervous prostration, or, at the very least, such a lowering of the vital resistance that the body falls a prey to some wasting disease. Occasionally, the enforced rest enjoined by the disorder affords the vitality-making organs a chance to "catch up." Usually, however, the illness is fatal, owing to lack of constitutional strength. Few people, save those who have suffered from it, have any idea of the horrors of nervous prostration. Few people realize that the causation of nervous prostration may be expressed by a simple formula, as explained above. What of the cure? It is equally simple in principle. Increase vitality; economize vitality; that is all.

Suppose that, instead of making vitality equal to one hundred per cent., of which eighty is needed by the body, and twenty is left for work, we could make vitality equal

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to one hundred and twenty, thus leaving eighty for motive power of the vital organs, and forty, instead of twenty per cent., for work. Suppose that we study the body as a merchant studies his shop, trying to increase the income and reduce the outgo.

Can this be done? Yes; human vitality can be increased,—enormously increased. Not by drugs, not by serum injections, not by vague electrical schemes can this be done, nor by any other fad or fetich, but by complying with the simple fundamental laws which govern the human body.

The materials from which vitality is generated are, as we have seen, food, air, and water. Now, the amount of vitality available for the body as a whole will depend upon three things: first, the nature of the food, air, and water taken; second, the ability of the organism to utilize these matters; and, third, the amount of vitality economized.

For increase of vitality the first requirement is proper food,—plain, simple food, not too much, not too often, not too many kinds at a meal, and not too hastily eaten. The act of eating for vitality can not be fully discussed here, but is reserved for a later article. Meantime it may be said that the best general rules are moderation and simplicity. Simple foods taken in moderate quantities require the least outlay of energy for their digestion and assimilation, and, at the same time, contain the largest amount of energy-producing matters.

Equally important in the production of vitality is the ability of the vital organs to utilize the food. In the stomach and intestines the food is digested,—converted into products capable of being absorbed into the interior of the body and entering the blood stream. In the lungs, the kidneys, and the skin, the blood is purified of its waste. In the lungs and the skin the blood takes up oxygen, and in the liver it is replenished and reorganized. The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour.

Now, all these organs act by rhythmical movement,—the heart and lungs by alternate contraction and expansion, the other vital organs by somewhat different but equally pronounced motion. To accommodate these motions of the organs, space is required; and to provide this space the cavities containing these organs, the chest and the abdomen, must be large. In other words, the trunk must be uplifted and expanded.

Many Leaders in Activity Are Broad-shouldered Men

It is a matter of observation that the leaders in all lines of activity are, almost without exception, men of the broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, straight-spined type. Robert Ogden and Herbert H. Vreeland, among business men; Jean de Reszke, Ernst Fischer, and Carl Dufft, among singers; Gladstone, Webster, and O'Connell, among orators; Napoleon, Washington, and Grant, among soldiers; Henry Ward Beecher, and W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, New York City, among the clergy; President Roosevelt and District Attorney William Travers Jerome, in political life,—all these are of the big-breasted, deep-breathing type,—the type of men within whose capacious, expanded bodies the vital organs have room in which to do their work. Their work is to make vitality; and vitality makes success, power, and leadership.

Realizing the truth of all this, we are already far on the way toward a solution of that vital question, "How can I increase my stock of vitality?" We have seen the importance of proper food. We have seen that, both by physiologic principle and by demonstration, an expanded and uplifted body is essential to great personal power,—great initiative.

"But," says some ambitious young man, "my chest is flat, my back bent, and my body is narrow and collapsed." Even so, the bent and shrunken body can be uplifted and expanded into beauty and healthfulness in a few months of proper drill; and the dyspeptic stomach, the depressed, cramped heart, and the crowded liver will have several hundred cubic inches more of space in which to do their work of generating vitality. They will make enough more vitality to very often carry a life to the goal of success instead of failure,—to celebrity instead of to obscurity.

To discuss in detail the methods by which the body may be so uplifted and expanded as to greatly increase the working efficiency of the vital organs is not here practicable. The matter is most important, however; for, while the body may by the practice of a few simple movements be uplifted and expanded to a remarkable degree, much of the exercise taught and practiced at the present time tends to contract the trunk, to impede vital activities, and so to exhaust the forces instead of building them up. The best exercise is that which is followed not by exhaustion but by exhilaration.

We Dissipate Our Energy in Many Careless Ways

Vital economy is the third condition of increased vitality. We have been told of the tremendous waste of power that for countless ages occurred at Niagara Falls. Such waste is small compared with the enormous waste of human vitality that occurs every day in this country.

The average man wastes his forces in a thousand ways. There are men who shake hands as if they were hauling on a hawser, who manipulate their knives and forks as if they were chopping down trees, who handle pens as if they were crowbars,—who wastefully use up in these and other everyday acts enough energy to change their lives from a desperate struggle for maintenance into a serene triumph.

Vital economy is an art. It can be learned by any human being who desires it sufficiently to follow a course of simple mental and physical exercises. The principle of the mental exercises may be summed up by saying that any excitement, tension, or worry will produce excess of muscular action and consequent waste of force. The physical exercises consist of certain free movements of the body for the purpose of learning to move with the smallest possible outlay of force.

God likes an earnest soul,—
Too earnest to be eager. Soon or late
It leaves the spent horde breathless by the way,
And stands serene, triumphant, at the goal.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Folks keep findin' fault with this here life," said Uncle Eben, "but jes the same dar's mighty few but wishes dar was more of it."

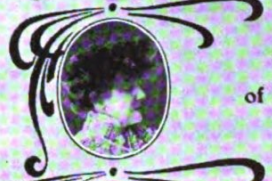
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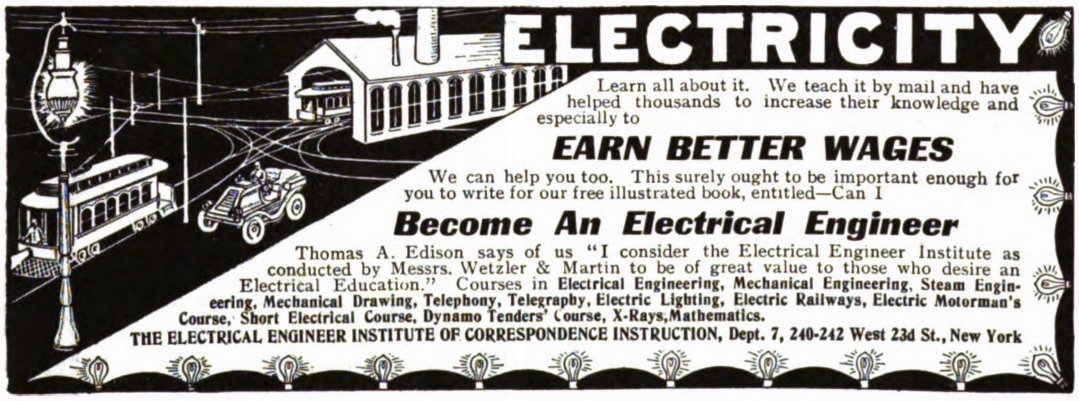
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HOWARD FIELDING

[*Concluded from page 90*]



fit together. The fragments were these: "(1,) Gordon O'Neil is the cleverest collector of curios that exists in the world at this moment; (2,) he has been doing business right alongside of me, and I never knew it; (3,) there are tremendous possibilities in Columbus Smith Savard."

It was the third division of the subject that chiefly engaged his attention. The phantom figure of the old connoisseur rode on the horse that drew the hansom up the avenue to the Brenton residence, and even accompanied Gilbert into the house. Indeed, Gilbert was compelled to acknowledge the presence of Savard's ghost, and beg permission to introduce it. Mrs. Benton and Muriel had seen Savard in curio-shops and at the American Art Galleries on sale-days. He had seemed, at such times, to be scarcely more real than the specter which Gilbert described to them, but both mother and daughter had taken pains to learn the quaint old man's name, and had amused themselves inventing stories of his career, since the truth was unattainable.

In fact, Savard monopolized the conversation to such an extent that Gilbert and his folly and the somewhat excessive punishment thereof remained in the background, to the young man's great relief. Yet the whole trend and spirit of the scene were hopeful, bright, and confident. As a rule, a man can furnish his own criticism, advice, and even courage; what he needs is the loyalty of his friends, and a cheerful atmosphere.

There is a state of mind which almost every man associates with good fortune. Few of us are free from childish notions about premonitions of good and evil, and we see proofs of their truth in the most ordinary coincidences. Gilbert was in the mood that makes the luckiest happenings seem natural, when he left the Brenton house. His thoughts were still upon Savard; he would have given much for a few words with him; and, presto! like a trick of magic, the figure of the old connoisseur appeared in the glare of an electric light.

Gilbert was out of the hansom before the driver could stop it, and he overtook Savard in three strides. The old gentleman was obviously delighted to see him. This would have surprised Gilbert far more had he known Savard better. The latter's nature was keenly, delicately appreciative, and he resented the lack of that quality in others. It is very easy to see, in such a man, only a stovepipe hat and a quaint suit of clothes.

They walked some distance together, and parted at a door which led to apartments over an old-fashioned bank building on the avenue. Gilbert

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was amazed that Savard should live in a building where the rents must be almost as high as they were in the Lincoln Chambers, but he was too much pleased with the results of his conversation to be greatly bothered by mysteries.

It was nearly eleven when he entered the curio-shop where O'Neil was waiting impatiently. The interior of the store was excellently suited to its purpose, but the entrance was singularly inconspicuous. Though it was scarcely fifty feet from the avenue, one might have passed up and down the great thoroughfare for a lifetime and never have seen the modest sign of Gordon O'Neil upon the side street.

Almost till dawn the two men examined the treasures of the shop, and, though Gilbert had expected much, he was amazed at the excellence of the collection, its suitability to the demand of the moment, and the remarkably low prices which O'Neil had paid. The man was surely a great buyer, and had formed some extraordinary connections in the course of his travels. Had the sales borne any just proportion to the merits of the stock, O'Neil would have had a business to be proud of, but they had been ridiculously small. In this era of luxury, when palaces full of objects of art are springing up in numbers beyond counting, and when men of taste buy eagerly, and those who lack it buy recklessly, there should be a fortune within easy reach of one so well equipped as Gordon O'Neil. Yet he was trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, and was pressed by a petty debt in the hands of a friend.

As the light of day began to pale the lamps, Gilbert looked up from a big sheet of paper covered with figures.

"There is my proposition, Gordon," he said. "I'll move my stuff over here and sell it from this store. The proceeds are to go into the business. I'll guarantee to tide this concern over the shoals, and take care of its pressing indebtedness. In my present pecuniary situation, I may not strike you as a responsible man, and yet I know that I can make good in this agreement. If I succeed, I want an interest in this business, and I have figured out the right percentage, as it seems to me. There it is on paper. If you like it, we'll close the bargain,—as far as it can be closed at this moment,—but there'll be one proviso. I must have the right to advertise my own stuff in my own way, and to be the absolute boss of the advertising end of this business so long as I'm concerned with it."

O'Neil took up the sheet, on which the figures were, and looked across it, heavy-eyed and despondent.

"I've tried advertising," he said, "and I've never got my money back. The business is unsuited to modern advertising methods. Only a few weeks ago I put a notice in several of the papers,—"

Gilbert threw back his head, and laughed long and loud.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I was pining to see you, and I had no idea that you were in New York. I have just left the presence of two cultivated women of great wealth and fine artistic tastes. They buy liberally the very things that are dead weight on your shelves, but Mrs. Brenton and her daughter never heard of you. Jimmy Deering—who's not much on art, but knows almost everybody in New York,—never has mentioned you to me, though we three were close friends ten years ago. That settles it, Gordon. Sit still and watch me. You don't understand the game."

Two days later there appeared, in every important newspaper in New York, a very remarkable pen-and-ink portrait of Columbus Smith Savard. It was executed boldly, with few strokes; it was perhaps a bit "poster-y;" it showed the unique figure, the queer, long-tailed coat, the impossibly attenuated limbs, and the old stovepipe hat, and yet it was not in any degree a caricature. It was full of dignity, grace, and delicacy,—the portrait of a gentleman. That it possessed genuine artistic merit, which could not be obscured even by crude reproduction, was sufficiently evidenced by Savard's satisfaction with it. Certainly he was not the man to praise his own portrait unless it was good.

Accompanying the picture was an announcement that the private collection of John Gilbert was exhibited for sale at the art rooms of Gordon O'Neil, and that Columbus Smith Savard would deliver a brief address upon certain features of the collection, beginning at four o'clock. The old gentleman was not described as a connoisseur; he



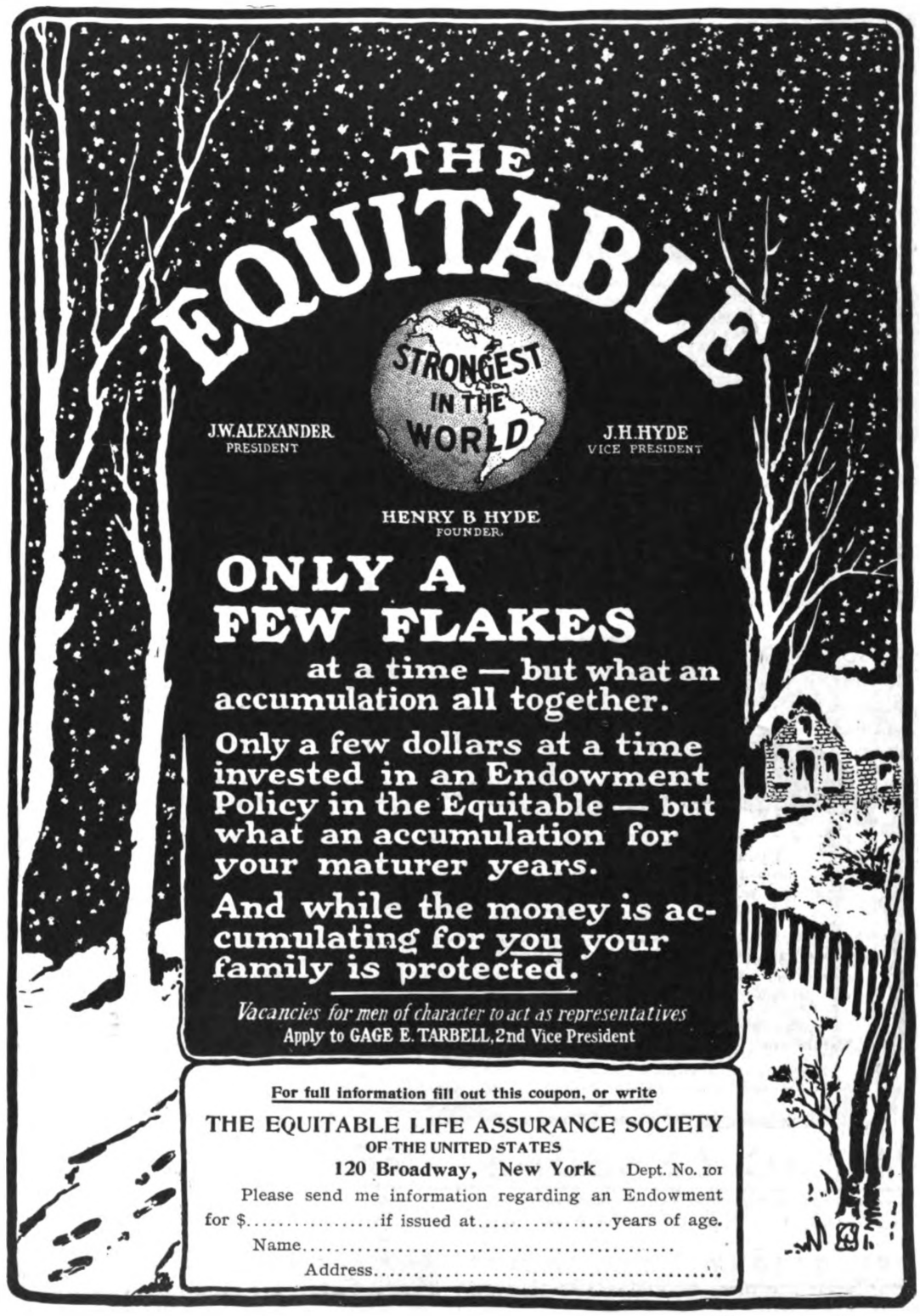
KATY SAYS:

You cannot select a more delightful trip at this season than the trip to Old Mexico. A restful and invigorating change of climate; scenery and sky that vie with each other in exquisite beauty; the out-of-door life and the peculiar charm found only in the tropics—all combine to make it a superb Winter trip. Old Mexico is quaintly foreign—a country of picturesque sights and scenes; a veritable glimpse of a new world.

In Katy's through Pullman sleepers the trip can be made from St. Louis to Mexico City comfortably and without change en route.

Our attractive booklet "To Old Mexico" illustrates points of interest en route and describes the customs and characteristics of the people. Don't think of visiting Mexico without reading it and "The Story of San Antonio." Sent free. The Katy Girl, a picture, 10 x 14, in colors, suitable for framing, sent for 12c. Address

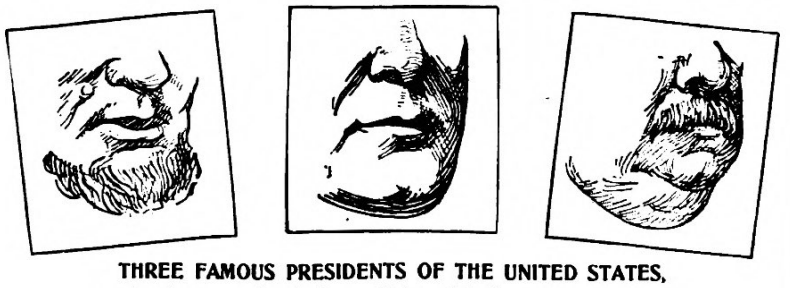
George Morton, G. P. A.,
809 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
GEO. L. THAYER, D. P. A.,
309 Broadway, - New York City.



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THE PRESIDENT

PRIZE PUZZLE



THREE FAMOUS PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES,
who always used and who could be satisfied with no other than

Williams' Shaving Soap

It falls to the lot of but few men to be President of the United States, but every man can enjoy Williams' Shaving Soap, and no man who values comfort, luxury and safety will be satisfied with any other.

OUR OFFER

To any one sending us the correct name of any **one** of these Presidents, with a **2-cent stamp** to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, post-paid, a most useful and ingenious pocket tool, called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day. Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 36, Glastonbury, Conn.

FREE. Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for a 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

What is Said About the Triplet:

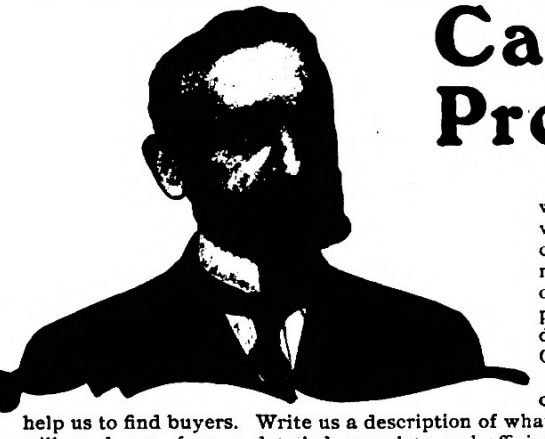
"Received the Triplet some time ago, and would not be without it. Just like Williams' Shaving Soap—the best thing out."

"I would not take a dollar for the Triplet. It saved me a very serious accident two days ago."

"About two months ago you sent me a Triplet. I have used it constantly until a few days ago, when I lost it. I feel as if I had lost my best friend."

"Enclosed find 10c. in stamps for 5 Triplets. It is the nicest and handiest pocket tool I ever saw. I want to give some to my friends."

"The Triplet has become like my pocket-knife, or watch or pencil—a necessity, and I would not care to be without it."



Cash for your Property

We sell properties and businesses no matter where they are—how much or how little they are worth. We find CASH buyers and quickly. We cannot afford to list your property and let it remain on our books indefinitely. We **must** sell or go out of business. We take charge of your proposition in a live, up-to-date way and we don't let it rest until you get spot cash for it. Our business covers the country.

We have branch offices in 18 principal cities and an army of representatives to help us to find buyers. Write us a description of what you have to sell, state your price and we will send you—free—a detailed, complete and efficient plan for finding a buyer. Write now.

If you want to buy a property or business of any kind—anywhere—let us know your requirements. We have, or will find you, what you are looking for.

$1,000 000 to loan on good mortgages at 4 1-2 per cent. and 5 per cent.—all sections of the country.

We Want More Live Representatives—hustlers—men who can sell property, find desirable openings for investment and in other ways help us to further develop this business. Write for our proposition.

A. A. Rottner & Co.,

Established 1893. **702 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Penna.**

Publishers of ROTTNER'S REAL ESTATE REGISTER, a monthly journal containing a full list of properties and businesses for sale everywhere. Mailed free.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE,

at your home. We will give, free, for advertising purposes, 48 music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils on **Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin** (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." For booklet, testimonials and **FREE** tuition contract, address **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BOX 709, 19 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

TELEGRAPHY School established 1862. Hundreds of operators owe their success to instructions received here. Situations secured for graduates. We also teach by mail. Catalog free. OBERLIN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Oberlin, Ohio.

10,000 PLANTS FOR 16 Cents
Send to-day, 16 cents in stamps and receive big catalog and sufficient vegetable and flower seeds to produce 10,000 plants. JOHN C. SALZER, LA CROSSE WISCONSIN.

was not described at all, nor was he given a line of praise. With most excellent judgment Gilbert let him stand absolutely unique and without definition. He was Columbus Smith Savard, and that was enough.

Gilbert made an appointment by telephone with "Stubby" Warren, for half past three, at O'Neil's place of business.

"Certainly," said the treasurer of the Murray Hill Trust Company; "I had intended to be there anyhow."

When Warren arrived, the store was already crowded. It had the aspect, as "Stubby" expressed it, of "a stand-up feed" in high society. Indeed, some simple refreshments were provided. In a private room Columbus Smith Savard was nervously adjusting his ancient hat, and he seemed upon the verge of collapse. Every two minutes or so Gilbert ran in and shook hands with him, and the old man's face lighted up until it was really beautiful. The last hand-shake keyed him up to the proper pitch, and he appeared before the people with a quiet confidence and a gentle dignity that were utterly charming. His wit and wisdom, his delicate discernment, and his inimitable reminiscences would have held most of his auditors there till midnight, if Gilbert had not prearranged a signal by which the lecture was brought to a close.

When it was over, Gilbert took "Stubby" Warren aside, and told him the whole story.

"Jack," said Warren, "if this is a sample of what you can do, don't say another word. I'd have carried O'Neil anyhow, if there'd been a chance for him, but there wasn't. He was headed right straight down hill, and my business experience has shown me that there's very little gained for anybody by prolonging a bankruptcy. As a rule, it's better to have it over with. But there's no crash in sight now for this outfit. If you can hold this gait a little while, you'll make your fortunes."

Savard as a novelty crowded the store for a week, and the advertisement put the business upon a wholly different footing. It was in the nature of an introduction, and a very good one; but it was not Gilbert's design to rest upon an introduction alone.

"In Columbus Smith Savard we have the first requisite of advertising," said he to O'Neil. "We have something that absolutely characterizes all our announcements, something that is distinctive, that can not be taken away from us, nor imitated successfully by anybody else in our line. He has been walking around this town for years, and nobody else has ever seen the value of him. I have him under contract, though his friendship and loyalty would be quite enough. That's the commercial side of it. Personally he is the most lovable old man that ever existed, and I doubly bless the moment when my eyes first lighted on him."

"As a salesman, however, he has his weak points," responded O'Neil, smiling. "Have you noticed his strenuous efforts to prevent people from buying the things that he likes? He doesn't want anything good to go out of the shop."

"We don't care for him as a salesman," said Gilbert; "I'm something in that line, myself."

Thereupon O'Neil enthusiastically assured him that he was more than a salesman,—he was a confidence man.

Various were the uses of Savard, but the unrivaled *coup* that Gilbert made with him was in connection with the Nemesis candlestick. Very early in their acquaintance Gilbert discovered that nobody except himself believed that Savard owned this famous example of the goldsmith's art. The general notion was that the old man had a delusion upon the subject. It is natural to suppose that an old man of eccentric appearance is slightly insane. Even O'Neil held to this opinion, and he was struck motionless and dumb when Gilbert calmly informed him that he had seen the Nemesis candlestick in Savard's possession weeks before, and had at length secured the old man's permission to place it on exhibition in the shop.

"He took me up to his room in the bank building, one evening," said Gilbert. "It was about the size of our vestibule, and contained nothing but a cot bed, a little round table, two rickety chairs, a rack of shelves, and the collection."

"The collection!" echoed O'Neil.

"I believe that I am the first who was ever admitted to see it, with the possible exception of the president of the bank, who gave Savard the room, rent-free, and would have done much more for him if our friend would have accepted anything. The collection consisted of photographs

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and prints tacked to the wall,—and the Nemesis candlestick, with a fine wax taper in it, standing on the round table at the head of the bed. It is a wonder, Gordon. I am not surprised that a man like Savard should have exchanged his total hoard for an object so beautiful. Besides, he knows more of its story than he will ever tell. Savard was a person of some consequence in England, years ago, as I have discovered, and I'll wager my head that he knows who drove the Duke of Pentland to his death, and whose hand carried that candlestick into the tomb at dead of night to behold the consummation of her revenge."

"However, this is guesswork," he continued, "and strictly confidential, of course. Savard and his 'collection' are in comfortable quarters now, as you're aware. The point is that we've got a big thing, and we must work it just right. This is not a matter for the daily papers; we must use the magazines, where we can get good plates and printing, and can secure a permanency and importance that the papers can't give. I'm going to choose three or four magazines that know how to print advertising, and I'm going to give them the finest picture of the Nemesis candlestick, and the best portrait of our dear old trademark, Columbus Smith Savard, and the most entertaining story, to go with it all, that time, patience, toil, and money can secure. I shall announce the exhibition of the candlestick in our store on the first day of December. There are many things in our stock that will make mighty nice Christmas presents, Gordon."

O'Neil was in doubt about the propriety of printing a picture of the candlestick. He thought that a dignified and simple announcement would whet curiosity, while a photograph might satisfy it. But Gilbert knew far more about the art of abetting curiosity than his friend did, as the results proved. He handled the matter in such a way in the magazines that the newspapers were compelled to take it up, and the whole art world was talking. The magazines gave him valuable out-of-town circulation, and connoisseurs from a dozen states were attracted to New York.

Though Gordon O'Neil was not the man to make himself known, he was one who could command and hold the esteem of all who were brought within the circle of his influence. He began to assume a prominence which he really deserved, and to reap an appropriate pecuniary return. The business which the firm did in the month of December, while the Nemesis candlestick was on exhibition, established it upon a basis of easy prosperity, and justified more extensive operations than O'Neil had ever before dreamed of undertaking.

On the first day of the new year, Gilbert, a little thinner as a result of toil, but greatly exalted in spirit, greeted Savard with a warmer grip of the hand than usual, and the old gentleman was correspondingly delighted.

"Do you regard me as a successful man?" Gilbert inquired.

"You are far more than that," responded Savard; "you are one whom success has not spoiled. You are still an artist."

"O'Neil says I'm an artist in publicity," responded Gilbert. "For other artistic endeavor I am too happy. Your true artist should have a touch of melancholy, but the world is sunshine and roses to me, in the middle of winter."

Savard looked into his face with that peculiar gaze that seemed to penetrate all gentle mysteries, all tender and beautiful secrets.

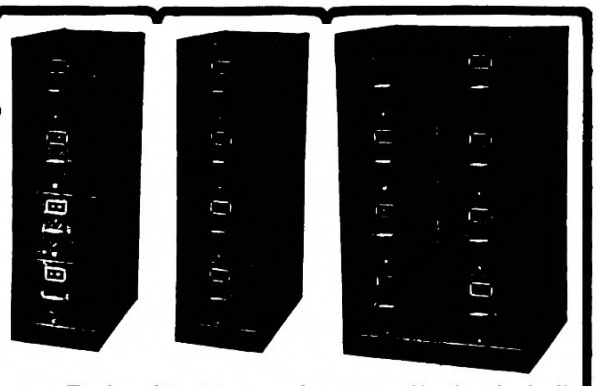
"I rejoice with you," he said; "my compliments and best wishes to Miss Brenton!"

He Sold Lighthouses

FOUR traveling men were seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, being whirled through a western state. The condition of trade formed the subject of conversation, and three of them confessed, dubiously shaking their heads, that they had not sold a bill of goods for a week. "Well, I haven't made a sale for two months," said the fourth man, with a smile. "And your people keep you on?" asked one of his companions. The fourth man nodded. "What in thunder are you selling?" broke in another. "Lighthouses!" said the fourth man.

The speaker was F. Hopkinson Smith, best known to the public as an artist, author, and playwright. Painting and authorship, however, are diversions with Mr. Smith,—the planning and building of lighthouses being his serious task. No business man in America works harder than he over dry details and calculations, and in the summing up of what he has accomplished in his life-work he says the most satisfactory achievement to him has been the construction of Race Rock Lighthouse in New London Harbor. Its construction involved a six years' battle with the elements, a continuous fight between sea and man, and no one can wonder that Mr. Smith takes pardonable pride in its successful issue. "The mastery of Race Rock," he says, "helped and strengthened me, and showed me the wisdom of depending upon myself."

"Macey" (TRADE MARK)
Grand Rapids, Mich



Vertical Filing Cabinets Are

Not simply *good* cabinets but ***the Best.*** Each cabinet is complete in itself—finished all around, but permits the addition of more sections as desired. The drawers are fitted with our *"Macey" Roller Extension* slides and every cabinet is fitted with *Automatic interior* lock and anti-friction casters,—no extra charge.

We Guarantee best value in material, design, workmanship, and finish, *and* the *Greatest Available Drawer-Capacity* of *any Letter Filing* cabinet made. A careful inspection and comparison with others will convince you and prevent future disappointment.

We ship "*direct from our factory*" at a material saving in cost to you.

Send to-day for our Catalogue "AA5."

The **FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN**

Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture

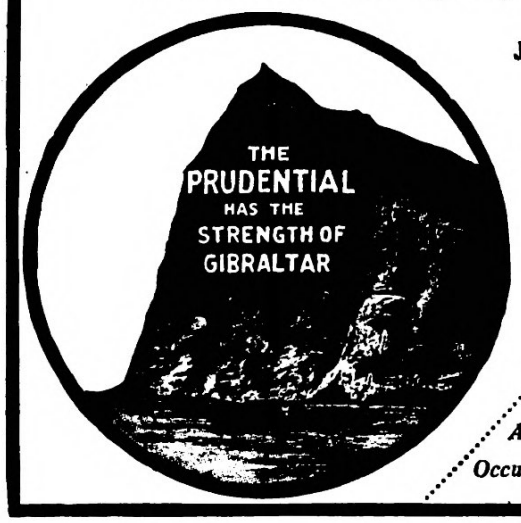
NEW YORK—343 Broadway BOSTON—178 Federal Street CHICAGO—152 Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA—14 No. Thirteenth Street WASHINGTON—Bond Building

Last Month

We spoke to you about the advantages of Endowment Life Insurance. We told you how statistics show that there are over One Million Endowment Policies in force in this country, representing ultimate accumulations of over Two Billion Dollars. Also that 80 per cent. of the men who take Endowment Insurance at age 30, live to reap the reward of their foresight at the end of 20 years. We said that some interesting information would be sent on request. This offer is still open and you can avail yourself to-day. Suppose you do.

THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America



JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.

SEND THIS COUPON

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

For.....
Name.....*Age*.....
Address.....
Occupation.....*Dept.* 33

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LOWNEY'S Chocolates

have by their **Perfect Purity, Delicious Quality,** and **Delightful Flavors** achieved the

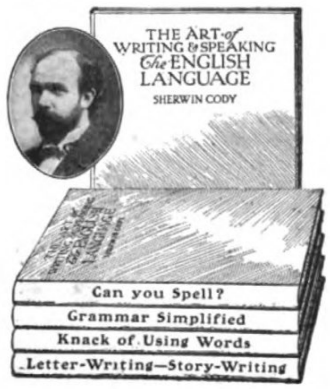
LARGEST SALES OF ANY CONFECTIONS IN THE WORLD

Every sealed package of Lowney's Candies is **guaranteed** to be in perfect condition. A guarantee slip is enclosed in each sealed package.

P. S.—We send **FREE** the Lowney Receipt Book, telling how to make fudge, caramels, icings, chocolate bonbons, etc., etc., at home.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Good English Pays!



This Month $2. Regular Price $3.

Marshall Field & Co. pay their employees $1 for every error of English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house. M. W. Savage, Pres. International Stock Food Co., employing 50 stenographers, says he would raise the salaries of all his employees 25 per cent. if they would learn to write a correct and effective business letter.

Sherwin Cody's four little books (pocket-size, everything you want, nothing you don't want), containing his seven home-study courses in English (Word-Study, Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Short Story Writing, Creative Composition) hitherto sold for $15 to $25 for each course, are in daily use in the advertising or corresponding departments of hundreds of such business houses as Marshall Field & Co., The Tobey Furniture Co., Lyon & Healy, The Chas. H. Fuller Adv. Agency, The Manz Adv. Agency, Montgomery Ward & Co., Sears, Roebuck & Co., etc. You may be sure they are practical and really help the business man. Set of four cloth-bound books in a box this month $2; regular price $3.

ARE YOU TOO BUSY TO STUDY?

Mr. Cody's Criticism-of-English service is helping many a business man too busy to take a regular course of study. All you have to do is to send carbon or other copies of your regular correspondence, adv.-writing, literary compositions, or the like, and for $1 you get a "jacking-up" letter weekly from an expert who is at once a scholar and man of letters, and a successful correspondent and adv.-writer as well. His suggestions are so practical, so pointed and stimulating, that you cannot help improving your work in every way. Story writers, newspaper men, teachers, clubwomen, will find Mr. Cody's books and advice more useful than any others obtainable, because they are so direct, so business-like. He was the first to teach short story writing successfully, and his "World's Greatest Short Stories" is now the standard college textbook for that study.

ADDRESS, SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 528 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, CHICAGO.



I GET YOU CASH

For your property or business,—whether it be in the North, South, East or West. My plan is different from other agents'—no matter how many have failed to sell your property, or business, I WILL FIND a cash customer for it.

I AM A SPECIALIST IN MORE THAN NAME. If you will send me a description of your house, lot, farm, coal or oil land, factory, patent or business, and place a reasonable price upon it, I will outline a plan to convert it into cash quickly. My advice and plans are free and you do not obligate yourself to me when I send them.

C. C. ANDERSON, Suite 203 Burgwin Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

If you want to buy property or business at a reasonable price in any part of the country, write me.

Bound Books at Sheet Price.

RIDPATH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Sent on 7 Days' Approval, Only $2.00 Monthly.

IN cleaning up our stock we find a few slightly **"rubbed" sets**—about 30, and rather than rebind such a small lot, we will dispose of them at what the sheets are worth to us unbound, and at $2.00 monthly.

Books are 11 inches tall.



We guarantee that this is the latest, most complete, up to date and unabridged edition, containing our war with Spain, all about the Philippines, Cuba and our new possessions, etc.

If you'd like to possess the only world's history that reads like a story-book—yet is recognized by such men as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Vincent and thousands more as a standard authority and the greatest historical reference work in existence, SEND FOR FREE SPECIMEN BOOK TO-DAY. That specimen book will give you all facts and details—why **YOU** need it—how **YOU** can secure a slightly "rubbed" set at the value of the unbound sheets—nine royal octavo volumes—4000 illustrations and color plates. Complete set is sent at once.

Space here is costly; our free sample book tells everything.

Cut the Coupon Off and Send It To-day

MERRILL & BAKER, 9 & 11 E. 16th St., New York

Send me free RIDPATH'S sample page and illustration book containing specimens of Race Charts, Chronological Charts, Colored Race Type Plates, Photo Engravings, etc., giving special price particulars.

February Success.

Name.....

Address.....

Saving the Long House

ALVAH MILTON KERR

[*Concluded from page 97*]

wires. In turn Sloan told of the disjointed condition of the whole system of defense, and she leaned from the lookout window and stared at the rocking tangle of flames on the opposite height with fresh terror.

Berg and his men went toward the scene of conflagration with desire and expectation at white heat. Through the first half dozen miles the engine was driven recklessly. The endless room roared, the headlight gushed it full of light in front, the myriad dusty beams and rafters glimmered backward into darkness, and the bottomless hole rushed upon them ceaselessly. Every man's face looked long and distorted. The cars of powder had nearly five minutes' start of them; could they overtake and bring to a standstill those unbridled rams of destruction? Could they hook into and hold cars that were probably running forty or fifty miles an hour? But few words were spoken. Nat Sanborn, the engineer, sat with one hand on the emergency lever and the other on the throttle, peering ahead, his brows drawn into a knot. Berg hung halfway out the fireman's window, staring into the yawning hole in front. When within four or five miles of the center of the Big Bend he gave a yell.

"There they are, Nat! Open her wider!" he shouted. Sanborn hooked her up another notch, but it was only a glimpse they got of the runaways; like shadows the cars slipped out of sight around a curve. At the end of another mile they again saw the fleeing things, vaguely, away in front. Sanborn reversed the lever. Berg leaped at him.

"What are you doin', Nat?" he demanded.

"We can't hook 'em," said Sanborn; "if we could we could n't stop 'em here on the grade until we all went head first into the fire,—an' t' be wrecked in a fire with that powder,—well!—"

Berg crumpled his soiled hands together and pushed them across his sweat-beaded face. "Number Four,—if they—if they,—" He swallowed painfully and looked strainingly ahead.

Passenger Number Four exploded torpedoes that the walker had placed on the rails, stopped, and then advanced. It picked up the patrol and pushed carefully ahead, but its crew knew nothing of the cars of powder. If the runaways should hold to the rails and run through the fire the walls of the Long House would be spattered with something more scarlet than flame. Berg and Sanborn were feeling their way onward; up at Fuller's Mine the men were working wildly in an attempt to fill the tanks; over on the crag Mrs. Taylor was praying in a transport of anxiety; and down on the front of the mountain Park, bruised and bleeding, was creeping upward when the explosion came. He was hanging among the rocks and looking over his shoulder at Muley Mountain when suddenly he saw the whole conflagration leap, apparently, into the sky, while a crash of sound went abroad that shook the heavens and rocked the mountains, and he felt himself flattened in among the stones as from a great blow. Up in the stone house Mrs. Taylor heard the walls crack and leaped back with a scream as the window glass rattled about her. They looked at Muley Mountain,—the fire had been blown out as one blows out a candle! Stars of flame winked here and there on the mountain, and a gray vapor drifted above it. That was all.

When Berg and the passenger crew met at the scene of the explosion, they found that some seven hundred feet of the shed had disappeared and that some two hundred feet of rails and ties had gone with it. Bits of the cars were found at distant spots on the mountain. The fire which had hungrily begun the destruction of the Long House had been put out by fire with a breath behind it that blew itself and all around it into blackness.

After all hands had been over "on the big rug" at headquarters, Burke said to Chief Dispatcher Manvell, "It seems that that chap, Mrs. Taylor's son, did the real business. What do you think?"

"Strikes me that way," said the chief.

"Seems like a good emergency man; guess we'd better put him on with the linemen, and, when he's a little older,—if he pans out all right,—we can push him to the first place. He and his mother must n't go up on that old rock-pile again."

"I'll look after them," assented Manvell.

Three years later Park Taylor became general foreman of linemen, and this story of his grit on the face of Forked Mountain is not the only tale they tell of him on the Western Central.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

HIS HONESTY WON HIM AN EDUCATION

A True Story

JOE HUNTER, a manly little bootblack, whose honest eyes and cheerful bearing won him many customers, was a familiar figure about the Grand Central Depot, New York City. Joe had his regular customers, who would rather wait to be served by him, than have their boots "shined" by any other bootblack. He took great pride in his work, and looked so pleased and happy when he made a pair of dusty or muddy boots shine like ebony, that the most persistent pessimist who looked on the boy's face could not help brightening up a little.

Joe was only eight years old, yet he was already dreaming of a future when he should be grown up, and educated, and,—he almost blushed at his own audacity in thinking it,—should wear a shiny silk hat, patent leather boots, a suit of broadcloth, and a gold watch and chain, like some of the "swells" whose boots he blacked.

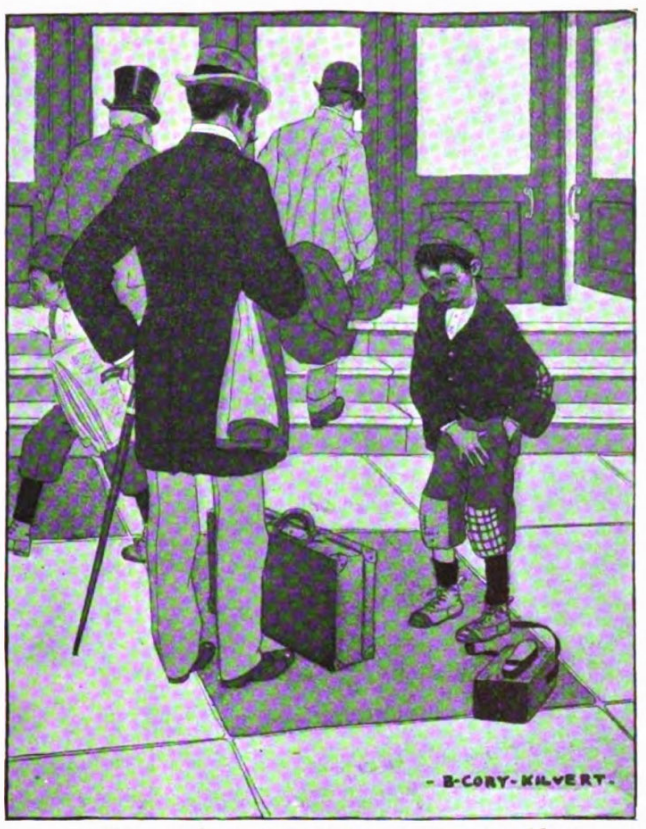
"Shine, sir, shine?" he interrogated in his cheery voice, as he one day stepped up to a well-dressed man who stood on the platform.

"Shine, my boy," the gentleman repeated, as he looked down at his boots, "Yes, I would like a 'shine' if you can get it done before the Boston train pulls out. You have five minutes."

"All right, sir, I'll get it done."

Joe was giving the finishing touches to his job when, "All aboard for Boston! All aboard!" rang out above the din of trains coming and going. The gentleman threw the boy half a dollar and started for his train. Joe ran after him with his change, but was too late; the train was already moving out.

Six months passed. Joe was still plying his trade at the Grand Central Depot. Business was dull that evening. Every one was hurrying home. No one thought of his shoes. Suddenly Joe spied a face in the passing crowd, which he recognized as that of the gentleman whose shoes he had blacked six months before, and who had left on the Boston train before he could get his change.



"'I'm so glad to see you again, to give you your change!'"

"Mister, Mister!" the boy cried, as he dashed to the gentleman's side, "I'm so glad to see you again to give you your change," and he eagerly explained to the astonished traveler, how, he, Joe, came to be his debtor.

Such punctilious honesty in a little homeless waif touched the prosperous man of business. For a few seconds he stood as one dumfounded. "Keep the change, my boy," he finally said, handing him a card, "and come to this address tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

That day saw the beginning of the realization of Joe's dreams. His education was arranged for by his generous customer, who remarked, years afterwards, that he had never made a better investment than when he put that boy in the way of earning an education for himself.

Your Most Valuable Possession

NOTHING else is worth so much to you as your unqualified endorsement of yourself. The approval of the "still, small voice" within you, which says to every noble act, "That is right," and to every ignoble one, "That is wrong," is worth more to you than all the kingdoms of the earth. It matters little what others may think about you, or what the world may say; it makes no difference whether the press or the public praises or blames; it is by your own honest judgment of yourself that you must stand or fall.

Many a man who is looked upon as successful, lauded in the daily papers, sought after by society, and looked up to by his wealthy neighbors, knows perfectly well that he is a fraud. His heart never beats but it disapproves of his deception. Every time he is reminded of his success,—in dollars and cents,—his conscience pricks him. Every time he goes through his factory or mines, the wan faces, emaciated forms, starved and cramped lives whose blood is on every dollar of the huge fortune which their ill-requited toil has enabled him to amass sternly accuse him. They tell him, in thunder-tones, that, instead of being the great success which the world thinks him, he is a gigantic failure, and that his wealth has been acquired literally at the cost of human lives. He realizes that their accusations are just. He has murdered the opportunities, crushed the ambitions, and prevented the adequate education of hundreds of young toilers who are little better than his chattel slaves. Forced into the battle of life, to help eke out the miserable pittance earned by their fathers or mothers, or both parents, they have never known childhood or freedom or happiness.

Can such an employer, no matter how seared his conscience, be happy when he meets the glances of those disappointed eyes, and when he contrasts the miserable surroundings of those unfortunate children who labor in order that his own little ones may be surrounded with luxury? Can he enjoy his wealth when he rides in his luxurious carriage, accompanied by a coachman and a footman, past the miserable homes of those poor people? Will not the pleading eyes of those unfortunate children, whose spiritual lives he has crushed, and who have never had even the ghost of a chance to develop their dormant possibilities, haunt his dreams? Will not those accusing faces rise up before him at the banquet table, in the midst of the applause of the multitude, and condemn him?

There is no alchemy by which the man who has not earned his own approval can extract real happiness and true satisfaction from either his money or his position.

Be sure, then, that you have your own approval first and last. If you resolve that you will never forfeit confidence in yourself, and that you will never take chances of your own disapproval, whatever you have or do not have, you will have a bulwark which will be your stay whether in prosperity or in adversity.

At the least murmur of disapproval of the "still, small voice," halt and ask yourself what you are about to do and whither you are going. There is something wrong,—of that you may be sure. You must remedy it immediately. Do n't parley with the cause of your disturbance; do n't try to compromise with it. Such a course will prove as dangerous as that of a mariner who, in the midst of a storm, should insist upon holding the needle to a certain point by force, because he wanted to sail in that direction. To try to influence the compass would be to wreck his ship upon the rocks or shoals in his path. There are human wrecks all along the ocean of life who have disregarded or tried to compromise with their compass,—conscience.

To keep your self-approval you must be honest. It is impossible to be dishonest and not stand condemned before the bar of conscience. No matter how slight the departure from truth or integrity, no matter how trifling the deception or untruthfulness, (if any deception or untruthfulness can be considered slight,) you have been tampering with the needle, and if you persist in such a course you will not reach the harbor you seek.

You can not sell shoddy for all wool, thirty-two inches for a yard, thirty quarts for a bushel, or domestic for imported goods; you can not cheat your employer of time or service or by not giving the best that is in you, without compromising with your conscience.

If you keep your self-approval, no matter what other things you may lose, you will still be rich. You may make a fortune, or you may lose one; you may live in a beautiful home or in a cheap boarding house; you may wear rich garments or cheap ones; you may ride in a fine carriage or you may walk; you may keep your friends or you may lose them; you may have the good opinion of the world or its contempt, but, if you have never tampered with your conscience, if you believe in yourself, if you approve of your life, if you have been honest and earnest and true, and if you can look yourself square in the face without wincing, you will be happy and successful, even though the world should brand you as a failure.

How many people who are living in fine houses, riding in elegant carriages, and spending money like water trying to enjoy themselves, would give half, yea, some of them all of their wealth, in exchange for their bartered self-approval!

It is said that the basest criminal feels a sense of consciousness of justice, and says "Amen" in his heart, while he feels the words "That is right, that is right," quivering on his lips, when the judge pronounces his doom. This voice is his own best self, which never forsook him, and which, had he obeyed its warnings, would have brought him to victory as surely as the sun brings flowers and fruitage to the earth.

▲ ▲

Oil Your Mental Machinery

"PREPARE yourself for the world," said Lord Chesterfield, "as the athletes used to do for their exercises: oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do it."

To thus keep oneself supple and flexible in mind and body and manners is to keep constantly growing. Chesterfield had in mind an ideal social success merely when he spoke of the necessity of keeping mind and manners supple and flexible by oiling. But the business man, the professional man, the scholar, the writer, the teacher, the preacher, or any other man who desires to advance in his calling must keep his mental machinery constantly oiled. If he does not, he can not hope to retain his suppleness and flexibility or the susceptibility to new ideas upon which

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progress depends and the foundation of industry is built.

In the early days of our history, when the roads of Nantucket Island were few, and those not of the best, notices were posted at various points on the sandy plains, warning passengers not to "rut the road." "The evident idea," says a recent writer, "was that you would make better progress yourself and be more considerate of others, if you would take a fresh path each time you went over the plain, instead of wearing out your wagon wheels and the road by going again and again in the same tracks."

We all know the danger of falling into ruts. If it is not literally true that "familiarity breeds contempt," there can be no doubt that in many instances long familiarity with our surroundings makes us insensible to their defects. If the mind is not kept flexible and thoroughly responsive to new ideas, by means of contact with other minds; if it is not kept alive by constant effort to reach the highest ideals formed in youth, not only will a man's business, his trade, profession, or occupation suffer, but the whole man will also gradually deteriorate. The brain, like the muscles of the body, grows only by use. As soon as a man ceases to exercise his highest faculties in the pursuit of his chosen work, both his brain and his work lose little by little, until he ceases to be able to measure himself by other men or to judge of his work or business from an unprejudiced standpoint. When he has reached this stage growth is at an end; deterioration has already made rapid strides.

Nothing is more conducive to progress, and more helpful in keeping one up to high standards, than taking one's bearings now and then, and making, as it were, a fresh start. Whatever a man's occupation or profession may be, his chances of attaining marked success in it are ten to one if he makes up his mind at the outset that, at least once a year, he will make a thorough study of himself and his methods from the standpoint of an outsider.

It is easy to promise ourselves, when starting out in life, that we will never lower our ideals, that we will always go onward and upward, and that we will ever be found abreast of our times, in sympathy and coöperation with the leaders of progressive thought. We do not dream of the constant vigilance that must be exercised in order to keep our ideals in sight; we do not count on all the influences from without and within against which we must struggle if we would remain true to the high and beautiful aspirations of youth.

▲ ▲

The Test of Good Breeding

WHAT can be more cruel to a sensitive soul than to be conscious that you are thinking of and observing his or her deformity or misfortune,—that you are wondering "how it happened?"

Think of the tremendous handicaps which those poor people have to struggle against, and never remind them that you ever notice them. No one knows the struggles, the embarrassments, the chagrin, the mortification, the discouragement which these poor people suffer.

A noted cripple once said that he always gauged his friends by the degree in which they reminded him of his deformity. A well-bred lady or gentleman will never apparently notice any defect or deformity in another, or remind him even indirectly of his misfortune; but they will try to make him forget them.

Never to notice or speak of that which can possibly give pain or embarrassment to another is the test of good breeding. We often see people in the cars and on the streets stare at deformities, physical defects and deficiencies of unfortunates, in a manner which almost brings tears to our eyes.

Horace Mann says: "If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, do n't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, do n't talk about clothes within his hearing. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

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IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

You will be kind.

You will not use slang.

You will try to make others happy.

You will not be shy or self-conscious.

You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.

You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.

You will think of others before you think of yourself.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.

You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncracies of others.

You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.

You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you can help it.

You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.

You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.

You will not sulk or feel neglected if others receive more attention than you do.

You will not have two sets of manners; one for "company" and one for home use.

You will never remind a cripple of his deformity, or probe the sore spots of a sensitive soul.

You will not gulp down your soup so audibly that you can be heard across the room, nor sop up the sauce in your plate with bits of bread.

You will let a refined manner and superior intelligence show that you have traveled, instead of constantly talking of the different countries you have visited.

You will not remark, while a guest, that you do not like the food which has been served to you.

You will not attract attention by either your loud talk or laughter, or show your egotism by trying to absorb conversation.

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Enrico Caruso's Turning-Point

ERNEST R. HOLMES



ENRICO CARUSO

"COME on, come on. Now for a gay supper." Such was the chorused greeting of a crowd of young men and women to Enrico Caruso one night in 1886, as he started to leave the Teatro Bellini, at Naples, after a performance.

"I am not going to supper to-night," was the reply, in anything but sympathetic tones.

"What, you are not going to drop us that way?" was the astonished rejoinder, the disappointment being keener because the gay singer Caruso had always paid for these midnight carouses.

"Yes, I'm going home to-night," and Caruso called a carriage, and left the bevy of parasites agape.

Such was the turning-point in the life of Caruso, now called one of the greatest tenors of the time, as he told it to me recently at the Hotel Majestic, in New York City.

The secret of this sudden turning from a life of pleasure was an awakening to the value of his voice, and the danger that dissipation might ruin it and his life. It had been more than a year since Caruso's *début* at the Teatro Nuovo of Naples, in "*L'Amico Francesco.*" It was sweet to him to return to the life of triumph and adulation which had been his from the age of ten to that of fifteen. He was then the most admired and most sought-for boy soprano in the province of Naples. No *festa* or church celebration was complete without "that boy, Caruso," and the bassos and tenors often stipulated that he be secured to sing with them.

Then followed three years of humiliating silence, when the marvelously sweet voice changed and failed, and the usual fate of boy prodigies seemed probable. Then came the joyous thrill of reawakened song, when at eighteen, rich tenor tones began to be possible for the dark-haired youth. Hard work with the master, Vergine, brought out and developed the new treasure, and, in 1885, his successful *début* was made as a tenor. Military service had been shifted to a younger brother, since Enrico's earnings were necessary for the family maintenance. Nothing was in the way of happy, easy, artistic life on the shores of the beautiful bay. He sang at Caserta before making his second *début* at Naples at the Bellini. He was called to Palermo, and even to Cairo, Egypt. Gay companions everywhere urged him to spend freely and enjoy largely. The "son of Vesuvius," as Caruso still calls himself, for his family originated at Nocera, and he was born at Naples, in 1873, had fire in his blood and in his brain, and there was no lack of kindling wine, women, and song. The press, like the public, was flattering, but occasionally there came another note. "Caruso was not at his best last night." "Caruso is not up to his standard." "If Caruso would only care for himself, he might become a great artist some day." Friends remonstrated all in vain. Love of pleasure and the self-confidence of youth threw off impatiently every suggestion of reform.

One day a newspaper warning came into his hands in a more thoughtful moment, and brought realization of his danger. With realization came resolve, and there was character behind the resolve that executed it firmly. His butterfly companions were abandoned, not for once only, but permanently. He gave himself to his art. That same year he married the gracious Tuscan lady who has just visited New York with him, though longing for the quiet of her Florentine villa. An ordered life brought its own pleasures, and soon a little child gave him added reason for steadiness.

Then began the greatness that had been predicted. All the great theaters of Italy were opened to Caruso. Two years he sang at the Scala, Milan. Two tours were made to Russia, and he appeared in the imperial theaters of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw. In 1899, an opportunity came to go to South America, and he won public favor in Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Rio Janeiro. Each year for four years he was called back, and with each year's ambitious effort, his art mounted higher. In speaking of this, Signor Caruso said to me:—

"They said of me at Buenos Ayres: 'Caruso is not satisfied with success; he wishes to attain the impossible.' It is true. I wish every year to improve on what I did the year before. A great artist owes this to the public. The greater his success, and the greater fame he has, the greater effort must he make. After four seasons in South America, I said, 'I will wait a year before going back,



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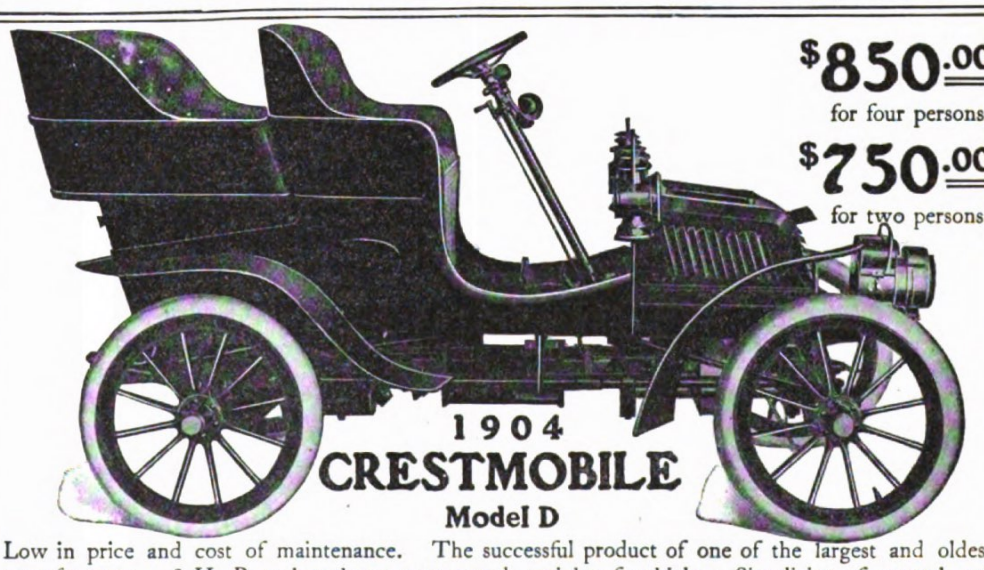
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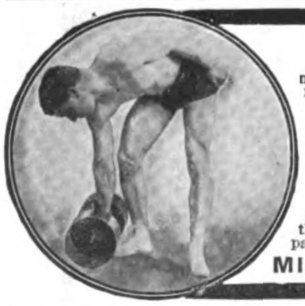
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and then I can do still better. Yes, I am sure of that."

In 1902 came a success at Monte Carlo, and then at London. Maurice Grau heard Caruso in nine operas there, and was so impressed that at length he was willing to offer the price that alone had kept the tenor from visiting America before. A three-year contract was signed, conditional on Mr. Grau's lease of the Metropolitan Opera House. Then, while Caruso was singing at Lisbon, a cablegram reached him that the contract was off. He was crushed. His three years' plans were wiped out at a blow. Another offer came from Monte Carlo and was accepted, with a twenty thousand dollar forfeit attached. Then came Heinrich Conried's lease of the Metropolitan Opera House, with new hopes of an American engagement. Mr. Conried, never having met Caruso, was cautious. He offered half the Grau contract. But the twenty thousand dollars forfeit at Monte Carlo stared the artist in the face. After countless cablegrams and telegrams, it was arranged that Caruso should sing in New York and Philadelphia until February, and then go to Monte Carlo.

Signor Caruso's success in New York was instantaneous, the few criticisms of the first appearances being silenced as the singer became acclimatized and harmonized with his surroundings. In a fortnight, Mr. Conried was ready to engage him for the next four seasons. Signor Caruso likes American audiences. He says, "Our people in Italy are too easily moved. Suppose I am singing 'Faust.' A solo,—*bis.* A duet,—*bis.* Another solo,—*bis.* Every great effort must be repeated. It is double the work, and one can not do one's best twice in one evening. Success here is not based on '*bis.*' The people appreciate and applaud, but they do not make you repeat."

Our Prize Contests

Sam Loyd's "Gold and Feathers" Puzzle

IN reply to "Grandfather's query" in the December SUCCESS, as to the difference between six dozen dozen pounds of feathers and half a dozen dozen pounds of gold, it may be said that the catch of six dozen dozen being eight hundred and sixty-four, while half a dozen dozen is but seventy-two, does not satisfy the question, because gold is weighed by troy weight, while feathers are weighed by avoirdupois. In this case, therefore, the time-honored reply of "a pound's a pound the world around" does not apply. Six dozen dozen pounds of feathers weigh eight hundred and sixty-four pounds, avoirdupois, while seventy-two pounds, troy, of gold is only equal to fifty-nine pounds, three ounces, and four hundred and one half grains, which makes the actual difference eight hundred and four pounds, twelve ounces, and thirty grains, avoirdupois, or nine hundred and seventy-eight pounds, troy.

Few people have a clear conception of the relationship between troy and avoirdupois weights. They know that the one has twelve ounces to the pound, while the other has sixteen, and they are in doubt as to whether the ounces or the pounds weigh alike. Of course neither case would be correct, as the connecting link between the two systems turns upon a pound, avoirdupois, weighing seven thousand grains, while a pound, troy, weighs only five thousand, seven hundred and sixty grains.

The following hundred competitors for the prizes offered were the first to solve the problem. The Tangram books have been mailed to them as promised:—

Mrs. L. E. Allen, San Diego, California; Irving Baker, Poughkeepsie, New York; Roy Baird, Minneapolis, Minnesota; John H. Bowers, Eugene, Oregon; S. F. Burton, Buffalo, New York; E. L. Bishop, Savannah, Georgia; John C. Babcock, St. Johnsburg, Vermont; H. Bryant, Eureka, California; B. B. Case, Loveland, Colorado; Arthur Carter, Hancock, Iowa; J. B. Carley, Lamar, Colorado; M. L. Carter, Rochelle, Louisiana; W. A. Caldwell, Berkeley, California; F. A. Chassell, Iowa Falls, Iowa; George F. Cole, Bloomingdale, Ohio, H. E. Case, Bridgeport, Connecticut; K. N. Downs, Toledo, Ohio; H. H. Downing, Lexington, Kentucky; A. L. Deane, Fullerton, North Dakota; A. R. Dawes, Lincoln, Nebraska; L. G. Decker, Blandinsville, Illinois; R. E. Easton, Union, Nebraska; N. R. Farmer, Manitoba, Canada; W. C. Faust, Mowersville, Pennsylvania; T. H. Francis, Halifax, Nova Scotia; I. R. Fenton, Chicago, Illinois; Nellie Fleck, Mount Hope, Ohio; G. B. Garrett, Laurella, Pennsylvania; O. E. Garner, Augusta, Illinois; C. M. Gates, Girard, Illinois; W. E. Gillier, Albia, Iowa; Miss M. A. Gifford, Toronto, Canada; C. F. Hagaman, Apollo, Pennsylvania; C. A. Hamsick, Nara Visa, New Mexico; C. R. Husk, Bellington, West Virginia; G. S. Hoover, Welshfield, Ohio. L. R. Hersey, Denver, Colorado; E. E. Herriman, Mooresville, Missouri; O. W. Hurtwell, Somerville, Massachusetts; F. E. Haller, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; R. W. Jessup, Lincoln, Illinois; A. B. Jennison, Wichita, Kansas; Miss M. Kline, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania; W. V. Kretzinger, Oakwood, Ohio; J. G. Kiddle, Racine, Wisconsin; H. G. Knapp, Lisbon, North Dakota; R. S. Kline, Allegheny, Pennsylvania, I. C. Lovejoy, Duncomb, Iowa; B. M. Leppiz, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; M. L. Lindstrom, Litchfield, Minnesota; H. P. Lasher, Correctionville, Iowa; V. V. Law, Wall Lake, Iowa; J. T. Mayer, Liverpool, Ohio; T. C. McKeel, Clydeton, Tennessee; S. H. Newcomer, Smithsburg, Maryland; George Murgatroyd, Providence, Rhode Island; J. V. McDonald, Atlantic, Pennsylvania; M. L. Mowrey, Rocky Branch, Texas, R. L. Miller, Amarron, Kansas; A. B. McConnell, Honeybrook, Pennsylvania, O. McFarland, St. James, Ohio; O. M. McConnell, Royston, Georgia; P. R. Maule, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania; W. S. Meyers, Rochester, New York; P. Neal, Keota, Iowa; F. Northrup, Hurlock, Maryland, J. C. Owen, Shelbyville, Kentucky; B. Peterson, Blair, Wisconsin; E. H. Petry, Eldorado, Ohio; W. V. Plummer, Winchester, Massachusetts; H. O. Robertson, Cadiz, Ohio; B. E. Robinson, Apache, Oklahoma; C. L. Ristrine, Joplin, Missouri; J. C. Ryan, Glenville, Ohio; E. A. Rathburn, Cuba, New York; L. A. Rider, Perrysburg, New York; W. L. Richer, Coshveton, Ohio; W. O. Rogers, Poplar Bluff, Missouri; P. R. Savage, Petersburg, Virginia; J. W. Stehman, Mountville, Pennsylvania; E. W. Smith, Los Angeles, California; J. Swwenby, Vlasaty, Minneapolis; H. A. Sears, Elmwood, Connecticut; J. L. Steiner, Wolcottville, Indiana; H. C. Tipton, Plain City, Ohio; Charles Thompson, Blair, Wisconsin; E. P. Town, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; C. H. Trowbridge, Middletown, Ohio; G. Thomas, Marion, Indiana; P. R. Van Frank, Kansas City, Missouri; E. N. Vance, Spear North Carolina; L. F. Wilson, Hartley, Iowa; R. Whalen, Franklin, Illinois; S. S. Waterman, Washington, District of Columbia; C. E. White, Alva, Oklahoma, A. Wheeler, Granville, North Dakota; E. R. Van Gorder, Ellwood City, Pennsylvania; D. Van Wormer, West Plains, Missouri; G. J. Watson, McEwensville, Pennsylvania; C. L. Worden, Davison, Michigan.

Owing to the unusually large number of manuscripts received for our contests, "Vacation Experiences" and "How to Keep a Boy at Home." SUCCESS regrets that it can not announce the winners until the March issue.

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The Latest Wonders in the World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Railway Ties of Leather

CROSS-TIES made of scrap leather from shoe shops have recently been tested on the Boston and Albany railroad, and are said to be successful. The scraps are ground very fine, cleaned thoroughly, and molded under high pressure. Such ties, it is said, will hold a spike perfectly, while the fishplates will not splinter in them, and they are proof against decay. They thus fulfill, it is claimed, the three essentials of an ideal railway sleeper.

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The Blood Becomes Thicker at Great Heights

DEVICES for counting the number of red corpuscles in a given volume of blood are now of great aid to physicians in diagnosis. By their aid it was discovered, some years ago, that the blood becomes thicker at great altitudes,—that is, that the number of red corpuscles in the unit of volume is increased. Recent investigators have come to the conclusion that the cold of great heights is the principal agent in bringing about this result, and that the lessened atmospheric pressure has nothing to do with it. The increase is only temporary, the blood resuming its normal condition when the climber descends.

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The Sun's Influence on the Earth's Magnetism

THAT disturbances on the sun's surface powerfully influence the magnetic state of the earth has long been known, though no satisfactory explanation has been forthcoming. The connection, whatever it is, is made with the speed of light, for the magnetic disturbances due to a great sun spot appear as soon as the spot itself becomes visible. That the disturbances are caused not so much by the darkened spots as by the brilliant eruptions, called "*faculæ*," that surround or accompany them, seems to be shown by recent observations. On October 31, last, a comparatively small group of spots surrounded by an immense number of *faculæ* caused a magnetic storm of exceptional activity on the earth, while on October 11 a much larger group, practically without *faculæ*, created only a slight perturbation of the compass needles.

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Bothersome Floating Islands

THE floating islands of tropical lakes and swamps have long been familiar to readers of travelers' tales. They are, of course, masses of tangled vegetation, on which soil has gradually accumulated, and on which grow plants of many kinds, sometimes including trees of considerable size. Such floating soil is to be found in many swamps, and, when pieces of it are torn loose, "floating islands" are the result. A swamp near New Orleans, always noted for these islands, has recently produced them in unwelcome numbers, owing to an influx of water from a great *crevasse*. They dam up bayous, causing the flooding of neighboring plantations, and some of the larger ones threaten to injure railway bridges against which they are carried by the current. The soil is said to be from six to eight feet deep, and some of the trees on the islands are very large.

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Why Are not Our Stomachs Digested?

WHY do not the powerful juices that dissolve the contents of our stomachs in a few hours act on the substance of the stomach itself? This question has often been asked, and the best answer has been that living tissue possesses an unexplained power of resistance to digestion. For the same reason intestinal worms are not harmed by the digestive ferment. The cause of this resisting power has just been discovered to be the existence in living tissue of a so-called "anti-ferment," in whose presence the digestive ferments will not act. This substance has no chemical action on the digestive fluids, and when it is removed they will do their duty as before. It is very powerful and will retain its properties for months, though losing them when heated to the boiling point. It is hoped that this new class of substances may be utilized in some way in medicine.

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How to Get Rid of Fogs

SIR OLIVER LODGE demonstrated, many years ago, when he was plain Professor Lodge, that the heaviest fog or dust cloud can be dispersed by discharging high-tension electricity into it, the fine particles becoming charged, clinging to each other, and falling as heavy dust or rain. His efforts to test the efficiency of this method on a large scale met with no success, largely on account of the expense. He has recently renewed his study of the matter and, by using the mercury-vapor apparatus devised by Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York, has succeeded in obtaining very powerful direct discharges which will clear up a dense fog for fifty or even sixty yards around. This, as is pointed out by a commentator in one of the electrical papers, is nearly enough to clear a narrow stream like the Chicago River from shore to shore, and so the device may be very useful in aiding navigation under such conditions.

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The Machinery of Sleep

CURRENT theories of sleep are partly chemical, partly physiological, and partly histological, or referable to microscopic nerve structure. Thus the theory that supposes sleep to be a form of depression due to exhaustion of oxygen in the tissues and that which regards it as a poisoning caused by accumulation of waste products are both mainly chemical. Another hypothesis, which is more strictly physiological, supposes sleep to be due to withdrawal of blood from the brain, caused by fatigue of the nerve center that controls the blood vessels. The two most striking of the hypotheses that refer sleep to some action or condition of the microscopic parts of the tissues are apparently contradictory; for one supposes that

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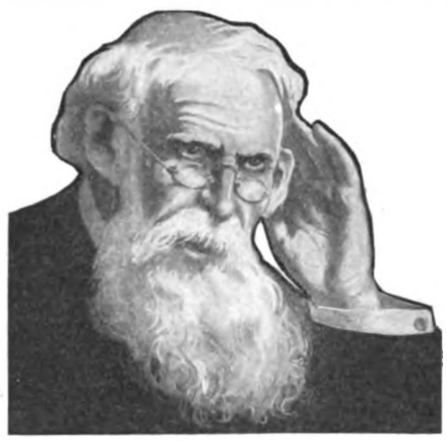
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NOTE.—*A copy of this picture about one-half the size of our engraving appears on page 91 of this issue of "Success."*



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in slumber the nerve elements draw away from each other, interrupting the nerve circuits, while in the other it is suggested that there are more perfect and more numerous nerve connections during sleep, resulting in mental confusion. A recent writer, Dr. Percy G. Stiles, attempts to reconcile all these different theories, and believes that each may explain certain of the phenomena of sleep.

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A Lighthouse without Lenses

IN a new and powerful lighthouse recently erected on the island of Heligoland, lenses and prisms have been abandoned and a return has been made to the parabolic mirror as a means of concentrating the rays. The mirrors used are about three feet in diameter and are furnished with powerful arc lights placed at their *foci*. The lighthouse has three of these mirrors, which, revolving slowly, every five seconds, give a flash lasting one tenth of a second.

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A Water Hat for Firemen

THAT a falling sheet of water is one of the most effective protections against fire is well known. Many theaters are provided with "water curtains," and some buildings are so arranged that a cascade can be made to descend from the eaves on all sides when fire threatens from without. This principle is applied to individual firemen in a new invention that has recently been experimented upon by the Berlin fire brigade. On an ordinary fireman's helmet is placed a circular "rose" that sprays water downward in all directions at an angle of forty-five degrees. The fireman thus has pure air to breathe, even when he is surrounded by the thickest smoke, as the sheet of spray acts as a filter. Besides this, the water keeps the fireman cool and prevents his clothing from taking fire. The user must, of course, be clad in waterproof material, although even this would not be absolutely necessary in summer.

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Is Radium Turning Into Something Else?

THAT radium appears to give off the rare gas known as helium was first announced some time ago, but the latest reports of Sir William Ramsay, the English chemist, are quite sensational. As observed by him, radium gives off, besides the characteristic radiation that has made it famous, a heavy gas that can be recognized and identified by means of the spectroscope. But this gas begins at once to change its character, and ultimately turns into helium. These two gases, then, are one and the same. Sir William believes that we have here not merely the change of a substance from an unstable to a stable form, such as we see in sulphur and some other bodies, but an actual transformation, such as the alchemists sought when they endeavored to turn gold into silver. However this may be, it is certain that this new discovery does not detract from the interest of the new element,—if it is an element.

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Some People See Noises and Smell Colors

THE curious phenomenon known as *synæsthesia*, or association of sensations, has attracted renewed attention of late and is found to be not uncommon. In its usual form it is the so-called "color-hearing,"—an association of the senses of sight and hearing, in which the person concerned sees, or imagines he sees, a characteristic color for every sound. Sometimes the spoken vowels have colors, but these are rarely the same with two persons. In a case reported recently from Zurich, Switzerland, all the senses seem more or less involved. The subject, for instance, when he hears the sound of the vowel *a*, sees a light green color, perceives a sickly taste, has a sense of cold, and also seems to feel a flat surface, as of glass. According to a recent authority, the sensation of "setting the teeth on edge," experienced by many persons when they hear a grating or squeaking sound, is due to an association of this nature.

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Do We Need Better Railroad Tracks?

WHEN the German high-speed experiments, that have recently been so successful, were first tried, it was found that the car could not be run faster than one hundred miles an hour, because at that speed the track gave way. To attain the final speed of one hundred and thirty-five miles, it was necessary to reconstruct the roadbed with enormous solidity. This, we are assured by "The Railway Review," is what will have to be done to all our tracks, even the best ones, before we can travel at the high speeds that the future surely will bring. The problem of a permanent track "from the ground up" has been attacked, we are told, by very few able engineers. A rational analysis of the forces to be sustained and the proper combination of materials for their support, would result, the writer assures us, in nothing like the present structures. This view of the subject, he says, "is gradually forcing itself upon the railway mind, and improvements will doubtless result.

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Are Crystals Alive?

WRITERS on biology have often called attention to the analogies between crystallization and the growth of a living organism. This likeness, according to the microscopic investigations of a German physicist, now appears to be even closer than has been thought, —so close that a recent writer on the philosophy of life, Dr. Benedikt, of Vienna, asserts boldly that the two processes are practically the same. According to him, the formation of a crystal is a real, vital process, and there is "spontaneous generation" every time a bit of salt crystallizes out of a solution. He bases his opinion largely on the testimony of the microscopist above mentioned, who asserts that the changes in a solution just previous to the formation of a crystal resemble those that herald the formation of a living cell. He recognizes a "plasma," a "nucleus," and "cellules," before the crystal proper makes its appearance. Biological terms are thus introduced into physics, and the connection between the sciences has undoubtedly been strengthened, even if we are not so radical in our conclusions as Dr. Benedikt.

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Too Many Accomplishments



His wonderful bayonet

NOT long before General Nelson A. Miles's retirement from the United States army, an inventor, with the assistance of sufficient credentials, obtained an interview with him in regard to a novel type of bayonet. The weapon, so its author claimed, could not only be used for lethal purposes, but, in addition, was an excellent trench digger, bucksaw, ax, and Bowie knife.

General Miles heard his visitor patiently, and then said:—

"Once upon a time an old farmer drove into town and called on a dentist. To the latter he made known the fact that he wanted a full set of teeth. 'And,' he added, 'make 'em so that they 'll fit my wife's jaws as well as my own, for I want to use 'em by day to chew terbacker, and she wants 'em by night to chew sweet flag.' "

"Well, general?" queried the inventor.

"The point of the story," continued the veteran, in his blandest manner, "is that teeth, bayonets, or men that are used for hybrid purposes are invariably failures. Every man and every invention has to be a specialist, so to speak, to be successful."

The Cosmopolitan Metropolis

NEW YORK CITY is now the most cosmopolitan center in the world. Her foreign-born number one million, two hundred and fifty thousand, and their children swell the figures to two million, five hundred thousand, or two-thirds of the city's entire population. At the head of this list stand the Germans, who number nearly nine hundred thousand; next come the Irish, mustering eight hundred and fifty thousand; there are one hundred and seventy thousand English, one hundred and five thousand Russians, one hundred thousand Italians, and fifty thousand Scotch. It is the largest Irish city in the world. Dublin, the largest city of Ireland, has less than half as many. Next to Berlin, New York is also the largest German city, harboring nearly as many Germans as Hamburg and Munich combined. New York City has more English than Portsmouth, more Canadians than Canadian London, more Russians than Vilna, more French than Aix. She has nearly as many Scotch as Leith, Italians as Venice, Austro-Hungarians as Presburg, and Scandinavians as Bergen.

Royalty always in Mourning

THE garb of mourning is the normal dress of royalty in Europe. Court etiquette is accountable for this almost perennial state of official sorrow. Through frequent intermarriage, the closest relationship exists between most of the ruling families; so that whenever the most insignificant prince of the blood dies, the great body of regal relatives is compelled to don "sackcloth and ashes" and mourn for a definite period. The constant probability of a royal death is the greatest bugbear to the reigning powers. All their entertainments are announced provisionally, as the untimely decease of some member of the family of kings and queens will necessitate the abandonment of a state affair. The period of official grief ranges from ten days to three months, according to the rank of the deceased. During this time the court rules demand a specified mourning dress. The women must wear black entirely, and eschew all jewels, except pearls. The men, when in uniform, must have a crape band on the left arm, and in ordinary dress, crape hat bands and black cravats. These stringent mourning regulations do not affect the members of the royal family alone. All people connected with the court, either as kinsmen, retainers, officials, or diplomats, are expected to put on the somber garb in common with their superiors.

Gotham Land Values

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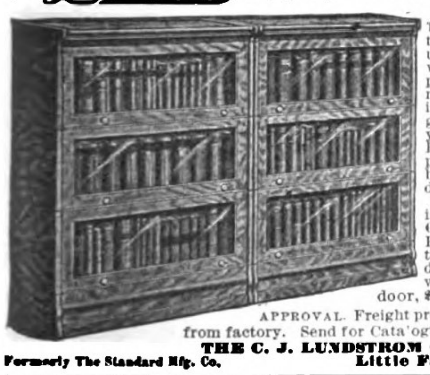
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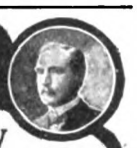
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"'I think he is a Congregationalist'"

BISHOP POTTER loves a little joke. A certain metropolitan newspaper man recently had occasion to call on him and submit an interview written from somewhat brief notes. Bishop Potter read the manuscript carefully, and then, turning to his visitor, said:—

"Are you a member of any denomination?"

"I am a Presbyterian," was the reply.

"Do you happen to know the religious tendencies of your proof reader?"

"I think he is a Congregationalist."

"Well," said the bishop, solemnly, "I have hope for the future of everybody except an editor who permits his reporters to split infinitives!"

Holding Ideals

HOW many bright, energetic young men have been graduated from college, determined to make themselves felt in the world, and yet within ten, fifteen, or twenty years are found lagging behind, their standards growing lower each successive year, and their minds hardening into ruts.

Many a shiftless, unsuccessful merchant, many a doctor without practice, many a lawyer without clients, many a clergyman without a pulpit and many a tradesman whose trade has left him are lacking because, after a time, they grew careless and indifferent, and ceased to hold themselves up to the standards they elected in early manhood.

"Man's life," Emerson tells us, "is a progress, not a station." Everything in nature and everything in our own souls—if we have not smothered the voice that speaks to us,—call on us to move forward, to keep forever moving, and to avoid ruts as dangerous to the supreme object of life.

No man ever succeeded or ever will succeed in his life or work who does not keep moving toward his ideal. "Any man is successful," says Chauncey M. Depew, "who does well what comes to his hand, and who works to improve himself so that he may do it better. The man with an ideal, struggling to carry it out, is a successful man. Of course, there are all grades of ideals, and the man with the highest, given the proportionate energy, is the most successful. The world makes way for that kind of young man. I know we would do it in the railroad world."

Yes, Mr. Depew, the whole world is ready to do it. It is the law of compensation in action. No man can form high ideals and work toward them all his life without being sought by the world. Keep your ideals in sight, young man; work for them; live for them; be willing, if necessary, to die for them, and all things will gravitate toward you: all the powers of the universe will combine in helping you to reach the heights on which you have fixed your eyes.

THE SUCCESS LEAGUE WALKS ALONE

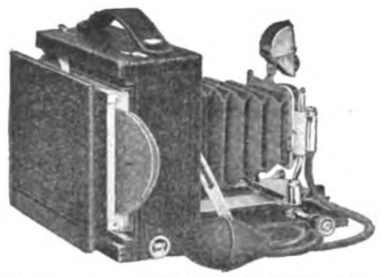
ABOUT four years ago, Herbert Hungerford, a young man from a small country town in the southern part of New York, called at the office of SUCCESS to try to interest the editor in a plan for forming a federation of literary, debating, and other self-culture societies. He was both surprised and delighted to find that Dr. Marden had for a long time been considering a project for forming such an organization; and so, together, they devised a plan to establish the League of Success Clubs. Mr. Hungerford organized a few experimental societies, and then came to New York City to take charge of the development of the League by conducting a department in SUCCESS.

The idea found favor with SUCCESS readers from the very start, and the League has grown so rapidly that it has already become the largest federation of non-secret, self-improvement societies in the world.

The publishers of SUCCESS have spent considerable energy and money in fostering the development of the League, but now the organization has a thousand branches, with a membership of thirty thousand, and is large enough and strong enough to go alone. Moreover, the various interests of the League members can not be adequately taken care of in the limited space of the League department in SUCCESS, and the organization needs a magazine devoted especially to its interests. Accordingly, at the beginning of this year, a new company was formed, separate and distinct from the Success Company, for the purpose of publishing a magazine for enterprizing young people in which ample space can be devoted to the Success League. In the formation of this company, the Success League interests were united with those of the young people's magazine, the "Men of To-morrow," of Albany, New York, the organ of the Knights of King Arthur.

The general management of the new company will be in charge of Mr. Hungerford, who will also be the editor-in-chief of the new publication.

A prize of fifty dollars was offered for a name for the new publication, but at the time of this writing the contest has not been closed. The decision, however, will be announced in the March SUCCESS. The first number of the new magazine has been issued under the old title of "Men of To-morrow," and a specimen copy may be procured by addressing a postal to the Success League, University Building, Washington Square, New York.



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Mistakes in Life

WILLIAM MATHEWS

ONE of the most unprofitable ways of spending time is the practice, to which many persons are addicted, of brooding over the mistakes one has made in life, and thinking what he might have been or achieved if he had not done, at certain times, just what he did do. Almost every unsuccessful man, in looking over his past career, is inclined to think that it would have been wholly different but for certain slips and blunders,—certain hasty, ill-considered acts into which he was betrayed almost unconsciously and without a suspicion of their consequences.

As he thinks of all the good things of this world—honor, position, power, and influence,—of which he has been deprived in some mysterious, inexplicable way, he has no patience with himself; and, as it is painful and humiliating to dwell long upon one's own follies, it is fortunate if he does not implicate others—friends and relatives,—in his disappointments. Perhaps, as education has never been free from mistakes,—mistakes, indeed, of every kind,—he imputes the blame to his early training, in which habits of thoroughness and accuracy, or, again, of self-reliance and independence of thought, may not have been implanted. Perhaps a calling was chosen for him by his parents, without regard to his peculiar talents or tastes and preferences; or, if he was allowed to choose for himself, it was when his judgment was immature and unfit for the responsibility. The result was that the square man got into the round hole, or the triangular man into the square hole, or the round man squeezed himself into the triangular hole.

There Is Nothing Exceptional in These Mishaps

Now the fact is that, in all these mishaps, there is nothing exceptional. They are just what befall—all, or in part,—every man who is born in a civilized country. No circumstances under which any man has been born and fitted for a career have been entirely happy. No man's parents or friends have, in all respects, acted wisely by him. In every person's education, hundreds of things have been done amiss,—hundreds of helpful things omitted, and hundreds of injurious ones perpetrated. After centuries of investigation and experiment, the wisest educators are all "at sea" regarding some of the most crucial questions,—are utterly at variance in reference to the best methods of training. They can not agree about the value of Greek and Latin; about the co-education of the sexes; about the value of exercises in elocution, rhetoric, and debate; how far courses of study should be elective; how far education should be practical or have direct reference to one's future calling; and about many other vital matters. There is, probably, not a man living who, in reviewing his life, can not discover in it a multitude of mistakes, as contrasted with an ideal life, or even the conception with which he started. Compared with his early dream, it is a thing of shreds and patches,—imperfect accomplishments, endless fluctuations of purpose,—so that he can hardly recognize his identity in all the shifting moods of mind, and changes of plan.

In view of these considerations, it has been justly said that to see a man, poker in hand, on a wet day, dashing at the coals, and moodily counting the world's mistakes against him, is neither a dignified nor engaging spectacle; and our sympathy flags with the growing conviction that people are constantly apt to attribute a state of things to one particular condition or mischance, which, sooner or later, must have happened from some inherent weakness and openness to attack. It may be noted that, where men themselves attribute ill success or mischance to separate distinct mistakes,—as, for instance, to the choice of a certain adviser, or the engaging in some special speculation,—those who have to observe them *trace all to character*. They see that, if failure had not come at such a juncture, it must have come at some other, from certain flaws in the man's nature,—that mistakes simply mark occasions when he was tested. We see in a career a hundred chances thrown away and wasted, not at all from accident, though the actor, looking back, does not know why he chose the wrong,—he being the last to remember that a crisis is the occasion for hidden faults and predominating influences to declare themselves, so that his mistakes were, in a manner, inevitable.

A Great General Organizes Victory out of Mistakes

Many of the complaints men make of their miscarriages arise from an exaggerated estimate of their abilities. It is the only way they can explain why they do not occupy the places to which, as they think, their talents entitle them. If they are at the end of the competition in life's race,—poor, when they should be rich, obscure when they should be famous,—it is all owing to their not having seized opportunities and to their having listened to bad advisers or permitted some conquerable obstacle to discourage them. They forget that thousands of men make such mistakes, yet succeed in spite of them,—that, as Rev. Frederic W. Robertson says, "He is not the greatest general who makes the fewest mistakes, but he who organizes victory out of mistakes."

A favorite form of self-upbraiding is to blame oneself for not manifesting more force of will in some crisis,—as if willpower were something which a man can put into himself when it is lacking, or as if a will, unprompted by power to use it, is of any value. As a rule, the man who fails in a career, in consequence, as he thinks, of some particular mistake, may be sure he would have failed from some other one, had that which he deplores not been made, simply because the origin of his mistakes *is in himself*, and not in external circumstances.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—CICERO.

The gods have given us a long life, but we have made it short.—SENECA.

Old age seizes upon an ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house.—SOUTH.

The "Index" gets the right pencil to the right person.

There's satisfaction for you every time you use a pencil—after you get the "Index." It's a 32-page book of pencil information we're glad to send free to any address on request. Write to-day to

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Every Zon-o-Phone and Record is guaranteed. We send them anywhere. No cost to you if you are not entirely satisfied.
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Our Agents Make $5 TO $20 DAILY.
Secure territory without delay. It is going fast
This is a business proposition not a fake offer. A thoroughly responsible manufacturing company has invented a miniature Chemical Fire Engine and wants to sell it through agents exclusively. It is equal in everything, except price, to the chemical engines of metropolitan fire departments and the cost of it, $5.00 is so small every farmer, houseowner, city, town and village council, manufacturer or corporation wants them as it reduces insurance rates from one-fifth to one-half. Our agents sell 5 to 20 every day without much talking. It is such a good thing no experience is required for it sells itself. Credit allowed good agents. If you can't work, better order one today to protect your own property.
EAGLE TOOL CO., DEPT. B. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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Watchmaking and watch repairing is a genteel, independent and profitable profession for gentlemen, ladies and youth. We teach it successfully and quickly by correspondence, without interference with other duties. Situations await our graduates. Write for free book of information.
THE DESELMS WATCH SCHOOL, Atlas, Indiana.

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the TRANSPARENT HANDLE POCKET KNIFE.
Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., No. 53 BAR STREET, CANTON, OHIO.

DON'T BE HARD UP
You can make big money and be your own boss by making mirrors at home; success guaranteed; particulars for stamp. MacMASTERS, D. 125, Peru, Indiana.

LAW BY MAIL. Complete professional course. Leads to degree. Full credit given by our Indianapolis College of Law. Prepares for admission to bar in any State. Special offer if you write now.
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"Theory and Practice of Advertising,"
Fifty complete Lessons in one volume. Sold all over the world. Second Edition. $1.00 prepaid.
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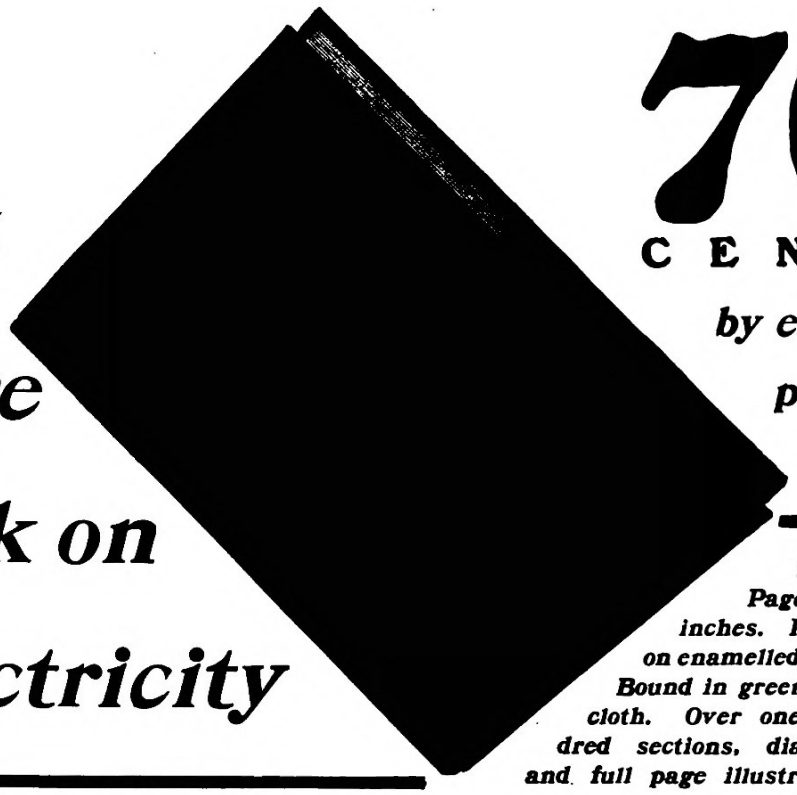


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Write for free prospectus—explains everything.
THE MUNROE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF PIANO-TUNING, - - Dept. H, Fall River, Mass.

AD WRITING TAUGHT for only $10. A full, complete course with Personal Instruction. Satisfaction Guaranteed. References. Rates advance soon. Write today for details and first lesson free.
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Illustrated 200 page quarterly Bulletin giving full outlines of our College Preparatory and 60 different courses in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Structural Drafting, Telegraphy, Telephony and Textiles, including Knitting, Cotton and Wolen Cloth Manufacturing, etc., will be sent free on request.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

at

Armour Institute of Technology

Mention Success CHICAGO, ILL.

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DON RANDOLPH

From $20 to $50 a WEEK

How a Stenographer became an Advertising Manager

Offices of
MEYER & CO., Kut-fer-u Clothing
190-196 Market Street

Chicago Ill., December 3, 1903.
MR. W. A. MERRIAM, *Manager*
Chicago College of Advertising,
Chicago

Dear Sir: Before I became an Advertising Manager I was employed as stenographer in the offices of the D. L. & W. Ry., each day becoming more discontented with office drudgery. Investigation opened my eyes to the wonderful possibilities of advertising, but I foolishly delayed taking up the study until six months ago, when I enrolled with the Chicago College of Advertising. A short time after my graduation, they offered me, at intervals of a few days, three positions at from $1,200 to $1,900 a year, and on Sept. 12th I became Advertising Manager for one of the largest concerns in the United States making hand-tailored garments strictly to measure. Meyer & Company have been in business nearly twenty years and are rated at $125,000. *My income has been increased from $20.00 to $50.00 a week, at a cost of but $40.00, and my time during my evenings for four months.*

Based on my own past and present I cannot too strongly urge anyone who is ambitious to take up the study of advertising. *There's a keen demand for men who are properly trained in Advertising Management, and I think I am in a position, if anyone is, to say that this is the kind of instruction you will receive from the Chicago College of Advertising.*

You will see that I have written earnestly and I hope convincingly, and if this will put any young man on the right track, I feel that I shall have benefited mankind. I cannot help being sorry for the dozens of "graduates" of other schools, who have been in looking for "ad-writing" positions since I have had charge, who are not posted regarding the first rudiments of Advertising Management, and for whom there is naturally a very small niche in the Advertising world. Wishing you success, I am, Yours very truly,

Don Randolph

Refuses Position for he is already an Advertising Manager



JAY COMMONS, Aurora, Mo.

Aurora, Mo., Nov. 12, 1903.

Mr. W. A. MERRIAM, *Mgr.*
Chicago College of Advertising,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of a few days ago, I will say that I cannot possibly accept the position which you mention, for the reason that I have already secured employment as *Advertising Manager for one of the best firms in this part of the country*, but if I were not at present employed at a good salary, I should be glad to secure just such a position as you offer.

I have had experience with several of the "one man" advertising schools and I find no comparison between them and your school. *I consider the Chicago College of Advertising the very best in the country*, because the lessons are prepared and the answers criticised by men who are at present holding high salaried positions in the advertising field.

I shall be pleased to hear from any of your prospective students who care to know more about my experience in your school.

With best wishes, I am, yours truly,

Jay Commons

Are You Satisfied with YOUR Salary?

Are your BRAINS bringing you no greater return than does the day laborer's BRAWN?

Is Your Business Paying?

If not—if you are dissatisfied and are anxious to win greater returns in salary or in your business—you should **write today** for our **Third Annual Announcement** and post yourself regarding the alluring possibilities which lie in Scientific

Advertising

We can put into your life through correspondence **without interfering with your vocation,** the up-to-date practical experience of the **most successful advertisers in the United States.**

THE MAHIN METHOD



ALWAYS "NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER"

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING

400 Williams Building, CHICAGO

TEAR OFF this coupon, fill in name and address and MAIL it to me to-day.

I am tired of being in a rut. Please send me your Third Annual Announcement that I may learn how to equip myself to win the greatest possible success in life.

CHICAGO COLLEGE of ADVERTISING

400 Williams Bldg., Chicago

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Business .....

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

A Record No Other Correspondence School Has Equaled

In the Year 1897 the founders of the Page-Davis School originated the system of advertisement writing—taught the first class ever formed—and placed the profession on a legitimate basis, proving that it could be successfully taught just as law and medicine are taught. (*Read page 9 in our prospectus for full details.*)

In the Year 1902 the students of the Page-Davis School signified their **entire** approval of the course of instruction, by giving Edward T. Page, their instructor, a banquet in New York City. (*Read page 29 in our handsome prospectus for full details.*)

Early in the Year 1903 the students gave the Page-Davis Company a beautiful loving cup as a mark of their appreciation, not only of the instruction received, but of the continual interest manifested in their welfare by the Page-Davis Company long after their graduation. (*Read page 30 in our handsome prospectus for full details.*)

Later in the Year 1903 the United States Attorney called Edward T. Page into the United States Court to appear on the stand as expert, and give his opinion as to the instruction necessary to qualify a man for advertisement writing. (*Read other literature sent free giving full details of the report.*)

These four incidents in the life of this great institution, each marking a mighty step forward in its wonderful progress, are, after all, only of secondary importance, compared with the individual success of the individual students. However, they show the ambitious man or woman that they are not experimenting or being experimented upon.

Space will permit of the reproduction of paragraphs from but a few of the letters constantly pouring into our office from students.

MR. WALTER FOSTER SAYS:—

"Gentlemen:—Having completed the course in advertisement writing, I wish to state to you that I consider the time and money spent a good investment. It has already paid me large dividends. When commencing this course I knew practically nothing concerning advertisement writing, but you have taken me by the hand, as it were, and led me carefully over the rough places and given me instructions so simple and to the point that now I am well informed, and believe myself a competent advertisement writer.

I desire to thank Mr. Page for the instruction so kindly given, which has lifted me from an ordinary office man to a competent advertisement writer."

MR. HARRY A. ALLERS SAYS:—

"Gentlemen:—'Honor to whom honor is due.' We wrote you some time since for your ideas on some phrases and you were not only kind enough to pass on what *we* had created, but gave us one which was far better than ours, and we consider same to us well worth the *price for tuition in your advertising school.*"

MR. E. H. ARCHER SAYS:—

"Gentlemen:—I wish to thank you for your very kind attention to me while I was taking your course in advertisement writing. To say I am pleased—gratified—satisfied—that you do all you claim, is expressing it correctly.

Criticisms are pointed. Commendations are given only when deserved. You have the welfare of each student at heart. You know what is necessary and teach it. Taking your course assures success."

MR. W. E. SHAW SAYS:—

"Dear Mr. Page:—I am still holding my old position, but I am getting about all the advertisement work I can do evenings. I find your training enables me to apply myself to most any line with ease.

I have been doing work for hotels—furniture—men's furnishings—teas and coffees, etc., and so far my clients are well satisfied."

MR. ROBERT E. TUCKER SAYS:—

"Gentlemen:—I took up your course of study thinking to fit myself as well as possible. It was recently decided that more help was needed in the advertising department of the Rochester Evening Times, and I was given the position of Assistant Advertising Manager. I find that this position was offered me on account of the knowledge I had gained through your course of advertising instruction. Since taking up the work a few weeks ago I have had several advertisements to get up, others to re-write and revise, and in each instance I found it an easy matter to apply practically, the points you had made so clear in your lessons. When I go out among merchants soliciting new business my knowledge of putting an ad together so it will be forceful and attractive, renders me great assistance.

In addition to all this I find that by consulting with you day by day, that you can help me even more in the future than you have in the past, in the work I am now actively engaged in."

Read the affidavits from students and other proof that will be sent you upon application, and which will demonstrate beyond question that failure to improve your present condition through a course of study in advertising will lie wholly in your own failure to qualify.

The reason of all this in a nutshell: we qualify men to become advertisement writers—we do not allow a student to go through our course, then fail to realize his aim.

Our students know this to be true—Employers know this is true, and the result is evident.

We shall be glad to have you ask us, what has the PAGE-DAVIS Co. done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

Notice to Employers Concerns desirous of engaging competent Ad-writers at $25.00 to $100.00 a week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful Ad-writers in some of the largest houses in the country. This service is gratis.

FREE! To Page-Davis Students! FREE!

THE ONLY AUTHORITY ON ADVERTISING IN THE WORLD!

"Advertising"

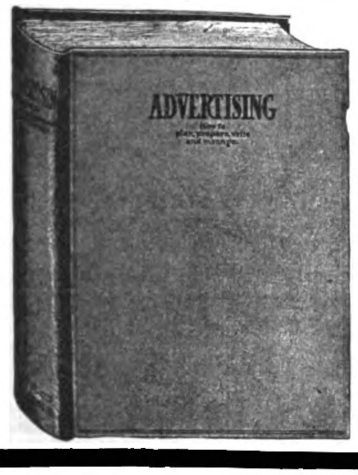
How to Plan, Prepare, Write and Manage.

Given away **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with a full-paid enrollment in this, the original and most substantial institution of its kind in the world.

The only School of Advertising in the world with a text book, and that text book being the recognized authority.

"Advertising" covers the entire world of publicity.

"Advertising" is to the world of advertising what the Dictionary is to the English language.



"Advertising" contains 10,000 money-making ideas.

"Advertising" comprises over 50 departments.

"Advertising" embraces the experiences of successful merchants.

"Advertising" is printed on high grade paper and bound in superior Vellum de Luxe.

"Advertising" is without doubt the greatest, positively the most practical and complete work of its kind ever published.

"Advertising" is worth $100 to any ambitious man or woman, but it is free to our students only.

This famous work is spoken of in glowing terms by the Press.

In all the world of instruction, there is no offer like this, a $5 book free to Page-Davis students only. Write us about it at once.

Page-Davis Company

Address Either Office:

Suite 221—90 Wabash Ave., Chicago, or
Suite 121—150 Nassau St., New York City

TEAR OFF THIS CORNER AND MAIL IT TO US TO-DAY

Cut This Corner

off and mail it promptly to

Page-Davis Co.,
Chicago or New York

Please send without cost to me handsome prospectus setting forth the advantage of an advertising education.

Name.....

Address.....

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$300,000,000 Per Year

THERE IS

Money in Poultry



Photos by Courtesy Country Life in America.

You Can Get Part of It



We Help You to Do It



SUCCESS in any pursuit can only be reached by continued and diligent perseverance in the work chosen—in some cases it takes a life-time; but the fact that the Poultry Industry yields quick returns, makes it a desirable calling for men and women with limited capital. Chicks are hatched in three weeks—in three months they are broilers—in five months they are laying—working for you. As far as immediate results go—there you have **PROOF.**

A WORD TO YOU

YOUNG MEN: When casting about for future occupation consider the Poultry Business. Here is a business that never will be overdone.

YOUNG WOMEN: There is pleasure and profit in Poultry Raising. Thousands of young women are raising Poultry successfully.

OLD MEN: It is never too late to start in the Poultry Business. Some of the best poultrymen failed in other enterprises.

OLD WOMEN: In your good old days you can find in poultry much to lighten cares and debts. The Hen is a mortgage lifter.

AN IMMENSE INDUSTRY

THE VAST SUM of $300,000,000 represents the annual sales of poultry and eggs in the United States. Millions of people under every imaginable condition are raising poultry. Some keep a few hens in the back yard, others breed fowl simply for pets and thousands have invested large sums of money in immense poultry plants which are needed to supply the great demand for Poultry and Eggs. Poultry Raising has become an important industry. The condition of the meat and food produce markets has created an increased demand for Poultry and Eggs, which is far greater than the supply; the prices meanwhile tending upward. The Egg and Broiler market is a sure thing, and the fancy side is showing glorious results at the great annual Poultry shows.

The American Poultry Advocate

is ready to assist you in getting your share of that **Three Hundred Millions of Dollars. You will learn**

Practical Poultry Raising

through this instructive poultry paper. Every issue is full of sound practical ideas, written by experienced poultrymen, thus sending the beginner **ALONG THE RIGHT ROAD.**

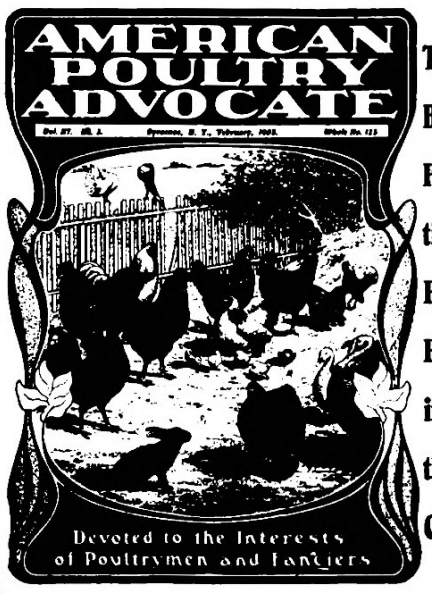


A Great Book for Fifty Cents

"The Whole Thing in a Nutshell."

200 EGGS A YEAR PER HEN.

The third edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged and in part re-written. 80 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of $100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902. From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,999 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been the authors' ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way. Price 50 cents, or WITH A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION, 60c.; or given as a premium for FOUR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE AT 25c. EACH.



The Best Practical Poultry Paper in this Country

THE AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE is a finely illustrated monthly containing from 32 to 72 pages of practical and scientific poultry literature on the breeding and raising of Poultry, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, etc., including also well edited departments for Pigeon Fanciers, Breeders of Belgian Hares and Pet Stock. Another attractive feature is a well conducted department for Women Poultry Raisers, edited by a woman.

WE INTRODUCE YOU TO THESE BREEDERS

We have thousands of letters on file showing the results attained by breeders of poultry through advertising in the "American Poultry Advocate."

MONEY IN EGGS

in Broilers and Prize Winning Stock

Fresh Eggs Wanted

and wanted badly by MILLIONS of people every day; and your chances are good along with thousands of poultrymen who sell all the fresh eggs they can produce.

400%

PROF. GEORGE F. THOMAS, at the U. S. Agricultural Department estimates that a thoroughly modernized Hen can realize for her owner, **400 PER CENT. PROFIT.**

POULTRY BOOKS

We can furnish ANY BOOK PUBLISHED at publisher's advertised prices by mail, postpaid.

Poultry, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys.

A. B. C. of Poultry-Keeping,	$ .25
A Living from Poultry, by M. K. Boyer,	.25
All About Broilers and Market Poultry Generally,	.25
American Fanciers Poultry Book, by Geo. E. Howard,	.50
American Standard of Perfection,	1.00
American Standard Poultry Book, by Lewis Wright,	.25
Art of Poultry Breeding, by J. H. Davis,	.25
Barred, White and Buff Plymouth Rocks,	.50
Birdie Poultry Book, colored illustrations,	.50
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Cream from a Poultry Scrap Book, by W. Theo. Wittman,	.10
Diseases of Poultry, by D. E. Salmon, D. V. M.,	.50
Ducks and Geese, various authors,	.50
Duck Culture, by Rankin,	.25
Easy Poultry Keeping for Invalids, by Mrs. M. V. Norys,	.25
Egg Record, by H. A. Kuhns,	.25
Egg Record, by J. W. Darrow,	.10
Eggs and Egg Farms,	.50
Farm News Poultry Book, by Miller Purvis,	.25
Farm-Poultry Doctor, by N. W. Sanborn, M. D.,	.50
How to Raise Poultry for Pleasure and Profit,	.25
Illustrated Book of Domestic Poultry, by Martin Doyle, 20 full-page chromo illustrations,	2.50
Illustrated Book of Poultry, by Lewis Wright, 50 plates of prize birds and other engravings,	5.00
Low Cost Poultry Houses,	.25
Minorcas, a concise treatise of all varieties, by Geo. H. Northup,	.25
Money in Hens, by M. K. Boyer,	.25
New and Complete Poultry Book, by C. E. Thorne,	.25
New Egg Farm, by H. H. Stoddard, cloth,	1.00
Philosophy of Judging, by Felch, Babcock and Lee,	1.00
Plans for Poultry Houses, by S. Z. Harroun,	.10
Pocket Money Poultry, Mrs. Myra V. Norys,	.50
Poultry, by G. A. McFetridge,	.50
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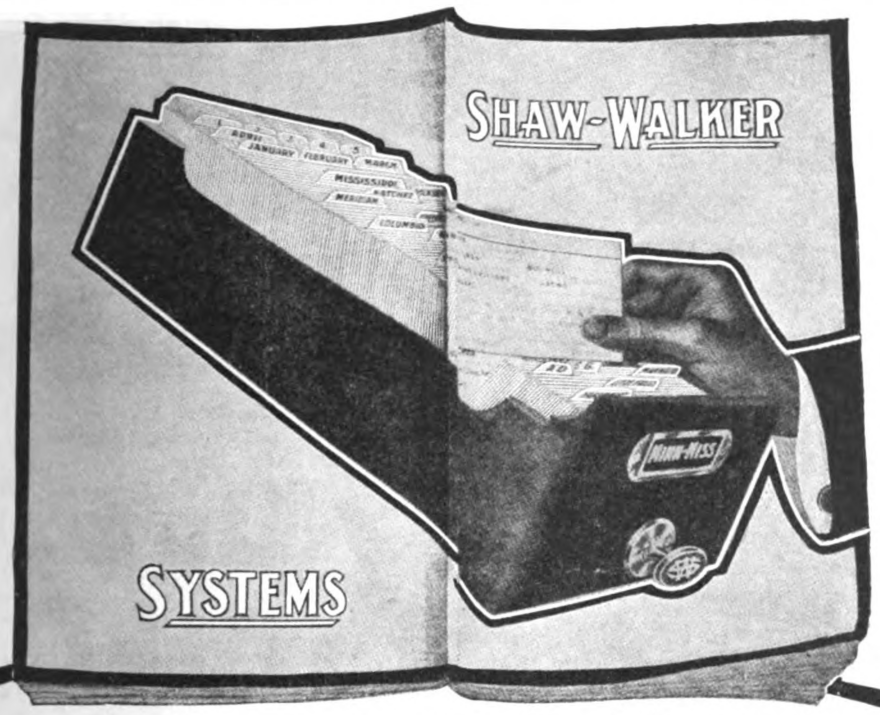
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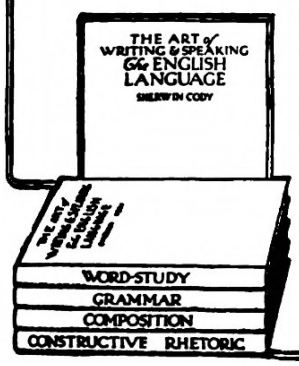
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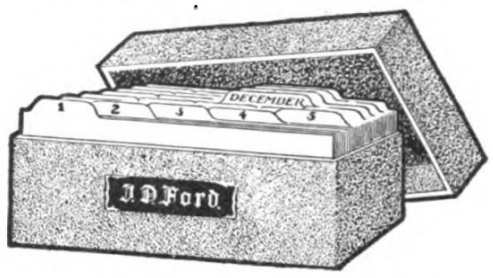


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But we are getting ahead of our story. This little box of cards is called the Perpetual Reminder. "Worth forty-seven pigeon holes," as one user says, and any number of note books. Placed on your desk it is a receptacle for all the miscellaneous matters—all the memoranda—now scattered about the office. It is a complete desk and pocket card system. It has guide cards by months and days and a quantity of fine heavy linen two by five inch record cards. The cards are in an ingenious vellum covered board box—ingenious because of a peculiar arrangement which keeps the TODAY cards always to the front and the guide cards always in sight. On the front of the handsome box is your name in gold letters. The other fellows in the office will soon see the great value of the Perpetual Reminder and they might "borrow" it if it weren't for your name staring them in the face.

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THOUSANDS of testimonials have been received from pupils all over the world stating that they owe their success in life to the course of lessons they have received from the **Pelman School of Memory Training.** These testimonials are from men and women in every walk in life.

W. T. Stead

Editor of the Review of Reviews, (London) addressed the following letter under date of March 29, 1902:

"The improvement that can be effected in the memory by taking pains is so immense and so little realized that I consider Mr. Pelman one of the benefactors of the human race."

I am yours truly,
W. T. STEAD.

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Mr. Pelman has published a book:

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We will send this book ABSOLUTELY FREE, by mail, postpaid. Write at once. A thing done NOW will not require remembering. You will find this book interesting whether you wish to take instructions or not.

D. F. Urbahns

of Ft. Wayne, Ind., himself an instructor in memory training, has the following to say in a letter dated July 3, 1903.

"I am familiar with every known system of memory training, and will say The Pelman System is superior to any I have ever come in contact with. Not another school to my knowledge, which teaches by correspondence, can secure the good results which you do." Sincerely yours, D. F. URBAHNS

D. H. Patterson

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"I am simply amazed at the ease with which I absorbed the principles of the system, and at the immediate improvement in my memory. I devoted only about a half hour each evening to the lessons and have had no trouble in mastering the course in four weeks. I shall be pleased to answer inquiries in regard to your system.

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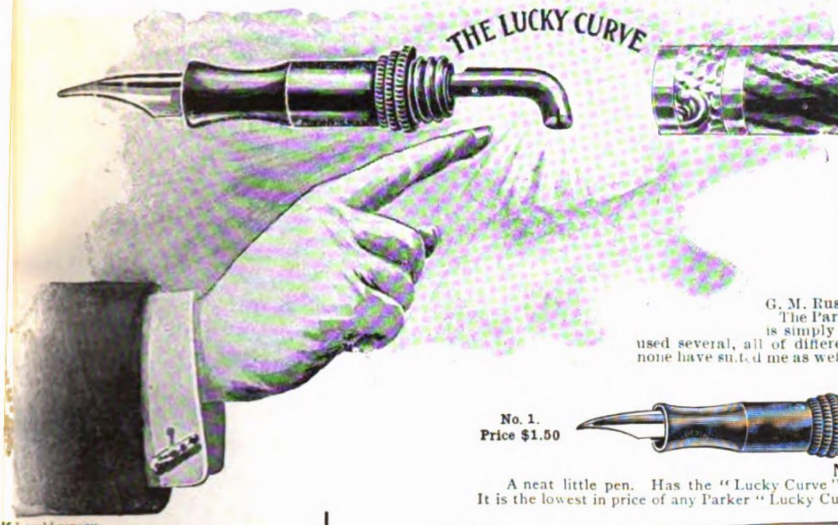
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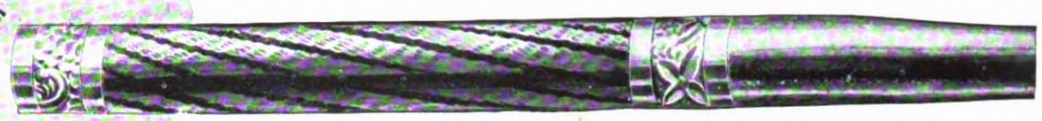
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The GEO. S. PARKER LUCKY CURVE Fountain Pen

The "Lucky Curve" is a scientific improvement which, its peculiar construction, not only feeds the ink perfectly from the barrel to the pen, but prevents the ink from leaking and getting over the outside of the nozzle to soil the fingers when next used. My little booklet, "The Reason Why," tells all.



Do you suppose people would write unsolicited letters like the following if they did not feel that I was giving them good value, even better than I promise? I have never personally met any of these correspondents.



3901 Reno St., Philadelphia, Pa.

My Dear Mr. Parker:—I have one of your "Lucky Curve" pens, and I certainly am pleased with it. I would not like to part with it for any money. Would recommend it to anyone, I have so much confidence in it. The steady flow of ink, etc., makes it the King of Pens. Yours respectfully,

LEWIS W. RIESS.

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G. M. Russell, M. D., 24 Maple St.

The Parker Pen Co. Gentlemen:—The "Lucky Curve" is simply perfect in every respect. Have owned and used several, all of different makes, and from first-class makers, but none have suited me as well as this. Yours truly,

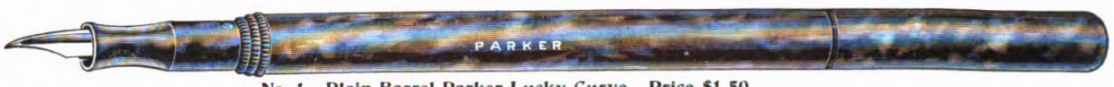
G. M. RUSSELL, M. D.

39 E. Fourth St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Jacques W. Redway, F.R.G.S., Geographer.

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis. Gentlemen:—I found the new pen on my return. It works like a charm and is correct in every respect. My old Parker has been in use for over twelve years. It has traveled, in that time, a little more than two hundred and forty thousand miles—about the distance to the moon—and though still good, is somewhat the worse for wear. Respectfully, J. W. REDWAY.

I wish I might serve you as I have served others of my friends. May I not do so?



No. 1.
Price $1.50

No. 1. Plain Barrel Parker Lucky Curve. Price $1.50.

A neat little pen. Has the "Lucky Curve" Screw Joint. Does not have the Anti-Break Cap. Either over or under Feed. A very good pen and warranted. It is the lowest in price of any Parker "Lucky Curve" made.



No. 20.
Screw Joint
or Jointless
$2.50

This is a splendid pen for the money, and it is just the thing for the school boy or school girl. It is so simple and strong that it can hardly be gotten out of order. If you want to send a thrill of pleasure through "that boy" or "that girl," you can do it with a Parker No. 20. Not quite so large as the next size, but it is good and fully warranted.

No. 23. This number can be supplied when so desired, with practically same size barrel as No. 20, but the pen is a full size larger than the preceding number. The larger pen affording, as it does, the different "feel," will richly repay anyone to purchase this pen if they are connoisseurs. Price $3.00.



No. 24.
Screw Joint
or Jointless
$4.00

No. 24. Price $4.00. This pen is much larger than the general run of pens, and they are purchased by those who just know what they want, and can afford to pay the higher price necessary for the larger and finer pen. If you feel like spending $4.00 for a fountain pen, and purchase this pen, we feel safe in saying one year hence $10.00 would not buy it if another could not be purchased. It has a "feel," too, all its own. We can recommend it as one of the finest pens ever made. (This pen fitted for manifolding, Shorthand or Bookkeeping when so ordered.)



No. 25.
Screw Joint
or Jointless
$5.00

No. 25. Price $5.00. If you enjoy writing with a large fountain and pen, you should own a No. 25. It will tell the story of what real luxury is possible to be afforded by a fountain pen. The entire fountain is large, but you forget all about that, as the large, smooth shining pen glides swiftly over the paper.



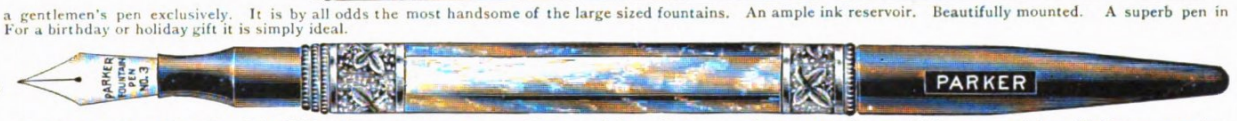
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Price $3.00

This is a very handsome pen. Has beautifully chased barrel in a great variety of patterns, fitted with gold bands. It is made in two sizes—one size same as shown in engraving, the other, ladies' size, considerably smaller.



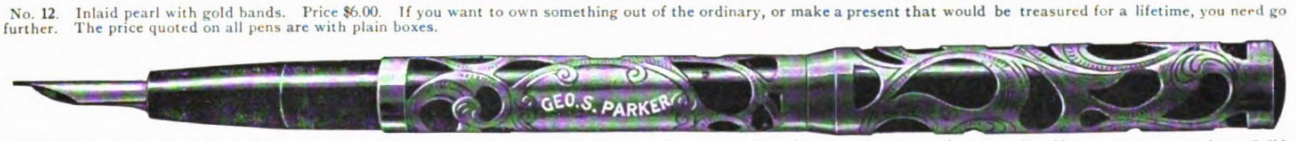
No. 9.
Price $4.00

This is a gentlemen's pen exclusively. It is by all odds the most handsome of the large sized fountains. An ample ink reservoir. Beautifully mounted. A superb pen in every way. For a birthday or holiday gift it is simply ideal.



No. 12.
Price $6.00

No. 12. Inlaid pearl with gold bands. Price $6.00. If you want to own something out of the ordinary, or make a present that would be treasured for a lifetime, you need go no further. The price quoted on all pens are with plain boxes.



No. 14.
Price
$5.00
No. 16.
Price
$6.00

The Silver is inlaid over the vulcanite, making a most striking looking pen. Space is reserved on name plate for engraving name of owner. No. 16, same pattern as above, Solid 18K gold plate will wear for many years. Price $6.00. If you want to spend as much as $5.00 or $6.00 for a fancy fountain you need have no fear of regretting your selection of this style.



No. 30
Price
$10.00

Ten dollars is a good deal of money to pay for a fountain pen, yet this sum has been paid by a good many people. Last year we tried the experiment of marketing a ten dollar pen. We discovered something we did not know before, and that is, there are many who have the money to spend for such an article, providing it is what they want. We sold more than ten times as many of these high priced pens as we anticipated. To be sure, they are beauties, for the cut does not begin to do justice to the rich-looking, gold-covered No. 30. If you want to make some dear friend a present that will be treasured for a lifetime, and be handed down as an heirloom, the No. 30 will fill the bill. For presentation purposes to some officer or member of society, lodge or school, nothing could be so pleasing or appropriate. There is ample room on barrel in place provided to engrave name, letter or initials, when so desired. Beautiful plush or morocco hinged covered case, satin lined, $1.00 extra.



No. 40.
Price
$20.00

No. 40. Price $20.00. (Barrel and Cap Covered With Solid 18K Gold.)

We do not expect this pen will ever come into very general use. Yet for Christmas presents, wedding presents, a birthday present, a present to some honored member of a society, it would make a lasting reminder of the donor. It is difficult to conceive how a more beautiful pen could be made. The cut, however good, gives but a poor representation of it. The flowers, leaves, vines, etc., stand out in relief as the body of the barrel is cut down by engraving to give prominence to the beautiful raised work. The delicate beauty and richness of this pen must be seen to be appreciated. Space is left on the barrel in place reserved for it to engrave the name of owner. With this pen will be sent a plush morocco box without additional charge.



Bulldog
Special.
Price $4.00

This is a new thing in fountain pens. It is a vest pocket pen, that is for the lower vest pocket, in which it is carried FLAT. It has the advantage of never getting lost, always at hand, and never in sight when carried. It has sold in large numbers in London, England, during the past two years and seems destined to be a great seller in this country. The student, the business man as well as all military men who have seen it, are charmed with it. A favorite in many of the universities and recommended by college men everywhere.

Let me send you my catalogue, which is very complete in the way of illustrations, descriptions and prices; also, "The Reason Why," as well as the name of a local dealer who sells the "Lucky Curve." I wish you would kindly write me today and permit me to send you the information and catalogue I have waiting for you.

Geo. S. Parker, 96 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis., U. S. A.

P. S. If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a Parker Pen, I will send you complimentary a 6-inch Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamp; to others, 12 cents.

If I could convey to you how much real pleasure, comfort and satisfaction there is in store for you, should you decide to become an owner and user of one of my Fountain Pens, I am sure you would not long be without. I have never been satisfied with making merely a good pen, but am making what is acknowledged to be



Absolutely the Best Pen in the World

Honest pens that will wear, and capable of many years of satisfactory use. In fact, I issue an Accident Policy with each pen, which not only guarantees each pen to be entirely satisfactory, but it **Insures Against Breakage for One Year up, Barrel, Feeder, Nozzle, and, in fact, any part except the Gold Pen.**

Such vital and necessary patented improvements as the famous "Lucky Curve" feed, the Anti-Break Cap, Spring Lock, etc., are some reasons for its great superiority, and without which they could not be claimed to be

Perfect Parker Pens.

To those who have never owned a Fountain Pen, the Parker is a delight. To those who have used others, it is perfection. First right in principle, then skillfully made to avoid the weak points found in other makes. Parker Pens seem to go alone, so smooth and easy is the movement. Many thousands of the best dealers sell my pens and carry fine assortments. If, however, you cannot purchase a Parker Pen in your city, please do not purchase another make simply to accommodate the dealer, by enabling him to make a larger profit than he could by selling you a "Lucky Curve," but in such an instance kindly order direct.

Remember, in purchasing the Parker you are buying a pen not merely for to-day or to-morrow, but one that will last many years, consequently you cannot afford to be annoyed by the use of an inferior pen.

May I ask, in event I have the pleasure of numbering you among the users of the Parker Pen, that if you find I have given you better value than promised, will you kindly speak a good word on its behalf to your friends? If you do, I will appreciate it as a personal favor.

For Booklovers.—Pencil notes will blur. A Parker Pen" will make them indelible.

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For Students. Ever find your pencil notes blurred? Use a "Parker Pen" and avoid this annoyance.

For the Foreman and Superintendent.—A practical pen for practical men. The "Parker Pen" uses any color ink—writes neatly—does not stick or splutter.

For Cashier.—Twice as many checks can be signed—if you use a "Parker Pen"—ready without a shake.

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For Travelers.—Useful as time tables. A traveler can write out his orders on the double-quick with a "Parker Pen."

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For Reporters.—The Reporter's Side Arm.—The "Parker Pen" is always ready to make notes.

For Ministers.—Do not attempt to hold those fleeting thoughts in your head. A "Parker Pen" will transfer them to paper at your command.

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Who sells them? More than 9000 of the best dealers!

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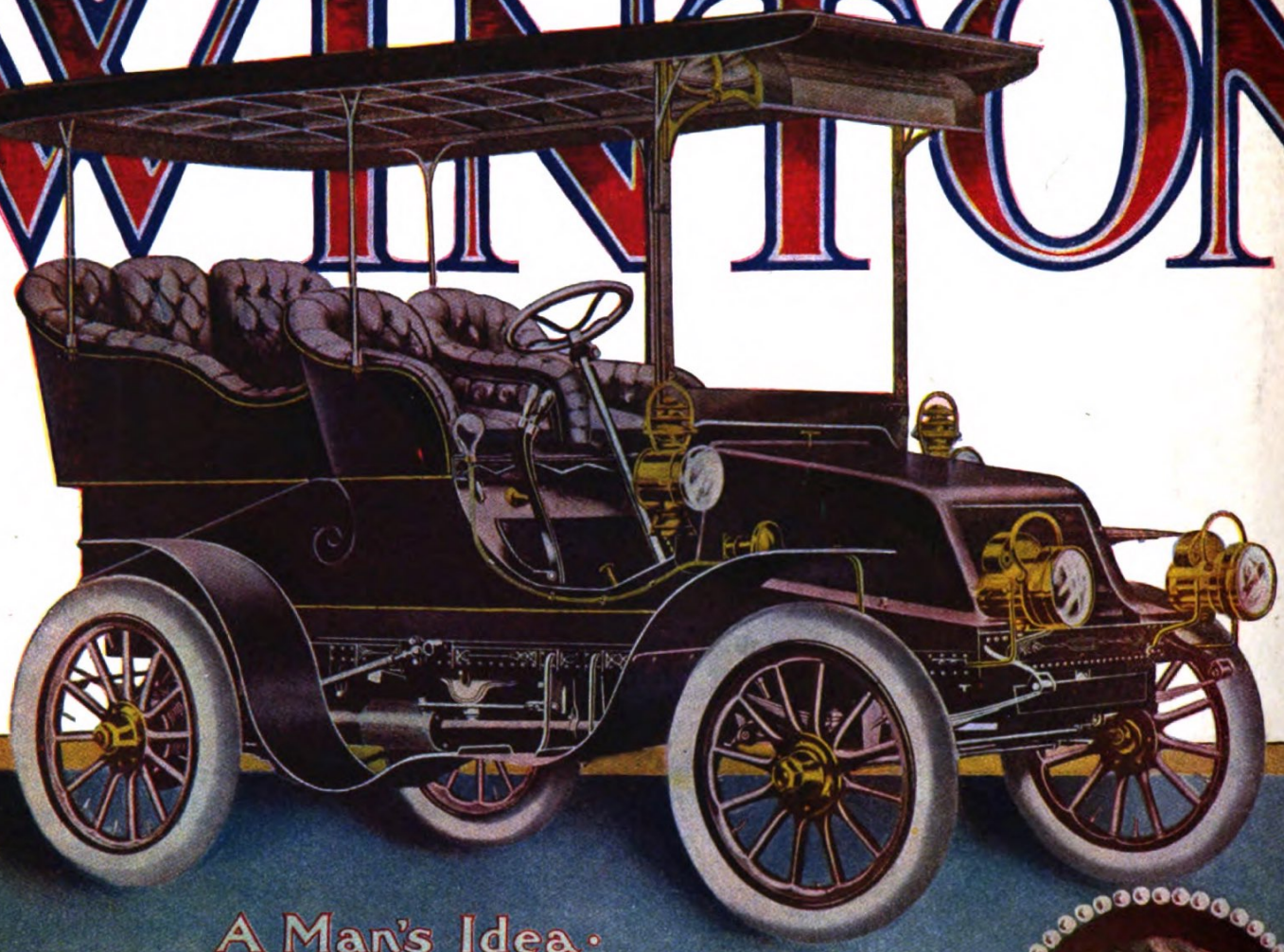
If you live in any of these cities, please call and see representative line of my pens in the stock of any of the following dealers from whom you will receive a cordial reception. Just say that I asked you to call. Benj. F. Spink, 2 W. 14th St., New York City; The Dreka Company, 1121 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Geo. Marshall & Co., 144 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.; The J. W. Cushing Co., Baltimore, Md.; S. G. Adams, 314 North Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Physician's Thermometer Fountain Pen (Special)

Will interest every busy, successful practicing physician. It is a complete Parker "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pen. In the end opposite the gold pen, inserted in an ingenious way, is a Clinical Thermometer, ready for instant use. Price $5.00, which includes thermometer, which is accompanied by a certified certificate showing correct readings of the thermometer.

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A Man's Idea



Some years ago Mr. Alexander Winton believed that a commercially successful "horseless carriage" might be constructed. No such vehicle existed.

Capitalists thought the suggestion absurd. Friends advised against a waste of precious time.

Mr. Winton persisted. Determination was his capital. Discouragement after discouragement disappeared before his unwavering resolution, and daily he neared his triumph. Today Mr. Winton is America's foremost automobile engineer, the Winton Touring Car is nearest the goal of perfection and the Winton plant is the greatest exclusive automobile factory in existence. It is a story of success. The world applauds success: it applauds Mr. Winton's success by purchasing Winton cars. Thereby it gains much enjoyment.



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