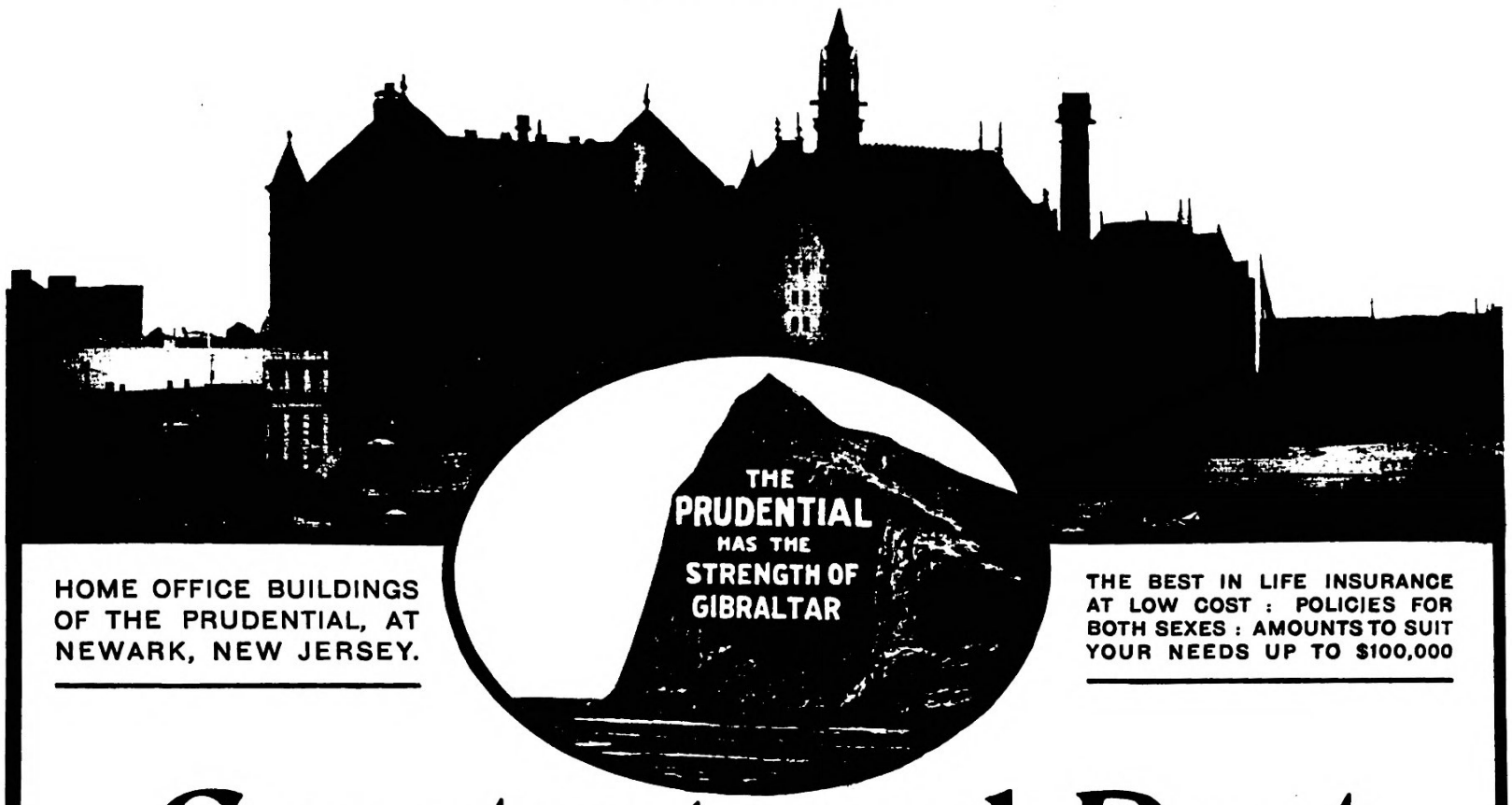
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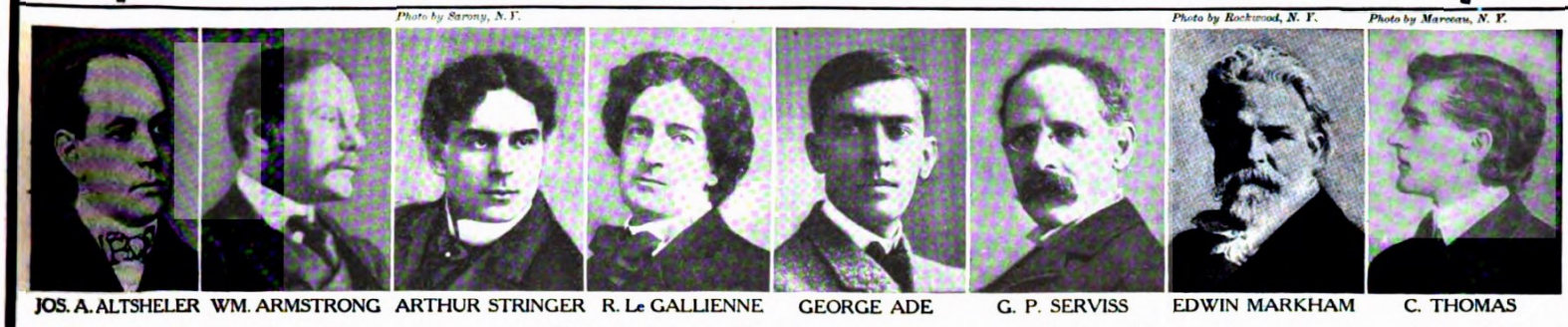


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JOS. A. ALTSHELER | WM. ARMSTRONG | ARTHUR STRINGER | R. Le GALLIENNE | GEORGE ADE | G. P. SERVISS | EDWIN MARKHAM | C. THOMAS

Some of the Contributors to this Issue

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 so that they may be received by us not later than March 15th, in order to be certain of receiving our April number (ready March 25th). Advantage may be taken of magazine and book clubbing offers appearing in this issue by those sending us their renewals.

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

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Our March Cover

We have been fortunate in securing in Mr. J. N. Marchand, the painter of the cover of this issue, an artist who has made a close and accurate study of the details of Western life in the old days as well as the modern. His studio contains a most interesting collection of "relics," Indian trappings, pistols, saddles and implements used in the old frontier life, with which he is so familiar, and in this cover, painted expressly for March SUCCESS, he gives us an authentic and beautiful picture which is well worthy of preservation.

For the benefit of those who wish a copy for framing we have prepared 1,000 artist's proofs of this SUCCESS cover taken from the original plates, 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.

David Harum and Deacon Perkins

So large a portion of the great American people has chuckled with keen delight over the nature-inspired pages of "David Harum" that we make no apology for presenting to our readers, as one of our Success Portfolio pictures this month, the famous scene where the Deacon purchases David's balky horse. One may perhaps be pardoned for occasionally enjoying the humor of a horse trade, without finding it necessary to look too closely into its morals, and we all have a certain amount of human sympathy with David in his desire to "get even" with a man, who in times past, had "done me so brown that I was burnt in places."

Copies of this picture, engraved in color on fine proofpaper, with wide margins suitable for framing, will be sent to our readers securely packed in tube, postage prepaid, on receipt of twenty-five cents per copy, in coin, money-order or stamps.

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WE need not introduce our friend, Edwin Markham, to the readers of SUCCESS, for his stirring poems and his strong prose writings have made his name a strong household word throughout the country. Mr. Markham was born in Oregon fifty-two years ago, and was a close personal friend of the men of whom he tells in "On the Trail to the Golden Gate."

Joseph A. Altsheler, the editor of the "Thrice-a-Week World" of New York, is a newspaper man of long standing, and in his new serial "Guthrie of 'The Times,'" appearing in this issue, he will give us a story of most fascinating interest, dealing with politics, business, finance, mountain feuds, and a young newspaper reporter whose honesty, ability and loyal friendship enables him to become a "power behind the throne."

It is said that George Ade has made more people laugh than any writer since Bill Nye. Statistics on this point are not available, but in his "Fable of the Honest Money-maker," which appears in this issue, he will, we hope, make our own 2,000,000 readers smile at least.

Garrett P. Serviss, whose charming book, "Astronomy through an Opera Glass," has proved his ability to interest people in what is usually considered an abstruse subject, will conduct for us a department on "Popular Science," which we we know will be of great interest to our readers.

Not long ago a friend stopped Richard Le Gallienne on the street and said, "What's the use of poetry, anyway?" The more Mr. Le Gallienne thought of this question, the more it seemed to him that it would form the basis of the strong article which we publish this month.

Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne will interest thousands of the mothers among our SUCCESS readers in the new series of articles on child culture, entitled, "How the Twig Is Bent."

Chauncey Thomas—erstwhile native of Colorado, a cowboy, a miner, a newspaper reporter, express messenger and a writer of short stories—tells us, in "Six Pounds Short," of a wonderful "theft" of gold on the Klondike route.

William Armstrong, writes about Mme. Marchesi's classroom in which Melba, Gerster, Sybil Sanderson, Nordica, and other famous prima donnas were taught.

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 March; and that the honest bankruptcy of an advertiser, occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us, shall not entitle the reader to recover loss from us, but only to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of the money. We cannot, moreover, hold ourselves responsible for the accuracy of ordinary "trade talk," nor for the settling of minor disputes or claims between advertiser and reader.

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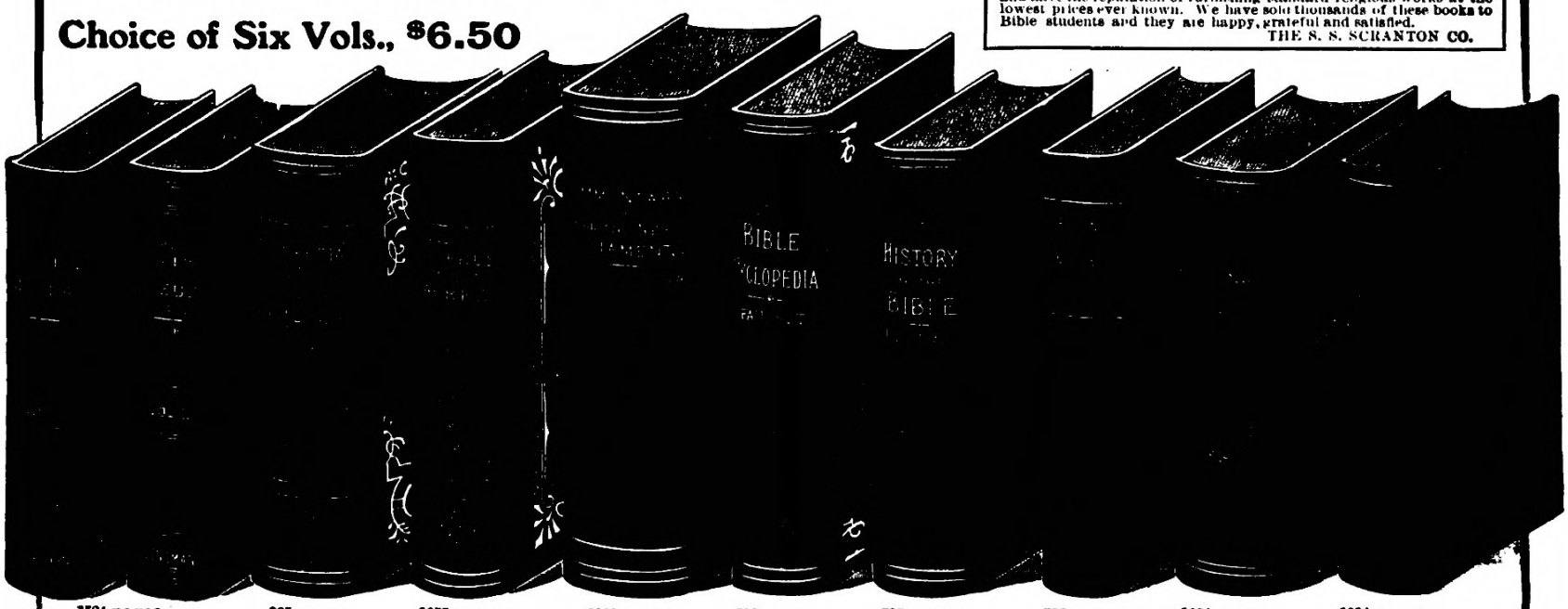
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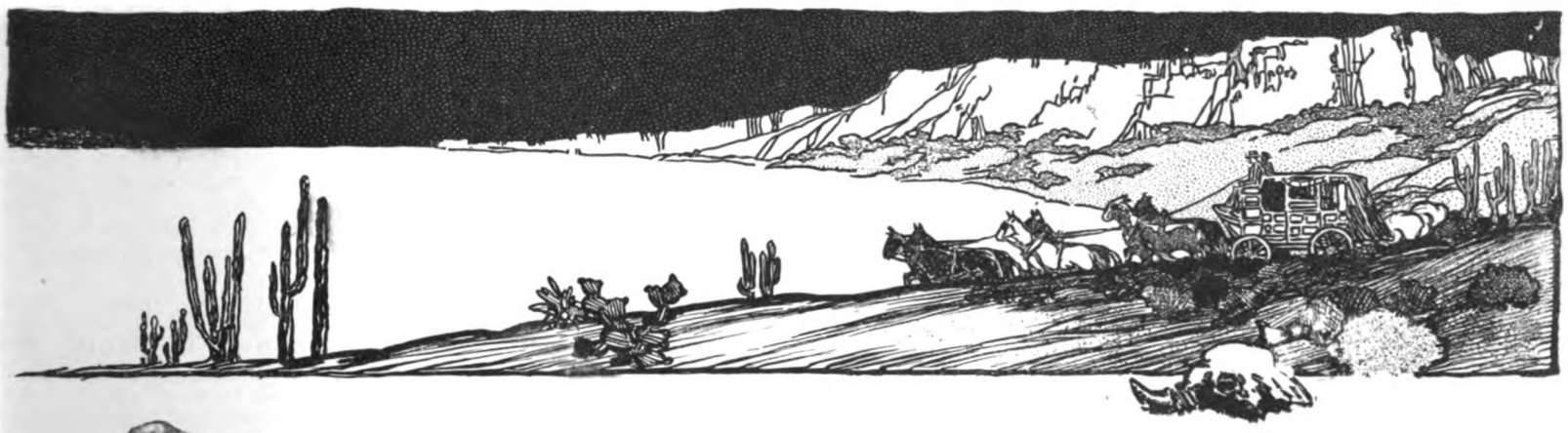
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SUCCESS

VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, MARCH, 1904 Number 118





The "carpetbag system" was the method of express delivery sixty years ago

ON THE TRAIL TO THE GOLDEN GATE

The Romance of a Great Achievement, Describing the Beginnings of the Express Business, an American Enterprise that almost Cobwebs the Entire World

EDWIN MARKHAM

[Author of "The Romance of the 'C. P.'"]

[This is the second of Mr. Markham's striking epics of industry which he is writing specially for SUCCESS. The first, "The Romance of the 'C. P.,'" appeared in our issue of March, 1903, and attracted wide attention as a strong and stirring picture of the building of the first railroad to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. His next article will deal with the story of the opening of the great Northwest. It will be entitled, "The First Dash into the Wilderness."—THE EDITOR]

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

WHITTIER

I.

SEVEN wheel-worn trails wind and weave across the great plains of the United States. Two of these paths are historic, and every mile of their wandering is marked by the stones of camp fires and the bones of men. One, the oldest of all, eats its way through the sand and cacti of lonesome Arizona; the other, the Great Salt Lake Trail, pushes on past the Platte River, through the alkali deserts of Nevada. Adventurous trappers and scouts first broke this path into the wilderness. Along its windings went the fleeing Mormons, hurrying to hide themselves beside the bitter waters of our inland sea. Here tramped the gold seekers, too, in the days of '49.

What was the force that pushed men on to dare the uncharted West? Why were they determined to break open the doors of the unknown, to tread the brink of danger, to achieve the impossible? A Kant or a Hegel may have a philosophy of progress, but the men who are in the thick of the work have no philosophy. They are pushed on by the imperious, elemental forces of love and hunger.

Fifty years ago there was a slow surge of the people toward the West, driven on by a racial destiny that had behind it the momentum of the world. First some solitary Daniel Boone, following the shy track of fawn or fox, beat out a ragged way into the labyrinth of woods and waters. Then came the settler, in his lurching ox-wagon, seeking a home on the frontier; then long trains of sunbonneted wagons crept over the plains, captained by strong, resolute men, with rifles on their knees,—men ever alert and always ready for the rush of buffaloes or the curdling cry of savages.

Soon came the rumbling Overland Stage, threading its way from the Mississippi to the Pacific in twenty-four days. After this came the Pony Express, that cut the time to ten days. Finally was heard the shuttling and thundering of railway trains, pulling the two oceans still closer together.

II.

IN the early '40's, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, under orders from the United States war department, set out westward from St. Louis on an exploring expedition, having the famous Kit Carson as his guide. His report drew the eyes of the world to the Platte Valley, to the Salt Lake Basin, and to the new Italies beyond.

Early in 1847, the Mormons at Nauvoo, under the leadership of Brigham Young, took up their long march westward on the trail to the Great Basin. Every able-bodied man carried a rifle; every wagon served as a house while on land, and as a boat when crossing the frequent streams.

These pilgrims set out in several separate trains; still, the forward bands found ways to communicate with those behind. Thousands of bleached buffalo skulls were scattered over the prairies. At times letters were placed inside a skull, and this quaint mail-box would be hung to the limb of some tree along the road. In other emergencies, information would be painted on the smooth white front of a skull set up in some conspicuous place. These buffalo skulls were the first post offices and bulletin boards of the unsettled plains.

Soon the valley of the Platte began to be the gateway of a trail crowded with hoofs and wheels and feet, all pressing on to the good green land

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where rolls the Oregon. Listen to the song of Joaquin Miller, whose cradle was rocked by the prairie wind:—

The long chained lines of yoked and patient steers;
Then long white trains that pointed to the west,
Beyond the savage West; the hopes and fears
Of blunt, untutored men; who hardly guessed
Their course; the brave and silent women, dressed
In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
The cheery babes that laughed at all, and blessed
The doubting hearts with laughing, lifted hands!—
What exodus for far untraversed lands!

Suddenly, in 1849, a wild whisper went across the world. Gold, canyons of gold, in far California! Straightway the Old Trail pulsed with the feet of excited men bound for El Dorado.

The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
And iron chains; and lo! at last the whole
Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the west, as if with one control;
Then hope looked fair, and home lay far behind:
Before, the boundless plain and fiercest of their kind.

After it became known that Fremont had found a pass and trail to California, trains of travelers went pouring westward the whole summer long,—freighters, miners, and settlers. The Indians resented this intrusion into their ancient lands, and coveted the goods of the travelers. They were continually harassing and murdering lone passers-by and solitary wagons, leaving to the wolves the bodies of the dead.

Seeing the almost inevitable slaughter of small, straggling parties, the military fell into the habit of detaining passing teams until some forty or fifty had assembled, with a goodly number of able-bodied men among them. These were ordered to choose one of their number for commander, he being empowered to detail guards and preserve military discipline. As a safeguard, the wagons often were driven in two columns, twenty or thirty feet apart. At an alarm of Indians, the head and the rear of these files turned in toward each other, making a hollow square of wagons, inside which the women and children and loose cattle were sheltered. Behind this hasty barricade the travelers fought for their lives.

III.

FROM the first swing of the people toward the open and empty West, one of the chief needs was a safe, speedy, and orderly transfer of personal property. Contemporaneous with the early push toward the Pacific, a man arose whose project (soon to girdle the world,) was destined to fill this need. This man, whose dream and deed helped mightily to people the vacant West, was William Frederick Harnden, the founder of the express system of America and of the world.

The express business seems so indispensable and inevitable a part of our life, so fixed and unalterable a part of our business, that we can scarcely realize the time when there existed no peripatetic bank, no ubiquitous delivery system, no ever-ready, ever-capable medium for rendering a thousand unnamable services in fetching and carrying, and in representing us at home and abroad. To get his thought transmitted, to get himself and his goods transferred with celerity and safety,—these are large problems of civilization that man has been struggling with since he began to think and to labor.

Man has flashed his thought from hill to hill by signal fires, or sent it scurrying along threads of steel, or flung it through space upon unseen rhythmic trails. His burdens, the dove, the camel, the elephant, the dog, the ox, the horse and his brother man have carried for him.

But it was not till the nineteenth century (which may be called the century of conveniences,) that there was built up a business of carrying parcels, collecting debts, and forwarding money.

If the picturesque days of the early passenger coach (flourishing up to the '40's,) had continued, perhaps, even until to-day, we should not have had our superb express system. The old-time coach driver, a person of importance in art and literature, as well as in domestic economy,—this picturesque functionary was of old the distributing and collecting agent along his route. His memory was his account book, his pocket his strong box. His pay was a pail of eggs, a pound of tea, a random shilling, or a lean "Thank you!" His only rival was the friendly traveler on board, who was the bearer of orders and packages for neighbors, perhaps, for miles about. Churlish, indeed, was the outgoing or incoming pilgrim who refused to do an errand for a needy townsman, whether an acquaintance or not.

When the railroads began their work, in the '30's, they broke up this easy-going traffic, for they made necessary punctual appointments, definite engagements, and rapid transit. They swept into disuse many a wayside inn remote among the wooded hills, where the creaking coaches had been wont to stop and bring in the feel of the roaring world. They ousted from a seat of honor many a worthy coach driver,—a personage looked up to and revered, whose words were oracles and prophecies, and whose exploits were epics. This changing of the established order, this advent of a grim, hurrying train of cars, with no friendliness of approach, no elasticity of time-table, no deflection from its course, whatever the need,—this unbeautiful innovation was received with indignation on the part of the stage drivers and innkeepers and their gossiping circles of friends.

One hundred and six stage lines ran out of Boston alone, in 1834, and it behooved the promotors of the struggling railroads to conciliate these deposed publicans and jehus in order to make and keep friends with the clamoring people. So stage drivers were generally made ticket agents and conductors, and pressed into every other possible service.

Naturally, those who went from the stages to the trains carried on their friendly service, in fetching and carrying along the line. But it was all a matter of accommodation and haphazard, with no record or method. The same sort of errand-mongering was operating on the steamers of both the eastern and the western waters.

The steamer "John W. Richmond" was, at this time, plying between Boston and New York. James W. Hale, an employee of Hudson's News Room, in the old Tontine Building, at the corner of Wall and Water Streets, New York City, happened to be also the agent of this steamer.

He was in the habit of running down to the boat at the hour of its tri-weekly sailing to send off a copy of the News Room's bulletin sheet to the Boston newspapers. Certain Wall Street brokers, noting his punctual errand, fell into the way of asking Mr. Hale to take to the boat packets of bank notes or coin, with a request to pass them on to some Boston-bound traveler, to be delivered according to directions. Rather a slack arrangement a broker of to-day would consider this unreceipted-for consignment committed thus to Providence and an unknown vest pocket. But no one is said to have refused to perform such an errand or to have betrayed such a trust. Yet we are told that hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly passed to and fro in this arcadian manner: an evidence, is it not, of the nobleness that lies in men, sleeping, but never dead?

Perhaps, however, the obliging Mr. Hale began, by and by, to feel his unprofitable stewardship something of a bore; for, in the winter of 1839 and 1840, when Mr. Harnden came to New York, suffering from what we would to-day call nervous prostration, a momentous conversation took place.

"I am worn out, Hale," said Mr. Harnden, "by my sixteen hours a day in the Boston and Worcester ticket office. I must find a less monotonous position. What would you think of my doing errands between New York and Boston?"

"I believe," answered his friend, "that a good thing could be made of a parcel-delivery between these cities. Every day I am pestered by brokers to take money and packages down to the 'Richmond,' where, in turn, I must pester passengers to carry the stuff to Boston. Why not let these gentlemen pay for this thing?"

"I've had just that in my mind," said Harnden. "System is good in other lines,—why not in the errand business? I believe I'll try it."

"Go ahead," said Hale; "I'll get you the patronage of a lot of brokers and speak for facilities for you on the 'Richmond.'"

In a month Harnden was at work between Boston and New York, with circulars, and offices, and plenty of business.

Such was the seed-start of the express enterprise that, in three years, made Harnden's name a commercial term on two continents; the enterprise that to-day scribbles the globe with its roads; that has an army of shareholders and employees; that does a banking business that makes Rothschild seem an office boy; that will fetch or carry your child or your dog, your cane or your obelisk, from Auckland to the Klondike, or from the Golden Horn to the Golden Gate. Without health or capital or influence, without precedent or model, with only his own unconquerable energy, Harnden built up the great express business that is now a power throughout the world.

A department of his work that finally came to demand his greatest attention was the foreign immigration business, which he established in 1840. Henry Wells (later to be identified with California in the great express company there,) was one of Harnden's clerks. He was imploring his chief to run express lines from the seaboard cities into the West.

"Put a people in the West, and my express shall follow," said Harnden.

But his imagination suddenly caught fire at the thought of the empty wilderness and the needs of landless men in crowded Europe. He saw that European working people



This old stagecoach was used by Wells, Fargo and Company's Express in the '60's, to carry bullion, mail, and passengers over one of the California routes. It now stands by a roadway near Sacramento, California, while moss and vines slowly weave around it a cloak for its decay. Not more than a dozen yards away, its thundering successor, the locomotive, rumbles frequently by

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"The Pony Rider, whose horse's flying feet beat out the last thousand miles of the road."

needed only to be told of the opportunities in this new world, and to have the way cleared of the obstacles their ignorance and poverty had built up, in order to induce them to come over to the fertile West. He arranged for the transfer of small amounts of money to Europe, in order that the poor might be able to send for friends. He arranged for cheap transportation in packet ships; he got exclusive rights to the use of the Erie Canal passenger boats, and announced these arrangements to the people of both continents. The hint was taken. Soon passage money was pouring out of America and immigrants were pouring in.

Saved from the piundering of sharpers and the bewilderments of rival lines, the immigrants came freely and happily to their new homes.

But, just as Harnden was getting well established, and just as tens of thousands of immigrants began to pour westward as never before, he went himself as an immigrant into the Beyond. In the midst of his success he passed on to more work in other worlds.

Feeble in body, scarce thirty-three years of age, he had been the cause, under the God of Tribes and Wanderings, of bringing over one hundred thousand useful, hard-working men and women to larger and more abundant life on the western prairies. How many destinies he had changed for all eternity by this shifting of human pawns only the Angel of the Judgment Book can ever know.

IV.

HISTORY will tell with wonder of the great waves of emigration that went surging across America in those years when the railroad, the telegraph and the express were taking shape to serve the irrepressible needs of man. The East was pressing toward the West. Harnden's emigrants were crowding through the Erie Canal toward the Great Central Plain, to spread out over the Mississippi Valley, or to join the stream of home seekers and gold seekers sweeping on to the lands under the setting sun.

Now more than ever before there was need of a swift, certain transportation for men and property. After ten years spent in beating around the windy Horn, after ten years spent in panting through the poisonous vapors of the Isthmus, the Overland Stage, in 1858, was started out across the continent to meet the clamor of the people. It ran first on the Santa Fé Route, penetrating California by way of Arizona; but, after the rise of the Pony Express, it was shifted to the Old Trail that winds into the West through Utah and Nevada.

The stages used were of the old thoroughbrace variety that tipped and bobbed and swayed in a giddy rockaby, as they spurted over the levels or snailed up the mountain sides. There was a boot in front and one in the rear for mail and express and baggage.

Rarely did the driver leave his box while the men at a ten-mile station were changing the horses. The "ribbons" were flung into the driver's hands; his right foot was on the brake-head; there rang out the sharp, pistol-like crack of the braided deerskin whip; there was a spring of the excited horses; a forward lunge of the coach, a quick scattering of pebbles, a sudden cloud of dust, and the stage was plunging down the canyon or careering over the plains. Day after day, a hundred miles from sun to sun, it dug into the distance.

The passengers were wedged together, sweltering by day, perhaps, and shivering by night,—three on a seat, no vacancies, as seats were spoken for three months ahead. There were brief pauses for hasty meals; travelers slept bolt upright through the twenty-five days, swaying in unison from side to side as the stages sped on two thousand miles from the Mississippi to the far-away Pacific.

The sudden swell of the rivers, and the sudden fall of snow, blotting out the road and blocking up the way,—these were frequent obstacles. Sometimes the driver lost his reckoning in the snow-piled, featureless landscape; sometimes the horses fell exhausted in the drifts and cutting wind. Breakdowns, prairie fires, landslides, tornadoes, washouts, murderous Indians, and desperate highwaymen,—all these were within the horoscope of the traveler on the Overland Stage.

Most frightful of all the perils was the ever-threatening attack by the Indians. Between Fort Laramie and South Pass took place, in the early '60's, one of the many battles of the border. A band of screeching savages fell suddenly upon the United States mail stages. The nine white men hastily drew the two coaches close together, piling the mail pouches and express packages and heaping sand upon them for breastworks. For hours and hours, till night came on, the men fought from their precarious fortress; six of the travelers were wounded, all the horses were killed, and the stages were riddled with bullets and arrows. When night fell, the Indians departed. The three unwounded men took out the front wheels of the running-gear of the two coaches, stretched their wounded comrades upon these rude vehicles, and pulled them back to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater.

In 1864 all the Indian nations, with hunting grounds along the great trail, joined in a murderous alliance to exterminate the encroaching whites. It was the first concerted action of the Indians in the West, and each of the eager tribes sent its most intrepid warriors to join in the general havoc. In August the furious hordes fell like a fire of the Inferno upon all stages and overland caravans, all travelers, hunters, and trappers, and all lone ranches for twelve hundred miles along the reddening trail.

In this wild carnage, which is like a leaf from the chronicle of Attila, scores of settlers and travelers went to awful death. Millions of dollars' worth of property were swept to ruin and flame. The story of it sent a shudder throughout the nation. All western immigration on the Platte was checked for months, although the rushing in of troops, and the fact that the Indians were glutted with blood and plunder, soon sent back the old quiet on the trail.

At intervals there would be a traitor in the driver's box. One July a coach, loaded with seven frontiersmen and a pile of gold bars, was swinging along the road. The travelers were armed with double-barreled shotguns, each loaded with twenty-six buckshot. They were determined to defend to the last their hard-earned riches. Suddenly, in a lonely place, the robbers were upon them; there was a quick bark of flashing guns, and four of the travelers lay dead, while one saved his life by lying perfectly still and feigning death as the highwaymen crowded around the stage.

It turned out that the driver was in league with the robbers. He received his share of the booty, but did not live to spend his ill-gotten gain. He was tracked to Denver and hanged with startling promptness by the Vigilantes.

In the earliest days armed outriders or "whippers-in" galloped beside the stage horses, to lash the lagging leaders to greater exertion over the level plains. These hardy escorts served as defenders and as scouts in times of peril.

All sorts of men were these drivers and scouts,—all sorts, from Harvard graduates down to desperadoes steeped in villainies. A few of them were men who sometimes reached up toward heroic stature. They were all men of coolness, courage, and quick resource,—men who looked into the face of Death as into the face of an old acquaintance.

The story of the Old Trail brims with tragic memories, the stuff of fireside tales and border ballads. Death's frequent footsteps mark the way. The Mountain Meadows Massacre and the Donner Lake Starvation are episodes which, down to latest time, will touch with pity and terror the hearts of all who shall hark back to our great drama of migration to the Sea of Peace.

The feeling, too, of dark antiquity is on this trail. As you enter the dateless desolation of the Great Basin, you are back in the ancient eras of

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wrenching earthquakes and flaming craters. It is a lean, lone, leafless land,—a ruined world of desert dust and naked hills.

As you enter the valley of the Platte, you are swallowed up in grassy plains that for ages were the park of the buffalo, that maned master of the prairie that swiftly vanished when the white men came crowding upon his trails and tramping fields.

A wonderland this valley was of nature's wildest, swiftest moods of dark and bright. Here tornadoes whirled in terrible mad dances, scooping the river waters and flinging them to the sky, and crushing to sudden death trees and beasts and men. Here the mirage lifted its mystic, shimmering scenes of feathered savages in circling march or mazy evolution,—scenes, too, of sporting antelopes, of airy bridges, of winding streams, and of castle towers.

Verily, danger and beauty and wonder hovered over the long valley. Here hoar mountains still prop up illimitable skies of sheerest blue. Canyons, cliffs, and cataracts edge the way. These austere, cloistral wilds, if they might speak, could yield up the secret date of the southward march of the reticent Mound Builder. Before the coming of the eastern emigrant and his ox,—that burden-bearer old as Thoth and Horus, here stalked and crashed the mammoth, long dwindled to a bone and a name.

V.

BUT the most picturesque figure on the Old Trail was the Pony Rider, whose horse's flying feet beat out the last thousand miles of the road. The Overland Stage proved to be too slow for mail and express, in its flight from the Mississippi to the Pacific. It had cut down the months of the old ox-team to twenty-five days. Still the East and the West must be drawn yet closer together. It was done: space was shrunken, time was shriveled. "The Pony" did it,—cutting the time to ten days.



J. J. VALENTINE



W. F. HARNDEN

[In the spring of 1839 William F. Harnden advertised that he would take charge of money and small parcels and transmit them between Boston and New York, and from his single carpetbag has risen a system of intercommunication between persons and places that, in the number of its stations and the total length of its routes, is surpassed only by the post office department. The all-embracing express reached across the ocean as early as 1855, and now this peculiar American enterprise almost covers the entire globe. Mr. Harnden was the man who gave the world the first idea of this enormous business. It is estimated that the American express companies alone cover over seventy-five thousand miles of road, send their messengers four hundred thousand miles a day, employ over twenty thousand men, and four thousand horses, and have from nine thousand to ten thousand offices. The late John J. Valentine, one of the pioneers of the business, began his career in 1854, with Younglove Brothers, druggists, and agents for Carter, Thomas and Company's stage and express line in Bowling Green, Kentucky. About the same year the construction of railroads was begun in that section of the country, and, as it progressed, express facilities were secured by O'Bannon, Kean and Company, of Louisville, who occupied both stage and railroad lines, but the Adams Express Company obtained similar rights, and Mr. Valentine became identified with that company, continuing in its service until the winter of 1861, when he resigned, and in the following spring moved to California, where he was soon appointed joint agent for Wells, Fargo and Company's express, the Pioneer Stage Company, and the California State Telegraph Company, at Strawberry Valley, El Dorado County. Finally, as president of the firm of Wells, Fargo and Company, he became the foremost man in the express business west of the Mississippi River. The methods he instituted are still used]

The idea of a Pony Express was whispered to the owners of the Overland Stage. They decided to make the great endeavor. In two months the thing had taken form: the long trail from the Mississippi to the sea was resounding with the clamor of galloping horsemen. It was poetry in action! We can hear the sound of the hoof-beats in McGaffey's ringing lines:—

A treeless stretch of grassy plains,
Blue-bordered by the summer sky;
Where, past our swaying, creaking stage,
The buffaloes go thundering by.
And antelope in scattered bands
Feed in the breezy prairie lands. . . . .

A ring of hoofs, a flying steed,
A shout,—a face,—a waving hand,—
A flake of foam upon the grass,
That melts,—and then alone we stand,
As now a speck against the gray
The pony rider fades away.

Chiefly to the energy and daring of William H. Russell, one of the owners of the Overland Stage, is due the credit for the famous Pony Express. It was the purpose to carry letters chiefly, and not more than twenty pounds of these. The fee for carrying a letter to California was five dollars for each half ounce. To save weight all letters were written on the finest tissue paper. New York and San Francisco papers printed special editions on tissue paper for the pony pocket.

For greater security all perishable matter was wrapped in oiled silk; still, it was sometimes damaged by flooding waters that the riders must ford or swim. The letters were placed in four pockets, one in each corner of the *mochila*, a saddle covering made of heavy leather and used by all *vaqueros*. This *mochila* was passed from pony to pony on the long way. The pockets were locked, and could be opened only at military posts, at Salt Lake City, and in far-away San Francisco.

"The Pony" was a vast and daring enterprise. It called for dauntless faith and bags of money: five hundred horses, two hundred stations, two hundred station keepers, and eighty picked and intrepid messengers. Food for man and beast was often hauled hundreds of miles.

To plan and project accommodations for the continual motion of this procession of centaurs across half a continent, to foresee every need and emergency, to find a little army of men to carry on the incessant, exhausting routine with the punctuality of the north star in its course,—this was what is meant by the organization of the Pony Express.

But swiftly all preparations were made, and the day arrived for the first dash on the long-linked run across the continent. Riders and horses were ready, at ten-mile intervals, on the hazardous inhospitable trail. The men were awake to the bold adventure. They must ride two thousand miles in ten days.

It was the third day of April,—a month that has been memorable in America for the beginning of mighty things. The Pony Express was to start simultaneously from St. Joseph, in the east, and from Sacramento, in the west. A special train had brought from New York to Missouri business letters, and tissue-paper editions of the great dailies, and a message of congratulation from the president of the United States to the governor of California. Russell, the promotor of the enterprise, cinched saddle and *mochila* upon the restless pony's back; eager relic-hunters plucked hairs from the broncho's tail, as souvenirs of the historic moment. The clock clanged the hour. A gun spat out a sharp word. The messenger leaped into his seat; a thousand cheers rang on the air, and he was away toward the setting sun. At Sacramento, at the same moment, the signal for the start fell upon the ears of the listening assemblage, gathered to make holiday because of the beginning of a high achievement. Cannon boomed applause. The river whistles shrieked their joy. The people cheered, and smiled through wet eyes, for all were strangers then in a strange land, and the Pony Express meant "nearer home."

After passing on from rider to rider, the Missouri packet reached Sacramento at nine o'clock on the morning of April 13. Victory! Jubilation! Now from the Yellow Missouri to the Yellow Sacramento, forty men were riding east, and forty men were riding west; men with every surplus shred of clothing cast aside; men armed with only knives and revolvers, and, at times, repeating rifles.

These were young men trained in the pioneer's academy,—the saddle; learned in the pioneer's lore,—the Indian's track, the buffalo's odor, the wind's innuendo; lean, lithe, wiry men; fearless, unflinching men, with great capacity for persistence and privation,—men ever alert, calm, and resourceful.

The ponies, too, lean mustangs from the Texas ranges, were picked and perfect of their kind. They were sure-footed and fleet as mountain goats, full of the fiber of endurance, the fever of achievement. Usually they did not take amiably to the bondage of bit and rider. Often a blanket was thrown over the snorting, defiant head of the mustang, while the saddle and bridle were flung on the pawing creature. The rider sprang to his seat, and stuck his large Mexican spurs into the hair cinch. The blindfold was jerked off, and the indignant broncho leaped stiffly forward, or plunged sidewise in quick, sharp bounds, till, realizing that it had a Sindbad on its back, it would give up its seesaw antics and dash like a whirlwind down the road.

After galloping ten miles the horse would clatter into the next station, flecked with foam, and dripping with sweat. In a twinkling the rider was on the ground, with his express pouches and mail pockets, and into the saddle of a fresh horse, and away again upon the flying trail. Only two minutes' delay were allowed from pause to flight. Ever on and on they sped under the sun, under the stars, through sleet and wind and rain; on over parched deserts, across swollen streams, over ragged sandhills, along lone, tawny plains, through rocky passes, down steep defiles, over fallen trees, and bowlders, over piling snow-fields, and along frightful precipices.

Truly, as the expressmen of America have written on the tomb of Harnden, the first expressman: "The king's business requires haste." The stage coaches devoured one hundred and twenty-five miles from sun to sun. The pony riders drank up two hundred and fifty. Lincoln's inaugural message to congress, in March, 1861, was carried over the road in seven days and seventeen hours,—the quickest long-distance ride in history.

What an achievement of daring and hardihood was this for man and his friend, the horse! Does it not take rank with the rides of heroes past? Does it not belong to books of song and story? It was a trail that tried the stuff of the soul. Hulks of abandoned wagons and fragments of human skeletons were strewn along many a league of its length, to tell of hope forsaken, of life gone down. Danger lurked behind every ledge of rock, every clump of trees. Murderous Indians and desperate highwaymen dogged the steps of the lone, swift riders. Scarce one of these adventurous pony riders but sometime had his wild race for life, his whisper from the Indian's arrow, his parley with the robber's bullet. Sometimes it was the stinging blizzard that lashed man and steed. Sometimes a treacherous snowslide swept them off in a headlong rush.

But, if alive, he clung to his burden and his seat and pushed on till another as faithful as himself took up the charge. If illness, death, or any other cause left no rider at the end of the first man's beat, then must he leap into the vacant seat and do double duty. He must multiply himself and his work as long as there was need of him in the saddle. Sometimes, it is said, after one of these rides on and on, the rider was too exhausted to dismount. Then the station men lifted him and his precious pouch and pockets, all three, to the fresh horse, and hurried him on again to the end of his journey.



Brigham Young's "Guide Post"
[Sketched from a buffalo's head]

Thrilling stories are told of the endurance of the men. Our famous "Buffalo Bill," (William F. Cody,) was a pony rider in his youth, galloping one hundred and twelve miles through wild Nebraska every other day. Once when he had dashed over his stretch, he found the two station men murdered by the Cheyennes. He vaulted upon a fresh broncho, and, leading another behind him for exchange when his own should grow jaded, he rode two hundred and

[*Concluded on pages 207 to 209*]

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"His mother and sister came to me at once'"

GUTHRIE OF "THE TIMES"

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

[Author of "Before the Dawn," "In Circling Camps," etc.]

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CHAPTER I.—The Writer and the Bishop

WILLIAM GUTHRIE, of "The Times," was not hard of heart, and he was sorry the papers had come into his hands, because he saw before him an unpleasant duty that must be done, although the knowledge was not of his seeking, having been brought to him. He had known Templeton a long time, as a young man of the kind welcome in any company, quick to tell a good story, and following all amusements with a zest that soon spread to others. He had liked him at first, having been attracted, as others were, by his easy good humor and adaptability; but after awhile he began to wonder how his new friend could attend to the duties of his office and yet have so much time for good fellowship.

Now it was all clear to Guthrie, and it was not a surprise; he had long suspected such an issue; it was a common case, and he had come in contact with others like it in the course of his professional career,—a fondness for good living, an excessive expenditure, and then a hand in a purse not one's own. The defalcation would not embarrass the department, but it was large enough, and the prominence of Templeton's family would arouse still further interest.

He put the papers in his pocket and walked across the tessellated floor of the hotel toward one of the front doors. It was early, but a half dozen members of the house or senate were already in the lobby, which was the heart of the little capital, a natural gathering-place, suggestive of the half-true jest that more legislation was done there than in the capitol. All of them greeted him courteously, some warmly, because he was a young man of gravity and weight, and, moreover, the representative of the state's most powerful newspaper; therefore he was not to be neglected.

He replied to their greetings and went out on the steps, where he stood in the full glory of the morning sunshine, a smoothly shaven young man, with the clear-cut, classic face that one often sees in this state which is of both the South and the West, and not wholly of either.

He breathed the crisp wintry air, and felt that it was good to live. But he could not forget Templeton, and he was troubled. For the young man himself he did not greatly care, but he knew his sister, and there was a mother,—and such disclosures as these always fall most heavily on the women.

There was a crunch of wheels on the gravel, and Templeton himself in a high cart drove past. Guthrie observed him keenly, and even at a distance he saw the black marks of dissipation under his eyes. Then he looked at his watch.

"9.15," he murmured, "and I know that he is due in his office at 8.30."

Templeton drove briskly down the street, and then over the bridge. Guthrie saw him, presently, a diminished figure, on the white road that wound among the hills beyond the town, a favorite drive there, and he knew that Templeton was enjoying time that really belonged to the state; but, as for himself, he must go to work.

The session of the legislature that day was short and dry, and Guthrie, returning to his hotel early in the afternoon, went to his room, where he wrote his brief dispatch to "The Times," telling of the day's events at the capital. Then he put it aside, to be filed at six o'clock, and, taking a fresh pad of paper, approached the matter of the defalcation.

The dispatch was hard to begin, and, as he tapped the pencil on the paper in thought, his bell rang. The colored boy handed him a card, with the information that the gentleman was waiting below. Guthrie read the name on the card with surprise. "The bishop!" he said, to himself; "what can he want with me? At any rate I must not keep him waiting."

The bishop was one of the best-beloved men in his state,—and beyond it. For forty years his good deeds had carried his name before him. He was one who always leaned to the side of charity and mercy, and his character was stamped on his features. He was standing alone in the large parlor, gazing thoughtfully through the window at the silver band of the river and the lofty curve of the hills beyond, clothed in the sober brown of winter. But he heard Guthrie's step at the door and turned at once.

"My son," he said,—the paternal manner became him,—"I am glad that I have found you."

"But why did you come here?" asked Guthrie, reproachfully. "Had you sent me a message that you wanted me, I should have gone at once to your house. I should have been glad to do so."

"I thought it best to see you here," said the bishop, "because, old as I am, it is I who have the favor to ask, and it is for you to grant it,—if you will."

A gentle smile lighted up the fine old eyes, but Guthrie, a keen and trained observer, noticed that he moved his fingers nervously. He divined the purpose of the bishop's errand, and became wary at once, but he replied:—

"If there is any way in which I can be of service, it will be a great pleasure to me to do what you ask."

The bishop looked again through the window at the silver river and the brown hills beyond. A faint flush came into his face, imparting to it a singular, tender beauty like that of youth.

"Mine is a delicate errand, Mr. Guthrie," said he, "and I should have felt some hesitation about coming upon it to any one except yourself, whom I know so well. It's about Mr. Templeton that I wish to speak to you. It has become known to his family that certain facts concerning him were given to you this morning,—facts which, if published to the world, would ruin him and disgrace an old and honored name."

"It is true," said Guthrie.

"And these facts, I understand," continued the bishop, "are in your hands alone; they have not, I believe, come to the knowledge of any other newspaper."

"That, also, is true," assented Guthrie.

The bishop paused, and with one hand he threw back the thick white hair from his brow.

"It is hardly necessary for me, Mr. Guthrie, to tell now why I am here," he continued. "His mother and sister came to me at once,—they were aware that I had known you all your life, and that I had baptized you,—it was very pitiful, their grief and terror. There is no denial of the cruel and disgraceful facts,—he took the money, but he did not learn until noon that it had been discovered. They hurried him away, an hour later, on a train to the North, where he will remain until—until atonement is made, which will be very soon. His family will repay the money, the state will not lose anything, and his good name and theirs will be saved,—that is, if you do not send anything about it to your newspaper, and make his disgrace known to all the world."

Guthrie moved uneasily. He felt all the pity and pathos of this tragedy, but he considered himself in a way a public servant, to whom the people of the state looked for a faithful report about their public affairs,—an office little, if any, less than priestly.

"If I do not send this report, the crime stands committed, nevertheless," he said; "Templeton remains the same."

"It is true that he is the same now," replied the bishop, "but will he be the same hereafter? If you suppress this report, will you not be giving him another chance, an opportunity to reform? Circumstances have put in your hands the fate of a young man and the honor of an old family; this report is a small matter to you, a mere incident of the day's work, so why should you hesitate to grant the request of this stricken mother and sister?"

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"Every member of this house knows that there is only one person who can hold back a bill"

Guthrie was conscious at that moment of a keen sense of admiration for the bishop's fine face, the humanity and mercy shining from his eyes, and the lofty nature of an appeal made without any sacrifice of dignity. But the sense of duty to his profession came back to him, and with it a slight rebellion against an implication in the bishop's words.

"But is it fair," he asked, "to put the burden upon me? I suppose that a man, in a measure, makes himself. Should not Templeton, then, stand the consequences of what he has done?"

"In such a case as this," replied the bishop, "we do not apply a logic so cold. Templeton will reform."

Guthrie in his heart did not believe in Templeton's reformation, but he was willing to put that phase of the matter aside and confine himself to his own personal responsibility in the case.

"Would you be willing," he asked, "for me to speak to you as I would to a man of my own age and position?"

"I would not have you do otherwise," replied the bishop, with his kindly smile. "I wish to put this question upon a basis wholly fair."

"We have spoken only of Templeton and his family," Guthrie said, "and we have disregarded my own position in this affair. Suppose we speak of myself as we would of a third person! I will admit that the press is often sensational, and that it prints some things that are bad and more that are frivolous. But there are also bad and frivolous lawyers and physicians, and—pardon me!—clergymen. These things do not alter the fact that the press has a duty to perform, to narrate faithfully to the world the public events that are occurring each day; and, if it fail in any particular, when the information is in its possession, is it not as much at fault as a lawyer who betrays his client or a clergyman who neglects the moral welfare of his people? Should there be one moral standard for the church and a lower one for the press?"

The bishop shook his head, as if in dissent, but his blue eyes shone with a benevolent gaze. He laid his hand lightly for a moment on the other's shoulder. The act was paternal, and Guthrie recognized in it the fact that the bishop, despite his wish to speak from a plane of perfect equality in age and otherwise, could not do so,—a long habit of thought would not permit it.

"I honor the quality in your character that makes you speak as you do," said the bishop, "but I think it comes from a mistaken preconception of the world and one's duty to it. It is the fault of youth to generalize too much, and to think that no rule has an exception. But I am an old man, and I tell you that it is better to spare a family than to send a dispatch to a newspaper."

"Should you tell me that?" exclaimed Guthrie. "Mine is a public service, made so by universal necessity and universal consent. I have a managing editor back there in the city who is my general. He is a machine: when he comes on duty at eight o'clock, he leaves all human emotion behind him, not to be taken up again until the paper goes to press at three o'clock in the morning,—that is why he is such a valuable managing editor. He is exactly like a general in a real campaign, marshaling his forces for the most effective exertion of strength. Now here am I, a sentinel at an advanced post. I have seen something more than suspicious, and you ask me to say nothing about it to my general; in fact, you ask me to let a deserter slip by, because it will save the feelings of his family."

The bishop felt a faint sense of irritation, though he concealed it. "I think you are mistaken," he said, "in looking upon yourself as, in some sense, a judge."

"Not as a judge," replied Guthrie, "but as a clerk of the court. It is for me to report all things that come within my province to the judge, and then the judge, whoever he may be, can take what action he thinks fit."

The bishop was still standing by the window, tapping lightly on the pane with his forefinger, a troubled look in his blue eyes. In his heart he thought Guthrie a very stubborn young man,—a creator of false issues.

The glowing hills melted away in the twilight, the silver river became faint, and night sank down over the little capital. The bishop's face was in the shadow as he turned again to Guthrie.

"If you refuse our request," he said, and for the first time there was a note of sternness in his voice, "yours will be the responsibility for wrecking a home."

Guthrie flushed, but he did not retreat.

"It is such a charge as that which I or any one else in my profession who serves it well resents most," he replied. "Should I be controlled by sentiment, or by logic? If I am faithless in this instance, why should I not be equally so in others, and who is to be the judge as to where the limit shall be placed?"

"You think of yourself only," said the bishop, and the note of reproof in his voice grew stronger. "It is of your own career and of the strengthening of a particular profession—a desire that it shall acquire a reputation for omniscience,—that you are thinking, not of a family's honor and the forgiveness which the Book tells us we must have for the weak and the erring."

It was said of the bishop that he could have his stern moments, and that he could become terrible in his wrath, and now Guthrie saw the suppressed fire in his eyes. But the discipline of years, the code of a profession as stern and exacting as the military, lay heavily upon the young correspondent.

"I think that you do me an injustice," he said; "yours—again pardon me,—is the hasty view. We are the chroniclers of the world's daily doings, and thus, like history, give, to some extent, the record of its crimes and follies; but we do not commit the evil,—we merely state that it exists,—that is, we tell where the poison lies."

The bishop turned away again and looked through the window. A tear glittered on his eyelid, but Guthrie did not see it.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I find something cold and hard in the youth of to-day. If society is to be organized into a single merciless machine, each wheel and cog doing an exact part, and no more, then something human has gone out of it, and I, for one, prefer the old to the new. Now I shall leave this matter to your conscience."

His mild eyes were full of reproach and pain as he started toward the table to take his hat and cane, but Guthrie was before him, glad to serve an old man whom he respected so much.

"I hope to hear to-morrow that you have suppressed this news, my son," said the bishop, as he went out.

They met by chance in the street two hours later, and the bishop's look was questioning.

"I have just come from the telegraph office," said Guthrie. "I have sent 'The Times' a thousand words about Templeton."

The bishop frowned and turned away without a word. Guthrie raised his head and walked on toward his hotel.

"I need lights and the sound of human voices," he thought, "and I shall go where they are."

Senator Dennison's wife was to give one of her semimonthly receptions, that evening, and it was sure to be attended largely, because she was not only a power socially and politically, but the house over which this handsome and tactful woman presided was also the pleasantest in the little city. John Dennison was not a state senator, which is important in itself, but a United States senator, a far grander thing. He was an old man, yet fresh and robust, had had a long and distinguished public career in the state, and had been elected at the preceding session of the legislature to the United States senate, but his young wife still maintained a home in the little capital, in which she had been born, and where, with the new prestige of her husband, she was a social star.

Guthrie put on his evening clothes and a light overcoat, and walked out in the frosty air toward the Dennison home, which was on the other side of the river, though but a short distance away.

"We are glad to see you, Mr. Guthrie," said Mrs. Dennison, when he entered; "of course we all bow to the press."

"And not to me, in my humble personal capacity!"

"We value you, too, for your own sake," she said.

She was tall, blonde, and affable, a woman of will and capacity, and only thirty years old. Beside her stood the governor's wife, Mrs. Hastings, who was yet a girl,—for Paul Hastings was the youngest governor in the history of the state, and he had married only a little before his election,—and beyond her was a vista of other girls, all with the fresh complexions and delicate features which belong to the women of this state.

Lucy Hastings liked the young correspondent, for he had written many kind things in "The Times" about Paul, and she greeted him with the warmth and feelings of her youth.

"We have missed you, Mr. Guthrie," she said. "Have n't we, Clarice?"

Clarice, otherwise Miss Ransome, was the first girl on her right, and, when the governor's wife appealed to her for confirmation, Guthrie looked curiously at her to see if it would come. He



ZEDEKIAH PIKE

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had met Miss Ransome once before. She was the daughter of a rich man in the metropolis of the state and was on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Hastings. She was tall and composed, with a face full of strength and character. She smiled slightly.

"Why do you appeal to me, Lucy," she asked; "can't you speak for yourself?"

Guthrie was disappointed. She seemed to him, at their first meeting, somewhat cold and reserved, perhaps a little superior; but this bearing attracted his mind unconsciously, telling him that a shell of some kind usually incloses whatever is of greatest value.

"You can see here, to-night, what a strange medley we are in this state, Miss Ransome," he said.

She glanced over the crowded drawing-room, and the light of interest appeared in her eyes. Guthrie spoke the truth. Many phases of human character were represented there. This state presents sharp contrasts. On the east are the untamed mountains, which suddenly drop down on the west into a vast valley, one of the richest and most beautiful in the world, and the people share the qualities of the particular soil on which they dwell. But here in the little capital they met on equal terms politically and socially. Every member of the legislature, by unwritten law, was entitled to all the hospitality of the little city.

"Who is the singular-looking tall man with the white spots in his hair?" asked Miss Ransome.

He of whom she spoke was leaning against the wall, and Miss Ransome was not the only one who looked at him with curiosity. He was over six feet, four inches in height, as straight and slender as a hickory tree, and his long, coal-black hair had turned white in irregular patches, not larger than silver dollars. His face was straight, long, and smoothly shaven, his cheek bones high, like an Indian's, and his black eyes wary and restless, like those of a hunter who watches for hidden danger. The tails of a long, rusty black frock coat fell below his knees.

Guthrie followed Miss Ransome's look of inquiry, and smiled slightly, but sympathetically.

"That," he replied, "is Reverend Zedekiah Pike, of Sloane County, a state senator from the mountains and my very good friend, I am glad to say. At least, he preaches sometimes in his native mountains, although he is not ordained,—a minister by profession can not be a member of our legislature, you know,—and he is also, I am told, the chief champion of the Pikes in their long feud with the Dilgers."

"A feudist in such a house as this? How strange!" exclaimed Miss Ransome, her eyes shining with interest. "Perhaps he has a pistol with him now!"

"I have no doubt that those long coat tails hide the butt of a seven-shot self-acting revolver," replied Guthrie. "But don't you be afraid, Miss Ransome, for Mr. Pike is as gentle as a lamb, and isn't going to shoot anybody here."

"Will he talk to women?" asked Miss Ransome.

"Just you wait a minute and see," replied Guthrie, and he crossed the room to Mr. Pike.

The tall mountaineer smiled when the young correspondent spoke to him,—Guthrie had printed a picture of Mr. Pike in his newspaper, and under it had appeared the flattering line, "The leader of the mountain delegation in the senate."

"A lady from the city wishes to meet you, Mr. Pike," he said. "Come; I will take you to her."

The tall mountaineer neither hesitated nor showed embarrassment, but followed Guthrie without a word and was duly presented to Miss Ransome. Clarice, who knew as little of the portion of her own state from which Mr. Pike came as she did of Afghanistan, was surprised to find him not awkward, but, on the contrary, composed and dignified. He said "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to her, because he had been taught to say them always to women, but his manner was not one with which anybody could trifle.

Clarice felt a pleasant excitement. Having been educated abroad, and knowing nothing of Mr. Pike's mountains, she imagined much.

"I hear you are the leader of the mountain delegation, Mr. Pike," she said.

"That's just one of Billy Guthrie's yarns, ma'am," he drawled. "These newspaper fellers have got to fill their columns, and I 'low they find it pow'ful hard sleddin', sometimes, ma'am."

He put his hand familiarly and affectionately on Guthrie's shoulder as he spoke.

"But we don't quarrel with 'em when they stretch the blanket to say nice things about us, ma'am," he continued; "it's when they whack our speeches that we say the freedom of the press is turnin' into license."

Miss Ransome tried to draw him out, and make him talk of his own people and himself, but here she struck the obstacle that all must meet who seek to explore as she did. The mountaineer immediately became reserved and cold. When Mrs. Hastings took him away, presently, Clarice said to Guthrie:—

"What a singular man!"

"Yes," was the reply, "and as proud as Lucifer. You will hear of him before this session is over. I am glad that you are beginning to find your own state interesting. Now, here is another man as marked in character as Mr. Pike; he comes neither from the mountains nor from our famous lowland valley, but from the hill country that slopes off into the southwest. I am speaking of Senator Cobb, the big man over there."

Mr. Cobb, a member of the state senate, was not quite so tall as Mr. Pike, but was much broader and heavier, and he, too, was smoothly shaven, with a pair of mild and childlike blue eyes looking forth from his ruddy and massive features. Thick, snow-white hair brushed straight back was the crown of a striking face.

"Another friend of mine, Miss Ransome," said Guthrie. "Senator Cobb is the connecting link between the rich lowlands and the poor highlands, and is the enemy of all trusts and monopolies. He is the most absolutely honest man in public and private life that I have ever known."

When she talked with Senator Cobb, who, she knew, had been abused much by the opposition, she began to allow for the exaggeration and the vague charges so common in American life. This man's gaze was straight and open. His dignity and the courtesy that he showed to women were equal to those of Mr. Pike, but obviously he was of a higher type than the mountaineer. He showed more culture, more acquaintance with the larger world, and a greater grasp of its problems.

Clarice Ransome was deeply interested,—more so than she would have confessed to Guthrie. She had been only a week at the capital, and only three months home from Europe, whence she had arrived with many prejudices and a view which she had begun to believe was somewhat narrow. It now seemed to her that much of the so-called cultivation and refinement that she had learned abroad had in it a touch of effeminacy, a quality repellent to her.

More than once her glance strayed to Guthrie, who was on the other side of the room, talking with Senator Cobb, and she did not know whether she liked him or not, but she could not help noticing his fine, eager face, and she felt, too, that he had communicated some of his own enthusiasm and interest to everything about him.

But Guthrie was unconscious of her glances. He drifted in a few moments from Senator Cobb to Jimmie Warfield, the youthful representative of one of the metropolitan districts. Warfield put his hand on the correspondent's shoulder and drew him to one side.

"Billy," he said, "I've heard a tale about you and Templeton. I hope it isn't true."

Guthrie's form stiffened a little. Here was the issue again, and he would have to face the criticism of one of his best friends. But he did not seek to avoid it.

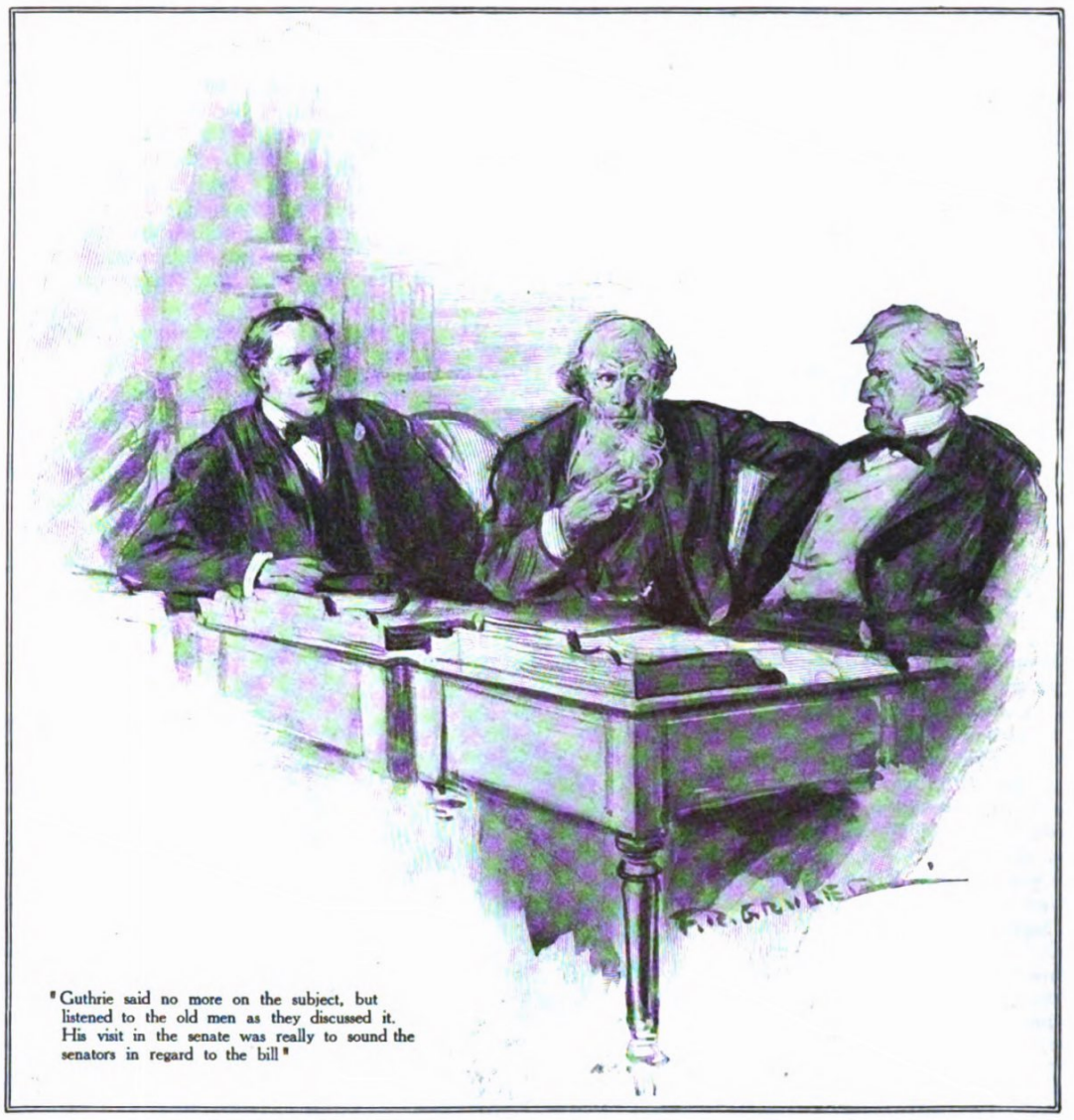
"I suppose you have heard that I sent 'The Times' an account of Templeton's defalcation," he replied; "well, it's true."

"I don't see how you could do it, Billy," said Warfield; "I'm sure I'd have skipped it if I had been in your place."

"It's one of the things that I'm in this city for," replied Guthrie, and he walked away, not willing to discuss it any more.

Warfield, who was a tender-hearted man, ready at any time to sacrifice himself for a friend, gazed after him. "I couldn't have done it," he said.

Guthrie left early, and on his way home his thoughts were strangely divided between Templeton and Clarice Ransome, who were not at all alike.



"Guthrie said no more on the subject, but listened to the old men as they discussed it. His visit in the senate was really to sound the senators in regard to the bill"

CHAPTER II.

A Session of the House

GUTHRIE was early in his attendance at the next morning's session of the legislature, and but few members were present when he arrived. The

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day was cold and the boughs of the trees on the statehouse lawn crackled in the dry, bitter wind, but inside all was snug and warm. It was a small and primitive capitol, erected by the state in its earliest youth, when there was little money to spare, but it had both beauty and nobility. The vast fireplaces, built before the days of steam pipes, were filled with hickory logs, which kept up a crackling fire under the great blaze, like the popping of small shot.

The members greeted him in a pleasant fashion, and, after the familiar words, he took off his overcoat, and warmed his fingers by the great open fire. The wine of life was full of sparkle, that morning, and he looked forward to a day's good work. The speaker himself, Mr. Carton, a young man,—not over thirty,—entered at that moment, and, like Guthrie, warmed his hands before the great blaze.

"Do you expect any debate of more than usual interest, to-day, Mr. Carton?" asked Guthrie.

The speaker's ordinarily pleasant face clouded a little.

"I'm afraid Pugsley is going to call up the 'United,'" he replied. "He's loaded for a big speech, and you know that demagogic plea of his is bound to count with lots of people up in the city, and throughout the state, too."

Guthrie glanced toward the eastern side of the house, near the great window, where Pugsley was already in his seat. The "United" was merely a short term for the United Electric, Gas, Power, Light, and Heating Bill, with which Pugsley had come down from the "city." "City" here meant the metropolis of the state, and, being six or seven times the size of any other place in it, it loomed large in the affairs of the legislature. Pugsley's face was bent over his desk, as he examined some papers, but his features were not hidden. They were heavy and coarse, but the small, close-set eyes did not lack intelligence. Guthrie's face brightened when Jimmy Warfield, who also represented a "city" district, entered. No one could look into his open countenance and say that he was not straightforward and honest. Warfield caught Guthrie's eyes and nodded. Then he took his own seat, two desks away from Pugsley, and began to write.

A quorum was soon present, and the speaker called the house to order. It is the custom always to open the sessions with prayer, and, as there is no regular chaplain, a visiting minister or one from the capital officiates. This morning the minister did not enter until the last moment, and it was the bishop. Guthrie looked up and met his eye. It was grave and reproachful, and the young man flushed a little, but he returned the old man's gaze steadily.

The bishop, after the prayer, paused a few moments by the fire before going out into the cold. The mails from the metropolis bringing the morning's important newspapers always arrive at this moment, and a boy came in with them, distributing to each member and to each correspondent his share. One of the members courteously handed his "Times" to the bishop.

"Perhaps Europe has furnished us with a new war-cloud in the Balkans," he said.

The bishop smiled and opened his newspaper, but he did not look for the "war-cloud in the Balkans." His mind was upon a thousand-word dispatch sent the night before by the young legislative reporter, whose action he could not approve. The reporter, from his desk, was watching him closely, and he saw him turn page after page until he came to the last, and then go back to the first page, scrutinizing them all again. The look of disapproval changed to one of perplexity, and then to relief, though still retaining a tinge of bewilderment. He folded the paper, handed it back to the obliging member, with a quiet "Thank you!" and then walked over to the correspondent and whispered, "May I see you for a moment, Mr. Guthrie?"

The latter rose at once and went with the bishop to the fireplace, where they were, in a sense, detached from the business of the house.

"I have looked carefully through 'The Times' for the news about young Templeton, and do not find it," said the bishop. "What does it mean? You told me that you sent the dispatch."

"I told you the truth," replied Guthrie, meeting the other's eye unflinchingly.

"I never for a moment doubted that," said the bishop. "I wish to know, not because it is my affair, but because of our previous conversation, why it was not published."

"I suppose that they did not think it worth while," replied Guthrie, vaguely.

The bishop shook his head.

Guthrie flushed and looked embarrassed. The bishop waited and the reporter saw that he expected him to speak.

"When I sent my dispatch I forwarded another telegram also," he said, reluctantly. "It was a personal one to Mr. Stetson, our editor,—there was a chance that he might be in the city,—asking him to suppress my news, if he could."

"Well!" said the bishop.

"It seems," continued Guthrie, "that he was there,—and that he suppressed the news. Mr. Stetson is the editor, and, if he wanted to do it, he could,—he's the judge of his duty to the public."

There was a new warmth in the bishop's tone when he spoke again, and he put his hand on the reporter's shoulder in a fatherly manner.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, "last night, I thought you hard, even cruel, but I have changed my opinion to-day. Why didn't you tell me that you had sent this personal telegram to your editor?"

Guthrie hesitated.

"Because I thought I ought to be judged according to my conception of my duty," he replied, at length, "and not by some qualifying action. And then—the chances were at least five to one that Mr. Stetson would not be there."

The bishop patted him on the shoulder, and in a few moments left the house. Guthrie returned to his desk and resumed his notes.

He concluded that Pugsley was not yet ready to explode his mine, and, deciding to go into the senate for a while, he crossed the hall and joined the older and more dignified body. The change in atmosphere was apparent at once. The house has over a hundred members; the senate, less than forty, and the smaller number began to wear more the aspect of a club. Besides, brown hair was predominant in the house, and gray hair here. Old Senator Wells, from the mountains, had taken his boots off to ease his feet, and his gray homeknit yarn socks, undoubtedly the work of his wife, were exposed for all to see. Guthrie took the seat beside Senator Wells. They were passing local bills, of interest only to particular members, and Senator Cobb moved into the vacant seat on the other side of Mr. Wells.

"I hear that there is going to be a stir in the house, to-day," he said to Guthrie.

"Yes," replied the correspondent, "Pugsley expects to call up the 'United' bill and to attack the speaker because he smothered it so long in the committee."

"I'm sorry Carton did that," said Senator Cobb. "I like him and I don't like Pugsley, but the latter is right in this matter; that bill hits at the corporations, and it ought to pass. Carton is going to find himself in serious trouble."

Guthrie said no more on the subject, but listened to the old men as they discussed it. His visit in the senate was really to sound the senators in regard to the bill, and he found that a majority there, as in the house, favored it. He had hoped that, if Carton should let the bill pass in the house, it might be defeated in the senate, and thus the purpose would be achieved without detriment to the speaker, but it required only a few minutes to tell him that the plan was useless.



"I hope to hear to-morrow that you've suppressed this news!"

He rose presently and went back into the house, where dull business was still going on, but the lobbies had filled up in his absence. Mrs. Dennison, the governor's wife, and their friends had arrived. The rumor that it was going to be an interesting session of the house had spread somehow in the capital, and visitors could never afford to miss anything of that nature. On field days the lobbies were always filled.

Mrs. Dennison sat with Miss Ransome on her right, and Miss Mary Pelham, a visitor from the largest city of the rich lowland region, on her left. Guthrie saw the speaker glance at Miss Pelham, then smile and bow, and he felt sorry for Carton, whom all the capital knew to be in love with her, but the speaker was a self-made man and yet poor, while she was the daughter of a great landowner and her family had been furnishing governors and United States senators for three generations. Moreover, Guthrie knew what the young speaker would soon have to face.

His own glance passed soon from Miss Pelham to Miss Ransome, to whom he bowed, and from whom he received a slight bow in return. But her face was cold and not without a supercilious touch. He folded up his notes and joined the visitors in the lobby.

"We hear that there is likely to be a scene, Mr. Guthrie; is it true?" asked Miss Ransome.

"I should hardly call it a 'scene.'"

"I accept the correction," she said. "I did not know the right word. I merely meant that something stirring is going to happen,—or so we heard,—what is it?"

"Do you see the heavy-faced man over there near the east window?" replied Guthrie, after explaining about the bill. "Well, that's Pugsley: he's one of the city members. He is expected to make a vicious attack, to-day, on the speaker."

Guthrie was watching Pugsley, who glanced up frequently from his papers, always at the speaker. Their movements, so Guthrie knew, foreboded action, and the strange and silent attention of the house showed that the members knew it, too. At this moment, a thin, quiet man, his face blue with clean shaving, entered and modestly took a seat in the farthest corner of the lobby. It was Caius Marcellus Harlow, who was not attached to the legislature in any capacity, but who was a frequent attendant upon its sessions.

Pugsley glanced once toward the lobby, and Guthrie thought he saw a faint look like a signal pass between him and the quiet Harlow, but he was not sure. Then Pugsley half rose, as if to make a motion, and called, "Mr. Speaker!" but

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Carton's eye passed on and caught another member who had also called, "Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from Mary County," said Carton, and the "gentleman from Mary County" was not Pugsley, but Mr. Harman, an amiable and long-winded member who was devoted to a bill regulating the liquor traffic, now among those before the house. Harman would speak two hours, and nothing could check him. Pugsley sank back with a smothered but angry exclamation of disgust. But Guthrie, looking at Mr. Harlow, could not see his face change by a single quiver.

When Mr. Harman came to an end, all were tired and hungry, and the house adjourned until two o'clock, and then the lobbies were again filled with visitors, hoping to witness incidents of spirit and edge. Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. Hastings, and their friends occupied the same position in the group. Mr. Pugsley was too late again. Another member secured the floor, and was recognized.

Mr. Harlow, also, was in the lobby, as usual; but, being a modest man, he occupied a seat at the rear. However, he seemed to know, by instinct, or by acute observation, which is akin to it, when the member who had the floor was going to finish, and he caught Mr. Pugsley's eye; the same faint, almost imperceptible signal passed between them, and Mr. Pugsley was on his feet just as the other man concluded, calling, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" There was nothing to do but to recognize him.

Mr. Pugsley, standing solidly upon his feet, swept the house with a long smile of triumph, and a thrill ran through the members and the lobby alike. The expected moment had come, and the speaker was about to go under fire.

Mr. Pugsley said that his had been the honor to present a bill which would be of vast benefit to the great city from which he came, and, by example, to the public everywhere. It was a bill that struck directly at three monopolies, three powerful corporations which were oppressing two hundred and fifty thousand people.

"I have worked hard for this bill," continued Mr. Pugsley, "because I know it is in the interest of the common people, but a malign influence has constantly opposed me, and has sought to hold it back,—and until the present it has been successful. It is with reluctance that I make charges; I do not wish to asperse the motives of anybody; far be it from me to attack a reputation, but every member of this house knows that there is only one person who can hold back a bill,—who can prevent its consideration,—and that man is the speaker. Now I ask why he has done this?"

Up sprang Warfield, calling, "Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from Hamilton County," said Mr. Carton, in an unmoved voice.

"As a member of this honorable body," said Mr. Warfield, "I demand a clear and explicit statement. The gentleman from the Third District has stated that an undue influence was brought to bear against his bill, and he has named names. Now, does he charge the speaker of this house with a personal interest in the defeat of his bill?"

"I state facts," Mr. Pugsley said, "and I leave it to the members of this house to draw their own inferences. This bill was introduced nearly a month ago; every one here knows with what difficulty I have been able to call it up to-day."

Out in the lobby Mary Pelham was saying impatiently to Clarice Ransome:—

"Why does not Mr. Carton deny it, at once? I should think that a man would not be able to restrain his indignation at such a charge."

Then she gazed straight at the speaker, and by and by he raised his eyes to hers. His was a glance of proud defiance; he seemed to ask neither mercy nor forgiveness of her; he seemed to say that he was choosing the right, and, if she could not believe him, well,—he must endure it as best he could. Then Jimmy Warfield, the champion of the speaker, rose again. He said that he, too, had studied this bill, and, if the speaker opposed it, it was because it was a bad bill.

A hum of approval rose, but it was from the minority. The majority sat in cold silence and Senator Cobb frowned visibly. A member moved that, in view of the gravity of the charges, a committee be formed to investigate, and, the motion being carried without opposition, the speaker said that, inasmuch as he was concerned, the chair must be taken temporarily by some one else, who would name the committee.

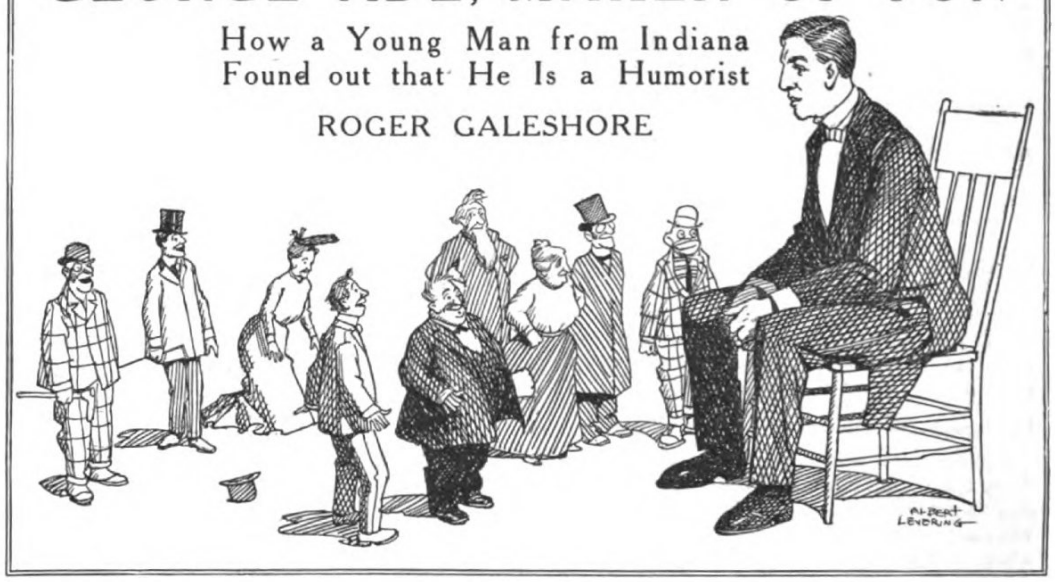
Mr. Harman was put in the chair, and he at once selected a committee of five men who had expressed no opinion. Then the house adjourned.

[*To be continued in the April* SUCCESS]

GEORGE ADE, MAKER OF FUN

How a Young Man from Indiana Found out that He Is a Humorist

ROGER GALESHORE



NOBODY is a greater humorist than Destiny herself, and she was playing one of her slow-moving practical jokes when she sent George Ade to a school of mechanics and technology to train him to write comic opera and fables in slang.

"I suppose," said he, "that they managed it on the theory that the production of modern literature is largely a mechanical process."

With him it has not been a mechanical process. Every one who has read Mr. Ade's fables would deny that there is anything mechanical about them. So this part of his training and the part in which, as he says, he infested the Chicago newspaper offices, show that, if one is really enough of a humorist, or, indeed, enough of anything else, the training to develop his science or his biceps is all good enough material on which to grow.

"But I never knew that I had any sense of humor," he confesses, "until I wandered from Indiana. Then I found that the ordinary Hoosier point of view concerning most of the happenings in this world strikes the outsider as being very amusing."

Indiana, according to Mr. Ade, is very largely responsible for everything that he has done. He was born there, four miles from the Illinois state border, "and," he says, "if my parents had moved over the line, I dare say I never would have turned out to be an 'author.'" As it was, he lived from his birth, February 9, 1866, until he was sixteen years old, in Kentland, Indiana, the county seat of Newton County.

He mentally Digested the People of His Native Town

At the mention of "county seat," the image of the county chairman about whom Mr. Ade has built up his interesting play of that name comes up in a flash, and one secret of his history is revealed: he was sixteen years old when he left Kentland, but, while he had breathed and eaten and drunk Kentland air and food and water for so long, he had done more,—he had mentally digested Kentland itself. If one has ever lived in a little town, he knows that this is so when he sees Mr. Ade's work in "The County Chairman," his successful comedy,—Kentland's very quintessence.

In Kentland the whole youthful population turned out to see the mail trains go through. In "The County Chairman" one of the hits of the play is based upon this custom. Everyone has started to rush off the stage when a stranger wants to know where the fire is, and is told that the "4.14 train" is going through.

In Kentland there must have been just such people as the county chairman himself, as there are in a hundred other little towns,—big, warmhearted, stubborn, and humorous; and there must have been the good-looking young candidate for office, and the loving maid in gray, with a fichu.

In Kentland there must have been the mercenary and lying and delicious "local touch of color;" there must have been people like the black-hearted, silk-hatted old politician, the shrewish wife, and the town orphan girl,—just as there are in many and many another little town in the Middle West, from which hundreds go out to seek their fortunes, lacking either the observation or the ability to put their own towns to use.



GEORGE ADE

In Kentland He Found the Justification for His Fables

George Ade had both, and in the years that he spent in the Kentland public schools he steeped himself unconsciously in the kindly, simple, wholesome, narrow life of the little place. Indeed, there was n't much else to do. Kentland has n't over eight thousand inhabitants,—a little cottage of a town, cuddled up in the corn belt and girt by a level country laid off in checkerboard squares of cornfields and oatfields, with here and there a white farmhouse,—always white,—and a red barn,—always red,—and a clump of maple trees, ordered from one sample, cut from the same pattern, and raised on the same rain. The life was the life of every little town, which nobody who has not been caught young and brought up in one ever really understands,—hanging about the post office nights till it is closed, pitching quoits in front of the livery stable, sitting on the railing by the woodyard, going to library-fund Christmas trees, and watching the actors arrive at the stage door on their one-night stands; and, because it is the life of the town, doing all this whether you are a son of the richest man in the village or of the janitor of the schoolhouse. No wonder there was food in Kentland for the fables of Uncle Brewster, and of Essie's tall friend, and the lodge fiend, and the cotillion leader from the Huckleberry District!

But there was also that other resource by which the people of the smallest town can always bring about them a new world of fancy and experience and delight, and George Ade very early found this out. He read everything that Kentland had to read. But it is significant that it was Dickens who was nearest his heart. No wonder that the lad who was to picture human frailties in general, and American weaknesses in particular, was tirelessly attracted by the master of the universal absurdity of everybody's armor, who always knew how the mask was tied on!

"Dickens was my favorite, I remember," says Mr. Ade, "but I went at everything from 'Livingstone's Travels' up to sacred history."

In 1883 he went to college at Purdue University, in Lafayette, Indiana, and, four years later, took the degree of bachelor of science, which seems about the last degree that would be of any use to him if one does not reflect that it is always a question, not of the degree you get, but of the kind of person you are.

George Ade intended to be a lawyer. The fact that he is not one is responsible for the loss of pleasant hours to many

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a solemn jury up and down the land. The humorous eloquence of the author of "Fables in Slang," excitedy pleading a case in his own peculiar style, would have entertained many a bored judge. When Mr. Ade gave up that career, the relentless course of the law in his general district turned out vastly different from what it would have been if he had continued to champion or anathematize causes. The memory of his understanding, in the fable of the ex-chattel, of the "Court that lived in a Ward that was Dark in One End" suggests itself, as does the pleading eloquence of "The Lady President of the club who felt her intellectual Oats and stood out and read a few Pink Thoughts on 'Woman's Destiny,—Why Not?'" Undoubtedly things took a turn, and certain dust gave up all hope of disturbance when Mr. Ade, six months after embracing the study of the law, quietly divorced himself from it. The following description, which he gives of this period, is characteristic:—

His Income Discouraged All Hope of Clothes or Food

"Went into a law office in Lafayette; stayed there six months; no revenue. Got a job on a morning newspaper just established to fill a long-felt want,—paper lasted about six months. Then went on an evening paper; very small salary. After a few months found that the income from my journalistic labors was not such as to encourage me to eat and wear clothes, so signed with a patent medicine concern, writing advertising matter, dictating correspondence, and in other ways laboring to save the unfortunate. Still had a liking for newspaper work, and continued to hang around newspaper offices and turn in stuff for the mere fun of it."

That year in a newspaper office had done what it always does if one has tasted it and not yet got the full flavor: it drew him irresistibly back, and in 1890 he went to Chicago; and Chicago to him meant the Chicago newspapers.

For only a week he had the experience of every one who tries to enter journalism,—he went from one city editor to another, repeatedly learning that there was "nothing on" at present, and that the staff was full and the space writers prolific; repeatedly leaving his name and address for notification of glittering vacancies that never came, and above all else racking his brain for suggestions,—which is the only open sesame to any city editor's attention.

"I infested all the offices for a week," he says, "and then I was given an assignment on the old 'Morning News.'"

Mr. Ade remained with the paper for two years, doing general reporting. He was everything: he was the understudy for the sporting editor, the society reporter, the labor man, and the political writers; he browsed up and down Chicago, coming intimately in touch with all sorts of people, working all night and obliged to waste half the day in sleep, and becoming one of the sad race who have no time,—only as much space as possible, at something like five dollars a column for everything.

He Knew how to Find the Point behind a Story

In 1892 he began to receive better assignments. He had an informal way of hitting off the point just back of any situation, which is the sort of subtlety that makes the newspaper world go round; and he had, moreover, a wonderful gift for the one word which lent a humorous turn to everything that he wrote. These things, with a background of the reporter's usual second sight for news, and an oriental ability for sitting long before every news knothole, won for him his success in the city editor's room, and he was asked to represent several states in the national campaign.

The pebble of the World's Fair of 1893, dropped into the pool, was what finally made it plash up wonderfully. The little stories of every day,—the odd, interesting, laughable incidents of the big exposition, where Middle West families went *en masse* and frantically lost one another, where fakirs had tricks that were not in their trade, and where excited women strove for precedence, were fine material for the young humorist to dip his pen into, and he did it so well that "the office" saw his possibilities. Mr. Ade wove his stories into a department on the editorial page called "Stories of the Street and of the Town."

The First Ade Fable Was Originated in a Restaurant

The department was imitated in every paper of any size, and its five years of life was still further warrant of its popularity. In 1895 there grew out of these a series of articles, by Mr. Ade, about "Artie." When, the next year, Stone and Kimball approached him with the tenable theory that a book by him would sell briskly, he thought of Artie, and the book came true, and was named after that hero. It was followed almost at once by "Doc' Horne," and "Pink Marsh," character-studies somewhat similar in style to "Artie," but not quite so popular.

One day in 1897, Mr. Ade made his great strike. He wrote a whimsical fable about a "blonde young lady," who acted as cashier in a Chicago "bakery lunch,"—a blonde young lady to whom he had passed in his lunch check on many a hurried day. The fable related how she married a "Board of Trade man" and became "One of Our Best People." It excited some comment at the time, but long after he published it he found that some of his friends would occasionally refer to it. This book was the beginning of many successes.

The Fable of the Honest Money-maker and the Partner of His Joys, Such as They Were

GEORGE ADE

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THE Prosperous Farmer lived in an Agricultural Section of the Middle West. He commanded the Respect of all his Neighbors. He owned a Section, and had a Raft of big Horses and white-faced Cows and Farm Machinery, and Money in the Bank besides. He still had the first Dollar he ever made, and it could not have been taken away from him with Pincers.

Henry was a ponderous, Clydesdale kind of Man, with Warts on his Hands. He did not have to travel on Appearances, because the whole County knew what he was Worth. Of course he was Married. Years before he had selected a willing Country Girl with Pink Cheeks, and put her into his Kitchen to serve the Remainder of her Natural Life. He let her have as high as Two Dollars a Year to spend for herself. Her Hours were from 6 A. M. to 6 A. M., and if she got any Sleep she had to take it out of her Time. The Eight-Hour Day was not recognized on Henry's Place.

After Ten Years of raising Children, Steaming over the Washtub, Milking the Cows, Carrying in Wood, Cooking for the Hands, and other Delsarte such as the Respected Farmer usually Frames Up for his Wife, she was as thin as a Rail and humped over in the Shoulders. She was Thirty, and looked Sixty. Her Complexion was like Parchment and her Voice had been worn to a Cackle. She was losing her Teeth, too, but Henry could not afford to pay Dentist Bill's because he needed all his Money to buy more Poland Chinas and build other Cribs. If she wanted a Summer Kitchen or a new Wringer or a Sewing Machine, or Anything Else that would lighten her Labors, Henry would Moan and Grumble and say she was trying to land him in the Poorhouse.

They had a dandy big Barn, painted Red with White Trimmings, and a Patent Fork to lift the Hay into the Mow, and the Family lived in a Pine Box that had not been Painted in Years and had Dog-fennel all around the Front of it.

The Wife of the Respected Farmer was the only Work Animal around the Place that was not kept Fat and Sleek. But, of course, Henry did not count on Selling her. Henry often would fix up his Blooded Stock for the County Fair and tie Blue Ribbons on the Percherons and Herefords, but it was never noticed that he tied any Blue Ribbons on the Wife.

And yet Henry was a Man to be Proud of. He never Drank and he was a Good Hand with Horses, and he used to go to Church on Sunday Morning and hold a Cud of Tobacco in his Face during Services and sing Hymns with Extreme Unction. He would sing that he was a Lamb and had put on the Snow-white Robes and that Peace attended him. People would see him there in his Store Suit, with his Emaciated Wife and the Scared Children sitting in the Shadow of his Greatness, and they said that she was Lucky to have a Man who was so Well Off and lived in the Fear of the Lord.

Henry was Patriotic as well as Pious. He had a Picture of Abraham Lincoln in the Front Room, which no one was permitted to Enter, and he was glad that Slavery had been abolished.

Henry robbed the Cradle in order to get Farm Hands. As soon as the Children were able to Walk without holding on, he started them for the Corn Field, and told them to Pay for the Board that they had been Sponging off of him up to that Time. He did not want them to get too much Schooling for fear that they would want to sit up at Night and Read instead of Turning In so as to get an Early Start along before Daylight next Morning. So they did not get any too much, rest easy. And he never Foundered them on Stick Candy or Raisins or any such Delicatessen for sale at a General Store. Henry was undoubtedly the Tightest Wad in the Township. Some of the Folks who had got into a Box through Poor Management, and had been Foreclosed out of House and Home by Henry and his Lawyer, used to say that Henry was a Skin, and was too Stingy to give his Family enough to Eat, but most People looked up to Henry, for there was no getting around it that he was Successful.

When the Respected Farmer had been Married for Twenty Years and the Children had developed into long Gawks who did not know Anything except to get out and Toil all Day for Pa and not be paid anything for it, and after Henry had scraped together more Money than you could load on a Hay Rack, an Unfortunate Thing happened. His Wife began to Fail. She was now Forty, but the Fair and Fat did not go with it. At that Age some Women are Buxom and just blossoming into the Full Charm of Matronly Womanhood. But Henry's Wife was Gaunt and Homely and all Run Down. She had been Poorly for Years, but she had to keep up and do the Chores as well as the House Work, because Henry could not afford to hire a Girl. At last her Back gave out, so that she had to sit down and Rest every Once in a While. Henry would come in for his Meals and to let her know how Hearty all the Calves seemed to be, and he began to Notice that she was not very Chipper. It Worried him more than a little, because he did not care to pay any Doctor Bills. He told her she had better go and get some Patent Medicine that he had seen advertised on the Fence coming out from Town. It was only Twenty-five cents a Bottle, and was warranted to Cure Anything. So she tried it, but it did not seem to restore her Youth and she got Weaker, and at last Henry just had to have the Doctor, Expense or No Expense. The Doctor said that as nearly as he could Diagnose her Case, she seemed to be Worn Out. Henry was Surprised, and said she had not been Complaining any more than Usual.

Next Afternoon he was out Dickering for a Bull, and his Woman, lying on the cheap Bedstead, up under the hot Roof, folded her lean Hands and slipped away to the only Rest she had known since she tied up with a Prosperous and Respected Farmer.

Henry was all Broken Up. He Wailed and Sobbed and made an Awful Fuss at the Church. The Preacher tried to Comfort him by saying that the Ways of Providence are beyond all Finding Out. He said that probably there was some Reason why the Sister had been taken right in the Prime of her Usefulness, but it was not for Henry to know it. He said the only Consolation he could offer was the Hope that possibly she was Better Off. There did not seem to be much Doubt about that.

In about a Month the Respected Farmer was riding around the Country in his Buckboard looking for Number Two. He had a business Head and he knew it was Cheaper to Marry than to Hire One. His Daughter was only Eleven and not quite Big Enough as yet to do all the Work for five Men.

Finally he found one who had the Reputation of being a Good Worker. When he took her over to his House to Break Her In, the Paper at the County Seat referred to them as the Happy Couple.

MORAL: *Be Honest and Respected and it Goes.*



"It could not have been taken away from him with Pincers"



"The Paper referred to them as the Happy Couple"

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Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard

A Character-sketch of a Man Who Is not only the Head of a Great University, but also Prominent as a Leader of Public Sentiment

MARTIN M. FOSS

PRESIDENT CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, of Harvard University, spells his surname with one "l" and one "t." This would not be important in Albuquerque. It is very important in Boston. It means that he is of the famous line whose founders came to America when the Indians were numerous around the Back Bay and along the Charles River. It means much more, too, which only a Bostonian can understand.

President Eliot is the man who has transformed a staid and jogging seat of learning, famous for its age and traditions, into the largest and richest university in the country. He took it as the oldest and most dignified; he will leave it older and hopes to leave it still the most dignified university in America. The dust and moss of tradition still add to Harvard's glory. Not a speck has fallen in the rapid journey.

His ancestry is important,—as a culmination of his honors and a crown of his labors, he was chosen last year, at seventy, as president of the National Educational Association, an office which makes him, in name, what he has been in fact, for years, one of the leading educators of the country. The elective system now general in its use is but one of the many great educational reforms for which he has stood fearlessly against every tradition and almost against every other educator. The East and the West, represented by President Arthur Twining Hadley, of Yale, and President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Junior, joined in the praise of his labors on the occasion of his election to the presidency of the National Educational Association, in Boston. Indirectly his ancestry accounts for his selection, but it does not account for his preëminence. His father was treasurer of Harvard; so, as a boy, the present head of the university was saturated with the traditions of Cambridge. Harvard came to him more naturally than to most boys of Boston's old families, which is another way of saying that he took to water more naturally than a duck.



When he finished his college course a mill owner in Lowell offered him a salary of five thousand dollars a year, as a managing chemist or something of the sort,—exceptional pay in those days for any one, and unparalleled for an untrained and untried man.

He receives ten thousand dollars a year in his present office. He refused the Lowell offer for an assistant professorship in Harvard, where his highest goal (except for the presidency,) would have netted him but the same amount offered in Lowell. He was striving for fame in chemistry and he found it. In Europe and in this country he studied, until to-day he is one of the most eminent students of analyses and compounds in the world. His annual reports are among the most authoritative papers issued. They are known in every land where the elements of matter interest man.

Yet he is not known to the world as a chemist. He is a master in this branch and in that allied to it,—mathematics. In both subjects he has taught at Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In both he might be, to-day, the master mind. But to neither of these does Harvard owe its prosperity.

He Is Eminent in More Lines of Effort, perhaps, than Any Other Living American

He is noted as a mathematician, famous as a chemist, of wonderful skill as a literary man, of finished power as an orator, of great influence as a statesman, and with few rivals as an educator, yet the old Harvard is the Harvard of to-day because he is a Puritan and business man. This is the chemical mixture of the man who is preëminent in more branches, perhaps, than any other living American.

As a student he was among the first men in his class, an oarsman in the college crew, in the days when college crews rowed in heavy cedar barges, beautifully fitted up with cushions, wore gay uniforms, trained only for pleasure, and rowed two or three races a day. The night before the races they usually rowed to an old tavern in Watertown and celebrated the occasion with a dinner. To-day such methods would be held fatal to the race and also almost fatal to the rowers. How active an interest he took in all this may be doubted. Yet row he did, and he probably rowed well, for he was tall and strong, determined as he is to-day, and of just the temperament to pull the stroke oar of a university crew or of a university at large. He was retiring, then, with a reserve and dignity which fit him well to-day, yet last June he met a few of those who were graduated with him, at the fiftieth anniversary of the class. There was in that gathering no evidence that the grown boys had been shut out of his thought and heart in any of the fifty years gone by. Nor have his love and firm belief in athletics ever waned. Almost any morning, at seven, winter and summer alike, you can see President Eliot and his wife out on their bicycles for a spin before breakfast, and no man has done more for the true athletic spirit at Harvard.

There are many Harvard men, young and old, who view President Eliot as a stern and contradictory parent in his treatment of athletics. When a father says to his son, "You must n't eat candy: it's bad for the stomach," then eats it himself, the boy sulks. President Eliot appears in this light to Harvard men. It was not very many years ago that Harvard had trouble with its playmate, Yale. President Eliot's hand was suspected of controlling the attitude of Cambridge's sons, for his eye is on every Harvard measure of importance, be it athletic policy, the mapping of courses of study, buying and building, or cutting the grass and laying paths. His annual report spoke forcibly on the sensational and spectacular trend of college sport, the variation from the ideal, and the loss of the true spirit,—sport for sport's sake and recreation.

So he spoke, and Harvard whined. The spirit of the spectacular rules to-day. President Eliot's views probably remain unchanged, yet conditions have improved. The spirit of the college was the tide of the age. He has turned aside, not to abandon the fight, but to temper the evil he could not correct. Harvard is eating the candy which spoils the child. There may not be a day in his life when university contests are pleasant social functions, as they are in England, but already the big contests are more and more college affairs because he planned it so.

Though not a Politician, He Has Stood in the Storm Center of Many an Issue

This ability to fight an evil current, then to turn with it, when the tide overpowers him, and direct its flow, is characteristic of the man. Does he compromise with evil? He is a Puritan. When the nation verges on a misstep, does he waver because, perhaps, there is a man affected who might turn over to him the profits of a big trust? He is a Puritan.

He has fought, almost single-handed, municipal evils in Cambridge and Boston, state measures, and national issues. He has urged policies which have brought the blows of yellow journals and white about his ears. He has stood as a storm center—a focus of discontent,—more frequently than any other man who has not held a great political office. Yet he has never wavered. His jaw has always been firm and his mouth hard. Then why does he bend before college evils? In the first place, he has rarely done so, for he generally wins; but, secondly, the college evils are usually the waywardness of boys, not the trend of character. Few college presidents have ever had so little to do with growing boys, yet few know them so well. So the waywardness is guided, not balked,—for to balk would be to force the issue with minds unable to grasp the principle. When a boy is thrashed for lying, does he tell the truth? Usually he lies the more cunningly, so that he may not be thrashed again for deeds that must not be known as his.

This is but one phase of a mind which is a power unto a life and unto a nation. Whatever aspect of him you take, be it scientist or author, educator or man of affairs, the dominant note is the mind. His is a mind which controls his life perfectly, a mind which works firmly and surely, like a perfect machine, doing every detail with thoroughness and precision. It is a mind, too, which knows no fear of criticism. Nobody has ever

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thought that President Eliot balked to attract attention,—yet his speeches invariably excite comment,—usually tempests.

His social views have been the precipitators of many storms. He is a "democratic aristocrat." He believes in the superiority of the few over the many. He believes in classes and grades of society, and he voices these beliefs, which other men cherish but of which they speak not. But class distinction must not curtail opportunity, which must be equal for all. Those who utilize opportunities go up. Those who falter and shirk go down. Opportunities may be mercantile, literary, or professional; they must be all these for compositely successful life.

The son of a statesman starts with a better opportunity than the son of a laborer. The son of the laborer must be helped; but, unless he grasps his opportunity, he does not gain his station. The statesman's son must lead a useful life, or he is not worthy of his class.

This is his conviction and his career is molded to it. His is a life of the greatest activity and simplicity. Before breakfast, long before the average college man stirs, he is off for a bicycle ride with his wife; at twenty minutes to nine he is in chapel; and then he gives attention to the multitudinous details and duties which crowd his days. His life of simple work, grappling with great questions, from finance to national dangers, ends with a Puritan regard for early hours. His views of existence are simple but lofty, and his path is as high as his thought.

He counts it a loss, even a menace to America that business conditions retard the growth of home life. With President Roosevelt he deplores late marriages and small families. His statistics of Harvard's remissness in family duties created universal comment and some jesting, not long ago. He believes in social gradations and thinks that those who have gained useful stations should multiply. These are the fundamental tenets of his social creed.

Many Imagine, from His Manner, that He Is Cold; but He Is merely Nearsighted

Yet, inexorable as his mind is in its guidance, and absolute as it is in its power, it is not the whole man. There are dignity and family love and kindliness in the composite.

The dignity is that of a Puritan descendant. He rarely smiles, though not from lack of humor; he rarely attends athletic games, and never courts popularity with the students.

The freshman stands awestruck, when he sees the president; the senior never loses the attitude he brought with him. In a dare-devil mood he may joke, as he grows older, but he does it as a man who makes a sacrilegious jest, half fearing that he may be stricken down, and feeling that he ought to be.

Yet this dignity is not that of coldness. That President Eliot is a man whose heart goes beyond family devotion, there is many a Harvard student who is sure. There are thousands more who do not believe it, knowing only that in four years they doffed their hats religiously and got no answering salute. He never visited them. They saw him the first Monday night at the freshman reception, and shook his hand. They saw him again, four years later, at the reception on their class day,—perhaps,—and shook his hand,—but that was all. Harvard has six thousand men. Fully one fifth of this number leaves every year and a new horde takes its place. There are four thousand college rooms. The president does not visit them.

The truth is simple: he is nearsighted!

Years ago this subject of tipping hats became a college joke. The "Harvard Lampoon" found it a never-ending subject. He began to tip his hat. He does not see now, but he knows, and many a freshman has stopped, abashed, yet proud, when the president passed him with his grave salute, which the youth forgot to return.

That is why President Eliot is cold.

He does not give heart-to-heart talks. If he did the Harvard spirit would revolt. Yet there is not another man whose devotion to duty is so mixed with understanding of human weaknesses.

Nor is there a man whose home life is simpler and more sacred. The outside glimpses are few. You can see the companionship in the many rides which he takes with his wife, and in the summer life in Maine, a devotion full of grave and courtly dignity. But there are truer glimpses.

He Is an Impressive Orator, but His Speeches Give Little Evidence of Preparation

Charles Eliot, his son, devoted his short life to landscape architecture. He raised it from a fad to an art and profession. His death was one of the cruel strokes which fate has dealt to the president. Then a year ago came a monument such as few men have raised to their sons,—a volume entitled "Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect." There was naught of profit or fame in such a venture. There was the labor of many months, which was crowded in between the multiplied duties of the busiest of men. But family love is not sentimentality. The latter he despises, and familiarity is a condition he knows not.

His work as a chemist and mathematician has been touched upon. His achievements as an orator and writer have not been. There are many men who would not call him an orator. He never saws the air,—never roars, though his voice might well rise above a bedlam,—and never stamps,—yet there are few men whose eloquence is so pure, and whose style is so epigrammatic and dignified. There is never an evidence of preparation and never any indication of extemporaneousness in his speech. He has been called the greatest living orator, yet who can define oratory?

The department of Harvard most coddled, most faddish, and, perhaps, in consequence, the most dogmatic, is that of English instruction. President Eliot has never figured in this, yet before his writing the college bows. The perfection and grace of his style are the product of his temperament and mind. Chemistry might have given it a weakness for detail; mathematics, a burdensome accuracy; and business, a harsh brevity. Yet it has none of these. Art is in it, and grace, and a delicate sense of proportion.

Probably the popular view of Harvard's president is as a storm center. Not many months ago he said something about the "scab" as a type of modern heroism. The report was garbled—yes, mangled,—much as the irate unionists would have mangled him. The thought was only half there,—a thought which he held. For once in his life he "explained." One who has not tried to interview him can not know what this means. The explanation was not a retraction, but merely a restatement. Yet those who knew him did not believe the explanation to be his. It is not characteristic of his temperament to explain. "Here is my view," he is accustomed to say, and that is the end of the matter with him.

He strongly Opposed the Enlisting of Harvard Men in the Spanish-American War

There have been thousands of instances of this. When the Spanish-American War broke out and the mad whirl of patriotism swept young and old away from the calmer thought of the day, Harvard men rushed to enlist. Companies drilled on the athletic fields. Training for the contests of track, river, and field gave way to drills for other contests. With men from all other colleges Harvard men died on the slope of San Juan, and dozens more in the fever camps of the South.

In the height of this President Eliot called a meeting. There was need of Harvard men at Harvard. There were men enough whose duties were less important and their future less essential to the nation for the conflict of arms. The country had need of Harvard men, but not then.

Then another storm came. The ranks in Holmes Field were thin the next day, but the columns of the newspapers were full. Was there ever such a traitor? No man has ever been more harshly treated by the press, and to no other man does the press turn with such respect.

Yet, withal, the Harvard of to-day owes its standing primarily to President Eliot's business sagacity. The institution has vast tracts of land. It is one of the largest property owners of Boston,—and is popularly regarded as the hardest of landlords. There is an immense volume of capital to be handled, much of it hampered by the restrictions of unintelligent donors.

Perhaps the attitude of Harvard men toward him is best illustrated by a negative,—there are but few anecdotes current about him. Here is one of the few. A mother wrote to him, as mothers often do, asking how her son was progressing. Did he have his lessons? Did he keep his clothes in good condition? Was he respectful to his teachers? There was nothing in President Eliot's reply to indicate that her boy was not under his personal supervision. Yet the mother visited the university in the stress of her worriment. She found her boy in his room, his clothes piled about on the chairs, and his feet on his desk,—smoking a pipe. What she said to him is unimportant, but what she said to the president has lived.

"I sent my boy here, thinking you would take care of him,—and see what I find!"

The president explained the elaborate system of personal supervision through advisers. But of what avail was that? The system had failed in the case of her boy. It was inefficient. What could he say?

"Madam, we assume, in a large measure, that the men here know why they are here and can care for themselves. If your boy is not capable of this, he is not ready for college."

"Who Will Be the Successor of President Eliot as the Head of Harvard University?"

The question comes,—who will succeed Eliot? There are a thousand answers, but none fits. In 1861 Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Green County, Ohio, suspended because the Civil War interrupted its revenues.

Of late, however, President Theodore Roosevelt is the popular candidate. He may not take it. It may never be offered to him. There are, possibly, some years of political service still left for him, and certainly there are years of activity left for President Eliot. Yet the undergraduate and graduate mind turns to this choice as an unofficial solution of a difficulty which may not exist in the overseers' minds. Roosevelt is a Harvard man,—a man of letters,—and rigid in his sense of right. Harvard men honor him, and the old question rings forth, "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?"

Physically President Eliot is a reflection of his character. Tall, with a bearing that is wonderfully erect, a step that is springy, and a manner that is dignified and easy, he presents a figure of most striking appearance. His face is bold and strong. His chin is full and firm, and his mouth, drawn down a little in the center of the upper lip, is inexorable and almost harsh. Yet there is a kindly expression in his eyes,—a mere suggestion, perhaps, but a reflection of the spirit within. His dress, even, always immaculate and never conspicuous for any variation of the standards of the day, reveals his temperament.

Yet dress is certainly not important to him. Only a few years ago, commencement day fell on a date when the sun seemed very close to Cambridge. Officers of the university, invited guests, and students sweltered in their black clothes, flowing gowns, and mortar-boards. He appeared in a light crash suit! There was no lack of dignity when he did it. Still, the walls of old Harvard would totter should crash succeed alpaca.

His photograph, representing him when he entered the office he now holds, shows his hands clasped, with his thumbs braced against one another, and his back curved slightly in the chair,—the curve of a student. His photograph of thirty years later shows the identical fold of his hands, but his back is as straight as the proverbial ramrod. Perhaps this indicates the evolution of the man. The scholar has risen, under the burden of his duties, and braced against the cares and trials of his responsibilities. Vigorous, with an activity which equals in efficiency the man of the "strenuous life," and forcible without a show of strife, he has retained his qualities of character and mind unimpared.

President Eliot's Sociological Epigrams

Luxury and learning are ill bedfellows.

Revelation, like creation, must be fluent.

The satisfactions of normal married life do not decline, but mount.

Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action.

Inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse when divorced from culture.

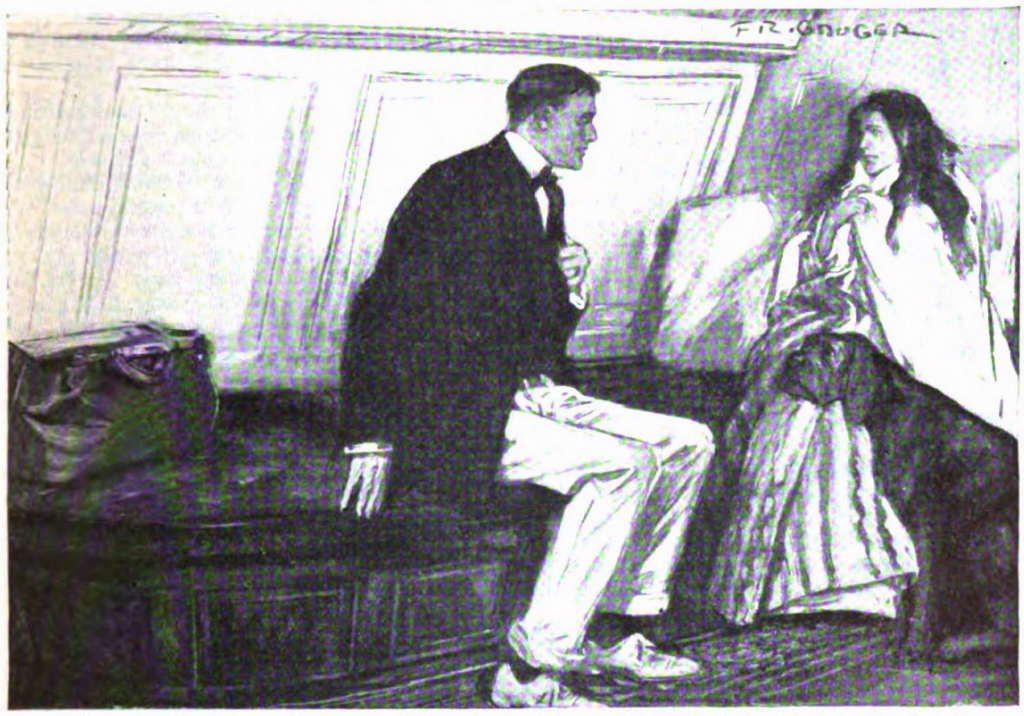
To be of service is a solid foundation for contentment in this world.

The civilization of a people may be inferred from the variety of its tools.

Toleration in religion is absolutely the best fruit of all the struggles, labors, and sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries.

In the modern world the intelligence of public opinion is the one indispensable condition of social progress.

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"'Well, — er, — I came, — it's awkward apologizing for the dog, isn't it?' he asked, with a sudden smile of relief"

WITH PLENARY POWER

A Story in Which a rather Patient Dog Plays the Part of Cupid

E. SPENCE DE PUE

WITH a whir and a splash of her three little fins, and several ostentatious coughs, which seemed to challenge attention, a trim, green yacht threaded her way in and through a crowded fleet of other yachts which swung at the end of the club-house wharf in the estuary. "Spartan" was the name that blazed in raised brass letters from her aristocratic little bow, and she had a way of holding herself, of drawing away from the other craft, and of flirting the water at them, as if she had a feeling of genuine importance, —if it were possible for inanimate things to take on human attributes, I should say that this boat, the "Spartan," was a snob.

The other boats seemed to feel it, too, for they drew toward each other, as if to whisper together and pass the word back and forth that they did not like this Nile-green boat with her gaudy wealth of lacquered brass and *froufrou* window curtains, —roller blinds alone were good enough for them. But the "Spartan" did n't mind; neither did her owner, who sat in the bevel-plate-glass pilot house and fingered more different kinds of patent fixings than a yacht ought to have; neither did the dog, who sat on the miniature deck, for he was a snob, too, and conscious of as much muddy indigo in his blood as only his kind can carry without clogging up the valves of the heart, —for he was a bloodhound, was Pilot, and he had looked sad and important for so long a time that the look was frozen upon his visage in deep wrinkles and ridges.

What a titter ran through the other boats, though, —the democratic boats, —as the "Spartan" drew up at the end of the wharf and squirted the compressed air into her high-F whistle. Then the owner came out on the deck and threw a fancy rope over a rusty pile. And the owner? Well, he was n't a snob; not by any means, so the huddled yachts agreed; and from their keels up they pitied him, for they felt that this sort of thing was new to him; and they knew that he was only a big, good boy, with the form and years of a man, and they commiserated him, and took him to their hearts collectively, and told each other that the hussy with the highflown name and superabundance of gewgaws was n't half good enough for him. And then the sun made a rose-red blush mount the glass of their cabins, as they sighed to themselves and wished, each one of them, that he was on their decks, or tenderly clasping the wheel in *their* pilot houses, —*they* would be good to him.

But the boy, the owner, did n't know of these things that were being thought about him. His mind was full of something else, and he shaded his eyes with his hands and looked 'way off down the wharf, and to the shore beyond, and searched for something, or some one. Then it occurred to him that maybe the glasses would be better, and he reached inside the pilot house and got a pair of glasses, —binoculars of peculiar, unsymmetrical form that made the other boats gasp and hold their breath, for they had never seen such ugly-looking instruments before. Common marine glasses were good enough for their owners.

The boy swept the visible world with his glasses, and a grin, or smile, spread over his face, and he gazed fixedly down the street for a minute or so, then thrust the glasses into his pocket and reached inside the pilot house and pulled a silk string that threw the air into the high-note whistle, —a whistle which you could hardly hear when you were near at hand, but which split the ear of the far-away, — but of course this was something that the huddled boats did not and could not understand.

Finally the approaching people got so near that the boy could readily recognize them, and he at once went down the wharf to meet his guests; when they got to the edge of the wharf, where all the boats could see, they nodded their shapely bows and approved.

There were three in the party, —a man, his wife, and the *girl*. Oh, what a pretty girl she was, with brown eyes and rich brown hair, and the most musical laugh in the world! and no one, least of all the boats, could blame the boy because he could not keep his eyes off her.

"Oh, *what* a cunning boat!" she cried, clapping her hands with glee; then she turned to the married woman and told her how she loved that boat, which made the boy feel very glad.

"Permit me, Mrs. Howard!" said the boy, assisting the matron to the deck. Then he turned to the girl, who gave him the tips of her fingers and sprang lightly down. The husband followed.

Mrs. Howard saw that the boy was flustered and bashful. She passed the sign to her husband, in a secret way married women have, and he dutifully came into the breach with a hearty—

"Well, she's all right, Lansing, old man. Show us over the craft. Nell, here, is crazy to know all about the 'Spartan.'" He indicated the girl with a friendly nod of his head.

"No, no; not now, Mr. Lansing," answered the girl, hastily. "Wait till we are away off somewhere, away from this commonplace spot."

So, with a last disdainful toss of her bow to the other craft, the "Spartan" put out into the stream. The boy and the girl sat in the pilot house, where there was only room for two and the dog; and Mr. and Mrs. Howard sat just outside, on the deck. Is it any wonder that the "Spartan" was proud, when, every now and then, she felt a fair girl's fingers tremble on the spokes of her wheel, guided by the strong hands of the boy? And what a bashful boy he was, for all of his twenty-seven years of innocence! The girl was a goddess, an intangible, unreal thing to him, —yet a something which he wildly felt he needed to complete the sum of his earthly happiness. Ah, but it was a fair forenoon's run for the boy!

Noontime came, and they cast anchor in the spread of as smooth and warm a bay as the sun ever kissed into rainbow colors. The little dining-room echoed to the laughter of the girl, the matron, and the married man; but the boy could n't laugh, for he was still in his dream.

"And now the mysteries of the magic boat, Thomas, my boy," coaxed Mrs. Howard, with an easy friendliness.

The "oh's" and the "ah's" of delighted admiration, as one cunning device after another was explained, went like wine to the boy's head, and he became wildly ambitious to outdo himself.

"There is one thing more," said he, like the good showman he was, saving the best to the last; "it's the compressed air."

"Yes, yes, the compressed air; we must know all about that, it sounds so scientific and mysterious," gurgled the pretty Mrs. Howard.

"Yes, let's have the hot air," urged Mr. Howard, facetiously.

The girl, also, looked her curiosity and encouragement.

Yes, the wine of joy was going to the boy's head rapidly now; he was rash, drunk with it; he would show them a thing or so.

The guests marveled at the high-note whistle, and the low-note whistle, made to screech or groan by the air. They demanded to see the air pump, and the tank, and the gauge; and this should have been the end, and there would have been no trouble.

"But let me show you what else the air will do," said the boy. "Why, it's the most wonderful and controllable power on earth," said he. "When it comes to cleaning things there is nothing like it. Sweeps the floors, airs the bedding, — but I'll have to show you."

All looked on in silent approval while Mr. Lansing rigged up a hose and connected it with the tank, —that is, all approved but Pilot, the dog; something seemed to warn him that this new power they were playing with was a monster who should be treated with more respect; he showed his disapproval by a sorrowful-faced retreat to the pilot house.

There was n't a proper hose, to begin with, and one which had been employed for conveying gasoline to the boat was brought into use.

"Now, everybody ready?" asked the boy, brandishing the nozzle about: "then, here goes!"

There was a flurry, a fluff, and a sputter, and the length of hose straightened like an iron bar; "sizz, shhl!"—and the air was full of gasoline.

"Oh, oh, it's sprinkled on my hair!" Mrs. Howard exclaimed; then she was sorry she had said it, for the boy became red with mortification, and stammered out excuses.

But Mrs. Howard passed it off with an airy laugh, and they all discreetly withdrew behind the owner.

"Now, you see," said Mr. Lansing, clinging tightly to the rigid, hissing thing in his hand, "that this is a wonderful power." He reached inside the pilot house, and, throwing one of the cushions on the deck, turned the current upon it. Instantly a cloud of dust filled the air, and Mrs. Howard sneezed, and Miss Williams tried to stifle a cough.

"Do n't that clean things, though?" asked Mr. Lansing, his face beaming proudly. "Here, Pilot, let's show 'em it's good for fleas."

Never had there been such a thing as a flea upon the aristocratic dog; but, though he resented the insult, his master's word was law, and he came forth majestically.

"Now, so," said Mr. Lansing. He directed the current of air on the dog's short hair.

No one will ever know how it happened. The dog jumped, for he could n't help it. The hose flew out of Mr. Lansing's hands, and straightened

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out on the deck; then, as soon as it had straightened, it curved, unreasonably, like a live thing that knew its own power to do mischief. Mr. Lansing made a jump at the thing, to put his foot on it. Instantly the hose turned its stream upward, sending that great volume of high-pressure wind up a trousers' leg, and ballooning the garment out till it threatened grave disaster.

"Oh, oh!" screamed the ladies, gathering their skirts about their ankles.

Mr. Lansing gave the hose a kick from him, but none too soon, if the *data* on breaking strains are of any value.

A living, intelligent, vicious monster, that hose became. It attacked with a dire and fearful malevolence; it retreated with a fiendish, cruel cunning; it lay in wait, it bounded aside. Here it was,—there it was. The ladies shrank against the cabin. Mr. Howard dived at the thing, and was cracked on the shin; Mr. Lansing made an attack, slipped, and felt a cold blast enter at his collar, then rolled away just in time. The thing hissed, it snickered, it laughed outright; it blew the cushion overboard, and it tried to do the same thing to the dog. Then it came back to the others again.

But when the vicious monster attacked the dog it made a mistake. Pilot, his fighting blood roused, and the sad, wearied look gone from his face, fought back. He made a run at the thing in front; then he gave a deep-voiced bay of defiance and attacked it from the side. Big, strong brute that he was, he seized the hose in his jaws, just back of its brass nozzle; then he stiffened his strong legs and started toward his master.

But the master, partially recovering his senses, sprang inside the engine room to shut off the air. Now, it was n't the dog's fault, and it surely was n't Lansing's fault, that the ladies feared the dog with his conquest. They both did a foolish thing; they moved away from the cabin. That was all the hose wanted; it had been waiting for this opportunity from the day it came from the factory. It sprang from the dog's mouth, tripped the girl with the brown eyes and hair,—and she was overboard with a splash, just as a sob in the mouth of the hose gave evidence that it was merely a commonplace, powerless hose again.

A scream, two screams, in fact; a splash, as the dog went over the side, another splash as Mr. Thomas Lansing went over, and there were the three of them in the water!

"My darling," whispered Lansing, with his arm around the girl, "do n't be afraid."

"I'm not, Tom," she smiled back at him. The bustle of rescue cut short anything else. The boy had said more than he would have dared to say under any other circumstances.

Miss Williams was bundled into her cabin. Mr. Thomas Lansing shamefacedly went to his. The dog, with a vigorous shake or so, disappeared. Mr. Howard, being a married man, was not in the least disturbed; he simply lighted his cigar and waited for things to take care of themselves in the competent hands of his wife.

"Where—where is she,—Miss Williams?" asked the boy, a little later, confronting the other man.

"Better ask the madam: she'll tell you all about it," the well-trained husband answered.

With a foolish trembling at his heart, Mr. Lansing went below. A chatter of voices told him where to go. He paused irresolutely a moment, and then knocked on the door.

"Well, you've come to condole," said Mrs. Howard, opening the door a little. "I think you may come in, in just a moment."

Then there was more chattering, and finally the door opened.

"You see that you are not the first to make inquiries," said Mrs. Howard; "the dog simply can't be driven out."

Pilot, as if trying to make amends, or show in some way that he was sorry, crouched on his haunches next the berth.

"Go out, sir," said the master.

"No, let him stay," said the girl.

At this point they found themselves alone, Mrs. Howard having disappeared with a low-voiced excuse about a hot-water bottle, or something of the sort.

"I—I,—came,—" began the boy.

"Evidently," said she, smiling. She saw something more than polite inquiries in his face. "Won't you sit down?"

"Well,—er,—I came,—it's awkward apologizing for the dog, is n't it?" he asked, with a sudden smile of relief at having got through the sentence.

"Oh, he's attended to that himself; do n't mind about that," she said, laughingly, playing with the dog's long ears.

The boy twisted a bit of one of the lace curtains between his fingers, and made two or three visible efforts to speak.

"Well, it's like this," he began, facing her boldly. "We may not be alone again. I love you!" he blurted out, abruptly, leaning forward eagerly.

Miss Williams shot a glad look at him, then caught her breath sharply and looked down.

"Is it any use, Nellie?" he asked. "I'd like to tell you some other way,—to say it differently,—but I can't. I love you; that's all." His voice vibrated with it.

The girl looked up at him, a roguish smile in her eyes. "Yes?" she said.

"And I want you to marry me," he ended, with the last remnant of his courage. He wanted to clasp her hand, or something of that kind, but he feared it was n't proper, under the circumstances, or that she might think him too forward.

"There, that's better," said she, teasingly. "I thought you had forgotten the request that usually goes with the declaration. They are usually supposed to go together, you know." She did n't want to tease him, but she felt that she had to, she was so happy.

"Will you say 'yes?'" he asked, leaning very far toward her.

She looked "yes" out of her brown eyes, and her lips formed to say the word, but she kept it back, he was *such* a boy. "Suppose we leave it to Pilot?" she asked, demurely.

He did n't rise in a huff. He laughed. "Do n't see how we can," he said.

"Well, Pilot knocked me overboard, and gave you a chance to see me here alone. He's sorry, I know. But I think that he ought to share the responsibility of such a decision, and, if he loves you as much as you say he does, he ought not to mind taking a hand in the matter. If he barks in the next five minutes, why, we'll say that I've accepted." She fondled the dog's ears.

"But Mrs. Howard will be back," he objected.

"That's a chance you'll have to take," she answered, with mock sternness.

"Bark, Pilot; howl, old boy!" said Lansing.

But the dog merely kept his eyes on the girl.

"Better get your watch out," she said.

Tom took out his watch. "One minute gone," he groaned. "Bark, you ungrateful brute." He coaxed the dog. He implored him silently and aloud, and pleaded with the girl to relax the conditions. But still the minutes flew. "Mrs. Howard's coming," he said,—"only half a minute left." As he dropped his eyes to the watch, Pilot gave a bound and a bark at once.

"Ah, Nellie, now you're mine! You can't go back of it," he cried, and, regardless of proprieties, drew her into his arms and kissed her.

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Howard, in the doorway. "If I'd known things were so interesting, I would n't have intruded," she added; then she, too, kissed the girl,—yes, and the boy, too.

Pilot, being a well-bred dog, and having a distaste for scenes, withdrew; and, being a gentleman, even if he is a snob, he'll never tell that he barked because the girl twisted his ear.



"The boy swept the visible world with his glasses, and a grin, or smile, spread over his face"

Getting an Interview with Mr. Roosevelt

J. H. WELCH

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was governor of New York a newspaper reporter called on him, at Oyster Bay, to secure an interview on a subject that verged close to the political territory on which no interviewer was allowed to tread. The reporter seriously doubted the success of his mission, and his doubts were strengthened by the stories of the man who drove him from the railroad station to Mr. Roosevelt's house,—stories of the abrupt and emphatic way that the governor had of declining to parley with visitors on subjects that he had tabooed.

"He most always steams out to the porch to see 'em," remarked the driver, "but before they have had a chance to say six words he has grabbed their hands in good-by shakes. Yes, he shakes 'em right back into my wagon, and we are well out of the grounds before they catch their breath again."

This being Mr. Roosevelt's method, it seemed advisable to the reporter to keep the burning question in his mind well in the background during the shock of the first contact. The governor rushed out to the porch, just as the driver said he would and his strong right arm was already exerting an influence back toward the carriage when the question which had been decided upon as diplomatic arrested his attention.

"Mr. Roosevelt, I would like very much to get a brief statement from you as to the importance of the young men of the country giving more attention to politics and the affairs of state. If they should, would n't conditions be improved?"

The motion of the handshake was suddenly shifted from the direction of the wagon toward the library. When they were inside Mr. Roosevelt talked warmly on the duties of an American citizen and the importance of strenuousness in young men. "If I have a hard task to perform," he said, "I gather an impetus from its difficulties. There is very little merit or satisfaction in doing easy things."

"The interviewer of public men sometimes has great obstacles to surmount," remarked the reporter, casually.

"I know he has; I know he has," replied Mr. Roosevelt, earnestly; "but, if I were in his position, I would plunge in and surmount them somehow."

"All right, Mr. Roosevelt, I am going to apply your advice right here. I am going to plunge in. My managing editor expects me to get an expression of opinion from you on the —— matter. I am very anxious to get it. Now I have plunged in. I wonder if your advice is good."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily, and then said, in his most abrupt manner:—

"Take down what I say, and see that not a word or punctuation mark is different when it is put in print."

In the course of the preliminary talk, Mr. Roosevelt had intimated that it was his ambition to be appointed governor of the Philippines, because, in his opinion, that was one of the most difficult and exacting posts under the government. He did not say so directly, but it was plain from his remarks that, upon the strength of his record there, he hoped to be lifted into the presidency. This was undoubtedly one of the reasons why he was so reluctant to accept a nomination for the vice presidency.

The surest way to get riches worth while is to remember the delightful and forget the distressing things of life.

The grand essentials of life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.—T. Chalmers.

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WOMEN WHO HAVE WON

I.—Madame Marchesi, once a Penniless Girl, Who Became the Instructor of Melba, Calvé, Eames, Gerster, Emma Nevada, and the Late Sibyl Sanderson

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG



THE class-room in Paris of Madame Marchesi, the teacher of Melba, Calvé, Eames, Gerster, Emma Nevada, Sibyl Sanderson, and a multitude of others, is the Mecca of women with beautiful voices from all over the world. Russia, Sweden, South Africa, Germany, Australia and the United States are represented in the ranks of her students; the emperor of Austria, the king of Italy, the king of Saxony, the German emperor, and the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar have bestowed decorations on her; she has received the academic palms and has been created an "officer of public instruction" by the French government, and, for more than a quarter of a century, opera managers have turned to her when a new star has been needed for the lyric stage.

In the history of music no woman teacher has played a greater part or won a more dignified success, but the struggle underlying it has been, as such a struggle must be, in proportion to all that she has accomplished. She has devoted her whole life to her work, and it has absorbed all her energy; but, on the other hand, her great love of it and interest in her calling have supported her in trials and situations that would have defeated a less valiant spirit. The greater the trouble the harder she has worked to forget it. Paris, London, Cologne and Vienna have been the scenes of many different beginnings for her, and each time she has had to start out afresh to prove her worth.

At Seventy-six She Is Still Absorbed in Her Teaching

Not content with learning all she could from the best obtainable master, she studied along lines of her own thought and invention. Assured that she was right by the results with her own voice, she set out with a message in the world of music. Her proof of the correctness of her theory is that by it she has equipped great singers for the operatic stage during a lifetime of unremitting work.

It is one thing to have a firm belief in yourself and another to make the world share that belief with you. In the very beginning Madame Marchesi placed her ideals high. Early in her career, in a serious crisis in her affairs, she refused to change her standard to better her financial condition. While this made life, for a time, difficult for her, with a large family to care for, she knew that sound success is based only on sound principle.

You may have to fight longer to win your way with the stern underlying rule of holding fast to that which you consider the only right course; but, if you are firmly convinced that it is the right course, in the end no sacrifice is lost in keeping strictly to it. Madame Marchesi is an example of the truth of this; ripe with honors, her battles well over, she holds a position that few women have ever gained. Although seventy-six, she is still absorbed in the work which has claimed her life-efforts. Love of her calling and devotion to it have kept her youthful in old age and sustained her in bitterest trouble.

She began as a young girl to rectify stubborn faults in her own voice, and conquered them by untiring perseverance and intelligent study. When she had mastered her own troubles she set about helping others to conquer theirs. This early experience taught her sympathy for others, and without sympathy we lose our greatest usefulness.

As with the majority of other noted people, adversity brought out her true value to the world; for, had her father not lost his entire fortune while she was still a very young girl, her talent and energy would have found a far narrower sphere than the one which she eventually made for herself. If the current of what people call fortune had not changed, Mathilde Graumann, as she was then called, would likely to-day be living in the quiet old city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and would not have given to the world many of the best-trained voices on the operatic stage, or helped to their ultimate success a long list of great singers.

Her First Failure Showed for What She Was Fitted

As a little girl in a public school of Frankfort her love of teaching began. She helped her schoolfellows with their tasks, and, when she commenced the study of music, she formed classes of as many of her friends as would follow her teachings.

When reverses came and she was called upon to select a method of self-support, she aimed to become a public singer. With narrow views, her parents opposed this course. In compliance with their wishes, she accepted a position as a governess in Vienna. Sympathizing with her ambitions, her sister Charlotte, then teaching in London, paid out of meager earnings for the young girl's vocal lessons. By hard work she eventually proved to her father and mother that her real talent lay in this direction. But when parental opposition removed the ban to a public career the struggle was only begun. Her slender resources were soon exhausted. Count the pennies as she might, she soon came to the end of her means. At a time when things looked darkest friends who had heard of her trouble offered to aid her, inspired by the excellent reports of her teacher, Signor Garcia.

With some, failure in the first flight into the world brings permanent defeat. Courage and ambition are crushed out by it. To Madame Marchesi a first failure brought, instead, a realization of what she was best fitted to do. Her first appearance in opera was to have been made at Bologna. But the revolution of 1848 was brewing, the theaters in Italy were suddenly closed, and, at the very time when she had hoped to begin her career, she was obliged to flee from the country, a political suspect because of supposed sympathy with Austria. With this came the end of her hopes as an opera singer, for her father and mother, to whom she gave absolute obedience, required of her, on account of this disastrous experience, a promise in writing to give up forever an operatic career. All their former opposition had returned.

Had she followed her own will and gone on against their wishes the musical world would not have had her in her most valuable capacity as a teacher of singing. Out of her first failure, and even though the fault of it was not her own, she gained her real success. A double opportunity was open to her as a teacher and concert singer.

In a Garret She Trained Two Noted Prima Donnas

All beginnings are apt to be small, no matter what our abilities may lead us to think we are entitled to; and, after many concert engagements with modest pay, in England and in Germany, she settled down, in young married life, as a professor at the Vienna Conservatory, at a salary of one hundred and sixty dollars a year. Beyond this she was able to add a little to her slender income through private teaching. Her class-room was up seven flights of stairs, under the eaves, and her salary a pittance in comparison with the annual income she was eventually to earn, yet she set about her work with heart and soul, and two of her greatest pupils, Gabrielle Krauss and Ilma di Murska, were products of those strenuous days. In referring to that small beginning she said: "May all young teachers, male and female, who at the beginning of their careers expect large remuneration for the slight service they are able to render, remember the modest sum I received in return for these labors."

But even this small position, important only because of the institution in which it was held, was soon made untenable. Discouraged by strife and jealousies, she set out for Paris to "climb the ladder afresh," as she expressed it. She had just lost her mother and her two little sons, and a third child died a few days after her arrival in the French metropolis, where she joined her husband. To begin work anew in a strange place is difficult enough, and in this crisis, with overwhelming family troubles, came the real test,—the hardest test of her principles that she was ever called upon to undergo. Rossini, the composer, had interested Auber, the head of the French Conservatory, in her behalf. An important post was assigned her in that institution. She needed the position seriously. If she did not take it there was but the precarious alternative of private teaching in a city where she was practically unknown. She had toiled cheerfully for a pittance and found happiness in her labors because of the success that crowned them. That success had come through the upholding of her principles,—through doing what she knew to be right. The rules of the Paris Conservatory would not allow her to teach any singing to Italian words. This was in direct conflict with her method. The French language, with its open vowels and nasal sounds, she claimed to be not only prejudicial but in direct opposition to the correct production of a good voice. In other words, she could not train voices as they should be trained if she threw out the Italian language and used exclusively the French. Auber was determined on upholding the rules of the conservatory, while Madame Marchesi was equally determined not to sacrifice her principles of right. The offer was a tempting one, for it would have brought with it a salary and an assured position which would attract many private pupils. Without it she would have to fight her way alone, uncertain of the outcome, and the outcome would involve her livelihood. She chose the way that to her seemed the only honest one.

There was no struggle in her mind as to the course she should pursue, for her interview with Auber, early one dark winter morning, was brief

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but positive. By sacrificing her principles she could have earned an excellent income at a time when she stood in great need of it. When she left Auber's study that morning she went out to face a great city alone, a stranger, with her way to make, the future in gloomy uncertainty; but she carried with her self-respect, honesty, and a love of her art that no inducement, not even the prospect of want, could make her false to.

In that moment, though she did not know it then, for she was too intent on doing right to have thought for anything else, she built the firm foundation of her world-wide fame. There were no heroics about the deed, and there was no playing to the galleries for commendation. It was one of those quiet battles for principle that are fought out in private, unknown, unrecognized at the time, but with world-wide results. Had Madame Marchesi proved false to her principles at that interview, Melba, Calvé, Eames, and all the rest of her long array of successful pupils would not have been taught as she eventually did teach them, the one way that she felt to be right. In that moment not alone her own future, but the future of these famous artists and of many others as well rested on her decision.



MME. MATHILDE MARCHESI

Was the sacrifice worth it?

I think you will say, "Yes."

But in that crisis Madame Marchesi did not know that these great results would be attained. She only knew that she was doing right.

Did success come at once?

No; but encouragement did, and her strength of character developed through the knowledge of it, a knowledge that brought a still firmer self-reliance and adherence to principle. That same self-reliance and adherence to principle made the keynote of Madame Marchesi's ultimate success.

Things were progressing well in Paris when a fresh obstacle had to be met. Anxiety and unremitting work broke down her health. When rest was prescribed she took it by changing the scene of her labors to Cologne. Presently, with freshened energies, she returned to a wider field at the Vienna Conservatory, but under happier conditions. Her single-handed success in Paris had not been without effect.

For seventeen years she worked on through storm and shine in that institution, and from it she sent out many distinguished pupils, her best heralds of merit and success. During that period her vocal method was written. To accomplish it Madame Marchesi worked, after the long day's teaching, from nine o'clock at night until two in the morning.

Some Writers Have Attacked Her Methods of Teaching

But the physical labor, exhausting as it may be, and inexorably necessary as it is, to every man and woman who wins a name, is not the prime tax. With the growth of success comes the growth of jealousy and the mental disturbance and nettling circumstances that jealousy brings. As her name and reputation grew with the years, associations became more and more uncomfortable at the conservatory. Certain writers attacked her continually. The position which she had honored by long years of successful work was desired for a friend of one in power at the institution. Unable to bear further hostility, criticism, and injustice, she resigned, but only to remain on the scene of her labors.

Alone once more, as she had been in those early days in Paris that established her claim to sterling principle and a great career, she founded a private school of singing in Vienna. A deeper trouble was to come to her in the death of a daughter from whom she was absent in her last moments because of the duties of her position.

In Paris, in days of doubt and uncertainty, her love of her work had been the great sustaining comfort. In the successive troubles and bereavements that came to her that same love of her work had been an aid and refuge. Of a family of five children she had now but one daughter left,—Blanche, destined to be a singer. Madame Marchesi's account of this sad time carries a strong lesson to every man and woman of the great value of a life-work and of the support of a self-forgetful sense of duty. "There are moments in our lives," she said, in speaking of this period, "when existence becomes a burden to us and death would be a release; but, when the storm has calmed down and our grief has found relief in tears, we think of those still near and dear to us who have a claim on our love and care. We bow to the will of the Almighty, and with aching hearts once more turn our thoughts toward life and to the duties we owe to the living. And so it was art, the faithful companion of my life, which once more comforted and consoled me in my sorrow. With supreme effort I roused myself and attended to my duties; but one thing was certain, however. I must leave the spot where everything reminded me of my sad loss."

Since then Paris has been her home, and since then in quick succession the names of Melba, Calvé and Eames have been added to those of the many other noted singers that she has trained.

To-day, at the age of seventy-six, the most celebrated teacher of singing in the world, she is still an indefatigable worker. Two afternoons I spent with her recently in Paris while preparing this article for SUCCESS. In spite of her years her vigor is almost youthful. Her eyes are dark and penetrating, and her gray hair is brushed back smoothly from a face that shows traces of sorrows bravely borne. Her manner is dignified, but simple. She carries herself with the authority of one who knows what she has done in the world, but with the simplicity of one who knows how difficult those things have been to accomplish. In conversation she is absolutely direct and frank. In the course of our talks she spoke of American singers and of some of the things that they should know to help them to success.

Singers Should Learn the Cost before Going abroad

"Many American singers with beautiful voices," she said, "come abroad every year to study, leaving behind them a multitude of friends with great expectations,—that is often the end of it, for only too frequently they are never heard of in the musical world.

"The question naturally is, 'What is the cause of their failure?'

"Beyond the fatality of falling into the hands of inefficient teachers two vital reasons may be given,—they come ignorant of the cost of living and of a musical education, and they come totally unprepared for study.

"First of all I would say to a young singer, Write and acquaint yourself thoroughly with the cost before you come to Paris, and do not come unless you have enough money to stay for three years. Art can not be developed quickly. How many have passed through my hands who would have made great singers, and yet I have had to see them return after, perhaps, a brief stay, because their funds were exhausted! Some leave in three months, and, accomplishing necessarily but little in such a short time, return home and in some instances unjustly call themselves my pupils. I do not consider them to be such.

"My aim is not alone to 'finish' pupils. What I want is fresh voices to train from the beginning, to build up, and to prepare in my own way for a career. For such pupils alone I claim the right to be answerable.

It Takes more than a Voice to Make a Great Singer

"Time and again it has hurt and saddened me to see a pupil leave after a short period of study, with a voice with which great things might have been accomplished had she but remained.

"It takes more than simply the possession of a beautiful voice to make a successful singer. Years of study are required to fit that same beautiful voice for a career. For this reason I caution those who contemplate foreign study to consider well the necessary cost before they undertake it, and even then not to consider it until they have made the important necessary preparation at home. Before going abroad a singer should study the piano, some harmony, and the elements that go to make the foundation of a thorough musical education. Many come to me, for instance, who can not tell even the key in which a song is written.

"Besides English they should have studied at least one other language, to open the ears. To acquire French in Paris is a difficult thing, strange as the assertion may sound, for English is spoken there nearly everywhere, and consequently English is the language used in their daily intercourse.

"Very often pupils have come to me entirely lacking in knowledge of the elements of stage deportment and of how to carry themselves with ease and grace. In preparing a young American singer for her first appearance I have generally discovered that she does not even know how to courtesy to her audience. These things, small in themselves, but of great importance because of the impression that they convey, I have then to teach her myself. But think of the time that would have been spared had she but studied these accomplishments at home with a dancing-master!"

Herbert Spencer's Early Literary Struggles

GEORGE Y. SMITH

THE late Herbert Spencer, when a boy, was restless, idle, and intractable. However, his scientific leanings were encouraged, especially in the direction of mathematics, and his faculty of observation was developed by careful training. He refused to go to Cambridge, and entered the engineering profession. To the study of Greek he was always averse, and yet few men of his day wrote purer or more classical English.

After eight years of engineering he became a journalist, acting as subeditor of the "Economist." During this period he wrote his "Social Statistics; or, the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified and the First of Them Developed." At the age of forty, he gave himself up in earnest to philosophy, to find, as Huxley found, that philosophy brings "praise, but no pudding."

"During the first twelve years of my literary life," he once said, "every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print, and advertisement, and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses,—every one of them made me poorer. Nevertheless, the forty million people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain-worker five free copies of each. There is only one simile which at all represents to me the fact, and that in but a feeble way,—Dives asking alms of Lazarus."

In fifteen years he had lost six thousand dollars, and had practically decided that he must stop, when, just in time, came a kindly bequest. Gradually his fame grew, and at the end of twenty-four years he could boast that he had not lost a penny by his life-work, and could say, "I am not poorer than when I began."

Thirty years ago French and Russian translations of his "First Principles" were called for, and later all his work was translated into French, most of it into Russian and German, and some of it into nearly every European language and also into Chinese and Japanese.

Mr. Coudert's Advice to a Wife

THE late Frederick R. Coudert, the lawyer, was once visited by the daughter of an old friend. The young woman—a bride of less than a year,—opened the interview by tearfully declaring that she never, never would return to her husband, and that she wanted Mr. Coudert to begin a suit for separation forthwith.

"On what grounds?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, everything you can think of," sobbed the visitor.

"Cruelty one of them?"

"Yes, horrible cruelty. Why, Mr. Coudert, he never calls me any of the pet names that he used to before we were married!"

"And, of course, you remind him of the omission?"

"Of course I do," replied the bride, producing a fresh handkerchief.

"I thought so. Now," said the lawyer, in a fatherly tone, "if there's one thing a husband dislikes, it is the resurrecting of the fool things that he said during his courtship. Go home, remember that you are a wife now, and remember, also, that a husband's method of showing his affection is different from that of a lover. My opinion is that he has advanced matrimonially, while you insist on still living in the 'airy, fairy' period of your life."

J. M. Barrie's Collaborator

PERHAPS the youngest playwright in the world is Tommy Davis, a son of Llewellyn Davis, of England. J. M. Barrie, the noted author and playwright, has drawn up a legal document with Master Tommy, acknowledging collaboration in "Little Mary." This is the first time in all his literary career that Mr. Barrie has written anything in conjunction with a second party.

Little Tommy is a great favorite with Mr. Barrie, who once showed him some candy, and asked: "If I should give you these sweets and tell you that if you should eat them you would be sick in the morning, what would you say?"

Tommy was ready with this prompt rejoinder: "I'd say that I'd be sick to-night."

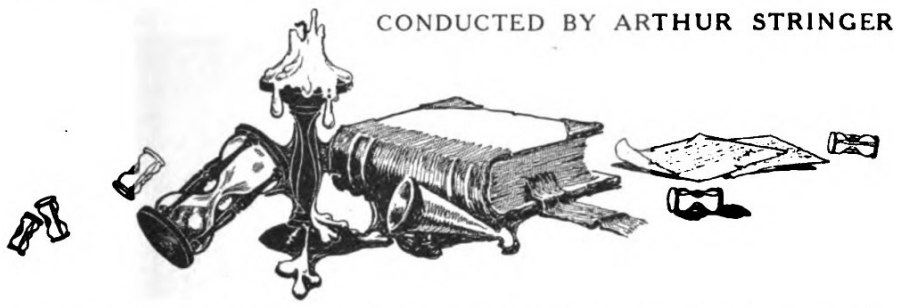
Mr. Barrie was greatly impressed with the quaint answer. "Give me permission to use that line in my new play," he said, "and, as part author, you will receive a royalty to the amount of a halfpenny for every performance when the play is produced."

Of course Tommy gave his consent, and the contract was made. The line that Tommy gave has contributed toward the success of the play. Mr. Barrie is paying the royalty regularly, and Tommy will amass a tidy sum for a small lad.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE MONTH

CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR STRINGER



I WISH that every American could be compelled by law to read three books which I have before me as I write this. The first is Elié Metchnikoff's illuminating "Nature of Man," and the other two are Senator George F. Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years" and Alfred Russel Wallace's "Man's Place in the Universe." To be forced, first to know something of oneself, and then of one's country, need in this case be no hardship, for seldom does either political or biological information come to us in more engaging form. Yet neither of these volumes, in this fiction-mad age, will be read as it ought to be. While such innocuous, yet amiable mush as "Gordon Keith" boils up to its one hundred and twentieth thousand, and while such a high-spiced goulash of hysteria and sermonizing as "The Leopard's Spots" is dished out in its tenth and twelfth editions, Senator Hoar's monumental—I think I am not misusing a very solemn word,—autobiography will find its way into, probably, a few thousand libraries, and into, perhaps, half as many homes. To put a ring in the nose of public taste is, of course, impossible. If, through the winter of its discontent, the reading public prefers to browse the buckwheat straw of romance, when richer and better food lies so near at hand, this ironically voracious generation of ours must still be satisfied with emaciated ideals and perversely shriveled aspirations.

But such good literary wine as Senator Hoar's needs no disparagement of more popular rivals for a bush. Concord, in the twilight of the nineteenth century, was not merely a town, but even more the Mecca of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, William Robinson, A. Bronson Alcott, and, last, but not least, George F. Hoar, men whose names promise to make forever luminous that austere little New England village. If the due knowledge of this brought with it a somewhat pompous self-appreciation, whereby even a piece of pie was eaten with the solemnity born of assurance that it would be thrice told of in times to come, and whereby the over-individualistic members of the little community thought they lived, as Alcott said of Thoreau, "in the center of the universe, and would annex the rest of the planet to Concord," there lingers little or none of this territorial sectarianism in the author of our present "Autobiography of Seventy Years," obviously passionate as is his love for Concord and its memories. An ever-redeeming sense of humor, a scholarly interest in things outside his own immediate career, a wealth of allusion, a beguiling love of anecdote, a whimsical mellowness and urbanity of disposition, strong convictions, a great deal of candor, much sincerity, a light, engaging, and almost airy style of writing, marked by what seems, at times, an otiose punctiliousness, and a spirit, when once the grim burr of the controversalist and orator has been torn aside, full enough of gentleness and rich with the milk of loving kindness,—all these attributes here mark Senator Hoar as one of the few enchanting and enchaining historians of our times. There is not in this memoir much readjusting of values, it must be conceded; but we find, on the other hand, much new light on men and events. It is only when speaking of General Benjamin F. Butler that personal animosity seems to creep into his pages. He loves his own passing generation better than ours, perhaps, for he is obviously a child of the nineteenth century. There are times, too, when the writer of these reminiscences becomes more than merely ingenuous, impersonal as he clearly attempts to make his standpoint. Yet, above and beyond all this, he looms out so large a figure in modern American history and literature that the mere attempt to define his limitations must always serve to accent his magnitude. If he loves Massachusetts with an affection that prompts him to forgive her mistakes, it is in the proud consciousness that her public men have added much to the dignity and purity of political life. "I have never lifted my finger or spoken a word to any man to secure or promote my own election to any office," is the proud boast of this statesman who has been in congress for thirty-five years, and who, twenty-seven years ago, became a United States senator. To this declaration I must add another, almost as characteristic and remarkable: "I have never got over being a boy. It does not seem likely I ever shall." This youthful resilience of spirits and openness of impression, combined with an association with national affairs so prolonged and so intimate, equips Mr. Hoar with both an enviable subject and an admirable touch. Not one of our active statesmen could have written a memoir so polished as to form and so charming as to manner, just as none of our more detached masters of the historical style could have commanded so firm a grasp of *post-bellum* political affairs and personalities. For two things alone, outside of its mellow scholarship, its equable good nature and quaintness, and its lucid portrayal of a passing generation, these reminiscences will remain memorable. They stand, first, an eloquent refutation of that wearying old cry that American public life must essentially and always be less interesting and less dignified than English public life; and in them, secondly, lies a tangible confirmation of a one-time tenuous belief that a scholar and gentleman, in the best sense of the phrase, need forsake none of his scholarship and little of his prevenance to be of the greatest service to his country.

ELIÉ METCHNIKOFF



GEORGE F. HOAR



ALFRED R. WALLACE



ALTHOUGH Elié Metchnikoff is no trafficker in scientific sensationalism, (which, of late, I might add, has been a veritable flame to the moth of yellow journalism,) the one objection which can be raised against his present audaciously reconstructive volume, (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons,) is the fact that it seems to be offered as a key, and not as a contribution, to the timeless problems of life and death. It is not often, however, that a book so essentially scientific can be taken up with both ease and delight by the general reader. It must be remembered, too, that Metchnikoff is one of the most distinguished of that little body of brilliant men who, foregathering under the compulsion of a great idea, are devoting monastically secluded but most busy lives, behind the walls of the Pasteur Institute, to bacteriological research. In fact, he is one of the high priests of this transforming new creed of bacteriology, an acolyte of the laboratory from which must gleam the fires of many future hopes. Both as a biologist and as a pathologist he has already caught the ear of the scientific world. From observations of water fleas he was led to discover the functions of the white corpuscles of human blood, by what methods they make war on intruding disease microbes, and what slow process lies at the dark roots of senile decay. Following along this line, this distinguished *savant* has now addressed himself to the gravest and most enduring problems which face humanity: to life and love and death, to old age, and to the fear of death. Round these old mysteries, from the childhood of the world, have hovered the wistful philosophies of mankind. Reflecting on his nature and his destiny, man has from the first sought fantastic anodynes, or formulated appeasing solutions, for each ancient and inscrutable problem of why and how and whence. In these, Metchnikoff claims, man has found no enduring comfort. Our author goes even farther than this, and holds that man, when looked upon as the consummate, most adaptable flower of all evolving creation, is woefully far from being a perfect organism. He has passed through such astounding and such rapid changes—from the evolutionist's idea of time,—that many parts of his machinery of life are out of gear with his environment. In other words, he is full of "disharmonies." There are false notes in the concert of nature. His evolutionary rough edges have not yet been smoothed down. We are hampered, Metchnikoff claims, with a vermiform appendix, with wisdom teeth, with unnecessary intestinal tracts, and with a useless and even dangerous covering of down on the body; and, as has been pointed out by other biologists, our heart is not in the right place, if we insist on regarding ourselves as erect animals, being not only too near the head, and too far from the feet, but also too insufficiently equipped. The second kidney, the fifth toe, the twelfth rib, the tip of the "wishbone," and the fifth ventricle,—all these, to-day, we could do very well without. Then there dwell within us equally striking disharmonies of family and social instincts, disharmonies of sense, of perception, of appetite, and disharmonies, even, in the instinct of self-preservation. High as we stand above the anthropoid ape, we find our adaptation far from complete. We have learned, happily, how to diminish suffering and check disease. But senile decay and death, with their attendant fear of death, are still two ominous discords in the symphony of nature; and from the quest of the most efficacious palliative for minds revolting against the inevitability of the grave has sprung all art, all philosophy, all poetry, and, claims Metchnikoff, all religions. In this lies the eternal tragedy, still making the old Virgilian *lacrymæ rerum* carry a poignancy which the poet never intended.

IT is at this juncture that Metchnikoff, with his test tubes and his microscope and his culture-colonies, steps so briskly in, and says, in effect, that old age is the consequence of a hypertrophy of phagocytes of the white corpuscles, which, having battled with and vanquished and devoured their natural enemies, the invading microbes of the body, are finally compelled to feed on the nobler organs of the human frame. Science has not yet quite won control of these phagocytes, but day by day she is learning more, and, before very long, either at the Pasteur Institute or elsewhere, the essential serum will be found for these voracious creatures, and the meal on heart and brain and lungs will then be indefinitely deferred, and man, leaning on the test tube, will live until that present anomalous aberration, the fear of death, shall have passed away, and his final sleep will seem as natural and desirable as his slumber at the end of a long and busy day.

ALTHOUGH Metchnikoff, like his predecessor, Pasteur, has accomplished more than one substantial scientific conquest, his rivals have not accepted a few of his most cherished views in pathology. How they will greet his bold excursion into the wider and more indefinite field of "optimistic philosophy" it will be interesting to note. But before I reluctantly forsake this author, leaving much unsaid and unnoticed, it must be made clear that "The Nature of Man" is not put forward in a spirit of biological braggadocio. There is little thrasonic magniloquence about its claims, for it is merely the expression of an earnest and enthusiastic bacteriologist touched into imagination, projecting himself, along the plane of what has already been accomplished, into the still dubious future,—the future which, when all is said and done, must still belong to science, since knowledge of our nature and destiny, however disturbing, and however unwelcome, is openly better than ignorance and infinitely better than falsehood.

ON reading Professor Alfred Russel Wallace's "Man's Place in the Universe," published by McClure, Phillips and Company, one is still further reminded that the opening twentieth century, like the last half of the nineteenth, belongs wholly and humbly to science. Its call is implacable. At the best we can only readjust our bewildered emotional nature to the new order of things. While the old-time soothsayers of the world, the poets, shrink timidly back and dawdle over childish themes and threadbare songs, (as note, for instance, the ecstatic but hopeless Celticism of W. B. Yeats!) the man of science, blazing his million-leagued and lonely path through the remotest stars of heaven, and pacing the very outskirts of the universe in his audacious restlessness of spirit, is confronting us with a new and terrifying plane of thought in which we have found as yet no ameliorating music, and for which there is no spiritual consolation in all the thin-voiced poetry of our times.

THE very stupendousness of the problem which Mr. Wallace so calmly and so intimately discusses is one fairly to take your breath away. Does this earth of ours swim through illimitable space, the lonely central cradle of life, or in other and unknown worlds do other beings like unto us live and die, hunger and thirst, and suffer and seek happiness? Not many centuries ago Mr. Wallace would have been cheerfully and peremptorily hanged, or, more probably, burned at the stake for attempting any such discussion. To-day his thesis is accepted and talked over as dispassionately as if it were a discussion of the oil-producing area of Texas. In space so limited, however, I must despair of giving any adequate impression of the interest and profit with which "Man's Place in the Universe" can be read. To Professor Wallace, we on this earth are a very select company. Our planet is the one and only spectator in the vast, star-hung opera house of the Universe. Even this universe, reaching so bewilderingly about us, is not infinite in extent, as was once thought, but has its vaguely defined boundaries; its dimensions are determinable; our solar system is situated in the plane of the Milky Way, and not very far removed from the center of that plane; and the entire stellar universe is made up of the same kind of matter, governed by the same chemical and physical laws. As for Mr. Wallace's further theory—for with all his assiduity of argument it remains to the last a mere working theory,—that no other planet is inhabited, or could be so, and that the almost central position of our sun, being probably a permanent one, has been especially favorable to the development of life on our earth alone, it must be replied that such a conclusion comes either too early or too late in the history of astronomical science. That science is still in a fluid and transitional state. With all his array of favorable facts and all his presumptive arguments, it is still too early in the game against infinity to be sure of the outcome, and Alfred Russel Wallace is not more rigidly scientific than the astronomers he opposes.

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Over-sensitiveness as a Barrier

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

"DRIVEN to Self-destruction by Over-sensitiveness," was the headline to a report of one of the most pathetic tragedies recently chronicled by the New York press. A young girl who had been brought up in the comfort and seclusion of a happy home was suddenly thrown on her own resources. The death of her father, and the entanglement of his estate, forced her out into the workday world to earn bread for herself and her aged mother. She secured a position as a stenographer in a New York business house, and for a time made a brave struggle with fate. But the tenderly-reared girl was proud and over-sensitive. Her plain clothes excited comment, and she shrank more and more within herself and away from the stylishly dressed young women in the office, who regarded her as "queer." One day a thoughtless and boorish male clerk asked her why she didn't fix up a little and dress like the other girls. The girl shrank from him as if stung and burst into tears. After this her sensitiveness increased. She compared her old darned gloves, patched shoes, and threadbare dress with the fashionable attire of the girls about her, many of whom were not wholly dependent upon their work for a living, and made up her mind that she could stand the strain no longer. So, one day, the money she usually spent for her luncheon went for a bottle of carbolic acid, and she ended it all in the presence of her companions.

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People like this girl resemble sensitive plants whose leaves close the moment they are touched. You have to be constantly on your guard for fear of hurting them, and they have so many tender spots that you exert the greatest care not to inflict a wound. They feel a slight more keenly than coarser-grained persons would feel a blow. The worst of it is, they are always on the lookout for slights, and constantly taking offense where none is intended.

The writer knows of an able, educated gentleman who thinks that nearly every one who talks to him is trying to poke fun at him or to take advantage of him in some way. After talking to a man on some ordinary topic, he will say to a friend, "I wonder what that man meant by such and such a remark? Was he taking a fling at me? Was he sticking the gaff into me?" The most innocent remark addressed to him is likely to be misconstrued into a sneer or a slight. His sensitiveness makes him suspicious of every one's words and motives. He imagines that he has many enemies, and that they are all the time watching for opportunities to stab him in the back. He has everything calculated to make one contented and happy, but his life is embittered by fancied slights and injuries.

Another victim of an exaggerated sensibility is a bright, well-trained young lady, whose most intimate friends, and even her near relatives, have to be continually on the watch for fear of wounding her. She broods over a joking remark until she magnifies it into an insult. She makes herself miserable for days over a fancied slight, and exhausts the patience of her friends by asking them to explain what they meant by certain expressions, looks, or gestures. People who are at first attracted by her many amiable qualities soon fall away from her because of the exactions imposed by her over-sensitiveness.

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We frequently see unfortunate instances of extreme sensitiveness in families in which the mother or one of the children is all the time quivering from the pain inflicted by some perfectly innocent remark made by a brother or a sister, or one of the parents. The father, perhaps, is a rough, hearty, practical sort of man, and the mother one of those extremely delicate, sensitive souls who suffer from every rough touch. She will mourn for days over an imaginary slight or cutting remark from her husband, who would not hurt her for the world, and who is totally unconscious of having caused pain. Or, it may be, one of the children is so sensitive that he is daily and hourly hurt by the less fine-grained brothers or sisters, and cries himself to sleep many a night because of thoughtless remarks of the others. Yet, if they had dreamed that their words would give pain, they would not have uttered them. Thousands of people are out of positions, and can not keep good places when they get them, because of this weakness. Many a good business man has been kept back, or even ruined, by his quickness to take offense, or to resent a fancied slight. There is many a clergyman, well-educated and able, who is so sensitive that he can not keep a pastorate long. From his distorted viewpoint some brother or sister in the church is always hurting him, saying and thinking unkind things, or throwing out hints and suggestions calculated to injure him in the eyes of the congregation. He magnifies these chimeras until he is finally goaded by them to seek another charge. Many schoolteachers are great sufferers from over-sensitiveness. Remarks of parents, or school committees, or little bits of gossip which are reported to them make them feel as if people were sticking pins in them, metaphorically speaking, all the time. Writers, authors, and other people with artistic temperaments, are usually very sensitive. I have in mind a very strong, vigorous editorial writer who is so sensitive, and so prone to take offense, that he can not hold a position either on a magazine or a daily paper. He is cut to the very quick by the slightest adverse criticism, and regards every suggestion in regard to his work as a personal affront. He always carries about an injured air, a feeling that he has been imposed upon, which greatly detracts from an otherwise agreeable personality.

The great majority of people, no matter how rough in manner or bearing, are kindhearted, and would much rather help than hinder a fellow-being, but they have all they can do to attend to their own affairs, and have no time to spend in minutely analyzing the nature and feelings of those whom they meet in the course of their daily business. In the busy world of affairs, it is give and take, touch and go, and those who expect to get on must rid themselves of all morbid sensitiveness. If they do not, they doom themselves to unhappiness and failure.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do, and are kept from trying to make real their great life-dreams, because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points, which smart from the slightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.

Over-sensitiveness, whether in man or woman, is really an exaggerated form of self-consciousness. It is far removed from conceit or self-esteem, yet it causes one's own personality to overshadow everything else. A sensitive person feels that, whatever he does, wherever he goes, or whatever he says, he is the center of observation. He imagines that people are criticising his movements, making fun at his expense, or analyzing his character, when they are probably not thinking of him at all. He does not realize that other people are too busy and too much interested in themselves and in other things to devote to him any of their time beyond what is absolutely necessary. When he thinks they are aiming remarks at him, putting slights upon him, or trying to hold him up to the ridicule of others, they may not be even conscious of his presence.

Morbid sensitiveness requires heroic treatment. A sufferer who wishes to overcome it must take himself in hand as determinedly as he would if he wished to get control of a quick temper, or to rid himself of a habit of lying, or stealing, or drinking, or any other defect which prevented his being a whole man.

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"What shall I do to get rid of it?" asks a victim. Think less of yourself and more of others. Mingle freely with people. Become interested in things outside of yourself. Do not brood over what is said to you, or analyze every simple remark until you magnify it into something of the greatest importance. Do not have such a low and unjust estimate of people as to think they are bent on nothing but hurting the feelings of others, and depreciating and making light of them on every possible occasion. A man who appreciates himself at his true value, and who gives his neighbors credit for being at least as good as he is, can not be a victim of over-sensitiveness.

When a prominent congressman was told that a member of the house of representatives had insulted him, he replied, "No gentleman would insult me, and no one else could." "But I am not derided," calmly replied Diogenes to one who told him that he was derided. The philosopher knew that only those are ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are hurt by it.

One should be so large and so conscious of his kinship with his Creator that he could not conceive himself as being made the butt of ridicule or a mark for contempt. Serene, large-minded people who place a proper estimate upon themselves are undisturbed by the trifles that completely upset smaller characters.

One of the best schools for a sensitive boy is a large business house in which he will be thrown among strangers who will not handle him with gloves. In such an environment he will soon learn that every one has all he can do to attend to his own business. He will realize that he must be a man and give and take with the others, or get out. He will be ashamed to play "cry baby" every time he feels hurt, but will make up his mind to grin and bear it. Working in competition with other people, and seeing that exactly the same treatment is given to those above him as to himself, takes the nonsense out of him. He begins to see that the world is too busy to bother itself especially about him, and that, even when people look at him, they are not usually thinking of him.

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A college course is of inestimable value to a boy or girl of over-refined sensibilities. Oftentimes, when boys enter college as freshmen, they are so touchy that their sense of honor is constantly being hurt and their pride stung by the unconscious thrusts of classmates and companions. But after they have been in college a term, and have been knocked about and handled in a rough but good-humored manner by youths of their own age, they realize that it would be the most foolish thing in the world to betray resentment. If one shows that he is hurt, he knows that he will be called the class booby, and teased unmercifully, so he is simply forced to drop his foolish sensitiveness.

We see the same thing in girls' colleges. Girls who are as sensitive as an aspen leaf, on entering college, come out at the end of their four years' course with all their excessive irritability cured by repeated doses of common sense.

There are many, however, who must go through life without going through college; and, if they are troubled with sensitiveness, they must be their own healers. They must learn that real nobility and courage and effectiveness as a world-worker, as well as personal happiness and success, are impossible to one who is crippled by a supersensitive nature.

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"Long strangers to civilized methods, they insisted that the wagon should travel the streets at a walk, while the five, in their arctic garb, except Flip Finger, who was clad in a frock coat and top hat, marched behind it, on foot, with weapons visible"

SIX POUNDS SHORT

The Story of a Mysterious Disappearance

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[Author of "Why the White Sulphur Mail Was Late," "Ruggles's First Case," etc.]

[Illustrations by Will Crawford]

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.
SHAKESPEARE

TWENTY pounds of confident delight with black hair on it, its head and insinuating tail both to the front, came wiggling sideways down the deck. It was Old Man Smithers's mongrel pup, Bubbles. At a word his red tongue was lathering the old prospector's wind-tanned face and hands. Bubbles was one bundle of joy,—he was always happy,—but Old Man Smithers was glum.

"It's no use, I tell ye, Ruggles," he growled to a long, gaunt, rawboned, hawk-faced, red-haired boy of sixteen; "my pay streak pinched out before I was born. Here I'd been punching boot holes in the *tundra* along this Nome coast for two years before any white skin thought of coming to this God-forsaken country, or over from Dawson, to grapple nuggets with fishhooks such as we used to catch cod on the Banks when I was a youngster; and now what do I git out of it? What 've I got to show for enough chill-bites to blister a whale? This here pup,—and you're a great dog, you are; you ought to be a barber,—and my bed, and that's all; I've not even a place to die. I tell you what, my boy, the old man is a-goin' home, this trip, to 'God's own country,' down on the old Maine coast, to chop fish-heads while he waits for what's left of his life and his old frozen carcass to rust out. Ain't we, Bubbles? Get down! Got a match and a smoke about ye, Ruggie? Thank ye!"

Ruggles hooked his hands round his thin shins, hung his freckled lantern jaws over his lumpy knees, and wiggled his fiery scalp meditatively. He was thinking.

"Well, if you go,—I go," he answered, laconically. "But how?"—he stopped for an instant and scratched his head in a meditative way.

"How?" quizzed the old man, impatiently. "What business has a young buck like you with two thousand in dust to the good to figure on 'how?' Buy a passage, same as I done, on the 'Albatross,' an'—"

"But it's gone," mumbled Ruggles, stoically.

"Gone! Whar?"

"Flip Finger."

"You — you, — that snake, — he, — you —" Speechless, the grizzly old arctic prospector ground his yellow fangs on his pipestem till it cracked.

"This way," volunteered Ruggles; "when I got in these parts a year ago and before me an' you goes in cahoots, I gets a job of cook and he-biscuit-shooter in the Hollow Wolf grub shack,—when it was in a tent,—and I goes and grub-stakes some of the boys, Sugar Sam in par-tic-u-lar. No big clean-ups, but most fair to middlin'. I gets into the game 'bout two thousand to the good. I figures it takes me to San Francisco and makes me one of them lawyer fellers. Then Flip Finger, last night, ropes me in somehow,—I comes out of his game to the bad,—broke,—dead busted. Savey? That's me, now."



RUGGLES

The old man's watery gaze was bent hard upon Ruggles's turkey-egg face.

"But, boy, you luny, raw-headed fishing pole, you! you ain't the sense of a Husky,—I'll pay you for your passage down—"

"No, old man, you can't. Leastwise, I won't take it, nohow. I'm a colt yet, while you—but how can you? You've got your passage paid for, but you're broke, too, ain't you?"

"But I—" the old man stopped suddenly,—"can't," he added, mumblingly, with peculiar caution. "Ugh!"

"Ugh!" responded Ruggles.

Then the two sat for an hour there on the sunny deck in the grim silence. The gloom was so thick that Bubbles, discouraged, went to sleep, his black silky head pillowed on the old man's wrinkled boot. The gambling loss was not mentioned again between these two. The frontier breeds a strange but practical charity. It was Ruggles's first game,—and his last.

II.

THESE two were strange friends.—*Friends?* It was almost a case of father and son. Extremes had drawn them together, these two homeless ones, the worn-out old prospector, still oaken,

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but wavering now and then, and the sturdy young erstwhile dock-rat whose inborn character had revolted at the squalor and crime under the San Francisco water front, and had brought him to Nome seeking what to him was the Holy Grail,—the means toward an education. It was Ruggles's one ambition to be a lawyer. Not the shyster of the police courts, whom he knew so well, did he want to be; but the white-locked jove seated in robed majesty amid the awful silence of the supreme court. Ruggles's course was logical and practical: Nome, gold; San Francisco, leisure, books; and, through all, tireless work, endless patience, and whetted shrewdness. He would have made a great criminal. But one thing prevented,—an iron honesty.

Friends, money, education, a pleasing personality and a brilliant mind were not his; but nature had given him the health of a bear, a cataract of energy, a normal mind, unlimited self-respect, and boundless self-confidence. Courage he did not know he had,—for a certain fatalism, tinged with humor, made discouragement unknown to him. The things he lacked he calmly decided to earn for himself.

The first two steps he had gained,—Nome and gold; leisure and books were just ahead; then he had tripped over Flip Finger and was back once more at the bottom,—Nome, and nothing more,—except the friendship of this old prospector.

Ruggles looked at Old Man Smithers with clumsy affection. He noted the worn summer boots of sealskin covered with white bacon grease, and, on the yet sturdy legs, the ragged canvas trousers, patched on the seat with a piece of sealskin from which the hair was only partly worn off, sewed overhand in half inch stitches up the left leg with reindeer-gut, and mended here and there with copper wire for thread. That moose-hide coat, once snug-fitting, but now hanging loosely on the bent figure, he knew had been made ten years before by the Inuits on the Mackenzie; but now one sleeve was of caribou, and the tail where some far camp fire had burned it was pieced out with musk-ox. The hat puzzled him: it was new, an expensive black slouch,—a present from the gambler, Flip Finger Joe. The old man, however, still kept his cap of dirty white fox skin that had come from the Upper Yukon a quarter of a century before. But there were two things that Ruggles did not see; no one had seen them for forty years,—a battered silver thimble and a baby's first tooth in a leather bag next to the old man's heart.

In his dreams Bubbles had a walrus by the tail, and he rolled over on his back and barked accordingly. The old man held his tobacco sack to the excited pup's nose; Bubbles awoke with a flop, sneezed with joyful resentment, and landed full on the prone Ruggles.

"Get out! you chunk of northern lights," growled Ruggles, half amused, as he unlimbered his long frame and started off.

"We'll fix it up somehow, Ruggie, my boy,—Bubbles! I'll make a stew of you! We'll fix—"

"But I won't stay in Nome if you go," interrupted Ruggles, as he stopped at the head of the gang plank. Then, standing on the edge of the schooner's deck, he looked far across the greenish glitter of Bering Sea to the southern horizon, and in his eyes was a great longing.

"I'll ride a seal to San Francisco first," he muttered, then slowly crunched a piece of coal beneath his heavy heel and went ashore.

III.

IT was away up on the Nome coast. Blacksmith Tom, so called for his ham-like arms and his self-taught skill with hot steel, was, perhaps, the best of the crowd. Flip Finger Joe, the tin horn who first left San Francisco, then Circle City, more or less hurriedly, and many another place before these, all for the good both of Mr. Flip Finger and of the various communities, was the best gambler at Nome. His pointed chin, when not over one shoulder or the other, was making a spasmodic trip between. Evidently he expected trouble sooner or later, and expected it from behind. Little, squatty Dutch Henry, Irish Mike Jackson and Wall-eyed Peterson made up the rest. These sons of nowhere had gathered at Cape Nome like wild ducks. No one ever saw any of them come, no more than any one ever saw a stray mallard arrive from the Texas Rio Grande. Like Longfellow's eagle feather, each one was just wafted downward in the night. But now the seven, including Bubbles, were going home,—wherever that was,—but Ruggles must stay behind. Among them they had about one ton of gold; Ruggles had only a yellow recollection.

This ton had been gathered in many ways. Flip Finger had mined all of his share—something like ten thousand ounces, worth, at fifteen dollars an ounce, a little over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars,—out of other men's sacks, principally by means of a certain little steel mechanism in his right coat sleeve which he operated with his right heel. To himself he affectionately termed the contrivance his "ace-grabber." Dutch Henry had panned every ounce of the fifty thousand dollars that were his. Dutch Henry was honest. Irish Mike accumulated his one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of the "yellow flour," as he called it, in the saloon business, with a tent dance as a lucrative side venture. Blacksmith Tom had washed part of his one hundred thousand dollars' worth, and had gambled for the rest. Wall-eyed Peterson, two months before, had left Cape Nome behind a party of three who went up the coast "hunting," as they said. In three weeks Wall-eyed returned; just when or how or from where was not noticed at the time. But ten days later, when the fact transpired that he had between seventy thousand and eighty thousand dollars in yellow dust and nuggets, this when, how, and from where became highly important. But Wall-eyed said never a word, refused innumerable invitations to get drunk or to take a walk with strangers, and ate, slept, and had his being with a ten-bore shotgun loaded with twelve copper buckshot in each barrel. So the news leaked no further; but away up the cape gapped an empty *cache*, while to this day three stark somethings riddled with buckshot lie buried in the Nome sands. No one but Wall-eyed knew this, and the knowledge curdled his sleep till the man was near crazed; but he clung to his metallic guilt. Of the six all had gold to show except Old Man Smithers and Ruggles; Ruggles had not even a ticket. The old man had only Bubbles, and his reindeer sleeping-bag, of which he took such jealous care that it was a toss-up which afforded the five others the most fun, the muscle-twisting pup or the old man's care of his "snoring sack."

But, hard as these men were, their surroundings, their life together, and their conditions were still harder. It bred a sense of good comradeship among them; they were all going home on the old sealer "Albatross," and this alone was a great bond.

So, when Blacksmith Tom stood on the black granite by the fire, that afternoon, and spoke of the old man's hard luck, and proposed that he be made guard over the strong box on its way to San Francisco, and that he be given a pound of dust by each of the five for his services, the other four readily agreed thereto. The man who looked like a ghost in a corpse, Wall-eyed Peterson, gave almost a sigh of inward gratitude as he assented to the arrangement. A bawl like the breeding bawl of the bull moose boomed from the blacksmith's hand-trumpeted mouth, rolled along the shore, and brought the old man listlessly from the schooner to the fire. He listened, mumbled a humble "Thank ye," and silently accepted the situation. Then he made a mighty effort and delivered, for him, an endless speech.

"Here's my mate, men, young Ruggles. He's gone broke,"—the old man wisely refrained from any mention of Flip Finger,—"and he, being one high-assay boy, better be took along. Can't he go work pitching coal or somethin'? Ahoy! Ruggie! Ahoy, there! you fool unhatched, raw-headed ptarmigan rooster,—tack over here and lay by. Let's hear what you've got to say, you galoot."

The group smoked till Ruggles, striding like a pair of animated stilts, came from the cook-house to the fire. Wise in the ways within the arctic circle, the elongated youth filled his pipe, lit it with a coal, sat down, and said nothing. Toward the old man these comrades had compassion, but for him they felt nothing. Such flops of fortune as his were everyday life in Nome; in fact, it was the common silent opinion that Nome was the best place for him, and that to take him away from the gold fields before he had made his stake would be to his injury. Again the old man entered the frozen lists.

"Will he?" he asked.

"Will what?" interrupted Ruggles.

"Take you to San Francisco?" answered Blacksmith Tom.

"Not unless I work it down," asserted the redhead.

"So I was a-sayin'," interposed the old man, apologetically.

"Seems to me the Cape is the best place for you, Reddy," began Blacksmith Tom; "anyhow, till you clean up another stake. Besides, the skipper says there ain't room for no more, and his coalers is all right as they stand. What think you, boys?"

"Ya, dot is so," broke in Dutch Henry, following his leader, "un dot head! Him should be here some more one winter yet, to cool off.



"'Pack up your lay-out, Ruddy; I'll stake you.' 'No, thank you,' answered Ruggles, with quiet scorn"

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"The frontier breeds a strange but practical charity. It was Ruggles's first game,—and his last"

Maybe he gits on top the north pole already yet? Ya? Den him lights up the whole world. Ya! Ya!"

"Maybe it'll melt all the ice in the circle," haw-hawed Irish Mike.

"Bring him along. We'll let him sit under the boilers and save coal," suggested Flip Finger Joe.

"And if the boiler bottom melts out, then use him for the mast," bellowed Mike, incapable of catching the veiled kindness in the gambler's remark.

"You could put up the breeze," grinned Ruggles, in a rather sickly way.

There was no barb in this roughhewn man-baiting; if there had been, there would also promptly have been bullets. Ruggles, though but a boy, had been reared in a hard school, and would stand no nonsense. The cuffs of the world had taught him two things thoroughly,—human nature and self-control. Knowing thus when to refrain and when to resent won for him the confidence and respect of grown men,—in fact, they treated him as an equal. Incidentally, he understood these men, and knew that this was their way of friendship; with them silence alone was ominous.

"Will ye?" asked the old man again, almost plaintively.

Blacksmith Tom shook his head; then so did all the others but Flip Finger Joe. The gambler shrugged his thin, square shoulders, glanced over all of them, and said:—

"Pack up your lay-out, Ruddy; I'll stake you."

"No, thank you," answered Ruggles, with quiet scorn. Then he knocked his pipe against Blacksmith Tom's heel and made awkwardly for the cook-house.

Flip Finger's eyes for an instant became a glittering slit, then cooled. This refusal was contrary to the ethics of his profession. He resented the implied insult, and with pliable waxen fingers stroked caressingly the cold pearl handle of a stiletto; but, remembering that Ruggles could hit silver dollars in the air with his Colt's forty-five, the gambler, with another shrug and a thin smile, disdained reply.

Ruggles's filched two thousand brought to Flip Finger's mind the greater business of the meeting, the storing away of their now common treasure. He suggested that the gold be weighed and packed then and there.

So to work they went. Nome is many a mile from civilization, and every pound carried north costs a dollar, so not a large set of weighing balances were to be had on the cape. To weigh the gold with pocket scales would take till spring; and this was the last vessel going south before the iron winter would fasten down. The old man himself solved the difficulty by suggesting that they use the spring balances belonging to the trading tent; buy them, for the traders had three of them, and, after the weighing was done, lock these spring scales in the box with the gold, to be used again in San Francisco when the division should be made. Then there could be no question about the scales or the weight. This was done. Blacksmith Tom read the figures on the pair of old butchers' scales. Dutch Henry handled the gold, while the others stood by to see fair play; Wall-eyed Peterson, with his inevitable shotgun, Flip Finger glancing here, there, and everywhere, especially behind, to see that no outsiders approached, while Old Man Smithers stood by calmly nipping off minute chews of plug-cut with his jackknife. The work was done there on the rocks, the scales were put in the box, and all was made fast, before it dawned on the six that there was over a ton, just 33,212 ounces, of gold now in one lot and not yet on the ship. Never before had any of the six had this amount of the stuff, never before had they ever seen so much, and the idea that such a small box could weigh equal to a team of horses did not enter their minds until Blacksmith Tom started to shoulder the load. To his astonishment he discovered that he could move it no more than he could budge a tree stump. Rather than do the work all over again the five owners held guard over the $498,180 of treasure while the old man, with Bubbles biting at his heels, went to the schooner for rollers and several coils of rope. From the camp to the vessel was down hill, and only one hundred and nineteen of the old man's paces. In an hour, after much grunting and sweating, the, to those men, priceless box was safely stored on board. The next morning the "Albatross" was about to sail. The last man up the side was the old man, with his precious dream-bag on his back, and with Bubbles struggling like cat-fit under his left arm.

On deck the old man stopped just long enough to ask:—

"Any of ye fellers seen my knife? Thirty years have I carried it now, and it was given to me by Old Bill Moses just before I left Lisbon when a lad. That's why I'm late, me hearties, for the old man has been raking the whole cape for it with his head-comb, but it can't be found. Have any of ye seen it?"

"Here, use this till it turns up; I have another; you're welcome to it," said Flip Finger, suavely, as he handed the grizzly old fellow a pearl-handled penknife, the last of Gawky Bob's valuables, which the gambler—and the aforesaid "ace-grabber,"—had won during the night. Holding the dainty instrument gingerly in his calloused hand, the old man blurted out his accustomed "Thank ye," picked up his bed, and went below to begin his long vigil over the strong box. Night and day he stayed there; ate, slept, and lived there; always by that crude box of gold, like a Roman slave chained to a door.

IV.

THE run down to San Francisco was dull. But one incident worthy of note happened. At noon the second day out those on deck saw rising

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from the hatchway what seemed to be a foggy sun,—it was Ruggles's head. Sick and quaking, Wall-eyed covered it with his trembling shotgun; Flip Finger actually laughed aloud. Captain Collins at once went on high pressure; but Flip Finger appeased him by much suavity, and, what was instantly effective, by secretly paying for the stowaway's passage from his own pocket, or, rather, from that swindled two thousand. But the captain, to preserve appearances, and incidentally at Flip Finger's bland suggestion, brusquely ordered Ruggles to the engine room. Pumps, the engineer, and the captain were poles concerning the number of firemen needed. The captain, who, by the way, paid the bills, maintained that two coal heavers, "with the engineer to help out now and then," were plenty; but Pumps asserted that three men, at least,—with the engineer in his bunk,—were absolutely necessary. So Pumps welcomed Ruggles's bony energy with great kindness in his right hand and a proffered shovel in his left. Ruggles accepted both cordially, then bent to the work with hand and head.

Except for one thing, Ruggles was content: Old Man Smithers, like a surly watchdog, refused to let any one go near the strong box, although he would talk to Ruggles in monosyllables now and then through the barred door. This prevented familiarity. Ruggles felt strangely hurt; and the old man, too, felt strangely hurt, for Ruggles had not taken him into confidence about stealing aboard ship; and the crossgrained old fellow resented this apparent lack of trust. In the heart-straining way that so many have known, each longing for the other, but each unwittingly repelled and repelling, the old man and Ruggles silently became almost strangers. While the old man sulked alone, Ruggles talked engine with Pumps. But if the old man was crabbed, Pumps was profanely enraptured.

"How has the boy done as a coal heaver?" asked the immaculate Flip Finger of the greasy engineer, on the last night at sea. "Has his head saved much coal?"

"Done! Coal! Head! He has put his head under the boiler, sir, with every shovelful. Green the first hour as he is red, he asked me more questions than Saint Peter all the trip down about coal, steam, repairs, oiling, everything. I'd 'a' got tired of it, but he never asks the same question twice, and he's figured out some things I did n't know,—er,—that I'd forgotten. Coolest head I ever saw on a boy, sir, even if it is afire. Heat all gone up into the hair and down into his heart. But do n't nobody guy that head of his'n, for it's the best I ever see in the engine room. The old girl et up less coal this down trip, I 'm tellin' you, than I ever knowed her to,—and mostly 'cause that speckled fist and good sound head of his was tendin' to the fires,—even if his tongue is a livin' question mark. He heaved not only coal into the firebox, but brains, sir, brains."

Flip Finger Joe looked thoughtfully at the new fireman, his sunset countenance subdued by oil and coal dust, and forgot to reply to the enthusiastic Pumps; but to himself he murmured:—

"Brains, is it, he shovels? I doubt it; or there'd be icicles on the grate bars, even if that scalp does need an asbestos hat. Shame such a head should go to dry rot over books. That hawk-claw hand was made to palm a card. I'll make that boy a first-class faro dealer." Giving Ruggles a genial nod, the most slippery gambler along the coast, flashing his glances behind, went on deck to plan.

Flip Finger Joe, seeing there was no escape from the vessel in case of a disagreeable dispute over five aces, had not sought to win from his fellow voyagers; but even when alone on the deck in the brilliant moonlight, backed tight up against the taffrail, with nothing behind him save the Arctic Ocean, one of those agate eyes was always glancing behind. Flip Finger Joe never lost sight of the ship's frothing wake. Such is habit.

V.

IT was a frosty morning when the "Albatross" made the Golden Gate, and not till the misty pea soup lifted at one in the afternoon did the eye-hungry Nomers catch their first glimpse of civilization.

Then it came like the spectacular rising of a curtain to a darkened theater. San Francisco looked like good fairyland—even to Wall-eyed Peterson. For a moment—and only a moment,—he forgot those three stiff horrors buried in the frozen sands two thousand miles away,—yet ever before his eyes. Like a lately caught Congo man out of the hell-hold of a slaver, Old Man Smithers came on deck and looked.

"Boys," he gasped, "pay me off and let me get me old soles on that, quick! Bubbles and me dream-bag air all I have, so I ain't got to stop for no gold. Can't ye?" he pleaded, almost childishly.

Blacksmith Tom said "Yes;" Flip Finger Joe seconded it, Wall-eyed Peterson slapped the butt of his shotgun, and Dutch Henry and Irish Mike dug down for their sacks without a word. In ten minutes, after the other five had closely examined the strong box and found it safe,—to the old man's swelling pride,—the old codfisher was over the side and off for "God's own country." With him went his reindeer sleeping-bag, Bubbles, and five pounds of gold dust, worth fifteen dollars an ounce, his wages for keeping watch over the treasure of the five.

To Ruggles the old man did not say good-by; and the boy, down in the fireroom, did not know that his friend had gone. An hour later, when he heard of it, he asked to be allowed to go ashore at once. Pumps refused, for he wanted to keep such a valuable fireman, if possible. Having nothing on ship but himself, Ruggles promptly went up the companionway ladder and plunged overboard. The strips of dense fog still drifting next the waves hid him, after a dozen strokes. Twenty minutes later he emerged, dripping but clean, where he was thoroughly at home,—beneath the docks.

The example of Ruggles and the old man was too powerful to be long resisted. In one-minded silence the five land-hungry miners went below. They broke open the strong box, took out the spring balances, and began to weigh the sacks. Everything was apparently the same as when the gold had been put away, except that each bag seemed the shade of a fraction short weight, yet not enough to make comment sure. So each man, with growing dissatisfaction, held his tongue till the third layer of sacks was reached. Then Dutch Henry exploded. Flip Finger took it calmly, but with a dangerous iciness. The other three followed the lead of the incensed Hollander. There lay two sacks, cut and half empty; their gold was sifted down between the lower sacks, but what had raised the storm was that, in one of the half-empty sacks lay Old Man Smithers's open jackknife.

"Dat von old thief! Un we give him the pay, too, already. I fix him! I fix him! Vere vas dos policemans; you tell me dot?"

At the mention of police, Flip Finger and Wall-eyed Peterson stiffened; but they said nothing. But the volcanic, honest little Dutchman continued to roar. The gambler in Flip Finger told him to ignore the apparent steal; better yet, to hunt out the old man and in private grab it back. Wall-eyed had a more powerful motive for letting the matter stand as it was; so he fingered the hammers of his weapon and said nothing. Irish Mike rubbed his knuckles contemplatively. Blacksmith Tom resorted to common sense.

"Let's re-weigh all that's out, and then the rest of it. Then we can tell how much he has dug into us for."

It was done. The gold in the box was short six pounds, one and one half ounces in avoirdupois,—for butchers' scales do not register troy weight. That meant, in the still unrefined gold, a loss of something over one thousand, five hundred dollars to somebody. To whom? That was the question. As the cut sacks belonged to Dutch Henry, Wall-eyed Peterson insisted savagely that the loss was all on the little Dutchman. The Hollander's wrath, when the discovery of the cut sacks was made, seemed to give color to Wall-eyed's assertion, and Dutch Henry, in his blind anger, did not deny it, although Flip Finger was on the point of suggesting that the loss fall on all equally; but, from a matter of habit when financial disputes were on, he said nothing. Besides, the whole affair was disgusting to him; something in which he did not care to mingle in any way, for Flip Finger Joe hated and despised a thief almost as much as he did a dead beat. Between stealing with a bare hand and with an "ace-grabber" he made a wide distinction.

The men sent to the express company for aid in taking their treasure to the mint. Long strangers to civilized methods, they insisted that the wagon travel the streets at a walk, while the five, in their arctic garb, except Flip Finger, who was clad in a frock coat and top hat, marched behind it on foot, with weapons visible. Only after an hour of argument did they consent to accept the receipt of the United States government. What

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"Old Man Smithers felt just like Bubbles"

clinched the matter in favor of the five, as they religiously believed, was that, two hours before, Old Man Smithers had been able to sell his gold to Thompson, a gold broker, for greenbacks.

How much? Sixteen pounds, twelve and two-thirds ounces, troy weight, the broker told them; and the old man's gold ran seventeen dollars and over to the ounce.

"He picked out the best of it; he sweated each sack," reflected Flip Finger, to himself, but aloud he said nothing, as usual.

"Yes," said Thompson, "I paid him just thirty-four hundred and thirty-five dollars for his load. You say it was yours?"—to Dutch Henry.

"Pol-i-i-ce!" fumed the Dutchman. "3435" was the number Flip Finger entered in his mental notebook. He carried no other, for various reasons. Dutch Henry's constant word, "Pol-i-i-ce!" for two hours past had helped rivet this idea of the gambler's which, from a criminal's standpoint, was sound.

When, next day, the five were paid by the mint, Wall-eyed Peterson and Flip Finger Joe seemed to drop off the earth, they disappeared so quickly. Dutch Henry took his constant complaint to this much talked of "pol-i-i-c-e." These gentlemen promptly arrested and put under bonds Blacksmith Tom and Irish Mike. They would come handy as witnesses. They also made sage and dark remarks about Flip Finger and Wall-eyed Peterson, but were unable to locate them. Ruggles they could get no trace of. But the sleuths found that Old Man Smithers, after cashing his gold, ten pounds more than he had been paid, had bought a ticket for Boston, five pounds of sirloin steak, the best to be had, and a new pair of red blankets. The telegram headed him off at Omaha. Word came back that the old man had floored three policemen before he could be handcuffed. The telegram also added that the sergeant had been bitten by a black pup.

Dickman, of the San Francisco plain-clothes force, went to the river and brought the old man back. His story was that, fearing his fellow shipmates, he had ten pounds of almost pure gold hidden in his sleeping-bag, the savings of twenty years within the arctic regions. At this every one laughed and scoffed; so, after telling his story, he remained dumb. Only once after this did he speak, and that was to ask that Bubbles might share his cell. The chief, thinking to humor the wilderness-warped old fellow into a confession, granted the prayer. His reward was "Thank ye!"

VI.

IN ten days the trial came off. It was a clear case. The old man stubbornly refused to have anything to do with the lawyers.

The three thousand, four hundred-odd dollars in his possession were tied up useless to all till their ownership could be settled; so kind, but severely just, white-haired Judge Mitchell ordered ex-Chief Justice Raines to defend the prisoner.

Well, it was a clear case against the old man. Six pounds of his gold had been paid to him, but this was fifteen-dollar stuff. The box was short another six pounds and over, and this loss evidently fell on the vengeful Dutchman. As the butchers' scales did not weigh to a fraction, the exact amount the Dutchman complained of being robbed of could not be fixed. But to every one in the court room, even to the old man's lawyer,—Judge Raines,—it was plain that the prisoner was guilty. The old fellow did not deny it. He simply remained dumb; but whether from stubborn criminal shrewdness, or from stupid fright bred by many lonely years away from his kind, no one could tell.

Judge Raines, in many kindly whispers, pleaded with his client to admit his guilt, return the money, and rest his case on the mercy of Dutch Henry and of Judge Mitchell. But the grizzly old head only wagged a refusal, while the hot eyes and the leathern-skinned hands sought and found comfort from Bubbles. Yes; a dog in a court room,—it was *Bubbles*. The prosecuting attorney, Hard Castle, a young fellow just out of college, honest but with his spurs yet to win, drew the case clear and cold out of Irish Mike and Blacksmith Tom, and allowed it to come frothing out of Dutch Henry. Then he laid it before the jury. For hours, weeks at a time, had the prisoner been alone with the gold box. How he had extracted the gold none could say; but he had admitted many times at Nome having no gold, and he had received only six pounds, avoirdupois, when he left the "Albatross," a few hours before he sold his lot of virgin placer gold to Broker Thompson. When arrested in Omaha he had fought like a polar bear. His knife had been found in a half-empty sack, evidently a fatal oversight; and his complaining about the loss of it on sailing from Nome had been but a blind, thus showing that the deed was maliciously planned from the start. Every other man in the room, and almost the prisoner himself, believed the young prosecutor. Hard Castle was a good speaker, he had a clear case, and he made a fine speech. Besides, he was to receive a good fee. Even Judge Raines was convinced that his opponent was right, and that his strange client was guilty. His plea was one for mercy. It was a strong one, but the jury was unsympathetic and the judge severe.

The verdict was "Guilty!" Judge Mitchell curtly ordered that half of the old man's money should be returned to Dutch Henry, and that the other half should be used to pay the costs of the capture and the trial.

Then up spoke Blacksmith Tom, to the defiance of all court practice, and offered to buy the old man's liberty at any price. In spite of Irish Mike's surly protests, Dutch Henry was slothfully willing, but the judge said:—

"No: the crime is against the state and against society, not against Dutch Henry alone." He disposed of the case by naming the next Monday, at ten o'clock, five days hence, as the time of sentence.

"Mister Judge! if you please, sir, can I say somethin'?"

The whole court room turned on chair bottoms. There in the back of the room stood Ruggles.

"Young man," said the judge, sternly, amid the silence, "what do you mean by disturbing the proceedings of this court in such a manner? Bailiff, bring him before the bar."

Ruggles, not resisting, was hustled none too gently down the aisle and halted before the bench.

"Now, young man," began his honor, surveying the coal-stained jumper and overalls, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Say, Mister Judge,—I ain't never been in court to talk but once, 'fore this, and that was when I was pinched fer—"

"Come to your point, sir," fumed his honor.

"I'm doin' it, mister, fast as I can. I ain't no lawyer feller like you, mister, but I wants to be—" Ruggles was badly rattled, and was fast becoming

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panic-stricken and bewildered with stage fright.

"Come to your point, sir, or I'll fine you for contempt."

"Yes, sir," interrupted Ruggles, regaining his Nome coolness. "When I was firin' on the 'Albatross,' on the way down, I heard Pumps—he's the engineer,—tell the captain—his name's Collins,—that something called contraction of gravity robs the company of one pound of coal fer every thousand pounds they takes a thousand miles south. Now, Mister Judge, I ain't one of you lawyer fellers, but what I want to know is this: if that there thing steals the coal, would n't it steal the gold, too?"

In the court room a dropping feather would have sounded upon the floor. The California bench had been saved from an unwitting wrong against an eccentric but innocent old man by a hawk-faced coal heaver, a dock-rat. Shades of Moses and of Solon!

Judge Raines, Old Man Smithers's attorney, was too chagrined to speak. Quicker of thought, and seeing a rare chance to do a splendid thing, young Hard Castle, prosecuting attorney as he was, with his first case just won, arose in the old man's defense.

"If it may please the court, we have all forgotten our elementary physics of grammar school days. Mr.—er,—this young fel—er,—gentleman,—has reminded us of it. I now recall it, but too late for all concerned except this old man here." He shot an amused glance at lip-biting Judge Raines across the table, and continued: "Although technically I am doing the prosecuting, I must assure your honor that no robbery has been done. The adverse circumstances in the case are purely circumstantial,—nothing more.

"Because the north pole is four miles nearer the center of the earth than is the equator, a body at the pole weighing, on *spring* balances, such as these miners used, one hundred and eighty-*nine* pounds, weighs at the equator only one hundred and eighty-*eight* pounds. In addition, the rotation of the earth tends to throw bodies off the more one leaves the poles for the equator, like water from a grindstone; for at the poles there is no rotation, only a flat turning once every twenty-four hours. This causes the Mississippi River to flow toward the equator, although its mouth is one mile higher than its source; in fact, this throwing-off effect of the rotation of the earth makes the Mississippi run one mile up hill. If the earth should go only seventeen times faster on its axis things at the equator would fly off into space, and a little way north they would weigh nothing whatever, while at the poles they would weigh just the same as they do now, no matter how fast the earth might whirl.

"Because of this very fact the United States government loses a little over thirteen dollars on every hundred thousand dollars in gold sent from New York to the treasury in Washington, because Washington is farther south, and the attraction, or weight of the same in gold, is so much less in Washington than farther north in New York. The loss from Boston to Washington is about twenty-five dollars on every hundred thousand dollars in gold. But this loss is regained when the gold is shipped north. These figures are correct, and are proved, I now recall, by government tests; and Nome is over two thousand miles north of San Francisco.

"Let these miners ship their more than a ton of gold back to Nome, and they will find the missing six pounds. Old Mother Earth is the guilty one, your honor, not Mr. Smithers. He is innocent."

From out of the profundity of his judicial dignity the judge brought a prolonged "A-he,-e,-m,-m!" and was about to speak; but, glancing at Ruggles standing below him, he suddenly remembered his physics class in the seventh grade, said nothing, and looked sheepish in spite of a certain suspicion of owl-like wisdom. The most astonished one in the room was Old Man Smithers, whose ragged-toothed mouth was still agape. The jury was clearly uncomfortable. Judge Raines arose as his young opponent sat down.

"If it please the court, I would like to add, now that I think of it, that this gold was weighed at Nome over granite, and here in San Francisco on the ship over water. That makes several pounds difference in the weight in favor of the weighing at Nome." Recognizing that he was making a lame affair of it, the defending attorney opened his coat-tails and sat down. His honor, having had time to grope, collected his faculties.

"Order in the court!" he thundered to the group almost smothering Old Man Smithers and the delighted Bubbles. "The verdict is set aside. Dutch Henry,—for so I believe they call you,—the costs of this case are on you. Mr. Smithers, allow me to congratulate—or, rather, to beg your pardon, sir. Your money will be returned to you, and you are honorably discharged. The case is dismissed."

"Can I have my knife back, sir?"

"Certainly. Mr. Bailiff, see that he gets it."

The white-haired judge settled back; and, looking at Ruggles, he became lost in thought. The boy met the dissecting gaze with honest frankness, his great, angular, gray eyes alight with the fearless sincerity of the wilderness. Silence fell over the scene. A ray of sunlight played like a flame in the kinky red wire of Ruggles's massive head.

Blacksmith Tom, in ignorance of court forms, stole with elaborate care to Ruggles's side and handed him an open telegram. The boy glanced from the white judge to his swarthy friend, then at the paper, and read:—

EN ROUTE, CITY OF MEXICO,
November 3, 1900.

Find Ruddy. Tell him to beat his way to Mexico City. Have good job for him; $500 month, Mex.
FLIP FINGER.

P. S.—Just finished a friendly little game, on the way down, with Wall-eyed. Won everything but the shotgun.
JOSEPH.

With cold anger Ruggles slowly tore the message to bits and dropped the pieces into the cuspidore. Shedding a vast smile over everybody, Blacksmith Tom put his hands in his trousers pockets, tiptoed gingerly to his chair between bewildered Dutch Henry and chuckling Mike, resumed his seat, and folded his mighty arms with huge satisfaction.

Then the venerable judge leaned forward over the bench and said:—

"Young man, what is your name?"

"Ruggles, sir."

"Who are you?"

"I don't know, mister; these men know me,"—and Ruggles, with a nod, indicated his fellow Nomers, who nodded back with great vigor.

"You say you want .o be a lawyer?" asked the judge. "One of us 'lawyer fellers?'" he added, gravely.

"Yes; I do, sir." Ruggles stood very straight, his voice hungry with hope.

"You are certainly a born lawyer."

The judge fell to musing again, while the clock ticked softly. Gathering up a few papers, he added, in his cool, level, judicial tone:—

"Mr. Ruggles, come to my office this afternoon, at three. I'll see that you have a chance to study law."

"Thank you, sir; thank you!"

The judge smiled kindly. "Adjourn the court," was all he said, and then he left the bench for his private chambers.

As Ruggles, in a daze, turned to go, a great hard hand, bristling with white hair, confronted him. It was the hand of Old Man Smithers. Ruggles took it. As the frost-seared, gnarled old fingers closed over the powerful freckled ones, the old man cleared his throat, and gruffly said:—

"Thank ye! Thank ye, Ruggles; ver' much."

Old Man Smithers felt just like Bubbles.

A SONG OF HOPE .. .. ALICE WEBSTER

ALONE I watched beside the brink
Of deep Despair:
My cup was filled; Fate bade me drink,
And tarry there.

Hope hovered near: I felt her wing
Upon my cheek;
Here is her song for those who sing
And those who seek.

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As the Twig Is Bent

MARION
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Part I.

[This is the first of a short series of practical papers on the care and education of children which Mrs. Washburne will write for SUCCESS.—THE EDITOR]

EVERY one ought to do some kind of work especially well and do it with enjoyment. This work is his contribution to the well-being of the race and gives him his right to live,—his right to a full share of the advantages with which his race surrounds him. Without some such aptitude he is a social pauper, no matter how much money he has in his pocket,—a man whose place might just as well be occupied by some other man,—a man no one particularly values,—a man who has no just ground for valuing himself,—a man whom failure knocks flat, with very little chance of getting up again. But let him do one piece of work well,—one piece of work that the world wants done,—and he will not need to fear poverty or helplessness. He is master of his fate.

Some Kinds of Development May Be safely Left to Schools

Such mastery demands, of course, a certain degree of originality. This must be developed at home, or, at least, out of school hours, for at school the teacher, with the daily problem of holding in order and moving steadily forward a large number of immature human beings, is more concerned with conformity; to him it is the more useful virtue. The father and mother may safely leave the developing of this side of a child's nature to the influence of school, and concern themselves (as their instincts are likely to make them want to do,) with the development of those distinguishing characteristics that mark their child out for a special place in the world, and a special piece of work. It is not, of course, of the smallest importance how their child ranks at school, so long as he does not fall disgracefully below the middle,—so far below that they have reason to fear that he is not learning anything. But it is of the first importance that those gifts and singularities which make him write well, or draw well, or invent things, or construct things, or master animals, or what not—those aptitudes which mark the line of least resistance in his growth,—should be fostered and given plenty of opportunity for healthful exercise. If this is important for children who show a marked bent of mind, it is still more essential for those who do not; for, in the former case, if the bent is decided enough, it will take care of itself, while in the latter it needs fostering.

It is often a matter of considerable difficulty to discover what the bent of a child's mind is. Especially is this so when he goes to a large public school that can not afford to treat him as an individual, with individual aptitudes and individual weaknesses, but as a unit in a mass,—a unit that must do as all the rest do, or be dropped out. Still, even at school, the increasing value put upon the various modes of expression—music, drawing, painting and clay-modeling, manual training, and physical culture,—brings to light every year an increasing number of gifted children who, under the old limited curriculum, would have been regarded as the reverse of gifted.

The Achievement of One Who Was a Backward Child

I remember hearing a woman testify in public about her own experience with one of these studies. She had been accounted a backward child,—shy, silent, and dull. She had no faculty for any of her studies: spelling was to her an unfathomable mystery; she did not care to read; words, whether used to convey geographical, historical, or grammatical information, were but vaguely intelligible. Explanations did not explain; nor did scoldings move her. She was miserable and unable to express her misery, except in fits of temper which she herself understood as little as any one about her. Her father and mother were on the point of taking her out of the common school and sending her to a school for the feeble-minded, when manual training was introduced in her town. She woke to instant response, hurrying to school early in the morning in order to work at her bench with the



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tools her eager hands seemed made to grasp, and working after hours until the failing light drove her home. This interest became the nucleus of her whole intellectual life. Arithmetic gained a practical value and significance, because she needed it to measure and compute her work. She read directions; later, the story of the woods she manipulated; and, still later, the history of the various constructive arts and industries. Drawing, at first a mere necessity, later became a delight, and she gained an intelligent insight into modeling. Her whole education centered round this single point of dominant interest.

When I saw her she was addressing an audience of about a thousand persons upon the intellectual value of manual training. She was then a successful physician, and, as we saw for ourselves, was distinguished by unusual clearness and force of thought; and yet, as she calmly told us, she had narrowly escaped being an inmate of an asylum for the feeble-minded!

Some Minds Have Many Doors for Knowledge to Enter

Such results may be looked for not from manual training only, but, as our modern scientific pedagogy is beginning to show us, from all modes of expression. Some minds have many doors, and knowledge may enter by any of them; but some minds have only one door, and, if this is not discovered, knowledge does not enter at all. Nor are minds of this latter order necessarily inferior. They often make up for their narrowness by great tenacity and clearness of concept. It is evident that a father who has a child with such a mind must first of all make himself that child's confidant, and, secondly, miss no opportunity to discover the hidden door. He must watch and experiment, and probably a review of the child's ancestors or living relations will suggest the clue he needs.

Some idiosyncrasies, however, do not wait to be discovered: they reveal themselves. Such are the marked traits of extreme shyness, aversion to society, and unnatural silence. I know of one family in which this last trait was hereditary, accompanied sometimes with marked talent, and sometimes, where no avenue of expression is open, with a tendency to *melancholia* and suicide. Those members of the family who found a road out of the wilderness of their own desert selves threw themselves into their chosen pursuits with a zeal that lifted them speedily into prominence. Those who never discovered anything that they could do with satisfaction and power died after great unhappiness. If your child is painfully shy, then, do not be too sure that this is only an infantile trait,—it is not natural for infants to be shy, but quite the reverse. He may have been made self-conscious by undue attention. The remedy, in that case, is a good kindergarten, or, at any rate, plentiful association with other children of his own age. If he does not like it, that is the surest sign that he needs it. If he is silent, do not waste all your force in trying to make him talk,—words may not be his easiest manner of speech. Try him in every direction,—with color, with clay, with tools, or with physical culture. There are many children who will respond to the motor activities, such as dancing, gymnasium work, and the rhythm work of the kindergarten, who will not respond in any other way. A skillful teacher will soon link words with these interests, and thus widen his circle of response.

Precocity Is Much More of a Calamity than a Blessing

Then there is the opposite type,—the child who is too quick,—too bright. We all know, nowadays, that precocity, which used to be such a cause of boasting among fond parents, is more of a calamity than a blessing. Summer apples will not keep, and similarly the child who ripens too early withers too early. Fiske has made us see that the reason why the baby takes a year to learn to walk, while the chick takes not a minute, is because the baby is busy starting so many faculties at once that he can not get any of them very far ahead in the short space of one year; whereas the chick has only one or two faculties to develop, and those mostly made to order for him by his progenitors. We have been seeing with increasing clearness that the child who knows many things early in life, like the street Arab of our great cities, knows little late in life. His soul is stunted, and is quick in developing just because it has not far to go. A precocious child needs to be held back,—to be kept in silence, as much as possible, not to be talked to, not to be shown

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things, and not to be noticed. He ought to live out of doors, vegetate as much as possible, have the richest environment, and be given the amplest opportunities for dealing with it by himself, and the smallest for showing off his knowledge. With every effort to hold him back, most of his ideas will be sprung on a too appreciative world long before they are as ripe as they should be, and his brain, with its first blossoms allowed to develop, will go early to seed.

Hand in hand with the skillful regulation of expression must go the ordering of impression; for, if nothing of moment is impressed, what is there of moment to express. All the world knows the story of Helen Keller, and of how her wonderful mind, cut off from speech and sight and hearing, at first merely tore and tormented its possessor like an evil spirit. When Miss Sullivan came and showed her how to name things by touching with her hand various parts of her teacher's palm, she could hardly eat or sleep, so great was her eagerness to learn. She went about, dragging her teacher with her, feeling things and naming them. This is what every baby does; it is what we all do, but so early that we are unconscious of the process. Yet it is the process of all growth,—and, therefore, the right method of all education. If, then, we want our children, bright or dull, to have anything to say worth saying, we must see to it that they have plenty to think about, and plenty to feel.

A Young Mind Grasps eagerly at the World of Fact

The young mind at first needs no urging,—nor would it ever need it if it remained unspoiled. It grasps eagerly at the world of fact. From the moment when the ten-months-old baby wants to be carried about the room, pointing at objects and trying to repeat their names, to the time when our hobbledehoy son insists on investigating the universe, and overturning, for experimental purposes, every known law and convention, the young mind is feeding upon the external world much as a cow feeds upon a pasture. We can *not* expect the best milk unless we give wide range and juicy grass, nor the best thinking unless we give rich environment and ample interpretation.

Nature Study at school is a help, of course, but not nearly so much so as nature-living at home. The big out-of-doors that was the cradle of his race, that held it while it developed to the point where he emerged, must be our boy's cradle, too, if he is to grow to his full stature. But, besides this almost unconscious influence, he, a conscious being, needs a conscious help in its interpretation. What his race has already got from the big world must be his also, therefore he reads the record of his race. If he has a wise father and mother, he reads first the stories told in the days when people lived a simpler life than does the adult of to-day. He feasts on mythologies and folklore, and battens on tales of chivalry.

Between his working hours are long hours for dreaming as well as for observing,—for that dreaming—

"All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day,"—

which is, perhaps, the very best form of observation for a young mind, exercising at once the imaginative and the observing faculties. These two things should always go together; for, without observation, imagination hangs unsupported in mid-air, and, without imagination, observation burrows in the earth.

[*To be continued in the April* SUCCESS]

How Mr. Hammond Secured a Position

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the mining engineer, says that a young man who hopes for success in that profession should, by all means, take a mining course in some technical school, but should, temporarily, eliminate from his brain some of the things he has learned when he gets down to a practical working basis in a mine.

"It is important to be able to forget as well as to remember," remarked Mr. Hammond. "A good many highly educated men get tangled up in their *impedimenta* of knowledge. The man who travels with but little baggage can go faster and farther than the one who is carrying a lot of extra weight. In surmounting the practical obstacles that beset him, that mining engineer does best who has the power to select the bare essentials to the solution of the problem confronting him, and leave the rest of what he knows in the storehouse of his brain. Shortly after I was graduated I asked a rough-hewn old miner who cared little for scientific methods for a certain position.

"'You're one of those made-to-order miners, ain't you?' he said, looking me over.

"'Yes, sir,' I answered, smiling.

"'Well, what do you know?' was his next question.

"'I know enough of your work,' I answered, 'to forget, for the time being, some of the things I have learned.'

"I got the place."



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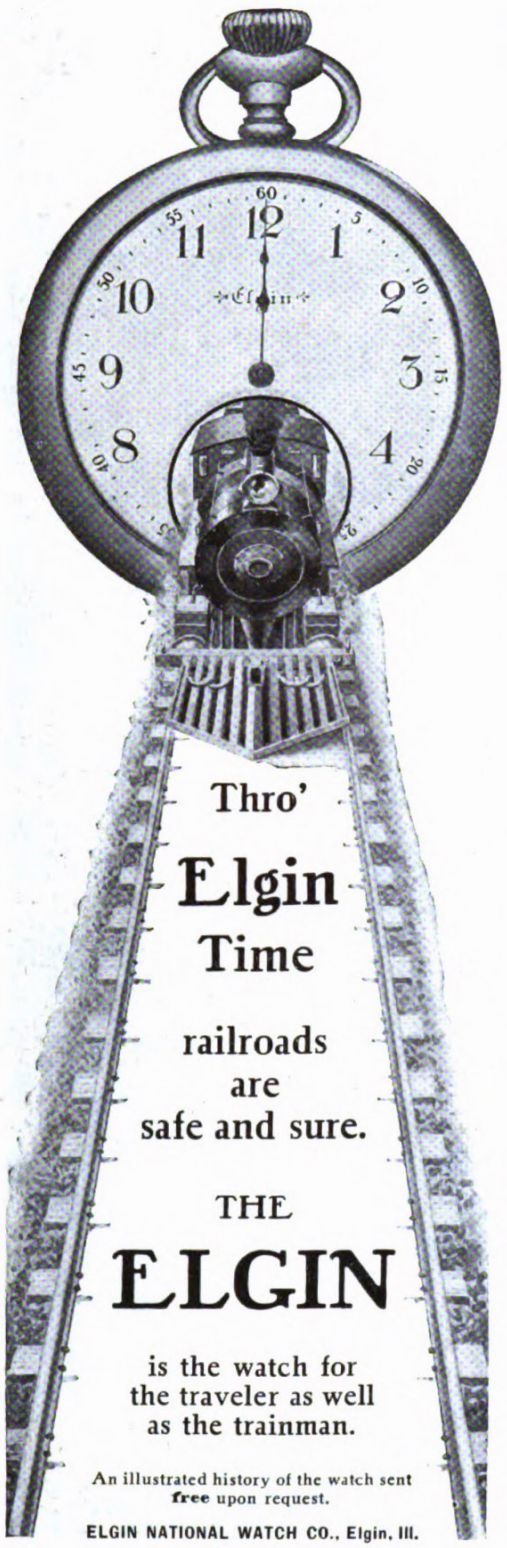
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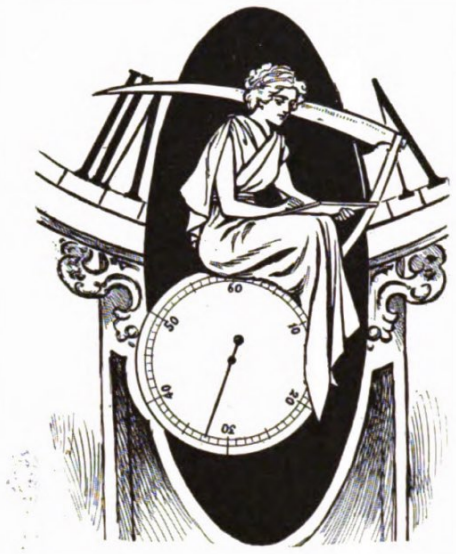
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Sam Loyd's Brain Teasers

What was the time of day recorded by "Grandfather's Clock," when the old man died?



Connected with the time-honored old song,—

"My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor,"—

we find a legend of a pestiferous grandfather and a cantankerous old clock.

"It was bought on the morn
Of the day that he was born,"—

and from that fitful time the old timepiece had made his whole life miserable, owing to an incurable habit which it had acquired of getting the hands tangled up whenever they met.

These semi-occasional stoppages became of more frequent occurrence as advancing age made the old gentleman more irritable and his feeble hands less capable of correcting the cranky antics of the balky clock.

Once, when the hands again came together and stopped the clock, the old gentleman flew into such an ungovernable rage that he fell in a fit, and it was then that—

"It stopped short,
Never to go again,
When the old man died."

The sketch published above was taken from a photograph of the famous old clock. It shows a classical figure of a female representing Time, seated upon the dial of the second hand, and is suggestive of the following remarkable puzzle:—

Has it ever occurred to you that there is a possibility of telling the time of day from the second hand alone, without having to see the face of the clock?

It is well to remember, however, that the hour and minute hands have come together and caught, so as to stop the clock; then see how close you can come to guessing the exact time "when the old man died," so as to win one of the prizes offered for the most nearly correct answer.

What is your answer? The first hundred readers of SUCCESS who send in winning answers before April 1, 1904, will receive a copy of Sam Loyd's new book, containing a history of the celebrated Chinese tangram puzzles. The names of the winners will be announced in the May SUCCESS. Address, Sam Loyd, Puzzle Department, SUCCESS, Washington Square, New York City.

Winners in Recent Prize Contests

How to Keep a Boy at Home

FIRST PRIZE, $25, William Benbow, 530 Elm Street, Reading, Pennsylvania. SECOND PRIZE, $15, George Elmston, New Rochelle, New York. THIRD PRIZE, $10, Elvira E. L. Vance, Decatur, Illinois. SPECIAL MENTION: Mrs. Rena Nisewanger, Blencoe, Iowa; Florence Livingston Joy, Iowa City, Iowa; Frank H. Gamel, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; W. K. Southard, Chattanooga, Tennessee; O. H. Bakeless, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Vacation Experiences

FIRST PRIZE, $50, Mrs. Ethel M. Sanner, New York City. SECOND PRIZE, $30, Mary Annis, Markham, Ontario, Canada. THIRD PRIZE, $20, Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, Whippany, New Jersey. SPECIAL MENTION: L. H. Fenerty, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Ethel Rice, Galesburg, Michigan; Mrs. Nellie F. Bradley, Rangeley, Maine; Miss Mary Martin, Concord, New Hampshire; Annie M. Byer, Quincy, Ohio.

If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do to my fellow beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once.—WILLIAM PENN.

"Open Air" is the real gospel of our time.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

COURAGE

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

"I am afraid," the brave man said,
When in his strength arrayed
To do his duty to the end,—
"Afraid to be afraid."



Wouldn't You Like To Be Taller

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE TALLER, TO ADD FROM TWO TO FIVE INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT,

to improve the general symmetry of your figure, to add to your general appearance? There is no longer any reason why anyone should be short or stunted. Mr. K. Leo Minges has at last perfected the work of his life in discovering a safe, sure and permanent method by which anyone can get taller without any inconvenience. It is such a simple method that one wonders why it was not thought of before. Yet it took a life-time of study to perfect. Anyone can now enjoy these benefits; to do so necessitates no application of drugs; no internal treatment; no operation; no hard work; no big expense. **Mr. Minges method has been adopted by the leading educational institutions and gymnasiums in Rochester and elsewhere.** Anyone can now take it up

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THE OPTIMIST

In winter, when the trees are bare,
And frost flies in the biting air,
He hears the echoes, far away,
Of songs the birds will sing in May.
To him is borne, in wintry hours,
The redolence of sleeping flowers,—
The optimist. —J. M. Lowe

"I JIST likes to let her in at the door," said Mary, the housemaid, of a woman who always looked bright and cheery; "the face of her does one good, shure!" People like sunny-faced women, who look habitually on the positive, optimistic side of life, and who are, as Ralph Waldo Trine happily puts it, "in tune with the Infinite." They unconsciously radiate a helpful influence. As they are full of the magnetism and vitality born of hope and an unshaken belief in the highest and best things in human life, it could not be otherwise with them. As they are related to all that is strong and uplifting on both spiritual and physical planes, it would be strange if they did not create an atmosphere helpful to all who enter it.

▲ ▲

"HOW GRATEFUL we ought to be," exclaims Henry Ward Beecher, "when God sends us a natural heart-singer who calms, cheers, and helps his fellows!" There are natural heart-singers to whom songs and smiles come as spontaneously as sighs and tears to others. The latter have been unfortunate in their heredity, or early environment, or training, for a normal man or woman is cheerful, healthy, and optimistic, while an abnormal one is gloomy, unhealthy, and pessimistic. Clouds and sunshine alternate in every life. Those who prefer to sulk in the shadow, when the sun is shining, have none but themselves to blame if all the world seems dark and miserable.

▲ ▲

"FINE day!" called out a jolly farmer to a neighbor who had the reputation of being "the biggest grumbler" in his section of the country. "Wa-al," was the lively reply, "I dunno'; it's safe to wait till night before you praise it. I b'lieve it's rainin' somewhere now!" Such a chronic grumbler is unconsciously humorous. What a pity it is that he does not draw out and cultivate in the right direction the germ of humor hidden in him! It would enlarge his vision appreciably, and enable him to see some brightness even in adversity. There are people who owe as much to the cultivation of their spirit of humor as to their virtues. "How many men," says Professor James Sully, "have learned to keep their heads above water by the practice of a gentle laughter, no one knows or ever will know. It is enough to say that there are such men, and that, after fully cultivating their gift of humor, they have found a world worth coming back to, with their part in which they will be perfectly contented."

▲ ▲

"NOTHING ever suits her," one of Sarah Orne Jewett's typically human characters says, in speaking of the woman who was forever claiming the sympathy of others for some real or fancied misfortune. "She ain't had no more troubles to bear than the rest of us; but you never saw her that she did n't have a chapter to lay before ye. I 've got's much feelin' as the next one, but, when folks drives in their spiggits and wants to draw a bucketful o' compassion every day, right straight along, there does come times when it seems as if the bar'l was gettin' low." How many women in real life are like this one, a perpetual drain on the sympathies of their more cheerful friends and neighbors! They like to be comforted with strong, uplifting words; they appreciate cheerfulness—in others. It does not occur to them that it is a cultivable quality, just as grumbling is. "You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people," says Lydia Maria Child; "why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?"

▲ ▲

"There is never a day so dreary
But God can make it bright,
And unto the soul that trusts Him
He giveth songs in the night;
There is never a path so hidden
But God will show the way,
If we seek the Spirit's guidance
And patiently watch and pray."

MOST of the unhappiness of life comes from an exclusive dependence on outward things for help and uplift. There is no one so poor, so illiterate, or so uninformed that he can not find within himself the source of content and happiness. If he does not find it there he will find it nowhere else; for, as Henry Ward Beecher says, "happiness comes from the concords of one's own nature and not from outward circumstances." It is forever true that—

"The mind, in its own place, and in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell,—a hell of heaven."

▲ ▲

LORD BROUGHAM, Gladstone, Charles Kingsley, and others of high achievement, believed that there is no limit to the intellect of man. With greater reason may we believe that there is no limit to our spiritual forces. If we would apply ourselves to the development of these forces instead of dwelling on limitations in this or that direction, we might surpass anything we ever dreamed of doing, for, surely,—

"Man was made to grow, not stop."

The first step toward developing spiritual power, and consequently mental, moral, and physical power, is to look on the positive, cheerful, sunny side of life. Unless we take this stand, and maintain it through every change and stress of circumstance, we can never do all that we are capable of doing. Just as clouds, in stormy weather, hide from our view the neighboring mountain tops, gloom and discouragement hide from us our great possibilities. "Onward and onward!" exclaims Emerson. "In liberated moments we know that a new picture of life and duty is already possible." We are liberated, free to do our best only when we live in a hopeful, optimistic spirit.

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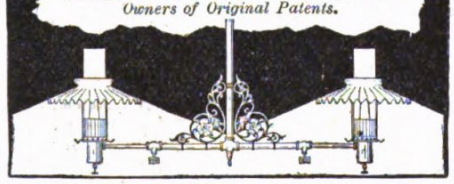
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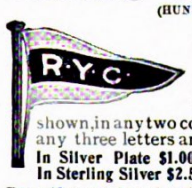
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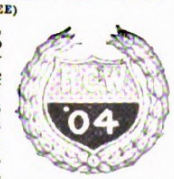
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Jane Addams's Noble Work

How the Founder and Builder of the Social Settlement, Hull House, Chicago, is Uplifting Humanity

JANE A. STEWART



JANE ADDAMS

ON the streets in a certain quarter of Chicago, where the congested population and the noise and murk of the city are conspicuously unpleasant, there is often to be seen a studious-looking, refined woman of modest mien and quiet manner. As she passes, the people bow or touch their hats to her, and the children playing on doorsteps look up into her gentle face and smile recognizingly. To all of this she graciously responds.

It is plain that she is a personage of importance in the community, and, more than that, that she possesses the respect of the entire neighborhood. The reason of this is understood when it is known that she is Miss Jane Addams, the founder and head of the well-known social settlement, Hull House, that famous center of neighborhood influence in dense Chicago.

It is now more than a decade since, with a friend, Miss Addams gave herself, with all that she possessed in talents and worldly effects, to practical work for humanity. Hull House, as everybody knows, has become a notable center of light and leading; and it is recognized as the working model in this country for many similar enterprises to introduce high ideals and purposes into aimless or vicious hearts and minds.

Miss Addams is world-renowned as a sociologist and humanitarian. She is in great demand as a lecturer, and occasionally leaves the scene of her sustained labors to carry the gospel of applied Christianity into other places. It is her pleasant custom, when going about, to visit the many neighborhood centers in other cities which have grown up vigorously and hopefully. There she draws about her the little groups of settlement workers for a satisfying and helpful hour of conference, and leaves behind her an enthusiasm which is as lasting as it is broad.

On the occasion of a recent visit to Philadelphia, it was very natural to find her in one of the settlements of which she has been a source of inspiration, and which, like the parent Hull House itself, is a beacon light in a conglomerate neighborhood. As I passed along the noisy, busy streets of Philadelphia's cosmopolitan southeast section, I was frequently obliged to pick my way among groups of children at play. Hebrew signs were on many of the stores and curbstone stands; Italian, Polish, Russian, and Roumanian mothers sat in the doorways.

The large plaster cast of the incomparable "Wingéd Victory" of Samothrace in a window and the flourishing palms apprised me that I was at my destination, the College Settlement in Christian Street. Some of the overplus of childlife in the neighborhood was in evidence at the entrance, where several tiny and very dirty little ones were disporting themselves in self-unconscious abandon by sliding down the convenient stone steps.

I was admitted to a large reception room with

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plain but artistic furnishings, and soon found myself talking with Miss Addams in a quiet corner of the adjacent kindergarten room.

The stress and strain of a dozen years of self-effacing work for others have left their subtle traces upon her features. Her face is serious, with a touch of pathos in its expression; yet it gives little hint of the real play of her emotions. In conversation she is incisive and clear, and goes straight to the heart of any matter before her. She speaks with great rapidity and fluency, she has a searching and sense-compelling way, and she carries out the most minute detail of thought as of work, with perfect seriousness and exactness.

"Settlement work varies in different states," she says. "Many settlements are interesting themselves in the promotion of better laws governing child labor. In New Jersey they are trying to promote better enforcement of the present laws, which is a good idea. In Pennsylvania they are trying to secure not only better laws, but also better enforcement. At Hull House our advance is along industrial lines."

Miss Addams and her coworkers discovered very early in their work that laborers, the class of people whom they most wished to help, can not always be reached by lectures and study classes. They are very tired and are very likely to go to sleep, or to yawn over a book or a lecture, so a new device was introduced, called the Labor Museum, which has served the purpose of giving relief from daily toil, is to some degree elevating, and appeals to the workers' minds as a pleasure instead of a bore. The room is a workshop filled with all sorts of modern and old-fashioned devices for artistic hand work, such as many a foreigner had mastered in youth but was losing skill in because of his daily drudgery at some great modern machine, and constant confinement at a single monotonous operation all day long.

Miss Addams says: "Workers who labor without knowing why they do so and without any refreshment or solace from their toil, grow more or less dehumanized. The Labor Museum, as it grows," she adds, speaking of her plans, "will show the development of machines until the laborers come to have an intelligent understanding of the mechanism they constantly use. The machine will be used as a servant, not as a master." In its attempt to awaken interest in the completed product, and a realization of the consecutive processes of manufacturing, and to resurrect the art ideal in workers, Miss Addams declares that the Labor Museum has, in some measure, succeeded. "It is doing something to arouse individuality in those brought into contact with its influence," she says, "and, though the result up to the present may be somewhat difficult to determine, its leavening principle is at work.

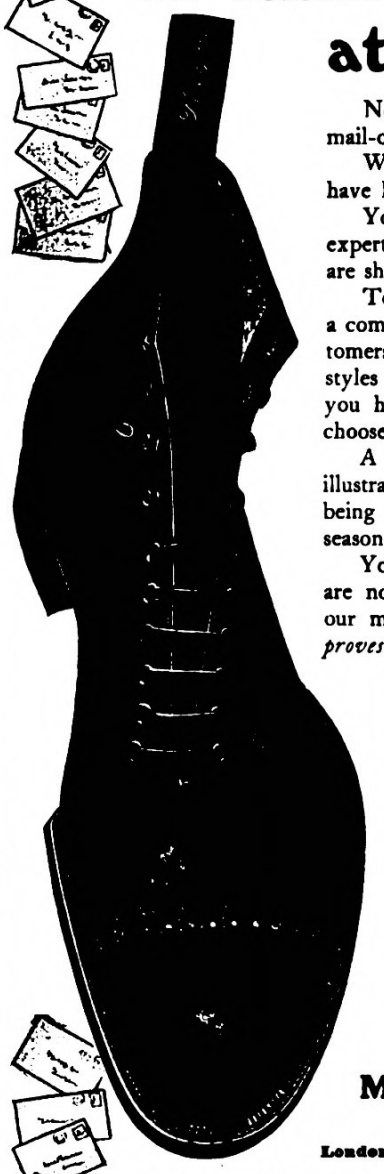
"Every Saturday evening people, for example, who have been expert spinners or weavers in their own country, come to demonstrate the different processes to visitors, who arrive in large numbers. In one case an Italian woman from the interior of Southern Italy uses a stick weighted by two disks to twirl the fibers together. A Syrian woman has a small wooden disk at the top of the stick, with which she is able to produce a thread so fine that it would have been broken by a heavier spindle."

There are shops in Hull House in which metal work is being done by men who were clever workers in their own land. As a whole the result of the new movement, it is anticipated by its promoter, will be not only to help a transplanted foreign citizen to respect his own mechanical skill in art, but also to develop artistic handicraft in the United States.

Miss Addams is a native of Illinois, and was born at Cedarville, in 1860. She was graduated from Rockford College when she was twenty-one. She went abroad in 1883 for a two-years' stay. It was during that memorable European visit that her philanthropic imagination was captured by the movement of John Ruskin, Arnold Toynbee, and others imbued with "the passion of the new nobility of service,"—which is, in a word, Christianity applied. A prodigious student, of high mentality, her strong qualities of heart and soul had kept her from the error of "craving more for books than for folks, for art than for life." Returning to America, she became the leading exponent of the new form of social service in this country.

It has been aptly pointed out that settlement work stands for no special religious or social sect, and that it says to its neighbors: "God has made of one blood all nations, He is our Father, and we are His children; come, let us understand one

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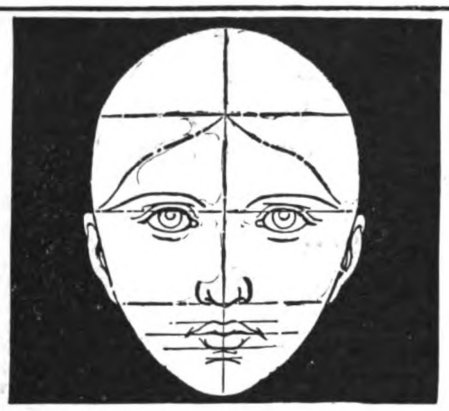
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CONTENTS.

TECHNIC—Working with pen, brush (oil and water color), pastel, grease and conte crayon, lead pencil, carbon pencil, scratch paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treating zig-zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines, double cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Distemper drawings. Tracing and copying photographs. What materials to use, including papers, canvases, and bristol boards. Tools and how to handle them. Drawing from nature. Drawing from memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc. COLOR—primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. How to mix different shades, etc. ARTISTIC ANATOMY—The bones and muscles as applied to pictorial work. LETTERING—Copying and originating, Roman, block, old English, and script styles shown. Elementary, historic, and geometric ornament. Conventionalization of flowers, ornamental composition, pictorial composition. FACIAL EXPRESSION—Sorrow, joy, anger, fear, contempt, laughter. Aerial and linear perspective. BUSINESS DETAILS—How to sell pictures, how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, lists of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or express, etc., etc. Explanations of various engraving and reproductive processes.

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another, let us work together, ignoring our differences and emphasizing our likenesses."

Miss Addams wishes to emphasize constantly the idea that the social work represented in the settlement is "not for rich nor for poor only, but for all classes as the Lord mixes them." She would help by her art-industrial training not only those hampered by the monotony of unceasing toil at a distasteful task, but also the growing class of "people who are suffering from idleness."

The saloon she recognizes as a prime factor in the social life of the community,—the workingman's club. She hits a vital point when she urges upon temperance workers the substitution of other social gathering places.

"Almost every evil is a travesty on something good," says Miss Addams, "and men find more fellowship where they eat and drink together."

There is in her statement a suggestion for active, practical Christian workers,—to substitute for the present saloon social centers, such as reading or club rooms, with fruit juices and innocuous drinks, where social influences may find outlet in simple, pure surroundings.

"Can Christian young people help in settlement work?" I asked her, during a pause in our talk.

"No; not all," she answered, thoughtfully. "They can inform themselves on social and industrial conditions. But not all are fitted for the work involved in residence at a settlement. They can best help by simply doing their duty in getting and enforcing good laws, and by promoting a genuine public spirit. I fear the church has been laggard in this respect."

Many good people have been troubled by what is conceived to be lack of religion in the settlement. But it has been appropriately said, as regards this: "If we take religion to be synonymous with the spirit and the life of Jesus Christ; if we accept that definition which describes it as ministration to the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and as a keeping of the conscience unspotted from the world; if to go about doing good be a sign of religion; if a reaching out of the hand to those who are down be a sign of religion,—then is the settlement religious through and through."

Everything Was on His Side



"'But the church, Mr. Morgan,—is that on your side, too?'"

THE blunt humor of J. Pierpont Morgan, together with his hatred of cant, is pretty well known to the general public. The treasurer of a church corporation called on the magnate in regard to a piece of property in New York City which had supposedly depreciated in value by reason of the erection of certain buildings in which Mr. Morgan was interested. The treasurer wanted to know what Mr. Morgan intended to do about it.

"Why do n't you see your lawyers about the matter?" asked the financier.

"We have," was the reply.

"Well?"

"We were told that you were well within your rights."

"Well?"

"But we were informed that your investment had brought you very profitable returns."

"Well?"

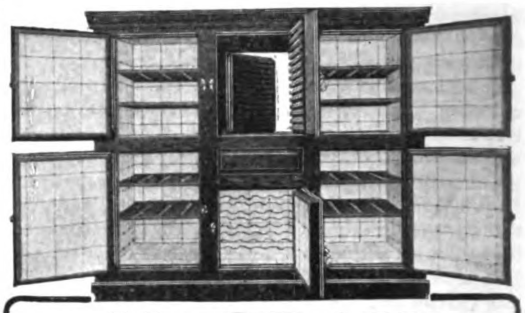
"So I am instructed to appeal to your sense of the equities and"—here the treasurer, with distinctly bad taste, began to hurl many Biblical texts at Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan listened with more or less patience for a minute or so, and then said:—

"The law and the profits are on my side."

"But the church, Mr. Morgan,—is that on your side, too?"

"I listened patiently to the passages from the Bible which you have just recited," he replied, "and I am fully convinced that it is."



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An Education in Spite of Poverty

CHARLES F. THWING

A YOUTH poor in purse but rich in brains is often reluctant to begin a college course, for fear that he can not complete it. The expense is certain and definite; the income and the means of earning are uncertain and indefinite. To one who is diffident and doubtful I wish to submit statements given to me by men who have at least partially supported themselves in college. The following exhibit is impressive:—

Cash on hand on entering college, two hundred dollars; scholarship from the college, one hundred and twenty dollars; janitor work, (first year,) eighty dollars; miscellaneous work, (first year,) sixty-five dollars; prize, twenty-five dollars; tutoring, (first summer,) forty-five dollars; miscellaneous work, (first summer,) sixty dollars; laundry route, (second year,) one hundred and forty dollars; miscellaneous work, (second year,) sixty dollars; tutoring, (second summer,) sixty-five dollars; bookkeeping, (second summer,) fifty-five dollars; stenography, (third year, including summer,) two hundred and fifty dollars; stenography, (fourth year,) two hundred dollars; miscellaneous work, thirty-five dollars; total, one thousand, four hundred dollars.

The expenses of the same student for the four years were $1,650. This sum was divided thus:—

Instruction, four hundred dollars; board, six hundred dollars; room, one hundred and seventy-five dollars; books, seventy-five dollars; clothing, one hundred and fifty dollars; sundries, two hundred and fifty dollars; total, one thousand, six hundred and fifty dollars.

Another student has been so economical as to spend for his entire course but nine hundred and thirty-six dollars, and he has earned nine hundred and eight dollars and eighty cents. This sum has been obtained in many ways: tutoring in a family at six dollars a week, caring for a boys' club, at one dollar and fifty cents a night for three nights a week, serving as a night watchman, giving lectures in small city churches, serving as a janitor of college buildings, and being man-of-all-work in a family.

The record might be continued, but enough has been revealed from these experiences to prove that a youth who is able, strong, alert, and determined can get an education, both because of and in spite of poverty. No boy should give up hope of getting a college education without at least knocking at the college portal. He will, I assure him, find in not a few colleges not only wise counsel, but also definitely helpful aid behind the college doorway.

Mr. Foy and a "Gentleman"

EDWARD FOY, the comedian, who played a heroic part at the recent fire in the Iroquois Theater, Chicago, is, in private life, a quiet, unobtrusive man. Nevertheless, when occasion demands, he is capable of exhibiting off the stage much of the dry humor that he displays upon it. Not long ago, while the guest of a New York club, he was accosted by one of the members,—one of the type of those who are politely dubbed "insufferable cads,"—who said:—

"So you're Eddie Foy, eh?"

"Yes," replied the comedian.

"Well," asked the other, aggressively, "do you feel at home among gentlemen?"

"Quite. Do you?" answered Mr. Foy, blandly.

"I *am* a gentleman; y' understand?" snorted the aggressive one.

"And I'm an actor,—thank goodness!" retorted the comedian.

"And a bad one, at that," was the reply.

"How did you form that opinion?" asked the unruffled Foy.

"By seeing you play once,—only once. I could n't stand for a second time."

"Um," reflected the actor, "if I recollect right, you were a member of Mr. Blank's box party last Tuesday night. I saw you from the stage."

"Well, what if I was?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only every theatrical manager knows that the grumblers, the won't-be-pleased-at-any-price people, the critical cranks, are always the 'dead-heads' of an audience. You did not pay for a ticket on the occasion in question, for I sent Mr. Blank an invitation to the box, with my compliments."

The Irishman Had His Doubts

AS IS well known, Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York City, was a blacksmith in Germantown, Pennsylvania, before he became a preacher. Once, when there was little work at hand, he asked a builder in his neighborhood for something to do. The latter replied that all he could give him would be a job carrying a hod.

"I'm your man," replied the blacksmith, promptly.

Years afterwards, while an imposing edifice was being erected in Chicago for Dr. Collyer, he was standing among the beams, watching the progress of the work, when an Irishman came along with a hod of bricks. Dr. Collyer spoke to him and he paused.

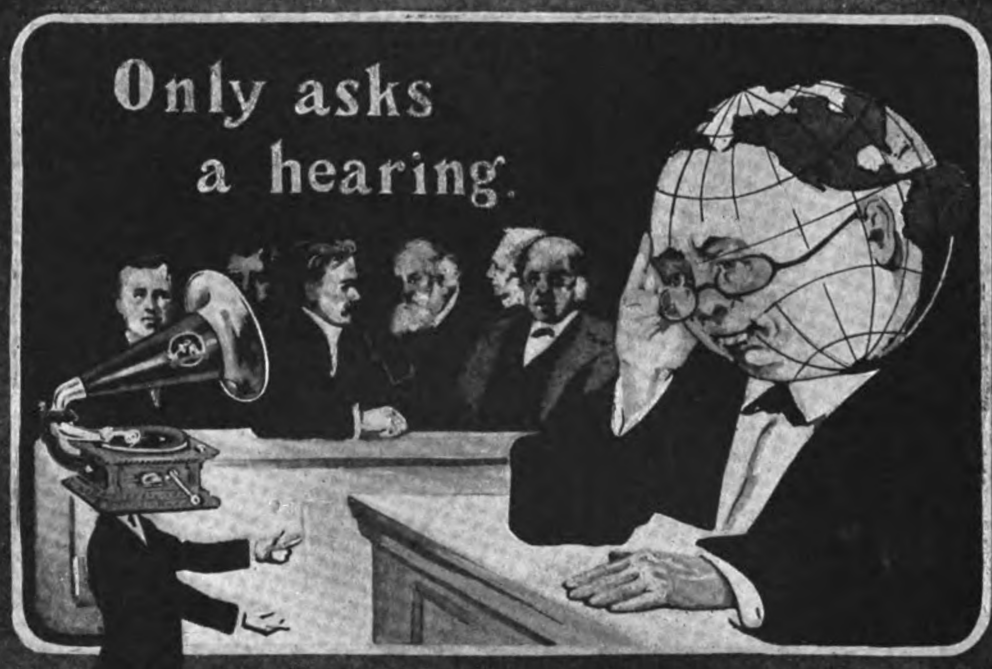
"This is har-rd work, soir," said the Irishman.

"I know that well," answered Dr. Collyer; "in my day, I've carried the hod myself."

"The Irishman stared at me an instant," said Dr. Collyer, in relating the incident, "and then went on his way mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like, 'I would n't 'a' belaved th' parson was such a liar.'"

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"WHAT'S THE USE OF POETRY?"

A Poet's Plea for a Better Understanding of the Animating Spirit of the Muse

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

William Watson, in "Wordsworth's Grave"

THERE is no doubt that most people are firmly convinced that they do not care for poetry. They have no use for it, they tell you. Either it bores them, as a fantastic, highflown method of saying something that, to their way of thinking, could be better said in plain prose, or they look upon it as the sentimental nonsense of the moonstruck and lovesick young,—a kind of intellectual "candy" all very well for women and children, but of no value to grown men with the serious work of the world on their shoulders.

It is not at all difficult to account for, and, indeed, to sympathize with, this attitude. To begin with, of course, there is a large class outside our present consideration which does not care for poetry, simply because it does not care for any literature whatsoever.

Lovers of Poetry, Like Poets, Are Born, not Made

Serious reading of any kind does not enter into its scheme of life. Beyond the newspapers and magazines and an occasional novel of the hour, idly taken up and indifferently put aside, it has no literary needs. With this listless multitude we have not to concern ourselves, but rather with that sufficiently heterogeneous body known as the reading public, the people for whom Mr. Carnegie builds libraries, and the publishers display their wares. Of course, among these there must necessarily be a considerable percentage temperamentally unappreciative of poetry,—just as there are numbers of people born with no ear for music, and numbers, again, born with no color sense. The lover of poetry is no less born than the poet himself. Yet, as the poet is made as well as born, so is his reader; and there are many who really love poetry without knowing it, but who think they do not care for it,—either because they have contracted a wrong notion of what poetry is, or because they have some time or other made a bad start with the wrong kind.

I am convinced that one widespread provocative of the prevailing impression of the foolishness of poetry is the mediocre magazine verse of the day. In an age when we go so much to the magazines for our reading, we may rely on finding there the best work being done in every branch of literature except—the highest. The best novelists, the best historians, and the best essayists write for the magazines; but the best poets must be looked for in their high-priced volumes, and a magazine reader must rely for his verse on lady amateurs and tuneful college boys. Thus he too often approaches poetry not through the great masters, but through—the little misses; and he forms his naturally contemptuous notion of poetry from feeble echoes and insipid imitations. No wonder, therefore, that he should refuse to waste his good eyesight on anything in the shape of verse, and should conceive of poetry as a mild mental dissipation for young ladies, a sickly sweetmeat made of molasses and moonshine.

If the magazine editors of the world would only bind themselves to publish no verse except the best, and, failing to obtain a contemporary supply of the best, would fill their spare corners of space with reprints of the old fine things, I am convinced that they would do a great deal toward rectifying this widespread misconception of an art which, far from being trivial and superficial, is, of all the arts, the most serious and most vitally human. I am not saying that all poetry is for all readers. There is a section of poetry which has been called "poet's poetry," which, of necessity, can only appeal to those in whom the sense of beauty and verbal exquisiteness has become specialized. Spenser and Keats, for example, are poets of the rainbow. For the average reader their poems are the luxuries rather than the necessities of literature,—though, in making a distinction so rough and ready, it must not be forgotten that beauty, happily, is becoming more and more a general necessity; nor must it be forgotten, either, that rainbows, refined and remote as they are, belong also to the realities. It is *the reality of poetry* that I wish, if possible, to bring home to readers in this article. "Some flowers," says George Meredith, "have roots deep as oaks." Poetry is one of those flowers, and, instead of its being a superficial decoration of life, it is, rightly understood, the organic expression of life's deepest meaning, the essence in words of human dreams and human action. It is the truth of life told beautifully,—and yet truthfully.

Poetry Is perennially Popular, and intensely Practical

There is only one basis for the longevity of human forms. That basis is reality. No other form of human expression has continued with such persistant survival from the beginning until now as poetry,—from "The Iliad" to "The Absent-Minded Beggar." It and the wild flowers, for all their adventurous fragility, are as old, and no less stable, than the hills, and for the same reason,—because they are no less real. The world is apt to credit prose with a greater reality than poetry; but the truth is that the prose of life is only real in proportion as it is vitalized by that spirit of poetry that breathes in all created things. Life exacts practical reasons for the survival of all its forms of expression, and, unless poetry served some practical purpose of existence, it would long since have perished. It is because poetry has a practical work to do in the world that it continues, and will continue, to exist; because it is one of the motive forces of the universe,—life's motive meaning, one might almost say,—the nerve force of existence. A great man has defined it as "the finer spirit of all knowledge," and the phrase, though limited, may help us to a broader and deeper apprehension of poetry, and help us to say, too, that poetry is the finer spirit of all impulse, the finer meaning of all achievement. There is no human interest desiring to be displayed in all its essential vividness that does not realize the value of a poetical expression.

Those who would depreciate the power of poetry in the sternest practical affairs have only to be reminded how much modern imperialism owes to Rudyard Kipling; and it is by no means trivial to remark that the most successful advertisements have been in verse. So soon as "poetry," so called, really is poetry, its appeal is immediately admitted and its force undeniably felt. It is the false poets who account for the false ideas of poetry. One has only to confront a "practical man" with the real thing to convince him that, without realizing it, he has cared a great deal about poetry all his life. Probably he has imagined that his great stumbling-block has been the verse. "Why not say it in plain English?" he has impatiently exclaimed,—thinking all the time of bad verse, of lifeless, contorted rhyming, and of those metrical inanities of the magazines; and yet, when you bring him a verse that is really alive, in which the meter is felt to be the very life-beat of the thought, you don't find him asking to have it turned into prose. How about "Mandalay" in prose, for example, or that old bugle-call of Scott's?

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name,—

or Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears," or Coleridge's—

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all,—

or "The quality of mercy is not strained, or "Under the greenwood tree," or Mr. Swinburne's—

Ask nothing more of me, sweet;
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet:
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar.

In all these cases the verse is immediately felt to be the very life of the expression,—for the reason that it echoes in words the life-rhythms to which, unconsciously, all such human emotions keep time. Say it in prose! Can you say a trumpet in prose, or a tear, or a butterfly? If you can, your prose is really poetry, and will be found to be eloquent with sunken rhythms, not immediately obvious to the ear and eye.

Nearly Everyone Has His Own Definition of Poetry

The first thing to realize about poetry is that the meter *is* the meaning,—even more than the words. In Tennyson's sad "Tears, idle tears," for example, it is not so much the words that are accountable for the wistful sorrow of the general effect as the sad, rain-like melody mysteriously charging the words with sorrow, like some beautiful interpretative voice; and it is this subtly mimetic quality, endlessly adaptable, which is the *raison d'être* of meter, and the secret of its power over mankind.

Perhaps it may help us to attempt here a definition of poetry,—though it is a bold, even foolhardy thing to do, for there has never yet been a definition of poetry that satisfied anyone but the man who made it. We may recall one fashionable in its day, Matthew Arnold's "Poetry is a criticism of life." That a poet should have made such a harrowing definition is amazing, though one, of course, understands it, in the light of the fact that the inspiration of Matthew Arnold's muse was almost entirely that of a philosophical criticism of life. Far from being a *criticism* of life, poetry is much more like a *re-creation* of it. It *is* life—in words. But let me timidly launch my own definition:—

Poetry is that impassioned arrangement of words (whether in verse or prose,) which embodies the exaltation, the beauty, the rhythm, and the pathetic truth of life.

There is a motive idealism behind all human action of which most of us are unconscious, or to which we ordinarily give but little thought, a romance of impulse, which is the real significance of human effort. The walls of Thebes were built to music, according to the old story,—but so were the walls of every other city that has ever been built. The sky-scrapers of New York are soaring

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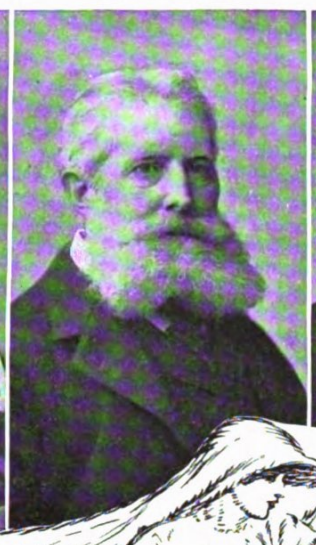
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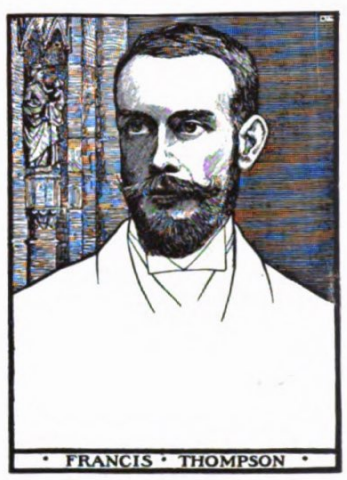




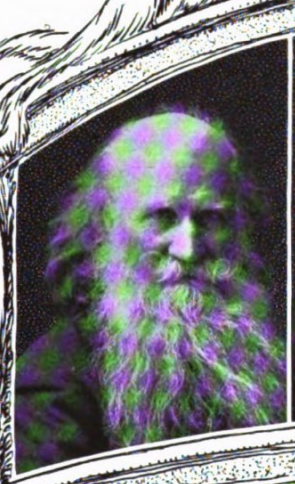
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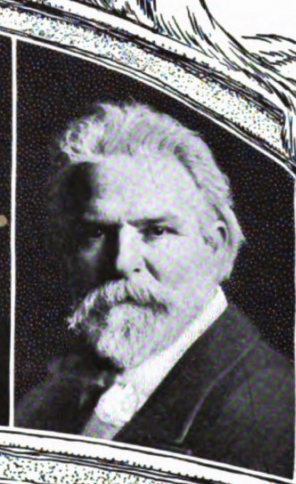
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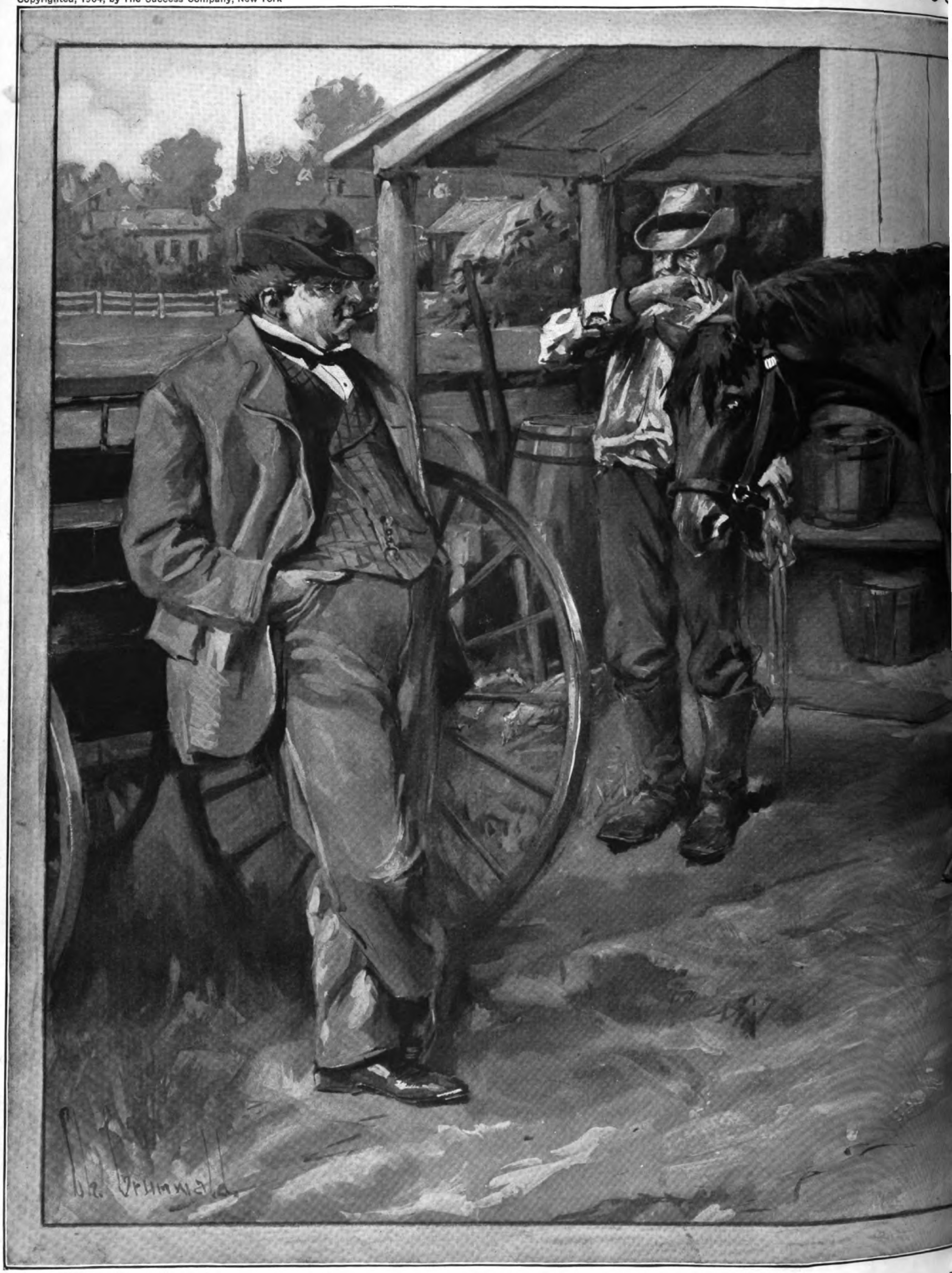


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David Harum and

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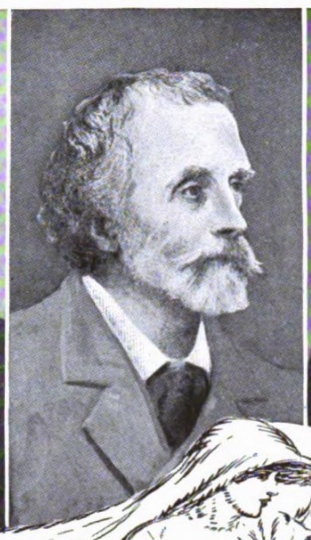
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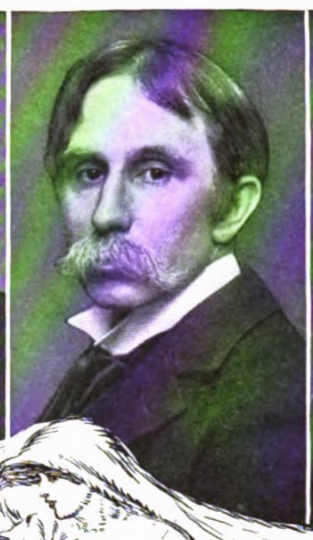
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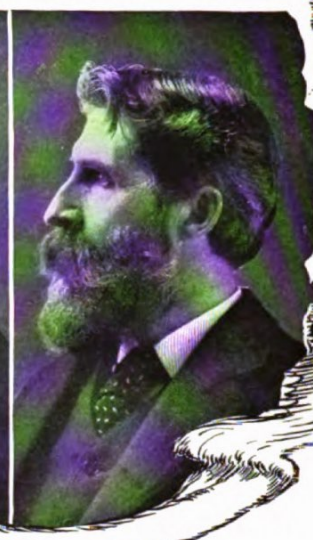
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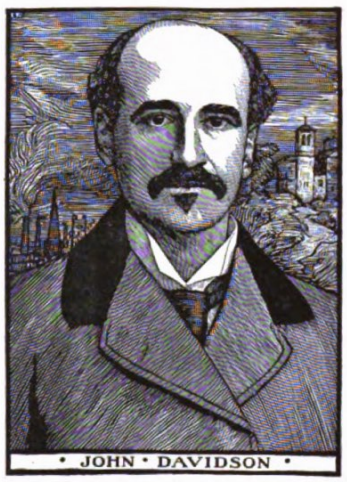


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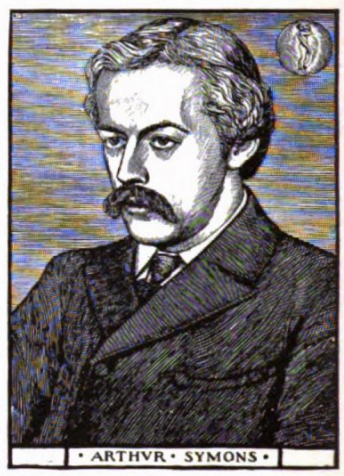




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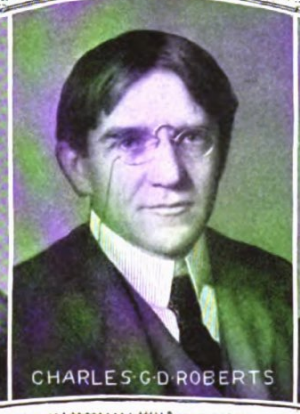
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'What's the Use of Poetry?'

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

[*Concluded from page 198*]

to music also,—a masterful music of the future, which not all can hear, and of which, perhaps, the music-makers themselves are most ignorant of all. Once more, in Emerson's immortal phrase, the builders are building better than they know,—these ruthless speculators and stern business men, who are the last to suspect themselves of the poetry which they involuntarily serve.

Human life, in the main, is thus unconsciously poetical, and moves to immortal measures of a mysterious spiritual music. It is this impassioned exaltation, this strange rhythm, this spiritual beauty,—"the finer spirit" of life,—which the poet seizes on and expresses, and therewith also that pathos which seems to inhere in all created things. We read him because he gives that value to life which we feel belongs to it, but for which we are unable to find the words ourselves. How often one has heard people say, on reading a poem: "Why, that is just what I have always felt, but could never express!"—and the exclamation was obviously a recognition of *the truth* of the poem. The poet had made a true observation, and recorded it with all the vividness of truth. It is the business of the poet to be all the time thus recording, and re-creating, life in all its manifestations, not only for those who already possess something of the poetic vision, yet lack the poetic utterance, but also for those who need to be awakened to the ideal meanings and issues of life. Poetry is thus seen to be a kind of lay religion, revealing and interpreting the varied beauty and nobility of life.

These Poets Were the Great Teachers of Their Eras

But a better way than theorizing to show the "use"—the sweet uses,—of poetry is to call up the names of some of the great poets, and ponder what they have meant, and still mean, in the life of humanity,—Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth, for example, and to them we might add Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. How much these six poets alone have meant to the graver life of humanity: the life of religion, of thought, of conduct! Particularly with regard to the four poets of the last century we are compelled to note how, far more than any professed teachers and thinkers, they were the teachers and thinkers of their age, and did indeed mold the thought of their century. For how many have Wordsworth's "Prelude," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and Matthew Arnold's "Empedocles" been literally sacred books, books of daily exercise and meditation,—to name only a few of their more typical poems. They are well worn to-day, but think what forces in the world these lines of Wordsworth have been:—

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and speeding, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

Tennyson says:—

> Are God and Nature then at strife,
> That Nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life;
>
> That I, considering everywhere
> Her secret meaning in her deeds,
> And finding that of fifty seeds
> She often brings but one to bear,
>
> I falter where I firmly trod,
> And, falling, with my weight of cares,
> Upon the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,
>
> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope.

I quote this from Matthew Arnold:—

> Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoyed the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
> To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes;
> That we must feign a bliss
> Of doubtful future date,
> And, while we dream on this,
> Lose all our present state,
> And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

These lines, and many more like them that one could quote, have done definite spiritual service for mankind, have inspired countless men and women with new faith, new hope, and new fortitude, and will remain permanent springs of sustenance for the human spirit.

Again, the mere mention of such names as Goethe, Byron, and Shelley carries with it their

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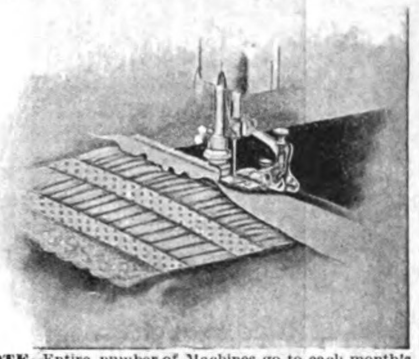
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tremendous significance in the "practical" life of the modern world. When we think of such figures as occur over and over again in the history of poetry, we realize that Tennyson's "one poor poet's scroll" that "shook the world" was no mere boyish inflation of the poet's mission. That sad musical poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, said no more than the truth when he sang,—in verse like the motion of moonlight on water:—

> We are the music-makers,
> And we are the dreamers of dreams,
> Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
> And sitting by desolate streams;
> World-losers and world-forsakers,
> On whom the pale moon gleams:
> Yet we are the movers and shakers
> Of the world for ever, it seems.

To realize what a sheerly political force poetry has been in America alone one has only to recall the poems of Whittier and Lowell, Poe and Longfellow, and Julia Ward Howe's immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

But, apart from such strenuous and stern services, how many other services no less valuable has poetry rendered to mankind,—services of joy and universal sympathy! The poet, often so sad himself, sings all men's joys and sorrows as if they were his own, and there is nothing that can happen to us, nothing we can experience, no stroke of fate, and no mood of heart or mind that we can not find expressed and interpreted for us somewhere in some poet's book. Take but one poet,—Robert Burns, for instance,—and think of the immense addition to the sum total of human pleasure and human consolation that his handful of Scotch songs has made. Who asks, "What's the use of poetry?" when he joins in "Auld Lang Syne," and feels his heart stirred to its tearful depths with the sentiment of human brotherhood, and the almost tragic dearness of friends. And who that has ever been in love has not once in his life felt the brotherly hand of a fellow experience in—

> "Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met,—or never parted,—
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

and been consoled somehow with that mysterious consolation which belongs to the perfect expression of sorrow?

If the simple songs of a Scotch peasant have been of so much "use" to the world, what of that lordly pleasure-house of Shakespeare? Think of the boundless universe of mere delight that has written over its door, "The Works of Shakespeare,"—the laughter, the wisdom, the beauty, the all-comprehending humanity.

If it be of no use to make men happy, to quicken in them the joy of life, to heighten their pleasures, to dry their tears, to bind up their wounds; if it be of no use to teach them wisdom, to open their eyes, to purify and direct their spirits, to gird them to fight, to brace them to endure, to teach them to be gentle, then, indeed, we may ask, "What's the use of poetry?" but, while poetry can do all these things, I think it must be allowed by the most practical that it has a very important part to play in the work of the world.

Many Readers Begin with Classics instead of Simple Verse

To end, as I began, with that practical man who imagines that he does not care for poetry, I gave one or two explanations of his distaste,—but there is one other important one that must not be forgotten. He begins too often with "Paradise Lost,"—I mean that he too often attempts some tough classic, before he is ready for it, and, because he can not read Milton with pleasure, imagines that he does not care for poetry at all. Thus he finds himself bewildered by the insipid magazine muses on the one hand and the unscalable immortals on the other. Too many make the famous Mr. Boffin's mistake of beginning the study of English literature with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall;" and what wonder if a man beginning the study of English poetry with Browning's "Sordello" should imagine, like Douglas Jerrold in the story, either that his mind was failing him, or that there was something radically wrong with the poet! Actually a man may love poetry very deeply, and care nothing at all for "Paradise Lost." He may also find nothing for him in Homer or Æschylus or Dante or Goethe. The great architectural works of such masters may seem too godlike and grim for his gentler human need. But give him a handful of violets from Ophelia's grave, or a bunch of Herrick's daffodils, or take him out under the sky

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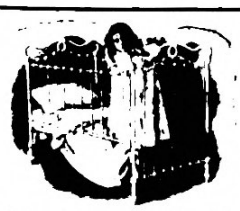
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where Shelley's lark is singing, or try him with a lyric of Heine's, or some ballad of—

" . . . old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago,"—

and you will see whether or not he loves poetry.

The mistake is in thinking that all poetry is for all readers. On the contrary, the realm of poetry is as wide as the world, for the very reason that each man may find there just what he needs, and leave the rest. The thing is to discover the poetry that was meant for us, and perhaps the best way to do that is to turn over the pages of some well-made selection, and see where our eyes get caught and held. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is, of course, the classical anthology, a little volume filled with the purest gold of English lyrical poetry. If a man should read in that for an hour, and find nothing to his taste, it is to be feared that he was born deaf to the sweet rippling of the Pierian spring. But, as I have said, I believe that few have been so hardly treated by nature. "A poet died young in every one of us," said some one. I think he did not so much die as fall asleep, nor is he so fast asleep but that the right song sung right would awaken him.

What is the use of poetry? It is just the whole use of living,—and let anyone who doubts it buy "The Golden Treasury," and enter the garden for himself.

"Ay, come ye hither to this pleasant land,
For here in truth are vines of Engaddi,
Here golden urns of manna to thy hand,
And rocks whence honey flows deliciously;
Udders from which comes frothing copiously
The milk of life, ears filled with sweetest grains,
And fig trees knowing no sterility;
Here Paradisal streams make rich the plains,
Oh! come and bathe therein, ye world-worn weary swains."

Grover Cleveland Made Them Feel Easy

SI H. PERKENS

GROVER CLEVELAND makes few social engagements in his home town, Princeton, New Jersey, but usually accepts invitations to go hunting. His readiness in this respect caused consternation last summer in a certain New Jersey farmhouse. The farmer was sending a load of produce to Princeton by a new hired man, and said, jokingly, to the latter, as he was sitting on the wagon ready to start:—

"Say, John, just drop in on my friend Grover Cleveland when you get to town, and tell him I would like to have him come out here for a day's shooting when he gets time."

John, not understanding that his employer had no acquaintance with the ex-President and spoke in fun, said that he would, and he did.

A few days afterwards the farmer received a note saying that Mr. Cleveland and two friends would be very glad to visit him on a certain day to shoot. There was excitement in the household. The farmer felt a good deal of awe for a man who had been president of the United States, and the women of his family felt more. There was nothing to do, however, but make the best of the situation. The prospective host polished up his rifle, and his wife and daughter made preparations for a dinner that was to be the effort of their lives.

Then they awaited with fear and trembling the coming of the appointed day. Mr. Cleveland and his friends arrived on an early train, and, guided by the farmer, lost no time in getting into the woods.

Notwithstanding the misgivings of the feminine members of the household, that dinner, judging from the way it disappeared before the onslaughts of the party from Princeton, was a great success. When leaving, Mr. Cleveland said that he had spent a most enjoyable day.

"You can't judge a man from what you have heard of him," said the farmer, afterwards. "I had an idea that Grover Cleveland was an iceberg. I suppose he has to be, sometimes. But he can throw off that manner as easily as you would get out of your overcoat. Just as soon as he climbed into my wagon at the depot, and laughingly asked me if I thought the springs could stand the strain, I forgot that he had been president of the United States."

How General Grant Was Cheered

ONE of the problems that confronted Dr. George F. Shrady, who attended General Ulysses S. Grant during his last illness, was that of preventing him from becoming depressed when, tired of writing or reading, he had nothing to divert his mind.

"One day," said the doctor, "I told General Grant that two ladies were outside inquiring anxiously as to his health and begging that they might have a word with him.

"'Oh, you talk to them, Shrady!' he exclaimed, with a touch of impatience in his voice; 'I don't want to see them.'

"I left the room and returned directly.

"'They tell me they are great admirers of you, general,' I informed him, 'and are very anxious to see you just for a moment.'

"'What are their names?' he asked.

"'Why, I neglected to ask them,' I answered, 'but I should imagine that they have some acquaintance with you.'

"'Oh, well, show them in,' he said, resignedly.

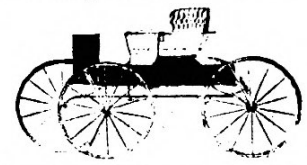
"The next moment, the plan having been prearranged with the ladies, I was ushering into the room, with much ceremony, Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Sartoris, the general's daughter. His relief at seeing the faces of his dear ones instead of those of strangers brought a smile to his lips and a new light into his eyes."

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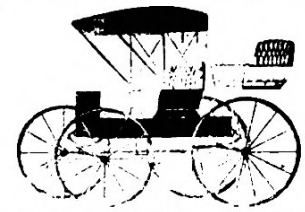
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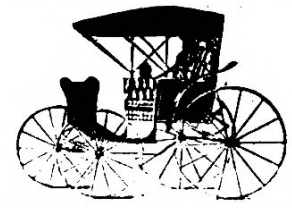
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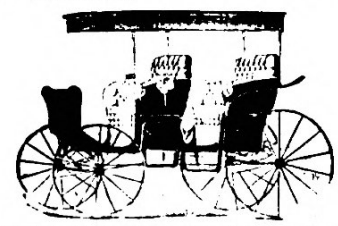
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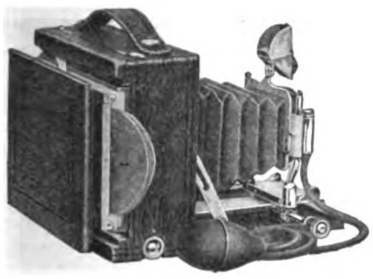
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On the Trail to the Golden Gate

EDWIN MARKHAM

[*Concluded from page 168*]

eighty-four miles, with only the allotted two-minute rests at the ten-mile stations. The pony riders, flying along the edges of the sky, were the incarnation of the youth and daring of America, helping to build up a new empire in the Far West. They were cutting out with their horses' hoofs the long trail down which the railway trains were soon to come shuttling and thundering. The feet of the ponies made the first survey for the great railroad.

VI.

FOR nearly three years, beginning in 1858, the Wells-Fargo forces ran a line of stages over the Santa Fé route by way of Arizona. They followed the trail that Pattee, fleeing from civilization, had taken in the '40's, the trail on which he met a mounted, painted Indian chief, goading on five naked and footworn Spanish women, stolen from their homes, clothed only in their flowing hair, and forced to drive his herds of bellowing cattle, —a startling caravan that might have been a pictured page torn out of the annals of Genghis Khan. It is a trail that has its crowding memories, its tragic piteous years, all brimming with romance.

At the rumor of the Civil War, after the Pony Express had beaten out a path from Salt Lake to the sea, and after its punctual comings and goings had proved that the white Sierras could be traversed even in the dead of winter, the Overland Mail was switched from its circuitous Southern route to the shorter flight by the way of Salt Lake City. In 1861, Ben Holladay, that wizard of the machinery of travel, had absorbed the Pony Express. Five years later, his string of stages with all their hurrying hoofs and wheels, together with a half dozen lesser lines, were drawn into one vast ten-million-dollar transportation company under the conjuring name of Wells-Fargo. This was the last genius of enterprise to brood over the great trail to the Golden Gate, before the advent of the snorting locomotive. This spirited company, which, years before, had flung a network over the Pacific Coast, was now reaching a long straight arm to the far Missouri River. For two years this aggressive company, netting the mountains and the valleys, dominated the traffic of the West.

It was during the years of the Overland Stage that the intrepid Theodore Judah blazed out, over the obstinate Sierras and the sullen desert, a path for the first great transcontinental railroad. Already the drills and the hammers of the builders were sounding from the east and from the west, on cliff and canyon, calling out the horse whose name is smoke and whose breath is fire.

Two years after the sweeping Wells-Fargo consolidation, the last spike of the railroad was sledged down with a blow that shook the world. The Overland Stage was gone forever with the buffalo it had shouldered aside. The Iron Horse had run it down. Many of the courageous army of stage drivers left their high swaying seats to mount guard over the express cars, now hitched to steam and steel; left the romantic treasure boot for the barred and bolted strong box.

The shadow of danger was ever upon the old Overland Stage. But the express guards did not find their perils ended with the transfer to swifter wheels. The express messenger is ever the target of thieves, the buffet of bad weather, the plaything of accident.

Harnden's Express had been running only a year when his brother, conveying to Boston thirty thousand dollars, went down, burned or drowned, in that terrible destruction of the "Lexington," off Long Island. Since then, in ten thousand accidents and encounters by land and water, the express messenger has been neighbor to death. Three expressmen went down in the Ashtabula Bridge disaster to help build the human causeway for the rest to cross upon. Scarcely a night passes but somewhere along the express lines cobwebbing the continent, whether on crowded railways or along backwoods stage lines,—somewhere there sounds the "Hail!" and "Deliver!" of the highwayman, persuading with the taciturn but convincing lead. Even the New York and Chicago Express pulls out with its treasure in a car lined with triple steel, carrying an arsenal of guns and ammunition, bearing armed messengers keeping constant observation.

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the gold of a thousand mines, surpasses all other companies in the long war it has waged with highwaymen and guerrilla bands. The express car seems the Aladdin's cave of the modern thief; to loot it is the dream of the fool boy and swaggering loafer fed on the half-dime "hair-raisers" in our desperado and detective literature.

VII.

THOMAS SHERMAN says that in eighty years California went through the same progressive changes that in England required a thousand years to accomplish. The history of the last half of these eventful years of the Pacific Coast would, in no small part, be the history of the great Wells-Fargo Express Company. After its establishment, in 1852, the company rapidly absorbed all other lines of the state, and was the banker, mail carrier, and errand-runner for every city, camp, or cabin in California.

Henry Wells and William G. Fargo were veterans of the express service before we find their names coupled in that union, as closely identified with the West as are the quartz and granite of her hills. Wells was Harnden's agent in Albany in the first branch establishment there, and, in 1834, he, with others, planted the first express office of the "West." This was at Buffalo,—an outpost then four days and three nights from New York, almost as far as California is to-day! Fargo was express messenger for Wells on this Buffalo line. In 1845, Wells, ever lured toward the West, ever tracking the frontier, pushed out his express to St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati. On account of his fine tact and iron resolution, Fargo was chosen as manager of this unique and adventurous enterprise. Here in this unjostled space, with his convoy of boats and wagons, he won a large experience in his work.

Wells, ever fertile in ideas and quick to give them shape, now set on foot a letter express, at one-fourth the price charged by the government,—*six cents*, instead of *twenty-five*. Immediately the government was hot upon his track. He was haled into court again and again, but was always victorious. Then the audacious expressman proposed to the assistant postmaster to take charge of the entire mail service of the United States.

"Zounds, sir!" cried the zealous postmaster, his ear to the ground, "such a proceeding would throw sixteen thousand postmasters out of office! It would never do."

Wells's request was declined by the wary officer, but his protest against high postage went on sounding through the nation; and the next congress, by the leverage of public opinion, was forced to divide the government rate by four. So to Henry Wells, leading the host of reform, we owe one of the great forward steps in our civilization.

The Wells-Fargo Company did not reap the gain and glory of the first gold-carrying in California. Adams and Company (absorbers of the Harnden Express,) were the pioneers on the Pacific Coast, but they went down in the crash of 1854, and the Wells-Fargo Company soon swept the state from snows to sands, and reached from Mexico to Vancouver. To-day, while controlling the express business of almost the entire West from Alaska to Panama, the company has branches in all large Eastern cities and in the continental capitals, and runs one of the most important banks in America.

The mail in early California was an ineffectual service. So, for the purpose of reaching the isolated, outlying camps and mines, the Wells-Fargo Company established there the first pony express, and the one that suggested the historic Pony of the Old Trail.

They had their swift horsemen to speed with letters across valley and mountain and to swim swollen streams; they had skilled snow-shoe runners to skim and dart over the snow-covered ridges and snow-filled canyons of the high Sierras. Charging ten cents a letter, they sometimes sold fifteen thousand dollars' worth of envelopes in a single month.

The Wells-Fargo Company's unique banking system rose out of their buying and coining of gold dust and bullion. Their eastern shipments averaged half a million dollars every fortnight. In 1857 their records show a transfer of fifty-nine million, eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold up and down their California lines.

This gold-handling has been one of the company's most profitable as well as most hazardous occupations. No other corporation has ever lost so much by highwaymen, and yet the company's prompt and ample settlement of losses has always

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kept its security intact. One of its constant expenses is the employment of a detective staff to ferret out the thieves. The Wells-Fargo men in mining camps grew wary in sending off gold. After the monthly "clean-up," the agent, with intent to frustrate the spying robber, would sometimes make a great show of sending for an armed messenger and shipping a heavy box. In reality the gold was always sent with careless care a few days before or after this display,—sent sewed, perhaps, in a sack of bran or stuffed into an innocent-looking bale of hay.

Often, though, the robber got the treasure, sometimes getting off with it, sometimes burying it beside the way. If the robber was overtaken, perhaps this hiding place was never divulged. Many a trail in California has its dark story of such a hidden treasure. I once came upon such a *cache* myself in the days of my adventurous boyhood. But that is another story.

VIII.

PERHAPS every great achievement is only the dramatized idea of some great man, helped on by the men he gathers about him by the force of his genius. So the Wells-Fargo Company's express service is the visible form of the big idea of half a dozen men of power and character. The last of these men, and the latest dead, was John J. Valentine.

Charles F. Lummis says of him, with fine feeling: "Few men in America have wielded more absolute power. Yet no man ever less abused it,—and few ever used it so wisely. And at no other time in American history has there been such need of this example of a man who could handle millions, and not harden; . . . who could 'do business' and not be 'done' by it in any smallest atom of head or heart."

Born in 1840, John J. Valentine was at fourteen a clerk; at twenty-nine, the superintendent of the Wells-Fargo Company in the Far West; at fifty-two, the president of the whole colossal concern. His schooling was scant; yet, with the habit of a student and the temperament of an artist, he was all his life a scholar and a connoisseur. There are no theatrical surprises, no picturesque episodes, in this serene rise to ever-greatening honors. Yet the life of this simple and earnest man was throughout a heroic adventure of the soul.

Fear never made him trim to the wind. He uttered himself on public events, whether he went with the popular babble or against it. No interest or influence ever drew him to the support of a shady lobby or a crooked policy. He stood simply and solidly for the primary rectitudes. By his honorable life he made men in love with honor.

An army of men was under him, not as servants and hirelings, but as friends and sons. A large and genial nature had this captain of industry, a man who loved and trusted men, and was loved and trusted by them.

With ideal sentiments and a broad outlook, he also had a genius for details. He made frequent visits to the scattered express offices, and no item was too small for him to note with approval or reproof,—nothing escaped his eye, from the crating of a case of eggs to the adjusting of a checkrein on a horse at the door. He was always ready, in "a rush," to handle bundles with the clerks. A story is told that he once took hold to help a driver load packages at Christmas time. Mistaking him for a holiday hand, the driver said, "You'll be likely to get a steady job with this company, pardner; you seem to be a hustler."

Nothing shows the humanity of the man better than his letter to his drivers, beginning with, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," and going on to give minute directions for the care of horses in winter. In order that his men should not become hopelessly yoked to desk or wagon, he did what he could to give to each man the material means for living a complete life. He knew that men are not mere "hands," but also souls. Salaries were liberal and were continued during illness, hours were shortened, vacations were insured, libraries were established, (some of them out of his private funds,) and books were sent free to employees. Deeper than ever now was the hold of the Wells-Fargo Company upon the hearts of its men. A growing affection seemed to knit the whole fabric together from president to porter. It was one case, at least, where sentiment began to have a place in business. John J. Valentine did his work and has gone to his own place. He helped to sweeten toil and to build up the hope of the world.

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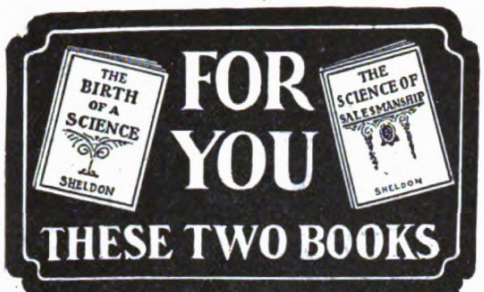
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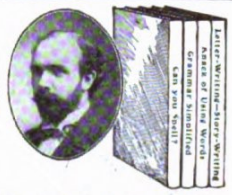
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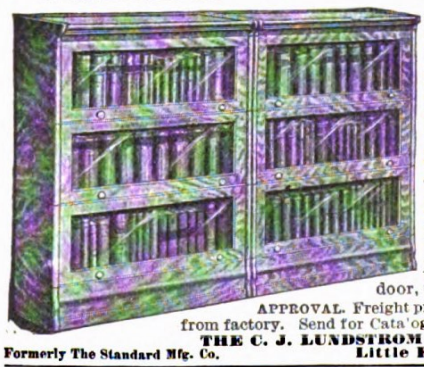
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The Popular Side of Science

GARRETT P. SERVISS

[We have arranged with Garrett P. Serviss for a series of papers on the popular side of science, the first two, "The Life-Circle of the Universe" and "Will the Sun Become a Double Star?" appearing in this issue. Mr. Serviss is one of the most entertaining writers on scientific subjects in the world. He has an interesting way of describing, in a clear and simple style, matters that are usually so complex and vaguely written as to be heavy and unintelligible. In conjunction with Mr. Serviss's department, Arthur E. Bostwick's monthly chronicles of the latest wonders in the world of science will be continued. We are thereby enabled to offer our readers the most complete and popular scientific department appearing in any magazine.—THE EDITOR.]

The Life-Circle of the Universe

ONE of the most beautiful generalizations to which the discovery of radium and other radio-active substances, and the speculation about them, have led is that which shows us the whole life-history of the starry universe summed up in a glance. Man is prone to take bird's-eye views, and here we get what is surely the broadest view ever spread before the mind's eye.

From the remote nebulæ that glimmer in strange filmy shapes at the limits of the astronomer's vision to a speck of radium spontaneously flinging its atoms to pieces in a glass tube in a chemist's laboratory, the distance in space is immeasureable, and yet the two are brought as close together by the interpretation of recent discoveries as if we held them both in our hand and watched one changing into the other.

Let us see what this means. A great deal has been said and written in the past few weeks, about Sir William Ramsay's discovery that the gaseous emanation given off from radium gradually changes from something unfamiliar to science into the well-known gas, helium. In its first form, as it comes from the piece of radium, it has no name, because it has no place in the list of known chemical agents. But after a while, as it continues shut up in the tube, it begins to exhibit in its light, when caused to glow by the passage of an electric discharge, the familiar yellow lines that characterize helium, and that belong to no other element. As time goes on these lines become brighter, until apparently the change of one elementary substance into another is complete. Sir William Ramsay himself has not hesitated to suggest that this may be an actual transmutation of chemical elements like that which the old alchemists were dreaming of when they sought to turn lead into gold.

But, leaving aside the alchemical question, with its tantalizing suggestion of golden fortunes to be won by catching Nature behind her curtain, there is a not less fascinating interest to be found in the consideration that the changing of radium into helium is really a transformation into one of the principal elements that constitute the nebulæ. A nebula is the simplest form of matter known to exist in universal space. It appears to represent the very beginning of all things. Out of the nebulous state, according to the present trend of scientific opinion, all the other celestial bodies, such as the stars, the sun, and the earth, have proceeded.

What, then, is the essence of a nebula? The spectroscope shows that the nebulæ are vast gaseous masses, some of whose constituent elements are as unlike any of those with which we are familiar on the earth as is the unnamed gas that arises from radium before it has turned into helium. But conspicuous among the elements that compose the nebulæ is helium itself!

Helium also exists in the sun, and in those other more distant suns that we call the fixed stars. It is comparatively abundant in many of the stars, but on the earth it is extremely rare. It seems to serve no essential purpose in the structure of our globe, but it is here like a wandering ghost released from its confinement amid grosser matter. The suggestion is now entertained that the little helium that is found on the earth may all arise from the disintegration of radio-active substances. In this sense, then, we may picture the earth slowly giving off nebulous matter. Born itself from a nebula, the earth may ultimately return to the nebulous state through the transformation of its elements.

Again and again, recently, investigators, reasoning from the results of their experiments with radio-active substances, and trying to foresee what those results finally imply, have put forth the suggestion that all matter may, of its own accord, be gradually breaking up into more simple forms. We seem to be just at the beginning of discovery concerning the inherent power of all things to disintegrate.

Now, starting from this, we get that comprehensive bird's-eye view of the entire life history of the universe that was referred to in the beginning. In a recent address Professor F. W. Clarke went over this ground in a very suggestive manner.

Astronomy teaches us that, in regular progression, starting with the gaseous nebulæ and ending with solid bodies like the earth, all the elements of matter that are known to us came step by step into existence. Out of one, or at most a very few, many are developed. In the nebulæ we are able to find only a few simple elements like helium. In the class of the white and the blue-white stars, which include the great Sirius and the beautiful Vega, a considerably larger number of elements is found. In the process of condensation from nebula to star many of these elements take their birth. The nebular simplicity is followed by stellar complexity. In the more condensed yellow-white stars, in which class our sun falls, another still larger increase occurs in the number of existing elements. In the red stars, which are approaching extinction, a great cloud of elements appears, like a cloak shutting off the light. Finally, in the extinguished and solidified stars, of which kind of celestial bodies the earth is a very minute representative, we find the entire list of more than seventy chemical elements, together with an enormous number of compounds.

So far spectroscopic analysis carries us, and until recently this seemed to be the end. Apparently we could go no further with the story. Only through the effects of heat developed by violent collision of massive orbs could we imagine extinguised suns and frozen worlds brought back again to the nebular starting-point.

But now, taking the suggestion mentioned above, to which the phenomena of radium have given rise,—viz., that all matter is spontaneously breaking up into simpler forms, and that there is no dead center in the machinery of the universe,—the cycle becomes complete. We thus see the cold burnt-out stars, which have been, as it were, smothered by the accumulation of ever more and more elements and compounds, escaping the fate of perpetual inertness by returning to the simple nebular state of matter through the gradual dissolution of the molecules and atoms, out of which their solid framework has been built up.

From nebula to sun, from sun to solid globe, and from solid globe back again to nebula, runs the eternal round, and in one brief interval of this time-devouring cycle, in a little corner of all-enveloping space, the tiny candle of human life shines out for a moment amid the encountering shadows.

Will the Sun Become a Double Star?

ONE of the most remarkable of astronomical discoveries in recent years shows that a considerable number of bright stars exist, most if not all of them vastly exceeding the sun in magnitude and light-giving power, each of which consists of two separate incandescent bodies, very close together (sometimes almost in contact,) and whirling round their common center of gravity with enormous velocity.

These wonderful stars are not to be confounded with the familiar double and binary stars which have been known since the days of William Herschel and his great telescopes. Their peculiarity is that they are not *visibly* double, no matter how powerful a telescope is employed in looking at them. It may be thought that this is simply a question of the degree of separation, and that, essentially, they do not differ from the ordinary double stars. But, in fact, there is reason to think that they do differ very widely in their origin from other coupled stars.

It may be asked, "How, if they can not be *seen* double, is it known that they *are* double?" The almost magical power of the spectroscope furnishes the solution of this mystery.

The spectroscope reveals in the light of every star characteristic black lines which show of what substances its glowing gaseous envelope consists. Now, if a star is either approaching, or receding from, the earth, the spectral lines shift in position. They move toward the blue end of the spectrum if the star is approaching, and toward the red end if it is receding. But in the case of the curious stars of which I am writing, the spectroscope finds a *double shifting* of the lines, indicated by each line alternately splitting into two and then closing up and becoming a single line once more. These remarkable changes occur in periods varying, for different stars, from a few hours to a few days in length.

The interpretation is that the light of every such star really comes from two bodies revolving round one another, so close together that no telescope can separate them, and with the plane in which they revolve lying edgewise to our line of sight from the earth. In such a situation it is clear —as the reader can easily convince himself by holding his fists before his face and turning them round one another in a horizontal plane,—that, when one of the two bodies composing the star is approaching the earth, the other must be receding. The consequence is that the spectral lines of the approaching body are shifted toward the blue at the same time that those of the retreating body are shifted toward the red, and, since the light of both is intermingled, it results that the doubly shifted lines appear as if split apart.

When, however, the circling bodies are in those parts of their orbit where they must move across, or at right angles to, our line of sight, one going toward the right and the other toward the left, [Try it again with your fists.] the lines will close up and become single, because then there can be no spectral shifting, since neither of the two bodies is either approaching or receding with respect to the earth.



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since the first of these strange "spectroscopic binaries" was thus unveiled, and now we know that several of the most brilliant stars in the heavens, stars that have attracted the admiration of mankind in all countries and all ages, belong to this peculiar genus. Yet, until the spectroscope had penetrated their secret, no star-gazer or astronomer suspected their real character. They were simply regarded as suns differing from our sun, partly in being much greater than he is and partly by having a more or less different physical and chemical constitution.

The interest in these objects grows, the more they are studied. They have already upset some long-prevailing notions about the constitution of the universe, and now, at length, as we shall see in a moment, they are suggesting disquieting thoughts about our faithful and indispensable sun.

In several instances, notwithstanding the intimacy of their association, these couples are found to consist of individuals widely variant from one another, presenting a contrast in the quality of their light not less striking than the difference in color between an African and a European. The celebrated and extremely beautiful star Capella, for instance, is known to consist of two bodies, the light of one of which resembles that of our sun, while the light of its twin is akin to the radiation of Procyon, a sun belonging to a very different class in stellar evolution.

In some cases one member of the pair gives out no light at all, its existence being revealed only by the rapid whirling motion that it imparts to its visible comrade, as if one should come upon a person waltzing and gyrating, without apparent reason, upon a public walk, and should finally discover that the cause of this extraordinary exhibition was that the unfortunate performer had falled into the grip of an invisible being, a kind of "transparent man," of great strength and activity, and was being swung round and round in a dizzy maze by this viewless captor.

Yet, despite all these differences, it is probable that every spectroscopic binary had its birth from an original single mass, whose division into two bodies was caused by disrupting forces arising from its rotation. Beginning in this way, it is possible that a spectroscopic binary star may separate more and more widely under the influence of tidal friction until its duplication becomes apparent to the eye, when it would be classed with ordinary visual doubles, though most of the latter probably originated in a different way.

The suggestion thus presented to the imagination of great primal bodies scattered through space undergoing, like some of the lower forms of animal life in the waters of the earth, a process of multiplication through fission, the complexity of organization increasing as the number of bodies grows and their relative magnitude decreases, is extremely fascinating, but at present it must remain in the realm of speculation.

But now, while astronomers, with easy equanimity, study afar the extraordinary phenomena of the spectroscopic binaries, another suggestion, which strikes much nearer home, comes from a mathematician and physicist of repute, Dr. Frank H. Bigelow, of the United States Weather Bureau. *Our sun,* says Dr. Bigelow, *is an incipient binary star.*

This statement need cause no alarm, and it was certainly not made with any idea of exciting alarm. It was simply put forth as an interesting scientific fact, tending to explain certain peculiar features of the rotation of the sun and of its surface phenomena. Dr. Bigelow believes that he has found evidence of the existence of two centers of action in the interior of the body of the sun, and he infers that the solar nucleus, concealed beneath the dazzling envelope of hot gases which we see, is not spheroidal, like the earth, but has a shape resembling that of a dumb-bell. This mighty dumb-bell within the sun is apparently placed with its length at right angles to the sun's axis of rotation.

Now, while Dr. Bigelow does not aver that the sun, although it be, as he says, an incipient binary star, is going to split in two, [His purpose is to explain solar influences in meteorology and not to speculate on the ultimate fate of the sun.] yet we know from other sources that, when a rotating liquid mass, such as the sun virtually is, has assumed the dumb-bell or hourglass form, it is liable, with changes in its rate of rotation, to divide, and the spectroscopic binaries that we have been discussing show us that the heavens contain many bodies, of a general nature resembling that of the sun, which have divided.

But, interesting as are the thoughts awakened by these things, it would be a mistake to assume that the sun is in imminent danger of becoming double. In the first place, Dr. Bigelow's conclusion as to the existence of a dumb-bell-shaped nucleus below the solar surface may not be correct; in the second place, if it is correct, the equilibrium now existing in the figure of the sun may not be upset; and, in the third place, if the sun should divide, it is certain that the process would be slow and gradual, probably occupying long ages in comparison with which the whole past history of humanity would appear as a brief lapse of time. So, we can enjoy the intellectual fillip supplied by the suggestion of incipient duplicity in our great god of day without being disturbed by any fears of impending personal discomfort.

The Latest Wonders in the World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Matter as a Reservoir of Electricity

ONE of the most striking features of recent progress in theoretical science is the hold upon scientific thought that has been secured by the so-called electronic theory, which asserts that electricity is indissolubly connected with all matter in its ultimate particles. According to one form of the theory, these ultimate particles are wholly electrical, so that matter is nothing but a network of minute electrical disturbances in the ether. Inertia, a property of matter inexplicable on the old hypotheses, becomes at least partially understandable on the electronic theory, for the electric charges bound up in a billiard ball, for instance, resist change of motion by the property of self-induction. The total charge in a billiard ball, to account for all of its inertia, would have to be immense, but it is

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within the bounds of possibility that such a charge may be stowed away in its atoms. Dynamics may soon, therefore, be reduced to the rank of a mere department of electricity.

▲ ▲

Can Negroes Be Bleached?

THAT experiments with the X-ray, in Philadelphia, have proved the possibility of turning the negro into a white man by its aid is asserted by the daily press of that city. This announcement, which has caused to spring up the usual crop of sensational articles and comic paragraphs, is discredited, in a published interview, by Dr. Carl Beck, an authority on the use of X-rays. The pigment in a negro's skin can, it is true, be burned out by its means; but the result is only temporary, and the operation is attended with danger. Dr. Beck considers it an absolute impossibility to continue it long enough to burn out all the pigment.

▲ ▲

Pictures That both Move and Talk

WE have in the phonograph a fairly good reproduction of the speaking or singing voice, and in the cinematograph a photographic imitation of movement. That a combination of the two would be striking and valuable has occurred to many inventors, but hitherto none has succeeded in combining them practically, chiefly because of the difficulty of making the two devices move in perfect time. This has now been effected by two French inventors, who operate the cinematograph by an electric motor controlled by a device on the phonograph axle. The two pieces of apparatus—optical and acoustical,—thus keep perfect accord, and the result is said to be most satisfactory.

▲ ▲

A Double-Tailed Comet

THE use of photography in the study of comets is bringing to light many anomalies in their structure that tax the ingenuity of astronomers to explain. The latest occurred in the comet that visited us last year,—Borelli's,—whose tail, in July last, split in two for no apparent reason. A section of it broke from the head and traveled away from the rest at a relative speed of twenty-nine miles a second. It is suggested by Professor E. E. Barnard, who writes of this phenomenon in "Popular Astronomy," that the emission of particles from the head to form the tail may have suddenly altered slightly in direction; or, possibly, a wandering swarm of meteorites may have collided with the tail.

▲ ▲

Can Wine Be Deprived of Intoxicating Properties?

THAT the harmful properties of wines depend not on the alcohol in them, but on toxins due to the growth of germs, is asserted by a French physician, Dr. A. Loir. He proposes to treat all wines by pasteurization; that is, by subjection to a degree of heat sufficient to kill all injurious bacteria, and he is confident that this will obviate most of the evils of so-called alcoholism. A reviewer in "*La Nature*," while acknowledging that Dr. Loir's enthusiasm seems to be carrying him a little too far, agrees that pasteurization would certainly improve all wines from a hygienic standpoint, and that some of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks are due to the presence of toxins, and not directly to the alcohol that they contain.

▲ ▲

How Snow Crystals Are Born

THE forms of snow crystals, according to a recent investigator, depend chiefly on the wind, the height of the clouds, the degree of cold, and the amount of moisture in the air. Crystals formed in cold weather, or at great heights, are solid, while those that arise in moderate weather, or in low clouds, are lighter and more feathery. Much moisture produces very granular crystals. By bearing these facts in mind the history and adventures of a snowflake may often be read in its form. The delicate details of the crystals are generally due to minute air bubbles, whose walls reflect light. Probably all true snow crystals are formed directly by the condensation of water vapor and not by the agglomeration of tiny frozen drops, such as make up some clouds.

▲ ▲

Moral Degeneracy and the Automobile

THAT the high speed of the automobile may break down the moral sense like the abuse of alcohol or opium is now maintained by some physicians. A French authority, Dr. Hachet-Souplet, asserts that the recklessness of some *chauffeurs* is the result of an actual intoxication induced by their high speed, and that it results in practically complete loss of self-mastery. In such a case, we are told, the worst side of a man's nature comes to the top, so that combativeness, spitefulness and violence take the place of his ordinary qualities. In some, even the normal instinct of self-preservation seems to disappear. In particular, no one who has ever shown the slightest signs of lack of mental equilibrium should be allowed to drive a motor car, since such a lack will surely be intensified by the excitement and mental strain of automobiling.

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Radiations from the Human Body

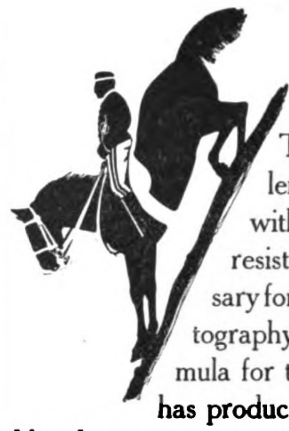
THE discovery and study of new forms of radiation is the order of the day. Some time ago it was found by Messrs. Charpentier and Blondlot, two French investigators, that rays apparently unlike any others previously known are given off by the human body. It has now been discovered that these are closely analogous to the form of radiation found in the light of the Welsbach mantle and in that from some other sources, and they have been named by Blondlot "N-rays," in honor of the University of Nancy. Both forms increase the luminosity of a fluorescent screen, and in the case of the body-rays this increase is proportional to the degree of contraction of the muscle that gives off the rays. The nerves radiate with special intensity, and, with a fluorescent screen as a detector, it is possible to trace the course of a nerve underneath the skin. Thus the physics of radiation is coming into close touch with physiology.

▲ ▲

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and it has been supported by travelers' tales. It is not upheld, however, by recent investigations made by an English exploring expedition at Murray Island, Torres Straits. The acuteness of vision of the savage inhabitants of this island is found to be barely greater than that of normal Europeans, and their color-sense is more vague. Their hearing is inferior, not only in acuteness, but also in the appreciation of intervals, although they perceive a greater range of sounds. Smell and taste appear to be normal. The only sense that was found to be more delicate than that of Europeans is touch, or skin-sensitiveness, which hardly bears out the theory that the use of clothing by the civilized races has increased the sensitiveness of the bodily surface.

▲ ▲

Are We really Going to Exterminate the Mosquito?

EFFORTS to get rid of the mosquito pest have been regarded by the public with mingled feelings of hope, amusement, and despair. After the results reported at a conference of mosquito-fighters held in New York, the fourteenth of December last, it seems that the movement may really be regarded with respect. Those who took part, numbering in their ranks many sanitarians of eminence, dealt with facts rather than theories, and what they had to say was distinctly reassuring. Not only may any mosquito-infected district be reclaimed, but malaria and yellow fever may be suppressed also, if we are to credit their reports. The question is entirely one of finance, for the work generally resolves itself into such engineering problems as are involved in drainage and the control of water levels. It is possible that, in the future, what one of the enthusiasts present called "mosquito-engineering" may be a recognized and important branch of sanitary science.

▲ ▲

The Starting of a Flying-Machine

CRITICS of experimenters in aëronautics have called our attention to the fact that he who flies must be able to alight. Darius Green found that the "lighting" was the most difficult part of his flight, and imagination pictures a successful aëronaut skimming about wearily because, like some learners on the bicycle, he does not know how to stop. Yet the failure of Professor Langley's promising experiments on the Potomac shows us that, in flying, the first step is quite as costly as the last, and that we can not navigate the air until we can start with ease at any point. Of what use, asks a recent writer, is an elaborate starting apparatus, even if it works successfully, to the aëronaut who must descend for food or fuel at some point not provided with the requisite machinery? Such a device is like the heavy birds that must run for a considerable distance to get momentum for flying, and that can be caught in a pen not large enough for the preliminary sprint.

❦ ❦

He Discovered the Smallpox Germ

LOUIS E. SWARTS

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DR. W. T. COUNCILMAN

FEW events in the medical world have caused the excitement that was created a short time ago by Dr. William T. Councilman at the Harvard Medical School, when he announced his discovery of the smallpox germ. It was the result of long and earnest investigation made during a recent smallpox epidemic in Boston, when Dr. Councilman was aided by Dr. George Burgess Magrath, Dr. Walter Remson Brinkerhoff, and the Boston Board of Health. The most exhaustive and comprehensive *data* on smallpox were collected in the laboratories of the medical school. The announcement of the discovery was made at a lecture on "The Ætiology of Smallpox." Dr. Councilman stated that the cause of the disease of smallpox is a *protozoon* which represents the lowest form of animal life, and distinguishes this disease from many others of an infectious nature, which are caused by minute forms of vegetable life known as bacteria.

Boston had suffered for several years from smallpox epidemics, and Dr. Brinkerhoff, of the City Hospital, lived among the patients for weeks in a wretched hovel, in order to gather material for Dr. Councilman to pursue his investigations. Dr. Magrath, also, worked unceasingly preparing matter for laboratory analysis. Pieces of epidermis were obtained from different patients afflicted with the disease in its various stages, and a search made for an organism that should be present in every case of smallpox. After discovering that the *protozoon* was the cause, Dr. Councilman endeavored to prove that it would produce smallpox. This was done by experimenting upon rabbits and monkeys. This organism can not be produced by cultures. The greatest value of the discovery, it is thought, will be in assisting in ascertaining the cause of other diseases which manifest themselves through the skin, such as scarlet fever, measles, chickenpox, etc.

Dr. Councilman is the Shattuck professor of pathology in the Harvard Medical School. He is about forty-five years old, and well known in his profession by his treatises on pathological subjects. Previous to his recent discovery he published his "Study of Amœboid Dysentery," which was highly praised by the medical world.

❦ ❦

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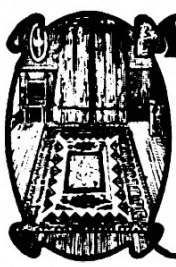
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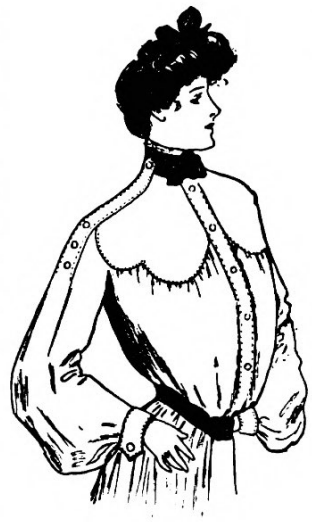
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What to Wear and How to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN



6127



394



6128

HAVE you caught the military fever yet? It is not only seen in wraps, hats, blouses, and boots, but has even appeared in the shape of a military dressing-sack. In fact, anything that has a military air will pass muster. Of course, the girl who represents fashion's fads and fancies in her attire will have a military coat with scarlet collar, gilt braid, and buttons. If she can wear one of those little Tricorne hats, bristling with soldierly suggestion in cockade and plume, her joy will be complete. Fashions in gowns have changed greatly in the last few months. These changes, although they strike us forcibly now, have been creeping in for some time. The skirts and sleeves are so large and full that the only comfort one gets for having to buy extra material is in the thought that there will be plenty to make over any style which may drop from the wheel of fashion later on. The most noticeable variations are in sleeves and skirts, in both of which just enough crinoline and flexible wire are used to give shape without stiffness.

The skirt of to-day is not the same as the one of the past decade, for, with the demand for full skirts, the hips are kept almost plain as a concession to the women who are not fashionably thin. This is accomplished by gores, although when the skirt is made up there is no sign of their presence. The underskirt worn is a great aid in producing the desired fullness at the feet. The flare is given by a boned, fitted flounce, trimmed with ruffles of ribbon or of the same material. When economy must be practiced the same upper skirt may be used as a foundation for different silk flounces of various colors, which are buttoned to it.

The blouse, that article of dress in which we are ever looking for new ideas,—something different from other folks's and from those we have had before,—is now shown with a new sleeve, having plaits or tucks running up over the shoulder into the collar. This is called the raglan sleeve, and is but a logical development of the fancy for making the shoulder seam as long as possible, or omitting it altogether, whereas the under part is joined to the waist as usual. Another new style is the "*lingerie* sleeve," which is nothing more than Swiss ruffles daintily trimmed with insertion and edging, and accordion-pleated or gathered into sleeves for house, street, or evening wear. The "tub" waists are most popular, and the heavy mercerized cottons, which are almost like men's vestings, are at the top notch of fashion. Aside from their healthfulness, they come in such beautiful colorings and weaves that it is no wonder they have superseded flannel and serge. A material which is nothing more than old-fashioned canvas is being much used, for its weaves seem especially made for the cross-stitch and embroidery that now adorn all these waists.

High girdles are a feature of almost every gown, whether it be an everyday blouse or one of severe tailor make. These girdles are made not only in silk, velvet, and gold braid, but also of soft kid that comes in all shades. The most elaborate of these kid girdles are studded with gems and cut steel. Ruchings have lost none of their favor, and are seen, not only in pinked taffeta, but in raveled silk, "Val" lace, and ribbon quillings as well. There is a touch of gold in all of the newest materials, and gold cord wound around the crowns of hats, with tassels, and a knot at the side or back, is often the only trimming. Certain it is that the general effect of to-day's fashion is as if our grandmothers had stepped from their canvases on the walls, and were making themselves conspicuous in both street and house attire.

The Latest Patterns

6127. Ladies' Shirt-waist or Blouse.—In the model shown here, a triumph has been achieved in the omission of the shoulder seam, which not only gives the long drooping shoulder line, a feature of all the new blouses, but also a charmingly quaint effect that is decidedly pretty. The yoke is another new idea. It overlaps the sleeve seam, giving a broad front. The blouse has the French back.

The sizes for ladies are 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure.

4394. Girls' Pajamas.—The wearing of pajamas by girls is not a new custom, and she who has adopted this style of nightdress could not be persuaded to wear gowns again, not because she has lost her interest in the dainty lace-trimmed *lingerie*, but the dictates of common sense and comfort give the pajamas a decided advantage. They are cut just like her brother's, although a feminine touch is added in the way of trimming. Scotch flannel, flannelet, mercerized cotton, sateen and silk flannel are the materials usually employed.

The sizes are for girls of 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years.

6128. Ladies' Dressing-Sack.—The influence of the



4535



4534



4439

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6126-6087

present fashion of military effect is strongly apparent in this charming design, which is exceedingly simple in construction. The sack is semi-fitting, and may be in single or double-breasted style. The original is made of quilted satin, but the sack would be equally effective developed in cotton goods, which now rival the Eastern productions in both texture and coloring. Wool crape is a satisfactory material, although silk, challis, and cashmere are favorites.

The sizes are for ladies, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure.

4535. Child's Russian Dress.—A style that is equally becoming to small boys and girls is shown in this model with a diagonal closing in the front. The back is plain, and the dress is worn with a shield. By having two or three of these shields (of different colors, and of washable material,) a serge frock will be wonderfully freshened up every time a new shield is worn. The bishop sleeve is daintily finished by a little turnover cuff. Piqué, galatea, madras, serge, or cashmere might be used in the development.

The sizes are for children, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 years.

4534. Child's Russian Dress.—There is a wide choice of fashions for children this season, although the Russian style continues in popularity. It would be hard to find a model better adapted to all shapes and sizes of childish figures, and, at the same time, so practical and sensible. It can be made just as elaborate, or as severely plain, as one chooses. Very little or no trimming is required to make it effective. In the model shown here, both back and front have a little fullness at the neck. This overcomes the plainness to which so many mothers make objection. The sleeve is in one piece, and has its fullness laid in tiny plaits.

The sizes are for children, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

4439. Girl's coat.—In the little coat shown here, we have introduced the new "soldier cape," for, this season, any style that is worn by the mamma is immediately reproduced for the little daughter. This coat has a broad Watteau plait in the back, and the front closes in double-breasted style. Straps sewn in the shoulder seam give a pretty finish to the capes and front. Melton, broadcloth, silk, or velvet are suitable materials.

The sizes are for girls, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 years.

6126 and 6087. Ladies' Military Coat and Seven-Gored Skirt.—The windy days of winter and early spring call for heavy outdoor suits, and the designs shown are the latest approved models. Just now the shops are making great reductions in winter goods, and it is fortunate for those who must economize that these reductions are not too late to satisfy the demands for warm clothes. The coat is characterized by a "soldier cape." It may be made in single or double-breasted style, with coat or bishop sleeves, and may be in long or medium hip length. The skirt is a new seven-gore flare style, and may be made with regular or lapped seams, and in dip or round length. For such a costume, blue serge, melton, cheviot, covert, or broadcloth are satisfactory materials.

The sizes of the coat, 6126, are for ladies, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure; of the skirt, 6087, for ladies, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches, waist measure.



4525

4525. Child's Dress.—In the simple little frock shown here, the body is made in one piece, with no opening save at the neck, which is shaped slightly low and rounding at the back, and in deep pointed outline at the front, to accommodate a separate shield. The dress is slipped on over the head, and the shield is easily adjusted. These one-piece garments are something new, and the simplicity of the design, and the advantage of being easily laundered, make it a most admirable style for the wee folks. The dress is particularly pretty when made of checked material, with sleeve facing of white, and a white shield. A leather belt, or one made of material like the shield may be worn. Galatea, piqué, linen, and gingham will develop serviceable garments in this style. If desired the sleeve facing, shield, and belt could be of the same material as the dress, with piping of a contrasting material and color as a finish.

The sizes are for children, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

▲

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An Interesting Story of How a Young Woman Succeeded in Business—A Chance for Others to do so too.

A young lady of Medina, N. Y. is being envied by all her friends. She is Miss Rose Valente, of 142 Center Street. A reporter to-day asked her for the facts. She modestly refused to discuss the matter, and simply handed him the following letter which she wrote to a prominent educator and which fully explains her story.

"I write you this letter as a statement of my success after



MISS ROSE VALENTE

taking your instruction in bookkeeping and to inform you how pleased I am with the position you secured for me.

When I first wrote to you, I had no idea that bookkeeping could be learned so thoroughly and so easily by correspondence. My friends laughed at the idea, and I had always thought it necessary to attend a business college to learn bookkeeping, but such is positively not the case. I devoted from one-half hour to an hour to the study each evening, and in three weeks time, I had a much better knowledge of bookkeeping than the average student who attends a business college during the same period. I know this to be true because I questioned a young man who was taking a course in a first-class business college, and he did not begin to have the practical information I had.

As soon as I finished the course, I accepted a position that you gave me. I went to work with a great deal of nervousness. After the first day this passed away because I quickly found out that the practical hints which you taught me enabled me to take hold at once, and by the second week I had charge of a set of books which would stagger many experienced bookkeepers. The fact that my employer has raised my salary twice within the past three months is the best proof that my work has been satisfactory. I advise any one who anticipates taking a course in bookkeeping, to take your course It would be impossible for any one to attend a business college and get the same attention that you give your students. I have learned that if one attends a business college, he is filled full of a lot of fancy theories that amount to nothing when he begins practical work. Your course covers the entire field. When I accepted this position I seemed to have just exactly the knowledge I required.

The advantage in taking a course by correspondence is that when you wish to refer to it, you always have it handy, while in taking a personal course you must depend upon memory. During the first few days, I was compelled to refer to the course. After I did this a few times, I had no trouble.

I enclose an express money order to pay my tuition. Your offer is certainly a fair one. I should like to know the business college that will allow its students to pay their tuition after the college places them in a position. They do not do this.

You must pardon me if I appear too enthusiastic, but several of my friends treated this matter as a joke when I decided to take it up, and the joke is now on them. Had I gone to a business college I would not be through yet, and would have spent a great deal. As it now stands, I have a nice position, and did not have to pay a cent for instruction until you placed me in a position.

Again thanking you for what you have done for me, I am very gratefully yours, ROSE R. VALENTE."

Our free book, "How to Succeed in Business," started Miss Valente on the road to success. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after we place you in a position. It tells you about the most wonderful system of accounting ever discovered. It contains information that, more than anything else, will help you succeed in life.

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Use Good English

WALTER WELLESLEY

ACCORDING to a story current many years ago, Lawyer Brooks observed to Judge Rice that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the judge would consent to *set* late enough for him to finish them that evening.

"*Sit*, sir," said the judge; "not *set:* hens set."

"I stand corrected, sir," replied the lawyer, bowing.

Not long afterwards, the judge, while giving an opinion in a marine case, asked, in regard to a certain ship, "At what wharf does she *lay?*"

"*Lie*, may it please your honor," said Mr. Brooks; "not *lay:* hens lay."

The story passed as a model in its line, and was even used in school reading books as a good illustration of the proper use of words; yet, if the leading dictionaries are correct, the judge erred in his use of *set* as badly as in his use of *lay*.

Webster defines *sit* thus, in this connection: "To incubate; to cover and warm eggs for hatching, as a fowl." He illustrates this by the following quotation from Jeremiah XVII., 11: "As the partridge *sitteth* on eggs, and hatcheth them not." He compares *set* with *sit*, and says the former is the "factitive" or "causative" verb of the latter, beginning his definition of *set* thus: "To cause to sit; to seat; to make to assume a specified position; to give site or place to; to place; to put; to fix." Thus it appears that a poulterer *sets* a hen, and that the latter, if willing, *sits* on the eggs, hatching them in due time. This distinction is generally accepted, but the Boston "Herald" seems to consider it unsound, as in the following recent editorial:—

Caroline H. Dall, with true womanly fervor and sympathy, pitches into the author of one of the new books for children for writing about a hen sitting on eggs. Hens do n't sit. They set, even as doth the sun.

Does the "Herald" speak in entire good faith, or with covert sarcasm? To set "as doth the sun" is, according to Webster: "To pass below the horizon; to go down; to decline; to sink." Does an incubating fowl do these things?

Another prominent New England daily newspaper, ordinarily very careful in its use of words, says that the famous "Old Ironsides," or "Constitution," "lays" at a certain wharf.

▲ ▲

The metropolitan newspaper reports of the banquet given, on the fourth of last January, to Mayor George B. McClellan, of Greater New York, quote these two curious sentences from a speech by ex-Governor David B. Hill, of the Empire State:—

"The provisions of a treaty not yet ratified by the United States senate, made with a mushroom government established in a single night, are already invoked, wherein we assume the protection of that lilliputian government in its independence, and thereby *a treaty not yet in force is attempted to be given a retroactive effect* and made an excuse for offensive demonstrations against a republic with which we are at peace. It is clear that an unwise and dangerous precedent is being created, but above and beyond this *there is being violated our national honor*, which should be dearer to us than all the commercial enterprises in the world."

Mr. Hill is usually very accurate in his sentences, but in this instance his political zeal evidently led him to overlook his language. Perhaps, like Artemus Ward, he would excuse or justify his peculiar forms of expression by asking: "Why care for grammar as long as we are good?" Even a good critic, however, in drawing up an indictment against a president of the United States, should give a little passing thought to his words, or his indictment may prove to be self-quashing from lack of clearness.

▲ ▲

The Providence "Journal" devotes a column to an editorial on "Arguing about an Iota," in which it berates the "sentimentality," "silliness," and "juggling of the two little words, 'of' and 'from,'" of those who assert that those two prepositions have their ordinary meaning as used in the "Spooner Law," approved June 28, 1902. I quote all the clauses containing the words under consideration, with sufficient fullness to show their intent:—

"The President is hereby authorized to acquire *from* the Republic of Colombia, for and on behalf of the United States, upon such terms as he may deem reasonable, perpetual control of a strip of land, the territory *of* the Republic of Colombia," etc. "The President may acquire such additional territory and rights *from* Colombia," etc. "When the President * * * shall have obtained by treaty control of the necessary territory *from* the Republic of Colombia, * * * he is authorized to pay * * * *to* the Republic of Colombia," etc. "Should the President be unable to obtain * * * *of* the Republic of Colombia, * * * within a reasonable time and upon reasonable terms," he is directed to negotiate with Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

On August 12, 1903, Colombia rejected the treaty, and on September 21 the time for exchanging ratifications concerning it expired. Panama revolted on November 3. A treaty with the new power was signed in Washington on November 18, ratified by Panama on December 2, and presented to the United States senate, for ratification, December 7.

Without doubt there are many sound legal, commercial, and political arguments adducible in favor of the course thus far pursued in the Panama Canal matter, but the claim that "of" and "from," in the Spooner Law, apply to Panama as well as to Colombia does not seem to be one of them. Possibly the "Journal" felt the weakness of its plea rather keenly, or it might not have bestowed its epithets so freely upon those who do not share its views.

▲ ▲

Negligence is often improperly used for *neglect*. The former is a habit; the latter an act. "His *negligence* was

Good English Pays

Do you know that Marshall Field & Co. pay their employees $1 for every error in English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house? Nowadays nothing hurts a man's ***prestige*** with the educated like careless English. Moreover, the best correspondents are no longer willing to write their letters in the ***time-worn commercial jargon*** of half intelligible commercial phrases. A good letter, business or social, should be simple, smooth, easy, winning, like the voice of a good salesman.

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the source of all his misfortunes, but by his *neglect* he lost an opportunity."

To say that a person has *natural talent* is tautological. All talent is *natural.*

"A man by the name of Smith" is only a clumsy way of saying "A man named Smith."

In must not be used for *into,* after verbs denoting entrance. "'Will you walk *into*' [not *in,*] 'my parlor?' said the spider to the fly."

The word *between* is applicable to two objects only; *among,* to three or more. "A father divided a portion of his property *between* his two sons; the rest he distributed *among* the poor."

A thing is *entire* when it wants none of its parts; *complete,* when it lacks none of its appendages. A man may have an *entire* house to himself, and yet not have one *complete* apartment.

Ralcy Husted Bell, in "The Worth of Words," says: "He was *accorded* a reception' is clearly wrong. "*Given* is the right verb. *Accord* means *agree, suit, in harmony with:* it is often used instead of *grant.*"

Properly speaking, *enough* has reference to the quantity one wishes to have; *sufficient,* to that which he needs. The former, therefore, generally implies more than the latter. A miser may have *sufficient,* but never has *enough.*

The following sentence recently appeared in a daily newspaper: "Witness commenced by saying he had met deceased previous to going to Williams'." If it had been correctly written, it would have read: "The witness began by saying that he had met the late Mr. Blank previously to his going to Williams's;" or, better still, "before he went to Williams's."

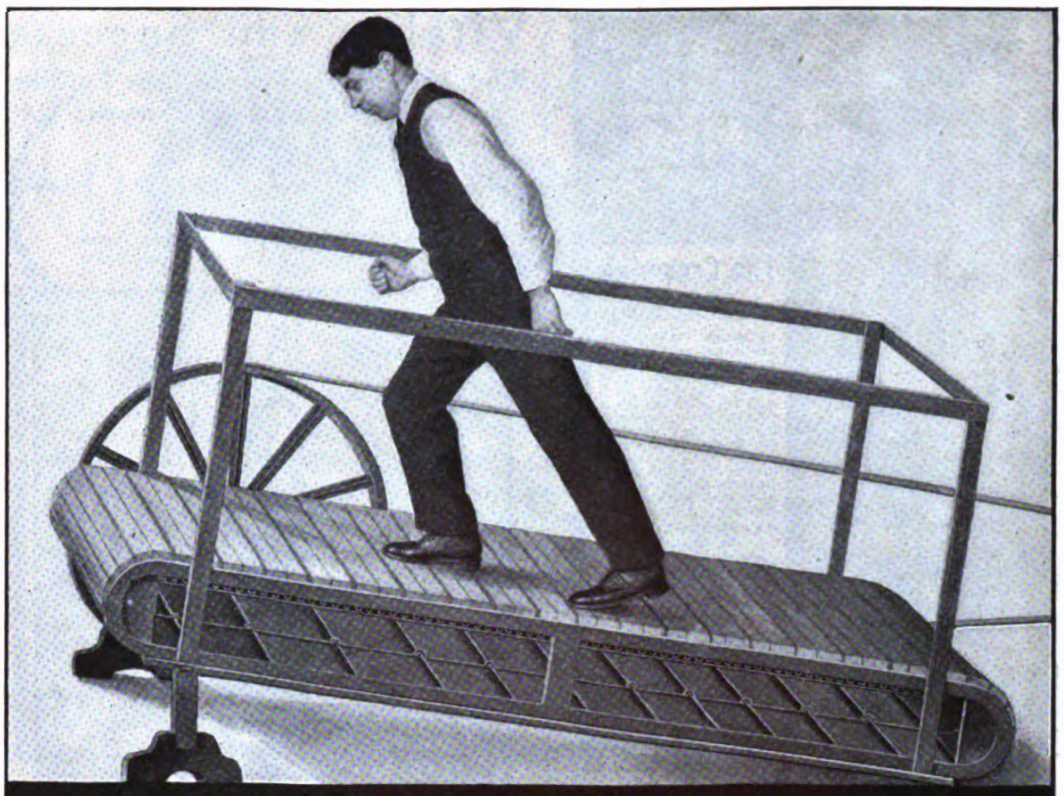
"Simplicity is no less essential to sublimity than conciseness," says G. P. Quackenbos. "Longinus and all critics from his time to the present have concurred in attributing the highest sublimity to the verse in Genesis which describes the creation of light: 'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.' But exchange its simplicity for misplaced ornament, as, 'The sovereign arbiter of nature, by the potent energy of a single word, commanded light to exist, and immediately it sprang into being,' and the sound is indeed magnified, but the sentiment is degraded, and the grandeur gone."

How some British Names Should Be Pronounced

ABERGAVENNY, *Abergen'ny;* Ayscough, *Ask'ew;* Bagehot, *Bag'got;* Beaconsfield, *Bec'consfield;* Beauchamp, *Bee'cham;* Beauclerc, *Bo'clare* or *Bo'cleer;* Beaulieu, *Bew'ly;* Bellingham, *Bel'linjum;* Belvoir, *Bee'ver;* Berkeley, *Bark'ly;* Berkshire, *Bark'shire;* Bertie, *Bar'ty;* Bethune, *Bee'tun;* Bicester, *Bis'ter;* Birkbeck, *Bur'bek;* Blount, *Blunt;* Blyth, *Bly;* Boisragon, *Bor'ragon;* Boleyn, *Bul'len;* Bolingbroke, *Bul'lingbrook;* Bourchier, *Bow'cher;* Breadalbane, *Bredawl'bin;* Brougham, *Broo'um;* Burtchalle, *Bir'chell;* Cadogan, *Cadug'gan;* Carnegie, *Carneg'gie* or *Carnay'gie;* Chaworth, *Char'worth;* Cholmondeley, *Chum'ly;* Circencester, *Sis'sester;* Claverhouse, *Clay'verse;* Clowes, *Clooz;* Cockburn, *Co'burn;* Colclough, *Coke'ly;* Colquhoun, *Cohoon';* Conyngham, *Cun'ningham;* Courtenay, *Curt'ny;* Creighton or Crichton, *Cry'tun;* Dalzell, *Dee-ell'* or *Dalyell';* De Moleyns, *Dem'moleens';* Derby, *Dar'by;* Desart, *Des'sert;* De Voeux, *De Vo';* Dillwyn, *Dil'lun;* Dumaresq, *Doo'mer'rick;* Eyre, *Air;* Farquharson, *Fark'erson* or *Fark'werson;* Fermanagh, *Ferman'ner;* Feversham, *Fav'vershum;* Fiennes, *Fynes;* Foules, *Fowls;* Froude, *Frood;* Gallagher, *Gal'laher;* Geoghegan, *Gay'gun;* Giffard, *Jif'furd;* Gildea, *Gilday'* or *Gil'dy;* Gilzean, *Gileen';* Glamys, *Glams;* Harcourt, *Har'cut;* Harenc, *Haron';* Heathcote, *Heth'cut;* Heneage, *Hen'nidge;* Hepburn, *Heb'burn;* Hertford, *Har'ford;* Hervey, *Har'vy;* Hobart, *Hub'bert;* Iveagh, *I'vah;* Jekyll, *Jee'kul* or *Jeck'ul;* Jervis, *Jar'vis;* Keighley, *Kee'ley* or *Ky'ly;* Keightley, *Keet'ly;* Ker, *Kar;* Knollys, *Noles;* Leicester, *Les'ter;* Leveson-Gower, *Loo'sun-Gore;* McCorquodale, *Mackor'kerdale;* M'Eachern, *M'Ek'krun;* M'Gillycuddy, *Ma'clicuddy;* Maclachlan, *Maclock'lun;* Maclean, *Maclain';* Macleod, *Macloud';* Macmahon, *Macmahn',* a as in father; Magheramorne, *Mar'ramorn;* Mahan or Mahon, *Mahoon'* or *Mahn,* a as in father; Mainwaring, *Man'nering;* Majoribanks, *Marsh'banks;* Marylebone, *Mar'rabun;* Menzies, *Ming'ies* or *Meen'yes;* Milnes, *Mills;* Montgomery, *Mungum'ery;* Moray, *Mur'ry;* Ogilvy, *O'glevie;* O'Morchoe, *O'Mur'roo;* Norwich, *Nor'ridge;* Pepys, *Peeps* or *Peps;* Prideaux, *Pree'do* or *Prid'dux;* Reay, *Ray;* Ruthven, *Riv'ven;* St. Clair, *Sin'clair;* St. John, *Sin'jun;* St. Leger, *Sil'lenger* or *Sint Led'jer;* St. Maur, *See'more* or *St. More;* Sanquhar, *San'ker;* Scrymgeour, *Scrim'jer;* Strahan or Strachan, *Strawn;* Talbot, *Tor'but;* Taliaferro, *Tol'liver;* Thames, *Tems;* Tollemache, *Tol'mash;* Tyrwhitt, *Tir'ritt;* Tyssen, *Ty'sun;* Urquhart, *Ur'kut;* Warwick, *Wor'rick;* Wemyss, *Weems;* Wrensfordsley, *Wrens'ley;* Wrottesley, *Rox'ly;* Yerburgh, *Yar'borough.*

Perils of the Sponge-Fishery

ONE would not think that fishing for sponges is an especially dangerous task, but it appears that those who depend on it for a living are subject to a painful and serious malady which is now known to be caused by a small parasite of the sponge. This is a little marine creature, sometimes not more than half an inch long, but furnished with tentacles that secrete a particularly virulent poison, which it uses to paralyze its prey. When the naked body of a diver comes in contact with this creature the first symptoms are nausea and a burning sensation. This may be followed by inflammation, the falling off of the skin, and deep-seated and persistent abscesses. The fishers use the dried body of the parasite to poison animals, which it does rapidly and effectively, the dog or cat that eats it dying in convulsions in a few minutes. The specific poisons of this venom, two in number, have just been isolated by a French chemist. One of them, "thalassine," enjoys the distinction of being the first toxin to be obtained in the crystalline state.



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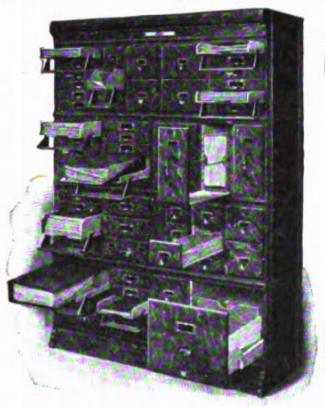
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[Editor of "Health Culture," New York; Author of "Common Disorders," "Physical Training," etc.]



Figure 1

IN a former article the question, "Can a man increase his vitality?" was answered in the affirmative; and it was further stated that such increase in the vital forces is to be gained not by any complex or fantastic procedure, but by learning and complying with the simple, fundamental laws governing the operations of the human organism. It was observed that a certain type of body and a certain peculiar method of moving it about are characteristic of men of great vitality; and it was stated that, to a great extent, if not, indeed, to the greatest extent, this type of body and this method of using it can be developed. In this and the forthcoming articles of this series I shall consider in the most brief and practical way, the methods by which vitality may be increased.

A keen observer, noting merely external appearances, would divide all human beings into two great classes, the erect and the inerect,—the erect with straight bodies, flat backs, and broad, deep chests, the inerect with curved spines, protruding shoulder blades, hollow backs, and flat, narrow chests. Observing more closely, it would be seen that the former are strong, active, and enduring, and that the latter are weak, listless, and inert,—that the former are dominant, the latter subservient. Every man and every woman belong to one or the other of these two classes. The art of tailors and dressmakers may give artificial lines, but under the clothes is the real man, and it is the real man that counts.

Nature makes her bodies aright. The babies all start with fine, straight spines, big chests, and beautiful, graceful movements. From the first, however, they are subjected to influences which tend to displace the head and neck, to contract the bulging but elastic chest, and to stiffen the limbs. Tight clothing about necks, waists, and chests, bending over desks or workbenches, breathing bad air, and participation in many sports and exercises such as cycling and rowing, when carried to excess,—all these influences, and many others that might be mentioned combine to destroy the natural contours of our bodies, to reduce the space in which the organs are to do their work, and so to minimize our vitality-making powers.



Figure 2

To such an extent is this true that very few men or women reach adult life with normal bodies. In an examination covering several thousand people of all classes, in various parts of the country, the writer found less than one per cent. of normal figures; that is to say, ninety-nine out of a hundred people have curvature of the spine.

This may seem an incredible statement to some. If so, there is a simple test by which its correctness may be established. Let the person to be tested stand with his or her back against the edge of an open door. If, while the heels and back of the head are touching the edge of door, the entire length of the back also touches the door, the figure is correct. If, however, while the



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Figure 3

heels and head are against the edge, the "small of the back" bends away from the door, the figure is incorrect. One with such an incorrect figure can never possess the greatest vitality.

The important practical point is that the bent figure can be straightened; the warped, contracted chest can be expanded and made so full that the contained organs will be uplifted and given room in which to do properly their work of generating vital force. In effecting this change three things are necessary: freedom from pressure of clothing, simple food, and special exercise. I shall deal, at present, with the exercises specially adapted to uplifting and expanding the body, and so increasing its product of vital force. These exercises are the outcome of some years of careful study and a wide experience in the treatment of men and women desiring increased vitality, and the practical results of their application would seem to warrant a high degree of confidence in them. They have not yet failed in any instance to lead to a marked increase in both mental and physical power.

As to the time given to their practice, and as to the number of times each movement is to be executed, no general rule can be given to cover all cases. The stretchings should be taken with just about (and no more than,) the degree of force applied to good, comfortable yawning and stretching. No exercise should ever call for more mental or physical effort than this. A natural stretch is one of nature's own exercises. Exercise should be followed not by fatigue, but by exhilaration. The first sensation of fatigue or discomfort should be the sign to stop and rest.

EXERCISE No. 1

STAND with the feet nearly together, the arms hanging naturally by the side. Take a slow, gentle, full breath, at the same time raising the arms, with the palms upward, straight out at the sides, so that, when the lungs are fully inflated, the arms will be extended straight out horizontally. (See Figure 1.) Then, holding the breath, stretch the arms outward as if trying to touch both walls at the same time. After a few seconds of firm stretching, exhale the breath gently, relax the muscles, and return to the first position.

For deepening and expanding the chest, for replacing the bones of the chest and the shoulders, and so far increasing vitality, this exercise is of the greatest value Care should be taken not to make the stretch too hard.

EXERCISE No. 2

STAND with the feet slightly apart. Take a slow, deep breath, at the same time raising the arms and face straight up toward the ceiling. Then, holding the breath, stretch firmly upward as if trying to grasp something just beyond the reach. After a few seconds exhale the breath, relax, and return to the first position.

This exercise does all that is accomplished by Exercise No. 1, and in addition straightens the curved spine and "sets up" the head and neck.

EXERCISE No. 3

STAND easily, the feet slightly apart, and the arms hanging. Now, without moving, inhale a slow, deep breath. Then, holding the breath, turn the body, as on a pivot, to the right side as far as possible, so that the muscles of the legs, trunk, and neck are firmly stretched. (See Figure 2.) After a few seconds of stretching, exhale the breath, relax the muscles, and return to the original position.

Then proceed in the same manner, turning to the other side.

EXERCISE No. 4

STAND with the feet slightly apart, the arms hanging at the sides. Take breath slowly and gently, at the same time lifting the hands straight upward at the sides. Then, without holding the breath, gently shake, letting the hands sink.

EXERCISE No. 5

STAND with the feet close together. Keep the knees firmly back throughout the exercise. Exhale the breath in a gentle sigh, allowing the head to fall upon the breast. Than let the body follow, keeping the arms hanging loosely until the hands are near the floor, with the head also hanging limp. (See Figure 4.) After a moment slowly return to the first position.

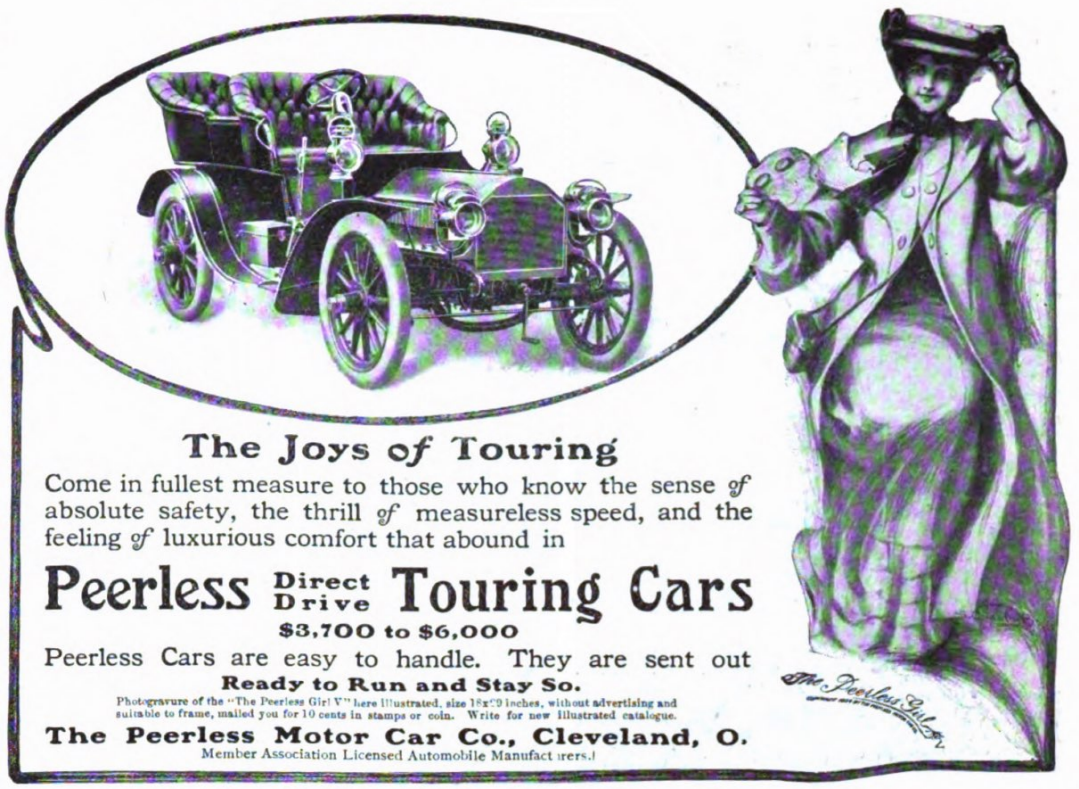
The point in this exercise is to relax all the muscles and let the body, head, and arms hang limply forward without bending the knees.

The movement is exceedingly restful to any one who is fatigued or excited; besides which it is valuable in removing the concave curves so common at the back of the knees and the small of the back. *Protruding shoulder blades, hollow* backs, and flat, narrow chests would be almost unknown if more attention were given to physical training.

The bodily condition will not only be greatly improved by the regular employment of these simple exercises, but the relaxation thus afforded will incite one to better mental exertion.



Figure 4



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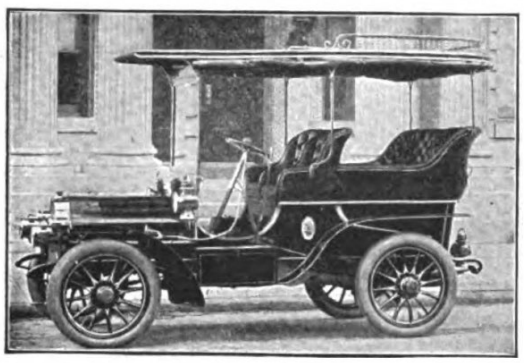
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Sand That Is Costly

J. K. WILSON

ONE day, about six or seven years ago, a discouraged man stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out over his scanty possessions down on Manhasset Neck, Long Island. His family was large, he was poor, and his little farm yielded just sufficient to supply the necessities of life. Two of the children were about ready for college, but he had no money with which to send them. Something must be done.

Just before him stretched great sand dunes down to the water's edge. A thought came suddenly to his mind. Tons of sand are used daily in New York City for building purposes. Why not ship some of this clean white sand before him to the city, and sell it to contractors and builders? Might not the venture bring him some return, at least enough to solve the problem of the school money?

With hopeful determination he began the opening up of America's greatest sand field, and an industry which has netted within the time mentioned about three million dollars. The modest ambition of the original pioneer was so much more than realized that not only he but also many others have amassed considerable fortunes, while land on Long Island which was worth not more than twenty-five or thirty dollars an acre, for farming purposes, has leaped in value to one thousand, or even one thousand, five hundred dollars an acre, on account of its sand banks.

The work began on a small scale, and in the most primitive way. The sand was merely dug, shoveled into cars, dumped onto barges, and towed to New York City. No attempt was made to separate it from loam or gravel or other foreign substances; that was done by the purchaser, who was obliged to screen it before mixing it for mortar. But an enterprising dealer increased his market and secured a better price by furnishing sand screened, clean, and ready for use. The idea "took," and, in a short time, he had the market at his disposal.

This led to a radical change in the methods of operation. The sand is still towed to New York City in barges, but that is about the only part of the old way of working that remains. Spades and carts have been displaced by machinery. The sand is screened, nowadays, and washed free from loam and foreign substances, and separated into different grades,—fine, rough, and gravel. One concern uses a centrifugal blowing machine that turns a blast of air on the sand and blows it into the screens and washers. Another, the largest on Long Island, and one of the largest in the United States, has an ingenious drying arrangement, consisting of an endless belt, which carries a steady stream of washed and screened sand into a shed built over the water, and passes it on to a red-hot metal service, where all moisture is evaporated in a few seconds, and from which it falls through a chute into a barge. Still another has discarded steam and horse power for electricity, and has constructed a trolley line by which it hauls all its sand to screens and washers, and thence to waiting boats.

The chief center of the sand industry is Hempstead Harbor, on Long Island Sound. From this place, with its dozen or more sand banks, about sixteen thousand tons of sand are shipped daily. The principal market is, of course, New York City, but large quantities are sent elsewhere, notably to Philadelphia, Boston, and other eastern cities.

The average working crew on a sand bank is about forty men, although some have much larger forces, one of the Hempstead banks carrying on its pay roll over three hundred names. The employees are largely Italians. The average daily output of a bank employing forty men is from one thousand to one thousand, five hundred tons, or from three hundred thousand to four hundred and fifty thousand tons a year. The net profit is from six to eight cents a ton,—a small sum, at first thought; but, when multiplied by the figures just given, it shows the sand business to be lucrative. Thus, a concern shipping one thousand, five hundred tons a day, or four hundred and fifty thousand a year, finds on its books a balance to its credit of at least one hundred dollars a day, or thirty thousand dollars a year. It is estimated that the sand banks at Hempstead Harbor produce a total net profit of nearly or quite four hundred thousand dollars annually.

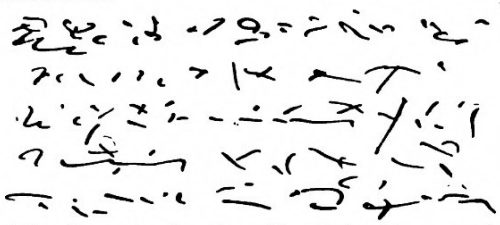
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The lady was a stranger to Mr. Benton, but he wished to aid her, and thought a provincial paper might be able, possibly, to give some small pay to secure the distinction of having its "own foreign correspondent." In writing rapidly on her behalf his chirography, notable for its normal badness, became superlatively like Chinese.

Mark Twain, however, replied to the letter intelligently in a plain script, and evidently had caught its full substance; but in the very middle of his long reply he penned what follows:—



Then he returned to the subject before him, not quite finished, with a few additional words,—all as plainly written as at first,—leaving the blind paragraph to carry its own meaning and moral.

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THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

YUCATAN has an area of about forty-six thousand square miles, with a population, according to most recent estimates, of about three hundred and fifty thousand. Therefore, its density of population is less than one inhabitant for every eighth of a square mile. It is most thickly inhabited in the northern part, which is a low, flat, semi-barren land, partially covered with a stunted growth of trees. Everything appears dwarfed. It is without rivers, or streams of any kind, and in the dry season the tropic sun burns its parched plains with all the fierceness with which it beats upon the Sahara Desert. Yet it is stated that this seemingly unproductive country is producing more money *per capita* than any other part of the world.

Before our steamer had anchored off Progreso, we were informed that we must pay four dollars, Mexican currency, for being carried ashore. Passengers desirous of running down to Merida (for they say it is in a hole a hundred feet below sea level,) held up their hands at the exhorbitant charge, declaring that they would not pay it.

"That is nothing," said a native Yucatan passenger; "it will cost you four dollars for a dinner at Merida, and it is doubtful if there be a respectable hotel in the city."

"Why, what kind of country have we struck?" exclaimed one.

"A country where there is scarcely anything to eat, yet no one starves," was the reply; "a country where there are no hotels, because each traveler stops with his friends; a country where the price of labor is low, but where there is scarcely any to be had at any price; a country where you may see Indians stalking about the streets, with their money in their hands, looking for a place to spend it,—in short, it is a country where, if you find anything that you want, or must have, you either get it for nothing, or else the price is high."

The Rich Work with the Poor

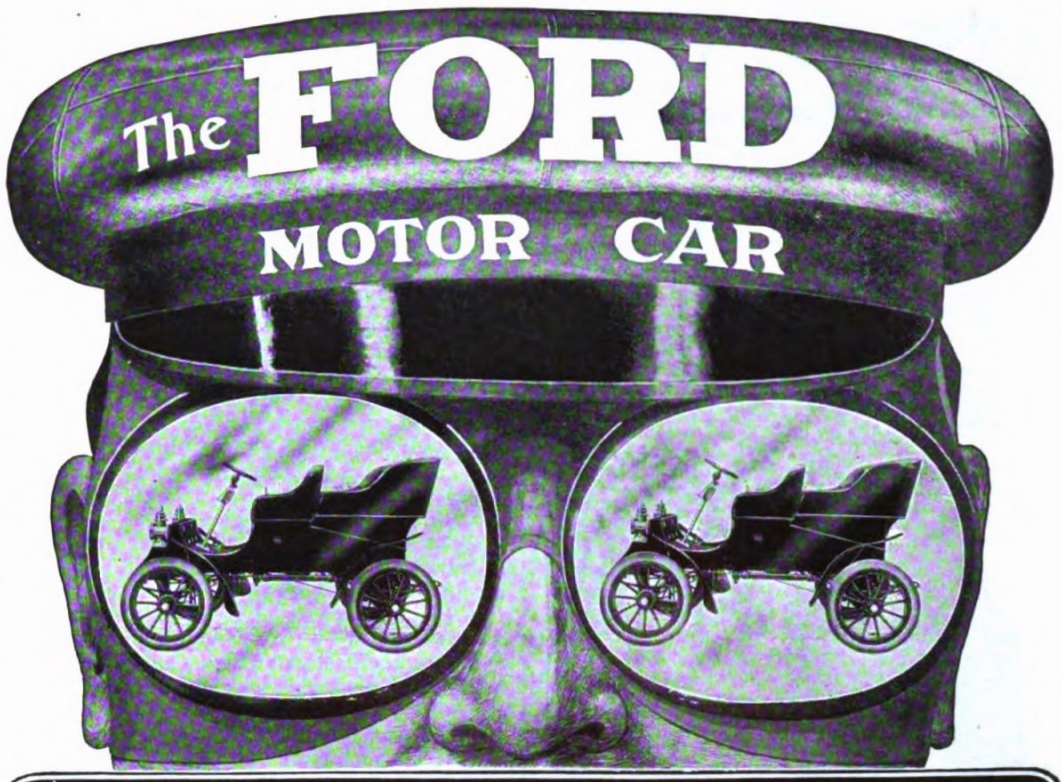
A Balize creole took me ashore in his sailboat. We became friends at once, because I knew his country as well as he did himself. Poverty and inability to make a living had driven him out of it, but now he was making money and was enthusiastic. Pointing to a man going along the street with his shirt outside his trousers, a straw hat on his head, and sandals on his otherwise naked feet, a dollar and a half being a fair valuation for the entire outfit in any other country, my boatman said:—

"That man is one of the rich ones; no one knows what he is worth. It is many thousand dollars, yet he works just as hard as any of us."

I was accosted by a well-dressed Chinaman speaking pigeon English. He was buying cigars, and he bought the best. With the air of a prosperous merchant, he handed me his card with the information that I would find his hotel the best and cleanest in Merida. If that was so, then I pity those who are obliged to patronize others. When I arrived at the designated house in Merida, a two-story edifice all out of repair, I was shown to a room by a red-headed lady from the Danish West Indies, who explained that the hotel belonged to herself and her husband, who were just starting in business. The husband proved to be a freckled-faced man with an evident strain of negro blood in his veins, who was cutting fat pork and measuring out black beans at the foot of a stairway as if for dear life, having tumbled his boxes of stuff within the entrance, making of it a sort of extempore provision store.

Where the Dust of Ages Had Collected

I have n't the slightest doubt that, if the hotel had belonged to the Chinaman, he would have kept it cleaner than the lady with the crimson hair, (for it was as red a head as I have ever seen, and her face also, like her husband's, was freckled.) The room which she showed me she said was her best. It was a large front room with balconied windows opening upon a little *plaza*. It contained a piano upon which you could write your name, so thickly was it covered with dust. The bricks in



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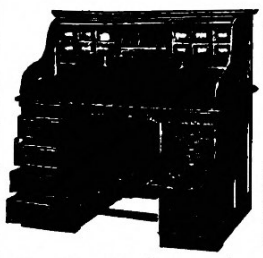
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the floor were loose, and in one corner was a rickety iron bed with a sagging wire spring covered with a cloth in lieu of a mattress, and a thick cotton mosquito bar fastened up at one end, with no place to secure the other. For this accommodation I was required to pay two dollars and a half a night, and procure my food where best I could.

From the balcony I observed a policeman dressed like a bandmaster. He appeared to be on duty, and to make himself comfortable he had borrowed a chair, in which he was sitting under a tree. But he was not a Yucateco; he was a Mexican.

The city streets were unpaved and filled with dust, the fine particles of which seemed to light upon everything except the people themselves, who were scrupulously clean. I was told that in the rainy season these same streets are filled with mud instead of dust, even up to the hubs of carriage wheels, and that to cross them it is often necessary to do so on the backs of Indians. This is because the city is below sea level, and has no drainage system whatever.

What a city of contrarieties! There the horses eat trees instead of grass, and everything is dirty except the interior of the houses, and the people. The dwellings appear, on the outside, dilapidated, dust-covered, and dirty, but within there is an airy freshness about most of them, and some are veritable palaces furnished with all the comforts money can buy.

Dusky women hurried about the streets, barefooted; but such feet! They were as delicate and well kept as their hands, which are exceedingly small. These women were clothed in spotless white tunic-like garments, richly embroidered at the hems, and they wore long gold chains hanging from their necks with a solid gold cross dangling at the end. Some of them wore blue mantles, or shawls, thrown loosely over their arms and shoulders, and occasionally one passed with her delicate feet thrust into a pair of pointed white satin slippers.

The men appeared as cleanly dressed as the women. Their straw hats were whole and clean. White shirts outside of their white trousers had the appearance of just having been washed and ironed, and the straps holding their leather sandals to their feet were often ornamented. I asked the price of one of the hats in the market place, and of a pair of the sandals. The hat was four dollars and a half, and the sandals were two and one-half a pair. In the interior of Guatemala I have purchased similar things for twelve and one-half cents.

Poultry, on Feast Days, Is unusally High

It was All Saints' Day, and the occasion was being celebrated by eating a kind of dish called *pipipolla*. It was mentioned everywhere, and women were hurrying about with it. I was told that it is a kind of chicken pie made with a corn-meal crust, wrapped in a banana leaf and baked in the ground, and served only on this feast day. With a curiosity to try this novel dish, I called for some at the restaurant where I got my dinner. The waiter replied promptly that it was not on the bill of fare, as it was only prepared by the Indians, and it would be necessary to send out for it.

"Very well," said I, "send and get some."

"You can not get some," said he; "you have to take a whole one."

"Send and get a whole one, then."

"Five dollars," said he, and he held out his hand for the money.

My curiosity was satisfied, and I ate in peace the eggs which he served me, worth seventy-five cents a dozen in the market.

A fellow passenger was buying hides and desired me to assist him as interpreter, so we called upon a dealer whose address he had. We were greeted by a lithe little man just in the act of opening a *pipipolla*, or one of the chicken pies, and in a smooth, affable way, he invited us to have some. My friend, more anxious to discuss hides than the contents of a Maya pie, insisted upon plying him with questions concerning that commodity, but the little man appeared willing to discuss almost everything else but hides. Figures exacted from him he gave us, some of which the hide buyer jotted down, and, looking them over when we got into the street, he said, nonchalantly:—

"The fellow was stuffing us; why, I can buy hides cheaper than that in New York."

I had heard of the celebrated *cenotes* of Yucatan, the underground deposits of water, usually at a great depth, from which the people obtain their supply. I was directed to one on the outskirts of the city, used as a bath. Entering a very ordinary house, which would be called a hut in the United States, I addressed a barefooted man swinging idly

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in his hammock. In compliance with my request to see the *cenote*, another man escorted me to a garden back of the house, where, pointing to a flight of steps, he bade me descend into the earth. I went down into what appeared to be a natural cavern with one of its rocky sides hewn away, admitting the light from above, and the steps were also cut in the solid rock. It was almost like going suddenly down into a frigid zone, and there, at the bottom, swimming and splashing about in the cold, green water, were two Indians enjoying themselves. It was a picturesque sight.

Returning to the house, the man in the hammock wanted to know where I was from, and, when I had told him, he remarked:—

"New York is a great city, full of business, but Paris is better for one who seeks enjoyment," and then he went on discussing the merits of the two cities as compared with Southampton and London, with the air of one familiar with them.

"Then you are acquainted with those cities," said I.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "I occasionally take a trip abroad; one gets tired staying here, you know; but then, when one gets away, he is always glad to get back home again."

Long before visiting Yucatan proper, I had heard from Mexicans that it is considered by them as their most advanced state, and its people as the most enlightened, clever, and cultured, and now I found them disclaiming that they were Mexicans at all.

"We are Yucatecos," they would say, with an air of independent pride, "and not Mexicans at all," and indeed I found them differing as greatly from the people of Mexico as a Chinaman differs from a Japanese.

The Spaniards found the Aztecs, on the high tablelands of Mexico, comparatively easy of conquest, but the Mayas of Yucatan resisted conquest until their thickly populated country was nearly depopulated, and fifteen years after the conquest of Mexico they had driven the last Spaniard out of the peninsula. At the present day the faces of these Mayas are marked by a degree of intelligence scarcely ever seen in the countenances of the Indian inhabitants of Mexico, and in the streets of Merida they all appeared bent upon some mission, or as having something to do.

The Mayas Are very Alert in the Face of Danger

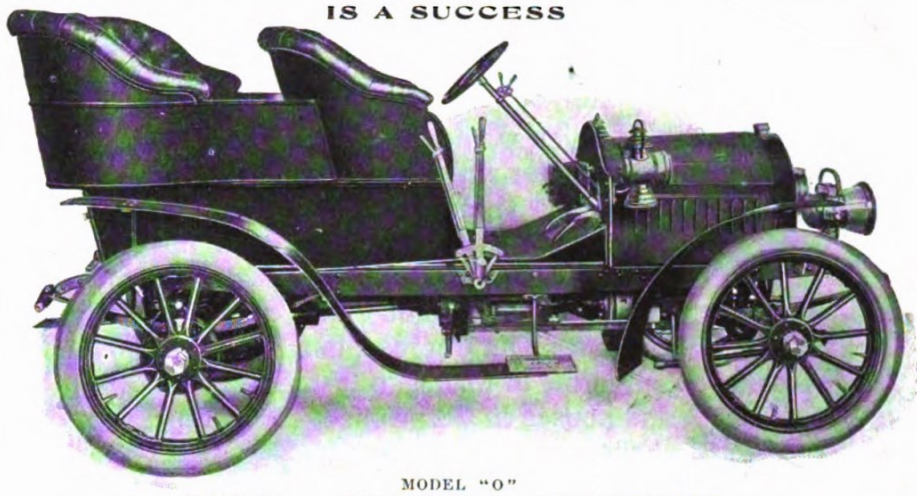
In Mexico City the average Indian is so stupid that he does not appear to have sense enough to get out of the way of a modern electric car, and I was told that scarcely a week passes but one or two are run over and killed. But the Mayas of Yucatan are alert. Their finely chiseled features, small hands and feet, and delicate limbs, are pointed to as denoting the descendants of a highly cultured and civilized race. While the Indians of the high tablelands of Mexico have learned the language of their conquerors, and are fast losing their own, the Mayas impressed theirs on the conquerors, so that at the present day their language may be said to be the universal language of the country. While everybody speaks Maya, only one-fifth of the people who pretend to have any white blood in them speak Spanish.

The Mayas appear to be a frugal, but not an abstemious race. They are industrious without being stingy, and their personal cleanliness is remarkable. I do not recall seeing either a dirty or a ragged Indian in Yucatan; while, on the other hand, I do not remember seeing in Mexico City one who had the appearance of being clean, or was not in rags. I was told at Merida that a Maya bathes daily, either in one of their frigid underground streams, or maybe with only a calabash of water, and I saw them, frequently, stepping to the door after eating and rinsing their mouths with clean, cold water. This function is performed as diligently as a Mohammedan says his prayers.

In Merida I found that they who inhabit the city are called Mestizos. I can ascertain no reason for this, other than because the opinion prevails that they have a slight admixture of Spanish blood, but this I doubt. I visited several of their homes, and photographed some of them. The women appeared more or less bashful, but the young men were light-hearted and gay, and, while they conversed with me in Spanish, they used Maya among themselves, and all appeared to have something to do.

I entered one house where the master, a goldsmith, was hammering out his little bits of gold, making a chain and cross such as the women wear around their necks. I was told that there

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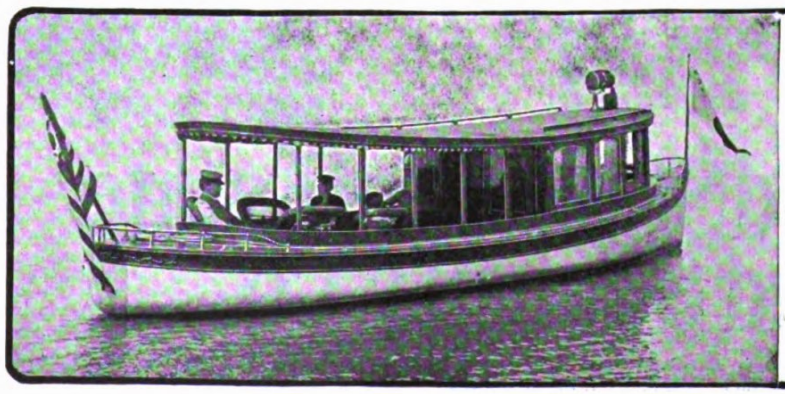

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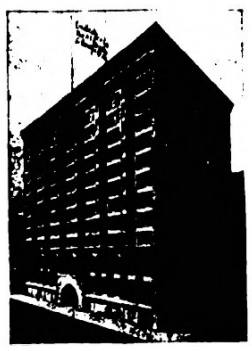
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are many of these goldsmiths, but the art the Mayas most excel in is cutting stone and building.

Yucatan Owes Its Prosperity to a Lack of Beds

It is sometimes said that a Maya is born, lives, and dies in his hammock. He certainly sleeps in his hammock, and never in a bed. It is to this fact alone, perhaps, that Yucatan owes its present prosperity. The Spaniards found the Indians making their hammocks from the fiber of a plant called *henequen*, a species of agave very much like our century plant. It was about the only thing the barren soil of the peninsula produced, except in the more remote parts of the interior, which, covered with a rich alluvial soil, are productive of maize and frijoles, the Indians' food. Subsequent experiments have conclusively proved that this barren soil of Northern Yucatan, with its burning sun, is the only one that produces this species of agave, or *henequen*, successfully, and to perfection.

The Spaniards continued growing it, probably because there was nothing else for them to grow. They mapped out large estates, as it was usual for them to do, enslaved the Indians, and kept them at work producing the meager supply of corn and beans necessary for their existence, and *henequen*. The fiber was spun by hand into string, cord, and rope. The Indians made beautiful hammocks from it, and it was woven into saddle bags, and even into a coarse kind of cloth. Slowly the fiber began to have a value abroad, but nothing of consequence until a comparatively recent date, when suddenly the landed proprietors, who had been growing it all these years, woke up to find themselves rapidly growing rich. They found a demand for their product with the price steadily going up, and they began concentrating their efforts upon growing it on a more extensive scale. Machinery was introduced for extracting the fiber from the leaf, and the production steadily increased.

The Wonderful Growth of Fiber-Cultivation

It is estimated that there are three hundred and fifty square miles of Yucatan's forty-six thousand under fiber-cultivation. The land is measured off in *mecates*, a *mecate* being a square twenty-four *varas*, or yards, each way. Suckers of the agave are set out in rows of twelve plants each, two *varas* apart; thus each *mecate* contains one hundred and forty-four plants, which yield, on the average, one hundred pounds of fiber yearly, worth, just now, ten cents a pound. After the land is cleared and the suckers set out, little remains to be done till five years have elapsed, when, under favorable circumstances, the cutting of the leaves begins. The peons go through the plantation, selecting the larger leaves, and taking them to the mill, where they are submitted to a scraping process, and the fiber is thrown out in long, silky handfuls.

In this country where the wealth of the few, and the practical slavery of the many, appear to march hand in hand, there is one circumstance which speaks volumes for the enterprise of the few who are surrounded by a people so averse to new enterprises and innovations. That is the construction of a network of railroads over their country which are in their own hands, built and being built with their own capital. Also, with the exception of a branch of the National Bank of Mexico, their several banks are in their own hands, controlled with their own capital.

The Traders in "Henequen" Are all Capitalists

They have also introduced machinery for manufacturing the hemp into twine, rope, sacks, etc., and, according to the "Statistical Bulletin" of Merida, there was exported during the five months from July to November, inclusive, of 1901, seven hundred and fourteen thousand, five hundred dollars' worth of the manufactured product. It is estimated that there are now in use, on the various *henequen* plantations, fully fourteen hundred machines for cleaning the fiber, and that there are at least twelve hundred plantations in the state devoted to its culture.

The *henequen* growers and traders recently proposed to enter into an agreement not to sell or ship any of the fiber below a price which they will determine. If the price in foreign markets, mainly New York, which consumes ninety per cent. of the exports of Yucatan, goes below a certain minimum, the idea is to hold the *henequen* until the demand causes a rise in the price. As the traders in *henequen* are all capitalists, they can afford to hold their product until it suits them to sell it.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



People Who Throw away Their Experience

"I HAVE no idea why that baby should have died," said an old-time physician, who had more zeal than skill, "for I tried everything, gave it every remedy I ever heard of, and yet it died."

A great many people who fail in life are like this old physician. They say they do n't know why they have failed, because they have tried eve ything. They do not realize that it is this very "trying everything" that has ruined them. Young men everywhere, who have plenty of success material in them, are killing their possibilities by constantly changing from one thing to another, shifting about without any definite purpose or plan, "trying everything."

Take, for example, one of those bright, typical youths who may be found in every community. He gets a job in a store, and works there for a month or two. Then he begins to grow restless; he thinks there are better opportunities in railroading than in storekeeping, so he secures work on a railroad. After a while he tires of this also, and goes to work on a farm for a season. He abandons the farm for the district schoolhouse. After teaching school for a term or two, he studies law a while, and after that, surveying. Then he throws up everything and goes to the West. There he works a short time in the mines, but he does n't strike "pay dirt," and he begins to grow disheartened and to wonder why he does n't succeed.

Succeed! How could he? Could the most versatile genius that ever lived succeed in becoming a practical storekeeper, railroad man, farmer, schoolteacher, lawyer, surveyor, and miner, all within the space of a few years?

A boy who attempts to do everything is like one who tries to roll a hundred snowballs at once. He takes a turn at each, but by the time he gets back to the one with which he started he finds that it has lost in bulk, and so on through the whole number. But he toils away, and presently boasts to a companion, who has rolled up one huge ball: "Oh, see, I have made a hundred little balls while you have made only one!"

"Yes, that is true," replied the other, "but I do n't want a hundred little balls; I could n't do anything with them. I want one large ball that I can use as a fort,—one that will protect me, if need be, from the biting cold and the falling snow! While you were scattering your efforts on a hundred different points, I concentrated mine on this one. I do n't see what use all those little bits of things are to you, and you 've spent just as much time on them as I 've spent on my fort. You see every time my ball turns over once it accumulates a hundred times more snow than all of yours. It gains force and momentum with every turn, while all the energy that you expend on your hundred balls is practically thrown away. They do not gather force and momentum as mine does. They will never amount to anything."

The principle involved in making a big, practical, effective snowball and a big, practical, effective man is the same. Concentrate your efforts and be something: scatter them and be nothing; you can take your choice.

If you want to amount to anything worth while, in the first place, go into the thing that Nature intended you for as soon as you can. Then stick to it, through thick and thin. Do n't go into it for a few months or a year or two, but for a life time. Stick and hang on no matter how hard it goes with you. Broaden, deepen, and enlarge your vocation, whether it is farming or building up a newspaper, until its expansion is equal to the abilities within you. This is the way to succeed. Hold on to your experience. It is valuable capital, and you throw it away every time you change your occupation.

Why They Are Poor

Their ideas are larger than their purses.

They think the world owes them a living.

They do not keep account of their expenditures.

They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

They reverse the maxim,—"Duty before pleasure."

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They have risked a competence in trying to get rich quickly.

They allow friends to impose upon their good nature and generosity.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not do to-day what they can possibly put off until to-morrow.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They do not dream that little mortgages on their homes can ever turn them out of doors.

They have indorsed their friends' notes or guaranteed payment just for accommodation.

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.

They think it will be time enough to begin to save for a rainy day when the rainy day comes.

The head of the house is a good man, but he has not learned to do business in a businesslike way.

The only thing the daughters accomplish is to develop fondness for smart clothes and expensive jewelry.

They do not realize that one expensive habit may introduce them to a whole family of extravagant habits.

They do not know that giving a full power-of-attorney to an agent or lawyer puts their property at his mercy.

On a six-hundred-dollar income, they try to compete in appearance with a two-thousand-dollar-a-year neighbor.

They subscribe for everything that comes along,—organs, lightning rods, subscription books, pictures, bric-a-brac,—anything they can pay for on the installment plan.

They have not been able to make much in the business they understand best, but have thought that they could make a fortune by investing in something they know nothing about.

The Belittler

BEWARE of people who are constantly belittling others, finding flaws and defects in their characters, or slyly insinuating that they are not quite what they ought to be. Such persons are dangerous, and not to be trusted. A disparaging mind is a limited, rutty, unhealthy mind. It can neither see nor acknowledge good in others. It is a jealous mind: it is positively painful to it to hear others spoken well of, praised, or commended for any virtue or good point. If it can not deny the existence of the alleged good, it will seek to minimize it by a malicious "if," or "but," or try in some other way to throw a doubt on the character of the person praised.

A large, healthy, normal mind will see the good in another much more quickly than the evil, but a narrow, belittling mind has an eye only for faults,—for the unlovely and the crooked. The clean, the beautiful, the true and the magnanimous are too large for its vision. It delights in tearing down or destroying, but it is incapable of upbuilding.

Whenever you hear a person trying to belittle another, discard him from your list of friends, unless you can help him to remedy his fault. Do not flatter yourself that those who tell you of the failings of other people, and criticise and hold them up to ridicule, will not treat you in the same way when an opportunity presents itself. Such people are incapable of true friendship, for true friendship helps, instead of hinders; it never exposes the weak point in a friend's character, or suffers any one to speak ill of him.

One of the finest fruits of culture is the power to see the man or woman whom God made in his own image, and not the one who is scarred by faults and deficiencies. It is only the generous, loving soul who ever attains to this degree of culture. It is only the broad, charitable, magnanimous, great-hearted man or woman who is blind to the defects of others, and enlarges their good qualities.

An opportunity of associating with people who see the best instead of the worst in us is worth far, far more to us than an opportunity to make money. It increases a hundredfold our power to develop noble characters.

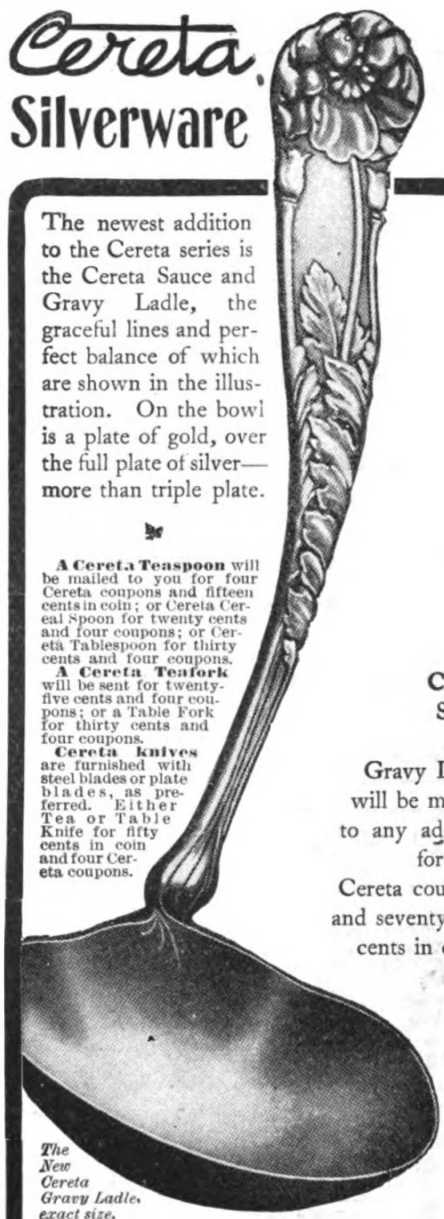
We are all of us constantly, but unconsciously, molding

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others by our thoughts about them. The qualities you see in your friend and those with whom you come in contact you tend to enlarge. If you see only the little, mean, contemptible side of people, you can not help them out of their faults, for you only intensify and fix them; but if you see the good, the noble, the aspiring traits in them, you will help to develop these qualities until they crowd out the base, unworthy ones.

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▲ ▲

The Watched Boy

DID you ever know a boy who was constantly watched, and whose every act was scrutinized with severity, to amount to anything? Did you ever know a watched boy who did not develop very undesirable qualities? Did you ever know any one who was habitually held under a microscope by a suspicious, exacting parent or teacher to develop a large, broad-minded, magnanimous character? There may be exceptions to the rule in this matter, as in all others, but you will find it true in general that children who are not trusted, and are not put on their honor, will grow into mean, narrow-minded, suspicious men and women.

Like begets like. By a natural law, all things seek their affinities. A critical, fault-finding, suspicious nature will awaken and call into action the worst qualities of those with whom it has dealings. Servants of employers of this kind sometimes become dishonest because suspicious thoughts are entertained concerning them so long that they begin to doubt their own integrity, and finally think they may as well have the game as the name. Boys who are conscious of being suspected all the time of doing wrong, of shirking their work, or of slighting their tasks, will come to think, after a while, that they are not worthy of trust, and that they must have some bad qualities, or parents and teachers would not regard them thus.

If there is one thing more necessary than another to the development of a strong, noble character, it is a sense of freedom. A boy must feel that he is trusted, that he is not held under constant suspicion, and that parents and teachers rely upon his honor and believe in his manliness and honesty of purpose, or he will become twisted and distorted from the manner of man that God meant him to be.

You will never get the most or the best your boy is capable of, while you watch and distrust him. The very thought that you are watching him makes him self-conscious, destroys his naturalness and spontaneity, and dampens his enthusiasm.

Advise your boy, love him, sympathize with him in his hopes and plans, and show him that you depend upon him to do what is right, and that you trust him absolutely, and you will draw out all that is best and noblest in him. But as long as you repress him, doubt his honesty and honor, and criticise him for every little defection from your idea of what a boy should do and be, you will not see him grow into a noble man.

A repressed, enslaved race can not progress, and can not develop strong character. Neither can a repressed, enslaved individual—man, woman, or child,—grow in mental height or breadth.

When the president and professors of Harvard University decided to give each student his liberty,—not to watch him, and not to have him feel that he was under a critical eye all the time,—they were very severely criticised. When they announced that attendance at recitations and chapel exercises would no longer be compulsory, fathers and mothers of Harvard students all over the country threw up their hands in horror, and declared that their boys would go to the dogs. But President Charles W. Eliot thought differently. Observation and experience in his profession had convinced him that the watched student would never develop any desirable character or stamina. He assured the alarmed parents that, in rescinding compulsory rules, he and the other members of the faculty of Harvard were working for the best interests of the students. He pointed out to them that the manhood of their sons must be called out, that they must be trusted to govern and discipline themselves, and that they must be put upon their honor, or they would go out from their *alma mater*, armed with diplomas, it is true, but weaklings in every other respect,—lacking in self-confidence and the power of initiative, and wholly unfitted to cope with the world.

At that time students in all our colleges were watched and hemmed in by cast-iron rules, as if they were little children, perfectly incapable of self-government. The same was true in our academies and seminaries. Spies were put on the track of the boys, and they were run down almost like thieves. They were compelled to attend prayers and chapel exercises, and were marked for every absence from recitations or lectures. Rolls were called, and they were often induced to lie and give all sorts of excuses for their absences. In short, they were treated as irresponsibles who could not be trusted to regulate their own acts. The result was that, whenever they escaped from under the eyes of the professors, they threw off all restraint and indulged in the wildest excesses. Long repression made them degrade liberty into license whenever they got an opportunity.

The reform initiated by Harvard was adopted by the leading educational institutions throughout the country. To-day our best colleges leave their students practically free from all restrictions. They are put upon their manhood,—their honor: they are trusted to govern themselves. They are trained to independence of thought and action, which makes them stronger, more independent, and more orderly men. To-day there is not nearly so large a percentage of arrests or expulsions among Harvard students as before President Eliot introduced his reform, though the institution is very much larger now than it was then.

In order to develop strong independence and individuality, there must be liberty of action. It is a thousand times better for a boy to make a mistake, now and then, when acting on his own responsibility, than to go always just right while walking on crutches or being led or coerced by some one else. It is better for him to wobble a little when walking alone than to follow an absolutely straight line when being led. It is better for him to acquire self-confidence, even though he must pay for it by suffering defeat, than to be always led by some one else.

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SUCCESS JUNIOR



"Two green, glimmering stars rose in the blackness a few yards ahead"

How Uf-Red-Hair Became a Chief

A Story of Adventure in Ancient Britain

EDWIN L. ARNOLD

"NEVER again—never!—shall he beat me like that! Never,—by all the things living in sea and river, by the mountain ghouls, and by the big voice behind the thunder clouds, I say it!" and Master Uf-red-hair, a good-looking boy, as looks went in those days, sprang up from the sodden grass where he had been writhing for the last half hour with the soul of a man born within him. His back was sore, for he had been badly cudgeled that morning; his temper was still more sore, and he stamped on the grass in rage and pain, while his blue eyes glittered fiercely with the last of the tears in them as he swore never to bear the indignity again. Had he been later-born, I should feel bound to apologize for all that rage, but as a matter of fact he was just a little barbarian, an ancient British boy of that strange, far-away age when the British isles were peopled by wandering tribes of hunters so rude that they had no settled homes, had never even heard of the use of metals, and lived from one year's end to another in the forests on such game as they could find dead, or trap, or kill with their flint-tipped spears and arrows.

A hundred yards away was the halting-place of the diminutive tribe to which Uf belonged, the gray smoke of the fires curling up through the trees, and the score or so of rough huts, made of broken boughs, looking like ant heaps. To the northward the Thames, then a tumbling mountain stream, ran silvery in the distance, with a dim barrier of blue ice cliffs and glaciers covering all the lands beyond it. To the southward all was heavy green forest, through which cliffs and hills, long since worn down into low undulations, jutted here and there. Yes! the whole world was wide. Uf would set up for himself and be a great hunter, and have a bearskin robe, and a stronghold amongst those cliffs all for his own, for a cave and freedom were better than a stick on the back and damp boughs overhead, and his heart bounded with delight at the idea. He grew two inches taller that minute, as he fiercely shook the night rain out of his red hair and stared with eager eyes over the forest land.

Forthwith he went back toward the settlement, and, crouching down under the stem of a fallen fir tree, imitated the whine of a wild boar so cleverly that all the dogs sleeping in the village sighed and dreamt forthwith of roasted pig bones with bits of crackling on them. And six of the bigger boys who were not sleeping looked at one another when they heard that sound, for they knew the wild swine had gone to sleep in the river sedges at day-break,—they knew it was Uf's private signal call, and, one by one, as soon as they could slip away unnoticed, they slunk out to him and were soon sitting round their leader, chins on knees, as silent as only little savages can be.

There was Ah Stump-heel, who could dive and swim like an otter, in spite of his name; and Ull-wolf-mother, so called because he had been found, like Romulus, in a wolf's den when a baby; above all else there was Hum Hide-from-the-lightning, a boy who feared nothing in the world but a thunder storm, and two others too young as yet to have attained to the honor of a nickname.

When Uf had got them round him he began beating the ground with his fists and working himself up into a rage again. Then he threw off the ragged deerskin he was wearing and showed his back all seamed and scarred with new weals. The other boys knew what he meant full well, and all together threw aside their shoulder coverings and blended their sorrows in pantomime with his. Then, having wrought them to a white heat, he unfolded his grand scheme; namely, that they should run away on the morrow and set up for themselves. The suggestion was received with unbounded delight, and, the meeting having performed a war dance round Uf, during which Ull-wolf-mother nearly choked himself with the exuberance of his delight, and Hum Hide-from-the-lightning fell into a bramble bush, the boys slipped back unobserved to the village.

All that afternoon they worked with desperate energy. They went half a mile back from the huts, and, with a pick made of a tine of broken reindeer horn, dug black flint stones out of a chalk bank, and hammered and chipped them into spear and arrow heads. They cut reeds for the latter on the river bank, and long shafts for the former from the hazel bushes. They put new strings to their bows, and made new sandals for their feet out of parts of their leather shirts. They cut an old and rather "high" horse-hide lying near the village into thongs invaluable for innumerable purposes of binding and snaring. Finally they overfed all the dogs, so that they would sleep well and tell no tales that night, and, when finally Stump-heel had stolen some fire from the public hearth and set it to smolder in an old horn filled with dry tinder, all was ready. They were soundly beaten, when their fathers came home from hunting, that day, for neglecting to gather their proper quantities of firewood, after which ceremony they all lay down in the shadows outside the glare of the camp-fires, nominally to sleep, but in truth keenly excited.

As a matter of fact they *did* doze off, one by one, all except Uf, who was far too much taken up with thoughts of his dangerous adventure to shut his eyes, and, when the very first streak of dawn was lying in a pale line above the eastern forest, that chief-to-be rose slowly and touched each boy's face over the sleeping men and women with the end of a long reed he had by him for the purpose. Thereon Stump-heel nearly spoiled everything by sneezing so violently that all had to subside again until the suspicious men round the fire were asleep again. Then, one by one, the new tribe arose to its feet, and, silently as the shadows thrown on the tree trunks by the last flickers of the dying embers, slipped out to the trysting place.

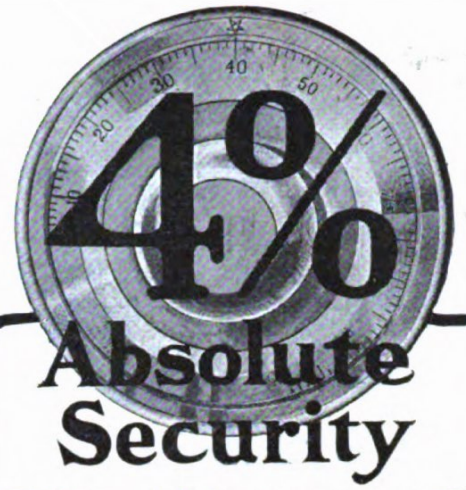
Twenty minutes later a quiet procession, loaded with all the few things necessary to support life in the woods, passed out in single file over the brook and through the morning mist into the great solitudes beyond. There was no sorrow in the hearts of the band at leaving, for sentiment was in a rudimentary stage at that time,—and their bodies were still sore with recent beatings. Uf, too, knew that for the same reason there would be little wailing in the village, if once they got clear away, and everything favored their escape. He had it in his mind to take them to a ridge of limestone hills where he had once noticed, when out hunting, a promising-looking cave; for, if they could find it, it would make grand headquarters.

"But suppose there should be a bear in it?" said one of the younger boys.

"Then we will fight and turn him out," answered he of the ruddy locks, promptly, at which the small boy hung his head in silence, for all knew it was too late to think of turning back.

To the cave Uf led them. If there was time I would tell you of the hard three days' march before they got there, and of how they trapped and hunted on the way, forcing a path through the trackless forest all day, and huddling together at night round the fire Stump-heel coaxed out of that jealously guarded tinder horn of his, while they whispered to each other of demons and dreadful animals, as the ghostly sounds of the primeval woods came to their sleepy ears. But all that you must imagine, and then picture Uf and his friends, on the third evening, in a land splendidly full of game, with open places here and there in the forest, and a blue sea which we now call the English Channel shining brightly in the distance, while twenty yards above them, amongst the brushwood on a cliff side, was the dark entrance of the cavern they had traveled so far to find.

Uf set his friends down to eat the last of their provisions and rest while he crept up to examine the cave. He came back presently with the news that the cavern was a fine one,—just what he wanted, but there was certainly a bear



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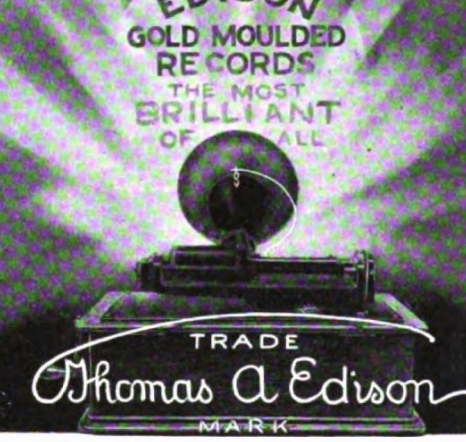
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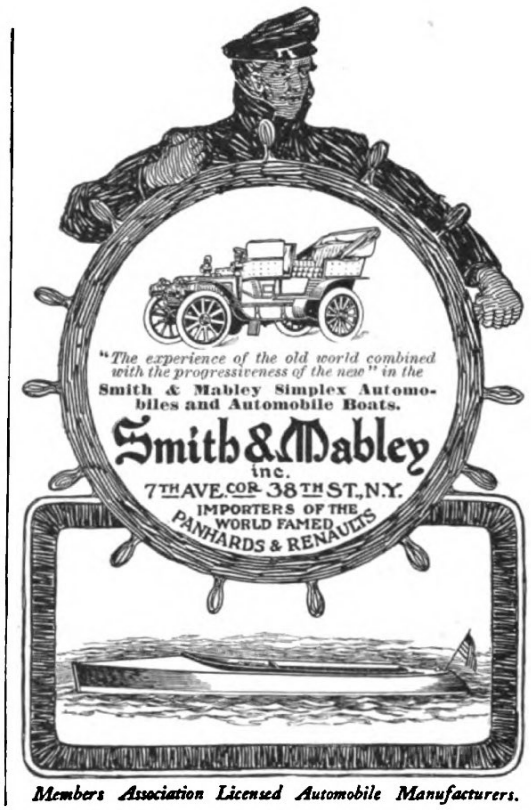
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"The bear coughed and spluttered, and tried to get the ax out of his mouth"

in occupation, as its footmarks were fresh on the ground outside,—and they must turn it out. Any boy who did not like the task, he added,—only not so politely, for language at that time was very gruff and to the point,—might go home to his papa and mamma, and forthwith he threw down his deerskin cloak, took his best stone ax in one hand and a torch of fir twigs and dry reeds in the other, and, tossing back his shaggy elf-locks, looked haughtily over his little clan for any cowards. There was none there, and soon the "tribe," with Uf at its head, was before the cave and ready for its first fight.

The entrance was not quite so big as an ordinary doorway, and about as inviting as the mouth of a railway tunnel. From the number of footmarks in that narrow road you might have thought several hundred bears were within. But those hunters of ours saw, as Uf had seen, that one claw on every left front paw-mark had made a crooked impression in the clay; consequently they knew it was but one animal going to and fro which had impressed the marks, and entered with comparative cheerfulness. Inside it opened out into a spacious hall full of mysterious columns and corridors, the sides trending away into darkness on either hand, the roof a black sky with no ending overhead, and under foot soft dry sand and earth making no sound as they stole along in single file. One boy had lit his torch, and its red light made their shadows look like lines of black imps jumping along with them on either hand. All about were bones of strange animals that had been killed and eaten, and, as they got far away from the daylight, these began to glow phosphorescently until they looked like flower beds on the endless black lawns of that strange place. Then, a couple of hundred yards from the entrance, where it was as dark as midnight, they came upon a pool of water which they had to pass by a slippery ledge of rock overhanging it. This brought them into a second hall, smaller than the first, and Uf was just beginning to think that the bear, after all, was not at home, when a taint in the air caught his sensitive nostrils, as the smell of a partridge will catch those of a dog. "Bear, beyond a doubt!" he said to himself, and the next minute two green, glimmering stars rose in the blackness a few yards ahead, and he knew he was staring into the eyes of

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the grim and doughty master of the dark cave himself.

Uf jumped back so suddenly—he could not help it,—that he nearly made Hum Hide-from-the-lightning swallow the lighted torch he was carrying. And Hum trod on Wolf-mother's toe, who, in turn, reeled back and struck Stump-heel most uncomfortably with the handle of his ax in the stomach. The other boys brought up equally suddenly, with their noses in the back of the heads of those in front of them, and there they stood, all in a bunch, gasping and gaping. But not for long! There was a moment's pause, and then, with a fierce growl, the bear charged. Right and left sprang the hunters, and while Uf, who had drawn his especial attention by giving him a cut in the neck as he went by, dodged him round and round an isolated rock, the other torches were lit from Hum's brand, and the fighters spread themselves out about the great beast.

It was about as exciting a scene as you can imagine,—the bear in the middle champing his great jaws and making short rushes here and there, and the boys, each with a flaming torch in one hand and a sharp ax in the other, dancing and screaming—for there was no need of silence now,—round Bruin, all in that sandy amphitheater, with the shadows dancing on the walls and the noise of the fight thundering in the hollow roof overhead. Now two of Uf's men would run up and thrust their flares in the bear's face, and, when he turned savagely on them, two others would bring their razor-edged axes down on his luckless neck, and so it went on until presently even the great lord of the cave began to think he would like a little fresh air, and edged away toward the distant cavern mouth. When Uf saw that, he shouted aloud to his followers, and pressed the fight with redoubled fury. Back went the struggling fighters, over the dusty sand that rose in clouds under their feet; in the flickering torchlight back through the garden of the phosphorescent bones; back to the slippery rock ledge overhanging the pool; and there the bear suddenly turned to bay for a moment, and gripped the youngest boy, whose name, by the way, was So, before anybody could help or do anything else. Had he been a town boy and struggled to get away, there would have been an end of him at once. But, having been brought up in the woods, when he found himself in the bear's paws, he just threw one of his arms round the huge shaggy neck, hugging it with all his might, while with the other hand he crammed the half of his ax into the brute's open mouth. He then tucked his head under the beast's chin, where he could not readily get at it, the while he shouted to his comrades for help with all the energy you can imagine. Even then it would probably have gone badly with him but that, as the bear coughed and spluttered and tried to get the ax out of his mouth and So's head in, he suddenly reeled on the slippery rock, fell over on his back, and, with the boy fast locked in his arms, slid to the brink and went headlong over into the pool.

For a minute an awe-inspiring silence reigned in the cave; then the bear came to the surface and struck out for the entrance, while So, ever afterwards known as Cuddle-bear, who came up next, struck out also, but—it need hardly be said,—in the opposite direction.

Down went the boys at their enemy again, and away toward the cave mouth the fight swirled and roared. But the bear was spent with many wounds and heavy with the weight of water in his fur. Fifty yards from where the sunset was shining redly in at the portal he stood at bay for the last time, and there the boys, who were beside themselves with fighting and excitement,—Uf foremost of all,—finally pulled him down. A few great struggles the dying beast made, and then nothing was to be heard for a long time but the drip of far-away water and the panting of the hunters as they lay exhausted in a circle round their splendid victim.

A proud man was Uf, that night, as he sat at a great fire in the porch, a bearskin under him by way of a throne, a broiled bear cutlet in one hand, and his trusty ax, by way of a scepter, in the other. He was as proud, too, with a strange sort of responsible pride, as he was at any other time in his life, when he presently left his sleeping companions and went and stood by the cave door. He did not quite understand it, for he was only a barbarian; but, as he stood there, the night seemed to wrap its soft black shadow round him, and something whispered in his ear that all the land stretching from one low star to another, and back again to the dim sea in the south, should be his own one day,—which was exactly what happened,—and that he should draw men together out of swamps and dens, and leave them just a little better than he found them, so that they should be sorry as they had never been before when he went from them. That whisper and the cool hand of the night on his shoulder made Uf a little frightened, for he believed that the blue mist in the valley was the home of spirits who knew all things and could speak. So he hurried back to the fire, and, having thrown a bone at Stump-heel to stop his snoring, and propped his tired head on Cuddle-bear's chest by way of a pillow, went to sleep himself, thinking it was a fine thing to be a man, and wondering whether what the mist-spirit had said to him outside really *would* come true.

The Prince Had a Business Mind

JOEL COATES

THE late Queen Victoria seems to have exercised a suzerainty over the pocket money of her grandchildren. She held them to a strict accounting in the matter of expenditure, and if they did not make their allowances last over a specified period, she sternly called them to account. One week when the present Prince of Wales was at Eton, candy, tarts, and other schoolboy delights, proved his financial undoing. He had spent a month's allowance in one week. With impecuniosity and indigestion came repentance. Accordingly he wrote a long *mea culpa* to his grandmother, confessing his fault, and asking for an advance on account of the next instalment of pocket money. In reply he received a long letter of admonition from the queen, refusing his request. The letter closed with a sentence in which the writer expressed the pain that it gave her in having so to write to him.

A few days later, Her Majesty received another letter from the future heir to the British throne. It ran much like this:—

"Dear Grandmother:—Yours received. Please don't bother any more about me. I'm all right now. I sold your letter for thirty shillings to one of our fellows here, who is collecting the letters of notable people."



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JOHN BRISBEN WALKER, President JAMES RANDOLPH WALKER, Editor

AT THE MISSION DOOR

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

A LITTLE newsboy, weeping, stood
Outside "The Waif's Retreat;"
A shaggy dog, his only friend,
Was crouching at his feet
With attitude of perfect trust,
And tender lovelit eye.
I saw the boy bend over him
With tear-wet cheek, and sigh.

I asked him why those bitter tears;
He turned away his head,
And answered: "Dere's me only frien'
Since dad and ma is dead;
An' dose folks in de Mission say
Dat Tip, he can't come in;
Dat lovin' of a dog like dis
Ain't nothin' but a sin.

"Well, Boss, I don't know nothin' much;
But, say, when mudder died,
Tip foun' me at her grave at night,
An' laid down by my side;
An', when I cried dere all alone,
His head was on me knee,
An' somethin' in his eye jes' said
He d be a frien' to me.

"Now, Boss, you look into dem eyes
An' say if he can't speak;
I tells yer, Tip's a gentleman,
If he ain't nice and sleek;
He don't snap like a low-down cur,
His ways is high an' fine;
An', when I t'ink how good he is,
I'm mighty proud he's mine."

Tip seemed to feel his master's praise,
He looked so very wise,
As if some sad, imprisoned soul
Were shining through his eyes.
I took the boy's brown hand in mine,
And wiped his tears away,
And told him that no nobler friend
Man has on earth to-day.

Both boy and dog crept to my heart,
And they have now become
The sunshine on my cheerless hearth,
The blessings of my home;
And all that I shall ask of Him
Who keeps the heavenly log,
May I be worthy that boy's love,—
The friendship of his dog!

The A, B, C of the Printing Business

THE next morning after Johnnie Smith began his apprenticeship in a printing office, his mother received the following letter:—

"DEAR MOTHER:—I suppose you are aching to know how I am getting along, which is splendid. I pied the first stickful I set up, in trying to empty it on a galley, and had to set it all over again, when I bribed the Devil (printer's,) to empty it for me. Buckley thought I would make a printer in time, and advised me to go somewhere and learn the business and then come back and be the foreman. I want you to see how well I 'm doing, so I send you a proof of my *take*:—

"'mY sEt.

"'pRiZ tels sHouLDn'ot Put oZ ANy aIRS, anyBodY can se t tYpe wHo knows anTHing. AL! Yo'V got to DO is to PicK wP tHe LEtters, And set Them UP In A rOw, witTH SpaseS and sTops.,—: ' its JUst as EaSy—wHeN YoU know hOW To do It, ... aS anyTHING ElSe—you haVe got To look OUT aNd get the leTTerS riGhT sips UP. Which As You sEt tHe UPSIDE DOWN, is A liTtLE diFiCULT AT fiRst:—Be like trying To reaD a *news*papEr standing on YOUR HEAD! Whish iS not *Very* EasY TILL you gEt Used To it' then yoU haaa got To maxE ALl yOurs LinEs eyen anD LIGHT In the Golum; wHich The PriNteRs Call.. *Justifying*',

"'LINES Are SumTiMEs as Hrrd fo JuSTIFY as SoMe men' 's Con*duct*——whiCH May refErr tO prinTers, whO go on † striKeS ‡ sUddENlY see * * *

"'I *have* Set AL⊣ tH*is* UP in 2 Hour*e*'e & A hAlf ! ! !'

"As the foreman said he would like to get the paper out this week, and he was afraid, if I kept at the case all day, there would be so much matter set up that he could n't get it all in without crowding, I knocked off and called it half a day.

"But I shall not give up the printing business.

"Your loving

"JOHNNIE."

Mr. Barnum Could Extend His Menu

THE late P. T. Barnum was known as an ideal host, and, next to his interest in the "greatest show on earth," enjoyed nothing better than entertaining his friends at his house and table.

Among those who visited him most frequently at "Lindencroft" or "Waldemere," and who gave the name to the last residence, was Joel Benton, who sometimes calls himself "author of prose and worse."

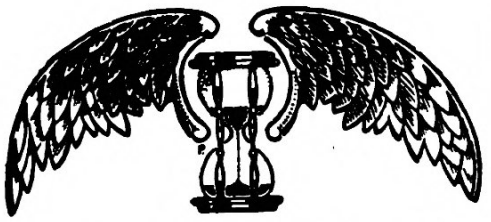
It is a peculiarity of this author that, with one slight exception, he eats neither butter nor milk, and none of the ordinary meats, not for any hygienic or philosophical reason, but simply because they are distinctly unpalatable to him. On one occasion, when a young lady occupied a seat near Mr. Benton at Mr. Barnum's table, the waiter handed the bachelor-author some butter. "Oh!" said Barnum to the waiter, and pointing at the lady, "you should n't do that, for he does n't love any *but her*."

Mr. Barnum's table, of course, was always bountifully supplied with a great variety of food, and yet, on another occasion, when Mr. Benton refused the beef and the lamb and the butter, Mr. Barnum wearily said: "Well, Benton, you seem likely to starve here. What can we serve you?"

"Oh," said Benton, "I eat everything that flies or swims."

"Very well, then," said Barnum, "we 'll get you a crow and a whale to-morrow."

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Do the Hard Thing First

ROBERT WEBSTER JONES

SUSPENDED above the desk of a Pittsburg bank president is this motto:—"Do the Hard Thing First." Ten years ago he was discount clerk in this same bank.

"How did you climb so fast?" I asked.

"I lived up to that text," he replied.

"Tell me about it."

"There's not much to tell. I had long been conscious that I was not getting on as fast as I should. I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt an increasing incapacity for my work. One morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar. I had been carrying them along from day to day. Inclosed in a rubber band were a number of unanswered letters which necessitated the looking-up of certain information before the replies could be sent. I had tried for days to ignore their presence.

"Suddenly the thought came to me: 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean, annoying little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise.' I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It was n't half as hard as I had expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the Hard Thing First,' and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard thing first ever since."

Then He Wanted to Stay

SHORTLY after the expiration of his term as governor of Virginia, General Fitzhugh Lee decided to rest for a few weeks, and selected Palm Beach, Florida, as the place, ex-President Cleveland having also selected that place for a few weeks' sojourn. General Lee's emoluments as governor had not been very large, and he was not seeking an expensive hostlery.

"Imagine my surprise and chagrin," he said, "on arriving late one evening at Palm Beach, and, after registering at the hotel, being escorted with great attention to a suite with this notice on the door: '*The price of these rooms is one hundred dollars per day.*'

"It was too late for me to attempt to make any change, besides I was given to understand that the rooms were especially prepared for the ex-governor of Virginia. One hundred dollars a day! Half that night I tumbled and tossed, thinking about the price of those rooms and wondering where I was going to get the money. I finally concluded that the only thing left for me to do was to quit that hotel without loss of time, as it would certainly be beneath the dignity of an ex-governor of Virginia to ask for anything cheaper than the room especially assigned to him. Accordingly I arose at an early hour, packed my trunk and proceeded to the office. I informed the clerk that I had changed my programme, and was obliged to leave on the next train and that I wished my bill at once.

"'Why, Governor!' exclaimed the clerk, 'your sudden departure will prove a great disappointment, as we expected you would remain several weeks.'

"'I am sorry, too,' I said, 'but I must leave on that ten o'clock train.' Indeed, I was sorry to leave, but there was that hundred dollars a day, which I knew I could not pay.

"The clerk, however, made no move, and I reiterated my request for my bill.

"'That's all right,' replied the clerk. 'Mr. Flagler left orders, as soon as we heard that you were coming, that there was to be no charge as long as you remained with us, whether one day or six weeks. We are only sorry that you can't remain!'"

The Man in the Boy

GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH

IN the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the little brook, the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow, to-day,
Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth;
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was *upright* in its youth:
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion
Is regal in his play;
The eaglet's pride is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's, bald and gray.
The nerve that heroes employ
In the child's young arm is furled,
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy is king of the world.

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***The* Success Reward Department,** University Building, New York City

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About the Teaching of AD-WRITING

After all the true test of the merit of instruction is in the ability of the graduate. In the Helms course pupils receive *personal instruction.* Each student is taught as if he or she were the only one taking lessons. There are no form letters. Every exercise that leaves this office is accompanied by a dictated letter that *explains.* Besides the pupils are invited to ask questions about any features that may appear beclouded. Can there be any better way of teaching this profitable profession? Helms graduates are preferred simply because they uniformly make good—both men and women.



ELMER HELMS

formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker, who gives personal attention to every lesson of every pupil.

There's a keen demand for good ad-writers—such as are the graduates of this course. For instance: One large employer of ad-writers—the head of a syndicate of forty retail stores—has accepted four of my graduates—one at $50 a week. This man writes me: "Mr. Helms, I will take ten more men of the same kind as you have sent me."

Whether you enroll with the purpose of making the profession of advertising your life work, or whether you study under my guidance so as to apply to your business the knowledge thus gained, your investment with me must prove a profitable one. It has so proved with my pupils everywhere. Here are just a few, from many, of the recent successes of graduates of this course:

A Bayonne, N. J., man, whose salary was $50 a month, started before his graduation in a position which I obtained for him, at $25 a week. Four months later, on my recommendation, he obtained the management of an advertising office at $30 per week.

A young woman of Washington, D. C., never had a day's business experience—graduated in four months. I placed her at $40 a week.

A Brooklyn bookkeeper—former salary $18—has just resigned a $40 a week advertising position, for which I fitted him. He is making $60 to $75 as a "free lance." Writing for a number of clients, instead of selling his services to one house exclusively.

A Richmond, Va., young woman, started as ad-writer, at the little salary of $15 upon my advice. She received two advances in six months—one of five dollars a week, the other of ten dollars a week.

A Cincinnati salesman, salary $14 became his firm's advertising Manager at an advance of three times that sum.

A Newton, N. J. man jumped from $1,000 to $2,500.

A Richmond, Ind., man at $12 took a position at $25, which I secured for him.

A Cleveland, O., advertising manager, in a position paying at least $3,000 a year, found it to his advantage to take this course.

A Marlboro, Mass., young man who was receiving $10 as a salesman, went to Davenport, Iowa, as an ad-writer at $25.

A young woman music teacher from a New England state, is now advertising manager for a New York department store, for which position this course fitted her.

During the past year two doctors, two ministers, one lawyer and one editor of a magazine took up this study under my direction.

My enrollment list to-day comprises the names of at least forty business men in various parts of the country.

Salesmen and bookkeepers, men and women in almost every walk of life, are equipped for more remunerative employment, which is quite readily secured.

I prefer earnest men and women in this course—those who are willing to do some thinking about the work presented to them in my printed matter and personal letters. If you are one of that kind, write to me and I'll tell you more about my methods for helping you to a much larger salary. I will also give you names of as many graduates as you may wish to write to in order to assure yourself of the value of this course.

ELMER HELMS
Formerly Ad-writer for John Wanamaker
Room 82, 11 E. 16th St., New York

CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN **FREE to Agents** Flat thin knife cuts loo e a perfect cake. $2 Outfit free. Express prepaid. Dept. G. H. HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

Asbestos Holders for Flat Irons
Don't burn your fingers. Holder always cool. Price 15 cents each. Order to-day. The MORLAN CO., Box 312, Youngstown, O.

FLOWERS Park's Floral Magazine on trial, Park's Floral Guide for 1904 and Park's Mixed Seed Package, 1000 sorts, for a big bed that will surprise you with new flowers every day all summer, all for 10 cents stamp. Geo. W. Park, B6. LaPark, Pa.

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.

FREE TO SHAVERS
Booklet "How to Strop and Take Care of Your Razor," mailed free. Address W. B. McCLASKY & Co., Fort Jones, Calif.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY and R.R. ACCOUNTING
Our graduates receive from $50 to $150 per month. Established 19 years. Connected with railroads. Positions secured. *Expenses low. Catalogue free.* MORSE SCHOOL, Cincinnati, O., and Senoia, Ga.

CORNS Cutting is dangerous, painting unsatisfactory. Thousands of sufferers testify that our method of treatment is the only one. For 25c. we will guarantee you relief. SIMPLEX CORN CURE, 1088 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00
Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and POSTPAID. Send for catalogue Q. FENTON LABEL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Secretary Shaw on Politeness

FRANK J. STILLMAN

"IT will be worth a thousand dollars to any young man to acquire the habit of naturally making use of the name and title of the one he is addressing, in conversation with a person who is his senior," said Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the United States treasury.

"There is an indefinable something, a subtle compliment, a delicate courtesy in the employment of the title of the one addressed that is not lost," he continued. "If the polite reference is gracefully and naturally expressed, the one spoken to will never forget it.

"For example, suppose you are introduced to Senator Smith. Following the presentation, you chat with him and occasionally make use of the title, 'senator.' To be specific, you might say, 'Have you had a pleasant summer?' or, 'Senator Smith, have you had a pleasant summer?' There may not seem to be a great deal in the distinction, yet you would discover that the occasional use of the title, 'senator,' would result in an unconscious friendship. He would like you, and yet he might not know exactly why he liked you.

"For years it had been the custom in my home town, Denison, Iowa, for our Sunday school to give a Christmas entertainment, and, at the close, present each guest with a bag of candy. We used the best confections, and the event was so popular that nearly a thousand pounds was required,—we gave good measure.

"The proposition was of sufficient importance to induce a big candy firm to send a representative to Denison, in the hope of securing the order. I recollect that ten minutes after the candy man was introduced to the members of the committee, he seemed thoroughly familiar with the names of each one, and in the end he got the order.

"I said to that agent, 'I heard your name mentioned half a dozen times, while you were being introduced to the members of the committee, and yet I can not recall it. You seem perfectly familiar with the names of all of these people who were utter strangers to you half an hour ago. How do you explain it?'

"There was a twinkle in the commercial man's eye, as he replied: 'That is a part of our business. Hans Peterson walks into your bank and you say: "Hello, Hans." Of course, Hans says nothing to indicate his feeling, but he would have been better pleased had you addressed him as "Mr. Peterson."'

"In the old days it used to be 'Bill,' 'John,' 'Jim,' 'Kate,' 'Sal,' and 'Em.' Now it is 'Miss Smith' and 'Mr. Jones.' The new way is the better.

"Young people may readily acquire the habit of using polite language and occasionally employing the title of the person addressed. The accomplishment is inexpensive; the returns upon the investment are large."

Mrs. Ballington Booth Defends the Volunteers' Prisoners' Home

To the Editor of SUCCESS, New York City.

Dear Sir:—

On Friday last my attention was called to an article by Owen Kildare, in which an erroneous statement appears concerning my work. As this statement implies a direct reflection on my veracity I hope you will insert the following in the next issue of your paper. I should pass this matter as unworthy of comment were it not for the fact that my subscribers from all over the country have read this article, and I am receiving comments concerning it even from within the walls of state prison.

My Hope Hall in New York State has been in working order for six years. Hundreds of men have passed through it to happy and successful lives. No reporter, to my knowledge, has ever been refused the fullest information concerning the workings of our homes. This work is supported by many of the leading people of New York City, and its efficacy in the lives of hundreds of prisoners is well known to them. That the home might be a private one for the men and not savor in any sense of an institute we made the rule at the very inception of our work that no reporter or outsider was to be allowed to visit it. We are dealing with an exceedingly sensitive class of men who have been all too long where their life has had no privacy. Their misdeeds and careers have been written up in the press, and I know them well enough to understand that the self-respecting men would keep far enough away from the home were they in danger of being written up again and made as notorious in their efforts to reform as they were once notorious in their careers of crime.

In this I have been merely considerate of the men. My work would have undoubtedly gained in both dollars and influence if I had allowed the press and the public to visit it freely, for all that has been seen there would have aroused the deepest interest and sympathy.

Now, the statement to which I take exception is as follows: "The home for ex-convicts is maintained by the Volunteers, but it is an unknown quantity, the public not being permitted to know anything about it. Inspection of it and information concerning it is flatly refused me at the Volunteer Headquarters." I can only conclude that Mr. Kildare applied at the wrong department of our headquarters or that he came after hours, though he would have been refused admittance to Hope Hall. Let me further state that Hope Hall can be inspected by any Chaplain and Warden of State Prison. As they belong to the inside world they are not debarred. Friends who have labored with us in our prison work and are known to the men have also seen the workings of the home, and they can be referred to. Any reader who wishes information concerning "this unknown quantity" can write to General and Mrs. E. A. McAlpin, of Ossining, New York; Chaplain Barnes, of Charleston Prison, Massachusetts; Chaplain Russell, of Sing Sing Prison, or Chaplain Metcalfe, of Dannemora; ex-Warden Sage, of Sing Sing; ex-Warden Thayer, of Dannemora, or Mr and Mrs. Charles D. Stilwell, of New York City.

I do not think that the public to whom I have given the fullest information through the columns of the public press have ever felt that my home was an "unknown quantity," for they have learned every detail and the fullest reasons for the privacy we maintain may be discovered and fully explained between the covers of my new book, "After Prison—What?"

Believe me,
Very cordially yours,
MAUD B. BOOTH.

RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVES

INCOMES from $2,000 to $10,000 per annum. We are growing so rapidly that we require competent representatives in every city to dispose of Gold Investment Bonds, unrivalled in strength and security, which pay 6% and 8% interest. If you connect yourself with us you will represent the largest company of its kind in the United States.

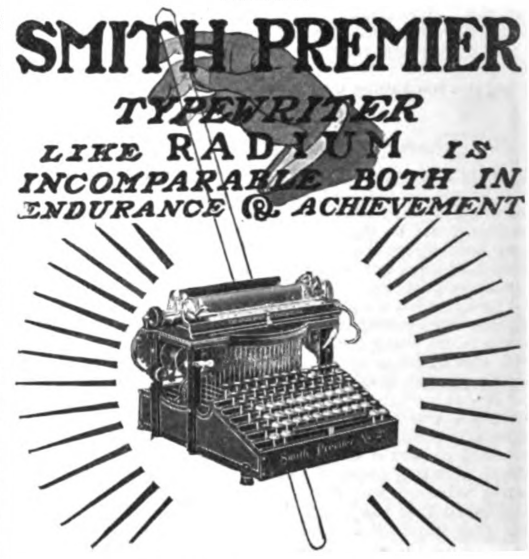
Our references include Banks and Trust Companies throughout the country.

Requirements: Energy and responsibility, unquestioned character and highest references.

Excellent opportunity for men connected with banks, lawyers, clergymen and others holding social positions.

Capital and Surplus $1,150,000
THE GLOBE SECURITY COMPANY
150 Nassau St., New York.

The **SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER**
LIKE RADIUM IS INCOMPARABLE BOTH IN ENDURANCE & ACHIEVEMENT



Send for booklet, which explains why.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

Executive Office, 287 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Factory, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Branches in all large cities.



Rider Agents Wanted

One in each town to ride and exhibit a sample Bicycle. *Write for special offer.*
Highest Grade 1904 Models **$8.75 to $17**
Coaster Brakes, Hedgethorn Puncture Proof Tires and best equipment.
1902 & '03 Models Best Makes **$7 to $12**
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All makes and Models good as new **$3 to $8**
Great factory clearing sale at *half factory cost.* We ship on Approval *without a cent deposit* and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. Any wheel not satisfactory *returned at our expense.*
EARN A BICYCLE taking orders from a sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make large profits. *Write at once* for catalogues and our special offer. AUTOMOBILES, sewing machines, tires, sundries, etc., *half usual prices.* **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 13F, Chicago**

$80 A MONTH SALARY
And all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract; we mean business and furnish best reference. G. R. BIGLER CO., X. 242 Springfield, Ill.

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 195, PERU, IND.

DEAF? We absolutely restore your hearing by mail. Particulars and consultation FREE. INVISIBLE EARPHONE AND MEDICAL CO., Dept. 426 "S," Park Row Building, New York City.

GOV'T AUCTION SALE CATALOG. GUNS, Pistols, Military Goods (Illustrated), 15 cents, mailed 6c. stamps. F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

SHORTHAND Easily learned at home. Booklet and particulars free. J. S. ALLEN, Suite 46 Dwight Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

U.S.

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Not only a help in your present position, but helps you to a better position

WHEN a man proclaims himself an expert there may be some reasonable doubt as to the statement being authoritative; but when the United States Court allows that he is an expert, the statement carries weight. It is the sealed approval of the highest authority in the land.

On Thursday, October 29th, 1903, the United States attorney of middle Pennsylvania qualified Edward T. Page as an expert to give in the U. S. Court his opinion on matters pertaining to instruction by correspondence of advertisement writing. No man has before or since had this high honor bestowed upon him. It is only natural that the founder of the first school of advertisement writing in the world should be chosen as the recipient of this honor. The stability of the Page-Davis Company rests upon the fact that expert instruction is given. If you study advertisement writing with the Page-Davis Company, you may be certain that failure to qualify will come about only through a lack of natural qualifications. Could an institution offer more positive assurance to a man or woman of common sense?

Read the facts as clearly set forth in our handsome prospectus, mailed free upon request. It is interesting—it will prove profitable to you.

Learn from the oldest, largest, and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. Learn from the founders themselves. When we say, we can **positively teach you advertisement writing by mail**, we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us. Our lessons are for each individual, and just as personal as if you were the only student.

THE PAGE-DAVIS CO. is to-day teaching the various branches of advertising to College Professors and Students, Preachers, Orators, Lawyers, Politicians, Doctors, Novelists, Journalists, Playwriters, Actors, Merchants, Manufacturers, Inventors, and representatives of every other calling. The work of advertisement writing as taught by the Page-Davis Co. is not only a business in itself but **it is a great education.** It is new thought that better fits men and women for their respective vocations. There is hardly a business in the world not profitably susceptible to a practical working knowledge of publicity. This is positive.

Notice to Employers: *Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement-writers at $25 to $100 a week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed competent ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world.*

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you?

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

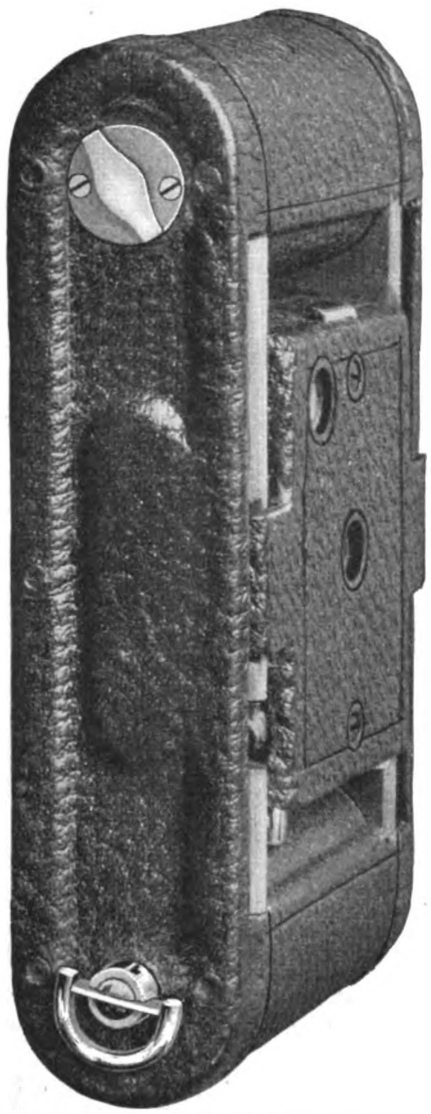
PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

Address Either Office:

Suite 321—90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or Suite 1503—150 Nassau Street, New York City

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"Kodakery means photography, with the bother left out."



No. O Folding Pocket Kodak—Actual Size.

The No. O Folding Pocket KODAK

$6.00

The watch in your pocket is, no doubt, as accurate as the family clock —likely more accurate.

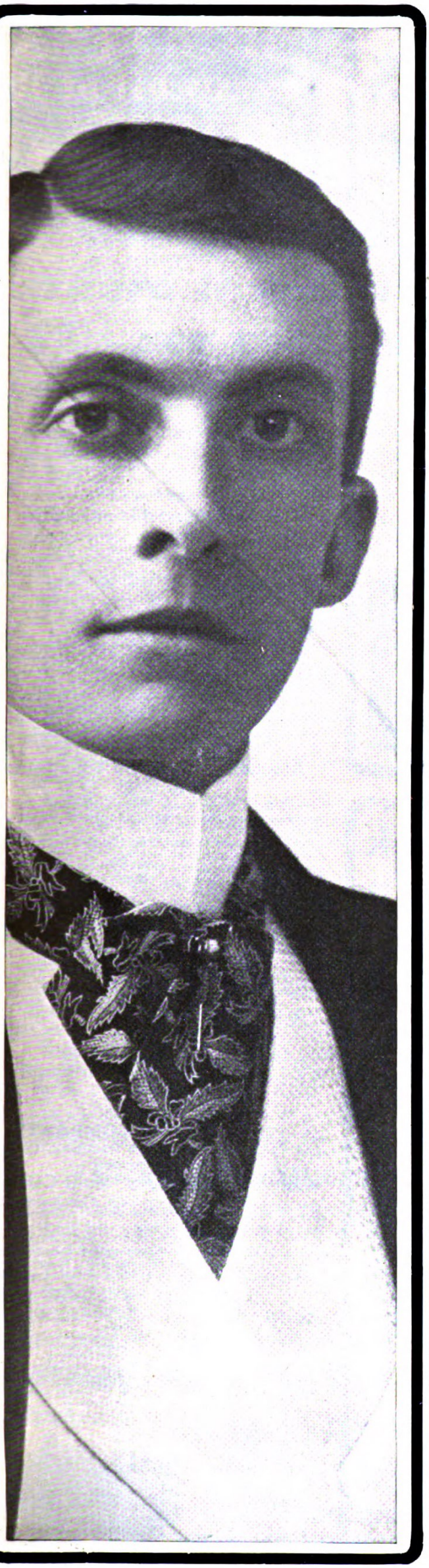
The No. o Folding Pocket Kodak is as accurate as cameras of ten times its bulk. It's for the pocket, almost for the vest pocket, yet loads for 6 or for 12 pictures, $1\frac{5}{8}$x$2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Has meniscus lens, Eastman Automatic Shutter, for time exposures and snap-shots, set of three stops and view finder. Made of Aluminum, and covered with the finest seal grain leather. It has the "Kodak Quality."

Kodaks, $5 to $75. Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.
Kodak Developing Machines, $2 to $10.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Ask your dealer or write us for the Kodak Book.

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Cash for Your REAL ESTATE

No Matter Where It Is

Do you want to sell your real estate or business?

Do you want to sell it quickly and with the least possible expense?

Do you want to sell it at a reasonable price instead of sacrificing a good portion of its value?

Do you want it sold without publicity? If these are your wants I can fill them.

For eight years I have been filling these wants for people in every section of the country.

The result is the largest real estate brokerage business in the world.

I have offices in principal cities from Boston to San Francisco.

I have hundreds of representatives throughout the country closing deals.

I am spending over $100,000 a year in advertising for the purpose of bringing the man who wants to buy in communication with the man who wants to sell.

I have hundreds of testimonials from nearly every state in the Union, from people for whom I have made quick sales.

I have, in fact, every kind of proof of my ability and facilities to sell any kind of real estate in any part of the country—proof that will convince the most skeptical.

It doesn't matter what kind of a property you have; it doesn't matter whether it is worth $100 or $100,000, or in what state or territory it is located. If you will send me a description, including your lowest cash price, I will write you a letter of advice

FREE OF CHARGE

telling you the best method for quickly finding a cash buyer for your property. Write me at once. Do it to-day while you have the matter in mind. *Do it now.*

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, I want to hear from you, as I am in a position to promptly fill your requirements, and save you some money at the same time.

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Bldg. Philadelphia

$100 to $1,000 a Month FOR ACTIVE MEN

I want an energetic representative in every town in the United States. Good men can make lots of money working with me. I offer permanent, profitable, high-class employment.

I believe I am offering the best opportunity for you to go into the Real Estate Business that has ever been offered. I have built up one of the largest real estate businesses in the world—a business that it will pay you to be connected with. I back up my representatives' work with an annual expenditure of more than $100,000 in strong aggressive advertising in all the leading publications. One man (just appointed) earned in a small town, $521 in commissions the first week, and, from the present outlook, will soon be making $100 a month. If you will work earnestly and persistently I see no reason why you cannot do as well; in fact you will have a chance to make more money, as all my agents in the future will receive the direct benefit of my extensive and persistent advertising in making sales which are now made entirely through correspondence. Anyway, as no investment or expense of any kind is required on your part it

COSTS YOU NOTHING

to try. This is a wonderful chance for men who are in earnest, as I intend to select the most able men for general agents and, later on, give them exclusive control of valuable territory to manage and develop. Applications will be considered only from men who furnish two satisfactory references. Write at once for full particulars and don't forget to send the names of two business men as references.

W. M. OSTRANDER, AGENCY DEPARTMENT 391 North American Building, Philadelphia

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47 Systems for Business Men

Mr. G. W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan & Company, says—and truly—that a valuable idea for his business is worth at least $10,000.00. Our 58-page Free System Catalog is full of valuable ideas. Many of them you can use in your own business. For the smallest retail store or the largest wholesale house or corporation. Economize in room, labor, time and money. Write to-day for this free catalog and special information how Shaw-Walker Systems can be applied to your business.

Ask US to send the FREE book to you now.



THE SHAW-WALKER CO.

Branch at Chicago in the Marquette Bldg.

Muskegon, Michigan

This Book ...is... FREE



Free to You with Your Name in Gold

Elbert Hubbard, The "Roycrofters," E. Aurora, N. Y.: "I think that your cabinet has added several years to my earth life by enabling me to find the thing without wear or tear on my temper and vocabulary."

Geo. H. Daniels, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, N.Y.C. & H.R. Ry. Co.: "I find them indispensable to me in my work."

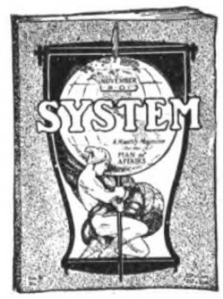
For Your Desk Business Man

This is the most convenient device ever invented for filing and classifying clippings, illustrations, manuscripts and all miscellaneous matters which some time or other you may want without a minute's delay. It is a savings bank for information—worth 47 scrap books. It consists of a number of specially made holders arranged in a substantial, air-tight, dust-proof box. Each holder not only shows what is contained in it, but by an ingenious indexing system shows just where everything else referring to *its* contents may be found. Especially useful to business men because it sets conveniently on your desk and takes care, absolutely, of all papers and data that you might otherwise lose or forget. This cabinet is a genuine Library Filing Cabinet never before made in desk size and has sold for from $15.00 to $500.00 in larger sizes. The desk cabinet which we offer you free is equal in every respect to the expensive kinds except in size. The free offer is in connection with

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW

SYSTEM gives every month 152 pages of indispensable information for business men. System is essential to business success. And so is SYSTEM, the magazine. It tells every month all the new business tricks that save time—all the little office wrinkles that save worry. Through SYSTEM you can learn all that anyone can possibly tell you about system and business methods. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business perplexities—but if it does not, SYSTEM has a staff of experts—practical business men—who will answer your questions gladly and cheerfully and promptly. This service will cost you not one single penny—if you are a subscriber to SYSTEM. The price of SYSTEM is two dollars a year. It is worth a great deal more than that to any alert man with his eyes on the main chance.



An official of the National Cash Register Company says: "The ideas gathered from your magazine have enabled me to formulate systems for Mr. Paterson's letters, books, pamphlets, orders, etc., etc., which have simplified the work greatly."

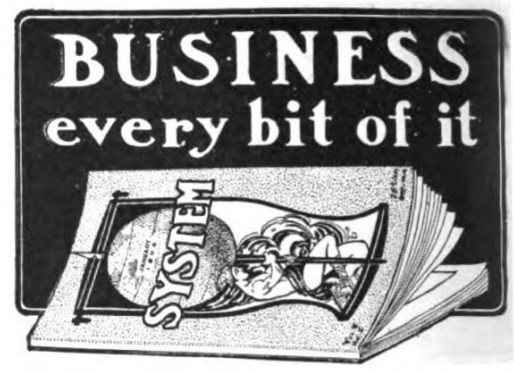
Special Offer to "Success" Readers:

We said the desk cabinet would cost you nothing. Here is the way. Send us two dollars for a year's subscription to SYSTEM and we will send you, every cost prepaid, a cabinet with your name in gold on the top. Write your name and address in the white space opposite; tear out this advertisement and mail it to us. Write plainly, so that we will make no mistake in setting your name. Inclose the money and we will enter you as a subscriber—send you an expert consultation certificate, entitling you to free advice—and ship you the cabinet. Act at once. We have only a few of the cabinets on hand and we believe they will be snapped up in a hurry. ACT.

THE SYSTEM COMPANY

959 First National Bank Building, Chicago

Write name and address here.



You can read SYSTEM in an hour. You can study it a full month with profit. 132 pages brimful of business. Through SYSTEM you can learn all that anyone can possibly tell you about system and business methods—all the new business tricks that save time—all the little office wrinkles that save worry—all the short cuts that save work. In every issue of SYSTEM is crystalized the actual method of successful men. We search the whole world of business every month for ideas for you. If your competitor has a better way of doing things than you have, you can learn of it in SYSTEM. SYSTEM is more than a magazine. It is the business man's field book and guide. But better still, SYSTEM has a staff of experts—practical business men—who are at your service to solve your business perplexities—who will answer any question you ask them gladly, completely and promptly. This expert service will cost you not one single penny if you are a subscriber to SYSTEM. The price of SYSTEM is $2.00 a year.

Read this Special Limited Offer

We have a little device (which we got up for our own use) called the Perpetual Reminder. "Worth 47 pigeon holes," as one user says, "and any number of note books." Placed on your desk it is a receptacle for all the micellaneous matters—all the memoranda now scattered about the office. It is a complete desk and pocket card system. It is handsome enough for the finest mahogany desk and, once used, is proven necessary to any business man who is bothered with detail. On the front of the box is your name in gold letters. We have on hand a number of Perpetual Reminders which we will give



Absolutely Free, with Your Name in Gold

Send $2.00 for a years' subscription to SYSTEM and we will send you, every cost prepaid, a Perpetual Reminder, with your name in gold on the front and at the same time we will enter you as a subscriber to SYSTEM for one year and will send you an expert consultation certificate entitling you to free advice. Do not delay. Write your name in the white space and send $2.00 to-day.

Remington Standard Typewriter, Grand Rapids, Mich.
I hardly see how I could afford to be without it. J. M. BROWN.

The Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.
A single suggestion we have found often times to save us more than the cost of a year's subscription. BURROWS BROS. CO.

"One finds something of value in each number that will more than repay the cost of the magazine for many years." E. R. SAVERY, Elgin, Illinois.

"Since we subscribed to your magazine, we have completely changed our methods of bookkeeping, and have been guided solely by the suggestions contained in *System*." UNITED STATES FIDELITY AND GUARANTEE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Write your name and address here.

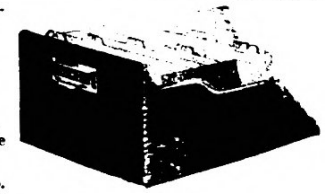
THE SYSTEM COMPANY

959 First National Bank Building, Chicago

Write for a Catalog *of* Multi-Cabinets

and learn all about Ready-Made, Time-Saving, Expanding Systems that you can annex to your business and make money by so doing. It tells all about Vertical Filing, Card Index Systems, Card Ledgers, etc. Every business man should know about these systems. Here is the chance—get ideas as well. It solves business problems. This catalog is free, write nearest office.

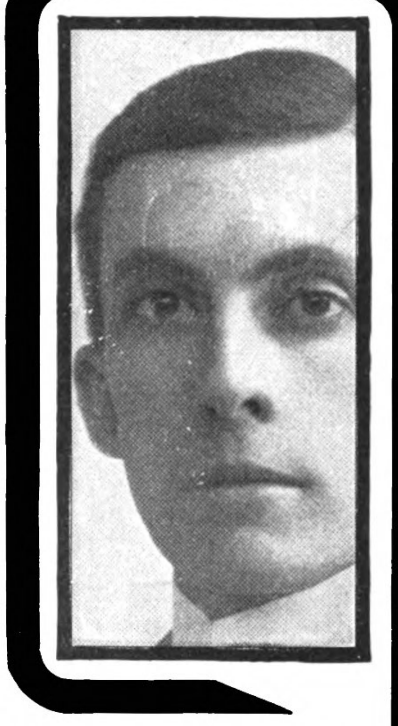
Burlington, Iowa
Acres, Blackmar & Company.
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Horace H. Jackson.
Cleveland, Ohio
Foreman-Bassett-Hatch Co.
Columbia, South Carolina
J. Wilson Gibbs.
Columbia, Missouri
Columbia Typewriter Exch'ge
Charleston, W. Virginia
The Art Shop.
Davenport, Iowa
E. M. White.
Des Moines, Iowa
George A. Miller Printing Company.
Los Angeles, California
Barker Brothers.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Edwin R. Williams.
Omaha, Nebraska
Omaha Printing Co.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Hathaway-Neely Office Furniture Company.
Portland, Oregon
Kilham Stationery Co.
Seattle, Washington
Norris Safe and Lock Co.
Spokane, Washington
Shaw & Borden, 609 Riverside Street.
St. Louis, Missouri
Georgia-Stimson Furniture & Carpet Company.
Tacoma, Washington
Central News Company.
Topeka, Kansas
M. L. Zercher Book Stationery Company.
Wilmington, Delaware
Mercantile Printing Company.



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INVEST $10 A Month

Where the money will work for you 24 hours every day; where it will be absolutely safe and where it will pay you at least 13½ per cent. annually.



I own some shares of stock in an old established, money making enterprise.

And I want to sell you one or two shares of this stock for 50 per cent. less than it is really worth.

You can pay cash for it or you can buy it on the easy payment plan of $10 down and $10 a month if you prefer.

I do not care to sell you more than a few shares, as I have but a limited number, and I want to distribute them in a way that will bring me as many new customers as possible for my Investment Department.

MY MOTIVE

My motive in offering this stock for less than it is worth is purely a selfish one.

I want to add your name to my list of well pleased investors.

I know that if you own a share or two of this stock, you will be so pleased with the investment, that the next time you have money to invest you will come to me.

And you will send your friends to me.

And your friends will in turn send *their* friends.

A dozen well pleased clients send me more business than hundreds of dollars' worth of magazine and newspaper advertising.

If you buy a few shares of this stock it will be a safe, profitable investment for you and the best kind of an advertisement for me.

One year ago I had less than 100 clients in my Investment department.

Now I have nearly 700.

In another year I want two or three times 700.

And that is the reason I want *you*.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

If you buy a little of this stock, we will get acquainted.

And when we get acquainted you will find out that what I offer you is just what I say it is.

You will find out that you can safely invest your savings through me.

You will find out that I will look after your money just as carefully as I look after my own.

You will find out that if you invest your money through me it will earn the largest possible profit consistent with safety.

I am a young man.

I expect to be in active business for the next 25 years.

And even if I wanted to sell you something worthless; even if I wanted to misrepresent the value of this stock, I couldn't afford to do it.

You know as well as I, that, if the investments I offer do not turn out just as I represented, it would ruin my business.

I certainly cannot afford to have my business ruined.

I can't afford to take even a chance.

Just the Real Estate Department of my business is worth $1,000,000.

At least it pays me good interest on that amount.

It took hard work, energy, enthusiasm and square dealing to build it up to its present size.

Do you suppose I would risk even injuring it by even *trying* to sell a single share of stock through any misrepresentation?

If I were not sure it would be one of the best investments you could make, I could not afford to offer it to you.

I have put my money into this stock.

My sister owns some of the shares.

Two other relatives of mine have invested several thousand dollars in it.

Isn't this irrefutable proof of my faith in this enterprise?

Isn't it proof that it will pay you to get in touch with my investment department?

Will you let me send you full, interesting and convincing particulars?

Let me show you where your idle dollars will safely earn at least 13½ per cent. per annum.

Write me to-day (a postal card will do) saying simply "Send information about 13½ per cent. investment as advertised in SUCCESS."

Do it now.

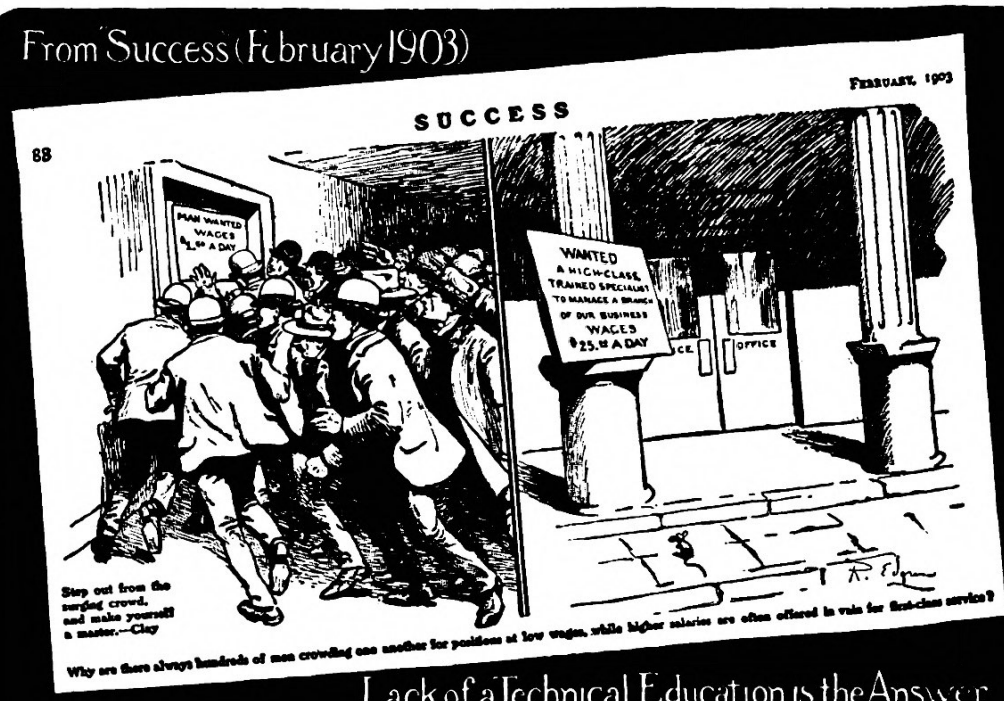
W. M. OSTRANDER

Investment Department

391 NORTH AMERICAN BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

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From Success (February 1903)



Lack of a Technical Education is the Answer

OUR courses offer every ambitious man a chance to rise by his own efforts from the "Dollar a Day" class to the "Always in Demand" class. No man has ever succeeded in life who has not improved his spare time. The demand for technically trained men has never been so great. Our correspondence courses are prepared by men of broad training and practical experience, who know your needs.

Victor H. Jump (student), Marion, Ohio, says:
"My salary has been raised four times since I began my course in Electrical Engineering, and I ascribe it all to the benefit I received from your instruction."

Our text-books are written especially for this work. They begin with the simplest principles and advance by easy steps until the subject is thoroughly mastered. They are free from complex mathematics, practical yet scientific.

The work wants you if you are thoroughly qualified. There is no time like the present. Make the beginning **now.**

The following courses in

ENGINEERING

are practical steps to higher positions

Mechanical Engineering	**Engineer's Course, (for License)**	**Woolen and Worsted Finishing**	**Contractors' Course**
Shop Practice	**Marine Engineering**	**Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing**	**Mechanical Drawing**
Tool Makers' Course	**Locomotive Engineering**	**Surveying**	**Perspective Drawing**
Stationary Engineering	**Electrical Engineering**	**Civil Engineering**	**Pen and Ink Rendering**
Fireman's Course, (for License)	**Central Station Work**	**Structural Engineering**	**Mathematics**
	Wiring	**Municipal Engineering**	**Navigation**
	Electrical Railways	Railroad Engineering	Telephony
	Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting	Hydraulics	Telegraphy
	Cotton Manufacturing Course	Architecture	Tinsmithing
	Knitting Course	Architectural Drawing	Refrigeration
	Textile Design	Structural Design	Chemistry and Dyeing
	Woolen and Worsted Goods	Carpenters' Course	College Preparatory Course


Armour Institute

IN addition to a complete set of instruction papers students in regular engineering courses are furnished with a TECHNICAL REFERENCE LIBRARY (in 10 volumes) as a help in their studies.

College Preparatory Course

This course practically covers the work of the Scientific Academy of Armour Institute of Technology, and is accepted as fulfilling the requirements for entrance to the College of Engineering of that institution.

Illustrated 200-page quarterly Bulletin No. 134 k, giving full synopsis of 60 different courses in Engineering (including those mentioned above) sent free on request.

American School of Correspondence

at

Armour Institute of Technology

CHICAGO, ILL.

MENTION "SUCCESS."

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PROF. W. K. CLEMENT

A College Professor wins SUCCESS in ADVERTISING

Read what Professor Willard K. Clement (for years teacher of Latin in Northwestern University) says about the Chicago College of Advertising:

DEAR MR. MERRIAM: Evanston, Ill., December 26, 1903.

I have your letter asking my opinion of the Chicago College of Advertising course and what service it has rendered me. As you know, before completing the course, I had taken another, which is widely advertised, and had carefully studied a third, whose merits had been loudly praised by its authors. The first, I found admirable in some respects, but **sadly defective** in others. The second, any intelligent person could master in two evenings.

The Chicago College course is "another story," as Kipling puts it. **The student's creative power is taxed from the start. Practical problems, dealing with all phases of the profession, are to be solved. The student who masters them should be able to cope successfully with any difficulty he is likely to meet.**

Added to this is a mass of technical information, **prepared by experts,** and admirably digested and arranged, which one would have to search far to find, and then in not so satisfactory a form. **This is a reference library in itself.** The part of the course which I valued most and which, to my mind, is the most helpful to the ambitious student, is the last nine lessons, dealing with questions not strictly technical. **These alone are worth the entire cost of the course.** Young men with pluck, push and something of the genuine advertising spirit, who complete the course, must be a success. They **can't help being.** I am also impressed with the spirit of frankness and helpfulness that characterises the course. **That I am filling satisfactorily a position in the Literary Department of the Mahin Advertising Company is proof positive of what it has done for me.** Thanking you for your interest and wishing you and the College all success.

Very sincerely, WILLARD K. CLEMENT.

From Bank Clerk to Advertising Manager

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, Chicago, September 30, 1903.
Williams Building, City.

Gentlemen: I desire to express to you my unqualified approval of your splendid course of instruction—**it brings results. Prior to my taking up the study of advertising under your direction I had had no experience in that line of work.**

Your course of study, fitted to my personal requirements, taught me the fundamental principles of advertising and enabled me to successfully engage in the preparation of advertising copy, even before I had completed my work under your direction.

Shortly after graduation I left The Northern Trust Company Bank of Chicago, to fill the position of Western Representative for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, having been placed in communication with the publishers of the above magazine through your efforts.

In view of the foregoing circumstances, I am a firm believer in the value of your institution.

Wishing you continued success, I am, Yours very truly, LEROY D. JAMES, *Western Representative.*



LEROY D. JAMES

What His Employer Says:

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, New York, November 11, 1903.
200 Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: As has been the custom among all practical advertising men, we are wont to look on all advertising schools with a little suspicion. Sometime ago, however, we were looking for a man to represent us in the West, and one of your graduates was recommended to us. After a conversation with him we decided to engage him and we must say that we have been more than pleased with his services. Usually it takes months to break a young man into a position, especially one who is new to the business, but **we found that the training this young man had received from your hands, and the theoretical knowledge he had gained of the advertising business, enabled him to immediately take hold.**

The writer, whose work has been the breaking in of new people, found that the **graduate of your college needed no instructions** along the different points pertaining to advertising, and seemed to be thoroughly familiar with all the different phases, and also seemed to have a perfect technical knowledge of the business.

We must say that our opinion of the advertising college has entirely changed. We would thoroughly recommend your college to any young man who is anxious to go into the advertising business.

One point about your college, which we think excels all other advertising schools, is **your ability to place competent young men.** Trusting you may have continued success, and with best wishes, we are

Very truly yours, THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, W. J. KENNEDY, *Advertising Manager.*

Read what we have DONE and ARE DOING. Will you not embrace the opportunity to WIN SUCCESS? Are not the possibilities worth the price?

Creative Ad-Writing	in which you will be grounded in principles and from these taught to construct advertisements	**$25**
Advertising Management	in which you will be trained in executive problems and fitted to manage any advertising dept.	**$25**
Both Courses Together		**$40**

You can LEARN while you EARN by studying evenings.

THE MAHIN METHOD

ALWAYS "NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER"

CHICAGO COLLEGE of ADVERTISING
510 Williams Building
CHICAGO

TEAR OFF this coupon, name and address and MAIL it to us today.

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
510 Williams Bldg., Chicago

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Business .....

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Dirty Hair

Which ?

Clean Ostermoor





HAIR MATTRESS—A Tick Stuffed

Every hair mattress is a tick stuffed with animal hair, often swarming with disease germs. Our advertising has driven the old line makers to claim "sterilized" hair, which is absurd; for the only process that would be effective destroys the value of the hair—makes it brittle and lifeless.

The hair-stuffed tick gets lumpy—has to be "made over" every three or four years, at a greater expense each time.

THE "OSTERMOOR"—Built, Not Stuffed

The tick can be taken off and washed whenever soiled.

Each Ostermoor mattress is built—not stuffed. Hand-laid sheets of snowy whiteness, each the full size, are carefully compressed into the tick. The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt is purity itself, germ-free and vermin-proof.

Ostermoor mattresses *cannot* get lumpy, never need renewing; an occasional sun-bath is all they require.

The "Ostermoor" Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

has stood the test. Over one million (1,000,000) are in use to-day. It is the standard which fraudulent competition has vainly tried to reach. It's not *Felt* if it's not an *Ostermoor*. We honestly believe that nothing could be added to make it better—nothing could be taken away without doing harm.

It is no discredit to admit that we occasionally receive complaints, but our treatment of them is sufficient to warrant complete confidence. Only six people wanted their money back last year—but they got it without argument. All we ask of you is that you

Send for Our Handsome 96-Page Book FREE

whether you want a mattress or not. It treats exhaustively the mattress question, and gives scores of letters as strong (or stronger) than the one we print below. It also describes and beautifully illustrates OSTERMOOR Cushions and Pillows for Window Seats, Cozy Corners and Easy Chairs; Boat Cushions, Church Cushions—we have cushioned 25,000 churches It is an encyclopædia of comfort and good taste—may we send it? Your name on a postal will do. Please send for it to-day lest you forget.

Sleep On It Thirty Nights FREE

and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

IN CONSTANT USE 47 YEARS

BLACKSTONE, VA., Dec. 14, 1903

MESSRS. OSTERMOOR & Co.

Gentlemen:—The OSTERMOOR mattress bought by my grandfather, T. Freeman Epps, of Blackstone, in June, 1856, forty-seven years ago, is still in use, and as good as new to-day, and has had no renovation of any kind, except that the tick has been taken off and washed.

This Mattress has had harder usage than many, for it has been lain upon at least twelve hours every day for the past forty-seven years.

We had always spoken of it as an exceptionally fine hair mattress, and it was only when ticking was taken off for washing, some four years ago, that your label was discovered. A new one I purchased at that time has proven to be fully as good, if not better, than the original one.

We are delighted with OSTERMOOR Mattresses. These many years' experience have proved their everlasting comfort.

MRS. R. F. DILLARD.

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES:

2 ft. 6 in. wide,	25 lbs.	$ 8.35	All 6ft. 3 in. long
3 ft. wide,	30 lbs.	10.00	
3 ft. 6 in. wide,	35 lbs.	11.70	
4 ft. wide,	40 lbs.	13.35	
4 ft. 6 in. wide,	45 lbs.	15.00	

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra. Special sizes, special prices.



WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES EVERYWHERE

LOOK OUT! Dealers are trying to sell the "just as good kind." Ask to see the name "OSTERMOOR" and our trade-mark label, sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. It's not *Felt* if it's not an *Ostermoor*. Mattresses expressed, prepaid by us, same day check is received. Estimates on cushions and samples of coverings by return mail.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK TO-DAY

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY,

134 Elizabeth Street, - - - NEW YORK

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions"



We paid $1500.00 cash for this page to tell you our story! Won't YOU send for our free book?

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