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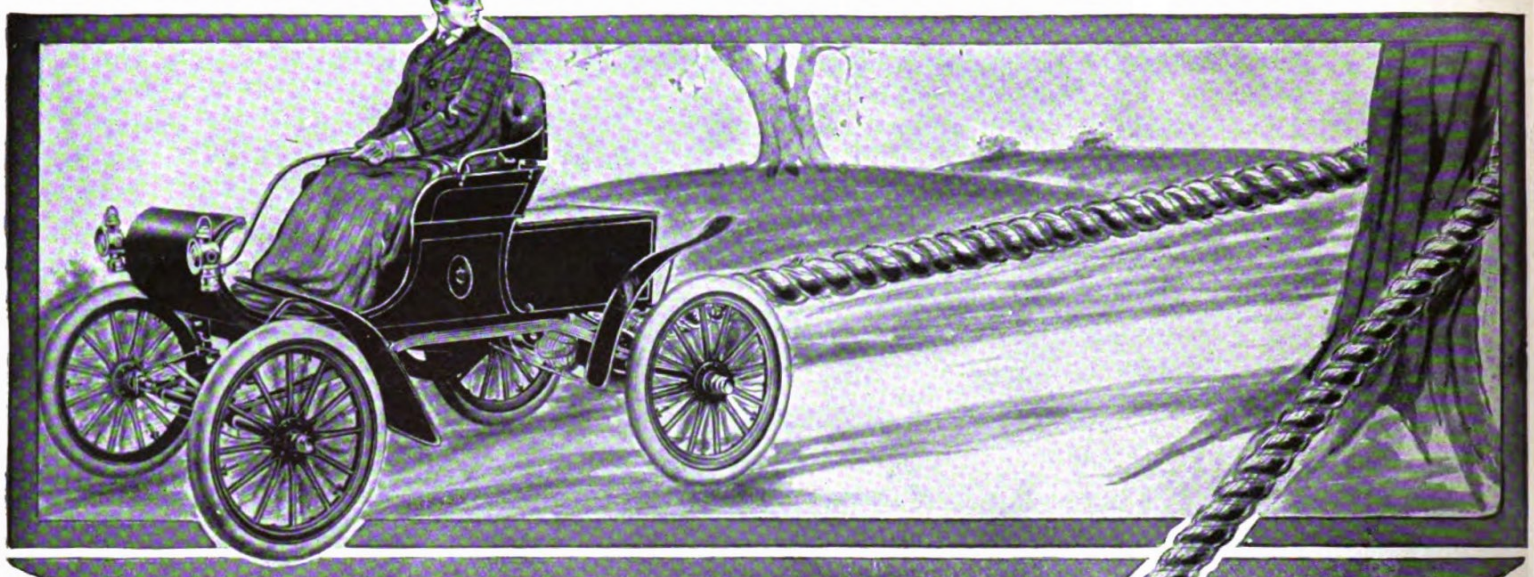
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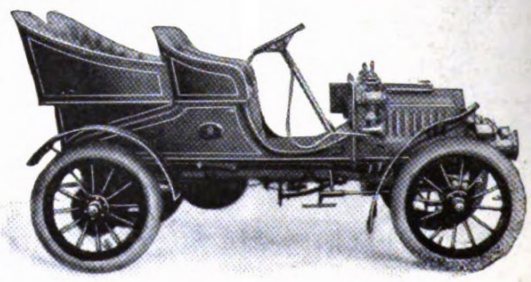
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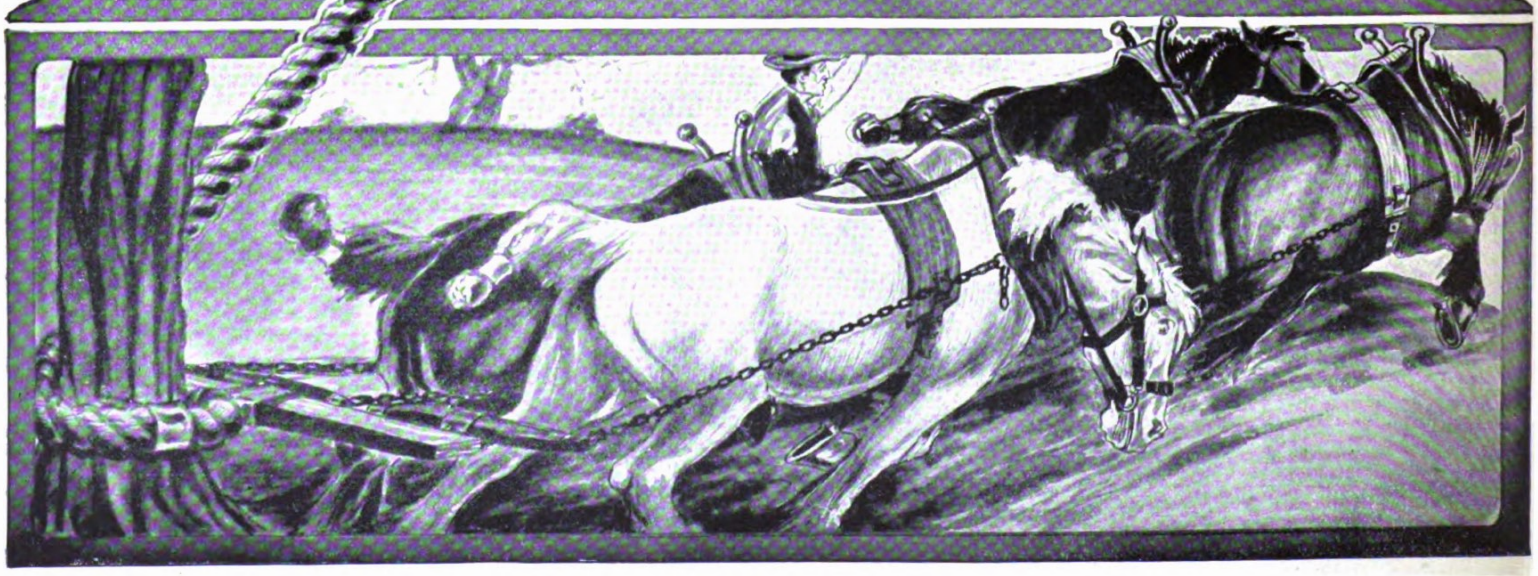
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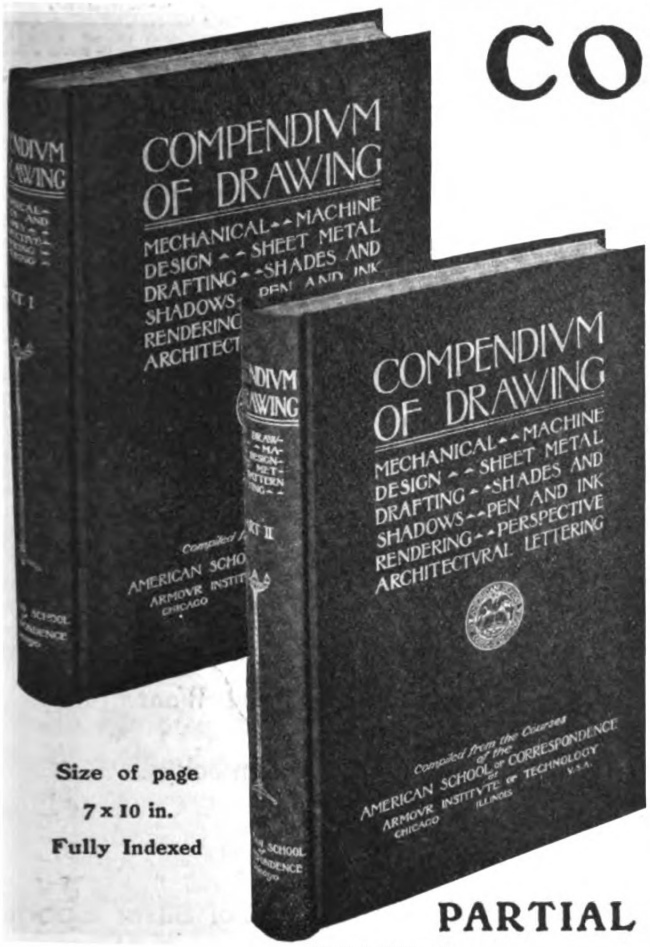


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IF so, it will pay you to read carefully the following announcements. They are addressed to SUCCESS readers,—to those who know how good a magazine SUCCESS is and can speak enthusiastically of it to others. We offer you the opportunity which has been taken advantage of by those of our workers whose pictures are given below. They have turned their enthusiasm for SUCCESS into dollars by definite, well-directed effort, during that portion of the year when outdoor work is most agreeable and when our readers have the greatest amount of spare time.



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A clergyman who is spreading the gospel of SUCCESS in a Western state.



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This young woman has taken over 500 SUCCESS subscriptions since October 1st.



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Another clergyman who has sent us over 7,000 subscriptions from an Eastern city.



MISS MAUD SCHLENKER

is one of the first representatives to receive a SUCCESS scholarship.



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A young man who has sent us hundreds of subscriptions from New England.



J. C. RUNDLES

A recent letter, in which he tells of his work, is given below.



GEO. A. DEEL

A teacher who combines subscription getting with his school work to good effect.

To Any College Without Cost

Perhaps you long for an education in some particular branch in which you are ambitious to excel, but lack the necessary means to put yourself through college.

If this is the case, you need not be troubled further, for the Success Bureau of Education can provide you with not only your tuition, but also with the means to pay for your living expenses while in school. During the past two years SUCCESS has put dozens of young people through college, and the number annually provided with scholarships is constantly growing. Here is what one young man says:—

"I am glad to say that I am now in Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, reaping the benefits of a Success Scholarship given me for securing subscriptions to the magazine SUCCESS. If some fairy had told me before I started to work for SUCCESS that I was going to win monthly cash prizes to the value of $305, also second prize of $200 in the season contest for June, July, August, and September, together with a scholarship (worth $215,) for only five months' work, I would have considered it as something impossible, at least for me, as I had only about three weeks' previous experience in such work at the time I took hold of SUCCESS. But we do not know what we can accomplish until we have made the effort. I do not wish to leave the impression that wonders can be accomplished in this line of work without special effort, for SUCCESS teaches us that to gain true success in any line of work, we must put forth good, honest effort. If anyone is willing to do that, I can assure him that he will be well paid for his work. Furthermore, practical experience, invaluable in after life, will be gained, and this is experience which can not be gained in any school.

"I shall be glad to give any information in my power to those who wish to inquire further as to my experience in this work. Very respectfully,

"J. C. RUNDLES."

Write and tell us what school you desire to attend, the particular course of study you want to pursue, and the amount of time at your disposal for the necessary work in earning your scholarship. If you are in doubt as to the proper institution, our booklet will help you. It contains a list of several hundred schools and colleges with which we have special arrangements for placing students.

Would You Earn Money This Summer?

Salesmanship of any kind is good training for the future. If you contemplate a business career, you will most certainly have to apply it in your work to some extent. By brushing against people and learning their peculiarities and how to overcome them, one is often, early in life, able to make more progress toward success winning than can be measured by years of mere office or factory work. "*Go into the world and study it,*" ought to be the determination of everybody anxious to succeed. If this is true of salesmanship in general, how much more true is it of that salesmanship which has to do with literary treasures such as are found in SUCCESS? What greater favor can you do a friend or neighbor than to bring SUCCESS into his or her life to brighten, cheer, and inspire? What more dignified employment is there than *making a business* of doing this, particularly when that business can be made self-supporting, profitable, and a means to an end?

Field work for SUCCESS is profitable,—highly profitable. Not only do we pay larger commissions than most magazines for securing subscriptions, but we also offer to our representatives monthly and season cash prizes which largely increase their earnings. Many of our best workers are earning from $150 to $250 a month, and others, giving only a part of their time, almost as much. We are offering a special series of prizes for spring and summer work which will be most attractive to you, and which ought to mean that anyone who takes up the work will have large sums of money in the bank the coming fall for any purpose he may have in mind.

Write us and we will tell you all about it. We will send you our list of prizes, our commission rates, our suggestions and instructions for canvassing, and all the necessary paraphernalia for your work. Write to-day.

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CLEVELAND MOFFETT | FRANK FAYANT | A. J. WATERHOUSE | MRS. WASHBURNE | W. H. OSBORNE | NIXON WATERMAN | WALTER WELLMAN

Some of the Contributors to This Issue

WE trust that the readers of SUCCESS will notice the discrimination with which the writers of the April issue were selected. An editor can feel no greater satisfaction than to know that he has chosen the right man for the right place. For instance, when an article on science is required, a writer must be selected who understands the subject from its various standpoints, and at the same time is able to present it so that it will appeal, in the broadest sense, to the minds of those who do not understand its technicalities. That is why we secured Cleveland Moffett to write the opening article on radium. Mr. Moffett spent many months in Paris, most of them in the home of M. and Mme. Pierre Curie, the discoverers of radium. In order to acquaint himself fully with the workings of the new metal, he became a pupil of the Curies and paid them ten dollars a day, for a two-hour lesson, in order to fully equip himself for the task of writing such an article as appears in this issue. So much has been said about radium, so many wild stories have been floated regarding its alleged wonders, that we are glad to give to the world what may readily be considered the fairest and most unbiased statement ever presented of this important scientific factor.

Walter Wellman was selected to write the article about the presidential possibilities who are crowding into the lime light this year, because he has a larger grasp on public affairs and public men than many other writers in America. Mr. Wellman lives in Washington, D. C., where he follows the duties of a journalist. He looks upon everything from a thoroughly unprejudiced view-point. He has no politics; he is neither Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist, or even Mugwump. Every man mentioned in his article has been closely studied, and you may feel certain that when Mr. Wellman says a thing it's so. All men appear alike to his eye, and he judges them from the absolute standpoint of their own abilities. To sit down and chat for an hour with Mr. Wellman is like reading a book which opens up the inner mysteries of the diplomatic world.

Simeon Ford was requested to furnish the article on the art of after-dinner speaking, because, perhaps, he is the most laughter-provoking, post-prandial orator in our country. For many years this quiet, unobtrusive man would appear at a little gathering where he was asked to "make a few remarks." One night a reporter dropped in, and Mr. Ford's wit struck him so forcefully that a column of it appeared in his paper the next day. To make a long story short, there is never a big banquet given in New York City but Mr. Ford's presence is sought. Every man likes to think that he can say a few words after a dinner. It is a rare art and a gentle accomplishment, and to any who feel that they are unequal to such a task, Mr. Ford's kindly and humorous advice should be of some benefit.

Frank Fayant is a young writer whose first magazine work appeared in SUCCESS. He has the rare quality of being a man who can marshal facts and figures that seem dry and abstruse and present them in a way that glitters with romance and interest. This is one of the most abused arts of magazine literature. When Mr. Fayant undertook the article on the department-store and mail-order business in the United States he found that a great many of the large concerns were unwilling, at first, to give him any facts. He presented his claims so effectively, however, that he finally secured the most thorough and reliable information. While some statements that he makes seem to be nothing more than fairy tales, such as the exporting of a church in its entirety (except the preacher,) from Chicago, to the heart of Africa, we can safely assure our readers that everything contained in his remarkable article is absolutely true.

Marion Foster Washburne continues her interesting papers on the "bringing up" of children, entitled "As the Twig Is Bent," which are of special value to mothers,—and fathers as well. Mrs. Washburne treats this important subject in such a plain, simple, and practical manner, that its value is doubly enhanced.

This number is rich in fiction. The short stories are "Areopagus, of Freeport, U.S.A.," by William Hamilton Osborne, "An Aërial Providence," by Alvah Milton Kerr, and "Waggs, the 'Weak Sister,'" by George Daulton. Mr. Osborne is a young lawyer of Newark, New Jersey, who began writing short stories as a pastime, about two years ago, but has been so successful that he has sold over two hundred of them since then. Mr. Kerr is a writer of railroad stories of courage and daring, and Mr. Daulton is a new man in the short-story field. Mr. Altsheler, the author of our serial, "Guthrie of 'The Times,'" needs no introduction.

The poetry in this issue is worthy of special attention. Nixon Waterman, whose beautiful triolet, "A Rose to the Living," is one of the American classics, contributes "The Sculptor." Alfred J. Waterhouse, whose homely songs appeal so strongly to human nature, contributes "The People of Moonbeam Land." Ernest Neal Lyon's "Stand Firm," and William J. Lampton's "Opportunity Speaks," are worthy of their authors. Mr. Lampton's is in a humorous strain. He, personally, does not care to have his verses called poetry, but dubs them "yawps." There is a wide chasm between a "yawp" and a poem, we admit, but there is a good deal of honest philosophy in what Mr. Lampton writes.

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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 April 15th, in order to be certain of receiving our May number (ready April 25th). Advantage may be taken of magazine and book clubbing offers appearing in this issue by those sending us their renewals.

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Vance Thompson's Diplomatic Mysteries

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▲ ▲ ▲

The Success Portfolio of this issue contains half-tone reproductions of the photographs of the leading presidential and vice-presidential possibilities of 1904.

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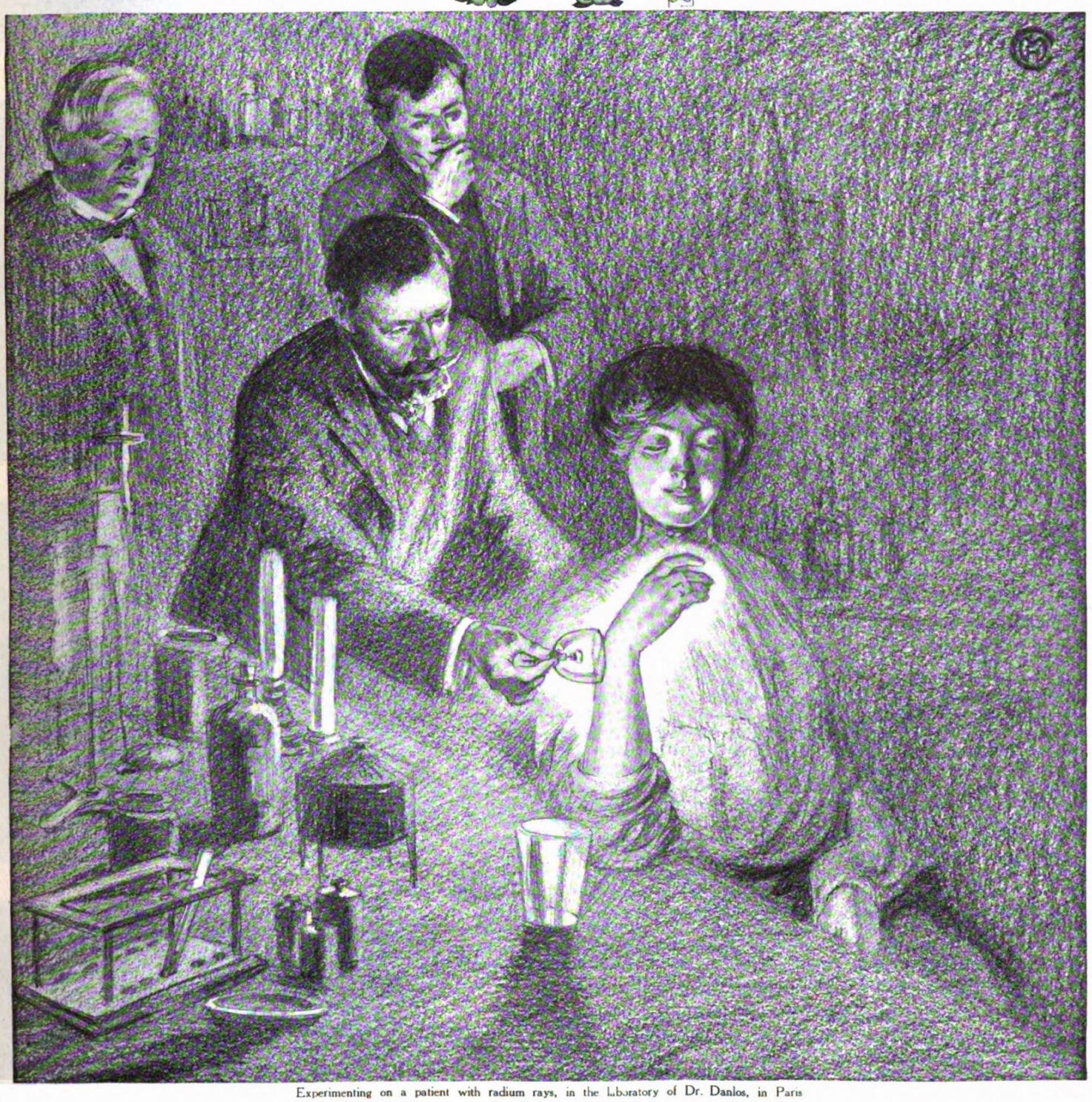
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NEW YORK, APRIL, 1904

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VOLUME VII. NUMBER 119



Experimenting on a patient with radium rays, in the Laboratory of Dr. Danlos, in Paris

The Sense and the Nonsense about Radium

What the Discoverers of the Mysterious Metal and Other Leading Experts Claim that It Will really Accomplish

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

[Illustrated with photographs taken specially for "Success" by the author]

WHEN I was in Paris, last summer, securing facts and information about radium, I met an old friend, the correspondent of a New York daily, who was also writing about the new wonder, and was greatly amused because I spent so much time getting my facts. He did n't see the use of it.

"But," I said, "it 's a difficult subject, and hard to make clear."

"H'm!" said he, "I interviewed M. Curie two days ago and cabled a column yesterday. You 've been two weeks on your story."

"Three," said I, and then I assured him that I still felt unprepared and intended to take lessons in radium phenomena from M. Curie's assistant, before putting pen to paper. Thus, only, could I do the subject full justice.

"What, pay for lessons?" he exclaimed, incredulously.

"Why not?" said I. "These people are busy with their work; why should n't we pay them, if we interrupt them?"

So, for another week, I went back and forth along the quiet old streets beyond the Pantheon; I watched M. Curie and his associates at their experiments with radium, and gained certain qualifications for writing about this strange and baffling element. This, perhaps, justifies me now in pointing out some of the inaccuracies and exaggerations touching radium that are

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current in our newspapers, these days, and are bringing discredit upon a valuable discovery.

There are two causes of errors: first, a widespread credulity (in this age which calls itself skeptical,) as to any kind of miracles, if they come in the name of science; and, second, a tendency which is quite American to confuse what may be with what is. We have changed the bonds of our belief, and are so eager for new bonds that we can scarcely wait while science forges them. This is natural. Science has done so much for us in recent generations—giving us steam and electricity, sulphuric ether, the telephone, the X-rays, and the rest,—that there seems no limit to what it may bestow. If a scientist fails to "make good," we promptly forget his promise because we are so interested in the announcement of a Chicago physician that he sees no reason why human life may not be prolonged indefinitely, since he has done something or other with eggs of the sea urchin. "After all," we say, "why not?" Then follow consumption cures, cancer cures, and liquid air with a perpetual-motion attachment and shares on the market. Then we hear of things that Tesla is going to do, of wonderful storage batteries that must revolutionize the automobile industry, but somehow never work, and of a "distance see-er" that will transmit vision over wires and allow anxious wives in Cincinnati to actually *see* their husbands in New York,—I remember myself being sent off posthaste to Austria, some years ago, after this particular device of madness, which they called the "telelectroscope," and all the papers said the claims about it were true, yet nothing ever came of it.

Oddly enough, these failures to "make good" seem only to stimulate our willingness to believe. We are like gamblers who reason that the red must turn up soon, and each new message from the laboratory—anybody's laboratory,—finds a cohort of zealous believers, especially if it be a message of healing to the sorely afflicted. There are the sadness and the wickedness of it, for sufferers by tens of thousands put vain trust in these hasty announcements, these deceptions of half knowledge, and believe that now, at length, they are to be rid of their ills. Think of the man whose wife is stricken with cancer, and who is assured, on the authority of distinguished names, (and this happens daily,) that radium will cure cancer, and then finds that there was some mistake: the writer misunderstood what the doctor said, or the doctor was over-sanguine, and the fact is that radium will only cure *some* cancers—*sometimes!* Think of the consumptives, millions of them, who are told (as they have been told,) that radio-active air will conquer their malady! It seems very simple: radium kills germs, hence radio-active air taken into the lungs must destroy a germ disease. But again investigation leads to disappointment; there is need of more experiments; there is lack of radium, and anyhow the thing is doubtful. Radium may cure consumption, some day, or it may not; it certainly will not now, and the man who has the disease wants to be cured now,—or let alone.

Eminent Physicians Doubt that Radium Has Cured Consumption

I speak thus positively about the cure of consumption by radium because I know of at least one shrewd speculator in human misery who proposes soon to start a sort of radium consumption farm where he will advertise to do wonders for affected lungs by means of radio-active air,—and handsome fees. No doubt, if he sets up his establishment in Colorado or the Adirondacks, his patients may be benefited,—with the radium or without it. Eventually the radium may do good, for the theory may prove sound, but people should know that thus far there is an entire lack of evidence from reputable physicians to show that radium has actually cured cases of consumption. Years must pass before we can have any certain knowledge on the subject. There must be a massing of evidence from many hospitals, and time to take note of relapses. Think what a slow, insidious disease consumption is! Remember the Koch consumption cure which did not cure! Remember what the X-rays were to do for consumption, but did not do!

Even should it ultimately be shown that consumption may be cured by the use of radio-active air, there still remains the problem of finding a sufficient supply of radium to bestow these precious properties upon the air. Great quantities of this air would be needed,—think of the army of consumptives!—and there is very little radium in the world,—only an ounce or so of the highly purified product, and that is enormously expensive. To be sure, we read of radium deposits in various parts of America, and we are told that soon, with better processes of refining, the price will fall from a million dollars a pound, or thereabouts, to something reasonable. As a matter of fact the price of radium has been steadily advancing for the past six months, as is shown by figures which I have from the largest radium importer in New York, who informs me that a quantity of radium (ten milligrams,) which to-day sells for two hundred dollars would have cost only seventy-five dollars four months ago, and only sixty dollars six months ago. This is because the Austrian government has refused to export any more of the pitchblende refuse from its uranium mines in Bohemia, and this refuse is practically the sole supply of radium in the world. The radium deposits elsewhere, as in Saxony, Cornwall, and Colorado, are far inferior to these, and, furthermore, America is far behind France in the practical business of refining radium. The Frenchmen have worked at this for two years or more, and have learned by patient experiment to produce radium of an intensity of one million, five hundred thousand, whereas our best result, so far as I can learn, is radium exactly one thousandth as powerful,—that is, of only fifteen hundred intensity. I recommend to the careful consideration of our radium specialists the photographs accompanying this article, for they are the only set, I believe, thus far published, that actually represent M. Curie's processes of purifying radium.

The X-rays May Prove more Effective in the Treatment of Cancer

Let us now consider what radium will do for cancer, since it is constantly mentioned in this connection. What can radium do for this scourge? It is good to know that here, at least, it may do something, although we may not accept the editorial statement of a serious New York daily that "radium is likely to prove the most effective weapon against cancer that has yet been found." The fact is that radium must be counted less effective against cancer than the X-rays, and the only superiority of radium treatment for cancer over X-ray treatment lies in the fact that some cancers are so placed as to make it difficult for the surgeon to reach them with the X-rays, whereas a small radium tube, owing to its more convenient form, may be applied successfully. Were it not for this one might say that the X-ray treatment of cancer is always preferable to the radium treatment, since it is much quicker. Dr. Robert Abbe, an eminent New York surgeon, assures me that it is eight or ten times quicker.

He recently told me of his own investigations with radium and allowed me to assist at the treatment of a very malignant cancer with some radium of an intensity of three hundred thousand. This cancer, one of the deadly sarcomatous type, had attacked the lower jaw of an unfortunate young man, and the tissues inside the mouth were so swollen that the lower front teeth were seen below the level of the cancerous growth and were already loosened through the destruction of the jawbone. This was a case where it would have been difficult, not to say impossible, to treat the cancer with X-rays, and here Dr. Abbe obtained most encouraging results with radium. A single application of the little tube, properly guarded with a fold of lead to protect the healthy tissues, lessened the swelling in a marked degree, and greatly improved the condition of the inner mouth. Subsequent applications led to continued improvement, and Dr. Abbe hoped—yet he



M. Curie, making a delicate measurement



Emptying uranite powder into a caldron.—The first act of purifying

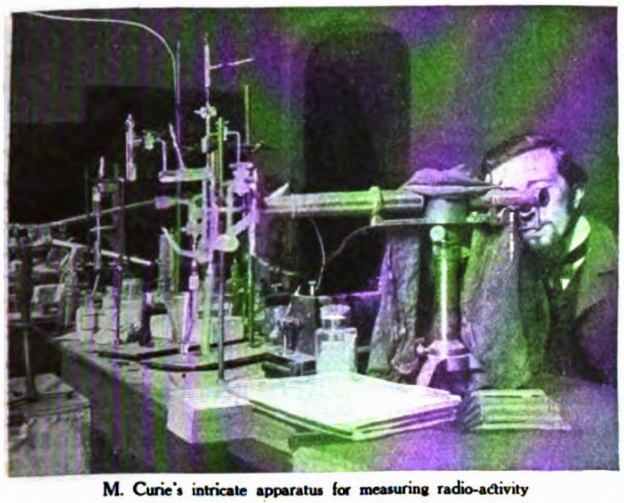


The solution is decanted into barrels, where the mud containing radium settles



Pierre Curie, the great but modest master worker in radium

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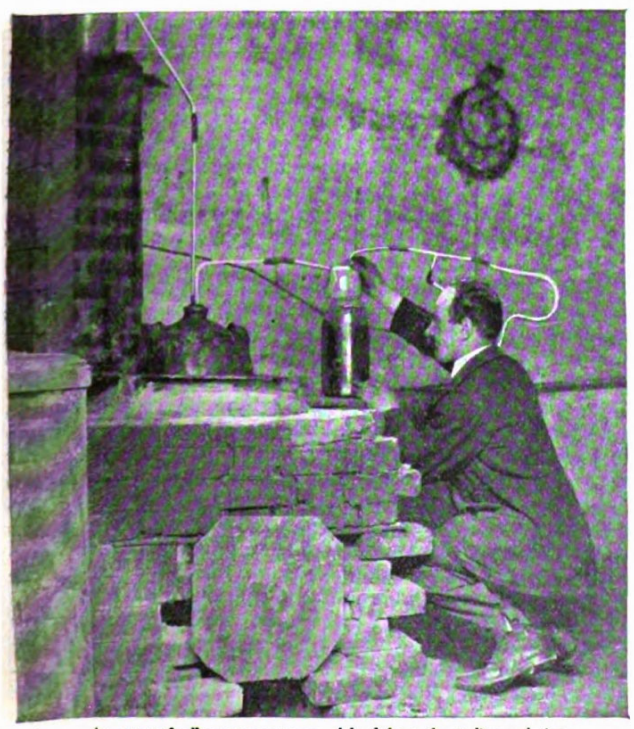
M. Curie's intricate apparatus for measuring radio-activity



The radium is finally purified in large glass demijohns



A workman watches the liquid while it slowly crystallizes



An expert finally removes traces of lead from the radium solution

affirmed nothing, but hoped,—that a cure might be effected, if due care were exercised.

I watched this operation with a poignant interest, for the patient was a young man, almost a boy,—he had trusting blue eyes and a girl's complexion,—who must certainly die a frightful death within a year unless this pinch of white powder in a piece of glass could save him. Surgery had done nothing, and the X-rays had done nothing, but radium might do something. Yet we must wait months to be sure, and then other months to see that there would be no recurrence of the cancer. I may add that the radium was applied, in this instance, for periods of an hour, or of an hour and a half, at a time, whereas the application of the X-rays, had it been possible to use them, would have been limited to a few minutes.

Dr. Abbe mentioned another interesting case of a man attacked by epithelial cancer simultaneously in both ears. This offered an excellent opportunity for a comparative test, and the doctor proceeded to treat one ear with X-rays and the other ear with radium. In each case a seemingly perfect cure was effected, the only difference being that each radium application lasted half an hour, while those of the X-rays lasted two or three minutes apiece.

On the whole, then, we are justified in believing that most cases of superficial cancer may be cured by radium, although the same cases might equally be cured, and more quickly, (when within reach,) by the X-rays. As for sensational statements that radium will cure rheumatism, stomach troubles, and various other diseases, we may pass them over as absolutely premature. Furthermore, certain deep-seated cancers may be cured by radium when it is possible to introduce the little radium tubes through the natural openings of the body. That, no doubt, is a great deal, but it is very different from the sweeping assertion that radium is an absolute cure for cancer. There are many cancers, especially deep-seated ones away from natural openings, which can be cured neither by radium nor by X-rays, nor by any other known means.

Only a Delicate Thermometer Can Detect the Heat of Radium

I might linger over the radium treatment for *lupus* and other skin diseases, but such cures by radium (even when certain,) offer no particular advantage over similar cures made by X-rays or by Finsen lamps. So we may pass on to the physical side of the subject and see how much truth there is in the marvelous claims made for radium in this direction. In the first place, we hear that radium gives forth heat and light ceaselessly and without waste. This is only a manner of speech, for even the most devout believers in this physical miracle admit that there is some waste, and their most startling calculation provides that a given quantity of radium shall lose one millionth part of its bulk in a thousand million years. This estimate is so obviously fantastic that we may pass it over with a smile. Who are we, that we should discuss what will be happening in a thousand million years? How do we know that the waste of radium goes on uniformly? Indeed, the latest theory assumes that radium is a metal that we happen to have caught, so to speak, in a transition state, a period of atomic disintegration that may be of comparatively brief duration, and perhaps in so short a time as ten thousand years this tortured element may have established a new atomic equilibrium for itself, and may then be once more behaving itself after the normal habit of metals.

As to the actual light and heat that radium gives forth, I must say that these phenomena are distinctly disappointing. The light is a faint glow, nothing more, and any schoolboy can produce a brighter one by rubbing a phosphorus match on his sleeve. The heat is so slight that only a delicate thermometer can detect it.

I had the pleasure of attending the "radium dinner" given recently by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and there I saw the latest wonders of radium, including "radium cocktails," radium paint, and a "perpetual-motion" machine driven by the tireless energy of radium. Well, the radium paint was a joke,—just the old-fashioned luminous paint, with no radium in it, which was a pity, as it shone beautifully and impressed the reporters. The one hundred and fifty radium cocktails (there were tiny tubes of low-grade radium in the glasses,) gave out less light when the room was darkened than half a dozen healthy fireflies would give in a New Jersey field. As for the "perpetual-motion" machine, it would n't work, the chairman saying that it was "stuck," which was a little discouraging, as we had all read in the papers that the thing would run forever!

I would not seem wanting in respect for commendable efforts and enthusiasm, but surely we may protest against this wave of radium overstatement. Here is a Russian scientist who would have us believe (so the papers say,) that radium will shortly put an end to war, since it may be used to explode battle ships from the shore! What a chance was lost at Port Arthur! Here is another Russian making that old promise for radium (one frequently mentioned,) that it will determine sex! Here is a Paris doctor confident that radium will cure blindness! Here is a professor who declares that radium phenomena overthrow the atomic theory, and another who would prove by radium that the transmutation of metals is possible, and that, after all, we may change our copper kettles into gold! These things may be true, as anything may be true, but their positive announcement, as we get it almost daily, is premature, to say the least. I yield to no one in my admiration for the Curies and their great discovery, but I suppose that the world will go on very much as it has, in spite of radium. I fear people will continue to suffer and die in spite of radium, and doubt if the laws of existence or of matter will be very seriously disturbed because we have some pinches of a white powder that behaves queerly.

In Certain Cases of Blindness It May Prove Valuable

In my summary of improbabilities I overlooked one real service that radium may render in certain cases of blindness. There is no virtue in radium to restore the sight, but it may furnish an accurate and precious indication whether, as in cataract, the optic nerve is or is not intact, and whether or not an operation may be undertaken with chances of success. It is true that radium rays will affect the optic nerve through an opaque cornea, or even through the bones of the head. M. Curie tried this experiment on me in a darkened room, and with eyes tightly closed I had the distinct sensation of a light inside my head when he placed a radium tube first in my closed eyelids and then to my forehead. It appears that the rays penetrate the head and set up a kind of internal phosphorescence in the liquids of the eyeball. Needless to say, there is danger attaching to such experiments.

This, by the way, is only one of many dangers that radium carries in its train. Every experimenter knows what deep and painful sores result from its contact with the body. A few grains of it are sufficient to destroy life in eggs, plants, mice, rabbits, and other creatures, if there be sufficient exposure to the rays. The authorities all agree that larger quantities of radium might be fatal to men, the lesser effects including blindness, paralysis, and destruction of the skin. So, even if radium should become cheap and abundant, there would remain the question whether, in its general use, it might not do us more harm than good.

If I were asked what has impressed me most in this whole investigation, I should say that it is the simple, modest way in which the Curies and their associates in Paris speak of their discovery. M. Curie answers half your questions about radium with "*Je n'en sais rien*,"—"I do not know." M. Danysz, at the Pasteur Institute, in much the same way, will show you his rows of little cages where various small creatures, such as mice, guinea pigs, etc., are undergoing radium treatment, and will tell you what he hopes to do, but he makes

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few affirmations, and says quite frankly that he knows very little about radium. Yet he is counted one of the world's great authorities in his particular line. Equally guarded is Dr. Danlos, of the St. Louis Hospital, (Paris,) who was using "nine hundred thousand radium" on skin diseases before various doctors in this country who now are trumpeting their radium achievements had ever heard of the metal.



Dr. Danlos and assistants, treating a *lupus* patient with radium

The Experts often Know more than the Discoverers

I talked with him on several occasions, and saw him treat a *lupus* patient with radium, but I could not get from him more than this, that he thought radium would cure *lupus*, that it looked as if it had already cured a number of cases, and that there was reason to believe that it might do for *lupus* all that the Finsen lamps would do for it, and do it more quickly and more simply, but that there had been some relapses and some failures, and, anyhow, it was too soon to make sweeping statements that might only arouse false hopes. This is the attitude of all the really big men who really know, whether here or abroad, but somehow one feels a very different attitude in our "radium experts;" they seem so sure of what they say, and they say so much, that one would think that we understand the subject better than the Frenchmen. No doubt our newspapers are partly responsible for this, yet we are responsible for the newspapers, and, anyway, I don't suppose that, as a nation, we err on the side of excessive modesty. Our military experts would explain the war in Manchuria much better than those waging it, would they not? Our musical experts certainly know more about "Parsifal" than Wagner knew, so why should not our radium experts understand radium phenomena better than the Curies? Who are the Curies, pray?

Let me say this about them: they are very remarkable people, not only for what they have done to bring glory to France, but also for what they are,—a fine man and a splendid woman. There is a great lesson for women in the brave struggle of that poor Polish girl, Mlle. Sklodowska. Desperately poor she was, and alone in Paris, an eager student hungering for knowledge and ready to bear all things in the execution of her purpose. Few know the privation and humiliation endured by young women who come from distant countries to the French capital, determined to pursue advanced studies at the Sorbonne or the College de France. Sometimes they almost starve. I myself knew such a student who literally lived on ten dollars a month, and later took distinguished honors in chemistry. The first signal success gained by Mlle. Sklodowska came when she entered the lists in competitive examination for higher mathematics against all comers, including the best students from the famous women's school at Sèvres.



M. Curie's arm, showing a scar resulting from a radium sore

They Found Wisdom before They Discovered Radium

Her opponents were fresh from the coaching of the most skillful professors in France, while she prepared herself, but, when the papers were read, it was Mlle. Sklodowska first, and the rest nowhere, for they were simply crushed by her brilliant superiority. In sustaining her recent thesis for the doctor's degree before the French Faculty of Sciences, (her subject being radium,) it was quite clear that not one of her examiners could cope with her on this new ground, *her* ground,—where she was not a pupil, but a master; not a follower, but a discoverer!

Such is the woman who for years has worked with M. Curie, his wife and fellow scientist, in the attainment of this great goal. Together they have given radium to the world. They have been poor and obscure, and now they are honored and acclaimed, yet one feels that it matters little to them,—they go on living as they have lived in the modest home way down by the southern fortifications on the ill-famed outer *boulevard*, haunted at night by plunderers and harpies. Money does not interest them, fame is a bubble, and radium itself is only an incident in their work, a proof of their love of work. M. Curie is one of those men—there are many such in Paris,—who have so sweet and sane a philosophy that their general serenity is scarcely influenced by the world's verdict of failure or of triumph. I am sure that he discovered wisdom long before he discovered radium!

Social Precedence in Washington Official Life

JOHN GILMER SPEED

It is a rare thing for a season to pass in Washington without some annoying disturbance of the serenity of social life due to a misunderstanding as to the relative rank of those in different branches of the public service. Rank in the army and in the navy is fixed by regulation, and long custom has also established it. So here there need never be any clash; but there is, for where there is a disposition to fight it does not even take two to make a quarrel. General Grant's story about General Braxton Bragg illustrates this. General Bragg, when a captain of artillery in the old army, was at a post commanded by General John E. Wool, then an old man. Officers were scarce, so Bragg had to act, in addition to commanding his company, as adjutant of the post and post commissary. As post commissary he issued some beef to himself as company commander; in the latter capacity he rejected the beef as unfit for soldiers to eat; as commissary he replied, tartly, that it was the best beef he could get; as company commander he referred the correspondence to himself as adjutant, and as adjutant he passed it along to General Wool. That old gentleman read the papers in the case with amazement, and, sending for the captain-commissary-adjutant, said: "Captain Bragg, you have quarreled with every man in the army, and now you are trying to quarrel with yourself!"

So we see that real ability can render axioms obsolete. When the Spanish-American War was over and Dewey had reached Washington with the rank of admiral, which ranks with the army grade of general, some busy meddlers tried to stir up trouble as to which should have the *pas*, Admiral George Dewey or Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles. Nothing came of it, however, as the army being the older organization, precedes the navy, and Dewey conceded this without a contest. But there is little chance of trouble where rank is a matter of regulation. It is where there is no regulation that misunderstandings and embarrassments arise. The three coördinate branches of the government—the legislative, the judicial, and the executive,—have their official functions described and determined by the fundamental law. The makers of the constitution did not see fit to meddle with social usages, though they did spend some time in debating whether the president should be called "his majesty," "his highness," "his mightiness," or "his excellency." We have had to settle these perplexities ourselves or let them be unsettled. They are still unsettled, which is rather a pity, as unsettled conditions promote bad manners, and bad manners disturb the peace at home and provoke contempt abroad.

The Supreme Court Judges Felt that They Should Precede the Foreign Ambassadors

The most recent exhibition of bad manners due to the unsettled condition as to official social *status* in Washington was when the President was holding a reception for the members of the supreme court. The line of justices was interrupted in its progress by the master of ceremonies so that some foreign ambassadors might reach the President first. Here was the mischief to pay. Which outranks, supreme court judges or foreign ambassadors? Say the judges, "We are a coördinate part of the government;" say the ambassadors, "We represent our sovereigns!" Who is to decide? In this instance, the judges say that the reception was for them and therefore they were the guests to be honored. There may be something in that; but that Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller and Justice John M. Harlan should care to take it to the notice of the President seems most amazing. The President is a very busy man, with his hands and his head full of affairs of importance; surely he might be spared this kind of annoyance. But he was not. Even so well rounded a man as the chief justice, a veteran who keeps his nature sweet by turning tuneful rhymes; even Mr. Justice Harlan felt called upon to take this grievance to the President. Has it been settled? I do not know. I only know that none of the justices has resigned, and none of the ambassadors has returned his *exequatur*. The common-sense view of this particular imbroglio seems to be that the ambassadors, being, in a certain sense, guests of the nation, should, according to the well established and well recognized customs of hospitality all over the civilized world, take precedence over any and all of us.

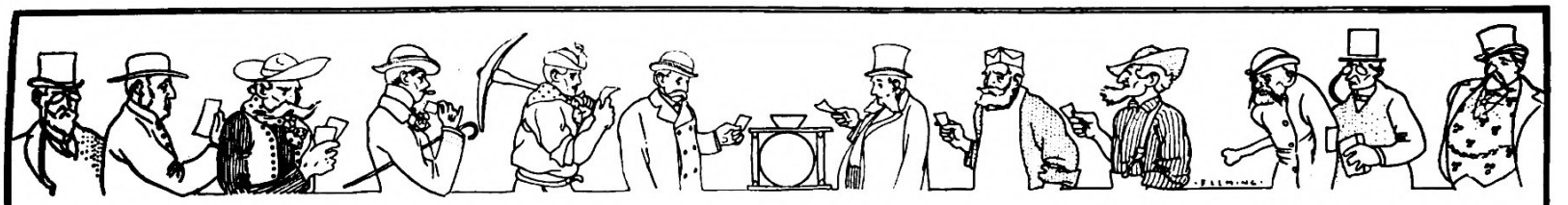
Let a Competent Commission Establish Rules in the Interest of Good Manners

The logical way of looking at what might be called domestic precedence would be this: all officials are servants of the people; those who are not officials, and have neither desire nor intention of becoming so, are of the people, and therefore masters. Hence, as Addison said, and Washington used often to quote,—

"The post of honor is a private station." If this logical idea were adopted, the humblest citizen would rank with the highest, or even above the most exalted official. How that would turn things upside down! It would bring about a condition of affairs that would even surprise "Alice in Wonderland." It probably is not practicable, and may be dismissed as an ideal not possible to-day, but which may be realized in the happy, and, I hope, not distant future when gentleness shall have taken the place of elbowing bumptiousness.

The difficulties of the President in his desire to be approachable by all are not new. The people have always been admitted to the White House much more freely than to any European palace, and probably always will be. But even that sterling Democrat, Andrew Jackson, found that promiscuous gatherings must be controlled by regulations. He tried, when first made president, to serve refreshments to those whom he considered his guests. He was himself nearly mobbed by the crowd that surged toward the tables. He declared, there and then, that such a thing should never again occur at the White House. A thing just such as that has not occurred since; but most dreadful crushes are the rule, and regulations—police regulations, if you choose,—are absolutely necessary. What is more, it seems proper that these other much vexed matters should be settled at once and forever by a competent commission composed, say, of the chief justice, the secretary of state, the president of the senate, the speaker of the house, and the dean of the diplomatic corps. But these men have more important matters to attend to, it may be objected. Of course they have, but they also, it seems, have time to vex their souls and waste their strength in ill-mannered squabbles as to which shall go ahead of the others. Let rules be made by such a commission in the interest of good manners.

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Leading Presidential Possibilities of 1904

Theodore Roosevelt Will probably Head the Republican Ticket, but Who Will Be the Democratic Standard Bearer Is very Problematical

WALTER WELLMAN

[Half-tone reproductions of the photographs of the possible candidates will be found in the "Success Portfolio" of this issue]

IT appears to be already written in the book of fate that Theodore Roosevelt is to break an ancient precedent in American politics. As yet no man who entered the White House through the vice presidency has been named by his party to be his own successor. Plenty of people are superstitious enough to believe that what has not been done can not be done. But that is very poor logic, as a rule, and it is especially bad when it runs up against a stone wall of facts. In March it looks as if nothing is likely to prevent the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt to be the candidate of the Republican Party. There is no organized opposition to him. There is in sight no other candidate about whom such members of his party as are discontented with him as a leader may rally and make their opposition effective. Many delegates have already been instructed for him, and the claim is made, with reason, that, by the time the convention meets at Chicago, late in June, a majority of all will be in the Roosevelt column. At this writing the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt within his own party has pretty nearly disappeared. Here and there are half-hearted mutterings of dissatisfaction. But there is not one chance in a hundred that this scattered and timid negative will be able to make any headway against the great positive, vital force of his popularity and practical possession of the field.

It would not be easy to say when Mr. Roosevelt's probationary period came to an end. That he was for a long time on probation,—sitting in the presidential chair on approval, as it were,—everyone knows. He gradually emerged from this state, and, almost before one could realize it,—surely before some of his critics realized it,—he was approved and accepted by the majority of the members of his party and stood as one who had taken his place as the natural, logical, and inevitable leader of Republicanism. Instead of being a mere accidental and legal inheritor of leadership, he assumed leadership on his own account,—by virtue of his character, his achievements, and his popularity. Now that he has won his place as the strong man of the Republican Party, and is morally sure of having his title confirmed at the Chicago Convention, it is interesting to review, rapidly, the methods by which he attained this position.

Mr. Roosevelt Is now Known as a Shrewd, Farsighted Man, and Clever Politician

There are those who think him a very poor politician, a mere tyro in the art of political management. But this is not my opinion, and it is not the opinion of any other man who knows him well and has studied him closely. He is skillful enough to be a master politician without being known to be a politician at all. He is not unlike his lifelong personal friend and political mentor, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who is the head of one of the most effective political machines in the United States, and who is, nevertheless, popularly supposed to be no politician at all, but merely a man of letters in public life.

Mr. Roosevelt was shrewd and farsighted enough to accept the vice-presidential nomination, four years ago, when his real friends were trying to keep him from it, and a combination of his enemies and his pretended friends was endeavoring to thrust him into it for the purpose of "putting him on the shelf." When he became president, his first public declaration was a pledge to carry out unbroken the policies of his predecessor. It would have been impossible for him to make a wiser or stronger promise to the country. That brought him confidence and sympathy, which he could have won in no other way. His sincerity no one could doubt; standing by the bier of McKinley, confronted with the great task which fate had thrust upon him, he meant every word of it. Yet it was but a few hours before the positive individuality, the self-reliance, and the aggressive *ego* of the new president led him into plans for a reconstruction of the cabinet. Had no check come to these hastily formed plans, to these wholly natural self-assertions in a most trying hour, the cabinet that McKinley left would not have been the cabinet of his successor.

By an Act of Self-abnegation He Has Become universally Popular

Probably no greater service was ever rendered a newly installed president than was then and there rendered Mr. Roosevelt by Senator Marcus A. Hanna and Secretary of War Elihu Root. To them was due the change—the spiritual betterment, it might be called,—which averted the threatened disruption. It is proper to add that at no time in his marvelous career has Mr. Roosevelt shown greater strength of character of the right and true sort than when he permitted himself to be thus guided. With that clear-headedness which has often marked him in the crises of his life, and with that willingness to listen and to learn which is beautiful in an intrepid character like his, he yielded his half-formed plans for reconstruction of the council, and exclaimed: "We'll keep them all; we'll retain the whole McKinley government and carry out all the McKinley policies, in their full spirit and letter."



Thus was averted a blunder which might well have been fatal. It mattered not that afterwards a few members of the McKinley cabinet withdrew,—Mr. Roosevelt did not drive them out. It mattered not that gradually some of the McKinley policies were forgotten or became less popular,—probaby Mr. McKinley himself could not have carried out all of them—reciprocity, for example,—had he lived. The point was that Mr. Roosevelt had won the country. By an act of self-abnegation he had made himself morally large and well-nigh perfect in the eyes of the people.

President Roosevelt Has nearly always Acted on the Advice of His Cabinet

As he began, so, for the most part, has he continued. There is a prevalent impression that Mr. Roosevelt has led a "strenuous" life in the White House,—that he has played there a strong hand, ruling imperiously, and sometimes impetuously,—being self-willed, high-spirited, and impatient of restraint. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Not in my time has there been a man in the White House who has leaned more heavily upon his advisers; one more eager to seek and to follow good counsel; or one more prone to "heart to heart" talks with all whose positions or interests have given them right to be heard or offered promise of good from conference with them. Few great men are actually what they seem, and Mr. Roosevelt is very far from being the character the popular impression has ascribed to him. With rare exceptions he has taken no important step without the fullest and frankest conferences with members of his cabinet and leaders of his party. In no other recent administration were there so many councils of war at the White House. At Washington it is axiomatic that Mr. Roosevelt never does anything without talking it over with many people,—cabinet officers, senators, representatives, and personal friends,—so much so that it is a common joke that cabinet ministers and a *coterie* of leading republican senators never dare make dinner engagements, lest they be summoned to the White House at the very moment they should be forking their oysters. It is not a method which conduces to the close keeping of secrets; but it has its advantages, and it gives a loud negative to the prevalent belief that the President is too self-reliant, and too much prone to "go it alone," as a sort of bull in the China shop of statesmanship.

There are exceptions to most rules, and Mr. Roosevelt, like all other strong and fearless men under habitual self-restraint and discipline, is liable, now and then, to do the unexpected. Probably the greatest act of his administration, in so far as its effects upon his political future were concerned, was performed without consultation even with his cabinet. This act and the manner of doing it were so characteristic of the man that they must be placed in history.

The Hand of Elihu Root Was Felt in Many Matters of Supreme Importance

He ordered suit brought against the Northern Securities Company without once laying the matter before his constitutional advisers. They knew nothing of it till they read it in the newspapers. Attorney-general Knox was the only man consulted. Even Mr. Root, the great lawyer from New York, who knew better than anyone else the magnitude and the sensitiveness of the interests involved,—Root, upon whom Mr. Roosevelt had so heavily leaned, as had his predecessor in office, that, when the great war secretary boarded a train to leave Washington, on the first day of February, a member of the cabinet remarked, "There goes back to his law office a man who has been president of the United States for four and one-half years,"—even Mr. Root was not advised, and the Northern Securities thunderclap came to his ears out of a clear blue sky. But Mr. Roosevelt knew what he was about. He knew that, if this proposal had been made in council, fierce opposition to it would have appeared. Members of his cabinet would have resigned rather than be parties to it. Before a decision could have been reached, if once the case had been thrown open to debate, the great interests in New York would have heard of it, and pressure vast, insistent, and almost irresistible would have been brought to bear to stay his hand. It was better that he should keep his own counsel, and that he alone should bear the responsibility.

Everyone knows what an explosion followed. New York was rabid. The President was trying to destroy prosperity. His course was hostile to the business interests of the country. He was an enemy of commerce, of property, and of stability. Such a man was "unsafe," and not to be trusted. But he did not worry. Trusting to his instinct, which never failed him in his pursuit of big game, he watched the effect upon public opinion.

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In a week he knew he had the country with him; he had convinced the masses that he was fearless, that he dared beard the trust lion in his den, and that his courage was equal to his promises. He was content. He felt that he had won his battle,—that he had made himself the man of the people. He was right. The Northern Securities Case earned him the enmity of the recklessly speculative portion of Wall Street, and it is enmity of that very kind that may give him the nomination of his party virtually without opposition.

If anyone doubts that he is a master politician, let him follow the matter a little further. His next great act was to settle the coal strike. Again the brokers were angry, but once more the people applauded. As long as Wall Street fought him, the President hit back. It was he who exposed the famous blunder of the Rockefellers in trying to defeat anti-trust legislation with clumsy telegrams, clinching his hold upon the country as an intrepid foe of the trusts. It was he who let it become known that Wall Street had made overtures of peace on a basis of some pledge from the President as to his future course,—a proffer which he declined with scorn,—and publicity. In short, consciously or unconsciously, adroitly or innocently, he warred on Wall Street until he had made himself popular with every public man who makes such enemies.

Not All the Great Financial Interests Are Opposed to Roosevelt's Nomination

But, mark you, when the so-called anti-trust legislation was up, Wall Street had plenty to say about what it should be and should not be,—and said it in the White House. Again, all efforts to induce the President to prosecute the coal and other trusts—trusts which were notoriously violating the law,—came to naught. Mr. Roosevelt did not care to go into the "trust-busting" business on a wholesale scale. Enough is enough. When one has produced the desired effect upon public opinion, why take chances by going further? Why risk having friends turn and say, "This is too much,—this unsettles confidence and brings us panic and hard times?" And when his friendly relations with organized labor, his action in the coal strike, and his membership of a union had produced an impression that he was going too far in that direction, and that he was encouraging exorbitance and impudence, and men began to ask one another if Wall Street was right, after all, and the President was really "unsafe," mark you once more how the Miller Case came out into the lime light,—the Miller Case, which contained no call upon the President for personal interference, but which did present a most excellent opportunity to convince the country—Wall Street included,—that Mr. Roosevelt was just as courageous in attacking a labor trust as in belaboring a money trust, and that he had nerve enough to hold the balance level.

All this and much more that could be written from behind the scenes proves the President to be a consummate leader of public opinion, and masterful politician. If this is not enough, there come to hand, as I write, both external and internal indications that, after all, the President and Wall Street—we always use this topographical name generically,—are likely to come together. If the dove of peace does not actually spread her white wings in blessing over their relations, there will, at least, be a cessation of bitter hostility. Not all of the great leaders of the financial world are antagonistic to Mr. Roosevelt. One of the Rockefellers is more than half friendly. James Stillman, head of the powerful National City Bank,—and head of it in his own right and not merely through the favor of the Rockefellers,—is a warm admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and was recently a guest at the White House. President Alexander J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad,—the greatest and most progressive railway enterprise in the world,—is not of those who denounce Mr. Roosevelt as an enemy of wealth and trade and prosperity. E. H. Harriman, of the Union Pacific, is resigned. Even J. Pierpont Morgan, angry as he once was over the Northern Securities Case,—and his anger was more because he was not given notice than on account of the suit itself,—tells his friends that he is not raising a finger against the President. Former Governor Winthrop M. Crane, of Massachusetts, who will be either the actual or the financial manager of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign, Cornelius N. Bliss, Governor Benjamin B. Odell, and others have been at work for some time, with fair success, trying to effect a sort of reconciliation between the White House and Wall Street. Besides, Elihu Root, the great war secretary, Mr. Roosevelt's devoted friend, is again in New York. Nothing but political genius—or luck,—of the first water could enable a president to ride into popularity by hitting Wall Street, and then have the complacent neutrality, or, perhaps, the active aid, of the brokers when the pinch of battle comes and the sinews of war are keenly needed.

Mr. Roosevelt has done many things which a McKinley or any other careful, timid man would not have done; but results are what count. As a member of his family once said, "Theodore has all his life been making what other people call mistakes,—doing things no one else would dare do; yet every time he comes out of it stronger than he was before." It seems to be so, but luck alone will not enable a daring and agile man to alight on his feet every time.

He Has Said that He Will not Take a Hand in Naming the Vice President

In truth, it can not be said that Mr. Roosevelt is unusually popular in congress. His popularity in that body is largely due to his popularity with the masses of the people. He has handled congress cleverly, by not trying to do too much with it, and by giving its members the usual full swing in all local federal appointments. For a considerable time the senate, more especially, was a hotbed of Roosevelt discontent. Republican senators wanted to start a movement for the nomination of Mr. Hanna, and, had he lived, a different story would have been told. If he had yielded to the great pressure brought to bear upon him by Wall Street, by railroad managers, and by senators and politicians, and had yielded in time,—he might have made a formidable race against the President.

For vice president there has been no crystallization of opinion. Mr. Roosevelt has more than once said he would keep his hands off and permit the party to name its candidate without interference from him. Doubtless he means what he says, but in the very nature of things it will be almost impossible for the friends of the nominee for president to refrain from taking action which will virtually amount to a selection of the nominee for vice president. The man must come from the West. Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, is in highest favor at Washington; Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of the same state, is not seriously considered, largely because he himself does not wish to be a candidate. Governor Winfield T. Durbin, of Indiana, is not now mentioned at all. Governor Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, may be taken up. He may even be nominated for president if strong opposition to Roosevelt should arise. Governor Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, once much talked of for vice president, is now virtually out of the race, because of his advanced ideas on reciprocity and tariff reform; but, if his friends are not mistaken, he will be heard from later.

The Battle in the Democratic Ranks Will Be One of the most Interesting in Years

In the Democratic Party uncertainty predominates, and there is likely to be an interesting battle. When the national committee met at Washington, in January, the assembled Democrats all talked for harmony. They wanted to bury the dead past, and turn their eyes to the future; to stop quarreling, and "get together." Their brotherly love and determination to put the old party in fighting trim once more were sincere and impressive. Incidental to their plan of harmony was the need of dropping ex-President Grover Cleveland, and the recent candidate, William Jennings Bryan. They would avoid all extremes. They would steer clear of the Scylla of Clevelandism and the Charybdis of Bryanism. Mr. Cleveland was cheerful enough about it. He had no objection to being dropped, and had, in fact, virtually taken himself out of the race. But Mr. Bryan was not content. He did not believe that he should be put on the shelf. Presently he threw a firebrand of discord into the camp of harmony with his pronunciamento that the Kansas City platform of 1900, silver and all, must be reaffirmed. Instantly a number of Democrats rose to protest, some sadly, others angrily, and the outcome of the discussion thus provoked was a general agreement that Mr. Bryan himself and his proposal were both impossible of adoption. But he has sufficient confidence in the people who support him to believe that his principles are all worthy of further consideration. We hear every day that he is a "dead man," but he is still a pretty lively corpse, for he never says or does anything that is not spread far and wide and made the subject of editorials and debates. We also hear, day after day, that he "met with overwhelming defeat" in 1896 and 1900, but this statement needs some modification. The heavy majorities in some states made the difference large, but, as the New York "World," now one of Mr. Bryan's bitterest enemies, figured it out, a distribution of only nineteen thousand votes in several states would have elected him in 1896.

It is clear that the Democratic Party can not nominate Cleveland, or Bryan, or any other man of their wings and direct following. To name any such would only invite a new revolt, and another crushing defeat. The line of greatest strength, or of least resistance, for the Democrats to follow, is the nomination of a candidate who would arouse little or no opposition within the party, and thus enable the scheme of harmony and unity to be worked out in the campaign. Again, it is believed by many Democrats that their best chance of success at the polls lies in the selection of a candidate who shall be the antithesis of Roosevelt,—the direct opposite of what he is or is popularly supposed to be. That is to say, the Democratic standard bearer must be a man of calm and settled character, conservative, cautious, and, possibly, old-fashioned. The best opportunity the Democratic leaders from all parts of the country have had to talk over their prospects was at the meeting of the national committee at Washington, in January; and the symposiums of anxious seekers for the means of success who there assembled virtually agreed that their one chance of victory was to avoid too much stress upon issues,—to bear lightly on the tariff, ignore finance, forget free silver, tread softly on expansion and expansion's cardiac region, the Panama Canal, and to make their campaign on Mr. Roosevelt's alleged strenuosity. They agreed that it would be the best Democratic policy to cheerfully admit that he is honest, even patriotic, but to din into the ears of voters the charge that he is reckless, mercurial, daring, imperialistic, fond of war, "unsafe," and sure to plunge the country into trouble if ever he is safely seated in the presidential chair for a second term. They agreed, too, that for an anti-Roosevelt candidate they will need a character as unlike Roosevelt as possible,—a man from the temperamental antipodes of Rooseveltism,—one to whom they can point the electors as to a leader who may not be brilliant and dashing, but in whose hands the immediate future of the nation can be safely reposed.

Good Men to Choose from Are Abundant, but Harmony Is Essential to Victory

When they came to look about them for the man who should meet all these requirements, they saw a great number of names written upon the sheets of possibility. Grover Cleveland filled the bill in many particulars,—and there was no concealment of the general belief that he of all the men in sight would probably stand the best chance of election,—but he was ruled out partly because so many western and southern Democrats dislike him, and partly because his nomination would again hopelessly divide the party in the West. Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin, of Rhode Island,—the one Democratic governor in all New England,—was mentioned, but Rhode Island seemed very small and the prospect of securing her electoral vote remotely distant. Judge George Gray, of Delaware, was talked of as a man of solid but frigid character, and also from a small state, but, again, as too closely identified with Clevelandism and with the Republican policy of expansion through his participation in the Paris Peace Commission's negotiation of the Philippine Treaty. David R. Francis, of Missouri, and Senator Francis M. Cockrell, of the same state, were both discussed, but, it must be admitted, not with general approval. Many admirers each had, but Mr. Francis, it was recalled, served as a member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, while Mr. Cockrell is said to be "an administration Democrat," on account of his friendliness with President Roosevelt. Besides, the electoral votes of Missouri are not in question. Marshall Field, the great

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merchant of Chicago, was proposed, but it was declared that he has not been a Democrat at all during the last eight years, and that he supported McKinley instead of Bryan both in 1896 and 1900. Governor Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, were not mentioned. Former Senator Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, but now of New York City, was suggested, but there came the objection that he is too much a Bryanite and too much a silver man.

Many men talked of Richard Olney, of Boston, who was attorney-general and secretary of state in the second administration of Grover Cleveland,—Richard Olney, the brilliant lawyer, the accomplished statesman, the bold diplomat who dared to flaunt the Monroe Doctrine in the very teeth of the British lion, and declare: "The United States is primate in this hemisphere, and its will is law in cases where it chooses to interpose." Thousands of Democrats recognize that Mr. Olney would make a great president; thousands more believe he would make a good candidate. But, for some reason not easily explained, the movement to make Mr. Olney the nominee does not appear to prosper. Not a few regard him as the ablest of all the men mentioned, the best fitted in mind, character, and experience for the presidency. He should be considered "available," too, because he has been allied with the conservative wing of the party, because he must be satisfactory to the business interests, and because he openly supported Mr. Bryan in 1900. The Massachusetts Democrats intend to present his name to the national convention, and if New England rallies warmly to his support no one would be surprised to see the Olney movement gain great headway.

Arthur P. Gorman's Name Has often Been Mentioned for the Post of Honor

Three names monopolized attention in the minds of the Democrats. There was no concealment of the fact that Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, is the man a large number of the politicians of Democracy would like to name,—Gorman, himself a master-politician,—Gorman, who "stands by the boys,"—Gorman, who plays the game all the time,—Gorman, who would "turn the rascals out,"—Gorman, who detests civil service laws, and knows the esculent value of the fleshpots of patronage. Gorman might be nominated, because the politicians like him,—but how about the election? Of what value would the nomination be without a majority of the electoral votes? On analysis it was quite generally agreed that Gorman would poll the full Democratic party vote, but nothing more. Yet something more is needed; and the independent vote, the sentimental vote, and the vote that is supposed to be discontented with Roosevelt, could not be had for Gorman. "He is too much of a politician, too smart, too adroit, and the mugwumps won't take to him," was the verdict. "He would be a good campaign manager, and is a clever leader to have in the senate to make trouble for the Republicans, but we are afraid that he could n't carry the country as a candidate for the presidency." Subsequently Mr. Gorman's policy of fighting the Panama Canal Treaty as a means to party advantage did not prosper, and many Democrats have thought him almost out of the race for the St. Louis nomination. Besides, Bryan and the devoted Bryanites dislike Gorman almost as much as they dislike Cleveland.

William Randolph Hearst Has an Effective Organization Working in His Interest

Then came William Randolph Hearst. When the Democrats met at Washington, the presidential ambitions of the young editor were a subject of jest. He was not taken seriously. But suddenly it was discovered that Mr. Hearst is a factor to be reckoned with,—that he is no joke. It was found that he has great strength; that he has gone in pursuit of the presidency as another man might go after a fortune; that he has made a business of it; that he has organized innumerable clubs bearing his name; that he has hundreds of agents traveling about the country working for him; that he has perfected a great machine which is backed by ample capital, and that it is the only organization within the Democratic ranks; that he has not only spent his money like a prince, but that he has also value received for it in the shape of pledged delegates and the machinery for choosing other delegates; that not only his own newspapers are praising his virtues, but that also hundreds of other newspapers have been induced by some means to do the same thing; that, throughout the length and breadth of the land, Democratic editors, Democratic district and county chairmen, and Democratic politicians of high and low degree, have been annexed by the Hearst boom; and that, in short, while other Democratic aspirants have been asleep or calmly waiting for something to turn up, he has spread his presidency-seeking operations all over the country in a very systematic way, and has been the one man with a positive, organized, and effective force at his back.

If Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst Join Hands, They May Control the Convention

The national committee, led by Mr. Gorman and Tammany Hall, dignified the Hearst movement by sending the convention to St. Louis to escape the supposed danger of a Hearst stampede at Chicago, where Hearst newspapers are published. This was a confession that it is Hearst against the field, and that he is dangerous. But within an hour it was announced that Mr. Hearst would have a newspaper at St. Louis, too, before the convention should meet there, and the joke was on the committee. From that day to this the Hearst organization has grown and expanded, and its energies and its resources appear to be without limit. Many Democrats believe that, when the delegates are rounded up at St. Louis, it will be found that the rich and ambitious young editor has fully a third of them on his staff. If, then, Mr. Bryan joins hands with Hearst, and they control the votes without which a nomination can not be made under the two-thirds rule of Democratic conventions,—what next?

The third possibility, and the man toward whom the finger of fate is pointing, if it may be said to point at anyone in the Democratic field, is Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York. It was to Parker most of the Democrats who met at Washington looked in their quest for a Moses. He is the conservative they talk about, the antithesis of Roosevelt. He is not a politician, but a judge. He has no worrisome record. He voted for Bryan, and is, therefore, "regular," and at the same time he is satisfactory to the eastern wing of the party. He is believed by many to be the one man who possesses all, or approximately all, of the points of availability. Upon him there could be the much-talked-of harmony; he could win the support of the business interests which are afraid of Roosevelt, and he hails from the great state of New York, which the Democrats must take away from Roosevelt if they are to have a chance to pass the portals of the electoral college into the promised land.

The Support of Tammany Hall Seems Necessary for the Democratic Nomination

At this writing Tammany Hall has not come out for Justice Parker, and Tammany's support is all-essential. But the belief as to this is that Tammany is determined not to have a second Grover Cleveland on its hands; Tammany must know its man before it goes for him; it is not willing to make him the leader and trust to luck afterwards. In other words, Tammany wants an understanding with Mr. Parker, a gentleman's agreement as to the future, and a guaranty against unpleasant surprises. Whether or not this understanding can be reached is unknown to me; but, in the ordinary course of politics and of human nature, it may be safely regarded as a probability.

There is in Democracy, to-day, a gravitation toward harmony, toward elimination of all disturbing elements, toward conservatism, toward "availability," toward New York as the keystone of the arch of success, toward Tammany as the vital party force in that commonwealth, and toward Parker as the man most nearly meeting the requirements of the occasion. A year ago Hanna predicted that Parker would be the Democratic nominee, in 1904. This may yet give him honor as a prophet in other parties than his own.

The Practicability of Air Ships

ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

THE mists of the future still hide the air ship that will be used as a conveyance, making regular trips, carrying people to and fro above the earth on business and pleasure, but the coming of the practical ship is inevitable. I will not venture to say how soon it will arrive, but I think that many who are now alive will move over the housetops in air ships, when most houses will have entrances on their roofs. I have no faith in the idea that flying machines may be devised for single individuals, or that the correct principle may be found by studying and copying the flight of birds. When such plans are suggested, I am reminded of the ideas and efforts of inventors who, a century ago, tried to make locomotives with four legs, to operate like horses. The thought of these mechanical experts was that, since the horse moved more rapidly across the land than almost anything else with which they were familiar, it followed that any mechanism that was to attain a greater speed would have to be constructed and operated in a similar way.

This is the simple-minded process of reason of those who think that the final solution of aërial flight may be learned from birds. None of these problems of locomotion on land and water, or in the air, has been or will be solved by imitating nature. Man must strike out on original lines. Gas to sustain air ships, and steam or electricity to propel them, will be used to overcome gravitation.

It is an odd fact,—one that I have never been able to understand,—that, while sailing in an air ship or a balloon, perhaps a mile above the earth, one never feels that shuddering fear of height that often overcomes him when he is looking down from the top of a high building. Many times, as I have floated in a balloon, high above *terra firma*, I have been attacked by dizziness, similar to that experienced by sitting on the outside ledge of a lofty window. Yet at an altitude ten times as great, I feel not the least reluctance to walking along the light framework of my air ship. I have never known of anybody's becoming dizzy from looking out of a balloon at a great height. The only explanation I can think of is that one is up so high that he loses the acute appreciation of height.

STAND FIRM

ERNEST NEAL LYON

IS yours the post of duty,—danger, too?
It is the only work a man should do.
Attention! Eyes in front! Now see it through!
Stand firm!

The hardest task,—that falterers may shun,—
Ah, that is where the laurel's to be won!
How sweet the victor-song at setting sun!
Stand firm!

The prophet-soul,—the martyr,—singing free
In clearer ether,—though we can not see,—
Yet hover near us, bidding you and me
Stand firm!

I think the restless spirits of the brave
Are calling,—far above the sodden grave,—
"Protect the heritage we died to save,—
Stand firm!"

In distant futures,—when our children try
The deathless battle 'twixt the pit and sky,—
May we inspire them with this ringing cry:
"Stand firm!"

Thomas A. Edison's First Check

SI. F. PERKENS

THOMAS A. EDISON not long ago told a friend the story of his first acquaintance with any big sum of money. It was when he was struggling with his earlier inventions, and he had about as clear an idea of the value of a bank check as the man in the moon. He had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph Company and had called at its office to close the deal. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for forty thousand dollars. He eyed it curiously and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. Observing his perplexity, General Lefferts, then president of the Western Union, told him that, if he would go to the Bank of America in Wall Street, he could get the cash on his check.

"So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall Street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought, while on the way, that, if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand-dollar bills for that piece of paper, I would give him the check very quickly."

On his arrival at the Bank of America, he half-tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave him a piercing glance, and said something which Edison, being hard of hearing, failed to understand. That was enough. He was fully convinced that his check was not worth forty thousand dollars, and again thought, as he rushed out of the bank, that any man who would give him two thousand dollars for it could have it. He hurried back to the office of the Western Union and said he could not get any money. A clerk was sent to the bank with him to identify him.

"This man," said the clerk "is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier; "how would you like your money,—in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank; it does n't make any difference to me so long as I get the money."

Edison was given forty thousand dollars in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of twenty thousand dollars each, he stuffed one into each trousers' pocket, and made all speed out of Wall Street. The next day he began work on his first laboratory in New York.

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"But no," wailed Areopagus to himself, "it is all there, just as I read it first. Am I not Areopagus, the reader?"

Areopagus, of Freeport, U. S. A.

The Story of a Run on a Bank That Was not at all Necessary

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

FREEMAN AND PORTER, the coal merchants at Freeport, were just taking on ten or twelve new men. Day by day they had been putting on new hands. Winter was drawing nigh,—a cold winter, by the signs,—and the demand for coal was becoming great.

These twelve had just arrived and had been marched from the railroad station down to the company store, and through the store to the company office in the rear.

Areopagus was the last in line. He did n't mind that, for he had derived from his Athenian forbears a great and overwhelming desire to see some new thing; and, while the company was entering each man's name and the other necessary and usual details in the company book, Areopagus could look about him. He had quick, little brown eyes, had Areopagus, and his ears were embellished with a pair of large earrings.

"Now, then," said the superintendent, "what's *your* name?"

Areopagus mentioned it. There was a world of apology in his voice as he did so, for until that time the mention of his name had excited varied emotions on the part of his hearers. That time was no exception; the superintendent was not proof against it.

"*What* are you?" he inquired, smiling broadly upon Areopagus,—"a Hungarian, Pole, or Chink, Chink, Chinaman?"

Areopagus spat upon the floor. "No Hungarian!" he answered, in a disgusted tone of voice,—"no Pole! no Chink, Chink, Chinaman! No, no, no!"

"What, then?" inquired his questioner.

"I am," said Areopagus,—"I am—G-r-r-rik. Athens. Macedonia. Everything."

"Oh," went on the other, "Greek. All right! Now give me your name once more." Once more did Areopagus give it. But the superintendent shook his head in despair. He paused, uncertainly, and scratched his head.

"That," he remarked, "is a new one on me. Can you spell it?"

Immediately the whole manner of the little Greek underwent a change. He nodded his head in an amazing way,—his little eyes twinkled, and he rubbed his hands together.

"Spell?" he answered; "ah! of a surety I can spell. I can spell," he added, drawing himself up, "and I can r-r-read. Of course!"

"All right," said the superintendent; "spell it, then."

Areopagus spelled his name. It gave him but little trouble; for, though he left out a few of the vowels, and a consonant here and there, he made up for it liberally, by the introduction of other letters which did quite as well.

"That's all right, John," announced the superintendent, finally, "you can go along now. You want to do good work up here. Understand?"

If Areopagus had any Christian name, it certainly was not John. But the superintendent believed in compromise, and to him every man in the mines was John and nothing else.

"Yes," answered Areopagus, violently nodding his head, "in the daytime I work,—oh, so hard. In the nighttime I spell, and I r-r-read, so,"—and he trotted off.

Freeman and Porter, the company owners of the Freeport coal mines, and practically owners of the small town of Freeport, were young men. They were enterprising, and, though each had religiously starved himself for several years to get Freeport on a paying basis, the firm had just reached a point in its career where it was making good money. It had learned the ropes, had thrown a sop to this railroad and to that, had bribed this official and the other one,—in a perfectly legitimate way, of course,—and, by various other means, the necessity of which is believed in only by those who mine, ship, and sell coal, had wheedled Dame Fortune to such an extent that that estimable old lady was beginning to nod stiffly to the members of the firm as she made her round of society calls.

These two young men were honest,—honest in that particular direction in which it is so easy to be dishonest. They were honest with their men,—honest in spite of the fact that they kept a company store.

They treated their men fairly, and their men had much confidence in them and worked hard and well because they understood that they had good employers. As is the case in every mining town, the firm ran things to suit itself,—even to the running of a small, but profitable, banking business. The profits realized from this small banking business were, in themselves, considerable. They constituted "easy money," as the firm was wont to say.

Areopagus became merely an atom in the aggregation of coal miners. He worked away for dear life. Occasionally, with the air of one who was not proud, but was willing to be friendly, he would stop in at the company's office and show his white teeth, and make his bow, and grin.

One day, on his way from work, he trotted through the store and tapped softly on the office door. Freeman and Porter were both inside. In his hand, all crumpled up, Areopagus bore something.

"Yes-s," he said, affably, "I can read. Look!" He held out what he carried. It was a local paper printed at the county town, a week or ten days old.

"I can read," he repeated. Then he ran his finger impressively down the first, the second, and the third column. "At night I have read all these." He drew nearer and became slightly confidential. "And at night," he continued, lifting his finger high in the air and suddenly swooping down upon a small paragraph in a corner, "I also have read—*that*."

He passed the paper over to young Porter. "Can you read?" anxiously inquired Areopagus. Porter, it seems, could read,—a fact which gave the Greek infinite delight. Obeying the expressive forefinger of his visitor, Porter took the paper to the lamp and glanced at the paragraph. When he had read it through, he started.

"Great Scott, Freeman," he exclaimed, "look at that!" Then Freeman read it.

Freeman, too, started. "How could we have missed it?" he said. This was the paragraph:—

NEW BANK AT FREEPORT.—It is understood that Dodge Peters, cashier of the First National Bank at Donaldson, and two of his associates whose names have not been made public, are about to apply to the commissioner of banking for leave to establish a bank at Freeport. There is no bank there. It is likely that the permission will be granted. Freeport, though still small, is a growing town, and the banking business there is said to be greater than the company at that place is willing to admit. Mr. Peters was seen last night. He would not deny the report, and he further said, significantly, that, if a bank were started there, it was sure to succeed. He intimated that the company had no right to do a banking business, because it had no charter. More than that he would not say.

"Geewhilikers!" exclaimed Porter, "and this 'Blade' is ten days old, and we never saw it. How could we have missed it?"

"It's just probable," said Freeman, "that we were too much excited and too busy over the Eastman-Rogers order at that time. What can we do?"

Areopagus, all this while, had stood silently regarding first the face of one partner, and then the face of the other, with lively interest. Unconsciously, his countenance reflected the expression assumed, from time to time, by his employers. Finally he scraped his foot a bit to let them know that he was there, and spoke.

"It is good, eh," he volunteered,—"it is good that I—can read?"

"It's all right, John," said Porter, absently; "all right." Areopagus still waited. He wanted, apparently, to see this matter through.

Freeman pushed his hat far back upon his head. "What can we do about it, Porter?" he remarked, once more.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out," said Porter "let me think. It's too late, anyway, most likely, to prevent it."

Freeman once more bent over the paper,—once more read the paragraph. Then he held out his hand and jerked his head in a decisive way.

"Reach me ten dollars out of the cash drawer, Porter," he exclaimed, in a determined tone of voice, jamming his hat this time down over his eyes; "I'll go down to Monroe and see big Billy Westervelt about it. If there's anything that can be done, he'll do it for me." He hesitated. "I s'pose," he remarked, "that we could spare big Billy a carload of anthracite for his house this winter, eh?"

Up the mountain side there was a "toot, toot," and a long, lingering wail.

"There's your train, Freeman," cried Porter; "get a move on. If Billy Westervelt can fix it, spare him anything you want."

"For this banking business," confided Porter to himself, after Freeman had disappeared, "is too good a thing to lose."

He drew himself up to the top of the high stool. There he sat and thought about it. He was startled, after a while, by a sibilant sound which proceeded from a corner. There was Areopagus, yawning for dear life, and shifting the weight of his body from one foot to the other.

"Hello!" exclaimed Porter, "I thought you'd gone. You can go. You don't have to wait, you know."

"Excuse me," said Areopagus, stepping forward and waving his cap; "some nights I can read. I can not read other nights. To-night," he added, apologetically, "I can not read. To read, one must have the—the paper book. *Then* one can read." His glance became fixed upon the "Blade" that lay upon the desk.

"Oh," laughed Porter, "I forgot all about that. You don't mind if I tear that corner out,—do you?" Without waiting for an answer, he suited the action to the word.

Areopagus shook his head. "Assuredly not," he answered; "I have read it." He secured the paper and smoothed it out.

"All this," he continued, pointing to the first page, "I have read. Now I shall read this, and this, and this. What would I do, nights, if I could not read?"

The "Blade" item was right in more than one particular. Freeman and Porter, the mining firm, had no right to run a bank or do a banking business, for the state set its seal of approval only upon corporations, when the banking business was in question,—corporations being, necessarily, stable bodies,—and then, only upon corporations formed expressly to do a banking business.

There was room enough, the "Blade" said, for a bank at Freeport,—in what port is there not room for a bank? Accordingly, a month later, or thereabouts, the Freeport Bank became a living fact. At Freeport it was known simply as "the bank."

Freeman and Porter paid out to the company's depositors all the money that the company had received in its unauthorized capacity as a banker; and the depositors, probably against their wills, deposited it forthwith, and of necessity, in the new bank across the way. Soon the bank, which had been a new thing, became an old one, and slowly but surely it earned the confidence of a fairly confiding community.

Areopagus, whose nights, as he had said, were spent in reading, deposited regularly and with delight. His comrades, whose nights were spent mainly down at Dutch Jake's, looking upon the beer when it was frothy, (or otherwise, according to Dutch Jake's fancy,) also deposited money, when they had money to deposit.

"But not so much," soliloquized Areopagus, "not so much!"

Freeport grew, and one day it shook off the foreign character that had attached to it, by reason of Areopagus and his kind, and became, for the first time in its career, a genuine American town. Some public-minded citizen built for it an opera house,—the first step toward civilization.

Areopagus and his comrades looked upon the opera house when in the process of erection, and saw that it was good, and when, at last, it was completely finished, they sent up a universal shout of joy and approbation.

Dutch Jake made overtures and secured a lease of the necessary adjunct,—and Dutch Jake's, thenceforth, became the "Opera House Café." This move was the crowning glory of the enterprise,—Freeport had become effete.

The Fates, meantime, had observed the unwonted stir, and had cast curious and longing glances upon Freeport, upon the opera house, and upon Areopagus. They had determined that Freeport was entitled to a chance; and that, above all other things, Areopagus was entitled to a

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chance. This they gave him, but in a rather novel way.

Ten thousand dramas were roaming up and down the country, seeking what tens, twenties, and thirties they might devour. The Fates looked these over. They selected a drama with a significant name,—not, perhaps, a difficult thing to do,—one which was a blood-curdler in the bargain.

Matters progressed so favorably that the opening night for the opera house was fixed. True, it was a month off,—a long while for a town quivering with excitement,—but it was bound to come at last. One night an advance agent arrived in Freeport, and he plastered the opera house, and the town, with vivid posters. Having done this, he left for the next one-night stand. The play with the significant name had come at last. But up to this night, the Fates had kept this name entirely to themselves.

The next morning, Areopagus, totally ignorant that this thing had taken place, and ignorant of the advent of the agent, had started forth, with shining morning face, willingly to work. He sang a strange little song, in his strange, quavering, mellow little voice. He was at peace with all the world.

Suddenly, however, he caught sight of that which brought him, so to speak, up standing. It was a large poster, plastered on a rock.

"Ha!" exclaimed Areopagus, "I must stop and I must read." He read, and the healthy pink in his olive cheek paled. He trembled,—shuddered. His eyes started forth from their sockets. But he regained his self-possession and read once more. Perhaps, he thought, there might be some mistake.

"But no," wailed Areopagus to himself, "it is all there, just as I read it first. Am I not Areopagus, the reader? I can not mistake."

With a wild yell, he started on a run toward the mines, for his first thought, in this calamity, had been for his comrades; for himself, too, it is true, but for himself as one of them.

When the whistle blew, that morning, none of the men responded, for no sooner had Areopagus reached his shaft and uttered but a word than he was surrounded by a crowd of yelling men.

Some of them pooh-poohed him., "Naw! naw!" they had said, incredulously; "it can not be."

"It can be," returned Areopagus, "for it is. I have seen it with my eyes. Come with me and I shall read to you."

They followed him. They did not have to travel far, for the baleful news was here, there, everywhere.

"Aha!" cried Areopagus, as he spied a bit of black and yellow on a distant rail, "I see it now. Come, follow me."

They followed him. They looked, and they listened while he read. Then a mighty wail arose among these men, for on that black and yellow poster were writ the words of doom. The poster said but little; but that little was enough. What it said was nothing less than this:—

A RUN ON THE BANK

It was writ in such bold characters that he who ran—to the bank or otherwheres,—might read.

"It is good that I can read," said the appreciative Areopagus, determined that his talent should not be unhonored and unsung.

"It is good," answered his comrades, shortly, "that we waste no further time."

"To the bank!—to the bank!"—they cried, with one accord.

Duty called to Areopagus, and he responded to the call. He led the van. He was no longer Areopagus, wielder of pick and shovel,—no longer merely Areopagus, the reader. He was Mars, the god of war. He led his forces unflinchingly toward the bank, in a manner born, and not acquired. He reached the bank and camped his forces in the immediate vicinity of the front door. There they sat and reasoned, the one with the other. It might have been one of the councils of a bygone age,—it might have been the Areopagus of old.

At ten o'clock,—the banking hour, all the world around,—the cashier of the Freeport Bank found the little structure with considerable difficulty. By prospecting from the branches of a tree or two, he located it finally, in the mathematical center of the entire population of the town of Freeport. In some way or other, he and his small force secured an entrance by means of the back door.

"Gee," they said to themselves, "we're in for it, for sure."

The cashier groaned. "If I could get out," he remarked, "I would go down to Dutch Jake's and screw my courage to the sticking point."

"But you can't get out," returned one of his force.

"Therefore," said the cashier, making his way on tiptoe stealthily toward the front, "there is nothing to do but to open the front door."

He jerked it violently open, and a dozen little men fell into the bank. Areopagus was the first little man to fall in.

He had not led the van for nothing; there had been method in his madness. It may have been brave to lead his forces to the bank, but it was prudent, also; for, though he held the post of danger, he reasoned with himself that he would, furthermore, be the first to reach the teller's window. He reached it.

"My money," he cried, vehemently, "my money!" The cashier said nothing. He had dealt with crowds before and knew that money talked best. The thing to do was to pay up. He shoved a white piece of paper through the window.

"Put your mark there," he said to Areopagus; "this is a check."

"My mark!" returned Areopagus, with dignity, "I can write. What do you think?"

Areopagus got his money,—all of it. He counted it, with secrecy and care. When he had finished, he became more vehement.

"Now, pay to all these men," he commanded the cashier, as became a leader,—"to all these men, their money."

The cashier had miscalculated the temper of the crowd. He had assumed that, when a dozen or twenty men should have received all they had put in, the confidence of those remaining would be restored, and they would gracefully retire, satisfied as to the soundness of the bank. He was mistaken, for was not Areopagus among them, exhorting his followers? He was.

Now a bank such as the bank at Freeport does not keep a fortune on hand every day in the week. Its daily needs are small. The cashier, when he had paid out some thirty-five accounts, found that the bank was getting shaky. He had just so much currency on hand, and no more. He became anxious.

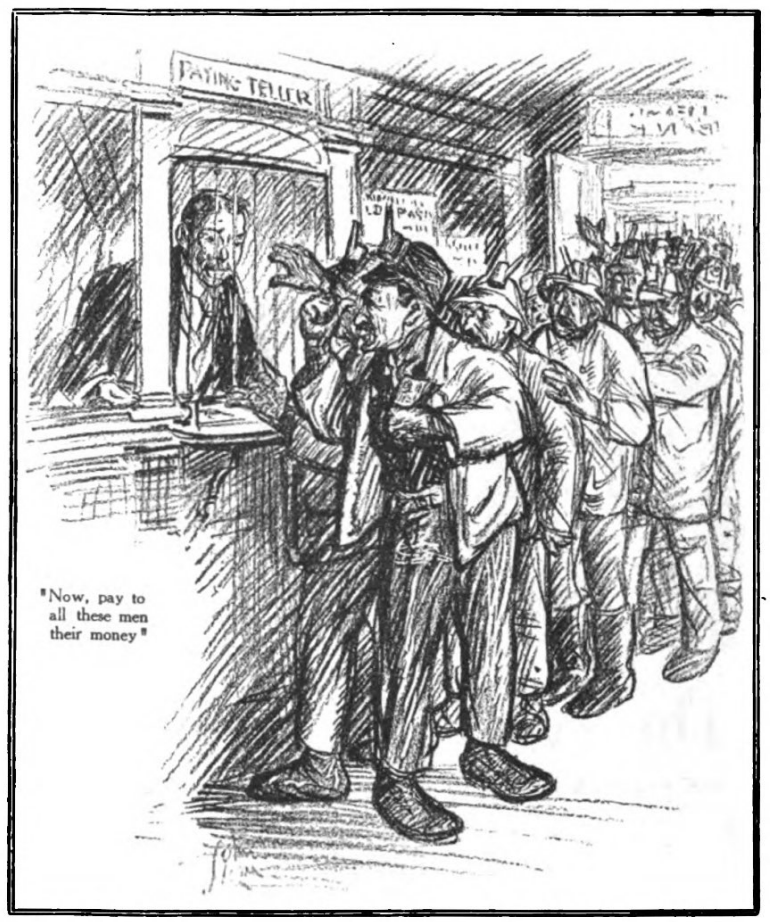
He was not the only anxious personage. There were others. Nor was anxiety confined to those who were still in line, waiting for their money. It communicated itself to those who had received their money.

"What shall we do with it," they asked of Areopagus the reader, "what shall we do with it?"

Areopagus was as one inspired. He tapped his forehead. "Come with me," he commanded; "I will show you." Unhesitatingly he guided the men with money across the street. He strode into the company store. Freeman and Porter were in their doorway, looking with some anxiety in the direction of the bank.

"It is the old time," said Areopagus; "we would put our money in your hands." He nodded sagely. "Then," he added, "then it will be safe."

Freeman and Porter took it. As they took it, they smiled. They seemed relieved. When they had taken a considerable sum, they shut the office door and called to young Boggs, a very promising new store-clerk of theirs.



"Now, pay to all these men their money"

"Boggs," they said, "they do n't know you. Take this to the back door of the bank and hand it to the cashier. He wants it right away. Do it as quietly as you can."

Thus did the hard-earned coin of Areopagus and thirty-five of his associates find its way once more into the coffers whence it came.

Then did Freeman and Porter once more open the company office, and take in money; and again did Boggs, the new arrival, steal forth and deliver the goods which he had upon his person.

All day long the bank paid out money; all day long the company received it in the store,—and paid it out again.

At three o'clock, peace was restored, and with it was restored the confidence of the people in the bank.

It was a good thing, for the news of the assault upon the financial bulwarks of that bank traveled far, and the Monroe "Blade" printed many paragraphs about it. As an advertisement it was a great success.

But what was meant by the anxious interest which the firm of Freeman and Porter had exhibited, that day, in the affairs of the Freeport Bank? That, as the firm could tell you, was a little matter on the side, for big Billy Westervelt had stretched forth his hand, some months before, and had placed it upon the coat sleeve of the commissioner of banking; and that gentleman had delayed the proposed charter of the Dodge Peters faction for a short time,—just long enough to permit the firm of Freeman and Porter to organize a little bank on its own account. That was all,—all, except that big Billy Westervelt got his carload of anthracite,—and one or two other little things besides.

The town of Freeport had never known these things. But the bank really belonged to the mining company,—the company was the bank.

After banking hours, that day, Freeman and Porter took Areopagus aside and explained to him his small mistake. He listened with wide-open eyes,—and understood.

"Ah!" he said, at length, remorsefully, "it is good to read some things; but not everything. I—I have read, maybe, too much; maybe too little. Who can tell?"

The partners, seeing that he was somewhat too contrite, smiled upon him and clapped him on the back.

"Go along, Areopagus," they said; "you're all right at that."

That was the only run upon the bank,—except, as of course, the one at the new opera house on that same night.

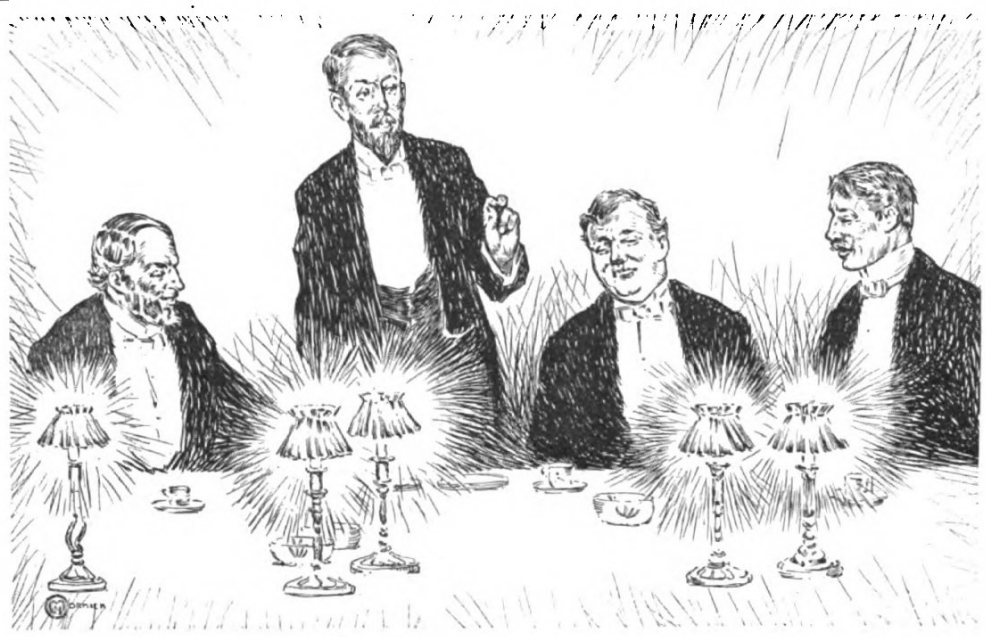
That one, the whole town agreed, was simply "great." So said the cashier of the bank. So said Areopagus, and assuredly he should know.

Dutch Jake was the only man in town who did n't see the show.

"What then?" asked he, from behind the cashier's desk in his *café:* "I can't be in two places at the same time. If I can, I dunno. I dunno, if I can. That's sure."


"I also have read—that!"

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The Art of After-dinner Speaking

How One Should Conduct Himself in Order to Make a Lasting and Humorous Impression and Aid Digestion with Witty Remarks

SIMEON FORD

I HAVE already said my final word on after-dinner speaking in an after-dinner speech on the painful subject. It was to the effect that after-dinner oratory is a curious business, severe on the guests, but worse on us; that the few orators who really enjoy speaking are men without any sense of shame; and that, as for myself, I am free to say that I would rather be the humblest bank president among the guests than to sit in the fierce light that beats upon the head table and get my dinner for nothing. That about sums up the case.

The Anticipation of a Speech frequently Spoils a Dinner

When I began making speeches, "year in and year out ago," I took myself as seriously as must anyone who hopes to be funny. When I was invited to make an after-dinner speech, I read and re-read the invitation with prideful thrills, and then I read it to my wife and permitted her to regard me across the breakfast table as admiringly as the wonder I felt myself about to be ought to be regarded. After-dinner speaking seemed to me to be a neat and shining short cut to assorted varieties of fame. I spent days over my speech; I muttered it in street cars and on railway trains, till my fellow passengers were worked up to a concert pitch of suspicion of my innocent past. I made my family both jealous and bored; I alienated my friends; I proved to my enemies their own excellent judgment; and I wore myself to the sad shadow I now am, all in getting ready one line of foolishness after another.

All for what?

Not because I enjoyed it, certainly: the anticipation was sauce to spoil the dinner for me, utterly; besides, as I have often said, of all the many melancholy places a man is jammed into in the course of an ill-spent life, recommend to me the head table at a big dinner. The men there are so scared and mad because they will have to speak that nobody could be glummer, unless it be the men at the other tables who are mad because they have n't been asked. There is nothing enjoyable about it. The actual speaking is a pleasure to some, if it goes off well; to others it is always a terror, anyway; and, if it does n't go off well, the skilless forger, languidly eating his first dinner in Sing Sing, finds the meal a gladsome birthday party in comparison. You might as well set before him a cake covered with pink frosting and pink candles, and expect his face to light up with smiles, as to expect the applause of a dinner table to brighten the life of a man who knows none the less that his speech has been a failure. The whole business is a precarious one. What did I see in it to justify me? I do n't know, unless it was the feverish delight of looking for my picture on the first page of the paper next morning. For that I fought and bled and died for years before it began to bore me.

Then, gradually, I came to wonder why in the world I was doing it. "What 's the use?" is a cynical question only when it is applied to something over which you would do well to be cynical. Ask what's the use of doing any of the worthwhile things that you do, and you 'll find the use quickly enough. But drape the question around any foolishness, and you will get back a hollow, echoing, rattling reply,—"*No* use!" That is the truth. There is no use in after-dinner speaking for the after-dinner speaker; he would be satisfied to eat and go away. There is nothing in it for the magnate who silently lends his respectability to the occasion; his respectability is enough for him. There 's nothing in it for the jolly, lucky soul who is simply there to enjoy himself at another fellow's expense and say nothing. As Gallagher would say,—

"There 's not'in' doin' for nobody; so wot 's the use?"

One May Make a Good Speech and No One Will Smile

So much for the dark side of an evil subject! Still, if after-dinner speaking is to be accepted as a necessary evil and done at all, it might as well be done well. But the test of its having been done well is not necessarily its result. If a man sets the table in a roar he has made a good after-dinner speech; but, on the other hand, he may make a perfectly good after-dinner speech, and nobody will crack a smile. Clearly the matter depends on something besides himself, and, in the case of a fairly good speaker, this something is the secret of all good after-dinner speaking; it is the secret of a man's picture being on the first page next morning, or not at all; it is the secret of his boring a company or making everybody fall on the table; it is the secret of his ultimate reputation as a wit or as a bore; and it is the simplest thing in the world. The true explanation is found in the fact that his fate lies in the hands of the man who speaks before he does.

When they ask me where, on a dinner programme, I desire to be placed, I always want to say: "Please lay a cover for the biggest bore there is, and put me on the programme next." They do n't always do it, but, when they do, it is like some patent adjustable appliance for the mechanical manufacture of an oratorical success. The air is so overcharged with the dry stuff that preceded that any old, worn-out spark of mine will light a laughing bonfire very difficult to extinguish.



On the arrangement of a programme of toasts depends the success of an after-dinner speaker. The other fellows won't have any success, anyway. But they are very useful,—those other fellows. They form a magnificent black velvet background for the display of jewels, and it is so black and so heavy that even paste looks well when it is laid on it. They are the low lights, the middle-dark of the picture. They have to be, so let them be. Never decry a bore at a dinner. Think of the man who will sparkle up afterwards, and when he does the guests will fall on his neck with gratitude for the least little effervescence.

Don't Blame a Bore: You'll Be Glad when He Stops

Once a party of ladies and gentlemen, driving along a country road, came upon a small and very ragged and terribly dirty little boy who sat knocking a stone against his own head. He continued rhythmically battering away until the passers-by became alarmed.

"My poor child," exclaimed one of the ladies, "what are you doing? Are n't you hurting your head frightfully?"

The boy stopped, abashed, but with a perfectly good conscience.

"Yes'm," he explained, "I am; but it feels so good when I stops."

So never blame a bore. Think how good it will feel when he stops.

In the hands of the toastmaster, then, lies the glory or defeat of the humorous fellows who are to speak. If he finds that an uproarious speech, just received with shouts of applause, is to be followed by the speech of a man who is sure to be funny, he will no more allow it than the *chef* would have allowed terrapin to follow lobster on the *menu*. He will reach away down the programme, and pull up a man brimming with dates and heavy facts about the unearned increment, and he will set him on his feet in their light-minded midst. The man will be an instant counter-irritant; the guests, still glowing with their fun, will listen to him with patience, and rest; his own complacence in being lifted forward in the order of exercises will be unbounded; and the day will have been saved for the poor old funny man who was to come next to the other funny man, and everybody will be pleased.

The Wise World Likes to Weep as well as to Laugh

That is the very way that the whole literary and lecture-going and theater-going public is played upon all the time. Take the book that makes you laugh up one page and cry down the next; one lays it down with an unvarying comment,—"It is a good book." That was, for instance, the secret of the enormous success of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." What else made James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye tour the country together? Their success was half due to the fact that Nye lifted an audience away up on the top of joke after joke and left it there gasping till Riley came gracefully forward and let everybody down with a poem about the little boy who died and whose Christmas tree was left standing for years, drying up in a corner of the musty parlor. In every successful play this arrangement is observed. Golden-haired Irene dies in a plush chair and a delirious dress; the audience, with swelling throat, realizes that never again that night will she caper through the first act, gayly, lightly, fleetly joyous, or her tiny slippered feet beat out to rhythmic rag-time. She is dead, dead, dead, and the audience wonders why it came to be thus harrowed,—when, lo, the low comedian! In he trots, in the next act, in an excruciating make-up, with a lurid line of talk and a job lot of light-footed antics, and the audience leaves the house in a tumult of appreciation. It 's the way; and, since you can not make people weep at a dinner, to get contrast, the next best play is to have them bored here and there with florid doses of useful information.

If I were asked to give a recipe for making a good after-dinner speech I would say:—

Do your best to get up after an hour of statistics, facts, and dates pertaining to a proposed device for accelerating speed in raising ore from the mines of Timbuctoo, including a history of the country, its people, its quarrels, and some account of its exports, together with comparative statements as to its length of coast line, elevation, fauna, flora, form of government, and

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method of burial,—given, mostly, in minute detail.

You simply could not fail. The only better thing I can think of is to be preceded by a United States senator.

As to the speech itself, and what it should be like, that is secondary to the great condition which I have just discussed. The subject matters least of all, so that it be not too general. There are three sorts of speeches: the great speeches of boredom, the eloquent speech, and the humorous speech. The first, as I have said, is as necessary as sleep; perhaps that is why it suggests it. The second emanates from the man who gets up behind his empty champagne glass and catches sight of the American flag in a handy picture of Washington crossing the Delaware,—which, by the way, is a joke in itself, because when Washington crossed the Delaware there was no American flag. But it does just as well. Instantly the man is on his feet, a fountain of seething patriotism. "The flag," he cries, pointing with a straight forefinger followed by a fiery eye, "is blue with the blue of our skies of liberty, white with the whiteness of our nation's purity, and red with our fathers' blood," and the table goes wild. The eloquent speaker has a comparatively easy time of it. An empty champagne glass and a sight of the hem of the flag is all that he needs to be off across country, with the pack of guests in full cry at his heels.

The Guests always Applaud the Creator of Laughter

The man of humor, if he gets a desirable place on the programme, not too near the end and not after a star, has an easy time, too. Let him make light of himself, hit off the well-known weakness of some one who is popular, use a good adjective out of its usual sense, and, above all else, light on some foible or discomfort or grudge common to everybody, and his speech is a success. The guests are usually with him from the first, anyway; they want to laugh; they will always go halfway to meet a laugh; the speaker has not a single prejudice to overcome before he has them smiling. They will laugh at things which, ventured by their wives over breakfast, would meet with a cold stare or a haughty and uncomplimentary comment. They are the easiest people in the world to please, if you give them half an excuse. The permanent possession of this half excuse constitutes you, in their eyes, a humorous speaker.

The place of the short story in an after-dinner speech is a precarious one. I have never used it in my life, and I am always amazed and delighted at the brave men who do. Somebody in the room is terribly likely to have heard the very best story you can relate. I remember once hearing a short story told at the head table that aroused such a roar of laughter that I was sure no one there had ever heard it before. This must mean, I thought, that the man has either made it up himself, or pinched the proofs of a joke paper, made up two months ahead. The story was this:—

A shepherd once advertised for an assistant shepherd, whom he wished to do all his hard work. A sailor, who had spent all his life at sea, came ashore and saw the advertisement, and, thinking he would like a few years of land duty, applied to the shepherd for the job.

"But you say you have been at sea all your life," cried the shepherd, with considerable astonishment; "what can you know about sheep?"

"Nothing at all," replied the sailor, humbly, "but I believe I can do this business, all the same."

The shepherd led him up to a high mountain, and pointed to the valleys and mountains and meadows for miles around. They were all thickly scattered with sheep.

"Do you see those sheep?" said the shepherd. "They are all mine, and the work you would have to do would be to get them all into the fold by to-morrow night. You could never do that."

"Yes, I could," persisted the sailor, stolidly. So the shepherd gave in and said he would take him, and, when he had dressed him as a shepherd, he took him to the sheds and showed him a pack of magnificent collies.

"Here," he said, "are the dogs that you will take with you to do the work."

"Dogs!" cried the sailor, "I could never do anything with dogs. I shall leave the dogs here and drive the sheep in myself."

Believing him, by this time, to be quite mad, the shepherd watched him go away, and had forgotten all about him when, the next night, there was a rap at the door of his cot, and there the sailor stood.

"What do you want now?" demanded the shepherd, angrily.

"The sheep are all in," announced the sailor.

In amazement the shepherd followed the man to the fold, and there, sure enough, were all his sheep safely in.

"Well, well!" said the shepherd, "so they are; but how in the world did you do it?"

"Oh," said the sailor, indifferently, "that's nothing! The only things that gave me any trouble at all were the little lambs, and I did have an awful time with them."

The shepherd looked where he pointed, and saw a dozen jack rabbits that the sailor had driven in for lambs.

The point was one of those growing ideas that everybody sees little by little, and the appreciation was so general at last that it looked like a perfectly new story. Alas! the laughter had not fairly died away before, from my right, a melancholy-looking man with a *crêpe* beard murmured:—

"Good! Good! I've usually heard that told with little wildcats instead of jack rabbits."

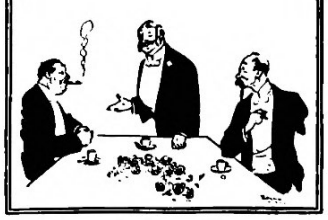
Good Short Stories Are, often, an Orator's Stock in Trade

Yet after-dinner speaking has come to be a sort of synonym for the telling of short stories. That is all very well if the speaker has mind enough to make up his own stories, for that is the only way that he can be sure of having new ones. But an oft-told story innocently offered up as new spring goods, tender and true, has often spoiled an otherwise admirable speech.



SIMEON FORD

Mr. Ford is, perhaps, the most prominent after-dinner speaker in America. For many years he has been one of the proprietors of the Grand Union Hotel, New York City, and his witty remarks at various banquets have brought him into prominence as an entertainer. To-day, his presence seems to be required at every dinner of importance, in order that the necessary laughter may find a fountain head.



The day has passed when a toast to "The ladies,—God bless them!" with a few slams about connubial infelicities, and an old story or two and a ringing benediction would make a successful speech. All the old subjects, as such, have been banished from the programmes, and generalities and abstractions are frowned upon. A man may still praise the ladies and bless his country with *éclat*, but he must bring it in sidewise in some speech on beechnuts, or red ants, or currant jelly, or something specialized and concrete. Then he gets a reputation for originality and humor which "the ladies" or "our country" never could bring him.

There have been some wonderful after-dinner speakers in New York. Of course General Horace E. Porter was one of the most successful, because he had in his speeches that rare combination, — humor and eloquence. Judge Henry E. Howland was another excellent speaker, and he always thought on his feet.

One of the best after-dinner speeches ever made in New York was that of Henry E. Grady, late editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," who, with his address on "The New South," simply swept the guests at the New England dinner off their feet and paved the way for the establishment of better feeling between the North and the South. Senator Chauncey M. Depew has stood for years among the foremost and most genial of after-dinner speakers, and Patrick Murphy, of New York, is a new man who is to be heard from.

On the whole, after-dinner speaking is pursuing its calm, unruffled way, delighting some, and putting many to sleep, but, perhaps, improving a little all the time. Yet the forced improvements do not come to much. The attempt to sprinkle the speeches between courses will never, I think, be successful. Too many dishes are allowed to take that time for roaming at large about slanting trays, and too many waiters are falling about the room, pillowed on broken crockery. Neither would the Japanese fashion of having the speeches first be practicable in a country where diners have other things besides rice to eat and other things besides tea to drink, awaiting them just the other side of a long, weary programme, and where waiting is not such a strong point as it is when orientally practiced.

The only reform which I can suggest in after-dinner speaking is one which good sense itself may some time dictate,—the gradual shortening of the dinner talk until it is but the laughing shadow of its former solemn self.

THE SCULPTOR : : NIXON WATERMAN

I am the sculptor; I, myself, the clay,
Of which I am to fashion, as I will,
In deed and in desire, day by day,
The pattern of my purpose, good or ill.

In breathless bronze, nor the insensate stone,
Must my enduring passion find its goal;
Within this living statue I enthrone
That essence of eternity, the soul.

Nor space nor time the soul of yearning bars:
It flashes to the zenith of the sky,
And, dwelling 'mid the mystery of the stars,
Aspires to answer the Eternal Why.

It loves the pleasing note of lute and lyre,
The lily's purple, the red rose's glow;
It wonders at the witchery of the fire,
And marvels at the magic of the snow.

"Who taught," it asks, "the ant to build her nest?
The bee her cells? the hermit thrush to sing?
The dove to plume his iridescent breast?
The butterfly to paint his gorgeous wing?

"The spider how to spin so wondrous wise?
The nautilus to form his chambered shell?
The carrier pigeon under alien skies,—
Who taught him how the homeward course to tell?"

By force or favor it would win from fate
The sacred secret of the blood and breath;
Learn all the hidden springs of love and hate,
And gain dominion over life and death

In every feature of this sculptured face,
Of spirit and of substance, I must mold
A shining symbol of a grander grace,
The hope toward which the centuries have rolled.

Oh, hands of mine, that the unnumbered years
Evolved from hoof and wing and claw and fin,
'T is ours to bring, from out the stress and tears,
A godlike figure fashioned from within!

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Keeping Fit for Work

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

"A GREAT electric power-plant with half its dynamos out of commission through short-circuits and burn-outs caused by overloads, and several at half-speed, with wobbling bearings and loosened bolts,—that is what half the men and women workers are like. They are not using half their power, half their talents, half their physiques, half their minds." Very few people bring the whole of themselves to their tasks. The causes are various—systemless working, vicious living, wrong thinking, wrong methods, wrong occupations.

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The real material with which you build your career is in you. Your own self is your greatest capital. The secret of your future achievement is locked up in your brain, in your nerves, in your muscles, in your ambition, in your determination, and in your ideal. Everything depends upon your physical and mental condition, for that governs your vitality, your vigor, and your ability to do things. The amount of physical and mental force you are able to use in your vocation will measure your ultimate success, and whatever lessens this force, or the effectiveness of your achievement capital, will cut down your usefulness in life and your chances of success. Achievement does not depend so much upon the size of the deposits you have in the bank as upon the amount of capital you have in yourself, the effectiveness with which you can use it, and the power you can bring to your vocation. A man who is weakened by ill health, or who has sapped his energy by excessive use of tobacco or alcohol, or in any other way, has small chance for success when pitted against one who is sound and vigorous in every organ and faculty.

Nature is not sentimental or merciful. If you violate her law, you must pay the penalty, though you sit on a throne; king or beggar is all the same with her. You can not plead weakness or handicap as an excuse for failure. She demands that you be ever at the top of your condition, that you always do your best, and will accept no excuse or apology.

A weakness anywhere mars one's whole career. It will rise up as a ghost all through one's life-work, mortifying, condemning, and convicting one of past error. Every indiscretion or vicious indulgence simply opens a leak which drains off success capital.

Of what use is great success capital, of mental and physical equipment, if you are not wise enough to manage it to the best advantage, and to make it last until your success is assured?

It is sad to see a young man try to win high place with a broken-down constitution, or with his faculties half trained, and his success army completely demoralized, his prospects ruined by a shattered physique. The saddest thing of all is that wise living might have made fulfillment of ambition possible, and enriched the world with a noble, well-rounded life.

The great problem, then, which every one has to face, is how to generate energy, how to conserve it, and how to keep oneself always at the top of his condition.

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If you are level-headed, dead in earnest, and bound to make the most of yourself, you will regard every bit of energy, and every source of power, physical, mental, and moral, as precious life capital not to be parted with except for some worthy equivalent. You will look upon every form of dissipation, and every little loss of energy as an unpardonable waste, a sin,—almost a crime. You will stop every leak of energy and prevent every unnecessary drain of your success capital, so that all the force you can muster, all the power you can command, shall be expended most economically and effectively. You will keep every faculty and function up to a standard of the highest excellence, so that you can come to your task in the morning a whole man, with every faculty intent, and every function normal. If you can not carry a strong, vigorous personality to your work every day, or if you bring but a small part of yourself to your task, you will realize but a small part of your possibilities.

One of the most foolish or insane things that a person can do is to go to his work in the morning with vitiated energy, wasted vitality, and a system so wearied that he can not do vigorous, spontaneous work, but must force himself to do everything by sheer will power.

Keep yourself fit for work, so that you can do it with ease and dignity, and without struggle, strain, or loss. Approach your work with the air of a conqueror, and with assurance of victory in your very step. If you are at the top of your condition, your manner, even, will radiate power. You will exhale force from every pore. One can accomplish more in a single hour, if he feels the thrill of health pulsating through his entire being, than he can in a whole day, if his physical condition is at a low ebb.

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There is no success in weakness, no victory in the uncertain step, hesitating will, lagging hand, or languid brain of an exhausted man. He who is hampered by depleted vitality is constantly losing opportunities, because he lacks strength to grasp them, to hold on to them, and to use them. He is forced to fall behind and see men who have not half his mental capacity, but who have strong physiques and all their powers intact, forge ahead of him and seize the prizes.

A great many people dissipate more energy between the time when they leave their work at night and when they return to it in the morning than they expend all day in their vocations, though they would be shocked and offended if any one were to tell them so. They think that physical dissipation is the only method of energy-sapping. But men and women of exemplary moral habits dissipate their vitality in a hundred ways. They indulge in wrong thinking; they worry; they fret; they fear this, that, and the other imaginary thing; and they carry their business home with them, and work as hard mentally after business hours as during them.

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Whenever you are angry or feel like grumbling, or pouting,—whenever you are gloomy, fretful, or morose,—you are consuming your energy, wasting your vitality, and opening the sluiceways in your mental reservoir, instead of sending the power over the wheel to drive the mental machinery.

Thackeray says, "Every man has a letter of credit written on his face." We are our own best advertisements, and, if we appear to disadvantage in any particular, our standard, in the estimate of others, is cut down. The great majority of people who come in contact with us do not see us at our homes; they may never see our stocks and bonds, or lands and houses; they know nothing of us, unless it be by reputation, but what they see of our personality, and they judge us accordingly. They take it for granted that our general appearance is a sample of what we are and what we can do, and, if we are slovenly in dress, and in personal habits, they naturally think that our work and our lives will correspond. They are right. It does not matter where the slackness or shiftlessness manifests itself, or what its nature may be, it will reappear in your work, in your manner, and in your person. Many people form a careless habit of neglecting some part of their toilet, as when they black only the front part of their shoes and leave the heels untouched. The same incompleteness, the same lack of finish will appear in every letter they write and in every piece of work they attempt to do. It will prove a detriment to character-growth. The consciousness of incompleteness, or "slipshodness," tends to destroy self-respect, to lessen energy, and to detract from one's general ability.

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In these days of inexpensive clothing, no one can afford to leave his room until he is in a condition to be presentable anywhere. Neither can he afford to bother about thinking of his clothing after he is once dressed, but he should so clothe himself that he will be utterly unconscious of any inferiority. A sense of being fittingly and appropriately dressed increases one's efficiency and self-respect, and so adds materially to achievement. If you are improperly dressed or badly "groomed," you will feel a certain timidity in meeting people, a loss of power. This results in uneasiness, worry, chagrin, and a real loss of energy and self-confidence.

Girls who are not obliged to leave home to earn their living have a much weaker incentive to keep themselves up to standard than young men. If at all indolent, they are often tempted to lie abed late, or to lounge around the house in slipshod apparel. Under such conditions, many a girl falls into careless ways, and deteriorates, mentally and physically, developing an aversion to anything active or strenuous. Letting down all standards, she slides along, listless, indifferent, and useless,—a mere human parasite.

A young man, on the contrary, who knows that he must get up at a certain hour, and that he must be perfectly "groomed," neatly dressed, and in his place, ready to begin his day's work at an appointed time, or else lose his position, must perforce "keep up to concert pitch." He does not have a chance to consult his moods, or to ask himself whether he feels like getting up and going out or not. He knows very well that he has no choice.

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A young man who is trying to make the most of his life can not be too good to himself. Everything which ministers to his comfort and ease gives him a sense of harmony, assurance, and added power. Anything which will add to his self-respect, and will keep discord away from him, he should have at any cost he can afford.

Above all else, he should have a cozy, comfortable, and happy home. No man can do good work when he goes every night to an unattractive, uncomfortable, or discouraging home. He should provide himself with a good light, and an easy chair; he should surround himself with pictures and other works of art, if possible. Every one should have a comfortable sitting room, or a cozy corner somewhere, where he can read, think, and reflect by himself,—then he will grow. A great many boys and young men are totally unfitted for doing good work, especially in the evening, because they do not have an attractive place which tempts them to self-improvement.

A habit of keeping up to concert pitch and maintaining a high standard all along the line is of untold advantage.

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The Department-store and Mail-order Business of the United States

Huge Marts of Trade—Patronized mostly by Women,—Whose Daily Dealings Reach to the Farthest Ends of the Earth

FRANK FAYANT

IMAGINE, on either side of Broadway, New York, all the way from City Hall Park to Madison Square,—more than two miles,—a line of one-story shops, where one might buy anything from a twenty-nine-cent luncheon to a twenty-nine-thousand-dollar French motor car, or from an iridescent Etruscan vase, made two thousand years ago, to a machine speaking six modern languages with all the fluency of a master linguist. Imagine, too, an omnipotent magician, by a sweep of his wand, gathering all these four miles of varied shops together, piling them in tiers, organizing them into one great mart, and putting their complex administration under the perfect sway of one master mind.

An airy flight of the imagination? A four-mile string of shops all massed under one roof,—all under the oversight of one general manager, all pouring their receipts into one cash box,—a Utopian dream? No, it is a reality,—one of the many marvels of American business development. Gigantic business organizations have become so commonplace in this country that their enormous proportions are inadequately realized. Among these wonders of business is the modern department store,—the growth of this generation. One of these stores—how inadequate is the name!—is actually of such huge proportions that it could hold within its four walls the hundreds of one-story shops that might be strung along the great business thoroughfare for two miles south of Madison Square. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, the department store has reached colossal dimensions. Its wares are gathered from all the world and are shipped again to buyers in the far corners of the earth.

A Chicago Department Store Has Shipped an Entire Church into the Heart of Africa

Facts taken at random from the day's work of the department store are astounding. John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store has under its roof the biggest book shop in the world, and has sold, in the past six years, ten million dollars' worth of an edition of a single work of reference. The firm of Montgomery, Ward and Company has developed the mail-order business to astounding proportions, forty-five girls, working ten hours a day, were three weeks behind, recently, in the simple act of opening the incoming letters. The transfer of cash from sales counters to the cashiers' room in Macy's store, in New York, keeps in operation eighteen miles of pneumatic tubing. In a Chinese newspaper in Hongkong may be read the advertisements of several American department stores. A Chicago store has shipped an entire church, complete from belfry to Bible, into the heart of Africa, on a simple mail order. A thousand shoppers lunch every day in the restaurant of Wanamaker's New York store. One store has sold over its counters, in a day, three thousand dozen live frogs; another, twenty tons of sugar in small parcels. Another store sends out every year nearly two million copies of a bulky catalogue, on each copy of which the domestic postage charge is twenty-six cents. The wagon-delivery district of a certain New York store is over several hundred square miles in area.



A corner in a department-store restaurant

There is more within the four walls of a big store than the shopper dreams of. It is not by treading the labyrinths of aisles, flanked by bewildering arrays of the newest wares from over the world, that one sees the wonders of one of these stores. The machinery that gives life to the whole organization is hidden.

The Volume of Business Done by Several Big Stores Equals That of Some Railroads

To comprehend the complexity of a day's work in a department store, and at the same time the marvelous system by which the great business moves with clock-like precision, one must go behind forbidden doors. One must go behind the glass door, bearing the repellent legend, "Private," where, before a capacious roll-top desk, sits the all-seeing general manager,—a man who is never seen by the public; whose very name, even, is unknown to the army of shoppers that daily invades the store, but whose finger is ever on the throbbing pulse of the great business, quick to detect the ebb and flow of vitality. One must go into the rooms where the scores of "buyers," as the heads of departments are named, plan their campaigns for the purchase and sale of great stocks of merchandise; they work with big units,—a train load of kitchenware, the entire output of a furniture factory, or an invoice of a hundred thousand volumes of fiction. One must go behind the iron gratings of the cashiers' room in the basement, where the rivulets of coin, to the amount of many thousands of dollars a day, all lead to one well through miles of hidden tubes, tapping the remotest sales counters. One must go through the accounting rooms, where scores of men and women bring order out of the daily chaos of hundreds of thousands of written records, so that, at the end of the day, the general manager has as clear a record of the day's business as a recording thermometer gives one of the day's variations of temperature. One must visit the score or more of manufacturing departments, in and near the store, where a thousand unseen workers make articles as varied as *bonbons* and mattresses. Then one must go down into the sub-basement, and pick his way through the maze of boxes and barrels and baskets and bundles, and of hurrying, scurrying workers, that bewilder the eye in the delivery department, through which the day's purchases of fifty thousand shoppers are distributed.

The volume of business done by the big stores is rapidly growing in volume. Several years ago one day's receipts of Montgomery, Ward and Company passed the five-thousand-dollar mark. The owner of the business, who had watched it grow to this magnitude, was so highly pleased by the day's figures, when they were laid before him, that he closed his desk and went off to the country for a holiday. He dreamed of a ten-thousand-dollar day. The other day the tabulated sheet sent to him at the close of the day's business showed total sales of two hundred thousand dollars. Last year, his sales sheets for the three hundred odd business days of the year showed average daily sales of sixty thousand dollars. One store did a business last year of twenty-five million dollars, which is equal to the entire annual earnings of a great

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railway system like the "Big Four" or the "Wabash." In Chicago one great merchant's gross annual receipts from a store combining wholesaling with retailing are forty million dollars. A day's business in a store will vary from a few thousand dollars on a stifling August day to two hundred thousand at Christmas time. On a Christmas-week day a quarter of a million shoppers enter a big store. To handle this immense business there are employed from five thousand to seven thousand persons, from cash-boys earning two dollars a week to a general manager drawing a yearly salary of, perhaps, forty thousand dollars.

The enormous growth of the department-store business is the direct result of advertising,—advertising that, by its volume and its distinctive type, has astounded the commercial world. It is the lavish daily outlay of the proprietors in advertising that makes possible the great city newspapers of this country. The newspapers of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston receive millions of dollars a year from the sale of their space to department stores; and it is this advertising income that enables them to pay lavishly for news from all over the world, to meet huge cable and telegraph bills, and to send correspondents, artists, and photographers to the other side of the world to report a great war. The concerted withdrawal of department-store advertising from any single newspaper would seriously cripple its powers, and a newspaper proprietor, who loudly proclaims the independence and fearlessness of his journal, will go a long way from the beaten path to avoid offending a profitable advertiser. It is simply a matter of self-preservation. It is an unwritten law in nearly all the big newspaper offices that unpleasant news must not be printed about a great store with a heavy advertising account. On the other hand, the proprietors of the stores are equally anxious to keep on friendly terms with the influential newspapers. Not long ago, a merchant withdrew his advertising from a New York newspaper. The owner of the paper sent word to his staff never to mention the merchant's name in its news columns. This newspaper has a notable reputation as an advertising medium, and the merchant's business—so it was gossiped in Park Row,—felt the loss of this publicity. It was not long before the merchant was as anxious to return to the paper's columns as the paper was to regain the lost income. The contract was renewed.



A scene when Mrs. Roosevelt came to New York to shop at a department store

An Advertisement of a Department Store Is a Guide for Purchasers and Employees

One merchant spends a million dollars a year in advertising, half in New York and the other half in Philadelphia. This is about the same advertising appropriation as is made by a leading western cereal-food manufacturer, but the manufacturer spreads his million dollars through five hundred varied publications, and over billboards and dead walls, on both sides of the Atlantic, while the bulk of the merchant's advertising expenditure is concentrated in a few newspapers in two cities.

The man who writes the daily advertisement for a big store commands a big salary,—ten or fifteen thousand dollars. He must be original, resourceful, and witty,—a man of ideas, alert to see and use opportunities. The quality of his work tells day by day, for the effects of a cleverly written advertisement show immediately in the increased sales in particular departments. Every night, the reports of gross sales in the three-score departments, as compared with the corresponding days in the previous week and the previous year, indicate whether the day's advertising appropriation has been well spent. Every day the "buyers" give the advertisement writer a draft of the next day's particular offerings,—a clearance sale of winter overcoats, a shipment of Parisian dress fabrics, bargains in new novels, or a cut-price sale of canned goods. These the advertisement writer welds into one big display announcement, which, when it has been approved by the general manager, becomes the law and the gospel of the next day's business. Copies of it are posted on all the floors and are put into the hands of all the salespeople. Every salesman and saleswoman in a department must learn, the first thing in the morning, the special prices at which wares are offered in the day's advertising. The day's advertisement is the Baedeker for both shoppers and salespeople.

The massing of three-score or more varied shops under one roof demands an efficient staff of department heads, or "buyers." The worth of a buyer is measured by the amount of net profit he can show at the end of the year. He must be on the alert to seize opportunities for acquiring desirable stocks at low prices,—the bankruptcy of a manufacturer or a big merchant is one of these opportunities; he must be able to forecast the future tastes and demands of the shopping army; he must know when to plunge, buying ten, twenty, or thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods in a single order; he must know when to push and when to mark down certain stocks; and all the time he must keep his weather eye on the doings of buyers in rival stores. If he carries a line of foreign goods, he makes a yearly trip abroad to buy directly from the makers, whether it be Parisian gowns, German toys, or Persian rugs. The toy buyer goes to the Continent, in January, to order his next Christmas stock. The successful buyer is master of his department, and he usually commands a high salary, sometimes as high as twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year, although four-figure salaries are the rule. The gross annual sales of leading departments run into seven figures in the big stores, and these departments sometimes take rank at the head of the retail shops of the country. The largest book shop in America, for example, is one of the fifty-odd departments of a Philadelphia store. Every night, at the close of business, the salespeople give the amounts of their total sales to their buyers, who, in turn, foot up their department totals. The buyers then report to the general manager, who compares the day's sales with the business the year before. Marked variations are made the subject of inquiry. Every night, when the general manager leaves the store, he knows to a cent the day's receipts, how they compare with the previous year, and, if they vary from the normal, the reason therefor.

To serve the needs of one or two hundred thousand shoppers in a day, to record and make change for a hundred thousand purchases, and to distribute purchases to fifty thousand homes may well be considered an enormous task. Only by a highly organized system of labor-saving could it be done at all. A thousand errand boys could not do the work so quietly accomplished by the pneumatic tube change-carriers. One store has eighteen miles of tubes, connecting the hundreds of sales counters through the store with nearly three hundred terminal stations in the cash room. Here two or three score nimble-fingered girls snatch the carriers as they come tumbling out of the hissing tubes, make the change in an instant, stamp the schedules, and send change and schedules, minus their stubs, hissing back through the tubes. Three times a day each girl's accumulated stubs are checked up with her cash, and once a day the cash is sent to the bank. Every day there must be drawn from the bank one or two thousand dollars in small coins with which to make change. Cash registers and mechanical cashiers are also used on certain of the sales counters. A mechanical cashier is a marvelous automaton. For example, if a shopper gives a twenty-dollar bill for a purchase of seven dollars and twenty-one cents, the saleswoman sticks the bill and the sales schedule in the machine, turns a lever, and out comes a receipted bill, minus its stub, together with a ten-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill, three quarters, and four cents. When the machine was first used it gave silver dollars, sometimes, as change, but now, in the stores in most large cities, except San Francisco, California, where silver is wholly used, all the silver dollars it receives it keeps to the close of the day. It never makes a mistake in making change.

Delivering Purchases promptly and correctly Means a Great Deal to a Business

The daily wagon delivery of goods to customers spread over several hundred miles of territory could not be done without a highly efficient organization. On a busy day one of the larger New York stores will deliver its wares, ranging from a parcel of silk to a set of bedroom furniture, to fifty thousand homes. This task must be done with a minimum expenditure of labor, from the moment the customer's purchase is turned over to the "inspector" at the sales counter, to be wrapped in paper, until the wagon driver leaves it at the customer's door, which may be one block or thirty miles from the store. Not only must these fifty thousand purchases be delivered with an economic expenditure of energy, but errors must be kept down to an infinitesimal minimum. The housewife whose basket of groceries is late in arriving for dinner, whose parcel of dress goods fails to contain the spool of silk she ordered, or whose "charged" parcel comes "C. O. D.," is apt to do her future shopping at some other store and to tell her friends that so-and-so are "very unreliable."



The delivery department, usually away below the ground, is a maze of articles packed and unpacked, of trucks rumbling hither and thither, of men carrying great

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The early morning shoppers are out before the heavy traffic begins

baskets of paper-wrapped parcels, and of rows of numbered bins filling and unfilling. From the floors above articles of merchandise of all shapes and sizes come pouring, in a steady stream, in baskets and trucks and lifts. Some are paper-wrapped, ready for the delivery wagons; others must be boxed or crated, or packed in baskets or barrels. The thousands of small parcels are dumped on a slippery slide, like so many letters. At the foot of the slide, standing in three hatch-resembling holes in a great table, are three men who know every bit of territory within thirty miles of the store. This metropolitan and suburban district is divided into nearly seventy delivery routes, and, as the parcels slip down the incline, their addresses are noted by the three men, who quickly mark the parcels with their route numbers. This is done more quickly than it can be told. Beyond there are boys with long wooden implements like a croupier's rake. They slide the route-numbered parcels on to their bins, to drop into trucks and await loading into the wagons and vans and trucks outside. Direct daily deliveries are made from New York stores to suburban towns in three states, the wagons going over into New Jersey as far as Morristown, up the Hudson, and up the Sound into Connecticut. A single store has nearly four hundred men in its delivery department, and uses more than a hundred wagons and three times as many horses.

In Chicago, the Mail-order Business Amounts to over Fifty Million Dollars a Year

The great bulk of the business in the big eastern stores is done over the counters. Mail orders are of comparatively insignificant figures. The favorite idea, in New York stores, is to buy large invoices of the newest wares, sell them immediately by the force of tremendous advertising, and then bring still newer wares before the public. Thus there is a constant change of stock, and little opportunity, except in a few staple lines, to appeal to a mail-order trade. Prices, like stocks, change from day to day. The country buyers, who order from the season's catalogues, often find that the particular article they desire is out of stock. Even those who live near enough to New York to read the newspaper advertisements on the day they are printed have difficulty in buying, through mail orders, merchandise advertised from day to day. The result is that every day you may find in New York stores thousands of shoppers who have come many miles to be able to buy over the counters. They buy in New York, not so much on account of cheaper prices as because they desire to get the newest things with the New York trademark.

But in the West there has been built up a mail-order business of whose proportions eastern people have little conception. Chicago is the home of the mail order, and the business grows there by leaps and bounds. Some conception of the enormous extent of the Chicago trade of this kind may be gained from the fact that three Chicago stores receive mail orders, in the course of a year, amounting to fifty million dollars, and that the total Chicago business of this kind has been estimated to be one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Millions of people throughout the country, who have never been in the city of Chicago, do a large part of their shopping there. The mail-order habit, once acquired, clings, and every year sees an enormous increase in the sales. The success Chicago houses have had with this phase of the department-store business has been a revelation to eastern merchants.

This mail-order traffic is conducted as an exclusive business by the three stores whose sales reach fifty million dollars a year. They do not seek Chicago trade, and what little business they do over the counters is with non-residents. A Chicagoan who happens to enter one of these stores is courteously told that his trade is not sought. This rule has to be enforced, as otherwise the daily invasion of an army of town shoppers would seriously hamper the work of the clerks who go about the stores filling mail orders. What a mighty task it is to fill these orders may be judged from the statement that one of these stores has received two hundred thousand dollars in orders in a single day, and that the average mail order is under five dollars. This requires attention to forty thousand orders in a day. To handle this daily flood of mail orders demands a highly systematized organization. The opening of the day's mail is alone a gigantic task. In one of the big houses the incoming mail varies to from ten to thirty-five thousand letters a day.

When it is considered that the mail-order houses refuse to sell to buyers in Chicago, and do not seek business in large towns, one wonders how they manage to build up such an enormous trade. The secret lies in the fact that more than seven tenths of the inhabitants of this country live in rural communities, and that they are inadequately supplied with shopping facilities at home. It is to these fifty millions that the mail-order houses appeal. All through the West you will find the wares of Chicago mail-order houses, from the cattle ranches of Texas to the mining camps of British Columbia, and even in far-away lands, beyond the bounds of civilization, are to be found goods sent all the way from Chicago.

What the page newspaper advertisement, with its odd-cent bargains, is to the eastern department store, the bulky catalogue, with its illustrated descriptions of a thousand and one varied articles, is to the Chicago mail-order house. These catalogues are sent around the world. One house issues a catalogue of twelve hundred pages, as bulky as a New York City telephone directory, and prints two million copies of it a year. This makes the enormous editions of the "best-selling novels" pale into insignificance. The postage on one of these catalogues is twenty-six cents, while the cost of production is about forty cents. The house will send its catalogue to any address on receipt of fifteen cents. The mailing of every catalogue, therefore, involves a loss of fifty cents; for the two million copies the net loss is a million dollars. This represents only a part of the yearly advertising appropriation, for use is also made of the advertising pages of many magazines and weekly papers.

As the big catalogue wanders over the face of the earth, orders, strange and curious, come from the nooks and corners of the globe. An Indian prince, seeing one of these catalogues, straightway sent an order halfway around the world, to Chicago, for ten two-wheel elephant carts, with twelve-foot wheels, to draw mahogany logs out of his forests to the Ganges. The order was filled. Down in Rhodesia, a community of Boers saw a catalogue, and asked for the price of a church, delivered in South Africa. The only part of the church the Chicago firm did not ship was the minister, but he would probably have been sent had he been ordered. From Java came an order for seventy American buggies. Out in Siberia a club of Russian army officers got hold of a catalogue of the firm of Sears,



Even the liveried equipages of the rich are seen

Roebuck and Company, of Chicago, and sent in an order for twenty-five thousand rubles' worth of merchandise of all descriptions, from bird cages to pajamas. It could be seen that they had gone methodically through the twelve hundred pages, from cover to cover, and marked everything for which they thought they could find use. This was probably the most remarkable mail order ever received.

One of the largest department stores in New York is the Siegel-Cooper Company. It not only deals in dry goods and other merchandise, but it also deals in meats, vegetables, and groceries. On hot summer days, women sit around the immense fountain, in the center of the store, and eat ice cream. Its restaurant is a strong attraction, and many women will travel a long way to partake of a Siegel-Cooper and Company lobster cutlet, simply because it is "four cents cheaper" than in other places. This store has rare facilities for its employees. Baths, reading rooms, and a hospital with doctors in attendance are maintained.

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"When the man's arms and head were free, he began tossing about like a fevered sleeper"

An Aërial Providence

The Story of Uncle Nathan's Cyclonic Experience with Nallie Dool and Old Flaps

ALVAH MILTON KERR

THAT which befell Uncle Nathan Harp and his nephew Nallie had the look of a miracle. To this day it is talked of on the wide reaches of Camass Prairie. To voyage in a balloon is a performance engendering quite wonder enough, but to go up in a cyclone and to return to earth with a sound constitution and improved morals set one to thinking of the supernatural. However, that which occurred on Camass Prairie was doubtless as natural as the growth of a cabbage, though happily less frequent as a phenomenon.

To Nallie Dool—his first name was Nathan, in honor of his uncle,—the scenes of that day are as mountains mirrored in water. Although touched with that strangeness which is the chief flavor of drama, to him the main event, at least, has that more than waking reality which sometimes colors the fancied visions of sleep. No spectacle of his later years has matched the merciless magnificence of that day of storm. The wrath and passion of the elements,—with what sublimity of beauty and power they wrought!

Whether he who writes these words was or was not the Nallie who was blown as a dust-speck from the world's face that day, needs not to be told, but that he was an atom in that mighty breath, as were all men there breathed upon, should shine clearly out of these lines, else truth is here clouded by attempted art.

Nathan Harp was a pushing, austere man. His life was made up of toil so intense that it amounted to something very like perpetual rage. Land was what Uncle Nathan most craved; not money in the bank, or "in the sock," so much as wide reaches of soil upon which wheat and oats might billow their golden waves, and pastures in which fat cattle might feed when the hours were cool or wade knee-deep in their shaded streams when the noons were hot. So intent was the man on extending the scope of his dominion that he seemed always in a frenzy about it. His own strength went in a prodigal volume to increase his acres, and he was equally prodigal in spending the strength of others in the same cause,—if they would let him. He had gone out of Wisconsin into Northern Iowa, where land was "plenty," and had pushed and toiled, adding eighty to eighty and eighty to eighty, until he owned a solid square section at the heart of Camass Prairie. There Nallie Dool found him.

Nallie Dool—taken to "raise" by his Uncle Nathan and Aunt Sarah,—was twelve years old when he went to live on the prairie. To mold this narrative after the usual fashion, he should have come from New England, but the fact was not so. He came from Joaquin Miller's country,—the shores of "the sundown sea." His father, John Dool, had wedded Nathan Harp's sister, in Wisconsin, and the twain, being smitten with distaste for winter frosts and a mutual relish of flowers and sunny things, had gone to California. Nallie came into this life there, not far from San José, in a valley full of roses. There were other things in the hollow,—peaches and oranges and prunes and nectarines and grapes and blossoms of many sorts, but the roses were so many they seemed to make roses of all the rest. There were mountains not far away, green in winter and brown in summer, and an ocean of water that stretched blue and sunlit off to Japan and other fragrant places. Therefore, Nallie was not used to things that were bitter and hard.

Had not death done its cold deed in John Dool's cottage, leaving Nallie without parents, he might have remained a long time in the hollow of roses. As it was, the flowery valley became dark, and Nallie, at his Uncle Nathan's bidding, came over the mountains and down into the lap of the continent, where there was no sea, save the land itself.

To Nallie the memory of that journey is as an endless river, flowing across valleys and up mountains and down them and across gray deserts and vast plains, with men and stations and towns and passing trains rushing rearward in the flowing stream. He remembers that it was cold much of the way, and that at times the car windows were frosted and he peered out at such a white ghostliness of things as was never seen about the rose hollow. Then, after a long time, he was riding down a hill in a sleigh with Uncle Nathan, and saw before him a gray house with green shutters, and a big barn and three smaller ones, and the house and the barns seemed floating in a white ocean, for the whole land was spotless with snow. Then he was in a warm kitchen, and a stout woman was "mothering" him, and an old dog, that the woman called Flaps, was licking his numbed fingers, and life did not seem quite so bad. But for days, he remembers, he was dizzy from that blinding ocean of snow and the dip and stagger that the cars had put into him on his long journey. He remembers, too, that there was no happy clattering of children in the big, barn-like house, and that more than once in those early days he wept with homesickness.

Old Flaps was very sympathetic in such hours. The dog's big eyes were slightly dimmed with age, but he could see clearly what the trouble was,—Nallie needed love and companionship; so Flaps loved and entertained him and got himself loved in return, and this mutual adoration wrought itself into the Camass Prairie miracle.

Uncle Nathan grumbled, at times, through three years, before he gave the final order to make an end of Flaps. To Nallie the three years group themselves in a memory of school in a little house on a hill during cold weather, with Flaps and chores in and about the three barns, and in hot weather hired men and hay and wheat and cattle and endless labor, with Uncle Nathan always in a fuming hurry, and Flaps hobbling about, but still a good lover; then came that awful edict falling out of Uncle Nathan's grizzled beard.

Nallie protested with a vehemence fitting the outrage and pleaded with the abandon of a fervid love, but to no effect. Uncle Nathan pronounced Flaps a profitless nuisance, encumberer of space, and consumer of valuable food. An aged dog's proper doom, he contended, is burial, for that obviates expense and trouble. Uncle Nathan was practical, you see, nearly to savagery. He pronounced Nallie's sentiment mawkishly foolish, and Aunt Sarah's encouragement of the boy's appeal for clemency as the clacking of a simpleton. He could be severe, especially during haying or harvest time.

"To be sure, Flaps don't do much but eat and lie on the porch, nowadays," said Aunt Sarah, "but you ought to think what he's been and let him live out his natural life, pa."

"He has," asserted Uncle Nathan; "his natural usefulness is ended and that's the end of his natural life. It would be unnatural for him to live any longer, and I naturally don't propose that he shall."

This syllogistic dictum crushed Aunt Sarah into silence, but not Nallie. The words were like sharp claws that set themselves into the boy's heart and tore it.

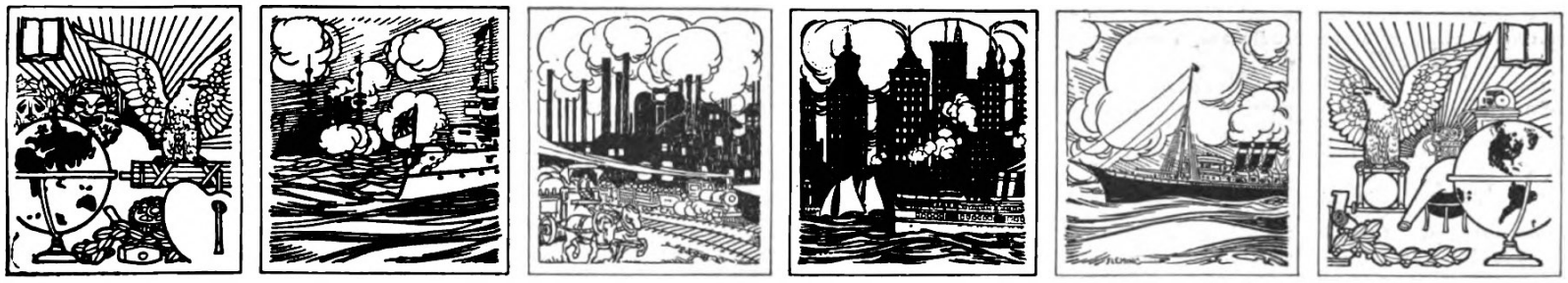
"You shall not kill him!" he cried. "I'll run away with him! You shall not! You shall not!"

They were at breakfast, and Uncle Nathan stopped eating and glared at the young rebel a moment. "You put a rope 'round that old dog's neck, after breakfast, and bring him back in the wind-break behind the barn. I'll take the rifle with me." This was all he said, but it was grim and awful enough.

Nallie slipped out and was leading Flaps away when Uncle Nathan emerged from the door with the rifle in the hollow of his arm. The boy hugged the old dog against his side, and looked at the man with horrified eyes. The dog bristled his spine and growled in terror. With that sight or sense which is not given to humanity he saw the evil that was in the man.

[*Concluded on pages 283 to 286*]

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THE PANORAMA OF THE PRESENT

A Review of the Men and Measures That Are Marking the World's Progress

The War between Japan and Russia

THE provocatives of the war between Japan and Russia have long existed. For many years, more especially since the conflict between China and Japan, the Japanese have watched the advance of the Russians in the Far East with considerable anxiety. Japan has seen that the main object of her encroachment has been to possess the whole of northeastern Asia, and she has recognized, with all the intensity of a possible victim, that the accomplishment of such an intrusion would destroy her island kingdom as a commercial and independent power. The argument which was advanced by Russia to induce Japan to restore Port Arthur to China, after the Chinese-Japanese War, is applicable with double force to the present case. Russia saw that Japan had gained an unprecedented foothold in a territory that bore vital relation to her destiny in the Far East, and forthwith began to make it absolutely unendurable for Japan by overshadowing her with ships and batteries.

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It may be said that Russia has not attempted to absorb Corea; but, also, she has not threatened to absorb Manchuria. Her original promise was that Manchuria was to be returned to Chinese rule, and she even set a time when her troops were to be withdrawn. To put it frankly, Russia has not kept her word. To-day Manchuria is nearly as much a Russian province as Siberia. Japan, therefore, mistrusts her great adversary. When she demanded the complete independence of Corea and the complete restoration of Manchuria to China, it was with full misgivings that Russia would not accede. Japan, although an intruder in Corea nearly or quite as much as is Russia in Manchuria, has been the practical ruler of the idle, unambitious Coreans for many years. The mikado's realm is gradually growing too small for the energy and growth of its forty-five million inhabitants, and its people ask, why should they not emigrate to the mainland? If they do, it means that the Manchurian Railway, which the Russians have built to connect the Trans-Siberian Railway with southern ports, will be obliterated as a distinctly Russian line, and that Russia's commercial ambitions will receive a severe setback; hence the underlying reasons which make the Russian side of the grievance.

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It is too early to speculate on the result of the war or forecast the conditions under which it will close, but the group of answers made to the note of John Hay, the American secretary of state, crowned by Japan's future policy, gives the basis on which every step of the war will be considered. "The hand of Hay" has become a mighty power in the affairs of the world. Long before the attack on Port Arthur its force was recognized by the leading nations. It should be gratifying to all Americans and to the people of many other nations that Mr. Hay's word came in time to limit the conflict between Russia and Japan to those powers, and also to limit the territory in dispute. There was great danger that either combatant might, at some stage of hostilities, see and seize some temporary military advantage by the occupation, for use against the other, of some part of China. From such a foothold, once gained, it would be very difficult to dislodge the intruder. Suppose, and it is possible, that peace should be made on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, (or state of present possession,) both warring nations, would be in a position to profit by the territory that they were occupying. Mr. Hay has not only done the world a great service, but he has also established a precedent which will prove an important factor in future warfare.

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One of the most startling phases of the affair is the sympathy which has been shown to Japan by Americans. The Russians have been terribly upset by our actions, and claim that we have certainly forgotten Russia's aid in sympathy during our two great wars. For many years the British lion and the Russian bear have refused to lie down in peace. Great Britain, during this long period, has looked upon Russia as her deadliest foe. The Russians claim that, when the present advances of Japan were first hinted at, Great Britain was not slow to make a Japanese alliance, that the news of the war is largely disseminated through British newspapers, after being culled by British correspondents, and that America has been induced to form her opinions through British influence. "Therefore, you have been led to side with Japan and forget our help in the uncertain days of the Revolution and the Civil War," says an arguing Russian. Indeed, there are many who uphold and defend him. Captain Henry W. Hunt, of Boston, whose diplomatic shrewdness, while confidential agent of the Russian government in this country, twenty-six years ago, is said to have prevented a war between Great Britain and Russia, recently contributed an interesting article to the Boston "Globe," in which he claims that our gratitude to Russia must not be forgotten, for she was almost our only friend when we needed friends. Captain Hunt recalls the incident when a British fleet dropped anchor in New York Harbor, in 1863, and, without the customary salute, awaited notification to recognize the Confederacy, and when a Russian fleet steamed in shortly afterwards and maintained a defiant attitude until the Englishmen had withdrawn from the harbor. Captain Hunt claims that Admiral Lessofski, the commander of the Russian fleet, was instructed to turn his ships over to President Lincoln provided Great Britain or France should go too far! Surely this was an act not to be forgotten; still, the question is sometimes asked, in view of Russia's long and continued determination to menace Great Britain, "Did she love Great Britain less or America more?"

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Perhaps the most profound reasons for sympathy with Japan rest in the pure and dominating influences of humanity. No one, to-day, can be expected to sympathize with a nation whose despotism is one of the black marks of the world, whose government has paid more to stultify the minds of its people than to educate them, and whose peasants are subjected to the most unholy barbarisms of the times. The day may come when the social reforms of Count Leo Nikolaïevitch Tolstoi and the beautiful ideals of Ivan Sergyevitch Turgeneff may be applied to their native land, but not until the horror of Russian class distinction is abolished. On the other hand, we must not fail to identify the cause of Japan with that of civilization and progress.

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Dr. Jameson, as Premier of Cape Colony

DR. LEANDER STARR JAMESON, whose famous and ill-starred ride to Johannesburg did so much to produce the Boer War, has been appointed the premier of Cape Colony. It is frequently the unexpected that happens. When the world finished criticising Dr. Jameson for his spectacular maneuver, it seemed as if his end as a political figure had arrived. He remained in South Africa and began the slow and tedious work of building up a popular reputation on the ashes of shattered hopes. To-day he is the most influential man who has acted in the Transvaal country since the death of Cecil Rhodes. Dr. Jameson's raid prevented the British government from protesting against the arming of the Transvaal, and paved the way to war. He suffered imprisonment for his fatuous enterprise, and narrowly escaped hanging; but adverse conditions could not drive him to obscurity. Already a number of Boer sympathizers have protested against his appointment, one noted pro-Boer paper going so far as to remark that it may result in the complete devastation of South Africa.

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The Reason why Santo Domingo Should Be Abolished

THE American interference at Santo Domingo may be looked upon by some as a rather high-handed proceeding, but it is only in keeping with the step toward imperialism which the United States has taken in the last six years. However, there is a worthy excuse for Uncle Sam to make his presence felt at Santo Domingo, for it needs just such a drastic campaign as he is instituting to abolish what may be politely called "an insufferable nuisance." Santo Domingo, a so-called republic occupying the eastern part of the island of Hayti, has virtually ceased to have any responsible governing power. Ever since it proclaimed its independence, in 1809, it has been the scene of countless revolutions. Racial conflicts, slave insurrections, and revolts of a political sort have occupied its time and retarded its progress. If no one were concerned in these recurring troubles but the islanders, the United States and the rest of the world might well afford to permit Santo Domingo to work out its own destiny along its own lines of destruction; but such a course is impossible when it is taken into consideration that many foreigners have interests there, and that it is only through the efforts of these people that the republic maintains its standing.

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The Decision of The Hague Tribunal

THE Hague Arbitration Tribunal has decided that Great Britain, Germany and Italy are entitled to a preference of thirty per cent. of the custom duty at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela, as a result of the recent blockading troubles off that coast. The other creditors of the South American nation which did not participate in the blockade resisted the claim of the three countries mentioned above, and so the issue was submitted to The Hague Tribunal. It was provided in the first articles of the protocol that, in case the tribunal should decide adversely to the claim of the blockading powers for preferential treatment, the award to the other creditor nations should be such that no power should receive preferential treatment. The blockading powers claimed that the diligence shown by them in their attempt to collect their dues should be recognized in the awards. The claim was decided by the other powers as inequitable, and a new question was raised which had never before been submitted to arbitration. The decision declares a rule which will probably be accepted as a settled principle of international law. In securing the submission of the

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question to arbitration, Herbert W. Bowen, the American minister to Venezuela and Venezuelan representative at The Hague, won a notable triumph, for it relieved strained relations that seemed to menace the perpetuity of the Monroe Doctrine.

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Let the Panama Canal Be Built

THE paramount question regarding the Panama Canal has ceased to be whether the administration was right or wrong in recognizing Panama, in its revolt from Colombia, as having established a form of government sufficiently stable to make a treaty. A great many people believe that the United States employed the prestige of its strength wrongfully against the weakness of Colombia, and showed undue haste in giving Panama standing as a republic. As large a number, on the other hand, believe that Colombia was wholly unreasonable in her refusal to accept the treaty terms offered by the United States, and that President Roosevelt and his chief advisers, Secretary Hay and ex-Secretary Root, were thus completely justified in seizing the opportunity presented by the revolt to make a treaty with the new republic, through whose territory the canal route lies, so that there might be no further delay in pushing one of the greatest public works ever planned. But this question of moral and legal right has been relegated to the background by the fact that the treaty has been ratified by the United States senate, and signed by the President. The step has been taken, and there can be no retreat. The governmental obstructions have been cleared away from the wheels of progress. The great question has become the eminently practical one of how soon and how rapidly the canal may be completed. Much work has already been done on it under the direction of the late Ferdinand de Lesseps. The enormous sum of one hundred and fifty-six million, four hundred thousand dollars was expended on the canal by the French company before it failed. It sold its right to the United States government for forty million dollars. Rear Admiral Walker, president of our Panama Canal Commission, estimates that a further expenditure of $144,233,258, and at least ten more years of work, will be necessary before this great waterway can be opened to the commerce of the world. For four hundred years, the comparatively small neck of land between North America and South America has been a very troublesome obstacle in the pathway by water around the world. That President Roosevelt should take decisive steps to sweep away the obstruction would seem to be a most progressive act.

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What Asbestos really Is

IN the important work of protecting life and property from fire, there is a growing appreciation of the value of asbestos, and a constant increase in its use. It has a combination of properties unlike that of any other substance found in nature. No other product as yet discovered could take its place. It has been called mineral wool, and, also, the connecting link between the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms. After the fibers of asbestos have been separated from their mother rock they have a fluffy softness and whiteness much like that of wool or cotton, and by a process very similar to that of ordinary weaving they are converted into cloth. It is a cloth, however, which, owing to its mineral origin, is impervious to fire, and herein lies its value. It is more and more extensively used in this country for fireproof theater curtains, for firemen's helmets, jackets, and leggings, and for gloves and shields for men working at the mouths of furnaces. The texture of the fabric resembles that of canvas, so it is too coarse, as now manufactured, for such delicate materials as those of lace curtains and women's dresses, for which its use has been suggested, but an interesting way in which it is now utilized is in the work of surgeons in making splints and dressing wounds. Cotton and wool must be specially treated to be rendered absolutely clean and antiseptic, while asbestos is naturally so. The greatest drawback to its widespread utilization, at present, is the cost of the fabric. The standard price of the cloth is three dollars a yard. When made into a fireman's jacket and leggings, the latter cost about fifty dollars. While asbestos-bearing rock is found extensively throughout the world, most of that which yields the fibers used in manufactures on this hemisphere is mined in Canada, about seventy-five miles from Quebec



THE PEOPLE OF MOONBEAM LAND

ALFRED J WATERHOUSE

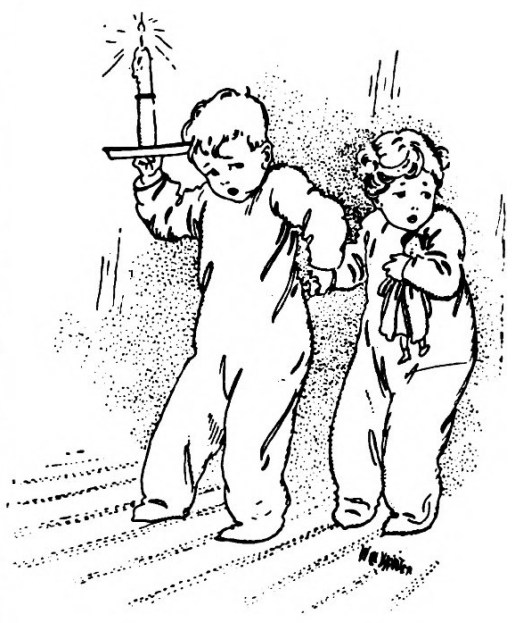
THE people who live in Moonbeam Land
Are queer and remarkable, quite,
For they always sit when they want to stand,
And they cry when they feel deligh;

And they laugh, "Ha! ha!"
When they mean "Boohoo!"
And they say "I do n't,"
When they mean "I do;"



"For I saw these things tossed high in air"

And the time they choose for a lark, for a lark,
Is when you're in bed in the dark,—in the dark!
When the wind outside says "Ooo!" and "Ooo!
It is cold out here! What shall I do?"
When the boards of the stairway creak and crack,
And the corner yonder is black, so black!
Why, that is the time that the Moonbeam Band
Chooses to visit in Wee Folk Land;



"The corner yonder is black, so black!"

And all say "Te-hee!"
When they mean "Oh, my!"
And they fall, kerplunk,
When they want to fly;

And they squeak and squeal, and they breathe so deep
That they keep you awake when you wish to sleep;
And they fan your face, and they pull your hair,
Yet, when you look, why, they are not there!
But I know them all, each sprite and elf,
For I've been to the Moonbeam Land myself.—
I have been to the Moonbeam Land;—ah, yes!
And I looked at the band, and saw,—now, guess,—
I saw not one, for—'t will make you stare;—
When you look at a goblin, he is not there.

But Moonbeam Land was stuffed and lined
With things I had lost and never could find:
There were marbles and ball, and arrows and bow,
And the elfins played with them all, I know,
For I saw these things tossed high in air
When there was n't a soul to toss them there;
And once I heard the tiniest cry,
As my ball flew away: "Out! Out on a fly!"—

And, of course, it 's true,
As you will admit,
For I told you myself,
And that settles it.

But I said to myself: "Though the goblins frown,
I will tell the people of Wee Folk Town,
When they lose a top, or dolly, or ball,
That the Moonbeam Folks have got them all."
They have, I declare;
They are all right there,
And you'll hold them again in your wee brown hand,—
If once you can find this Moonbeam Land.



"They fan your face, and they pull your hair"

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"He found the lobby of the hotel crowded with people and humming with talk, the burden of which **was always Carton**"

GUTHRIE OF "THE TIMES"

A Romance of Love and Politics

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

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Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters

[William Guthrie, a young man of gravity and determination, is a representative of his state's most powerful newspaper, at the capital. He has gained some important inside knowledge of a defalcation by one Templeton, a society man of good family, and is about to forward it to his paper when he receives a visit from "the bishop," who, out of sympathy for the defaulter's mother and sister, hopes to influence Guthrie in suppressing the news. The young correspondent's principles of narrating faithfully to the world the events that occur daily are firmly grounded, and he refuses to suppress the news. "Shall there be one moral standard for the church and a lower one for the press?" he asks. Later, however, he uses his personal influence with his editor and the news is suppressed. Guthrie attends a reception at the Dennison mansion. Mrs. Dennison, the young wife of Senator Dennison, receives with a *coterie* of young women, chief among whom are the wife of the governor, Paul Hastings, and her friend Clarice Ransome, the latter the daughter of a rich man who is visiting at the executive mansion. Among the prominent politicians at the reception are Senator Pike, a leader of the mountain delegation; Senator Cobb, the "enemy of all trusts and monopolies," from the southwestern part of the state, and Jimmy Warfield, a youthful representative of one of the city districts and Guthrie's friend. At the morning session of the legislature there is considerable interest manifested and the lobby and the galleries of the capitol are crowded with visitors, among whom are Clarice Ransome and her friend, Mary Pelham. It has been rumored that Mr. Carton, the youthful speaker of the house, and Representative Pugsley are at variance. Pugsley gains the floor and asserts that he has been hindered by the speaker from having his bill against the United Electric, Gas, Power, Light, and Heating Company presented to the house. Mr. Harlow, a private citizen, appears to be his colleague. Jimmy Warfield defends the speaker. Following the suggestion of one of the members a committee of five who have expressed no opinion is formed to investigate, Assemblyman Harman being put in the chair temporarily. The house then adjourns.]

CHAPTER III.

At the Governor's

GUTHRIE, like the members of the legislature, felt the excitement, and a busy afternoon and evening lay before him. There would be an important dispatch for him to write, and it would be a difficult matter to write it correctly. But he wished to follow Mrs. Dennison's party out of the building, and he saw Clarice Ransome linger a moment and glance at him, as if half suggesting that he might accompany her. Almost any other man would have gone, but the sense of duty was so strong in Guthrie that he remained. He looked after them regretfully as they went down the circular stairway, and then turned aside to a little room that opened from the outer hall. This was a private apartment, set aside for the speaker, and the door was closed; but Guthrie, with the freedom of long habit and uniform welcome, pushed it open, and went in, unannounced.

The speaker was sitting on a little sofa by the window, his eyes downcast, his face gloomy, and his mind yielding to a momentary depression very rare in him. Jimmy Warfield was in the room trying to cheer his friend, and the former's presence was always a tonic, whether or not his words were logical. Two others were there,—Henry Raynor, the clerk of the house, and Allen, a country member.

Carton assumed a more cheerful look when he saw Guthrie.

"Well, Billy," he asked, "what are you going to write about it for 'The Times?' I suppose you will have to spread the story all over the state."

"Of course," replied Guthrie; "that is one of the burdens of the press. We have to write about our friends as well as our enemies, but you know well enough, Mr. Carton, that any reader of my dispatch will see that the writer of it considers this charge ridiculous."

"That's so, Billy," replied the speaker, warmly; "you are a true friend, and in advance I want to thank you. If only all were like you!"

Other correspondents began to come in and the speaker was bound to say something for the press. Every newspaper in the state would want to print his statement in the morning. Mr. Carton began to show indignation. The depression had passed and the fighting spirit was aroused.

"You can quote me as denouncing the statement in all the terms I know," he said. "It is made out of whole cloth. It is true that I have held the bill back, but it is because I believe it a bad bill, in the interest of its incorporators, and not in the interest of the public."

"I wish he had n't put in that admission about holding the bill back," whispered one of the correspondents to Guthrie; "it looks bad."

Guthrie left quietly, because there was one person whom he wished to see before the departure of the afternoon train for the metropolis, due in a quarter of an hour. He was sure that his man would go on that train, and so he hastened to the station. To the eastward the engine was whistling, and a light cloud of smoke rose over the hills. In a secluded corner of the station he saw Mr. Harlow, a small valise in his hand, and a meditative but guileless look on his face. Guthrie approached him, and he looked up.

"Are you going to the city, too, Mr. Guthrie?" he asked.

"No," was the reply; "I came here to interview you, Mr. Harlow."

"To interview me? Why, I am a private citizen, dealing only with private citizens. How can any view of mine interest the public? Truly, Mr. Guthrie, the press is becoming wonderful in its enterprise!"

The mild face of Mr. Harlow expressed much surprise.

"It is reported that you are interested in the 'United,'" said Guthrie, "and it is reported, too, that you or those behind you have armed Pugsley for the attack upon the speaker, who is the chief obstacle to the passage of the bill: are you willing to say anything on the subject for publication?"

The guileless eyes of Mr. Harlow opened wider.

"Dear me, Mr. Guthrie!" he said, "you take me off my feet. I scarcely know Mr. Pugsley, who, by the way, seems an honest and able man, a worthy representative of our city. Really, I am at a loss,—how can I say anything on a subject with which I am unfamiliar?"

"Then I shall state in my dispatch that, after Pugsley's attack, you left the capital at once, refusing to be interviewed?"

"Why speak of me at all?" asked Mr. Harlow, with an aggrieved air. "Can not a private citizen come here and look on for a day or two, to see how they make the laws under which he lives, without having his name put in the papers in all sorts of irrelevant ways?"

At that moment the train, with a rush and a roar, pulled into the station, and Mr. Harlow, with a parting smile, hurried aboard.

Guthrie went to the large hotel in the heart of the city, through which the life of the little capital flows. He found the lobby of the hotel crowded with people and humming with talk, the burden of which was always Carton. Already men were taking sides. Jimmy Warfield, fiercely declaiming, was surrounded by a group. He charged that the attack upon Carton was made for a purpose by the people interested in the bill, whoever they

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were, and it was for that reason, he added, that the assault was so vicious. In another corner Pugsley also declaimed to his followers.

Guthrie wandered about, apparently seeking nothing, but finding much. He confirmed his first impression that the bulk of sentiment was against Carton. The speaker had been too fastidious in his tastes and companionships. He had offended inferior men by a lack of consideration for their opinions, and in this he had not been tactful because he ignored a universal trait of the human race,—the jealousy with which the commonplace regard those of higher talents. Moreover, there was a real and honest feeling in the legislature against monopolies, and it seemed to the majority of the members that Carton's action had been in favor of them, although they had been loath to believe him dishonest.

Guthrie lived in the same hotel, in a quiet room on the third floor, and, feeling that he had learned enough for his purpose, he retired to it and wrote carefully for three hours. On this occasion he had no hesitation in "coloring" his own dispatches,—that is, in indicating throughout them, in such a way as to incline the reader to the same point of view, his belief in Carton's innocence. He felt that he had a right to do this, because he did not think corruption in Carton possible.

But he sighed when he read over the dispatch. It did not look very well for Carton, after all. However, he put it on the wire, marking at the end, "More to come," which meant that he would add something, later in the night. Then he put on his evening clothes and went forth again. His destination was the governor's house, a low, roomy old building erected early in the history of the state for the use of its governors, and full of comfort and comfortable associations. Here the young governor and his wife, yet younger, had gathered around them a brilliant little group for the winter. The session of the legislature is always the special season in the capital, and this year, owing to the youth of the governor and his wife, it had a finer social bloom than any other in many years. The house was full of guests, and Clarice Ransome and Mary Pelham were among them.

Guthrie paused before the governor's house, with his hand upon the gate. He was always welcome there, and knew it, and he liked the old house, too, for its own sake. It seemed to him, with its dark woods, its wide halls, and its lack of ostentation, to be full of democratic dignity and simplicity. There was no attendant on guard, or any livery, but any one who chose might ring the bell at the governor's door and he would be answered according to his mission.

Lights were shining from all the windows, and their rays fell in bars of silver across the grass which the touch of winter had turned brown on the lawn, and Guthrie thought he heard the faint sound of voices within. He opened the gate, entered the grounds, and rang at the door.

Paul Hastings, the governor, met him in the hall, after he had been shown in by the servant.

"Billy," he said, as he shook hands, "I'm glad to see you, but I was thinking it might be somebody else."

"Carton," said Guthrie, intuitively.

"Yes, Carton. This is an awfully unpleasant thing, and I've been trying to guess whether he'd shut himself up for a few days or boldly face the public at once."

Guthrie glanced at the governor's face, but he read nothing there. If Carton were a guest in that house, then people might attack the governor, too, as the speaker's friend, and the governor himself in the course of time would want more from the public. Could Mr. Hastings be moved by any such selfish or timid impulse, and hope that Carton would stay away? He replied:—

"I think that Carton will face the public boldly, even defiantly. You know his nature, Governor."

"That's so!" said Hastings; "but come in,—the ladies are here."

He led the way to the drawing-room, whence floated the sound of voices. It was an old-fashioned apartment, very large, all in dark oak, and at one end in a vast fireplace burned a great heap of hickory logs. It was this rather than the gas lights in the chandelier that illuminated the room, the sparkling flames casting a crimson glow over the floor and the walls.

It was all wonderfully cheerful, and Guthrie saw within Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Dennison, Miss Ransome, Miss Pelham, Senator Cobb, Jimmy Warfield, and a half dozen others. They made him welcome, both for his own sake and because he was known socially as one of the governor's group.

Lucy Hastings came forward to meet him. She was a woman of gentle manner who rarely said an unpleasant thing, never mistaking cutting words for wit; consequently she made few enemies for herself, and none for her husband,—which was important, although she did not think of it.

Then Guthrie saw that she welcomed him with genuine pleasure, and it made him feel at home, all the more so because Clarice Ransome glanced at him rather coldly, he had not followed from the capitol when she had half invited him to do so. Yet he wished to make apologies, and presently, when he was with Miss Ransome, he said, incidentally:—

"It has been a busy day, but not of the kind I like. We correspondents always want news, but I take no pleasure in that which I have had to write to-day."

"You like Mr. Carton?" she asked, quickly.

"As I would a brother."

Beholding her interest and convinced that it was real, not assumed, Guthrie undertook to explain the situation, telling how his party, in a way, must support its speaker, yet he was afraid the feeling in regard to corporations would prove too strong. There had been, for a long time, a growing sentiment in the state against them, some of it just, some of it unjust; but, whether just or unjust, it was very powerful and must be recognized. Then he told of all the wheels within wheels. It was a state of very strong feelings, and consequently strong local jealousies existed. The mountains were nearly always arrayed against the lowlands: if the lowlands were for a measure, the mountains considered it their duty to be against it. In fact, there were in habit, association, and point of view, two different races within the state.

Then he told of journeys into the mountains with the militia to put down feuds, of nights on the peaks, lone trails along the cliffs, and hidden marksmen, and he interested her like a new Othello. She had piqued him from the first by her indifference to her native land, and her educated thought that all that was old must be picturesque, and all that was new must be raw and dull. Now, when he saw that he could arouse and interest her in her own, he felt intense satisfaction.

"You tell of life in much variety," she said, at length.

"Yes," he replied, and he intended his words specially for her, "it has always seemed to me that life is much more interesting here than it is in Europe, except for a very few. There a man is numbered and ticketed the day he is born, and assigned to his place on a shelf in a row of shelves, be the shelf high or low, while here every man is free to pursue his chosen career to the end without let or hindrance, and that is what makes life worth living."

He paused. His face was flushed and his eyes were shining. Clarice noticed the light in his eyes and the eagerness in his tone, and, despite herself, she thrilled with sympathy. But she would not show it.

"And you, of course, have an ambition, Mr. Guthrie," she said; "are you loath to tell it?"

Guthrie laughed a little.

"Mine does n't count for much," he replied, lightly. "The only thing that I have ahead for which I am working is our Washington bureau. Our man there is getting old,—he 's had it thirty years,—and, as he 's saved plenty of money, he may retire soon. If so, I want to get it. Washington, it seems to me, is the grandest arena in the world for the work of a newspaper man."

"I hope you will get the post, Mr. Guthrie," she said, with real sympathy, and Guthrie looked his thanks.

But Mrs. Hastings told him something, a little later, that made him regret part of what he had said to Miss Ransome.

"They say she is to be married to a Continental nobleman, a man whom she met in Brussels, I think,—Count Raoul d' Estournelle,"—said Mrs. Hastings. "It was her mother who arranged it, I hear. You know Mr. Ransome has made a great deal of money, and Mrs. Ransome is very anxious for them to live abroad and for Clarice to enter society and make what she calls a grand marriage."

"And for the Countess d' Estournelle, that is to be, to be thoroughly miserable," said Guthrie, with some heat.

Mrs. Hastings looked keenly at him, but said nothing. He had a hatred and contempt, partly inherent and partly cultivated, for Continental noblemen. Perhaps he had been unfortunate in the specimens he had met, but, whenever he saw one, he thought involuntarily of the bitter description of them given by his friend, Senator Cobb,—"Half man, half monkey." With their little pointed beards, their curled hair, their perfume, and, above all else, the suspicion of that awful thing, hair oil, they aroused all his enmity.

They heard the bell ring, and, a moment later, the tall form of Mr. Carton stood in the doorway of the drawing-room. The speaker had come. He had chosen to face the public. Guthrie had not dreamed of his doing otherwise. There among his friends, or those whom he wished to be his friends, he showed no sign of diffidence or discouragement. In such a society as this he was at his best, his manner all ease and lightness and gayety. But Clarice noticed a slight constraint on the part of Senator Cobb, Mary Pelham, and one or two others. They did not seem to approve wholly of the speaker and his light manner at such a moment, and she began to watch them covertly, but none the less keenly.

Meanwhile the governor had drawn Guthrie into a small apartment opening from the drawing-room, where Jimmy Warfield and two or three others were looking at a newspaper spread upon a table. It was an afternoon extra from the second city of the state, not more than forty miles away, and the entire first page was occupied with a florid account of the sensational scene in the house.

Guthrie looked at the array of headlines and the leaded columns, and saw that the whole was distinctly unfavorable to Carton.

"And see!" said Jimmy Warfield, in despair, "here 's Carton's denial at the end,—just a few lines, stiff and defiant, with no explanation at all. I wish the man were n't so high and haughty. One ought not to be a demagogue, but neither ought he to make enemies gratuitously."

"Carton should have gone into details," said the governor, shaking his head. "This shows how it is possible for an innocent man to appear guilty."

"But not to himself," said Carton, over their shoulders; "a man conscious of his own innocence does not need to plead before others."

He had entered, unintentionally, without being heard. Guthrie quietly closed the door.

Carton's face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with anger. He glanced once at the glaring headlines, and then gazed squarely at the governor.

"Hastings," he said, "it was wrong in me to come here, and I am sorry that I did it. I do not wish to imperil the political future of anybody by any social intimacy of mine."

The governor's face flushed, in turn, and into his eyes, too, there came an angry light.

"Carton," he said, "in five minutes you will be ready to apologize to me for that."

"You 'll do it in one minute, Phil., if you've got any sense of decency left," said Jimmy Warfield, drumming on the table with his fingers.

The red passed out of Carton's face and his eyes fell. Then he held out his hand to the governor, who took it in a firm clasp.

"Paul," he said, "I wronged you; I spoke from a hasty temper and I beg your pardon."

"That's the first sensible thing you've done to-day, Phil.," said Warfield.

"Carton," said Mr. Hastings, with dignity, and yet not without warmth and sympathy for the man who had apologized to him, "this house is always open to you at any time, and not only is it open to you, but I shall also be glad to see you enter it."

"I know it, Paul; I know it," said Carton.

Guthrie quietly opened the door again, and the hum of voices came once more from the drawing-room. An unpleasant incident had passed off better than he had feared it would.

"I 'm going back to the ladies," he said, "and I think the rest of you would better come, too, or I won't know how to apologize for you."

The governor thrust the newspaper into his pocket, and followed Guthrie, who joined Mary Pelham for the first time in the evening. The speaker's attention to her was a secret to but few in the capital, and the ill-natured, while not denying her beauty and charm, said that part of her attraction for him lay in the great family connection and political power that she could bring to him.

Guthrie found her animated by an artificial gayety, an almost feverish glitter shining in her eyes, and her conversation having the slightest touch of volubility. He could not doubt that she had been deeply stirred by the attacks on Carton. He could see that her pride on her own account and his was deeply



"'To interview me? Why, I am a private citizen, dealing only with private citizens'"

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"'I know that he is a particular friend of the governor and yourself,' replied Clarice, 'hence I am afraid not to like him'"

touched, and he began to feel as much sorrow for her as he did for Carton.

It was one of Mrs. Hastings's "Wednesday evenings," and there was a stream of callers. Senator Dennison and his wife were there, the senator making himself agreeable to these legislators, who, in another year or two, would vote on his reëlection, and there were also two or three members of the lower house of congress, and among them Henry Clay Warner, the member from Guthrie's own district, the fifth, who had not turned out as well as the voters had hoped. Everybody noted the presence of the speaker and his high manner.

There was a slight stir near the door, a suppressed exclamation of surprise from Warfield, and Guthrie, turning about, saw entering Representative Pugsley, in evening dress, a great diamond stud glittering on the white expanse of his shirt bosom. Guthrie was with Miss Ransome, at that moment, and she expressed astonishment.

"I did not think he would come here to-night," she said.

"He has the right," replied Guthrie; "the unwritten law gives it to him as a member, and Honorable Alfred Lyttleton Pugsley is the man to come."

Mr. Pugsley was not abashed. No scruples disturbed his delicate soul. He advanced boldly to the center of the room, dispensing greetings to right and left in a suave, expansive manner. He bowed to Guthrie and also extended a polite hand.

"Ah, the press is always present," he said, ingratiatingly.

"But off duty now, so do n't be afraid, Mr. Pugsley," replied Guthrie.

Clarice looked with increased interest. Mr. Pugsley, in his triumphal progress, was moving unconsciously toward Carton, who was standing at the far side of the room. The people opened for him a lane that led toward the speaker, and he did not notice where it was carrying him. He spoke suavely to Senator Cobb, and then, looking up, found himself face to face with the speaker. Mr. Pugsley started, and, despite his assurance, his red face turned redder. The speaker gave him a surprised and angry glance. Clarice, watching them, was trembling with interest.

"What will he do?" she asked.

"Who? The speaker? I do n't know, myself," replied Guthrie.

But Mr. Carton, after his momentary surprise, showed his quality. He was there, a guest, and it behooved a courteous man of the world not to make even the faintest semblance of a scene in the house of his host. He felt, too, that the eyes of fifty people were upon him, and that those who saw would tell the whole state how he bore himself.

"Good evening, Mr. Pugsley," he said, with easy grace; "all of us like to come here and get fresh inspiration for the next day's labors, do n't we?"

"Right you are," replied Mr. Pugsley. "Beauty always appeals to me, Mr. Carton. You would n't think it of a man like myself, all for business, and, maybe, as the world sees me, a little hard, but it's a fact, on my honor."

Mr. Pugsley made an inclusive bow to everybody, especially to the ladies, under his general head of "beauty." A smile passed over fifty faces, and Mr. Pugsley sought less embarrassing company.

Guthrie uttered a low "Ah!" of relief.

"Why do you say that?" asked Miss Ransome.

"Because Philip Carton has done better than I had hoped he would," he replied. "He has been able to swallow a little of his awful pride and to show some tact."

Guthrie saw that the speaker had raised himself in the opinion of every one present, and a few minutes later Lucy Hastings confided to him her relief.

"I was afraid that he would turn his back on Mr. Pugsley," she said, frankly, "and then I should not have known what to do. But I feel so sorry for Mr. Carton."

"So do I," said Guthrie, frankly, "he will have a hard row to hoe."

The crucial tests of the evening were over and it passed on pleasantly. Mr. Pugsley still coruscated, and he was endured because he was a part of the government of the state and had a right there by ancient custom. Carton became more flexible, although he did not unbend fully, and Guthrie saw him and Mary Pelham together for a little while, but their manner indicated nothing. He looked at his watch, by and by, and decided that it was time to go to the telegraph office and send to "The Times" the brief additional dispatch which he had indicated was to come. Jimmy Warfield heard the light snap of the closing watch, and, turning, asked:—

"Are you going, Billy?"

"Yes, I must," replied Guthrie; "I have a little work to do."

"Then wait a moment; Carton and I are going, too, and we can walk along together."

The three, saying their adieus, passed into the street, Carton in the center and Guthrie and Warfield on either side. Guthrie noticed how Carton took the center as his right.

The three men were silent as they walked toward the hotel,—both Carton and Warfield had rooms there, too. The capital was not brilliantly lighted, and the darkness lay over it like a blanket, with stars twinkling through the holes in the blanket, and the circle of hills looming vaguely.

"Well, boys," said Carton, at length, "I did not expect to meet Pugsley there, but when I did meet him I felt as I used to sometimes when I was a boy and angry at another boy; I wanted to strike him in the face."

"'But, when I became a man, I put away childish things,'" said Jimmy Warfield.

Carton said nothing, and they soon reached the flight of stone steps leading up to the lobby of the hotel. A man wrapped in a long black overcoat, the silk hat on his head tipped slightly to one side, was standing there. When the stranger heard the footsteps beside him, he turned and disclosed the face of Pugsley.

"Well, Mr. Speaker," said the member, cheerily, "the spirit moved our feet about the same time and in the same direction, did n't it?"

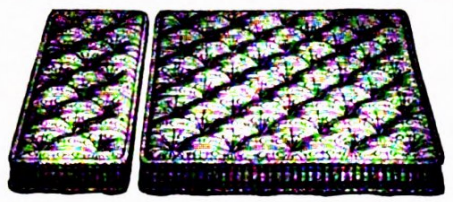
By the electric light from the hotel Guthrie saw Carton's face flame into red. He could put the rein upon his temper in the house of the governor, where they were both guests, but here he let it go.

"Pugsley, you infernal scoundrel, do n't you ever speak

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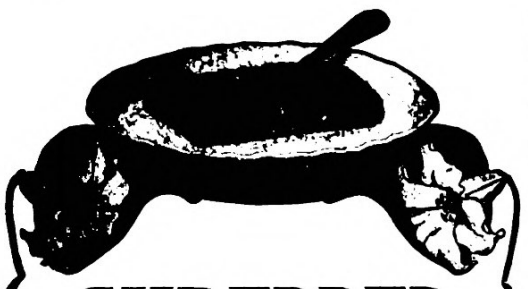
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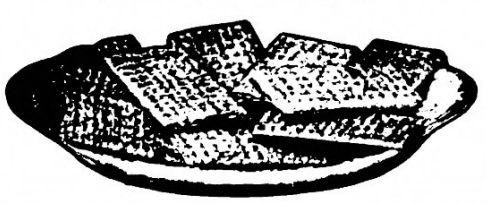
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to me again!" he exclaimed, with considerable emphasis.

Mr. Pugsley's cheeks turned purple, but his control over himself was better than Carton's.

"Mr. Carton," he replied, "what I said about you I said on the floor of the house, of which I am a member, and where I have the privilege. I don't let my political quarrels become personal, and I give you this piece of advice without charge,—don't you do it, either."

So speaking, Mr. Pugsley marched into the hotel.

"You let him score on you there, Phil.," said Jimmy Warfield, in the light and careless tone with which he knew how to speed a rebuke.

"What do you take me for?" exclaimed Carton, angrily. "Am I to smile and shake hands, as if I liked him, with a man who has called me a thief and a blackmailer?"

"'When I became a man, I put away childish things,'" again said Jimmy Warfield, softly.

Carton, leaving his friends, stalked angrily into the hotel, passed without a word through the lobby, where many men yet lingered, and went to his room.

CHAPTER IV.

A Maker of Reputations

THE next day's session of both house and senate was languid, so far as concerned their own business, but there was keen interest in both bodies to see the newspapers and their accounts of Carton's affairs. Both senators and representatives knew that first impressions were likely to make a deep effect upon the public, and the state was bound to get all its news from the press; there was no other source of either information or misinformation.

This little city is peculiar in the fact that it is more isolated than any other important place in the state. Nestling in its hollow in the hills, it lies on but a single line of railroad, and the members do not know how the people take any act of theirs until the trains come east or west, bringing the newspapers from the larger cities of the state.

Guthrie saw the speaker open "The Times" and read his account with close attention. When he finished it he leaned over in his chair—Guthrie sat scarcely a yard away,—and whispered: "Billy, I thank you," but when he read some of the other papers he frowned, and once he bit his lip savagely. Guthrie, later, examined them at his leisure, and it was his opinion that the first impression upon the state, despite the powerful influence of "The Times," would be unfavorable. But he said nothing, and left Carton for the present, having an engagement toward which he was looking forward with pleasure.

The legislature adjourned for the day at two o clock, and he had asked Clarice Ransome to go driving with him on the beautiful river road that leads out of the town and into the great lowland valley. She had accepted, and a half hour later Guthrie was at the governor's door with the carriage.

Winter had not come in full tide, yet the day was cold and crisp with a wonderful sunny light over the river and brown hills.

"How is your Mr. Carton coming on?" Clarice asked, at length.

"Not too well, I fear," he replied. "So far as I can judge from the newspapers that have come in, the impression that he has made upon the state in this crisis of his life is distinctly unfavorable. I shall do all I can for him in "The Times," and that is a powerful paper, but there are many against us."

Then he relapsed into a thoughtful silence and she studied him. She noticed the firm set of his head, and the curve of a long and masterful jaw, and her respect for him increased.

"It seems to me, Mr. Guthrie," she said, "that men in your profession are makers of reputations, or—destroyers of them."

"That is so," replied Guthrie, with a slight smile; "we are the heralds, the trumpeters of fame, whether it is good or evil."

"But you are trying to save Mr. Carton," she said, quietly pursuing her purpose, "and by and by you will be seeking to make or save the reputation of somebody else. Now, what do you intend to do for yourself?"

Guthrie looked at her in dull surprise. He was so much immersed in his present work that he had not thought much about his future beyond the Washington bureau. So he told her again of his design to go to the national capital for "The Times."

"But after that," she persisted.

"Well, I do n't know," he replied, slowly; "to tell you the truth, I have n't looked so far, but I suppose I expect to be a great editor, some day."

"But are n't the great editors, nowadays, the proprietors? and, as I understand it, it takes a millionaire to be the proprietor of a successful newspaper. Are you a money-maker?"

She smiled at him as if she asked the questions lightly or carelessly.

"No," replied Guthrie, with conviction, "I am not a money-maker. I'm a writer. I've thought, in a vague sort of way, that I'd like to be rich, but I suppose I never shall be. I can pursue money for a while; but, just when I'm about to catch up, something else that I'm more interested in draws me off."

She smiled again, and once more regarded his face with attention as he gazed absently at the brown slope of the hills.

"I do n't think I should like to be an anonymous writer all my life," she said. "No matter how brilliantly you may write a thing, only a few people in your office will know who has done it, and yet prestige and credit for good work are part of one's capital in life. When one's work is of a semi-public nature, he is entitled to credit, not only from his employer, but from the public also."

"Still," said Guthrie, "in a country like this journalism must be anonymous; it can not be carried on in any other fashion."

She did not reply. It did not seem to her that he had quite understood her, and she did not feel that she was entitled to go further with one whom she had not known long. She was aware, too, that her interest in him was due, to a great extent, at least, to the difference between him and the young men whom she had known abroad in the course of her education,—Europeans and some Americans living in Europe. She saw, in Guthrie, a zeal, an enthusiasm, a love of his work, a desire to make a career, and a disregard for the little things of life that she found stimulating. She did not care to disregard the little things herself, but she was beginning to be aware that they were merely the little things, after all. The road, as smooth as a floor, ran close beside the river, and presently the hills dipped down, leaving low banks, where the water eddied into a cove. Here lay a large raft, in the center of which had been built a little log house, with a stovepipe thrust through the roof. Two men sat on the raft, at the door of the house, smoking their pipes. They were long, thin, angular, bony, and yellow, and they looked at the passing carriage with dull, expressionless eyes.

"Mountaineers!" said Guthrie. "They are pretty late with their raft, as the river is likely to be covered with ice any time, soon. Queer people, those! I've been among them a lot, but I can't understand them. As I told you, they are a different race from us of the lowlands. They see everything from another angle. Ah, they've got a visitor!"

As the road began to ascend again, the carriage was proceeding slowly, and Guthrie saw a tall man cross the way and step upon the raft, which was tied to the bank.

"That looks much like Reverend Zedekiah Pike," said Miss Ransome.

"So much like him that it is he," said Guthrie. "Those must be constituents of his; they float their lumber down here from many parts of the mountains."

He was idly watching Mr. Pike, not from any particular curiosity, but because the member naturally attracted attention, especially in a landscape which contained so few human figures. This vague interest was suddenly increased to keen excitement when he saw one of the men on the raft spring to his feet at sight of Mr. Pike and draw a revolver. As he raised it aloft the polished barrel shone in the wintry sunlight with a blue glitter. But Mr. Pike held up his hand, as if in peace, the third man interfered, and the pistol was lowered.

Clarice was quivering with excitement and apprehension. She had never before seen a weapon drawn in anger.

"What does it mean?" she asked of Guthrie.

"I do not know," he replied, seriously, "except that we were on the edge of a tragedy. I saw that mountaineer's finger on the trigger."

"And what do you infer?" she asked, not able to hide her curiosity.

"That those men, instead of being Mr. Pike's constituents, are the exact opposites."

She understood Guthrie's hint. She had heard of the mountain feuds, but always they had seemed far away and vague. She could not realize them; even here the mountains were yet distant, and this was the capital of the state, full of peaceful men and women.

She looked back as they passed over the hill, and saw Mr. Pike standing very erect on the raft, talking to one of the men, who was also standing. But the other, he who had drawn the revolver, was sitting again, lazily smoking his pipe.

"It is no affair of mine," she said, "but that little scene has aroused all my curiosity."

"Mine has been burning a little, too," said Guthrie, with a laugh.

But they said no more of Mr. Pike, then, and by and by she brought the conversation back to Guthrie himself, a subject that interested her more. She knew no particular reason why she should have his possible career on her mind, but he seemed to her to be somewhat different from the ordinary types.

"You are constantly with public men,—do n't you ever think of public life for yourself?" she asked.

"Only in a semi-detached way; that is, as a chronicler of it, with a small influence, perhaps, arising from that office. I am like one of the college boys at the football games who is n't in the game itself, but who can stand on the coaching lines and shout and yell and make a lot of noise, and sometimes delude the public into the belief that he is really an important person. No, I'm in this business, and, like General Grant, I'll have to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

Clarice let the subject go. Nor did Guthrie resume it. Instead, just as they were entering a stretch of level road, he cracked his whip over his horses and they swung into a long, easy trot, maintaining a speed that Clarice scarcely realized. But it was most invigorating. They were young, and the crisp, cold air rushing past made the blood sparkle in their veins and deepened the red in their cheeks. Guthrie gave Clarice a sidelong glance, and again wondered why he had not noticed before how handsome she was. He observed the long curve of her eyelashes, the lips closed so firmly, and her attitude of strength, and he reflected that, after all, it was worth while to convert this girl to his opinions; she might not be frivolous, or devoted to secondary matters, as he had thought at first.

The landscape was wintry, but it had also some lingering aspects of late autumn. The haze on the rolling hills was fine and misty, like that of Indian summer, and afar three or four threads of smoke showed like silver wire

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against a white, cold sky. While the capital lay within the heart of a coil of hills, the edge of the great lowland valley was only a few miles away.

They drifted into the personal gossip of the capital. She wanted to know who everybody was and why they were what they were, and she could not have gone to a better authority than Guthrie. He knew every man of importance in the state, and his record, and he explained the character of all these people whom she had met in the capital, and their political and personal relations to each other. While he was yet telling her these things he turned and drove back over the road by which they had come, wishing to reach the capital at twilight. As the first faint tinge of dark appeared in the eastern sky they became silent. They were back among the hills again, and below them they saw the silver streak of the river. Clarice was impressed by the silence and loneliness of the world, but a loneliness without fear. It gave her, too, a stronger feeling of comradeship with Guthrie, a comradeship reaching a point in which conversation was not necessary.

She shook herself a little. She would not yield to such feelings. She preferred to talk when she was driving with a young man at the approach of twilight, no matter who that young man might be.

"My mind goes back to Mr. Pike," she said; "I am still wondering about that little scene on the raft."

"I can not guess what it meant," said Guthrie.

In another hour they were in the capital, and Guthrie left her at the door of the governor's house.

"I have enjoyed my ride," she said, sincerely, as she bade him good night. "I think I am beginning to feel the spell of the place."

A few hours later Clarice Ransome, Mary Pelham and Lucy Hastings were sitting by the fire in Clarice's room, lingering there a while before they went to bed.

The evening had been quiet, and they were willing that it should be so. The young governor was still in his office at the capitol, looking over papers,—applications for the pardon of convicts, legislative measures requiring his signature or veto, and all the rest of the great bulk of business that must pass through a governor's hands; at this time of the year he often stayed at his office until two or three o'clock in the morning.

"Did you have a pleasant drive, Clarice?" asked Lucy Hastings.

"Very," Clarice replied, without any attempt at concealment, even with a trace of enthusiasm. "The country was beautiful,—you know how beautiful it can be in winter,—I even thought it looked romantic."

Mary Pelham smiled faintly, but said nothing.

"And Mr. Guthrie," asked Lucy, "how do you like him?"

"I know that he is a particular friend of the governor and yourself," replied Clarice, "hence I am afraid not to like him. But really I do like him for himself."

She paused and gazed thoughtfully into the coals.

"Yes, I like him for his own sake," she continued, her voice as meditative as her gaze. "He seemed to me a little odd in several particulars, to neglect some of the things that are valued by the people to whom I am accustomed, but—he might be taught."

"I have no doubt that he can learn," replied Lucy, quietly; "that is, if he should have the right teacher."

Mary Pelham smiled again, but Clarice did not notice it. Her mind was somewhere else.

"You mentioned that the count will come to America soon," said Lucy, who had to a singular degree the gift of mild tenacity. "Has he decided?"

A slight frown appeared on Clarice's face, and in a moment she was ashamed of herself because the mention of the count had disturbed her.

Raoul's gayety, his easy manners, his unimpeachable taste in neckties, and the easy grace that he showed in any position appealed to her. He pleased her eye because he not only looked well in any place, but was also ornamental. Then, too, as her mother had said truly, he was of a very old family. His ancestors had served in three of the Crusades, and there was royal blood a half dozen generations back,—it was not well to inquire too closely into its origin, but it was there. She remembered how easy and restful Raoul was. She forgot the time when she had the faintest suspicion that he believed himself to have condescended, and she felt a desire to see him again,—he bothered her with no troublesome questions.

"He is coming," she responded, at length, "but I do not know definitely when it will be,—in the spring, perhaps."

"If he arrives this winter, I hope that you will bring him down here," said Lucy. "If he wants really to see our American life, he can not see it in the small circles of our large cities. There, I hear Paul's footsteps, so I'll bid you good night."

She went out, leaving Clarice and Mary together. The latter sat only a minute or two, but, when she rose and reached the door, she said:—

"I admire Mr. Guthrie for many things, but most of all because of his devotion to his friends."

Then she went out before Clarice could reply.

Guthrie, meanwhile, had gone to his dinner, after leaving the governor's house, and then he strolled into the lobby of the hotel. Jimmy Warfield was sitting in a corner, singularly silent for him, but he gave Guthrie a slight signal and strolled quietly into the hall. After a discreet wait, Guthrie followed, and the two walked down the long hall to the side entrance, where they were alone.

"Billy," said Warfield, "if I give you an important piece of news, will you swear not to use it to-night?"

"I promise. What is it?"

"Billy," he said, "they are going to impeach Carton, or, at least, try to."

Guthrie looked incredulous.

"Why, that's moonshine," he said; "such a thing was never done in this state, not even under the worst political or factional pressure."

"It's to be tried, all the same," said Warfield, with emphasis; "and I tell you, William Guthrie, it will stir this state from center to circumference. Carton, with his high and haughty ways, has made lots of enemies; and, besides, there are many men against him in this matter who believe he has done wrong. I've got it from a straight source; it's absolutely true, and it's coming quick."

"Does Carton know it?"

"Not yet; that's what I want to talk to you about. Oughtn't we to warn him? If we don't, the thing is likely to catch him unprepared, and then, he's likely to do something hot-tempered and rash."

"Where is he?" asked Guthrie.

"In his room. He came into the lobby about eight o'clock, and spent half an hour,—as lordly as you please,—then he stalked off up stairs. But I walked down the hall in front of his room, fifteen minutes ago, and saw the light shining under his door. I know that he's sitting there, glowering. They've struck him in two ways: they are threatening him with the ruin of all his political ambitions, and Mary Pelham's folks, since they heard of this thing, are putting all sorts of pressure on her to make her give him up."

"Come on," said Guthrie, always ready to act in an emergency, "I think we'd better tell him at once."

The light was still shining under the lintel of Carton's door, and Guthrie knocked briskly, but received no answer.

"Let us in, Carton," shouted Warfield, through the keyhole; "it is Guthrie and I,—Guthrie and Warfield,—and we must speak to you."

"Come in," replied Carton; and, pushing open the door, they entered.

Carton was sitting at the window, looking vaguely out at the darkness. Warfield had surmised truly,—he was "glowering,"—but Guthrie's first sensation was one of pity. Carton's pride seemed to have slipped from him, for the moment, while he was sitting there alone, and his attitude was full of depression and despair.

Guthrie and Warfield exchanged glances. The latter asked: "Is it the speakership, or the girl?" and Guthrie replied, "Both." Carton turned his head wearily.

"Boys," he said, "it's good of you to come here."

"Well," said Warfield, cheerily, "you look so gay and frivolous, sitting there by the window, that we think we ought to have a share in the sport."

"You're welcome to all the fun that's going," said Carton, smiling; "but sit down."

"Look here, Phil., you know that Billy and I are good friends of yours," Warfield began, "and you've got lots more friends in the legislature and throughout the state."

"Now I know that your news is personal to me, and unpleasant," said Carton, speaking clearly and decisively. Suddenly he put on his fighting habit. His figure expanded and stiffened, and his look was challenging.

"It is both," said Guthrie.

"Then," said Carton, "I thank you two for coming to me with it, because I know that you come to warn me and stand by me, and not to hurt me."

"That's so," said Warfield, feeling great relief. Then he continued: "Now, Phil., I won't tell you just how I found this out, but it is true. This fight on you is even bolder and more bitter than you think. Your enemies—and I don't know just who is leading them,—are going to push it to the utmost. They will try to expel you, to impeach you, not merely to drive you from the house, but also to disfranchise you and deprive you of your rights."

"Why, such a thing was never done in this state!" exclaimed Carton, unconsciously repeating Guthrie's own comment.

"I know it, but they mean to do it now, if they can," said Warfield.

"And I should be a marked man all my life,—a pariah!" exclaimed Carton, aghast for the moment. But in a second his courage returned. "They can't do it," he said.

"No," said Jimmy Warfield, "we'll give 'em a fight they'll never forget."

"I think I can swing 'The Times,'" said Guthrie.

Carton, despite his effort to control himself, showed agitation, and walked back and forth in the room. He wanted to speak out against these men, to tell Pugsley just what he thought of him, and to defy him. But he was conscious, too, that Guthrie and Warfield were watching him, and, while he could have ridden roughshod over Warfield's opinion, he would hesitate when confronted by Guthrie.

Yet the latter did not say much; he felt himself to be, to a certain extent, an outsider. By suggestion and brief interjected words, he pointed out to Warfield the line of argument that he should adopt with Carton.

Under the deft hand of his second, Warfield gave good advice. The other side, he said, was showing craft and cunning at every stage of the battle; its forces had been masked from the beginning, and were still masked; no hostile hand was yet in sight, save Pugsley's; he was trumpeter, standard bearer, vanguard,—everything, so far,—and Carton, then, should not waste his temper and his strength in striking at an invisible foe.

"Boys," he said, at length, "I don't know how I ever can reward you for the way that you stand by me."

His words were brief, but full of meaning. Warfield laughed, and said, lightly:—

"Nonsense! If I ever get into trouble, I shall expect you to do at least five times as much for me."

They left him, and again he sat down by the window, gazing at the darkness.

[*To be continued in the May* SUCCESS]

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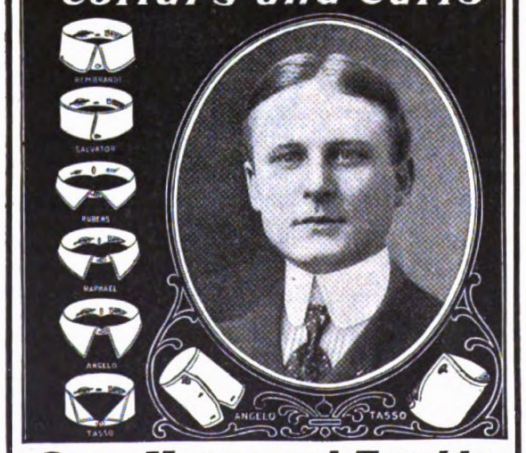
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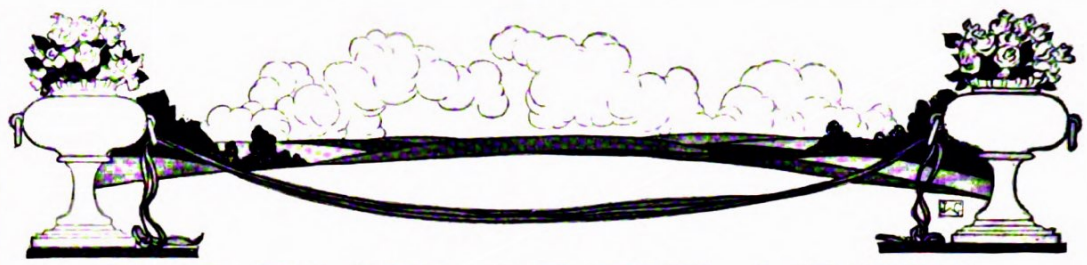
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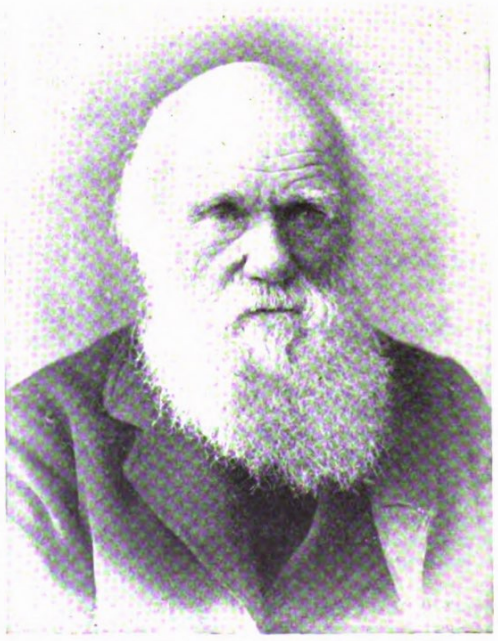
CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR STRINGER

A BOOK of interest and importance is "Following the Frontier," written by Roger Pocock and published by McClure, Phillips and Company. Mr. Pocock is a sort of Owen Kildare of the open. For sixteen eventful years he was a vagabond and ne'er-do-well, wandering artlessly about western America, from Alaska to Mexico. He was a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, served through the Riel Rebellion, was a trooper, missionary, trader, prospector, loafer, pirate, and last, but not least, journalist. Although he was not what you would call a western "bad man," and had no killings to his credit, he finds himself in many tight places, trouble and poverty pursuing him even as he in turn pursued adventure and the Open Trail. His last great feat was to ride on horseback from Fort MacLeod, in the Canadian West, down through the Great American Desert to the City of Mexico, most of the way keeping the Rocky Mountains in sight, for a guide. He was two hundred days on the trail, and traversed, he tells us, some three thousand, six hundred miles. This erratic Englishman's recountal of his adventures and wanderings makes fascinating reading. His book is the best and most gripping of the three. There is not a dull page in it,—and therein, paradoxical as it may seem, lies its fault. Mr. Pocock has the true yellow journalist's love of drawing a long bow. Just where truth ends and fancy begins he does not take the trouble to state. But one has only to compare his descriptions of certain more or less historic crimes in the Canadian Northwest with the actual facts as set forth in the official reports of the Mounted Police Department to realize how an artistic touch or two may transform a sordid Indian murder into a weird and moving drama of death and revenge. This embellishing faculty makes us a little suspicious of our lightfooted western Villon. The perpetual striving after comedy effect, too, is a little wearying; it soon becomes vaudevillean and rowdy,—too suggestive of the humor of the London sporting weeklies. It is that peculiar provincial smartness which we see in Kipling when he is off color, the smartness, such as in "A Sunday at Home," which invariably leaves a bad taste and an ugly memory.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that Mr. Pocock's strictures on America and American life are irritating to a degree far out of proportion with their importance. It is unfortunate that a volume tottering on the verge of real excellence should be spoiled by youthful smartness and gratuitous sermonizing.

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Although George Wharton James, in his "Indians of the Painted Desert Region," (Little, Brown and Company,) covers much of the ground gone over by Roger Pocock, Mr. James treats his subject more exhaustively, and more soberly, but scarcely more entertainingly than does the more flippant and fanciful English rhapsodist responsible for "Following the Frontier." One book, however, is for the student and the library, the other for the railway train and the idle hour. Mr. James has known his country for twenty years, and, since his "In and Around the Grand Canyon" appeared, there has been little doubt as to his closeness of observation and his deftness of narrative. "The Painted Desert," that land of mingled enchantment and stern reality invading Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, and Arizona, is a broad enough canvas for the exercises of any descriptive artist. This vast territory nurses more than four Indian tribes, but of these tribes only four are represented in Mr. James's book,—the Hopi, the Navajo, the Wallapai, and the Havasupai. The most gripping and graphic portion of Mr. James's book is that which describes the Hopi snake dance, though, on the whole, the entire volume is crowded with useful information, to say nothing of many very excellent photographs. One can forgive Mr. James his minor defects, remembering his passion for this land whose portrayal has always been the despair as well as the rapture of the artist.



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

It was one of the early Spaniards who first called the arid home of our American Bedouin "The Painted Desert,"—"*el pintado desierto*;" and much of the romance which this pioneer Spaniard brought with him into the Southwest still gives a bolder and more primitive dash of color to the universal grayness of modern life. A perusal of William Henry Johnson's new book, "Pioneer Spaniards in North America," enables the delighted reader to catch up the scattered story of early Spanish exploration and conquest. While Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" has remained and will remain a monument of our literature, the more modern method of anthropological research has shown that distinguished classic to be touched here and there with an atmosphere of romanticism not altogether historical. The late John Fiske's "Discovery of America" dwelt at some length on the conquest of Mexico and the character of the Aztec league. But his treatment was not exhaustive. So Mr. Johnson's timely volume fills a long empty niche, bringing together, as it does, the life history of those early Spanish adventurers, always daring, usually avaricious, often cruel and tyrannical in their relations with the natives, but always audacious, picturesque, and resplendently heroic. In fact, the candle of mere fiction grows pale and yellow in the strong light of such stirring and turbulent history; Cortez, De Soto, Coronado,—what names for the appreciative chronicler to conjure with! There is an occasional touch of humor as well, for were not the pangs of rheumatism which racked the war-worn old legs of the good Juan Ponce de Leon the actual cause of the discovery of Florida? "Then came a legend to his ears which thrilled his heart with hope. The Indians told of a country to the north [He was then in Santo Domingo.] where there was a river whose waters would restore to perpetual youth any one who bathed in them." This land the grizzled and battered old warrior sought. He slaughtered the natives who opposed his landing, and bathed in every spring which came before his eyes. Florida, instead of giving him immortal youth, however, granted him an early grave.

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A romance into which have been woven some of the broader and deeper movements of history, not unlike those I have just mentioned, is Charles K. Gaines's "Gorgo," published by the Lothrop Publishing Company. The scene of the story is Athens, the tumultuous and stirring Athens of the Periclean age, and, while the tale treats of the love of a Spartan girl named Gorgo, the story, after the manner of Sienkiewicz, is replete with battle and tumult. Indeed, so various and so numerous are the crises which this too lavish author presents to us that an apparent lack of continuity, or organic structure, is the penalty. Yet, when it is conceded that such great men of antiquity as Socrates, Alcibiades, Critias and Lysander are brought into the narrative with an actual sense of vividness, naturalness, and human interest, it need not startle one to find that "Gorgo" comes within an ace of being a wondrously fine romance. One might linger on its lesser faults,—such as its artificial prologue, its incongruous commingling of the conventional and the bizarre, its superabundance of incident at the expense of atmosphere, and its occasional note of undoubted modernity. But seldom, indeed, do we get a historical romance so splendidly courageous in design, so sustained in note, and so powerful in execution. Mr. Gaines is also to be commended, when his prologue is past, for the classical coloring which hangs like a sky of Mediterranean blue over the entire narrative. If the dim reflection of an arc lamp or two shows above the horizon, it is merely a proof that our author, like a Merejkowski or a Sienkiewicz, is human.

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From "Gorgo" and the grandeur that was Greece to the "Children of Men" (McClure, Phillips and Company,) and the Ghetto sweatshops of New York is a long swing of the pendulum. The reek-

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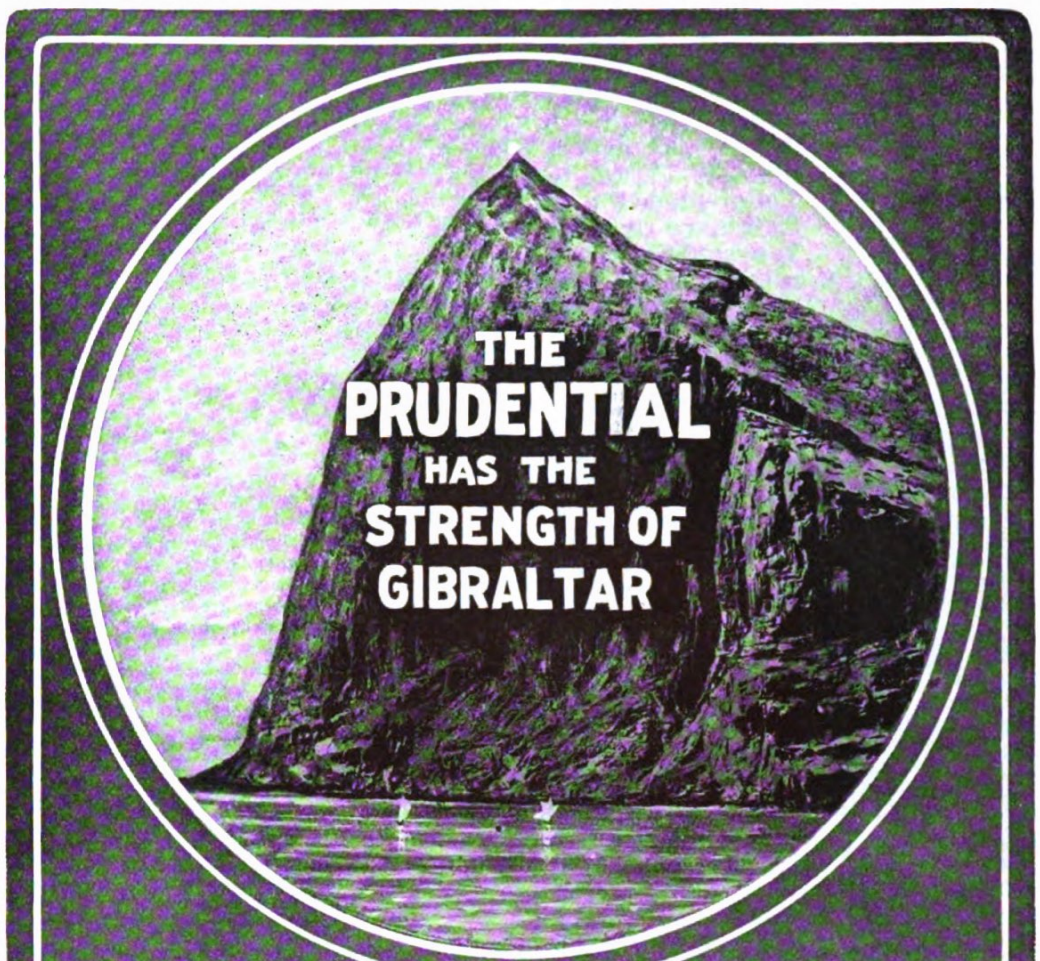
ing East Side workroom humming with its busy sewing machines, squalid and odoriferous *cafés*, slum dance halls, crowded and tawdry, the ugly and dark-roomed tenement houses, and the silence of the synagogue,—such is the background against which Bruno Lessing throws his little stories of love and hate and sacrifice, of avarice and ambition, as found in the New York Jewish Quarter. It would be pleasant to stretch a point and praise stories so studiously conceived, so smoothly written, so ingeniously dramatic. But Mr. Lessing's Hebrews, in some ways, are not the Hebrews of real life. They seem the folks of his own fancy, just, for instance, as Norman Duncan's Newfoundland fishermen in "The Ways of the Sea" are Mr. Duncan himself in a dozen forms and moods, though he, it must be acknowledged, has an eloquence not found in Mr. Lessing's pages. The truth of the matter is that "Children of Men" does not depict life, but is what may best be described as a romance in realism. It is "Near Life," manufactured to look like the genuine pelt. Each artful little melodramatic situation is born, not of truth, but of sentiment, converting its so-called pathos into mere pessimism, and making its disheartening gloom exceedingly hard to forget and to forgive. It is for this very reason that the volume stands out above much of the short-story fiction of the season,—it is so audaciously depressing.

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Another story of New York life, but one of much wider sweep and larger plan, is Alfred Henry Lewis's "The Boss," published by A. S. Barnes and Company. The softest word that can be said of "The Boss" is that it is a magnificent failure, and to fail in certain great efforts is not always unworthy; though in this case, let me hasten to add, Mr. Lewis's failure is due to his manner, and not to his matter. If ever there was a field for wholesome satire, our present-day municipal corruption, combined with our stubborn civic indifference, offers one. The trouble is, Mr. Lewis was not big enough for his task. Whether the drawing of "The Boss" is or is not the thinly disguised portrait of a recent Tammany leader has little to do with the triumphs or the faults of Mr. Lewis's book. For this boss, as he has here been drawn, is too far from human to be libelous. He is not exaggerated, but is merely unreal,—too trustful, too complaisant, too moody, too miraculously lucky, to be the successful leader of men. Nor is the book valuable, from any standpoint, as a biography; there are accessible to us more readable and more authoritative works, more dispassionate in note, and more maturely thought out. As fiction, pure and simple, the volume shows a continuous lack of logical perception and progression, and an absence of true psychology and appreciation of character. As a political tract the effort is uncertain in motive. The boss, one feels, is almost its author's hero, brutal, gullible, savage, corrupt, soft-hearted, taciturn, and absolutely unscrupulous,—the type of man, in fact, to whom you would seldom care to give either your heart, your hand, or your pocketbook. The result is that this strange novel by intention and tract by nature is "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." It is neither good fiction, good biography, nor a commendable exposition of political methods. Mr. Lewis, unfortunately, falls between three stools. A man may know a thing well, and yet not write of it well. In this instance our author has enjoyed excellent opportunities to study certain phases of metropolitan life and corruption in "local" politics. He still appears to be unable to see the forest for the trees. Through this tangled new territory of the novelist, however, he has blazed a moderately wide path, and there are always others to follow the pioneer. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lewis's successor, though, will pay more attention to his axes,—in other words, his English. In "The Boss" there are constructions that fairly make one's teeth stand on edge, and certain archaic and wholly artificial conversational methods which, in the end, only clinch the earlier impression of the book,—that it is strong, but monotonous; rugged, but wooden.

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This may seem a ponderous cargo of criticism for one solitary craft of fiction, but at the risk of redundancy I must repeat that "The Boss" is of sufficient tonnage, with all its inadequacies, to carry it off unconcernedly and jauntily. To speak after the same fashion of Henry Harland's new novel, "My Friend Prospero," published by McClure, Phillips and Company, or of Booth Tarkington's recent "Cherry," (Harper and Brothers,) would seem uncommonly like cannonading canaries. Either of these books can be devoured as lightly and as easily as a marshmallow. The only criticism one can offer against them is their sheer evasiveness in the face of criticism. "My Friend Prospero" may very safely be designated as "hammock literature." It is so pretty and pleasing, so dainty and sweet and unreal, and so remote from the grim substantialities of life, that it seems more like a fairy tale than like that which we usually term fiction. It toys, very gently, with only one human passion,—love,—love, of course, of the most ideal, most transporting, and yet most decorous kind. It is the sort of carefully whittled cherry stone over which no one should choke. It is built up of the three stock figures, a beautiful, diaphanous foreign lady, a blond, idle, light-hearted, and wholly irresistible English hero, and a warm-hearted and ready-tongued old dowager who plays the part of the god from the machine and the fairy godmother all in one. Its only fault is its absence of faults, its meaninglessness, its utter and absolute lack of flesh-and-blood interest, its finicky and cloying niceness, and its feminine narrowness of note and sympathy. But confectionery is for consumption, and not for criticism, though some day, when we emerge from the tyranny of "the young person," we may find these pleasing and plaintive little penny whistles somewhat over-



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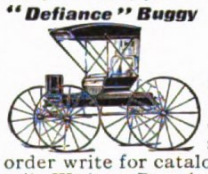
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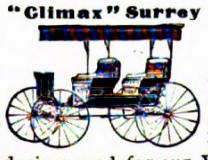
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topped by the organ-throb of truth. The first aim of a novel is, of course, to be interesting; and, however idyllic and exalted, fictional art must still preserve the illusion of nature. Credulity must not die on the altar of charm. Cheerfulness, too, is an excellent thing in art; but the evasive chirpiness of an author exiled from the world and all its wider movements, in a neat little garden of tea roses, is not always the voice of true optimism.

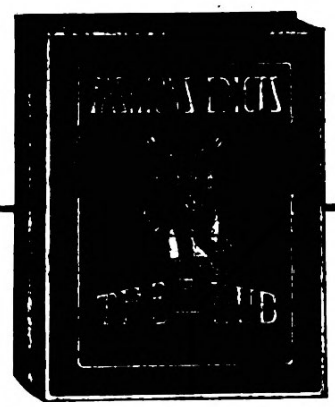
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George L. Bolen, in his admirable volume, "Getting a Living," from the press of the Macmillan Company, brings forward no new-found panacea for the economic ills of our time. What renders his book both valuable and opportune is its truly encyclopedic treatment of economic perplexities, of sociological laws and tendencies, and of the disharmony between collectivism and true liberty. Seldom, if ever, has the labor question been treated with such breadth and sanity. The author gives a coherent, well-arranged, and almost complete view of a complex and often sadly muddled subject, and in doing so remains fair-minded, patient-handed, and clear-headed to the end. Where it will not force the reader to capitulation it will at least arouse him to interest. It is the sort of book, now that almost every thinking man has to face the problem of the impending delimitation of monopoly in some form or other, which ought to be placed in the hands of youths of ambition and business men of intelligence, to the end that there may be a more respectable appreciation of the many economic divisions of the great problem of labor and life,—an appreciation, by the way, which is possessed, in the words of Mr. Bolen, "by, perhaps, less than a tenth of even college graduates." Some of the topics treated of in this storehouse of practical information—for this author, in his day, has been a child laborer, striker, worker, and capitalist,—are the possibilities of co-operation and profit-sharing; trade unionism; strikes and boycotts; land ownership and Henry George's theory; industrial education and apprenticeship; irregularity of employment; work by women and children; injunctions; compulsory arbitration, and conciliation; socialism; old-age insurance; a shorter workday; public employment, and factory laws.

▲ ▲

Whatever new phases Darwinism may take on, in these impatient and troubled days of scientific advance, Huxley's deliberate opinion, that, from Aristotle's great summary of the biological knowledge of his time down to the present day, there is nothing comparable to "The Origin of Species," as a connected survey of the phenomena of life permeated and vivified by a central idea, remains as true at this hour as it was twenty-seven years ago. "Yet, what could be duller," I can imagine the unknowing ones demanding, "than two huge volumes of 'Letters' written and left behind by the dry-as-dust and purely scientific genius responsible for this same 'Origin of Species?'" I can only answer such a question by saying that about ninety per cent. of our romantic fiction is duller, that about ninety-five per cent. of our so-called popular science is duller, and that about ninety-nine per cent. of our epistolary erotic novels are duller. Out of the pages of these "More Letters by Charles Darwin," edited by Darwin's son and his friend, A. C. Seward, of Cambridge, (D. Appleton and Company,) peeps forth the humorous, kindly, companionable man of the world, as well as the patient and sober-minded student of science, magnificently identified with a magnificent movement. Beyond the indefatigable spirit, the insatiable intellectual curiosity, the stupendous, methodical patience of the man weighed down with bodily illness through so many long years of his life, we find the affectionate, winsome, and wonderfully charitable disposition which made him beloved as well as renowned. These "Letters," which might be called autobiography flung at one in handfuls, show how much Darwin owed to such friends as Hooker and Huxley, how precision and method were the key to his vast accomplishment, how tranquil and yet momentous was his home life at Down, and how his magnanimous mind, to the end, failed to understand the petty jealousies that raged in the ranks of his opponents, from Owen's bitterly virulent attacks on him down to the diffusive but none the less rancorous clerical abuse which he faced with grim and rather unconcerned wonder.

His nature was a joyous one; he was at heart a very prince of optimists, and even tardy appreciation, illness, and incessant labor did not keep him from wringing his share of fun out of life. "My first recollection," he says, in his naïvely introspective way, "which must have been before I was four years old, was when sitting on Caroline's knee in the drawing-room, whilst she was cutting an orange for me, a cow ran by the window, which made me jump, so that I received a bad cut, of which I bear the scar to-day." Note again this Stevensonian touch, written from Valparaiso: "We arrived here the day before yesterday; the views of the distant mountains are most sublime, and the climate is delightful; after our long cruise in the damp, gloomy climates of the South, to breathe a clear dry air and feel honest warm sunshine, and eat good fresh roast beef, must be the *summum bonum* of human life!" Still again we have this little sidelight on a great geologist: "We have just had the Lyells here, and you ought to have a wife to stop your working too much, as Mrs. Lyell peremptorily stops Lyell!" He writes to Huxley of his "everlasting barnacles," and adds, in the same letter: "Just been reading your review of the 'Vestiges,' and the way you handle a great professor is really exquisite. . . . By heavens, how the blood must have gushed into his capillaries when a certain great man read it!" "I have just been testing practically," he writes again, "what disuse does in reducing parts. I have made skeletons of wild and tame ducks, (Oh, the smell of



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well-boiled high duck!) and I find the tame duck ought, according to the scale of its wild prototype, to have its two wings three hundred and sixty grains in weight." About the same time we find this scientist of "enfeebled spirituality," as his earlier clerical opponents described him, writing of his pigeons: "I love them to that extent I can not bear to skeletonize them." Even in his weary old age, six months before his death, this is the blithe note in which he writes to Hooker, with regard to a bitter attack from a Teutonic critic: "No man was ever vivisected in so sweet a manner before as I am in this book!"

▲ ▲

ALTHOUGH Professor George E. Woodberry, in his "America in Literature," from the press of Harper and Brothers, brings little new material to a much discussed question, and no great distinction of manner to a very slight thread of discourse, his little book of critical essays is still worthy of note; for, in it, he nicely enough focuses the rays of our over-diffusive critical opinions into one mildly illuminating but not very inspiriting beam of constructive literary appreciation. Our nobler literature lies a generation or more behind us. The present is a halting time of literary genius. "The field is open, and calls loudly for new champions." All this we have heard, again and again, from lungs even more resonant than Professor Woodberry's. Like Hamilton Wright Mabie's "Backgrounds of Literature," published by the Outlook Company, "America in Literature" is more the mildly generalizing sort of thing that comes from the popular lecture platform, excellent enough in its way, never daring to be dryly scholastic, always equable and urbane, never trying to be over-audacious, and never caring to accept "that bitter cup and sword" which passed so often into, say, the hand of a Sainte-Beuve. Indeed, after reading Rufus Richardson's "Vacation Days in Greece," one almost begins to wonder if the pedagogic mind has not a predisposition for the conventional and the trite, since in this book's two hundred and forty pages of description one looks in vain for even a purple patch or two. "Such a sunset as is rarely vouchsafed to man was transpiring" is not only a very fine and lofty way to speak of the close of a Dalmatian day, but also a very fair sample of the style in which this book is written,—a book disappointing in everything but its binding and its pictures, notwithstanding the wide and varied field which it essays to cover.

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SINCE Edwin Arnold's first excursion into Japan the empire of the mikado has had to put up with a motley and mongrel flood of guide-book literature, a little of it fact, but a great deal of it comic-opera fantasy. A more or less representative addition to our series of occidental impressions of oriental life is Clarence L. Brownell's "Heart of Japan," published by McClure, Phillips and Company. Of original knowledge it gives little, and of insight it shows nothing, though the book carries the subtitle, "Glimpses of Life and Nature far from the Travelers' Track in the Land of the Rising Sun." His local color is made up of a loquacious transcription of what has already been noted and written, and his humor is very English and very exhausting. His narrative runs along nimbly enough, his touch is now and then unconsciously satiric, and his photographs are excellent. Ernest Clement's "Handbook of Modern Japan," brought out by A. C. McClurg and Company, is a more decorous compilation of much useful *data* and description, supplemented with a comprehensive bibliography and containing an interpolated chapter, by F. W. Godkin, on "Æsthetic Japan." This is, perhaps, the least satisfying chapter in the book, since, naturally, all the secrets of Japanese art can not be laid quite bare in a few brief pages. A book of descriptive writing in which there is more or less good robust narrative is the Century Company's "In Search of a Siberian Klondike," told by Washington Vanderlip and transcribed by Homer B. Hulbert. Mr. Vanderlip's search for the Asiatic gold field was a fruitless one, from the prospector's standpoint. But the recital of his varied adventures, his life among the Koraks and the Tchuktches, and his glimpses of Korsakovsk convict life, together with a recountal of the hardships and oddities of subarctic existence, make up a volume that is well worth reading.

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AS FICTION seems to be becoming more and more the confectionery in the varied dietary of modern readers, and as the sweets naturally come with the last course, I have reserved three new and promising novels for a parting word or two. I venture to term each of these three brisk tales of intrigue and action "promising" because all the world still has a wholesome enough love for a good old fairy tale, however adorned with the graces of modernity it may come to us. A goodly portion of the world, in the second place, prefers to have its characters, like its lamb chops, Frenched for easy handling. But as everyday, living men and women are more elusively complex and self-contradictory than the purposes and powers of the popular story-teller allow for, that evasive and artful dodger, our modern romancer, either harks back to times that are well past, or sidesteps into territories that are little known. Thus Stanley Weyman, in "The Long Night," (McClure, Phillips and Company,) finds both the material and the elbowroom for a brisk and readable romance in the three-hundred-year-old intrigues of Savoy against Genevan independence. Although, like the bee, a popular novelist must apparently produce or die, Mr. Weyman has been resisting temptation to that hasty production which is the handmaiden of intellectual tenuity. He tells his story in a simple, straightforward, clear, and vigorous way.

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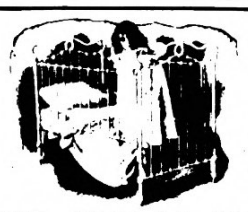
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6131


6130
6120


6135

New Features in Early Spring Styles

MARTHA DEAN

Suggestions in Designs and Materials

EVERY fashion seems to revolve on its own axis, and once more the spirit of 1830 is in the air. Although the drooping silhouette and exaggerated shoulder line are quaint and picturesque, we are quite willing that this revival should stop there, lest some other features not so becoming be rehabilitated. So far, there is no suggestion of the dreaded hoop skirt, but who can say where we shall be six months hence? More and more do the quaint old styles exert their influence over modern dress, and now, at the threshold of spring, the trend of fashion may be thus defined: full skirts, which are long and round, measuring from six to seven yards at the lower edge, and nearly as much at the top,—although this latter detail may be regulated by the individuality of the wearer; long, sloping shoulders that are being carried to such an extreme that we are often in doubt as to where the sleeve is attached to the bodice, in fact, some sleeves show no seam at all, but apparently are a part of the yoke, or are carried up over the shoulder into the neck. Blouses formerly pouched in the front are now made with little or none of the former bagginess. The same may be said of sleeves, for they are conspicuous for a decrease in the size of the wrist puff. Bertha collar deviations are seen on almost every gown, for they enhance the old-fashioned effect as nothing else does.

Smart little boleros are here again, but with drooping shoulders and sleeves displaying the same pretty quaintness that distinguishes all this season's styles. These boleros are quite unlike coats, because of their fanciful construction. They are plaited, puffed, and tucked, and are by no means the least important feature of a modish gown. Much trimming is used, and the bolero is adjusted at the waist by a fitted belt, enabling one to preserve, in a measure, "that subtle sense of proportion" necessary in these days of over-trimming. The fichu, shoulder scarf, or pelerine, as it is variously termed, is another garment revived from this epoch. Made of lace, chiffon, or tulle, and with long stole ends, it becomes an important factor in effecting balance to the wide cape effect,—thus is the short woman enabled to wear the "round and round" trimming so much in vogue. It is a little early for such a wrap, "but pride will keep one warm under any conditions," and surely some women have enough of it with which to be fairly comfortable, for they are even now wearing these delightful little creations with street dress.

Elaboration is the characteristic feature of all the present modes, and the simple little frocks which were so popular only a short time ago are now passé. The present styles are varied and effective, but it may safely be said that the great difference between styles old and new lies in the sleeves and skirts, for it is by the cut and make of these two things that *cachet* is given to the gown *au fait*.

Neckwear was never more entrancing, and nobody looks smart or well dressed nowadays who ignores a pretty decoration of this sort. There is no hard-and-fast rule to follow,—almost any way is the fashionable way, so long as it is becoming and suitable to the style of dress. Many of the season's shirt-waists are made without collars, a separate collar attached to a narrow circular shield being now employed. We have seen so much of the tab ends that anything new is warmly welcomed. These collars are made of lace or transparent material, fitted and boned, and will relieve the heaviest costume, and make it becoming to any face.

Many new designs in dress materials are provided for the coming season. Patterns in splashes and flecks that were seen in the winter goods are now imprinted on silks and light-weight wools. Foulards, figured with discs of white and striped with color on a dark background, new mercerized cottons, veilings, muslins and lawns are already on the counters, and their ranks are daily increasing. The designs belong to no particular school. Flowers, fruits and geometrical figures vie with one another in beautiful coloring and weave. All the materials shown are particularly suited to the requirements of the season's modes.

▲ ▲

The Latest Patterns

6131. Ladies' Blouse or Shirt-Waist.—This is a charming exponent of the new style shirt-waist. The front is slightly gathered to a shaped yoke. The salient feature of the waist, however, is the raglan sleeve which extends up over the shoulder into the collar, thus obliterating the shoulder seam and producing a long sloping unbroken line. The front is finished with duchess closing, which may be decorated with buttons or braid as one chooses. Mercerized cottons are still in the lead for spring waists, but this model is appropriate for development in silk or woolen material as well.

The pattern is in sizes for ladies 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure.

6130 and 6120. Ladies' Costume.—Quite in keeping with the present revival of the last century's earlier fashions is the attractive costume here shown. The deep cape extends well over the shoulder, accentuating that line in accordance with fashion's latest dictates. The waist, made on the shirt-waist lines, blouses slightly over a high girdle. The skirt is of the latest shaping. It is gathered at the sides and back with the front gore perfectly plain. The matter of trimming depends upon the material employed, as ruffles and ruches are as effective as shaped bands. The costume is one that may be developed in simple or elaborate effect.

The waist pattern, No. 6130, is in sizes for ladies 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure, and the skirt pattern, No. 6120, is in sizes for ladies 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches, waist measure.

6135. Ladies' Pelerine.—The smart little shoulder wrap is another revived fashion, and a most becoming one it is, too. Made in lace, net, or tulle, and trimmed with ribbon, they not only add charm to the dress but to the wearer as well. Their possibilities do not end there, however, for with the long perpendicular line it is just what is necessary to give height to the short woman who, in order to keep up with the prevailing fashion, must wear full skirts with horizontal trimmings. These little pelerines are very easy to make, and if one has an old lace collar or a remnant of silk, and a few yards of tulle, the rest is an easy matter. The proper cape line must be followed, or one will find they have cut off instead of having added to the shoulder length. Chiffon ruffles can be bought ready made and at such a price that every woman should have a cape for her new Easter gown.

The pattern is in three sizes, for ladies, small, medium, and large.

4544. Girls' Plaited Dress.—The Russian model in plaited style is such a constant favorite that it seems superfluous to speak of it, yet this one embodies new features that are characteristic of the present modes. The waist is laid in broad plaits outlining a panel front. The sleeve is also the latest approved style, having plaits stitched to elbow length and then left loose to form a full bishop sleeve. The circular skirt carries out the idea of waist shaping, and insures a pretty flare,—something not obtainable when the skirt and waist are made in one. Checked gingham is pretty for every-day wear and cashmere makes a nice wool dress, with velvet for the collar and cuffs. A large lace collar may also be worn for dressy occasions.


4544

The pattern is in sizes for girls 4, 6, 8, and 10 years of age.

4545. Boys' Suit.—This smart design is known as the "Buster Brown" suit, and most little boys would like to imitate Buster's mode of dress, if not his actions. It is not necessary to have jam or coal soot on the dress in order to have the same pleasure out of the suit; in fact, it looks very much better without it. The blouse is made with front closing, and the small boy will be doubly pleased to know that it slips on over the head,—"just like papa's shirt." The belt may be of the same material, or of patent leather, and the knickerbockers are of the regulation style. With such a suit one may wear a white linen turn-down collar,—not forgetting the big bow, which marks the suit as decidedly boyish.

The pattern is in sizes for boys 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years of age.

4540. Girls' Shirred Dress.—The advance spring styles show many attractive features in girls' dresses, and those introducing shirrings are especially pretty. In the model shown here we have a variation of the conventional yoke dress. It is made in long, drop-shoulder effect and the shirrings are arranged to form a panel in both waist and skirt. This is not separate but simply made

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by tucks and, if one prefers, the shirrings may extend all the way around. The waist is made on a lining, but the use of this is optional. The design is a very pretty one to follow in making up new frocks for the little maid, and it has the advantage of being suitable for both thin cotton goods and the heavier weaves.

The pattern is in sizes for girls 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 14 years of age.

4542. Child's Russian Frock.—There is nothing that has stood the test of time so well as the Russian blouse for children. Winter and summer it is equally popular, and deservedly so, for no other garment so well combines practicability and durability with style. It is becoming and easily laundered and any innovation from the regular style is appreciated by mothers and youngsters. In the original model shown here, the closing is on the shoulder and under the arm,—and, as the fastening is made to a facing, a left front is not required. The dress is composed of front and back, sleeve, facing, belt and collar, and one may readily see it is the acme of simplicity. A pretty development would be in plain, colored material, using a facing of contrasting goods, or making it of one material and piping the facing with white. The closing is effected by buttons and buttonholes, and the belt may be of patent leather or of the material. The dress is suitable for wee folks of either sex and is in sizes for children 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years of age.

6133. Sleeves.—Fashions in sleeves this season bring out some very smart designs. Three styles are shown here: the one at the left being a new idea with the fullness of the sleeve taken up in a box-pleat and extending up over the shoulder into the collar. This model will be found an admirable one to follow for street or shirt-waist suits. The center sleeve is a picturesque style which is suitable for house or street costume. The full outer portion is shirred at the upper edge and is finished at the lower edge by a circular-shaped frill, under which are worn the *lingerie* ruffles. The third sleeve is of quaint cut, and shows a long, drooping shoulder line which is a salient feature of all the new sleeves. The lower portion is of lace, and pinked taffeta ruffles decorate the upper portion.

The pattern is in sizes for ladies corresponding to 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches, bust measure.

6123. Ladies' Shirt-Waist.—All sorts of predictions have been made for the styles for spring shirt-waists, and while the designs are varied and effective, they all point to a continuation of the quaint and picturesque. The shoulder is made as long as possible by the use of cape collars and trimming. In this design, the deep cape comes well over the shoulder and is slightly shaped in the back. The waist proper is made with a few gathers at the shoulder in the front. This will be found a very good pattern to follow in making every-day waists, leaving off the collar. The sleeve is the regular bishop style, gathered into a narrow cuff.

The sizes are for ladies, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches, bust measure.

6132. Dressing Sack.—Simplicity and good style combine to make this a most attractive dressing sack. It is circular, with bias seam in the back, and looks very much like the Nightingales we have been making for little folks for the past season. There are only two pieces to the pattern, and, as one can imagine, it is an easy article for home manufacture. It is a suitable model for wash goods and can be made of fancy material with plenty of trimmings if one desires an elaborate sack.

The pattern is in sizes for ladies, small, medium, and large.

4536. Child's Russian Dress.—The one-piece dress is such an easy-fitting garment that it is a great favorite with the lively youngsters of both sexes. It has no frills or furbelows. A plain front and back with a few gathers at the neck edge, to allow plenty of freedom over the chest, bishop sleeves, and a little band collar, and that's all there is to it. It is quite simple for any mother to make, and a joy to the child who wears it. In it, the mother will find a model upon which she can exercise individual taste in the selection of material and trimming. For a fair, blue-eyed little girl a dress in this design of white piqué, trimmed with blue bands, would be pretty, and for the ruddy-cheeked boy brown Holland or linen could be used with red bands.

The pattern is in sizes for children 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years of age.



NOTICE

[For the convenience of our readers we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 274 and 275 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.

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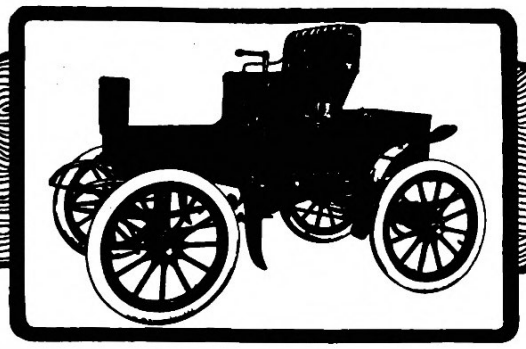




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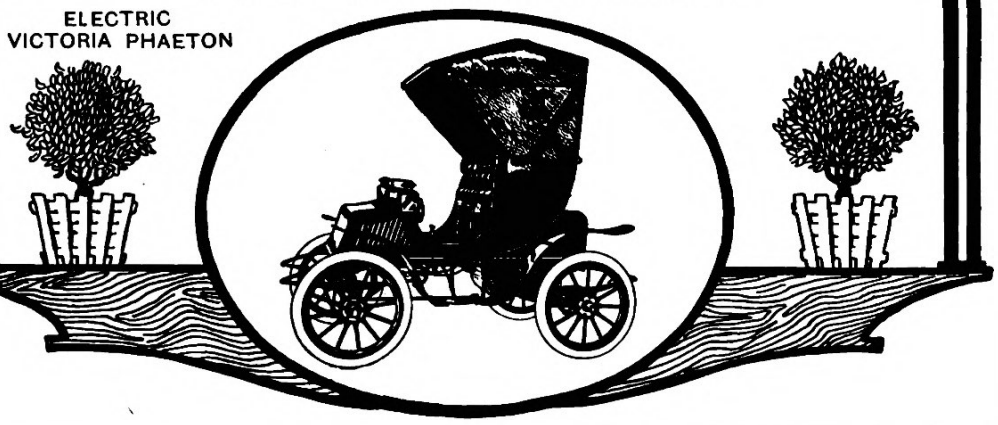
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Was Smoking the Cause of Grant's Last Illness?

J. HERBERT WELCH

"THE general impression that excessive smoking brought on the disease of the throat that caused the death of General Ulysses S. Grant is erroneous," said Dr. George F. Shrady, who attended the great soldier in his last illness. "His use of tobacco aggravated his ailment, but had nothing to do with its origin.

"Some time after it reached a fatal termination, I was in the smoking car of a railroad train, and became engaged in conversation with the man sitting beside me. In a little while he drew from his pocket a cigar, and then a holder, which he carefully wiped with his handkerchief.

"'I am very particular about my cigar-holder,' he remarked; 'I try not to let any nicotine come in contact with my mouth. That was what killed General Grant, you know.'

"'Why, no, I was n't aware of that,' I answered, in a tone of surprise.

"'I thought everybody knew that,' he exclaimed; 'you can't be much of a reader of the newspapers.' Then he began to give me a detailed and earnest explanation of the general's illness, as one desiring to enlighten a fellow being walking in the darkness of ignorance. The humor of the situation impressed me, and I let him talk on for a moment or so. Then I interrupted him.

"'Sir,' I said, 'I should feel guilty if I should draw you out any further on this particular subject. It would n't be right. You see, I attended General Grant in his last illness. My name is Shrady.'

"'What!' he exclaimed, drawing back and staring at me for an instant. Then he said, laughingly:—

"'Well, doctor, I guess I have nothing more to tell you on this matter.'

"General Grant once informed me that he was greatly aided and abetted in his smoking habit by the press of the country. He said that when, on horseback, he rode onto a steamboat at Vicksburg, he happened to have a cigar in his mouth, and in the large number of pictures of this incident that were circulated throughout the country this cigar was conspicuous. Immediately afterwards he began to receive presents of cigars, even from Cuba. He smoked and enjoyed them, and thus the habit grew.

"The deprivation of his tobacco was a great hardship to him in his illness. I had to prohibit it because the smoke was irritating, but one day, when he was feeling a little better than usual, he said, with a little touch of pleading in his voice:—

"'Doctor, would a few puffs from a cigar hurt me?'

"'No, if you don't take more than half a dozen,' I replied.

"He took a cigar from the table, lighted it slowly, and began to take long, deliberate puffs. I watched him closely. His whole system was craving for tobacco, and his enjoyment was so intense that I felt no regret at allowing him to break the rule for once. He took three puffs, four, five. I was counting them. The sixth was even longer than the others. When he had let the cloud of smoke curl slowly from his lips, he glanced at the cigar an instant, then at me with a half smile, sighed, and tossed the cigar into the grate. I think he had a feeling that he had had his last smoke.

"I happened to mention the incident to a friend, as an example of the general's strength of will. The friend mentioned it to some one else, and in a couple of days I was startled to see big headlines in the papers,—'General Grant smokes again.' But, except for those half dozen puffs, he never did."

A Famous Painter as a Model

ONE day the late George Innes, who was celebrated throughout the civilized world for his landscape painting, but was careless as to dress, was standing in front of a shop window in New York, when a young man touched him on the arm.

"My good man," said the latter, "would you like to make a quarter?"

Mr. Innes glanced around, startled, and then answered, with a gleam in his eyes, "Why——yes."

"All right, I can put you in the way of doing it easily. I'm an artist, you know. I paint pictures, and I am going to give you a quarter if you will come to my studio around the corner and pose for me for about half an hour."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Innes, "I'll be glad to go."

He posed as directed, and when it was over the young artist congratulated him on his merit as a model.

"Do you know," he said, "that you could make a good deal of money by posing. You have a really picturesque head for character studies. I would like to be of use to you. If you say so, I'll give you the names and addresses of friends of mine who would be glad to employ you. I shall want you myself at the same time to-morrow. Can I depend on you? Tell me your name."

"Innes is my name," said the model.

"Ah!" exclaimed the artist, "that's a good name in the art world. Now, what is your first name?"

"George."

"You don't say so! Why, this is certainly a coincidence. The man who paints the best landscapes in the world is named George Innes."

"It is very good of you to say so," replied Mr. Innes "I paint landscapes myself."

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.—EMERSON.

A man is king or slave every moment of his life. He is either conquering or being conquered,—victor or vanquished. Either the man or the brute is always on the throne. When the man steps down the beast steps up.

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The Hostility to New Ideas

JOHN P. HOLLAND

[Inventor of the Holland Submarine Boat]

THE way of the inventor, like that of the transgressor, is usually hard. For about thirty years I tried to climb, with my submarine, the stone wall of so-called conservatism in the United States navy. Much of my energy, during this period, was devoted to attempts to convince influential naval officers that there might be something in the submarine. The idea for a boat of this type came to me just after the battle between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," and I began to put it in the form of plans and models when I came to this country from Ireland in the early 70's. Over a quarter of a century passed before the submarine received recognition from the government. From the beginning I constantly submitted models to the navy department. Admiral after admiral threw cold water on the project. Most of those who condescended to give it any consideration at all urged objections that had little basis in reason, and showed a very cursory examination of the matter. One admiral returned my plans with a brief word to the effect that, once under water, the boat would be very apt to stay there, and would probably be more dangerous to her own men than to an enemy. Another, apparently ignorant of the fact that it is just as easy to steer by compass under water as on a foggy night, said that beneath the surface the boat would be like a blind horse in a strange barnyard. The verdict in naval circles was nearly unanimous that my scheme was visionary and that I was a crank, yet the essential operating principles of the submarine were the same then as they are to-day.

I succeeded finally in interesting private capitalists, and, in 1881, my first submarine was launched. In derision, the newspapers named it the "Fenian Ram." But now the government owns eight submarines, and there is a widespread opinion that when put to the test they will revolutionize the methods of harbor and coast defense. The long campaign of education that was necessary to gain this recognition for the submarine was greatly helped by the development of submarine boats in France and the interest taken in them in England, but it was a slow process, and a more difficult one than the evolving of the submarine itself. The rank and file of men look backward rather than forward. The man who breaks away from the beaten paths and comes back and tells of the important or interesting things he has discovered, must expect to see the passing of many years before he is believed, unless, indeed, he can present tangible proofs of what he says.

I know from my own experience that the scientists, as well as the naval officers, are much given to turning a deaf ear to new ideas or theories. No class of men are more ruled by dogma than these same scientists. The great majority of them, even the alleged leaders, who teach science in our universities, do not think except along the safe and well paved highways. They amble along the big roads with plenty of show and self-assurance, and draw back from the travel-worn wayfarer who has just returned from a journey into unsettled territory. I am free to confess that it does me good to see the old theories, rocks of the scientific faith, shaken up and blown up by new discoveries.

The Importance of Studying Chinese

DR. FRIEDRICH HIRTH

[Professor of Chinese, at Columbia University]

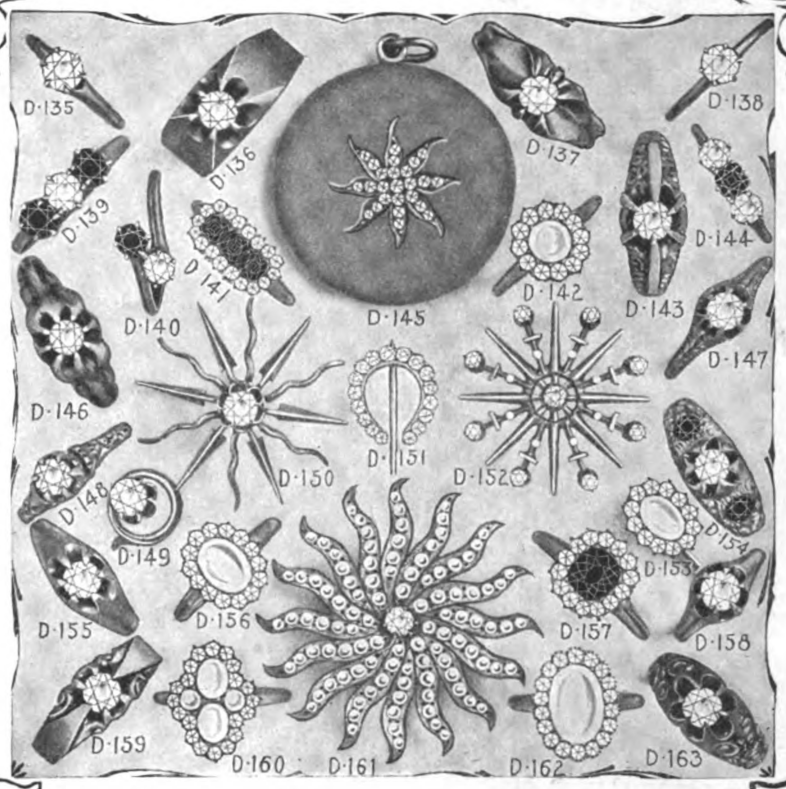
THE study of the language and literature of China may seem, at a glance, like a purely academic pursuit, but it is likely to have important practical results. All the indications are that within the next few years there will be a revolution of peace in China. This empire will follow in the footsteps of Japan, and adopt, in a large measure, the civilization of the West. The progress in this direction has already become very rapid. The vast Chinese territory will be a commercial battlefield of western nations and individuals, and the victories will be won by those who are best prepared. A great part in the commercial development of China will be due to the United States, and the greater the number of young men who know the Chinese language and civilization the greater will be this part.

Because the Japanese greatly excel other people in knowledge of Chinese, they will have an immense advantage at the start, in the lively war of trade, but they will find a constantly increasing number of well equipped rivals among representatives of other countries. France has been very active of late in furthering the study of Chinese. Four of the leading English universities have chairs of Chinese. Russia has an oriental college devoted almost wholly to China and her institutions. Germany has three Chinese seats of learning. Italy has three. The Netherlands and Austria have one each. The United States has the chair of Chinese at Columbia University, and considerable is taught about China and its people in other universities. Aside from the distinctively commercial opportunities which a good knowledge of Chinese will give to Americans in the not distant future, there will be numerous openings in schools in China to teach western languages, science, politics, and civilization generally.

Leaving, for a moment, the utilitarian aspect of the study of Chinese, I can say, from an experience of many years, that it is most fascinating on its own account. The ancient Chinese writings, which are very like the modern in style and use of words, shed much light on the general history of the world. Very few men have devoted their attention to the uncovering of these long buried but often important facts, but one to whom the process of reading Chinese is not too laborious, and who has the necessary incidental knowledge, is excellently repaid for this work of research.

"Do n't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour."

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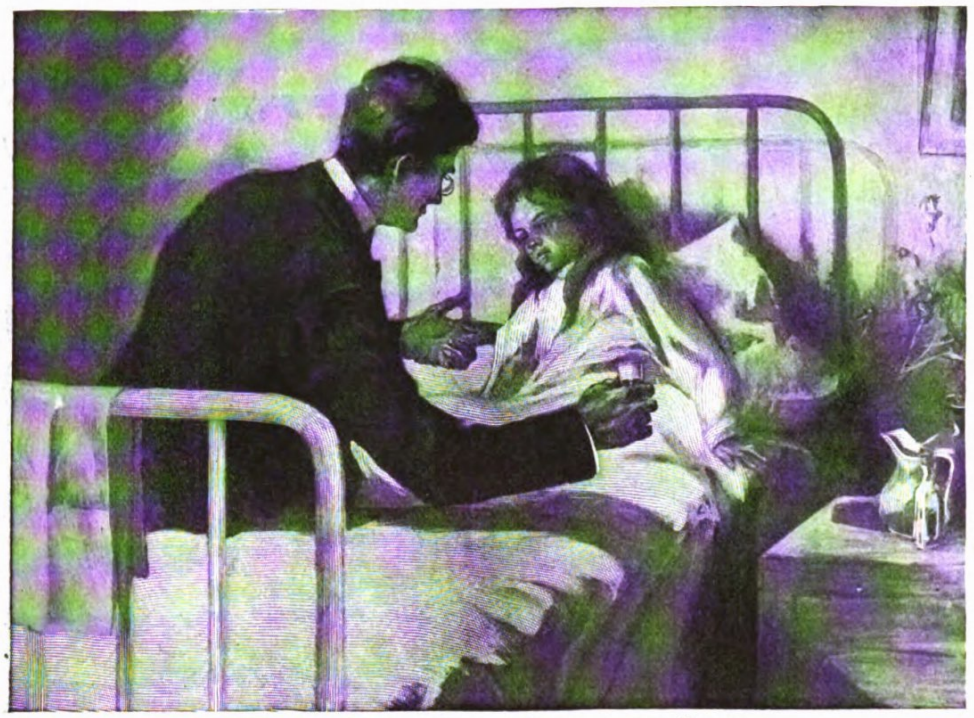
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"The Cross Roads had no doctor, and Waggs was an excellent nurse"

Waggs, the "Weak Sister"

How a Farmer from Tontogany Way Was Graduated from the "Midland Medical"

GEORGE DAULTON

THE weekly meeting of the medical association had adjourned, and those who had attended, on going out to seek refreshment, had assorted themselves in groups of similar sympathies, filling the little German dining rooms that lead progressively into quiet and seclusion at the rear of the Bismarck Hotel.

A score of fat, bald, and jovial doctors, and physicians, tall, bearded, and sedate, strolled back to the last and quaintest room; but they were only a comfortable half-dozen kindred spirits who took seats on the straddling fiddle-backed chairs about their favorite table in the lattice-windowed alcove.

Shannon had thrown himself on a bench at the foot of the table, and Roscoe, a jolly Scotchman, had begun to chuckle a bit of humor that had been suggested that day at his one hundred and fifty-third successful operation for appendicitis, when Ladislaw sauntered up in his top coat and seated himself on the bench with Shannon.

The group around the table greeted the belated member with slightly shadowed friendliness.

"What did the meeting have up, to-night?" Ladislaw asked, a cigarette between his palms.

Shannon had been Ladislaw's classmate, and he despised him. The other doctors shared this dislike, and agreed that the only mother wit the man had ever shown was in Egypt, where he had successfully used "a kind of old woman's way" of treating cholera, which had brought him some newspaper fame, and had excited a good deal of discussion in medical journals.

"Lorenz and congenital dislocation knocked out the whole programme," replied Marshall. "What else should an up-to-date body of medicine men powwow at present?"

"All any of us want now is a chance at the lameness of Vulcan," flourished Roscoe.

"I've been trying to tell them," said Shannon, "that the bloodless method was used, before Lorenz was heard of, by one of our class, when we were students at the old Midland Medical. You remember the 'Weak Sister' did it; don't you, Ladislaw?"

Shannon had let his tongue hesitate suggestively over his classmate's name ever since that college youth, having grown too aristocratic to tolerate his father's humble name of Squadt, had assumed the grander one of Ladislaw.

Ladislaw shrugged his shoulders, and assumed an air of indifference.

"Did it," he sneered, "with a ship's block and tackle, some umbrella ribs, and a hundredweight of plaster of Paris."

The company at the table burst into a roar.

"It was n't that bad, though it had all the crudeness of the pioneer," said Shannon, his smooth pale face flickering the wrinkles of laughter and frowns. "Like the Creator, the Weak Sister proved that a master uses only the simple things at hand,—if they make a cure, what more do you want?"

The order was served and the doctors, turning their Black Forest chairs to various angles of comfort, resettled themselves to enjoy their "Dutch lunch" and the differences of these two.

"It was the Weak Sister's scholastic deficiency that won him that nickname, for his right name was Waggs," resumed Shannon, while Ladislaw, having glanced contemptuously about the table at the food, superiorly gave an order better than that of any other of the company. "Waggs came up from Tontogany way, as raw material as the Midland Medical ever received. He was ignorant as the swamps could make him; he was timid, weak-eyed, cadaverous, and limping, and he was forty if a day among a fresh, trim lot of fellows whose average age was not over twenty-four. Ladislaw will tell you our class was made up of rather fine-looking men, coming from well-to-do families. Most of us were college graduates, and some of us, like Lad. here, had taken on a high-class air that made poor Waggs appear worse, maybe, than he was. Granny, the dean, was gruff to him, the professors snubbed him, and we boys ignored him,—that is, all did but Remington. Old Granny himself had remarked that we only needed licking into shape to make a record; so class spirit worked in us from the first, and we predicted that Waggs would be the blot on our escutcheon.

"As the class was large, many of us escaped quiz for some time; but one otherwise perfect morning the professor of anatomy fired a question that brought the Weak Sister into fame. For sputtering and smeared ignorance I never heard the beat of his answer.

"When the man sat down, Remington, to our amazement, gave him a smile and a nod of approval that were meant as a challenge to the whole class. Lad., here, tackled Remington for it when we rushed out, and they had it,—well, they had it up one side and down the other."

Ladislaw impatiently flicked the ashes from his cigarette, and Roscoe tramped on one of Marshall's toes.

"From that hour," went on Shannon, "Waggs was called the 'Weak Sister' by the class; but he had gained a strong sympathetic heart in Remington, who championed him all through school.

"It was through Remington that we came to know the Weak Sister had a wife and a number of children,—one with congenital dislocation. They lived on a scrap of a farm,—mortgaged, of course,—and Waggs had had it bitter hard all his life. The year before, while he was felling a tree, the kid with the bad hip got in the way when the crash came,—Waggs was quick enough to save her, but he got his own game leg and was never to be strong enough to farm again. Well, the Cross Roads had no doctor, and Waggs was an excellent nurse. The whole neighborhood depended on him for simples and such, and he thought the best he could do was to take a medical course and go back to them with a sheepskin and a shingle.

"Waggs's story won some sympathy for him in the class, so no extreme measures were taken against him; but I guess Lad., here, and his hazers did their worst to run him out. The Weak Sister's cheerless little room soon developed unendurable odors,—hydrogen sulphide, carbon disulphide, valerianic acid, and the like,—his shoes were doped with red pepper, and his nights were horrid with the skeletons and dead folks that were mysteriously put into his bed.

"It was only from the time Remington got the Weak Sister his room and board for doing the chores at the Nu Sigma Nu fraternity house, where some of us lived, that class prejudice gave way and we began to be fond of him.

"We had some sickness there that winter,—what a nurse the Weak Sister was!—tireless and tender as your own mother. The skill of his bandaging brought him into grateful fame with our football team, and to the notice of our professors, who made use of him at clinic. Do you remember, Lad., when the coach upset and Ed. Seaman had his shoulder dislocated? We tore up sheets and nearly pulled the arm out by the roots trying to get it back into place. When the Weak Sister slouched in he had it in place in a jiffy, using a beer bottle for a fulcrum, when he found he could n't get his game knee into the armpit.

"But with all Remington's foster-brothering, the month of our final examinations at the close of the three years' course found the Weak Sister in a fix. He had worked for all he was worth, too; nobody else had slaved as he had,—at his books, in the dissecting room, the dispensary, and the hospital, and attending his charity patients among the Polish Jews. He had grown lanker than ever, and his red, weak eyes had assumed a look of desperate anxiety that ought to have made some of us ashamed.

"As class history made itself another weakling of a very different order had developed among us,—an honest old pumpmaker's son, who had feathered out wonderfully since he had dropped the augur handle in his father's shop to go up to college. He was the swell dresser of the school, and had his first wild intoxication in what seemed society in those days. He had an ordinary capacity for learning if he tried, but he was an uppish fool, and we boys gave him the title of 'Dunce,'—remember how ashamed he used to be, Lad., of the picture of a pump that was always on the envelope that brought him his good old dad's checks?"

Shannon paused and grimly watched for the movement of Ladislaw's hand clutching the handle of his cup.

"From first to last," resumed Shannon, "the Dunce hated the Weak Sister, but the unpopularity of Waggs at its worst was nothing compared to that of the other when in one way and another he began to skin through examinations, notwithstanding the flunking he did in class,—it was a 'cute piece of work, and he was hard to catch."

Roscoe's glasses flashed about the table both alarm and amusement, but as Shannon, still intently watching the hand on the cup, went on with his story, the grip relaxed and the hand shoved the cup away.

"The Weak Sister was n't going to pull through,—that was evident,—and Remington was in a fury at a called meeting of the class in which the Dunce, and a certain following he had, tried to vote Waggs a 'Jonah' that we ought to throw overboard. Remington was not satisfied that the majority of us stood for the Weak Sister, but stormed and swore and plead by turns, using both the cunning and the brute force of a political boss, until nearly the last one was licked into line with the promise to help his *protégé* go through.

"'It is book-learning that he lacks, men,' Remington would insist; 'many a man has succeeded in practice that was deficient in scholar-

[*Concluded on page 275*]

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Supplement to SUCCESS, April, 1904

The Presidential Possibilities of 1904

[Accompanying Walter Wellman's article on pages 249-251]

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GROVER CLEVELAND

Although he was president during two terms, Mr. Cleveland is being urged by his many supporters to accept the nomination a fourth time. He has repeatedly denied that he will be a candidate, but his recent utterances, calling on the Democratic party to abolish its various leaders and organize under a new leadership, have been taken to mean that he will not refuse the nomination if his many supporters should thrust it upon him.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Day by day the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is diminishing like thin mist, and, as Mr. Wellman points out, he is likely to be the unanimous Republican choice. A majority of delegates have declared for him. The "knowing ones" in Washington who study political battles predict that the president will succeed himself. He has been called "a man of destiny," and passing events seem to lend credence to the remark.



ALTON BROOKS PARKER

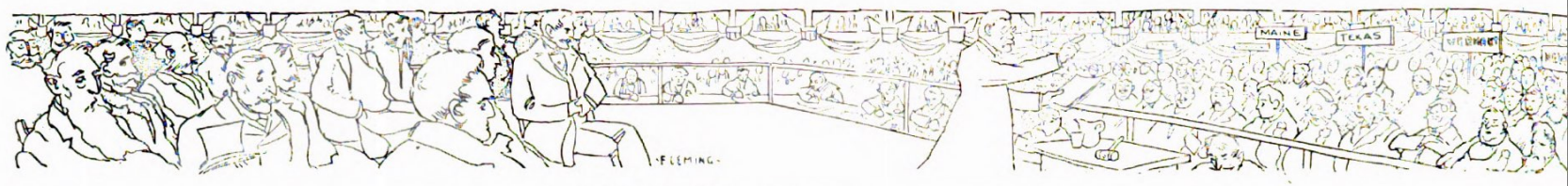
Mr. Parker is chief judge of the New York court of appeals and is the only Democrat in New York who has led a state ticket to victory in ten years. He is fifty-two years old, lives in Esopus, New York, and has been on the bench for twenty years. Judge Parker, many believe, will be the ultimate choice of his party simply because he is a new man and can unite the various factions. Several Western states have come out for him.



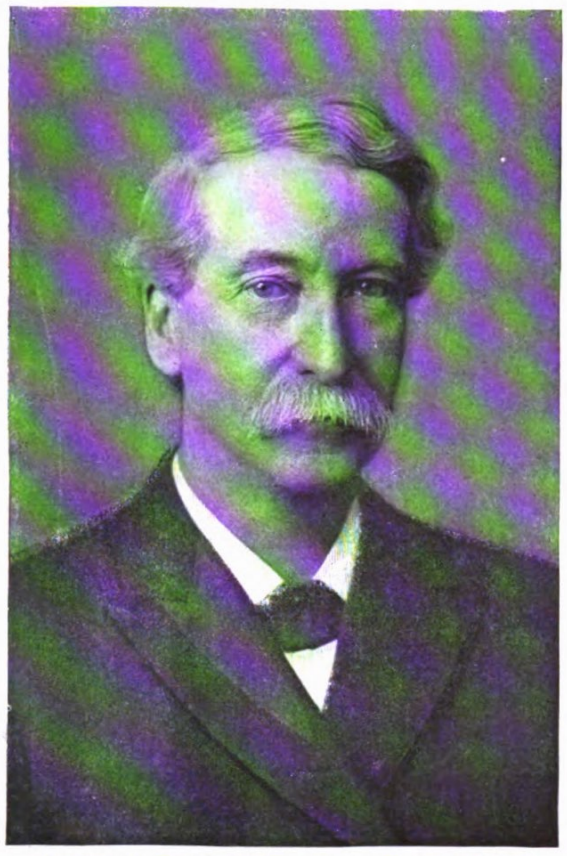
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

To mention Republican possibilities, other than President Roosevelt, may seem unnecessary, but there are men spoken of, and Mr. Taft, whose long and excellent record as governor of the Philippines recently culminated in his appointment as secretary of war, is formidably considered. Should there possibly be a break in the Roosevelt forces, Secretary Taft will receive a large amount of support. In 1908, he will be in the front rank.

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LUCIUS FAYETTE CLARK GARVIN

Dr. Garvin is the governor of Rhode Island, and is one of the prominent Democrats of the day. He has a large number of followers who are working hard to make him the Democratic nominee, but as the most available candidate for vice president he seems to be meeting with considerable favor among the conservative members of his party.

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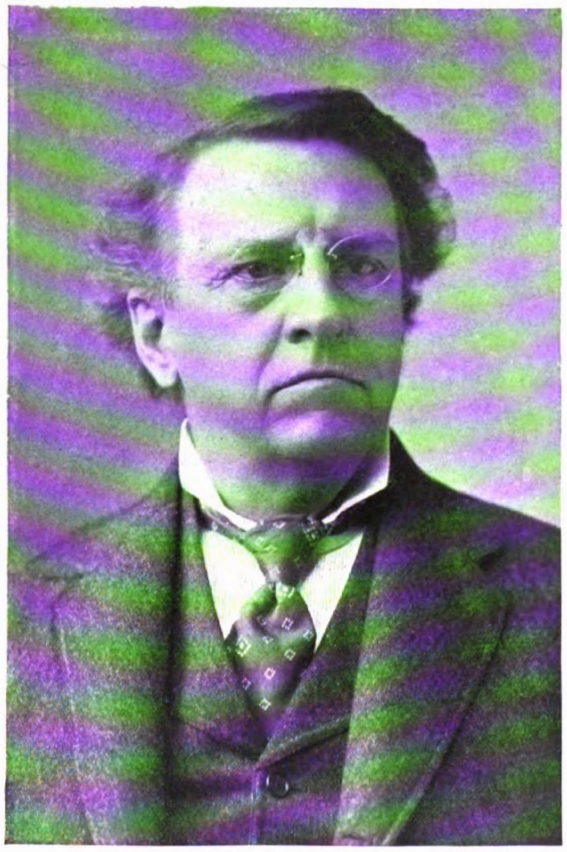
GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN

Although he is only thirty-nine years old, Mr. McClellan has served ten years in congress and is now the mayor of Greater New York. Tammany Hall has not yet committed itself to any candidate, and it may be that, if Mr. McClellan continues to keep up the good record he has established in New York City, Tammany will present his name.



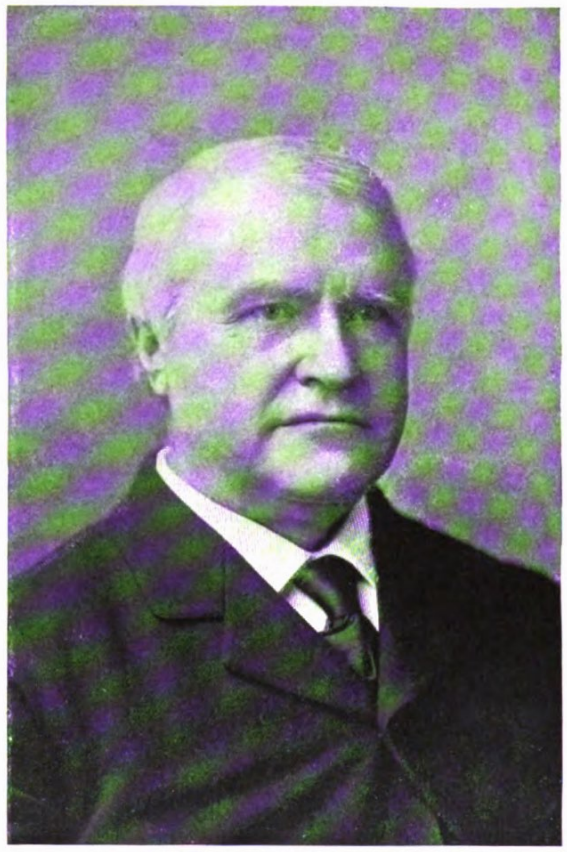
ELIHU ROOT

When Mr. Root recently retired from the Roosevelt cabinet a secretary of war, a prominent man said, "There goes the man who ha been president for nearly four years and a half." He meant that Mr Root's services to the administration had been indispensable, an that he has the dignity and diplomatic bearing to fill the office



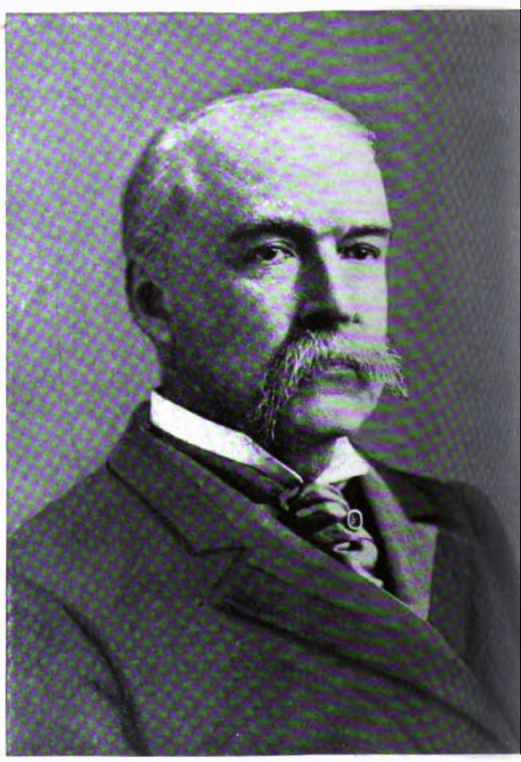
JOHN COIT SPOONER

Mr. Spooner is the senior senator from Wisconsin and the author of the bill known as the "Spooner Act," which provides that the United States pay Colombia ten million dollars to erect the Panama Canal. He is in hearty accord with the policy of the administration, and may consent to become Mr. Roosevelt's "running mate."



STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS

Mr. Elkins is the senior senator from West Virginia and will be put forward in the Chicago convention as the most available man in the Republican party to receive the nomination for vice president. He has large interests in the Southern States, and it is believed that his nomination will place the "Solid South" in the Republican ranks.



GEORGE GRAY

Mr. Gray is a prominent Democrat, a United States Circuit Judg and a member of the International Permanent Court of Arbitratio He lives in Wilmington, Delaware, and has been prominent in law an politics for nearly a quarter of a century. He is a Democratic poss bility, and many prognosticators say that he will be the "dark horse



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CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

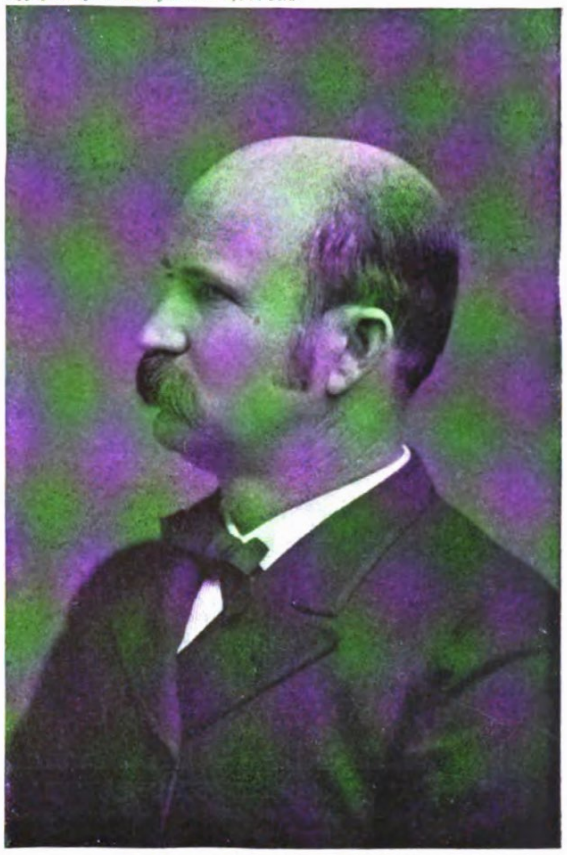
Senator Fairbanks is prominently mentioned as the Republican candidate for vice president, but his closest friends have requested him to decline the nomination and seek the higher office, in 1908. He is one of the wealthiest men in his party: he has a keen ambition, is a hard,untiring administration worker,and greatly admires good poetry.



RICHARD OLNEY

Mr. Olney's name will be presented to the Democratic convention as the safest to head the party ticket. With a strong conservative following, he will prove a formidable factor in the fight. He is a distinguished lawyer, lives in Boston, and, contrary to general opinion, is very democratic in his views, and has a strong sense of humor.

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DAVID BENNETT HILL

In 1892, Mr. Hill was the most prominent candidate for presidential nomination in the Democratic party next to Grover Cleveland. At one time it looked as if he had secured the plum. Since then he has been largely in the public eye as a possibility,but his antagonism to the Tammany Hall interests has cost him a large amount of support.



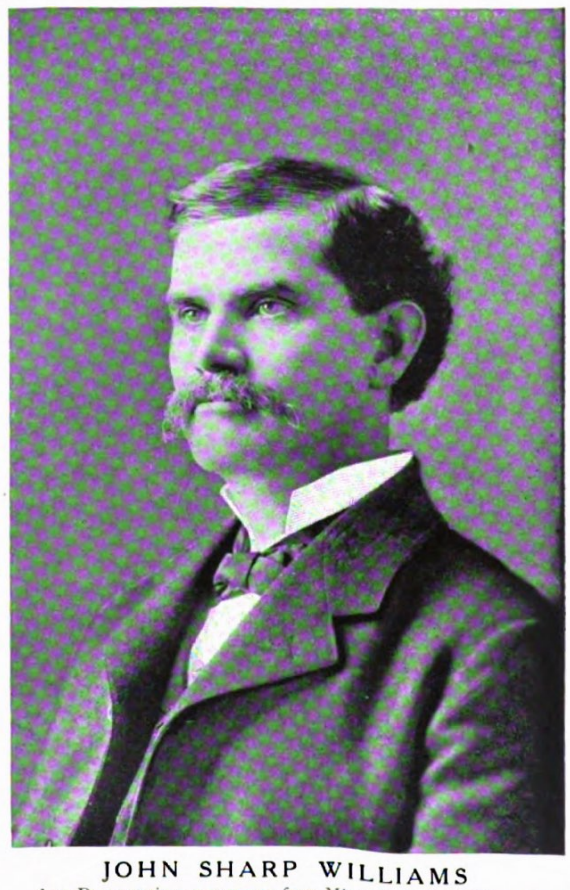
MYRON T. HERRICK

The new Governor of Ohio, has become, since the death of Marcus A. Hanna, one of the leading Republicans in his state,—a stronghold of vigorous and wonder-working Republicans. Mr. Herrick is one of the latest possibilities, and will figure strongly if the Roosevelt factions break, although he prefers to serve his term as governor.



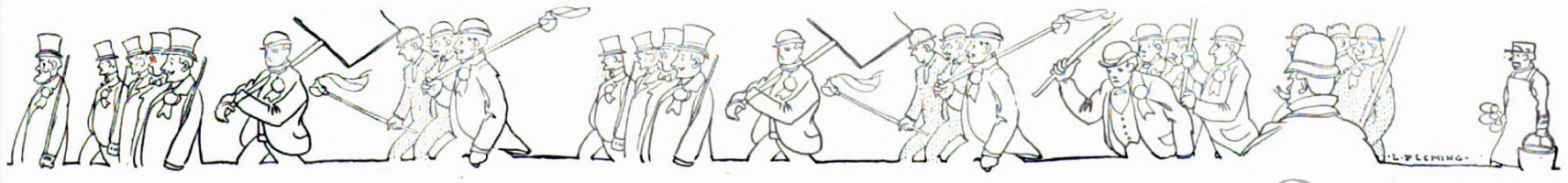
CARTER HENRY HARRISON

Mr. Harrison has been elected Mayor of Chicago four times since 1897. He is very popular in the Middle-West, and his supporters say that he is the most effective man to be given the Democratic nomination for vice president. He is a vigorous man with a strong commercial spirit, and has the ability to make himself liked by the masses.



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

As a Democratic congressman from Mississippi, Mr. Williams has made a good record as an enemy of the "trusts." The London "Spectator" recently spoke of him as having done the most effective work in destroying combinations of any man in America. He is a brilliant orator. His state will present his name for the presidency



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DAVID ROWLAND FRANCIS

Mr. Francis, who is president of the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exposition, has been mentioned many times during the past year as a Democratic possibility, and it is believed that he will make a vigorous fight for the nomination for either president or vice president. He is one of the originators of the exposition, is a successful grain merchant, and has served as mayor of St. Louis, governor of Missouri, and secretary of the interior.

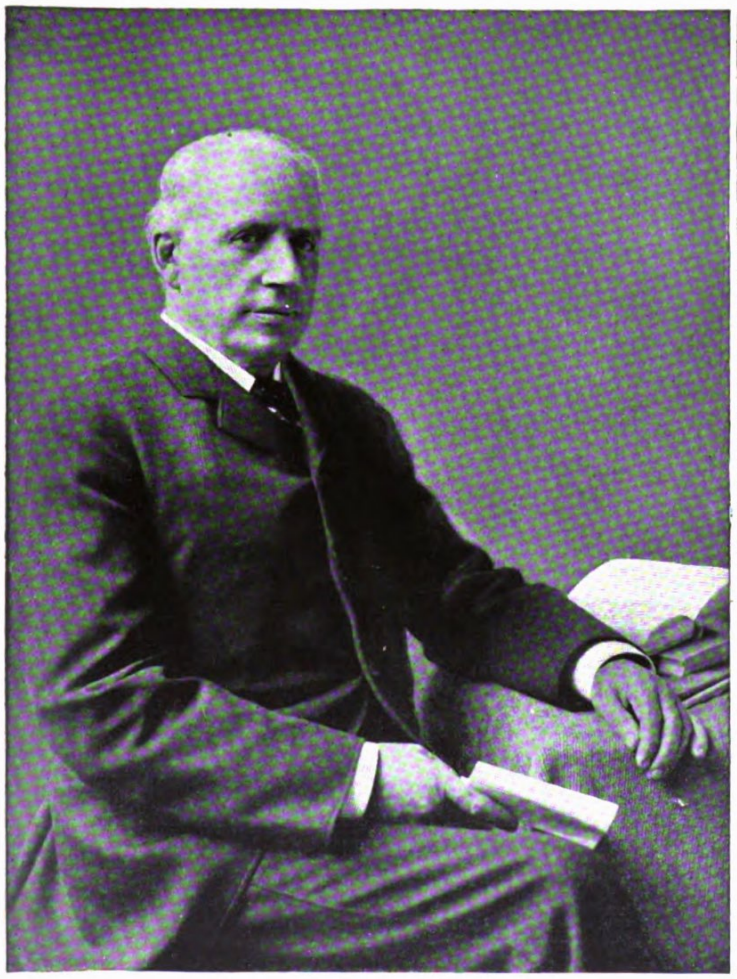
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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Mr. Bryan is the exact antithesis of Mr. Cleveland, not only in his views, but also in his personal characteristics. He is as quick as Mr. Cleveland is deliberate, as open as Mr. Cleveland is reserved, and as brilliant as Mr. Cleveland is serious. Both have inordinate wills and both have been the supreme leaders of their party. Mr. Bryan's strong convictions may carry the St. Louis convention, and lead his party to nominate him a third time.

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ARTHUR PUE GORMAN

For a score of years, Senator Gorman has been mentioned as a Democratic possibility, and the chances are that his name will be heard again in the convention at St. Louis. He began life as a page in the United States senate, the body in which, afterwards, he was to play an important part as the senior from Maryland. He has been in public life since he was thirteen years of age, and as an efficient political practitioner he has but few equals.



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

The "Hearst boom" is one of the most formidable things that the Democratic party has had to reckon with in many years. Frankly, the Democracy does not want Mr. Hearst to be its candidate, but it may be obliged to accept him. He bases his claim to the nomination on the fight that he has waged for the labor unions. He is the editor and proprietor of eight prosperous daily newspapers scattered throughout the United States.

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Waggs, the "Weak Sister"

GEORGE DAULTON

[*Concluded from page 274*]

ship. Give him a chance,—if he gets his diploma he'll do the rest. If you could only read the happiness of his wife's letters,—that little woman loves the ground the Weak Sister walks on, who can tell why? Women are like that sometimes. Think of her disappointment and his family's want, if, after three years of hard work on borrowed money, he does n't get through! Let's sit up with him like a corpse! Let's camp on his trail! Each one of you quiz him, wherever met. Give it to him stiff on *Materia Medica*,—he's weak there,—but where is n't he weak?'

"Well, you would better believe the Weak Sister had it tough for the next three weeks. We hunted him up hill and down. At first he was flattered with so much attention, but after a while the true state of things dawned on him, and he worked like a demon, rushing each question we put to him with a grateful desperation that was pitiful to see. If ever a man needed to be saved from his friends that man was the Weak Sister. Every time one of us came out of his room we met another man going in to continue the quiz,—we'd pause to give each other the fake grip and password we had made for the occasion,—'Is Dennis within?' . . . 'Nay, his name is Mud!'—and then the fresh inquisitor would pass into the Weak Sister's room. If he went down to stir up the furnace fire, some one would follow him with the demand, 'Tell all the phenomena concerning the circulation of the blood.' If he turned a corner, another in waiting would jump on him with: 'What are the symptoms of scarlatina?' If he answered a telephone call, somebody miles away wanted him to name the *foramina* at the base of the skull, and tell what structures they transmit. He had to describe the 'Circle of Willis' at his meals, and give the physiological effects of iodide of potassium while he said his prayers. It was a red-hot campaign, and the Weak Sister improved somewhat under it, but the mistakes he often made were amusing.

"During the last three days of the agony you all know things were in such a foment that we had enough troubles of our own, so the Weak Sister's inquisitors fell off. The last examination came on Wednesday afternoon,—Thursday, at noon, we were to know the final standings.

"Early Thursday morning we were congregated in the Nu Sigma Nu, when Remington dashed in from the street.

"'Boys,' he cried, 'I got a sneak on the standings. We have all pulled through but the Dunce and—the Weak Sister!'

"A groan and various exclamations of anger ascended from us with our pipe smoke. Then somebody broke the silence that followed thus:—

"'I'm glad the Dunce got it in the jugular plexus!'"

The burst of laughter that this commonly would have made was visibly suppressed about the table, though Laidslaw's only interest seemed in blowing one ring of smoke through another.

"Then Remington told us," went on Shannon, "that, just as he was leaving Granny's office, the Weak Sister came limping in, happy as a clam,—said he was going to the station to meet his wife; she's coming up to the banquet.

"We saw the dumfounding situation.

"'Did you tell him?' was asked, at length.

"'Go tell him yourselves, if you want him told,' Remington dismally returned, with his face buried in his arms. 'I suppose Granny has told him by this,—I saw the old man come out of his office with the Weak Sister and walk him down the street.'

"At that one of us jumped up and said:—

"'Fellows, we've got to call a class meeting and petition the faculty to pass the Weak Sister.'

"'What about the Dunce?' asked Remington.

"'Let him take his medicine,' answered the one who had the floor; 'we'll tell the faculty the stuff is off, and we'll leave without our diplomas if they do n't give the Weak Sister his.'

"Well, the petition was written, and Remington and I carried it to old Granny. To our surprise, the old man's shoulders shook with silent laughter as he read it.

"'You are too late, gentlemen, to be of use in this matter.' He wheeled about, and we saw that he was both laughing and weeping. 'The Midland Medical has just decided to graduate Mr. Waggs.'

"I'll be hanged if Rem. and I did n't fall on

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fussy old Granny's neck and hug him heartily.

"The old man told us, while he blew his nose till you could have heard it a block, that the Weak Sister had been running a little hospital of his own for a long time, all unknown to either the faculty or the students,—a hospital for the children of the Polish Jews. The poor fellow had feared the lot of us so he had kept it even from Remington.

"'Gentlemen,' the old man blubbered and giggled at once, 'gentlemen, our ugly duckling turned out a swan, and still we did n't know it. You should see Waggs down in that slum; the people follow him with all the reverence they would give a Messiah. The whole quarter pays tithes to his hospital. The Jewish mothers worship him; even the incorrigible children run to put their dirty little hands in his. Gentlemen, the room he calls his hospital has only four spotless little cots, and a single box for a table and a seat, where Waggs, with a jackknife, a tack hammer, a file, and his boot heel, makes the crudest braces ever put to spines and legs,—but they do the work, God bless him! Gentlemen, gentlemen, I dare not speak of the loving confidence of the suffering children in the man we all ignored, for surely the Divine Healer has been there with Waggs, guiding his hands as he makes and adjusts his ridiculous makeshifts, helping him soothe the pain, and working wonderful cures. Go down there and see for yourselves how Doctor Waggs has cured his own little daughter of congenital dislocation by his own method of bloodless manipulation,—the most beautiful thing in surgery I have ever seen.'"

As the doctors, with various comments on Shannon's story, pushed back from the table and arose to go, they noticed for the first time that Ladislaw had withdrawn and was leaving the room with a group of men, the last in the place saving those at the table he had left.

The beaming Roscoe shrugged around to Shannon and put an arm about his shoulders.

"Ay, Doc.," said he, "but ye did have the gift of nerve to tell that tale in the presence of the Dunce!"

A Cure for Snakebite

GEORGE H. WATTERSON

ACCORDING to a statement recently made by Raymond L. Ditmars, superintendent of the reptile department of the New York Zoölogical Gardens, the danger of death from snakebite is, under proper conditions, a thing of the past. This statement applies equally to those snakes whose venom is not always necessarily fatal, and to those whose victims heretofore were assured of an agonizing death. The moccasin and the rattlesnake are good examples of the highly dangerous class, and the cobra and the *fer-de-lance* of an invariably fatal type.

Dr. Albert Calmettes, a French physician, is the discoverer of a serum which renders innocuous the traditional enemies of mankind. This serum, which is known to the scientific world as "anti-venine," is obtained in this wise: a healthy horse is secured and subjected to a special course of food, exercise, etc. When the animal has been made as physically perfect as possible, he receives a hypodermic injection of one-fiftieth of a grain of the venom of a cobra, dissolved in glycerine.

Minute as is the quantity of the poison, the animal feels the effects of the first injection for some days. When he has recovered, however, a second and somewhat stronger dose is forced into his veins. After another rest there is a third injection, and so on until the horse can with impunity receive as much poison as would have killed him outright prior to his series of inoculations.

The animal is then bled, and from the blood is prepared the Calmettes serum. Since the adoption of the serum by the British government, deaths by snakebites in British India have been reduced from twenty thousand to two thousand annually.

Mr. Ditmars now keeps a supply on hand in his offices, for even skilled handlers of venomous reptiles are not exempt from accidents. To warrant success, it must be applied within a reasonable time after the stroke of the snake's fangs. As a preliminary, the usual tourniqueting of the flesh between the wound and the heart and the administration of stimulants are desirable. Then the serum is injected hypodermically. Usually, the recovery of the patient is marvelously rapid, and it is practically certain if the remedy is exhibited shortly after the bite.

No Time for Fools

WHEN George Westinghouse, as a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad Company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, indorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt,—"I have no time to waste on fools."

Afterwards, when the Pennsylvania Railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proving very successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Mr. Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, indorsed on the bottom as follows: "I have no time to waste on fools."

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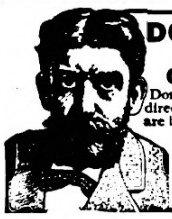
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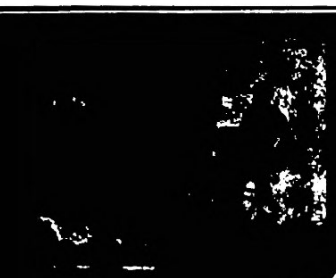
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As these dimensions, however, did not suit the customer's ice box, the assistance of our clever puzzlists is asked to discover the dimensions of two other cubes which will contain exactly twenty-eight cubic feet of ice.

To give our readers an opportunity to secure copies of Sam Loyd's famous book of seven hundred Chinese Tangram puzzles, one hundred of them will be divided as prizes among those sending the best answers, addressed to Sam Loyd, Puzzle Editor of SUCCESS, University Building, New York City.

All replies should be received before May 1, 1904. The winners will be announced in the June issue of SUCCESS.

A Sublime Self-faith

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

A SUBLIME faith in self has been a characteristic of all great men and women. Neither ridicule nor caricature by the press, neither dread of enemies nor desertion by friends could weaken Lincoln's indomitable faith in his ability to lead the nation through the greatest struggle in its history.

The combined opposition of the Prussian cabinet, the Prussian people, and the emperor himself was not sufficient to shake Bismarck's faith in his ability to make of the scattered provinces one country,—united Germany. What a sublime self-faith Gladstone brought to every cause he espoused! Neither the opposition of parliament nor that of the queen herself could shake his self-confidence.

What were opposition, threats, desertion by friends, and the treachery of enemies to Napoleon? All Europe trembled before his mighty faith in his mission. What were the Alps, floods, and plagues to him? He felt within himself a sublime faith in his power to move mountains, if necessary. He did not go over or around obstacles, but through them; he pushed on toward his goal with the rush of a whirlwind which nothing could hinder.

What cared Grant for the slander of officers, for libel and caricature by the press, the opposition and jealousy of other generals,—his indomitable faith in his ability to end the war, combined with the sublime self-confidence of Lincoln, did for this country what no amount of mere ability without such confidence could have accomplished. Sherman's army was better drilled, better trained, and made a better showing on parade, but his excuses for not moving on the enemy, his excuses of floods, or disadvantageous positions, or the sore mouths of his horses, soon taught Lincoln that he lacked that superb self-faith and grit which win. The same was true of the other generals, but Grant believed in himself. When he called a council of war, he smoked and listened to all the schemes of his counsellors, but he always relied absolutely upon his own judgment and carried out his own programme. No influence could shake his faith in himself.

The Danger from Libraries

DR. JAMES H. CANFIELD
[Librarian of Columbia University]

MANY persons, even among those who give their attention only to good books, read too much. There is a vast amount of mental dyspepsia in the land, particularly among women, who constitute by far the larger part of the reading public. They should read less and think more. Education and the great increase in the number of public libraries are responsible for the present tendency toward an over-indulgence in the reading habit.

The next generation will see many more libraries than there are at present. I look forward to the time when every town that has a high school will have a public library. As the number of libraries and their influence grows, it will be necessary to take more and more care to counteract their possible influence toward haphazard and intemperate reading. This will be the work of the librarians, who must be capable of properly shaping and directing the reading taste of a community.

There is still a widespread belief that the average library offers a safe haven for the incompetent. If a girl is not particularly bright, if she is anæmic, if her eyesight is very poor, if, in short, her mental or physical make-up is not all that could be desired, her parents are apt to try to get her a position in a library because they imagine that nowhere else is the work so easy and the surroundings so soothing. I have received many such applications. The truth of the matter is that library work is an exacting profession, already important, and destined to constantly increase in opportunities for ability of high grade.

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As the Twig Is Bent

MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE

Part II.

IMPORTANT as music, physical culture, and similar things are in the development of mental power, they are not as important as agreeable, busy rest, and unforced growth. But it is not easy, always, to hold to this conviction in practice, for once let a man be known as heartily interested in the education of his children, and he becomes a mark for all sorts of enthusiasts. He is urged to give his child music lessons; it is important that music should become his natural speech, he is told; the boy should early learn to think in terms of music. Then he must surely allow him to join a sketching class, and go off on field-trips two or three times a week, or on botanical expeditions, or geological. He must put a manual-training bench and outfit in his basement, and have a Saturday morning class for the boys of the neighborhood. He must fit up a gymnasium in the barn, and let the youngster join the Junior Athletic Club, or the Young Men's Christian Association. He must put him in a modeling class at the Art Institute, Saturday mornings,—or, if that is already spoken for, send him to the evening classes. Above all things else, he must put the lanky fellow in a good dancing school, where he may learn grace of deportment at the time when his mates are falling all over their own feet and those of every one else. The boy must have voice-culture and boxing lessons, an aquarium, an aviary, some pet animals, and attend a series of illustrated lectures. Of course he must have a microscope, and a little chemical laboratory of his own, and on clear evenings he must gaze through the high-school telescope.

This is all true. Every boy needs something of all these things,—for they are good things,—and each enthusiastic specialist will prove to you conclusively that his particular study is the one all-important study for the developing brain. But how is the boy himself going to live through it? Each week would need to have seven working days in it, and each day twenty-four working hours, to let him swing systematically round the circle of prescribed activities. What time is left for food and rest and sleep and play, to say nothing of those unforced, spontaneous activities which are worth more than all the directed activities in the world?

Yet still it is true that the boy should have all these things,—every one of them. The boy should have them, and, of course, the girl, too. The fundamental principles of education apply equally to both, however the practical details may differ. Well, they must have all these things, and plentiful leisure besides. How, then?

Nature answers the question for herself. Look at the young, eager creatures,—what things of fads they are! To-day they are wet to the skin in the eagerness of collecting for the aquarium; to-morrow, covered with the dust of ages in the zeal of digging into an Indian mound; next week, languid and dreamy, mooning about with books of poetry, and sitting up late in the moonlight; the week after, swimming, boating, sailing, and golfing like mad. You wish your boy would stick to one thing and get through with it,—but that is not at all his way. You, mature human being that you are, may have reached the point where things go on to a finish, but he is in the stage of loose ends. He has not come to the selvage. It is not time for him to turn back and weave a patient thread in and out in the accepted ways. He is busily flinging colored threads, intent on a gay pattern he only half knows himself. Let him alone, keep the machinery in good order, and watch for the pattern the Master Weaver is teaching him to weave.

Freedom and opportunity,—these are the two great necessities for intellectual growth. There must be freedom from interference, from too restrictive a *régime*, from too constant supervision, and, above all other things, from fear. The boy who never dares venture upon inquiries of his own never truly knows anything. He is so over-taught that he is not taught at all. He merely repeats, parrot-wise, what his teacher, or his admiring but overpowering parent, desires him to repeat. Though



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he may learn to read and write,—though he may know and do the required things,—his mind—that very own mind of his, distinct from any other person's mind,—has never awaked, has never grown, and has never shown any power. He is a thwarted human being, hopelessly dwarfed in the name of education.

But give him freedom and opportunity, and then watch him stretch in the sun and shine! As soon as the dew of his young wonder has dried, and he has overcome the cramp of the chrysalis, you shall see him spread his wings and fly abroad in the wide heavens of knowledge,—dipping here and there, a winged, inconstant thing, little susceptible to guidance, and not at all harnessed to your will, but alive, master of his own powers, and abroad upon his own quest.

Fear also Endangers a Child's Moral Development

Fear, which I have shown to be so bad a stimulus for the mental development of children, is even worse for their moral development. Yet, since the days when religious zealots conscientiously endeavored to blow souls into heaven on blasts of fire, we have persisted in scaring young children into goodness. The nursemaid threatens them with the bogy man, the teacher threatens them with the principal, the mother threatens them with their father, and the father threatens them with the strap. The trembling child, if he is weak, yields the point at issue, and gets his own way the next time by safer and more private means. If he is strong, he dons defiance as an armor. Like the swaggering hero of a certain play, "he doesn't want to be a gentleman, but wants to be a tough." Is any immediate victory worth gaining at such a cost?

Fear is not only an unmoral motive, but also an immoral one. Harriet Martineau, to be sure, speaks of fear as the foundation of reverence, but this fear is rather the natural, unforced awe of the human mind, young or old, in the presence of the great wonders of the universe. Physical fear, daily played upon, makes such awe, and the half-delighted sense of helplessness which accompanies it, impossible because of pain. No man can rise to a great sympathy with suffering humanity while a dentist is prodding into an aching tooth, nor has a badgered child any time for nobler emotions. Only one kind of fear is legitimate,—the fear that Dante's *Beatrice* knew. Going through the terrible scenes of the "Inferno," Dante asks her, you will remember, why so delicate a lady is not afraid to enter there.

"Of those things only should one be afraid," she answers him,—

> "Which have the power of doing others harm.
> Of the rest, no; because they are not fearful."

This is righteous fear,—not fear of the consequences, mark, but fear of the evil itself,—fear of putting a beautiful universe, organized into a beneficent order, ever so little into confusion. This fear one could imagine as indwelling with angels,—a holy fear, born of the sensitive love of all that is true, all that is to be revered. This fear springs spontaneously in happily circumstanced children, but may easily be smothered by fear of a grosser sort.

It is too often checked in its development by a too great insistence upon the logical method of punishment. Retribution follows sin, truly, and is, in a sense, inherent in sin; but it is well, sometimes, to see sin in itself, apart from retribution. Too swift, and, especially, too overwhelming a retribution may distract the attention of the young sinner, and make him bend all his energies to the endurance of the pain involved; when otherwise he might, in a blessed hour, see and hate his wrongdoing, not because it hurt him, but because it was out of keeping with the sweet and wholesome world of his better knowledge.

The reverse of this hate is the love of righteousness,—the root from which all virtues spring; this it is that we wish supremely to teach our children. Having this love, they are safe. Without it, however comfortable and conformable they may be, they are not really good. The secret door of their hearts is on the latch for the tempter, who often sends a stench of fear before him and enters in a black cloud of terror.

When Punishment Is Necessary, It Should Be Logical

When, however, punishments must be, let them be logical,—as nearly as possible suggestive of the evil indulged in,—a sort of dramatization of the wrong that has been done. A rude child must not join the company in the parlor,—that room is sacred to courtesy, which means only minute



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consideration for others. An ill-tempered child must vent his spleen on emptiness, since friendly ears ache when listening to the insanities of anger. A tardy child should find his pleasures delayed. If he dawdles in dressing he must lose the fruit course at breakfast. If he lingers unduly over getting into bed at night, he must go to bed earlier the next night to make up the lost sleep. The child who will not help others should not be helped. If he quarrels, he should be left companionless. If he lies, his word should not count, —other persons' speech may be golden, but his is counterfeit; his simplest statement must be proved, —it can not stand unsupported. If he steals, he must restore what he took, with open acknowledgment of his deed. If he persists, he must steal his own freedom and be shut up. If he strikes, he must be cut off from association with those whom he thus maltreats. In all these instances a misbehaving child merely gets at home a foretaste of what the world decrees for a misbehaving man. In most cases the child himself, at least in his calm moments, will recognize the justice of such a return of the deed upon the doer.

Do not Confuse the Sin with the Consequences

Admirable, in many respects, as this system is, and æons in advance of the old-fashioned whipping which reduced all sin to a common level and made of moral training not an art but a gymnastic exercise, still even this system has its dangers and disadvantages. First, most subtle, and, therefore, at once most undermining and most difficult to recognize, is the danger, as I have just shown, of confusing the sin with the consequences, —of being so absorbed in the contemplation and endurance of consequences as to leave untouched the conception of the act itself. The child may remain convinced that the sin is, in reality, delightful, and that he would find it so, provided that, by some magic, —and children have an ineradicable faith in magic, —the consequences could be separated from the deed. In illustration of this undying hope of escape, one might quote a story of Miss Harrison's, in her "Study of Child Nature," told there in quite another connection. A certain little boy, she says, presented himself at luncheon with soiled hands.

"Will, why do you persistently come to the table without washing your hands, when you know that, each time you do it, I send you away?" asked the mother.

"No," answered the boy, frankly; "you forgot to do it one time."

"That one break in the continuity of command," comments Miss Harrison, "had created in his mind a hope that he might again escape the disagreeable duty." True, indeed; but how is a busy mother, with other children, a husband, a house to manage, and a few faults and frailties of her own, to make sure of always dealing out prompt and perfect retribution?

A True Mother Will Help Her Child patiently

Since her equipment is not ideal, and she is not a Fénelon with one king's son to train, but an imperfect woman, cramped with inadequacies and living in an imperfect civilization, she must open the true springs of conduct as quickly as possible, and induce the child to regulate himself because he really wants to be good. Then punishment of any kind becomes rare, and usually one punishment, so contrived as to be convincing and enlightening, is sufficient to set the child to work mastering his own shortcomings. When once she is sure that the child is trying, she will not, of course, punish him, but merely help him along, most lovingly and patiently. Perhaps, when she remembers the list of faults and idiosyncrasies which she has carried with her from childhood into womanhood, she will find herself inclined to be very patient indeed with him, and will humbly extend to him the charity she herself stands in need of.

Can Animals Count?

THAT a dumb animal can not have the arithmetical faculty, as we understand it, is the conclusion of Ernesto Mancini, a recent student of animal psychology. The animal is lacking in the power of drawing a general, as opposed to a particular, conclusion; it also lacks articulate speech; hence it is wanting in the explicit exercise of intelligence,—that is, in all that contributes to the formation of the idea of number and its development. Up to a certain limit, indeed, an animal may have a notion of number,—not of abstract number, but of groups of objects or of simultaneous and consecutive images of them. Here there is a certain likeness between a dumb animal and a child, or a savage, with the difference that the two last may progress further, while the animal can not do so. A dog, then, according to Mancini, may know the difference between two cats and four cats, while the notions of the numbers "two" and "four" are beyond him.



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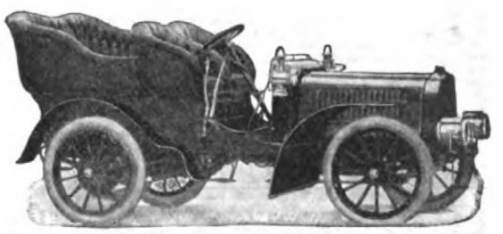
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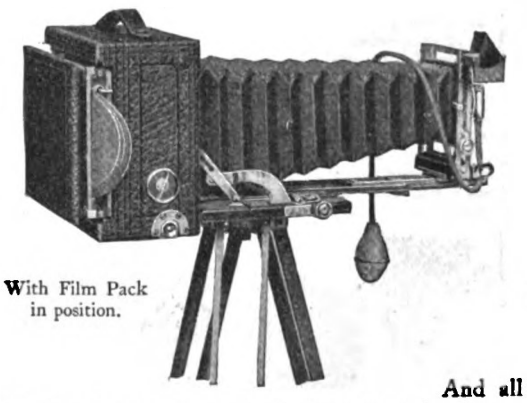
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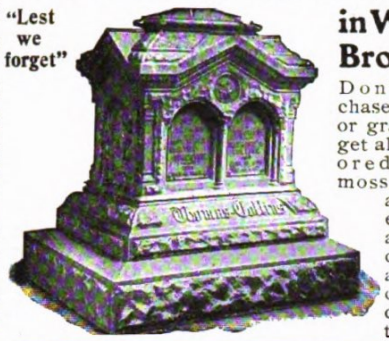
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Vitality and Success

III.—Breathing for Power

W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.



Figure 1

BREATHING is, in many respects, the most important act of life. The more we breathe, the more we live; for, while the functions by which the life of the body is maintained form an unbroken chain, or cycle of activities, each one supplementing the others, breathing is, for many reasons, the most important.

The breath is the life. Without food a man may live for forty, fifty, or sixty days, or even longer. Without fluids he may survive for a week or more. But without air he will die in a few minutes.

Full use of the lungs always insures vitality,—power to think, to act, and to endure. Throughout the brute creation—from the feeble Guinea pig, which breathes one hundred and forty times in a minute, to the mighty elephant, which breathes six times in the same period,—one rule holds good: the larger and more powerful the animal, the more slowly it breathes. In proportion to its bulk, the ant consumes six times as much oxygen as the tiger, and is twenty times as strong.

The same rule applies to mankind. The greater the capacity of the chest, the greater, as a rule, is the capacity of the man. The size and activity of the chest may be taken as a fair exponent of the powers, mental and physical, of the individual. In a former article of this series I have made reference to the fact that men of great vitality, initiative, and force are, almost without exception, possessed of erect, expanded bodies, and fully active lungs. As a matter of fact, the greatest advantage of an erect, expanded body is that it permits full action of the lungs.

The vital functions are all intimately connected,—so much so that the wise ancients represented them by the symbol of a serpent with its tail in its mouth. The food, digested in the stomach and intestines, is converted into blood; the blood is propelled through the body, absorbing from the tissues the results of their constant decay, and depositing, at the same time, materials for their repair. As it passes, in turn, through the skin, the kidneys, the bowels, and the lungs, the blood gives up to each of these organs certain of the poisonous matters taken up from the tissues.

In the lungs this action is especially important. The lungs are really a tucked-in or turned-in portion of the body which, beginning with a single opening, the trachea, or windpipe, divides and subdivides into smaller and smaller openings, until at length they terminate in what are called the lobules, of which the number is estimated to be about six hundred millions. This division gives an immense area over which the inspired air pours at every breath. As a matter of fact, the area of the lungs is about one thousand, five hundred square feet; that is, a surface about equal to the floor of a room forty feet square. On this surface the great vital exchange is made,—the blood giving up its carbon dioxide and absorbing from the air

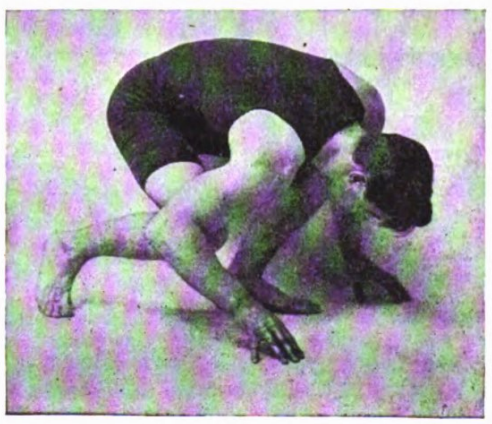


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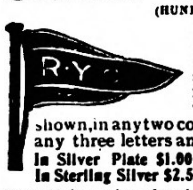
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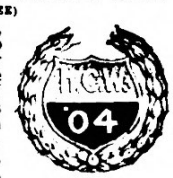
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Figure 3

the oxygen with which to feed the tissues.

Three times in each minute all the blood of the body, (about seven quarts,) passes through the lungs, giving up its poison, which is exhaled with the outgoing breath, and taking up, out of the inhaled fresh air, the oxygen needed by the body. That is to say, the lungs purify and supply with oxygen, in one minute, not less than twenty-one quarts, or about five gallons, of blood. At this rate there are thrown off from the lungs, each day, sixteen thousand grains, or about two pounds, of poisonous matter. In fact, about one-third of all the poisonous matter made by the body is thrown off through the lungs.

At each respiration there enter and leave the lungs from twenty to thirty cubic inches of air. This air, flowing into and out of the lungs, is called tidal air. The greater the quantity of tidal air, the greater, of course, will be the amount of oxygen delivered to the blood, five gallons of which are rushing through the lungs every minute, and the greater the amount of poison carried off.

By special effort to expand the lungs they may be made to take in about one hundred cubic inches of air above and beyond the tidal air; this is called the complemental air. If by muscular effort we contract the chest, we can force out about one hundred cubic inches besides the tidal air. The lungs always contain, also, about one hundred cubic inches of air which we can not expel by any muscular effort; this is called the residual air. A glance at the accompanying diagram will make this more clear.

Complemental air, 100 cubic inches Air that can be, but is not, usually taken in
Tidal air, 20 to 30 cubic inches. This flows in and out with each breath
Reserve air, 100 cubic inches Air that can be, but is not, usually exhaled
Residual air, 100 cubic inches Air that can not be exhaled

There are some athletes, and some teachers of what is called "physical culture," who pride themselves upon their power to expand the chest five, six, or more inches, and to inhale by great muscular effort three hundred, or, perhaps, even four hundred cubic inches of air. Without going into details it may be said at once that such performances are injurious and can do only harm.

Only an increase in the quantity of the tidal air—in the quantity of air habitually inhaled and exhaled,—can have any radical influence upon the vital functions. Such an increase in the tidal air can occur only through added flexibility of the chest itself. Anyone strong enough to walk is strong enough to breathe correctly. Strained efforts to increase the "chest expansion" or achieve "lung development" merely set and stiffen the respiratory organs, and hence make proper breathing impossible.

For proper breathing two conditions only are necessary: first, a chest that is held up and forward, and that is flexible and able to expand and contract freely to accommodate the tidal air; second, absence of restricting clothing about the neck, waist, and chest. When such conditions are established, the breathing practically takes care of itself. In other words, if the body is permitted to breathe, it will not need to be taught how to breathe.

The following exercises, if carefully and perseveringly practiced, will uplift and expand the collapsed body, will restore to normal activity the cramped and unused muscles of respiration, and will inculcate a habit of normal breathing at all times.

EXERCISE No. 1

Take a slow, full breath, at the same time raising the hands straight up above the head. Clasp the hands together, and stretch upward toward the ceiling. Then, still holding the breath, walk slowly up and down the room.

EXERCISE No. 2

Inhale breath, at the same time raising the hands so that, when the lungs are full, the arms will be extended

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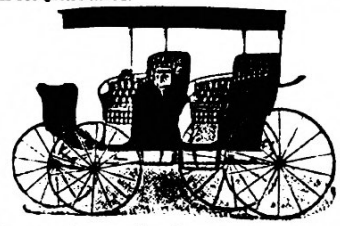
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straight upward. Then, without holding, exhale the breath, allowing the arms to sink slowly.

EXERCISE No. 3

Place the hands at the waist. Sink the head upon the chest, and bend forward, at the same time inhaling a slow, full breath. (See Figure 1.) Notice that the waist under the hands is expanded with inhaled air. Rise as you slowly exhale.

EXERCISE No. 4

Stand easily, with the feet well apart. Now exhale the breath in a gentle sigh, and, at the same time, sink the body down to a crouching position, with the head bent forward and the finger tips lightly touching the floor. (See Figure 2.) Then rise suddenly, stretching the body up to its full height, with the arms extended toward the ceiling. (See Figure 3.) At the same time take a full breath. After a moment of firm stretching upward, exhale the breath easily, and sink back to the crouching position shown in Figure 2.

EXERCISE No. 5

Stand easily on both feet, with the head and chest up, and the arms hanging at the sides. Inhale a full breath through the nose, as slowly as possible. Then exhale, also as slowly and gently as you can, to the sound of "sh" as in "hush."

These exercises are fundamental. The first straightens the spine, and uplifts the chest, the walls of which are at the same time expanded and made more flexible. Then, also, the head is thrown backward, so that the chest walls are free to expand and contract. The second exercise does all this, and, in addition, teaches the exact movements of normal respiration. The third exercise develops the lower part of the lungs, the diaphragm, and the waist muscles. The fourth movement develops the lungs and every important muscle in the body, and adds to the working efficiency of every organ. The fifth is an exercise especially adapted to the development of the voice in speaking and singing, also to resting the body when fatigued.

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William J. Lampton

Yes,
I am Opportunity;
But say, young man,
Don't wait for me
To come to you;
You buckle down
To win your crown,
And work with head
And heart and hands,
As does the man
Who understands
That those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate,—
Or luck, to call it so,—
Sit always in the 'way-back row.
And yet
You must not let
Me get away when I show up.
The golden cup
Is not for him who stands,
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.
I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye,
The ready hand
That grasps me passing by,
And takes from me
The good I hold
For every spirit
Strong and bold.
He does not wait
On fate
Who seizes me,
For I am fortune,
Luck, and fate,
The corner stone
Of what is great
In man's accomplishment.
But I am none of these
To him who does not seize;
I must be caught,
If any good is wrought
Out of the treasures I possess.
Oh, yes,
I'm Opportunity;
I'm great;
I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait
For me;
Work on,
Watch on,
Good hands, good heart,
And some day you will see—
Out of your effort rising,—
Opportunity.

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IN Abyssinia, American cotton cloth is the monetary standard of the country. Coffee is quoted at so many bolts a hundredweight, and crops are purchased by the French with American cotton. An agency has been established in New York to purchase the special quality of cotton accepted by the Abyssinians as standard of the realm. The French, controlling the trade of that part of the world, have been able to introduce American cotton in competition with the English product, but now that the fame of our fabrics has spread through Africa, the Arabs and negroes will have no other. Everywhere along the coast, and in the interior of Africa, where Yankee beads were once the money standard of the aboriginal races, American cotton has become king.

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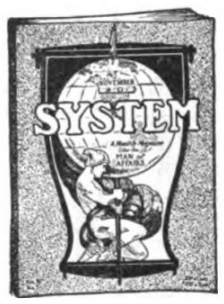
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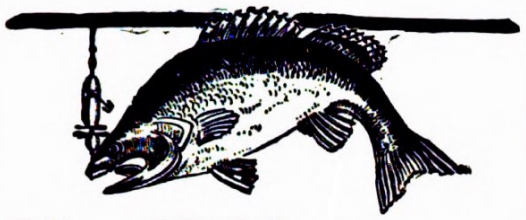
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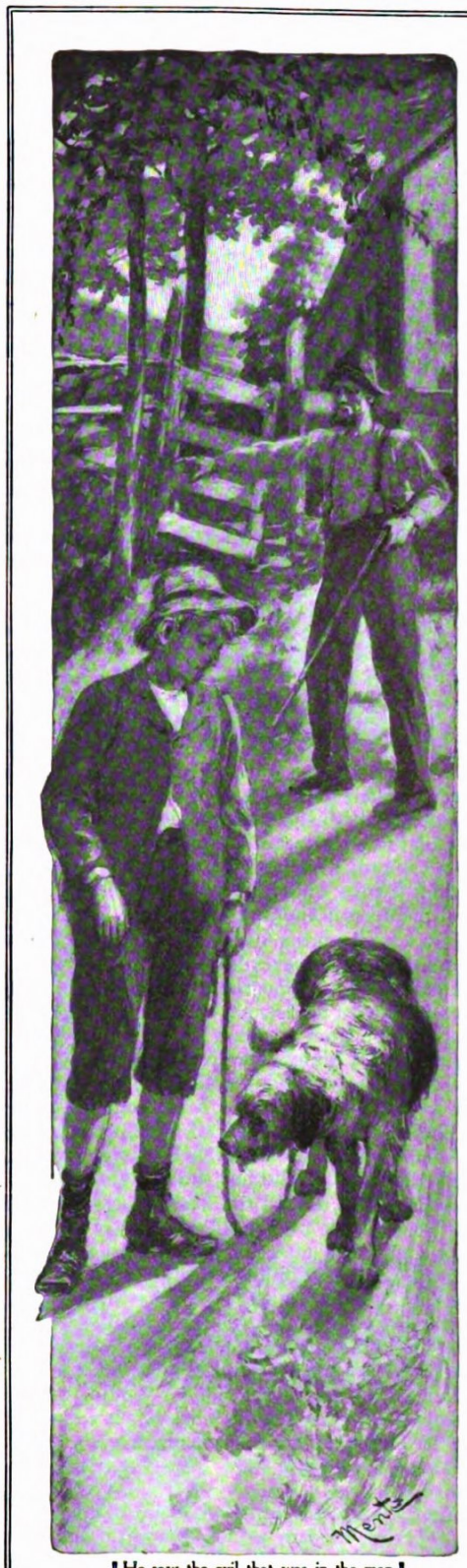
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An Aërial Providence

ALVAH MILTON KERR

[*Concluded from page 260*]



"He saw the evil that was in the man"

"Take him back to the wind-break," said Uncle Nathan.

Nallie obeyed, but he did not stop in the grove of soft maples back of the barn. He hurried down a little *coulee* and got behind an osage hedge fence, and, following that across forty acres of ground, disappeared beyond a hill. In a thick grove of trees that lined a wet *coulee*, nearly a mile from the dwelling, he hid Flaps, tying him beside a little spring that oozed from among the roots. Uncle Nathan did not follow. Luckily a neighbor, bent on borrowing some sort of tool, entered the gate at the moment of Nallie's going, and diverted his uncle's wrath, for the latter, being exceedingly thrifty, hated people who borrow things. He considered that borrowing takes time and is therefore a nuisance. Besides, it was the harvest season then, and Uncle Nathan, at such periods, moved in a fury of haste. Three hired men came round from the kitchen, wiping their mouths on their sleeves, all ready for work. Uncle Nathan gruffly told the neighbor to go to the tool house and help himself, threw the rifle on the porch, and led the way to the fields, forgetful of the boy and the dog.

At the noon meal the matter presented itself to

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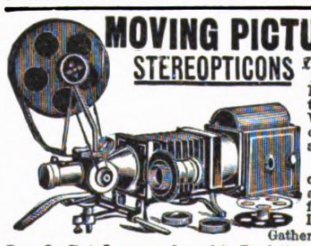
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his mind again, and he ceased eating long enough to look severely at Nallie for a moment. "I 'spose that dog is waiting for me back in the windbreak?" he asked.

"He's in the grove," replied Nallie, evasively.

"Well, I 'll 'tend to him soon as I get through eating," said Uncle Nathan, beginning again to munch his food rapidly.

But Nallie finished first, and, slipping out, snatched the rifle from the porch and hid it under the barn, then disappeared. When Uncle Nathan appeared, he found, as relating to Nallie and Flaps, a seemingly universal void. His anger was something to see, but the fields were ripe and the harvesters waiting, and he deferred the matter until evening, promising a very harsh settlement of the case. However, grave and large things may happen in an afternoon, and Uncle Nathan had not reckoned with all that lay between himself and the life of old Flaps. In the peril that hangs always above life, waiting to effect inevitable change, men can boast of no greater safety than dogs.

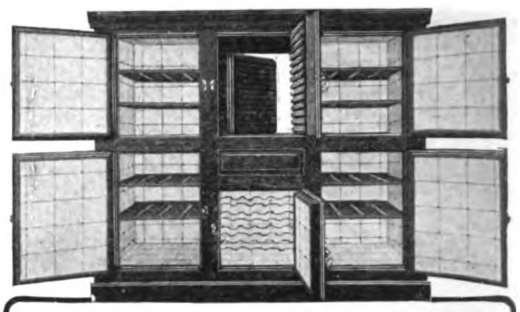
The sun stood midway between noon and night when the disaster fell. The great prairie lay simmering in heat, like a stagnant tropic sea. Curled gleamings throbbed over the still fields of wheat, and the field of ripe oats, around the edge of which two self-binders went tittering in a cloud of dust, lay like a burning yellow lake. The horses dragging the heavy machines dripped perspiration, and the faces of the sheaf-gatherers were like scarlet. Overhead a faint film of steam lay motionless along the sky, through which the sun burned scorching and intolerable. A vague, blue-gray zone of vapor ringed the horizon and slowly seemed to tighten on the world like a contracting band of hot iron. The men wiped the sweat from their foreheads or dashed the salt rills out of their eyes, as they passed with forced steps from sheaf to sheaf; the horses stopped unbidden at every round, their nostrils distended and red, and their flanks quaking; man and beast alike panted in the still and stifling air.

Nallie was shocking sheaves along the border of the field, with every drop of his play-loving blood protesting. Almost momentarily he looked out upon the vast landscape, hungering for release as one might from a pit of infinite discomfort. He glanced, at times, toward the distant grove where old Flaps was hid, longing to creep into the shade beside him and give him food, but there was Uncle Nathan's bearded face among the men,—a burned, sweat-streaked visage, angry, insistent, forceful. The boy dared not lag.

As the sun fell toward the west a huge tower of cloud pushed its bronze head slowly up from the horizon. The tower of cloud, bastioned with brassy rolls of fleece, hung faintly wavering, then settled a little, and remained unmoved through all the aërial havoc that followed. A shadow like a film of smoke fled across the breathless world, but the men labored on, throwing a hurried look now and then toward the silent cloud. Would it rain? Cheering thought! The reeking horses answered afresh to Uncle Nathan's rancorous yells. His voice came across the field like a snarl from a larnyx of tin.

Presently, as Nallie finished a wheat-shock and looked abroad, he saw, as something that springs into being while one nods, a great bank of clouds stretching far across the south. Like a mountain-wall of sulphur, save that its base was black-green, it came heaving upward. As a wave of vapor it was indescribably majestic and beautiful; as a menace to the wealth and glory of a hundred fields its look was terrible. As the boy turned with a cry upon his lips, he saw in the northwest quarter of the heavens a spire of vapor break suddenly as from under the ground. It was like the crowning splinter of a riven crag, and almost in a breath a mighty, tumbling bulk of greenish cloud burst up into the sky. It seemed driven by an inconceivably violent wind, and pitched out over the earth as if to fall upon and bury it in ruin. The horses were hastily unhitched and tied to a fence, and the men, obedient to Uncle Nathan's fiercely shouted orders, began rapidly putting the grain into shocks. Nallie worked on, looking momentarily at the approaching monsters of the sky.

Presently, however, he forgot his work in the grandeur of the spectacle. The cloud-range from the south rolled northward like a world-wide billow, all its forefront brassy green; the cloud-mountain from the northwest plunged out across the zenith, and the earth, from horizon to horizon, seemed to jar and hum. In the west that first silent tower of vapor stood unmoved, the sunlight streaming



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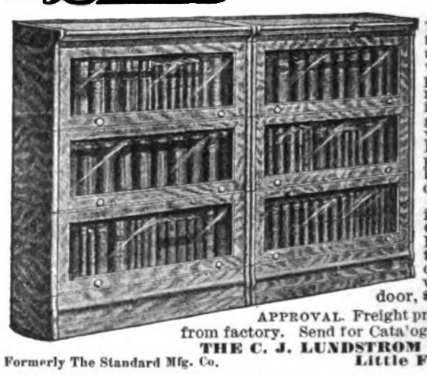
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out above its jagged turrets like blood-red wings. The air then suddenly turned a brown-green dusk, and Nallie saw the men fleeing like shadows toward the distant farmhouse. He lingered a moment, looking upward, and saw the rushing clouds come together like whirling continents. A hundred awful forks of lightning leaped out with the impact, followed by an appalling thunder-crash. Spurred by overmastering terror he fled toward the house.

As he ran he felt the hot, breathless atmosphere turn suddenly cold as ice, and instantly, as if he had been a feather, he was lifted into the dark air and whirled upward.

For a little space he continued running, though there was only air beneath his feet. He felt his clothing being torn from him as by the cogs of an invisible machine; a thousand insects seemed to sting him; he cried aloud, but in the awful roar that filled his ears his voice was as a whisper.

He saw nothing for a few moments. If the medium in which he swam were black, or if the velocity of his flight produced the effect of darkness on the eye, he could not tell. Death or unconsciousness must have quickly ensued but that he suddenly burst into the open valve of the funnel of cloud. For a moment he saw the earth, hundreds of feet below him, like something whirling dizzily at the bottom of a mighty well; far above him he saw stars spinning like a tangle of fireflies, and around him the green walls of the well of vapor whistled with such speed that the circling vapor seemed to stand still.

Seemingly he hung suspended in the open core of the cloud-funnel for a great space of time, but doubtless it was no more than a few seconds, yet in the rush and whirl of things he saw one vision that he has never forgotten,—the dim, distorted face of Uncle Nathan flashing by him. He only got a glimpse of it, but the terror and strange look painted upon it has never faded from his memory. Whether Nallie fell downward to earth through the open door of that unpicturable whirlpool, or shot upward through its gaping mouth to float with other atoms in the sky, he does not know; for, as things change with a wink in dreams, he was suddenly engulfed in darkness, his throat closed, a hot cord seemed to tighten round his heart, and he was swept into oblivion.

He awoke in a broken wood. About him the grove lay like flax upon a threshing-floor. He was wedged tightly in the fork of a small tree, the tree itself being flattened nearly to the earth. In vain he tried to wrench himself loose; he was pinioned by the fork and wrapped tightly from head to foot in corn-blades, grass, and straw. His face turned downward, and there upon the ground, six or seven feet below him, he beheld a spectacle that moved him to cries of consternation. Uncle Nathan lay there struggling apparently in the throes of death. Only a small portion of the man's face was visible and that looked black and unnatural. About him the whirling torrents of air had wrapped a thick blanket of straw, strands of barbed wire, and twisted ropes of hay. The stuff seemed glued upon him. A mummy, bound in a thousand yards of linen, could not have been more helpless than he. Clearly he was suffocating; darkness was gathering in his brain, and death was not far away. Seeing this, Nallie strained wildly against the tangling things that bound him, but was as one fast in a vise. Staring in horror at the man below him, he shouted with all his strength for help.

Another thread of destiny then unwound. Old Flaps, whose "proper doom" was burial, came sniffing and yelping among the fallen tree tops, all unhurt and with the rope by which Nallie had tied him dangling from his neck. He had lived through the storm, and had stood among the falling trees and the whirl and wreck of things untouched. Perhaps he was shielded in the hollow of a Hand invisible to man, and for a purpose. Who shall say? At sight of him the boy's blood bounded with joy.

"Flaps! Flaps!" he cried, "look at Uncle Nathan! Look, Flaps, look! Help him, pull the stuff away! Can't you see?"

Flaps looked up at Nallie with his dim old eyes full of questions and concern and whined piteously.

"Don't mind me," implored Nallie, "help Uncle Nathan! Can't you understand? Don't you see?"

Flaps considered the quivering bundle before him for an instant, set one of his paws upon it and sniffed, then began tearing away the strangling material that enmeshed the man. With teeth



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and claws and in a fury of eagerness he wrenched and tore the stuff, yelping oddly, as if to call back the man from the black swoon into which he had fallen. With truest instinct the animal ripped loose the obstructions about Uncle Nathan's head and neck, and then began working lower down, all the time growling and uttering sharp cries of warning. When the man's arms and head were free he began tossing them about like a fevered sleeper, drawing into his lungs great gasps of air.

"Good dog! Good old Flaps!" cried Nallie, "you know more than most people! Don't give it up!"

Flaps looked up at his young master, gave a yelp or two, and then fell to his task again. At length Uncle Nathan stood up and stretched his arms and rubbed his forehead and looked oddly about, like one waking from a nightmare. Flaps leaped about him, barking joyfully.

"In heaven's name, what is the matter? Where am I and where have I been?" muttered Uncle Nathan.

"We've been up in a balloon, Uncle," said Nallie, half laughing and half in tears.

Uncle Nathan looked up at the boy, and the dazed expression died out of his eyes. "Well, by gum, this beats all!" he blurted. In a moment he had taken Nallie out of the tree-fork and had torn the strange wrappings from his body. When the lad was free they stood there, bruised and tattered, and looked at each other.

"He did it! Flaps saved us!" cried Nallie, and, though he was so shaken and dizzy that he could hardly stand, he grabbed the old dog about the neck and hugged him and laughed.

Uncle Nathan looked down at the tangled and twisted stuff that the dog had torn away from him and suddenly comprehended. "Well, I swan!" he breathed, in hushed, awed fashion, and again said slowly, "Well, by gum!" in wonder and reverence. He stooped and took the dog's head between his hands and the two looked into each other's eyes. The eyes of the animal were shining and glorified, and the eyes of the man were wet. A sudden sense of the brotherhood of all creatures glowed in the man's soul like a new-lit lamp.

"To think that I was going to kill you, and, now,"—he broke off huskily. He straightened up and looked about him. The grove lay jagged and broken like a handful of crushed and scattered toothpicks, a broad path of ruin stretched across Camass Prairie, and the sky, blown clean of clouds, lifted itself in a vast tent of blue ether. The gray house with the green shutters was standing,—he saw that,—but the largest of the three barns was gone. He closed his eyes and his lips moved. Nallie glanced at him and stood still and reverent. He had never before seen Uncle Nathan pray.

"Let us go home," said the man, presently; "I hope no one has been—been—hurt."

All the way Nallie, again and again, peered up wonderingly at Uncle Nathan's face, it looked so ineffably compassionate and kind.

They found property enough destroyed, and unexplainable and almost unbelievable marvels done by the tempest, but no human life had been taken, though three had suffered injury and others had escaped in a fashion that created grateful astonishment. Uncle Nathan and Nallie found difficulty in getting credence for their story of aërial flight and succor, but one fact established itself without question,—old Flaps gained the right of living out his allotted days in ease and unmolested.

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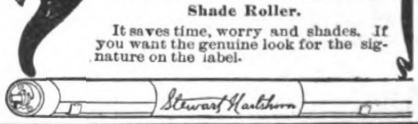
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Mayor McClellan's Morgan Interview

ROBERT ADAMSON

THROUGH the swift turn of the whirligig of events, Mayor George B. McClellan, of Greater New York, finds that half the public men he meets officially or sits next to at dinner are men whom he has interviewed, which frequently moves him to relate adventures of his newspaper days.

A favorite of these is his interview with J. Pierpont Morgan. He avers that it was the most picturesque in his gamut of reportorial experiences, which, covering three years on three papers of different types, were rich and varied. He began on a newspaper, where, as he explains it, he wrote the Paris letter, got up the joke column, wrote the questions and answers for a standing editorial-page feature called "Our Question Box," wrote editorial paragraphs, and, every other Saturday, when his managing editor was away, wrote the London letter,—all for ten dollars a week. In turn he was exchange editor, Wall Street man, political reporter, railroad reporter, editorial writer, and suggester of ideas to the city editor.

It was in his Wall Street days that the J. Pierpont Morgan episode happened.

"A new editor did it,—it is not necessary to say," said the mayor. "The new man had a lot of ideas, which he had been keeping in storage for use when he should get into authority. He proceeded right away to reform things. He had an idea that all the men were in a rut and that things were not spicy enough. He wanted to sharpen up the paper. One after another he called the men to him and solemnly outlined his ideas. My turn came in time.

"'McClellan,' he said, 'we want to make the Wall Street stuff breezier. It's too dry and uninteresting. I want you to liven things up. Put some ginger in it. Here's my idea: for a starter, I want you, to-day, to get a nice, chatty column-and-a-half interview with J. Pierpont Morgan.' I gasped, and he went on, 'Oh, that's all right. Just let him talk about anything he wants to, but make it chatty.'

"Think of that! 'A nice, chatty column-and-a-half interview with J. Pierpont Morgan!' I did n't laugh then, but we all laughed together when I told the boys about it while we were talking over the assignments we had received, in the little basement where we used to meet, just across the street from Mr. Morgan's office. The nearest any of us had got to Mr. Morgan was on the outside of the glass door of his office. We used to wait in the basement for something to happen.

"But with a new editor to whom all things are easy, it was different. Something heroic had to be done. I reflected that maybe we thought it was harder to get an interview with Mr. Morgan than it really was, so I boldly went over to his office and started in for my 'nice, chatty, column-and-a-half interview.'"

Here the mayor laughed until his face was almost purple at the recollection.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

"Get it?" he laughed, with a look which I fancy he must have given his new editor when the latter's back was turned, "Get it? I got a scowl and a snort!"

The Bacon and Beans of Morality

THERE was a famous case in Georgia, wherein a pastor attempted to have the church site and edifice sold to pay his salary, which furnished an occasion for Judge Logan E. Bleckley to deliver this impassioned eulogy on justice:

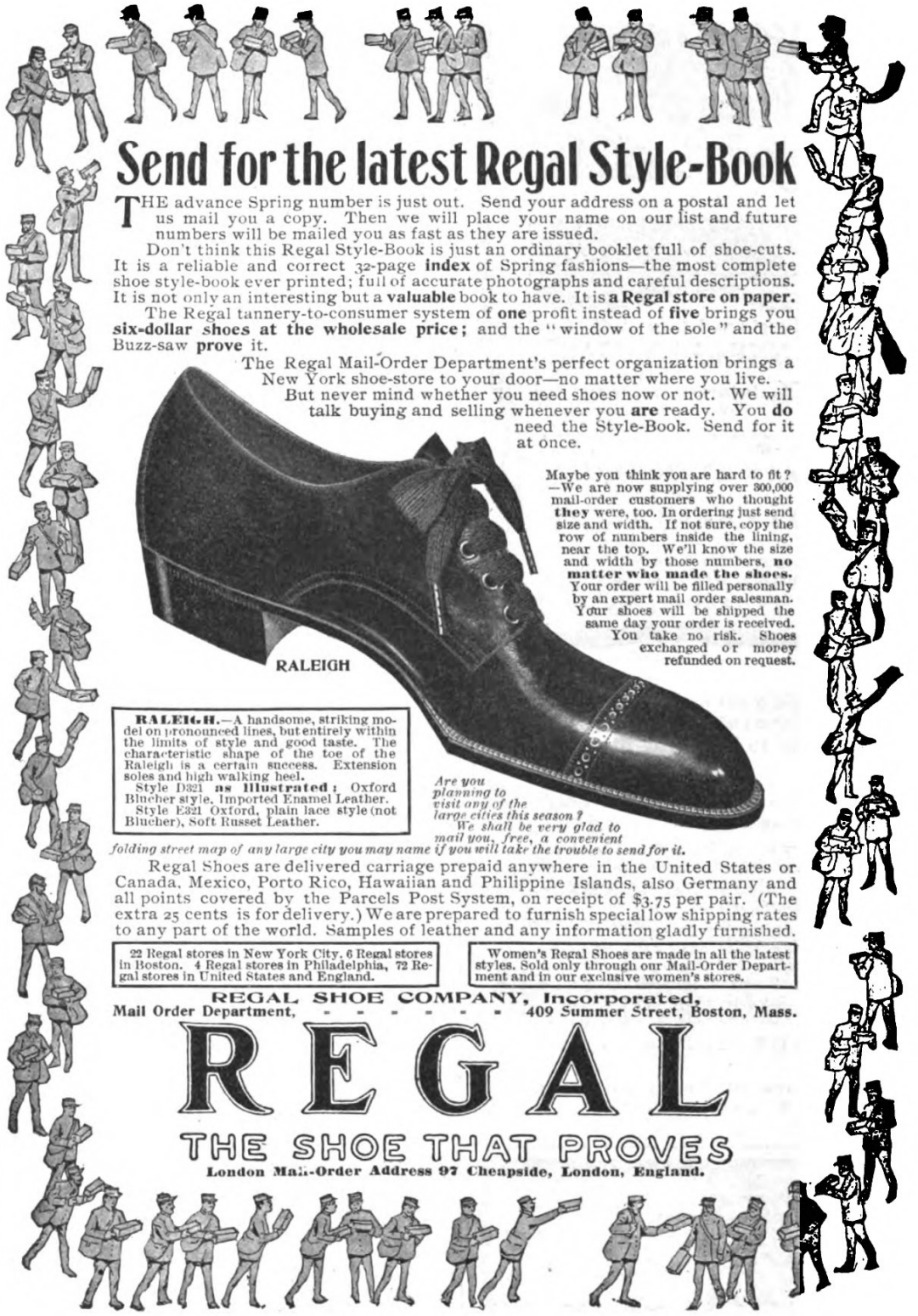
Here, then, is a debtor having some property, perhaps sufficient property to discharge the debt. Why should it not be so applied? If any debt ought to be paid, it is one contracted for the health of souls,—for pious ministrations and holy services. If any class of debtors ought to pay, as a matter of moral as well as legal duty, the good people of a Christian church are that class. No church can have any higher obligation resting on it than that of being just. The study of justice for more than forty years has impressed me with the supreme importance of this grand and noble virtue. Some of the virtues are in the nature of moral luxuries, but this is an absolute necessity of social life. It is the hog and hominy, the bacon and beans of morality, public and private. It is the exact virtue, being mathematical in its nature. Mercy, pity, charity, gratitude, generosity, magnanimity, etc., are the liberal virtues. They flourish partly on voluntary concessions made by the exact virtue, but they have no right to extort from it any unwilling concession. They can only supplicate or persuade. A man can not give in charity or from pity, hospitality, or magnanimity, the smallest part of what is necessary to enable him to satisfy the demands of justice. It is ignoble to indulge any of the liberal virtues by leaving undischarged any of these imperative demands against us. On the credit side of justice we can make any sacrifice of it that we will, but on the debit side we can make none whatever. . . . In contemplation of law, justice is not only one of the cardinal virtues,—it is the pontifical virtue.

The Hypnotic Agent

MANY an agent or solicitor, who earns a large salary because of his supposed smartness, is really a hypnotist. With his trained mind he prepares his subjects in glowing colors, arranges his arguments in the most telling way, and then, projecting his own brain into that of his prospective customer or patron, forces his judgment until he gets his signature or subscription. When the poor victim becomes de-hypnotized, he finds he has bought what he did not want and was determined not to buy. He does not complain, however, because he is under the impression that he did it voluntarily.

Pitiable examples of this hypnotism practiced by solicitors may be seen in country towns and on the farm among poor families who have been induced to buy pianos, organs, pictures, books, and all sorts of things which they could not afford, and the buying of which embarrasses them, perhaps, for years.

In the homes of poor colored people in the South it is nothing unusual to find a piano, an organ, or a costly picture or piece of furniture, which has been forced upon them by a hypnotizing agent, while they are suffering for the actual necessaries of life,—perhaps not even possessing a knife or a fork with which to eat.



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The Popular Side of Science

GARRETT P. SERVISS

Why the Compass Does not Show the True North

NOT long ago an intelligent gentleman, who had neglected or forgotten his geography, warmly maintained the proposition that, if Peary should reach the north pole, he would find that his compass needle would no longer indicate any fixed direction, because "he would be standing right over the center of magnetism."

The confusion that existed in this gentleman's mind between the north pole and the north magnetic pole seems to be a not uncommon one. There is a surprising number of persons who take it for granted that the magnetic needle points directly north, and who exhibit astonishment when told that only along certain lines on the earth does the needle lie in the true meridian, and that even in such places it does not permanently point exactly north and south. Serious practical mistakes may be made through ignorance of these facts.

Last summer, at a crowded mountain resort, I found a most carefully constructed "north-and-south line," which had been laid out with the aid of a compass, for the information of tourists who might wish to know the cardinal points, east, west, north, and south. But as a matter of fact it did not indicate those points within fifteen degrees of their real directions, because no allowance had been made for the variation of the needle from the true meridian. A far more correct line might have been obtained by sighting at the north star, or, better, by observing the direction of shadows cast by the sun before and after noon.

The primary reason why the needle does not lie in an exact north and south line is to be sought in the fact that the poles of the earth's magnetism are at a very considerable distance from the poles of the axis round which it rotates. The south magnetic pole has not yet been visited, although its position has been inferred from the pointing of the needle, but the north magnetic pole was found, as early as 1830, by Sir James Ross. It lies about fourteen hundred miles from the north geographic pole, in Boothia Felix, on the extreme northern edge of North America, and nearly on the same meridian with Sioux City, Iowa, and Dallas, Texas. At that place Sir James Ross found that the north end of a magnetic needle, when freely suspended, pointed straight down into the earth. North of that place the north end of the needle points south.

The magnetic focus lies beneath the surface of the globe, so that not only does the needle assume a vertical position at the magnetic pole, but it also dips downward at other places on the earth, if allowed to swing in a vertical plane. At New York, for instance, a magnetized bar, or needle, if free to move in any direction, while suspended at its center, will point both northward and downward at an angle of seventy degrees with the horizontal. In the southern hemisphere the dip is in the opposite direction, being controlled by the southern magnetic focus, and the south end of the needle points downward, at a greater and greater angle as the magnetic pole is approached.

But the lack of coincidence in position between the geographic and the magnetic poles is not the sole cause of the difference between the pointings of the needle and the direction of true north and south lines. There are many irregularities in the distribution of the earth's magnetism, and these also have an influence on the direction of the needle. The consequence is that the magnetic needle can never be safely used as a guide unless the amount of its variation from a north and south line (which variation is called the declination,) has previously been ascertained. The declination differs according to the place on the earth where the needle is used.

In order, then, to make the magnetic needle, or compass, generally useful, in navigation and otherwise, charts based upon careful observation of the direction of the needle in all parts of the civilized world must be prepared. Such charts are constructed for the earth as a whole, and for separate countries and oceans. On a magnetic chart of the earth there are always found three lines, called azonic lines, or lines of no declination, because at all places lying on these lines the needle points to the true north or south. One of the azonic lines traverses North and South America, another runs across Eastern Europe and Southwestern Asia, while the third, the most curious of all, forms a closed oval lying over parts of China and Eastern Siberia and the adjacent portion of the Pacific Ocean, and inclosing near its center the scene of the present hostilities between Russia and Japan. At any point on the circumference of this great oval area the needle lies exactly in the meridian, while at all places within the oval it points more or less west of north. The American azonic line, entering the United States across the eastern part of Lake Superior and the northern end of Lake Michigan, traverses in a somewhat winding course Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, the eastern end of Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina. In 1900, Lansing, Michigan, Columbus, Ohio, and Charleston, South Carolina, were on this line. But, as we shall see in a moment, the line is not absolutely fixed in position. At every place east of the line (until we come to the second great azonic line crossing Russia and Persia and striking Australia,) the declination of the needle is more or less westward. At New York it is between nine and ten degrees west; at Halifax, about twenty degrees west; in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean, thirty degrees west; at London, England, sixteen degrees west, and so on.

St. Petersburg lies nearly on the second azonic line, which may be called the Old World line, and at all places east of that line the declination is east of north, except inside the singular oval already described.

If we go west of the American azonic line we find the declination of the needle to be east of north, ten degrees in Kansas, twenty degrees in Oregon, and so on. The declination increases, also, as we go toward the northeast or the northwest, being from twenty-five to thirty degrees east in Alaska, forty degrees west in Labrador, and from sixty to ninety degrees west in Greenland. When the needle shows ninety degrees of declination it has turned one quarter round its circle and points either due east or due west instead of north. When we pass the latitude of the magnetic pole in Boothia Felix, we find the needle beginning to point southeast on one side and southwest on the other, until between Boothia and the north pole it turns completely round and points south.

In addition to all these variations,—which obey a general law, so that, when lines called isogonic lines are drawn through all places having the same declination, those lines form curves related to one another,—there is a gradual shifting of the whole system, due, it is supposed, to a slow movement of the magnetic poles themselves. The great secular changes produced by this shifting affect the needle at every place on the earth, and thus render necessary frequent revisions of magnetic charts.

As an instance of the magnitude of these changes, which fortunately require many years to become very great, it may be mentioned that in 1580 the needle at London pointed eleven degrees east of north; in 1657 it pointed due north; and in 1816 it pointed more than twenty-four degrees west of north. Since then it has gradually returned until now it points only sixteen degrees west of north. In America the changes have been similar, but slighter. In 1790 the American azonic line ran through Norfolk, Virginia, while at present it has shifted about four hundred miles to the west.

Other minor changes affect the needle, to say nothing of the local variations arising from deposits of iron, and similar causes, so that, when we think to praise a friend by telling him he is "as true as the needle to the pole," we should make certain that the listener understands that we are not referring to the north pole.



The Geographic and the Magnetic North Poles
(The arrows show the general direction of the needles.)

Another Planet Whose Light Is Variable

THE most interesting astronomical discovery since the beginning of the year is that made by Professor Wendell, of Harvard Observatory, who has found that the small planet Iris is variable, its light changing in the course of six hours to the extent of three tenths of a star magnitude. This is the more remarkable because it accords with similar observations of the small planet Eros, whose variation, however, is much greater than that of Iris, amounting, at times, to more than two whole magnitudes.

The discovery opens up, once more, the question of the origin and nature of those singular bodies which, to the number of several hundred, travel round the sun between Mars and Jupiter, and which are collectively known as the asteroids. It also recalls an extraordinary theory that was entertained by many leading astronomers in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, although it has more recently fallen into abeyance, and which affirmed that there was once a planet of considerable magnitude beyond Mars, which, for some reason unknown, if not unimaginable, exploded, leaving only its scattered fragments to testify to its former existence.

Many readers who are accustomed to hear about variable stars may not, at first glance, perceive the

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The Bank That Pays



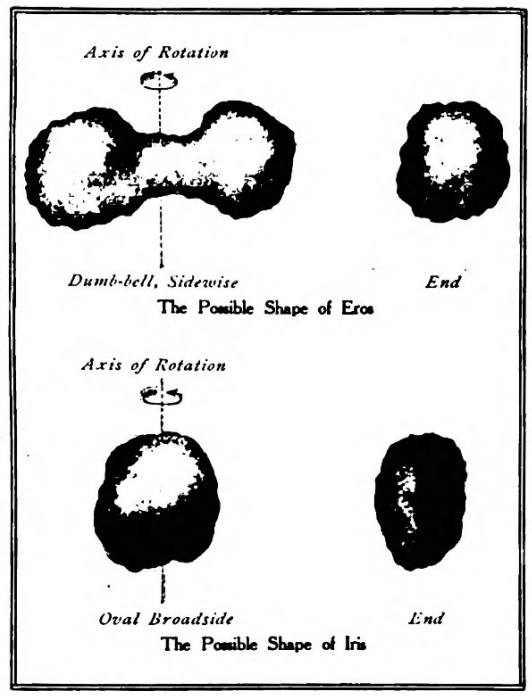
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The Possible Shape of Eros

The Possible Shape of Iris

between them and a variable planet. The meaning of the two phenomena is, however, widely variant. Stars, being distant suns, shine by their own inherent light, and any variation of brightness that they show must be caused either by dark bodies eclipsing them or by changes taking place in their own radiation. But planets are superficially cold, non-luminous bodies, which shine only by reflecting the sunlight from their surfaces, so that, if they vary in brightness, the cause must be sought in some peculiarity of their surfaces or of their shapes. Of course the brightness of all planets, as seen by us, varies with their regularly changing distances from the sun and the earth, but the variations now spoken of are of an entirely different character.

In the cases of Iris and Eros the period of the changes is so short as to suggest at once that the variability depends upon the rotation of those bodies round their axes, in consequence of which they present, in quick succession, different sides toward the earth, and simultaneously toward the the sun, to the reflection of whose light they owe their visibility. The amount of change thus far observed in Iris may not be inconsistent with the idea that two opposite hemispheres of that little planet differ widely in their reflective power, just as we see that on the moon parts of the surface (the mountainous regions,) are much more brilliant in the sunshine than other parts. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to understand how it could happen that one half of a globe should consist of brilliantly reflective material and the other half of dark light-absorbing matter.

In the case of Eros, however, it seems hardly possible to escape the conclusion that the changes of brightness are due, not to differences of reflective power, but to a very extraordinary anomaly in the shape of that body. Eros is sometimes more than sixfold brighter than at other times, the period of change occupying only two or three hours. What possible shape could a planet have which would cause it at one moment to reflect six times as much light as at another moment?

Professor E. C. Pickering has pointed out that a figure like a dumb-bell would answer the purpose. The dumb-bell shaped planet must be supposed to turn rapidly end over end with regard to the line of sight from the earth, so that at one time the figure presents its whole length to us, reflecting the sunshine simultaneously from the two "bells" and from the joining "handle;" while a couple of hours later it has turned into such a position that we see only the end of one of the "bells," the other being concealed behind it.

The less pronounced changes that Professor Wendell has now observed in the light of Iris may also arise from the peculiar shape of the little planet, instead of from differences of reflective power. In this case it is not necessary to suppose that so extraordinary a form as that of a dumb-bell is concerned in the phenomenon; the shape may simply be a flattened oval, such as can often be observed among the bowlders in the bed of a swift stream. When the broadest side faces the sun and the earth, Iris appears at its maximum brightness; and when, in consequence of its rotation, the narrower edge is presented, the relative smallness of the illuminated surface causes the light to appear greatly diminished.

The reader may ask, "Why, if Iris and Eros are of these strange shapes, does not the telescope reveal the fact?"

The reason is that those planets are at the same time so small and so distant that the most powerful telescope yet constructed is unable to show us their outlines. We see them simply as illuminated specks in the sky. But the fact that their outlines are not discernable does not prevent us from noticing the changes in the amount of light that they reflect. At one point in its orbit Eros comes within about fourteen million miles of the earth,—nearer than any other heavenly body except the moon,—and it is barely possible that, when such a favorable conjunction of Eros occurs again, some great telescope may detect the real form of the little planet. Yet such an observation would require a superlative instrument and the keenest eyesight, even in the best of circumstances, for there is reason to think that the diameter of Eros does not exceed twenty or thirty miles. As to Iris, which travels in a more remote orbit, there seems no hope of our ever actually seeing its shape,—unless, indeed, telescopes of a power now undreamt of should be invented. It may be added that the suspicion has several times been entertained that two or three others of the asteroids are variable in brightness, but this phenomenon has never been clearly and certainly observed except with Eros and Iris. The latter



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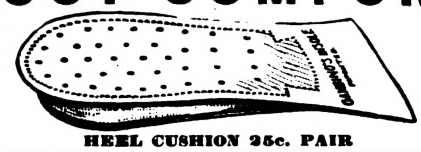


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was discovered in 1847, but the former was not found until 1898.

The bearing of these observations,—and of the conclusions tentatively drawn from them about the singular shapes of the bodies concerned,—upon the hypothesis that the asteroids originated in the explosion of a much greater planet, depends on the assumption that the fragments of a globe that had been blown to pieces would retain the irregular shapes resulting from their violent disruption. This presupposes that they were not melted, or vaporized, during the explosion, but maintained their solidity.

It was once thought that a fatal objection to the theory of the origination of the asteroids by an explosion had been found in the fact that the orbits of those bodies do not all cross one another at a common point of intersection in space, representing the place where the explosion occurred. But it has since been shown that this objection may be removed by simply supposing that many of the original fragments exploded again after the first break-up, and, as Professor Charles A. Young has remarked, (without, however, specially championing the explosion theory,) "If we grant an explosion at all, there seems to be nothing improbable in the hypothesis that the fragments formed by the bursting of the parent mass would carry away within themselves the same forces and reactions which caused the original bursting."

However, the whole question is an open one, and, even if these singular bodies do possess such shapes as the variable light of Eros and Iris suggest, there are other ways in which they may have acquired them.

▲ ▲

The Latest Wonders in the World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Whence the Spots on the Fur of Animals?

ALTHOUGH we are told that the leopard can not change his spots, it is certain that the markings on the fur of some animals do change. Especially is this true where the animal has a distinctive winter coat. This change has been studied by Barrett Hamilton, a British naturalist, who is of opinion that whitening of the fur generally accompanies development of fatty tissue, which is a manifestation of insufficient oxidation, and hence of atrophy, which shows itself in a whitening of the hair. In some animals,—man, for instance,—this atrophy is manifested by baldness. That fat men are often bald is thus something more than a coincidence.

▲ ▲

Cold, as a Factor in Cheese-making

IT has always been held by practical cheese-makers that low temperature should be avoided in the curing of cheese, as it tends to make the product bitter. Experiments carried out by the United States department of agriculture, in conjunction with the states of New York and Wisconsin, do not uphold this view. About five hundred cheeses of many makes, instead of being cured at a temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, or higher, as usual, were kept at forty to sixty degrees, with the result that they were of superior flavor and texture and brought a higher price. It is thought that a revolution in cheese-making will result from these experiments.

▲ ▲

A New Mining Swindle

THE idea that the ordinary fire-assay does not determine the total amount of gold that can be profitably extracted from an ore appears to be prevalent; and it is responsible, so we are told by a mining paper, for widely-extended fraud. That some device has been invented by which metal in paying quantities may be extracted from low-grade ore has been asserted by various unscrupulous promotors, and those who have credited their statements have, it would appear, come out very much the worse for it. No assay is, of course, rigorously correct, scientifically speaking; but the assay is likely to extract more gold than can be obtained by any process that is commercially workable.

▲ ▲

A Defender of the Mosquito

THAT the mosquito has been maligned by those who hold the accepted view that the bite of this insect is the means by which the malaria parasite enters the human body is the opinion of Dr. Émile Legrain, editor of a French medical paper published in Algeria. The formation of an Algerian league for the prevention of malaria, and its proposal to enter upon a costly campaign against the mosquito in northern Africa, have prompted this physician, with several of his professional brethren who think as he does, to express their skepticism openly. That they have the courage of their convictions appears from the fact that they offer themselves to be experimented upon, stating that they are willing to be bitten by mosquitoes fed upon patients suffering from ague, and agreeing to use no preventive treatment. Naturally, they do not accept the results of previous experiment, which, if trustworthy, indicate that they are offering to expose themselves to malarial infection of a pronounced type.

▲ ▲

Black Lightning

OUR knowledge of the form and structure of a lightning flash has been greatly enlarged, in recent years, by the study of a great number of photographs taken in various parts of the world, not only by men of science, but also by enthusiastic amateurs. But photographs do not always tell the truth, and one of the facts to which these pictures of lightning appeared to testify most strongly puzzled students of the subject greatly until they found out that it was no fact at all. Amid the bright flashes shown on the photographic prints were often black images, resembling the lightning flash in form and situation. These gave rise to all sorts of wild hypotheses, and, for a time, "black lightning" was thought by some persons to have actual and objective existence, though they could not explain what it was. Now it has been shown that the

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images are due to a photographic effect that was unknown until quite recently. It has been found that a "fogged" photographic plate, when exposed to intense light, becomes cleared again. The plates on which the "dark lightning" appeared had previously been fogged by diffuse or sheet lightning, and then a brilliant flash had imprinted a clear image on the negative, which, of course, showed as a "black flash" when printed.

▲ ▲

How Odors Move from Place to Place

THAT odors move with the air, or diffuse through it like gases and do not pass through it in waves, as sounds do, or in swiftly-moving particles like the radium emanations, seems to be conclusively shown by recent experiments on the propagation of scents through small tubes. In such tubes there can be no general motion of the air, and the rate of travel of an odor is extremely slow. That of ammonia took over two hours to get through a tube a yard and a half long. The presence of the ammonia could be detected chemically at about the same time that its smell was noticed. It seemed to make little difference in the speed whether the tube was held horizontally or vertically, or whether the odor moved up or down.

▲ ▲

An Armored Pavement

IN a new type of pavement made in Chicago, a layer of asphalt or cement is clad with steel plates so as to be able to bear a very heavy traffic. The steel-clad asphalt, which is used for the heaviest wear, is laid on a concrete base four to six inches thick, the steel surface being one to two inches thick, according to the traffic. For lighter wear the pavement that bears the steel armor is of Portland cement. To provide for expansion a steel plate is set into the concrete at intervals, and withdrawn before the cement has hardened, after which the joints are filled with pitch. Although the first cost is relatively high, the inventors of this pavement assert that it is cheaper in the end than ordinary types, because of its superior wearing qualities.

▲ ▲

Has Alcohol Aided or Retarded Evolution?

IT has been suggested that the use of alcohol may have actually aided in the development of the human intellect, the discovery of fermented products giving the ape-man his first impetus toward civilization. Total abstainers will be glad to know that this is impossible, according to recent investigations by Dr. Harry Campbell, the first use of alcohol being a comparatively late event in the evolutionary history of man. None of the existing pre-agricultural peoples discovered alcohol by themselves and the practice of agriculture is probably not over sixty thousand years old. Dr. Campbell believes that alcohol has been known not more than ten thousand years, and, if so, "man had come well within reach of the highest rung of his long evolutionary ladder before he felt the stimulus of that most subtle and potent fluid."

▲ ▲

Radiation Due to Thought

THE believers in thought-transference and telepathy have long been looking for a scientific demonstration of some form of radiation due to brain-action. It now really looks as if they have secured it, or have taken a step toward it. Dr. Charpentier, a noted French physiologist, who recently announced that the human muscles and nerves give off the so-called "N-rays," discovered by Blondlot, has now made the still more startling statement that the rays are emitted by the different brain centers in proportion to the activity of those centers. Thus, by testing for N-rays, a physiologist can tell, within reasonable limits, what his subject is thinking about. If it should be found that rays from a given center stimulate the corresponding center in a neighboring brain, telepathy at any rate for short distances, would obviously follow. This "if," however, is a pretty large one.

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France's Dislike of a Foreign Standard of Time

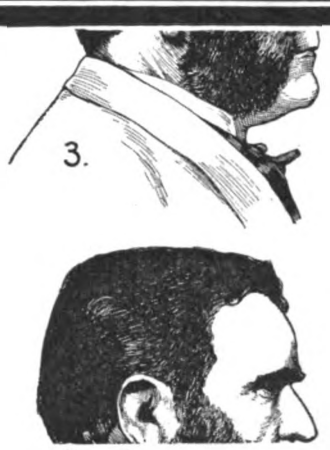
FRANCE is now the only European country that has not adopted the standard time system that originated in the United States in 1885. As is well known, this country is now divided into north-and-south sections, in each of which the time is uniform, while the time in each differs from that of either adjoining section by exactly one hour, We thus have only five standards of time, and pass easily from one to another when we travel; whereas, previous to 1885, there were seventy-four different "railroad times" in the country, besides innumerable "local times,"—a condition that resulted in great confusion. As applied in Europe, the system requires there only three time-standards,—an eastern, a central, and a southern. France still holds out because the division is based on the meridian of Greenwich, and the adoption of an "English hour" is too much for the ultra-patriotic Gaul. Evidently France can no longer reproach her English neighbors with their backwardness in adopting the metric system,—a precisely similar instance of "patriotism."

▲ ▲

Man as a Member of the Mineral Kingdom

THAT the minute traces of metallic substances found in living bodies are not accidental, but essential to the performance of the functions of life, is asserted by Herrera, a French biologist. He goes so far as to say that zoölogy and botany are but chapters of mineralogy, so important is the rôle played in organic life by these so-called inorganic substances. For instance, all the phenomena of movement in an animal are, he asserts, due to oxidation. As to nutrition, it is impossible, he says, when the food is deprived of its mineral elements. Dogs fed on substances from which the salt and other inorganic matter has been carefully removed die of starvation. At the bottom of our vital processes, asserts this writer, are fermentation and oxidation, or their analogues; and these depend on the presence of certain mineral bodies in the tissues. Even the rôle of pepsin in digestion seems to depend on the presence of iron. In short, the organic substances on which life depends are, he says, "prepared in inorganic workshops with mineral reagents;" and thus a living being is practically a member of the mineral kingdom.

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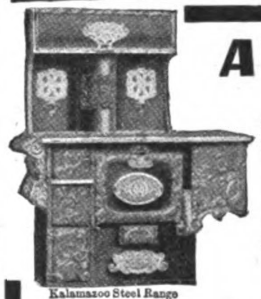
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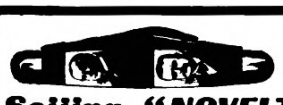


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THE EDITOR'S CHAT





To Those Who Cry "I Can't Wait"

"ALL my friends assure me that I have decided dramatic talent," said an ambitious stage aspirant to the director of a dramatic school in New York, "and I know I have it in me to be a great actor; but I don't want to waste years at the start in playing insignificant parts. Now, don't you think that, if I study in your school for a few months, I can, at the end of that time, secure a leading part with some first-class company?"

This is characteristic of our age. The very haste and unrest of our rapid material progress has put fever in our veins. Hurry, hurry, hurry! Too many try to shorten the years of childhood, the years of youth, the years of growth and development, and of slow preparation that alone can impart beauty and symmetry to life, and give commanding power in any line. "I can't wait, I can't wait!" is the cry of young America.

No, neither can a swamp cabbage wait; it is in too great a hurry to bloom. It is the first flowering plant that pushes its head above ground. It blooms in March, and, while the lovely hepatica, the first flower worthy of the name to appear, is still wrapped in its fuzzy furs, the swamp cabbage's dark, incurved horns shelter within their hollows tiny, ill-smelling flowerets. The plant's crown of vivid green leaves may, indeed, please the eye, but the smell which it exhales is disgusting. It is a combined odor of skunk, decaying meat, and garlic. This offensive odor is forced upon it as a necessity of its untimely development. The bee and the butterfly are not on the wing to aid in its fertilization, and the only insect it can invite to its doors to help that process is the flesh flea, which delights in foul odors.

Contrast, with this precocious plant, the wild lily, which waits until August before it puts forth its beautiful buds. It grows in the same soil as the offensive swamp cabbage, but it is in no hurry to bloom; it is content to remain months underground, gathering nourishment for its later development. When it is preparing to flower, it draws to itself golden-belted bees, brilliant humming birds, and gaily painted butterflies, which are then rioting in the nectar and bloom of summer. They aid the lily in its fertilization, and who can doubt that the beautiful flower is rewarded for its patient waiting and careful preparation?

In all her works nature shows us that precocious development is inconsistent with permanent strength and beauty. The mushroom springs up in a night, and grows old in twenty-four hours. The oak takes many years for its complete development, but it endures for centuries. Passing from organic life to animal life, the principle is the same. There are insects that are born and live their lives in a day. As we ascend in the scale of life the time for growth and development increases until we come to man, the greatest work of the Creator. Nature can not be forced or hurried in any of her processes without disastrous results. "I can't wait" has no place in her progression. The boy or girl who would become a man or woman of force and power in the world must work and wait,—must, as Carlyle puts it, "work like a star, unhasting, yet unresting."

Ignorance Has no Excuse

"THE elect," says Henry Ward Beecher, "are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever won't." In like manner it may be said that the educated, in this country, are whosoever will, and the non-educated whosoever won't.

One of the most pitiable tragedies in human life is that of strong young men and young women letting their powers go to waste for lack of education. Many of them lament their ignorance, but excuse it on the ground of "no chance," or opportunity. Such excuses, in a land which teems with chances, deceive no one but those who make them.

In this era of education, of books and libraries, of newspapers and periodicals, of schools and universities, evening schools, lectures, and the other endless opportunities for self-culture which our country in particular affords all classes, there is no excuse for ignorance. It is only will that is wanting.

Examples are not lacking to prove this. A gentleman told me, the other evening, of a poor Russian Jew who came to the United States to better his fortunes. He was only seventeen years old when he arrived here, and could not speak a word of English. After securing employment he began to attend evening school. For three years every spare moment was given to study, and at the end of that time he was lecturing before Americans on the great men of America.

At ten years of age, Jacob Gould Schurmann was a country lad on a backwoods farm on Prince Edward Island. "It is impossible," says Mr. Schurmann, "for the boy of to-day, no matter in what part of the country he is brought up, to appreciate the life of Prince Edward Island as it was forty years ago. At that time it had neither railroads nor daily newspapers, nor any of the dozen other things that are the merest commonplaces nowadays, even to the boys of the country districts. . . . The only newspaper that came to my father's house was a little provincial weekly. The only books the house contained were a few standard works,—such as the Bible, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' and a few others of that class."

At thirteen, young Schurmann was a clerk in a country store, at a salary of thirty dollars a year. At eighteen he was working his way through college. At twenty-five he was professor of philosophy in Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and at thirty-eight he was made president of Cornell University.

Few boys in town or country have less opportunity to become educated men than had this little backwoods farmer boy; but he willed to be of the elect, and that carried him over all difficulties and hardships.

A healthy young man or young woman who can find excuses for ignorance or failure in the twentieth century would not attain to knowledge or success under any circumstances.

The real opportunity for self-improvement is not in the city or the country, or anywhere outside of you; it is in yourself. The initial impulse, or motive power to do or to be, must come from within or nowhere.

Obtaining an education or winning success in any field is a question of internal energy, of enthusiasm, or of unfoldment of power, and is the development of push and determination rather than the result of any external influences. The people who attribute their want of success to lack of friends to help them on, or their lack of education to absence of opportunities, are simply exposing their weakness of character.

"Be your own palace, or the world's your jail." A well-trained mind, stored with knowledge, will make a palace for itself wherever it may be. Ignorance binds a man in a hovel, and renders him incapable of helping himself or others to any extent, for a broadly educated man is the best self-helper. Emerson said: "Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide. Him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire."

Make up your mind to be educated, and you are already half educated. A strong desire to be or to do any particular thing, accompanied by effort, multiplies your power, and throws wide the door of opportunity that leads to the accomplishment of your purpose.

▲ ▲

Confidence Gives Victory

A GRADUATE of Harvard writes that, after years of work at various kinds of business, he is earning twelve dollars a week as a mechanic. A graduate of Princeton writes to the editor that he has not been able to earn a dollar a day except for a brief period. These men have not dared to assume responsibility. The Harvard man says that he was always distrustful of his ability to do what he undertook, and in trying to feel his way along he has never made much headway.

How many such wrecks we see scattered along life's highway,—victims of self-distrust and timidity, who did not dare to take risks, and who were always underestimating their own ability when opportunities for advancement came!

Many men fail to get on because they lack "nerve." They can work hard and persistently, but they will not

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strike out for themselves. They shrink from responsibility. They want some one else to lead. They are good followers, but they can not plan. They can not advance of their own volition. Just as a company of soldiers is often routed in confusion when its captain is shot, so the man who lacks nerve and who fears to take risks retreats when left to himself.

Doubting, wavering, vacillating men, uncertain of themselves, are usually weaklings and imitators. They want advice and encouragement. They look for somebody to lean on. Contrast such men with those who have accomplished the great deeds of history. If Napoleon had doubted his ability to quell street riots in Paris, he might never have led France to victory. Had Grant's confidence in himself been shaken by public ridicule and newspaper denunciation, he would not have become president.

Learn, then, to believe in yourself firmly, vigorously, and strongly. Do not let anybody cajole you out of your self-confidence, or weaken your faith in yourself, for in proportion to the strength and vigor of your self-reliance will be your achievement.

▲ ▲

Do n't Marry This Girl

Who nags.

Who is lazy.

Who is a flirt.

Who can not control her temper.

Who dislikes children and animals.

Who is not neat and tidy in her dress.

Who is deceitful and is not true to her friends.

Who fusses, fumes, and fidgets about everything.

Whose highest aspiration has never soared above self.

Who is amiable to suitors and "horrid" to her family.

Whose chief interests in life are dress and amusements.

Who lacks thrift, and has no idea of the value of money.

Who can not bear to hear anyone but herself praised or admired.

Who thinks more of making a fine appearance than a fine character.

Who is coarse, imperious, and domineering in manner and conversation.

Who never thinks that her mother needs an outing, amusement, or a change.

Who humiliates servants by snapping at them or criticising them before guests.

Who appropriates the best of everything for herself and is thoughtless of others.

Who attracts attention in public places by "loud" dress, and loud talk and laughter.

Who dresses in the height of fashion when going out, but does not care how she looks at home.

If the other members of the family have to watch her moods in order to avoid an explosion or a scene.

Who tries to keep up false appearances by running in debt for her tailor-made clothing, millinery, and flowers.

If she expects everybody else in the home to contribute to her pleasure, instead of trying to make them happy.

Who calls her home "so common," but does nothing to make it attractive or cozy, and stays there just as little as possible.

Who is indiscreet and says she does not care if people do talk scandal about her, so long as she is conscious that she is all right.

Who does not think it worth while to read for self-improvement, or current information, but spends her time reading trashy novels.

Who always comes to the breakfast table late and cross, in an old wrapper or dressing jacket, with her hair in curl-papers, and who grumbles and scolds at everything and everybody.

Who puts everything she can get on her back, so that she may make a good appearance, while her mother is obliged to patch and make over for herself old cloaks, gowns, and bonnets.

When she is poor, but makes acquaintances among the better-to-do and is ashamed to take her mother calling with her, or to invite her friends to her home, or to tell them where she lives.

Who refuses to work because she thinks it would lower her in the estimation of her friends; who thinks it beneath her to help support her family, or is ashamed to let her friends know that she works for a living.

Who thinks that anything is good enough for her mother, is disrespectful to her, and always neglecting her, and who allows her mother to work like a slave and dress like a beggar and wait upon her by inches, while she gads about in idleness and fine clothes, or lies abed reading a novel.

If she is ashamed of her "old-fashioned" parents and is always apologizing for their bad English, slips in etiquette, and their old fogy ideas, and tells them that they are not up-to-date; that times have changed since they were young; that people now are more liberal in their ideas; that girls are more independent.

Who is so tyrannical that the whole household has to be governed by her whims as to where to go, when to go, or what guests to entertain; who sulks about the house and is disagreeable when she can not have her own way; who upsets any plans or arrangements others make, if they do not suit her fancy, and who flies into a rage if opposed or crossed.

"Do n't Marry This Man" will appear in an early issue.

❦ ❦

What a Good Appearance Will Do

FIRST PAPER

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You can not estimate the influence of your personal appearance upon your future. If it is good, other things being equal, you will advance rapidly; if it is bad it will prove a serious handicap, and may, perhaps, prevent you from advancing at all. A good appearance is at a pre-

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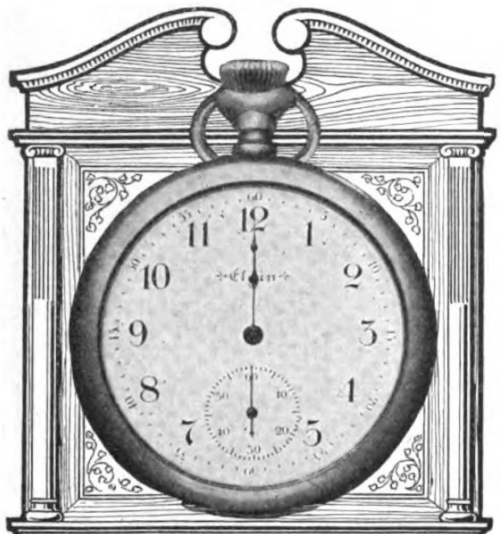
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mium everywhere. It is one of the most important factors in securing a situation, in holding it, and in getting an advance.

Most large business houses make it a rule not to employ any one who looks seedy, or slovenly, or who does not make a good appearance when he applies for a position. The man who hires all the salespeople for one of the largest retail stores in Chicago says: "While the routine of application is in every case strictly adhered to, the fact remains that the most important element in an applicant's chance for a trial is his personality."

Neatness of dress, cleanliness of person, and the manner of the applicant are the first things an employer notices in a would-be employee. If his clothes are unbrushed, his trousers baggy, his shoes unblacked, his tie in rags, his hands dirty, or his hair unkempt, the employer is prejudiced at once, and he does not look beneath this repellant exterior to see whether it conceals merit or not. He is a busy man, and takes it for granted that if the youth has anything in him, if he is made of the material business men want in their employ, he will keep himself in a presentable condition. At all events, he does not want to have such an unattractive looking person about his premises; it would injure his business reputation.

If the applicant is a girl, she is judged by the same principles that govern in the case of a young man. If she applies for a position with rips and rents in her coat, several buttons missing from her shoes, holes in her gloves, a dark line showing above the edge of her collar, her hair unkempt,—in fact, with any evidence of slackness or slipshodness about her,—she will not obtain the place.

It does not matter how much merit or ability an applicant for a position may possess, he can not afford to be careless of his personal appearance. Diamonds in the rough, of infinitely greater value than the polished glass of some of those who get positions may, occasionally, be rejected. Applicants whose good appearance helped them to secure places may often be very superficial in comparison with some who were rejected in their favor and may not have half their merit, but made a good appearance when applying for a place, and, having secured it, they may keep it, though not possessing half the ability of the boy or girl who was turned away.

A pebble at the fountain head may change the course of a river; so a first unfavorable impression, produced, perhaps, by a soiled collar, a torn glove, muddy boots, frowsy hair, or uncared-for finger nails, has turned many a boy and girl downward who would otherwise have gone upward. They may not have dreamed that they were judged and condemned solely by their appearance. Perhaps no one ever told them how much depended on their being always neat and well "groomed." Perhaps no one ever told the boy that he would not get a situation in a decent place if he wore soiled linen, or unblacked shoes, or if he held a cigarette stump in his fingers, or kept his cap on when applying for it. Perhaps no one ever told the girl that if she went about heedless of a rip in her sack, braid hanging from her skirt, buttons missing from her shoes, or with her collar soiled and crumpled, no one would want her in a store or office.

But it makes no difference to an employer whether applicants for positions have been taught that a good appearance is their best testimonial or not; it does not matter how honest or capable they may be, how good their intentions or how praiseworthy their ambition, he judges them as the world judges them,—largely by their appearance.

In nine cases out of ten the employer—the world,—is right in judging the qualifications of a worker by the pains he takes in making his person and clothing as attractive as possible. Everything about a man bespeaks his character. He puts his personality into everything he does, no less than his work. There are exceptions, it is true. Sometimes we see an untidy person, who does good work; but these exceptions are rare, and, for all practical purposes, need not be reckoned with.

That the same rule that governs employers in America holds in England, as well as in all progressive countries, is evidenced by the "London Drapers' Record." It says:—

"Wherever a marked personal care is exhibited for the cleanliness of the person and for neatness in dress, there is also almost always found extra carefulness as regards the finish of work done. Work people whose personal habits are slovenly produce slovenly work; those who are careful of their own appearance are equally careful of the looks of the work they turn out. And probably what is true of the workroom is equally true of the region behind the counter. Is it not a fact that the smart saleswoman is usually rather particular about her dress, is averse to wearing dingy collars, frayed cuffs, and faded ties? The truth of the matter seems to be that extra care as regards personal habits and general appearance is, as a rule, indicative of a certain alertness of mind, which shows itself antagonistic to slovenliness of all kinds."

Thousands of people who have failed in life might have been happy and prosperous to-day had they learned early in life the importance of a good appearance and manner. Many men now on the downward path would have been climbing up in the world had they made a favorable impression when they first went to look for a position. They did not realize that some slackness in dress, some lack in personal cleanliness, some rudeness or disagreeable peculiarity of manner condemned them before they spoke a word. They were given no chance to present their claims, to show their merit or fitness for the position, because the employer was so prejudiced by their appearance that he would not even give them a hearing. This experience was repeated so often that they finally became discouraged, imagined they had no ability, and that they were not competent to fill any position. They lost grit, hope, and self-respect, began to dissipate, and ultimately became drifters.

No one will ever know, no statistician or sociologist will ever be able to find out how large a percentage of the great army of the unemployed, of the denizens of the slums, of the might-have-beens, the paupers and the criminals who make up the dregs of society, have fallen to their present pitiable condition because of their disregard of appearances when they first started out for themselves.

In this fiercely competitive age, when the law of the survival of the fittest acts with seemingly merciless rigor, no one can afford to be indifferent to the smallest detail of dress, or manner, or appearance, that will add to his chances of success. I am so impressed with the importance of this whole subject of personal appearance, with all that it includes, that I shall, in future numbers of SUCCESS, discuss its various phases as they occur to me.

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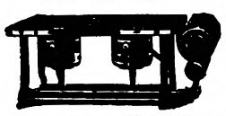


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Character-building through Thought

VIII.—Imagining Trouble Kills Health and Happiness

THE imagination, wrongly used, is one of our worst foes, and imagining evil is one of the worst uses. Many people live in perpetual unhappiness and discomfort, because they imagine they are being abused, slighted, neglected, and talked about. They think themselves the target for all kinds of evil, the object of envy, jealousy, and ill will. The fact is, most such ideas are delusions and have no reality whatever, and this is a most unfortunate state of mind to get into. It kills happiness, it demoralizes usefulness, it throws the mind out of harmony, and life itself becomes almost unbearable. *Melancholia* and suicide not infrequently result from such imaginative brooding over fancied wrongs.

People who think such thoughts make themselves perpetually wretched by surrounding themselves with an atmosphere reeking with pessimism. They always wear black glasses, which make everything around them seem draped in mourning. All the music of their lives is set in the minor key; there is nothing cheerful or bright in their world.

These people have talked poverty, failure, hard luck, fate, and hard times so long that their entire being is imbued with pessimism. The cheerful qualities of the mind have atrophied from neglect and disuse, while their pessimistic tendencies have been so overdeveloped that their minds can not regain a normal, healthy, cheerful balance.

These people carry a gloomy, disagreeable, uncomfortable influence with them wherever they go. Nobody likes to converse with them, because they are always telling their stories of hard luck and misfortune. With them times are always hard, money scarce, and society "going to the bad." After a while they become pessimistic cranks, with morbid minds, really partially unbalanced, and people avoid them as they would miasmatic swamps, full of chills and fever.

One Morose, Sullen Member Will Infect a Household

Sometimes a whole household becomes infected by the presence of one morose, discontented member, and its peace is ruined. Such a contrary person is always out of harmony with his environment, has no pleasure himself, and, as far as he is able, prevents others from having any. Such states of mind not only induce disease, but they prevent benefit from ordinary curative processes. George C. Tenney, from experience in a sanitarium, writes:—

"To help a person who is at 'outs' with everything and everybody is like trying to save a drowning man who is determined to drown. Some people spend most of their time in hunting themselves over for some new ailment, and when they have found it they are extremely happy. Immediately they hang it about their necks, where it becomes an additional millstone to drag them down. Nothing does so much to obstruct the work of restoring normal conditions as for the individual to wage continual war with his situation and surroundings. Giving medicine or treatment to a person whose mind is in the turmoil of discontent is like pouring water into heated oil. Irritation and disturbance are the consequences. Healing is the work of divine power, and in the use of divinely appointed means for the recovery of health it is as necessary to be in harmony with the application of those means as though the Divine Master were Himself applying the means. A good and wise Providence is seeking to work out for us a noble end; and contentment means being in harmony with the work that is being done for us, whether that work be agreeable to our feelings or not."

"It matters not what may be the cause of the trouble in the anxious mind," says Dr. A. J. Sanderson; "the results upon the body are the same. Every function is weakened, and, under the continual influence of a depressed state of mind, they degenerate. Especially is this true if any organ of the body is handicapped by weakness from any other cause. The combination of the two influences will soon lead to actual disease.

"The greatest barrier in the way of the healing process, especially if the malady be one that is accompanied by severe pain, is the mental depression that is associated with it and often becomes a factor of the disease. It stands in the way of recovery sometimes more than do the physical causes, and obliterates from the consciousness of the individual the wonderful healing power of nature, so essential to recovery."

Personal Fault-finding Is sure to Produce Trouble

A most injurious and unpleasant way of looking for trouble is fault-finding, or continual criticism of other persons. Some people are never generous, never magnanimous toward others. They are stingy of their praise, showing always an unhealthy parsimony in their recognition of merit in others, and critical of their every act.

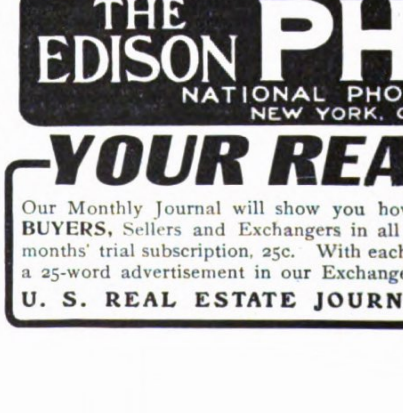
Don't go through life looking for trouble, for faults, for failures, or for the crooked, the ugly, and the deformed; don't see the distorted man,—see the man that God made. Just make up your mind firmly, at the very outset in life, that you will not criticise or condemn others, or find fault with their mistakes and shortcomings,—fault-finding, indulgence in sarcasm and irony, picking flaws in everything and everybody. Looking for things to condemn instead of to praise is a very dangerous habit to oneself. It is like a deadly worm which gnaws at the heart of the rosebud or fruit, and will make your own life gnarled, distorted, and bitter.

No life can be harmonious and happy after the blighting habits are once formed. Those who always look for something to condemn ruin their own characters and destroy their normal integrity.

We all like sunshiny, bright, cheerful, hopeful people; nobody likes the grumbler, the fault-finder, the backbiter, or the slanderer. The world likes Emerson, not Nordau; likes the man who sees longevity in his cause, and good in the future, who believes the best and not the worst of people. Idle gossipers, serpent tongues, people who give vent to their tempers, only get momentary satisfaction, but ever afterwards they are tormented by their







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own ugly natures, and then wonder why another person enjoys his life and they do not.

It is just as easy to go through life looking for the good and the beautiful instead of the ugly; for the noble instead of the ignoble; for the bright and cheerful instead of the dark and gloomy; the hopeful instead of the despairing; to see the bright side instead of the dark side. To set your face always toward the sunlight is just as easy as to see always the shadows, and it makes all the difference in your character between content and discontent, between happiness and misery, and in your life, between prosperity and adversity, between success and failure.

Learn to look for the light, then. Positively refuse to harbor shadows and blots, and the deformed, the disfigured, the discordant. Hold to those things that give pleasure, that are helpful and inspiring, and you will change your whole way of looking at things, and will transform your character in a very short time.

A great many people think they would be happy if they were only in different circumstances, when the fact is that circumstances have little, if anything, to do with one's temperament or disposition to enjoy the world.

People who have lost their best friends, who have all their lives been apparently unfortunate, who have struggled against odds and have themselves been invalids, yet have borne up bravely through it all, and have been cheerful, hopeful, and inspiring to all who knew them.

If you have been in the habit of talking down your business, the times, your friends, and everything, just reverse the process, talk everything up, and see how soon your changed thought will change the atmosphere about you and improve your condition.

Perfect faith is the child of optimism and harmony. The pessimist atmosphere is always deadly to health and fatal to business, as well as to morals. The balanced soul is never suspicious, does not expect trouble, but quite the reverse. He knows that health and harmony are the everlasting facts, that disease and discord are but the absence of the opposites, as darkness is not an entity in itself, only the absence of light. Get yourself in balance, and life will look and be different to you.

"Brooding o'er ills, the irritable soul
Creates the evils feared, and hugs its pain.
See thou some good in every somber whole,
And, viewing excellence, forget life's dole
In will the last sweet drop of joy to drain."

EASTER

AGNES M. MATTHEWS

YE mighty angels that did herald in,
With joyful song, the sweet Advent of Love,
O, let your golden voices ring anew,
Proclaim Love's triumph to the hosts above.

Love's triumph that throughout the ages stands,
Love's triumph that upon this Easter morn
Wakes in our souls a rapture that shall live,
The glory of the centuries yet unborn.

Love's triumph, Love, the chain omnipotent
That bends this world of ours to that on high,
O hark! how now upon its wondrous links
The strains celestial reach us from the sky.

With spellbound ear we hear the music float
Down through the darkness over land and sea;
Our hearts, the angel's echo, thrilling o'er
With that great burst of trancéd melody.

O angels, in our dreams we oft have seen
Your welcoming faces, in this hour draw near;
Life's conflict past, upon the wings of faith
We upward mount, then mystery grows clear.

Then fear turns pale and fades, and hope supreme
Doth reign, while Death, transformed beneath his feet,
Lies lily white, as joyfully we kneel,
For Love sits smiling on the judgment seat.

One Advantage of Being Famous

THE late Henry George happened to meet an old friend in the street in New York, one day, about noon.

"Come and have luncheon with me," exclaimed Mr. George; "I want to talk with you."

The friend suggested that they might go to his club, but Mr. George insisted upon being the host, so they went to an expensive restaurant near by and lunched sumptuously. Finally the attentive waiter laid a check on the table beside Mr. George. While talking earnestly he fumbled in his pockets and fished out a quarter. He searched again, but this time fruitlessly. He took out his wallet, and glanced into it with an expression of consternation. It was totally devoid of anything resembling money.

The friend was so intent upon the conversation that he apparently had not noticed the very embarrassing financial situation, but the waiter had, and he called the attention of the manager to it. The latter spoke a few words, and the next time Mr. George turned his worried glance toward the spot where he thought the check was he did n't see it. The waiter had whisked it away. He was called to the table, and Mr. George made an inquiry as to the missing slip of paper.

"That's all right, Mr. George; it's been charged." The manager himself bowed the gentlemen out.

"It is worth while to be a citizen in good standing," remarked Mr. George to his friend; "I don't remember that I was ever in that restaurant before."

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SUCCESS JUNIOR

Elwood Millard Govan, Blind Student and Chess Expert

HARRY DILLON JONES



ELWOOD M. GOVAN,
while taking notes at a lecture, by means of a perforated strip of metal supported by his knees

THE most cheerful and optimistic blind boy in the world is Elwood Millard Govan, a sightless student in the University of Pennsylvania, who has lately become prominent as an aspirant for intercollegiate honors in the chess field. In order to be ready for the chess experts of his own college, at the annual tournament, Govan is busily engaged in making a chess board of a unique design. In each square of the board a small hole is bored, and into these holes metal chessmen are fitted. Raised squares represent the black squares of an ordinary board, while the white squares are correspondingly depressed. The chessmen are merely metal disks pointed so that they can easily be slipped into the holes in the board, and grooved in such a way that, by feeling the disks, Govan can tell exactly which piece he is holding. These metal pieces are used by Govan only when playing with one of his relatives, or with another blind person who understands their use. When playing in a tournament with an opponent blessed with good sight, he uses a chess set especially made to fit in the grooved board, but with the ordinary heads to the pieces, so that the other player may not be puzzled by the moves.

Govan is a clever chess player. Mathematics is his hobby, and, as years of sightlessness have sharpened his mental faculties to a marvelous degree, he is much to be feared by those of the students who wish to win honors in the chess competition. In his leisure time he sits alone with his queer-looking chess board, working out problems with the aid of the metal disks, smiling to himself as he brings his calculations to a successful issue, and storing up, in a memory that has been proved again and again to be wonderful, moves and combinations to be used during the tournaments. To those who can see, such work would be drudgery of the worst kind. To Govan, it is simply recreation. With such advantages it is predicted that he will score heavily in the games, and flash as a new light on the intercollegiate chess firmament.

He is in his sophomore year at the university, and he is considered one of the brightest students in his class. During lectures he sits with a perforated strip of metal on his knee. With a stylographic perforator in his hand he pricks his notes on the paper beneath the metal strip, and at the close of the lecture has the gist of the discourse in the Braille system of dotted characters on the paper. In this way he treasures up knowledge during the lectures. When it is necessary for him to consult books, one of his sisters reads to him and he transcribes the text in characters that he can read with his fingers, by writing it on a Braille typewriter. In mathematics he uses an octagonal slate, although most of the calculations he carries in his head.

When examination time comes, he has to be questioned separately, for of course he can not prepare papers as the other students do. He is the only student in college who is permitted to undergo an oral examination. So far he has acquitted himself exceedingly well in all the branches he has studied. He says he may become a teacher of the blind when he is graduated, but thinks also that he will take the law course and become a lawyer with an office practice. It is difficult to remember the pathetic side of the blind student's life while talking to him. He evidently does not consider that he is handicapped in the least by his affliction. He discusses his prospects, talks cheerfully of his chances in life, and outlines his plans with all the courage and eagerness of any other college boy with the world before him and unlimited faith in his powers.

The blind student has not the unsightly eyes of an ordinary blind person. His black eyes are full and round and perfectly normal, so far as appearances go, but he can not see an electric light if held within an inch of his face. He is hopelessly blind. When he was a child some of his companions who were working a pump handle brought it down on his head, knocking him senseless. He had concussion of the brain, a blood clot formed, and the optic nerve was entirely destroyed.

As an example of the wonderful power the boy possesses, his father demonstrated to the writer that he can tell the destination of a car passing the door by the mere sound. This was tested several times, and not once was the boy at fault. Three separate lines of street cars pass the door of the Govan home. The father stood at the door and watched for the color of the light of each approaching car, and then asked Elwood which car it was. Without hesitation the blind boy named the destination, and each time he proved to be right. When asked how he could tell with such unerring accuracy, he explained that he had learned to know the difference in the sound of the motors of each car, and in traveling the same road for several years, had become familiar with the separate sound of each conveyance. This may sound incredible to seeing persons, but Govan could not be deceived when the test was made.

His mother declared that she would sooner send the blind boy to fetch her anything she wanted around the house than any other member of the family, and, on being asked why, made the astonishing reply: "Because he always knows where to find it." Sometimes he is taken to college by one of his sisters. He is a Philadelphia boy and does not reside in the dormitories. More often than not he goes to college alone. He is guided to the car and knows exactly where to alight and how to find his way to the college grounds, down the winding pathway, and up the steps. If a seeing person is riding with him, and wishes to know where the car is, he has only to ask Elwood. He knows instantly at which street the car is, and, when it stops, can tell at which corner.

He has another hobby besides chess,—carpentering. All the chairs in the Govan house are repaired by him, all the brooms used there are his handiwork, and he makes knife boxes, baskets, small articles of furniture, and toys.



He calls on his sister to read to him when he needs information



Playing chess with his sister

▲ ▲

A New Prize Contest for Juniors

SO MANY of the SUCCESS juniors have asked us to have some more prize contests that we have decided to agree to their wishes. We can not, however, spare a great deal of our limited space for this purpose, so we are going to have just one contest a month. But we will try to make the subject of it so popular that it will interest every reader who might be interested in any kind of contest. We will also give double the number of prizes.

What kind of story do you like best?

For the first new contest, our junior friends are invited to answer the foregoing question on a *postal card*. Write your answer in ink, using as many or as few words as you choose; but be sure that you write plainly. Postals which can not be read easily will not be considered. Send your answer so that it will reach New York before the twenty-fifth of April, and be sure to give your age and sign your name and address plainly.

The names of the winners will be announced in the junior department of the June issue of SUCCESS.

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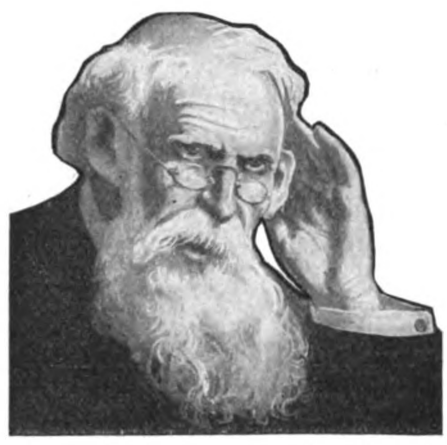
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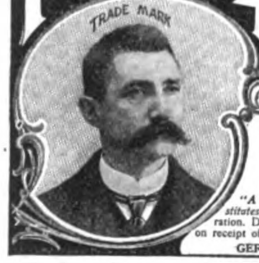
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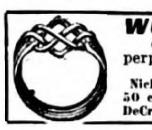
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President William Edwards Huntington, Boston University



A YOUTH spent in grubbing out stumps and clearing the wild land of a Wisconsin farm in pioneer days, with only intermittent schooling, would not seem ideal as a preparation for a college presidency, but in America such things happen. Just such an early life had William E. Huntington, the new president of Boston University. His father, Rev. William P. Huntington, had been a Unitarian home missionary in Illinois and Wisconsin, and his son William was born at Hillsboro, Illinois, July 30, 1844. A few years later, the family settled on a farm in Dane County, Wisconsin, and the children—seven sisters and three brothers,—grew up in simple, rugged surroundings, with plenty of hard work. Until 1864, William had attended school only during an occasional winter term. He learned the rudiments of Latin from his father, a graduate of Harvard, class of 1824. After one year in the preparatory department of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin, the military fever swept him out of college and into the Fortieth Wisconsin Infantry, in which he enlisted for one hundred days. Reënlisting as first lieutenant in the Forty-ninth Wisconsin Infantry, he served until mustered out, in 1865. He resumed immediately his studies at Lawrence University, and continued there and at the State University, at Madison, until 1870, when he was graduated as valedictorian. Already he had been preaching in the Methodist Church, and a few months after graduation he began a theological course in Boston University. He completed the three years' course, meanwhile preaching at Nahant and Roslindale. After receiving the degree of S. T. B., he was ordained and entered fully into pastoral work in New England, serving churches in Newton and Cambridge, and being pastor of the Tremont Street Church in Boston. In 1880, he went to Europe for a year's study of ethics, philosophy, and theology in the universities at Leipsic and Göttingen. The degree of Ph. D. was won from Boston University in 1882, and, soon after, Dr. Huntington took the deanship of that university. This responsible, dignified position he has filled with faithful intelligence and constant watchfulness for the university's welfare. Syracuse and Wesleyan Universities conferred the degree of S. T. D. upon him in 1903. Dr. Huntington's long connection with the university, and his solid qualities and general fitness made him the logical man to place at its head when a new president was needed.

The Author of "Little Drops of Water"

ALLEN AYRAULT GREEN

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JULIA A. CARNEY

IN Galesburg, Illinois, there lives an elderly lady whose rhythmic words nearly every English speaking person has recited. She is Mrs. Julia A. Carney, the author of the famous poem "Little Drops of Water," and she is nearly eighty-two years old. While Mrs. Carney has devoted most of her life to writing,—publishing a greater part of her widely read poems anonymously,—her popularity rests upon the one short poem, "Little Drops of Water," as it is popularly known, or "Little Things," which, the author says, is the real title.

A short time ago I had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Carney, who lives in a small, prettily-situated house. I was escorted to her room and found her at a small writing table. Something in the radiance of her pleasant countenance told me that I was more than welcome, and without hesitation I took advantage of the situation. Finding that she seemed pleased to converse, I directed a few questions concerning the writing of "Little Drops of Water."

The poem was written while Mrs. Carney was attending a class in phonography held in the Old Tremont Temple, Boston, fifty-nine years ago. She wrote it in ten minutes merely as an exercise in meter which a professor desired the students to practice. The next morning she made a few changes in it, adding a verse or two, for she enjoyed teaching a Sunday-school class, and thought that it might be well to read her verses as a poetic lesson. This she did on the following Sunday, and the parents of some of the children who heard the lines were so impressed that they sought a publisher for the young authoress. Several periodicals published the poem soon after. Thus "Little Drops of Water" found its way to the world.

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A Unique Court of Justice

WILLARD P. HATCH



BEN B. LINDSEY

Six years ago the West Side criminal court and the county court of Denver, Colorado, were grinding out batches of convictions with the regularity of machines. Children accused of petty misdemeanors were crowded in with hardened vagabonds who fairly reeked with moral leprosy. A child is an imitator,—nonchalance and contempt of law appeal to him. In eighty per cent. of the cases in these Denver courts, the children's parents were poor. The prosecuting attorney evidently placed a boyish peccadillo in the same category with more serious offenses. He raised his voice, and lifted his arm, and young and old swept down the short lane to meet the judicial ax. There was not much feeling of pity in evidence. The sentence given by the judge was sometimes tempered with mercy, but there was always a sentence. When the time of service had passed the child was released,—but too late. The impressionable wax had been stamped by evil associations, and one more amateur criminal was turned loose upon the world.

About the time of which I am writing, the acting county judge was advanced to the bench of the supreme court of the state and a new man was appointed to fill his place. This man had never before sat as a judge over his fellow men. He was all heart and nerves, and his soul overflowed with the milk of human kindness. He gazed down from the judicial bench and saw these children and recognized the folly of it all; then he turned to his law books and found a little clause which gave him an excuse to act, and he acted.

To-day the state of Colorado has the best juvenile law in existence. It can go back of the children and hold the parents responsible. It says, "You have caused a new life to be brought upon the earth, and you must give that life a fairly good equipment for its struggles, or be held responsible to the sum of one thousand dollars, or be placed a year or less in jail."

This new law, which enters into the home where the products of that home show signs of neglect within and grasps the evil at its birth, best represents, I think, the new man called to fill the unexpired term and since re-elected,—the clear-thinking, gentle, forceful, unswerving, great-hearted judge,—the greatest man, the children say, yet born upon the earth. The court is the judge,—one and inseparable,—a clear understanding of the one throws light on the workings of the other.

Ben B. Lindsey is just thirty-three years old, about five feet, seven inches tall, and one hundred and forty pounds in weight,—yet I have seen a two-hundred-pound ward heeler quiver under a glance from his dark-brown eyes. With him all is kindness, and he loves the right. One prominent school principal was heard to exclaim, "I love that man; one can almost see the halo about his head." Yet at police headquarters you will hear a different story, for it was he who took a street Arab as his guide, found gambling dens wide open to children, and wine rooms catering to girls of thirteen years, and who went home sick at heart, and shortly after startled the police board with a most bitter denunciation, aroused the press, and, finally, closed every gambling room and wine cellar in the city. While the police board as a body dislikes him, there is one policeman who sits silent through it all. His daughter was one of those started on the path to better womanhood by this judge, and he makes a mental reservation in his favor.

Every other Saturday throughout the year, the following notice is placarded on the bulletin of the county court:—

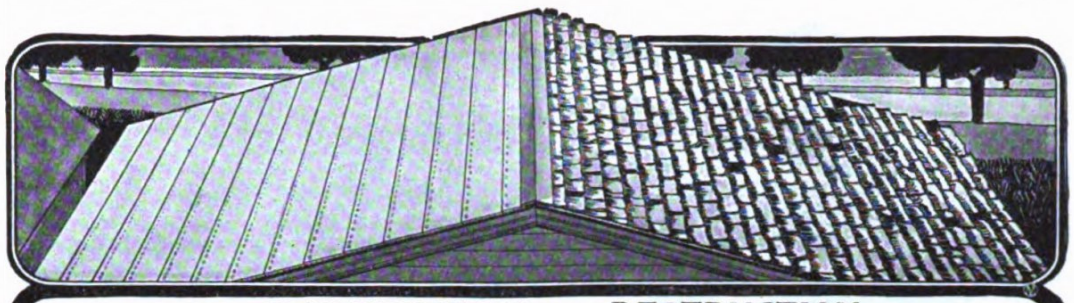
JUVENILE COURT:
NO OTHER BUSINESS TRANSACTED

The judge of the county court is also judge of the juvenile court, although the two courts are in other ways completely separated.

On these Saturdays, the long courtroom is packed with boys ranging from six to eighteen years of age,—boys in ragged clothes, many of them, but all with clean faces, for they all must pass through the rain-baths in the basement of the courthouse before coming to the judge. Scattered through the crowd are parents with tearful youngsters who have not yet come up for trial and who look questioningly at the cheerful faces of those who know the judge and are out on probation.

"Why did I work to get a legal distinction between the trial of children of sixteen and under and that of older men?" said Judge Lindsey.—"Because there is no such thing as a criminal under the age of sixteen. The laws of this state did not admit a boy to hold property or to vote until the age of twenty-one, claiming that age as the lowest limit of discretion, yet they would take the same immature man and visit on him all the penalties attached to mature criminals. A boy under sixteen has not yet placed himself in the world,—his ideas of right and wrong are as yet unformed,—he is always amenable to correct treatment, and, unless completely overwhelmed by heredity or environment, will come out right if taken in time. It is a shame to stigmatize a lad as a criminal, or to hound him with threats of jails. A jail is the worst possible place for an unformed mind."

The theories of Judge Lindsey have been vindicated by practice. The probation idea is yet a new one, but it has already proved itself to be effective. It sentences the juvenile delinquents to a reformatory, and then suspends sentence on the good behavior of the accused. The judges of conduct are the probation officers attached to the court. A young truant or "swiper" is brought face to face with the power of the law, he appreciates what it means should such a juggernaut be compelled to act, he realizes that the judge is a friend instead of a bugaboo, and it is only in one case out of a hundred that he fails to respond to the test. He may backslide occasionally, but the prodding



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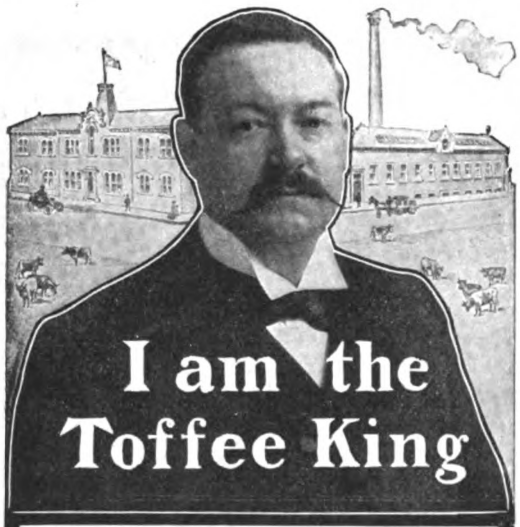
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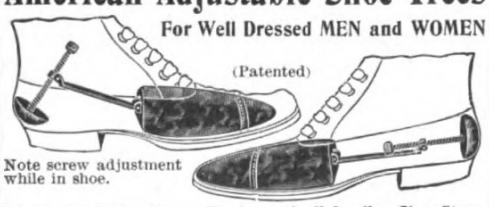
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hand of the probation officer and the great heart of the judge boost him along until he takes his place as an understanding factor in good citizenship.

Promptly at half-past nine "Uncle" John Murray, the bailiff, proclaims the day's session begun. The attorney who handles the cases for the people calls out for all the boys whose names begin with A, B, or C, and who are on the court's probation list, to come forward. There is an immediate rush to the front. Boys crowd up to the platform on which the judge sits, lean over his chair, and press against his knees, while the visitors who line the walls wonder what secret of magnetism the judge possesses. So the children crowd around their friend and adviser until the alphabet is exhausted. Each boy attending school has presented a written report upon his conduct and scholarship sent by his teacher, while each boy who works has brought a printed blank, filled out according to his progress, from his employer. It is amusing to watch the expressions on the faces of those who know that they have good reports: their eyes twinkle, their faces expand in wide-open grins, and they take their praise and the injunction to do even better next time with a merited pride. Then the woe-begone faces of those who are marked only fair add a ludicrous contrast, until suddenly it flashes over the onlooker what all this means, and with it is a realization of the wonderful work of the judge who is accomplishing such phenomenal results. Then the visitors are prepared to hear the whispered things of the inner workings of the court. They learn for the first time of the unostentatious visits to jails. They find out about the hours spent in their cells with boys who have not yet come up for trial. They hear of gifts of money, of presents of wheels, of positions given at the request of this man who does so much good and so modestly. If they should chance to meet the night watchman, he will tell of seeing Judge Lindsey leaving the building at midnight, tired and worn out. They learn that the judge's private chambers are always open to children, even when some of the biggest lawyers in the city are refused admittance.

When the reports have all been read and their import marked down on a list by a probation officer, the trial of new cases begins. By the new juvenile law a probation officer as well as an attorney can handle the juvenile cases. The trial has started, and all witnesses, together with the plaintiffs and the defendant or defendants, are close around the judge—it is a principle of the judge's to have people close to him,—and are all sworn in. The attorney's work is a sinecure. The judge examines, listens, and cross-examines. Surprise is plainly marked on the faces of those who listen. The defendant—should he be defiant, tearful, obstinate, or a veritable youthful Baron Munchausen,—gradually melts and softens, for the spell of the judge is weaving around him, and the attitude of all the court officials is kind. He looks at his parents, who have sometimes been his worst persecutors, then gazes into the brown eyes, and the stream of confession begins. The boy has recognized, as children and dogs are said to do, that he is with a friend, and he shocks the listeners, many times, by the tales of wickedness that come tumbling out in his haste to relieve himself of the burden and to confide in some one who understands. I have seen mothers look at their sons with new eyes. I have seen them break down and cry, because they have never before understood the trouble in their children's hearts, or the temptations that have beset them. Nothing surprises the judge. There is no crime in the calendar of crimes of which he has not heard. He is not shocked. He sees far beyond the present fault. He thinks of long lines of criminal parents. He knows the effect of environment and he grips the heartstrings of these youthful offenders who are far from hardened in evil ways.

Samuel Barrett's Hard Road



SAMUEL BARRETT

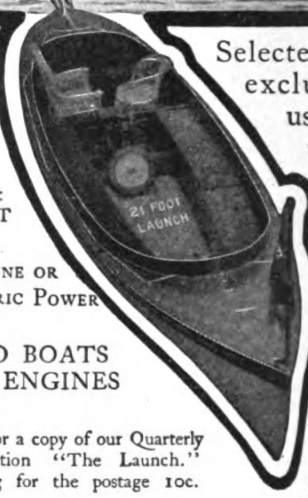
BY pluck and perseverance, Samuel Barrett, a young colored man born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, twenty-three years ago, has finished a college course that took him into several states, as poverty drove him from one school to another. He had to leave the Halifax public schools very early to earn his living as a lawyer's clerk. His enterprise tempted him to get into a wider field and he came to the United States, but traveling expenses had to be provided *en route* by selling books and patent medicines. Thus he reached Boston in three weeks, and gained experience that showed him a sure means of livelihood which has many a time pulled him through emergencies. In Boston the public library attracted him in leisure hours, and one book "Pushing to the Front," he says, had more to do with his ambition and struggle for an education than any other.

One year's tuition in a school at West Newton, Massachusetts, was secured, and then lack of funds made a change necessary. Andover Academy was next tried, and the same reason necessitated another move, this time to Lincoln University, Chester, Pennsylvania. Two years work there proved pleasant and profitable. In his sophomore year he won a gold medal with an oration on "Heroism Concealed." The last year was at Hiram College, Ohio, where, last June, he secured the coveted degree. Now he intends studying law. For several years Mr. Barrett's vacations were spent in securing subscriptions to SUCCESS which he found to be the most profitable canvassing. In this work he traveled and won many friends, and both the work and his hardly-won educational experience have given him great confidence in a useful and happy future.

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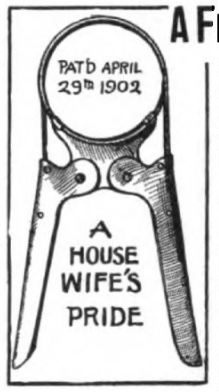
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The Beginnings of Paper Manufacturing

The Story of Zenas Crane's Efforts to further an Industry in the Days when Rags for Paper Had to Be Cut by Hand on a Scythe

PAUL WILLIS

WESTERN Massachusetts is to-day one of the most widely known and most important paper-making centers in the United States. In Berkshire County alone, which covers but a small portion of this region, there are twenty-five mills with an annual product valued at nearly four million dollars, and two of these establishments have the largest contracts in the world for the paper required for national currency.

Nevertheless, a little over a hundred years ago, when Zenas Crane, a young paper maker of Worcester, started westward to prospect for a sight on which to build up a business for himself, there was not a single mill in the whole territory lying between the Connecticut and Hudson Rivers. The rapid streams and waterfalls of Berkshire dashed idly down the hillsides, and were counted only as so much waste space by the farmers and villagers, not yet awakened to manufacturing enterprise. The youthful prospector, however, wishing to avoid competition with the three mills in the eastern part of the state, and realizing the value of absolute purity of water, pushed his way through the wilderness beyond Springfield and across the Hoosac Mountains, finding at length in the little village of Dalton the pure and rapid water power he had been seeking.

The Establishment of a Factory Was Considered Dangerous

Zenas Crane spent his first night in Berkshire at a little wayside inn, within a stone's throw of where the handsome residences and thriving mills of his descendants now stand, and almost on the identical spot where his grandson, formerly governor of Massachusetts, superintends the vast machinery of the famous mill where all the paper for United States money is manufactured. But the pioneer, weary from the long journey on horseback, and without any capital, save brains and an independent spirit, could scarcely have prophesied the proportions to which the seed he was about to plant would grow. In fact, it was not until two years later that the money was raised and partners secured with which to start a little one-vat mill.

At the time, the establishment of a manufactory in any part of America was considered a bold and dangerous experiment, and hailed by press and people as a patriotic act. Skilled workmen were rare, and it was more difficult to reach a market a few miles distant than it now is to encircle the globe. There were only a few paper mills, and these were obliged to shut down frequently for lack of operators or of raw material. There was no systematic method of collecting rags, and much of the product of the mills was carted about the country and exchanged for rags and a little money. While the colonies were under English rule it was the policy to repress colonial manufactures. The few that grew up were forced to their full capacity during the Revolutionary War, and threatened with extinction when the peace of 1783 permitted the importation of foreign goods, thus limiting by competition the sale of domestic manufactures.

It Took Three Months then to Do a Day's Work

At the close of the Revolution, the Crane family, whose ancestors had come over from England in 1648, were living in Milton, Massachusetts, on the banks of the Pumkapoag Brook, just above its union with the Neponset River, where stood the first paper mill that was built in New England. Milton numbered among its inhabitants many of the wealthiest families in the commonwealth, but the Cranes were in humble circumstances, and it was only natural that at least two of Stephen Crane's five sons who grew up in the shadow of an interesting manufacture should be influenced by it in the selection of their trade. The pay for a lay boy in those days was sixty cents a week with board. Thankful for even so small an addition to the family income, the Cranes sent their oldest son Stephen to the mill at Milton at an early age. A few years later, the young man, having served his apprenticeship, started himself in business at Newton Lower Falls, and sent for his brother Zenas, who was eleven years his junior, to learn from him the rudiments of the business. Desiring to gain a more thorough knowledge of the art, Zenas afterwards worked in the mill of General Burbank in Worcester, then the largest mill in the country. It contained two vats, and the rags were cut by hand on a scythe, three months' time being required from their reception to the placing of paper on the market. The mill had been originally built to supply paper for the "Spy," a journal edited by the patriot Isaiah Thomas, whose editorial eloquence was frequently curtailed by the reduced size of the sheet when the manufacturer was unable to secure sufficient rags. In this establishment, at something less than three dollars a week, the future pioneer of all the vast paper-making business of Western Massachusetts toiled for several years. But if he did not accumulate capital Zenas Crane received at the hands of his superintendent a discipline and thoroughness which stood him in good stead throughout his life, for General Burbank was a severe and exacting master. It was this dissatisfaction with anything but the best that later inspired Crane to raise the standard of his own products above that of any of his competitors, and which still characterizes the work of his descendants, in the perfection of whose manufactures the secret service finds a greater safeguard against counterfeiting than in all the intricacies of designers and engravers.

It was shortly after coming of age that Zenas Crane became imbued with the idea of starting an independent venture. Although he had been able to save very little money, he felt that with the aid of one or two partners he would soon be able to defray the cost of a small mill. A year later, in the summer of 1799, without confiding his intentions to any one, he started off on horseback to



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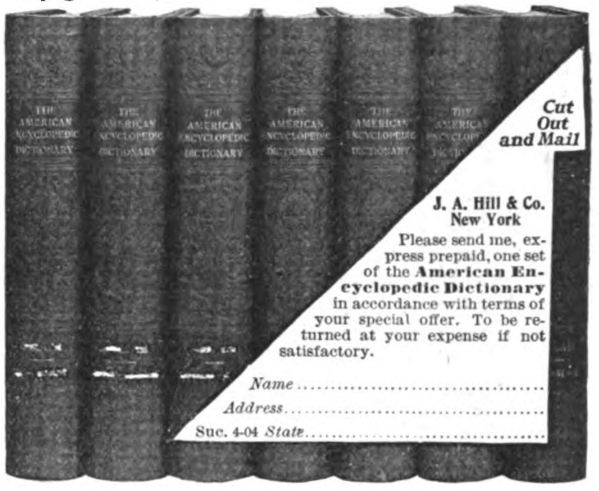
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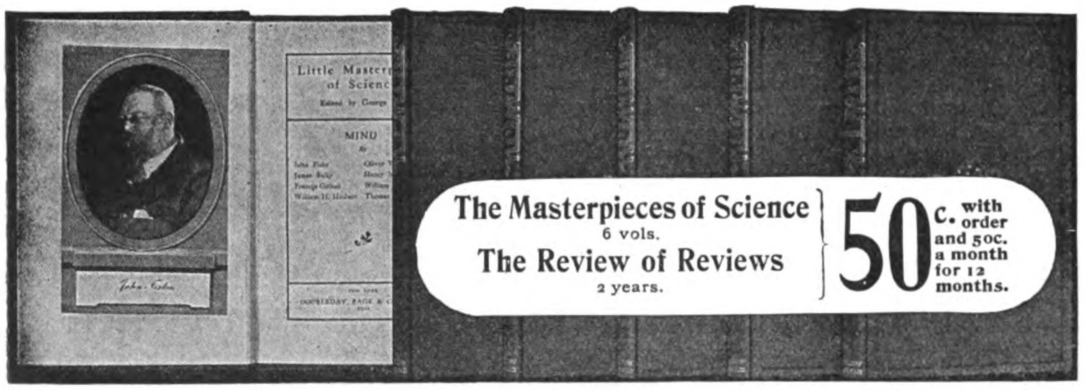
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prospect for a site. Unlike his predecessors, he decided to build in a locality where there were no other manufacturers in the field. Leaving behind him the last mill at Springfield, he made his way west of the Connecticut River into a region where paper making was as yet unknown.

Whatever the dreams of the youthful pioneer, as he rode along, climbing hills and exploring valleys, he could scarcely have dared think that, without capital or encouragement, he was marking the way for a group of American manufactories with millions of capital and millions in value of products. Yet, as he reached the summit of Hoosac Mountain and saw below him the fertile, well-watered valleys, the waving cornfields, and beyond the rolling green hills of Berkshire, he may have forgotten for a moment the limitations which at any other time would have bounded his ambition, and, in the presence of nature in all its grandeur and fulfillment, felt a sharing of universal power, the realization of which unfetters the chains of circumstances and raises the imagination into the realms of limitless possibility. If this was the frame of mind in which the young man looked down from his lofty position on the mountain, when he reached the scene of his future labors in the valley below he did not allow his excited imagination to escape the smallest detail of immediate value.

Little Attention Had Been Paid to the Importance of Water

An inexhaustible supply of the purest water is the keynote to the manufacture of good paper. Little attention had been paid up to this time to the peculiar properties of water, but so important an item did not escape the notice of young Crane, for chemists have since pronounced the water of the branch of the Housatonic at Dalton a near approximation to distilled water. Pittsfield, a town only five miles distant, where there was equally good water power, a better market, and a community already alive to the advantages of manufacturing enterprise, was not chosen for the site of the mill, as the streams in that locality are impregnated with injurious minerals. Although the population of Dalton was small, there was a cultured element to appreciate the undertaking; the cost of living was small; there were two nearby newspapers which could use a large proportion of the product of a one-vat mill; and Dalton was near the center of the county and only thirty-five miles from Albany, where the surplus product could be disposed of.

Having ascertained these points in favor of the place, the young explorer selected a spot near a powerful waterfall, at the entrance of a picturesque valley, as the site for his little mill. The owner of the land, Martin Chamberlin, must have been extremely doubtful of the perseverance of the future manufacturer, for it is recorded that he would only give "oral" permission "to build and try." Two years later, however, his doubts were cast to the winds when, with two partners, Zenas returned and paid the sum asked, in full,—one hundred and ninety-four dollars. The deed was conveyed on Christmas Day, and six weeks later the following advertisement appeared in the "Pittsfield Sun:"—

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> "Ladies, Save Your Rags.
>
> "As the subscribers have in contemplation to erect a paper mill in Dalton, the ensuing spring, being very beneficial to the community at large, they flatter themselves that they shall meet with due encouragement, and that every woman who has the good of her country and the interest of her family at heart will patronize them by saving her rags, and sending them to the manufacturers or to the nearest storekeeper, for which the subscribers will give a generous price.
>
> "HENRY WISWELL,
> ZENAS CRANE,
> JOHN WILLARD.
>
> "Worcester, Feb. 8, 1801."

From this quaint advertisement one may readily see that for raw material the paper maker was at the mercy of the housewife, and many and curious were the persuasions which appeared in the columns of local periodicals. Only one of the partners, Henry Wiswell, finally took part in the enterprise, which was started immediately upon the erection of a two-story frame mill with a capacity of one hundred and twenty-five sheets daily. Zenas Crane at once became general superintendent and manager. It was a difficult task to obtain skilled workmen,—or any, for that matter,—for paper makers had a habit of "tramping" in those days, seeking a job in one place for a time and then moving on to the next. Drinking was universal in the early part of the century, and frequently the enticements of the tavern were responsible for an imperfect product on the following day. The quality of the paper depended upon the care with which the rags were sorted, thus leaving the miller entirely dependent upon the competency of his help.

The Public Was Slow in Taking to Home Industries

From the outset Mr. Crane was on the lookout for improvements in manufacture. He early introduced the use of chloride of lime in the bleaching of rags, and later added cylinder-dryers and a cylinder-making machine,—rude contrivances when compared to the costly Fourdinier inventions used in the mills of his descendants, for which they paved the way. Though he had received but scant educational advantages in the usual sense, Crane was fond of books and spent all his spare time in reading, not only of matters pertaining to his art, but also upon topics of general interest, and to this taste as much as anything else is attributed his abstention from the debaucheries common to the times. Although his second venture proved successful from the start, Mr. Crane was never exempt from the difficulties which strew the path of a pioneer. It was not until three years before his death that the Boston and Albany Railroad, which passes through Dalton, was opened, thus putting manufacturers in touch with the larger business centers. The prejudice of the unpatriotic public in favor of foreign goods was not overcome until this shrewd American manufacturer gratified the unreasonable taste by sending inferior products to market wrapped up in gaudy Parisian wrappers, made in Pittsfield, while he printed his own name only on superior paper.

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WING PIANOS

Are sold direct from factory— and in no other way.

WHEN you buy a Wing Piano you buy at wholesale. You pay the actual cost of making it with only our small wholesale profit added. When you buy a piano as most people buy pianos—at retail—you pay the retail dealer's store rent and other expenses; his profit, and the commission or salary of the agents and salesmen he employs. This is what you save by buying a Wing Piano direct from the factory. The retail profit on a piano is never less than $75—often it is as much as $200. Isn't this worth saving?



But in buying a piano there is something a great deal more important than the price to be thought of. A piano is a musical instrument and the one great object for which it is made is its tone. A perfect tone is appreciated by everybody—the beginner in music as well as the trained musician. "Pure and sweet; every note clear and musical; responsive to the lightest touch yet possessing great volume and power, without a trace of harshness"—this describes the tone of the Wing Piano.

Our experience of over a third of a century manufacturing pianos of the very highest quality, enables us to produce an instrument that cannot be improved upon in tone, workmanship, finish or durability.

Our plan of selling is not an experiment. It is a great success. Over 38,000 Wing Pianos have been manufactured and sold in 36 years—since 1868. We can probably refer you to purchasers right in your own ueighborhood.

Sent on trial. We pay freight. No advance payment.

We do not ask anyone to buy a Wing Piano merely because of what we say about it; and although we can refer to over 38,000 satisfied purchasers, we do not ask you to buy a Wing Piano because they recommend it. We will place a Wing Piano in your home if you live in any part of the United States. We will not ask for any advance payment or deposit. We will pay the freight and other charges on the piano in advance. We will allow you to keep the piano in your home for 20 days. You will be under no obligation to buy it. If it is not satisfactory in any way or if for any reason you think it is not the piano you want, we will take it back at our expense and without one cent of cost to you. Should you decide to buy it, then and not until then, you pay us for it. You can pay by small monthly installments if desired. We take old instruments in exchange.

Our responsibility does not cease when you buy the piano. Every Wing Piano is guaranteed by us for 12 years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Instrumental Attachment.

The Wing Piano contains a number of improvements and special features which are not to be found in any other piano. Among them, the Instrumental Attachment by which any ordinary player can imitate perfectly the tones of the mandolin, harp, guitar, zither and banjo.

WING ORGANS are made with the same care and sold under the same guarantee as Wing Pianos. Sent on trial to any part of the United States, freight paid in advance by us, without any advance payment or deposit being made. Sold on easy monthly payments. Separate Organ catalogue sent on request.

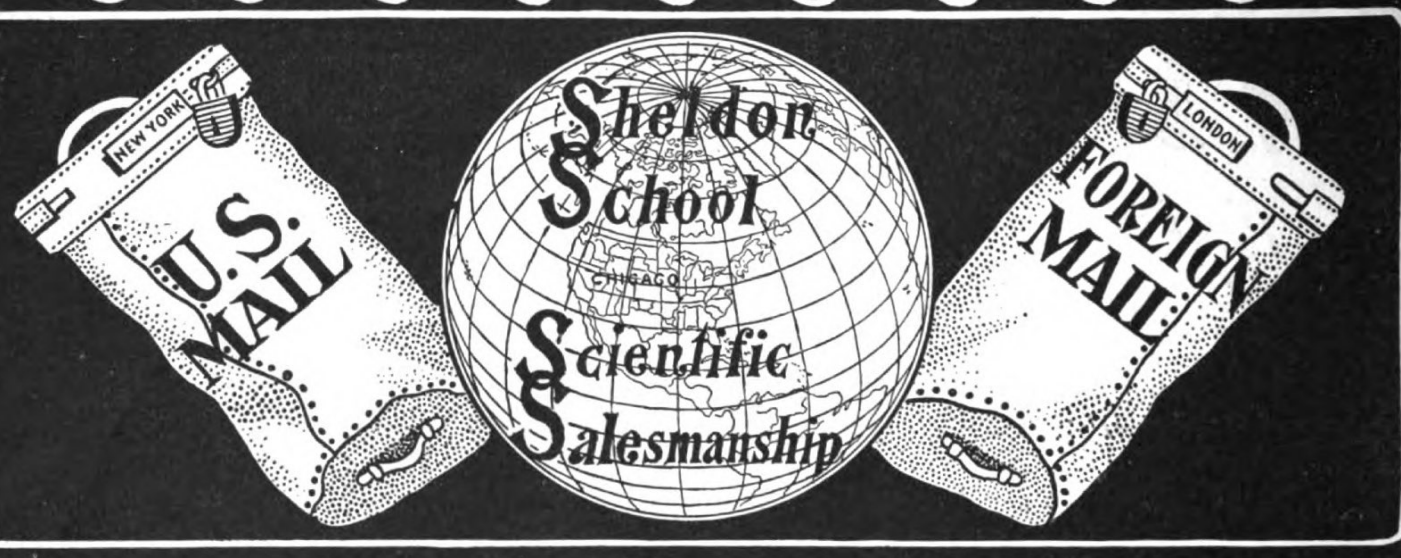
A Book You Need—Sent FREE.

A book which contains as much information about pianos as any expert possesses. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 116 pages and is named "The Book of Complete Information About Pianos." We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

WING & SON, Wing Building, 362-364 W. 13th St., New York.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

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The Only One in the World

You will admit there is but

ONE supreme end to which the whole commercial world moves—SUCCESS.

ONE potent agency—SCIENCE.

We will prove there is but

ONE determining factor—SALESMANSHIP.

ONE method of instruction—SHELDON'S.

ONE way to get it—CORRESPONDENCE.

We teach you how to ***become*** a successful salesman, not how to sell anything, but how to sell everything. If you are already successful, we teach you how to ***become*** more successful.

We show you how to acquire ***power*** by self-analysis, and development of the positive faculties and qualities, mental, moral, spiritual and physical, which begets a magnetic personality and makes for skill in the practice of the ART of selling all things.

All men everywhere are seeking this ***power to persuade,*** never realizing that it lies within the diameter of their own personality, and is the result of obedience to natural laws.

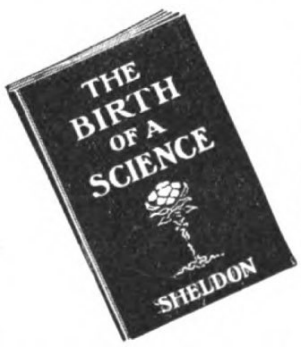
We point out the laws and awaken you to conscious exercise in harmony with their requirements, so that you become stronger every day.

SUCCESS HAS BEEN WELL DEFINED AS THE ENNOBLING PROCESS OF SELF-MASTERY

Our methods of instruction show you the "why" of things. We give you not ***theory*** but ***fact,*** something that you can get hold of and use for your development and enlargement in body, mind and soul.

Ask us and "be no longer faithless but believing." We cannot go into the details in this space, so we have prepared these two Booklets as our messengers to carry to you the Good News of this thoroughly practical Science which some of the ***busiest*** and ***most*** successful men in the world are now studying.

We Speak for the Science



These Booklets will be sent you with our compliments, postage paid (in plain covers if requested.)



Others Speak for Us

It is possible for you to make the reading of these two Booklets worth thousands of dollars to you as others have done.

The Lessons are neatly bound, each Lesson by itself, so that they may be easily carried and studied while on the road and during odd moments. WRITE TO-DAY. You had just as well try to do it ***yesterday*** as to do it ***to-morrow.*** To-day alone will answer. Address

Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship

930 McClurg Building, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1904, by A. F Sheldon

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

"This is the original School you hear so much about."

A Record No Other Correspondence School Has Equaled

In the Year 1897 the founders of the Page-Davis School originated the system of advertisement writing—taught the first class ever formed—and placed the profession on a legitimate basis, proving that it could be successfully taught just as law and medicine are taught. (*Read page 9 in our prospectus for full details.*)

In the Year 1902 the students of the Page-Davis School signified their entire approval of the course of instruction by giving Edward T. Page, their instructor, a banquet in New York City. (*Read page 29 in our handsome prospectus for full details.*)

Early in the Year 1903 the students gave the Page-Davis Company a beautiful loving-cup as a mark of their appreciation, not only of the instruction received, but of the continual interest manifested in their welfare by the Page-Davis Company long after their graduation. (*Read page 30 in our handsome prospectus for full details.*)

Later in the Year 1903 the United States Attorney called Edward T. Page into the United States Court to appear on the stand as expert, and give his opinion as to the instruction necessary to qualify a man for advertisement writing. (*Read other literature sent free giving full details of the report.*)



EDWARD T. PAGE, Instructor

These four incidents in the life of this great institution, each marking a mighty step forward in its wonderful progress, are, after all, only of secondary importance, compared with the individual success of the individual students. However, they show the ambitious man or woman that they are not experimenting or being experimented upon.

FREE! To Page-Davis Students! FREE!

THE ONLY AUTHORITY ON ADVERTISING IN THE WORLD!

"Advertising"

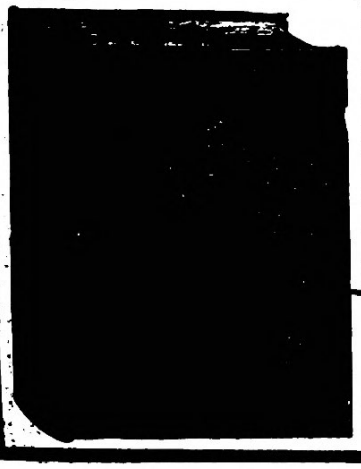
How to Plan, Prepare, Write and Manage.

Given away **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with a full-paid-in-advance enrollment in this, the original and most substantial institution of its kind in the world.

The only School of Advertising in the world with a text book, and that text book being the recognized authority.

"Advertising" covers the entire world of publicity.

"Advertising" is to the world of advertising what the Dictionary is to the English language.



"Advertising" contains 10,000 money-making ideas.

"Advertising" comprises over 50 departments.

"Advertising" embraces the experiences of successful merchants.

"Advertising" is printed on high grade paper and bound in superior Vellum de Luxe.

"Advertising" is without doubt the greatest, positively the most practical and complete work of its kind ever published.

"Advertising" is worth $100 to any ambitious man or woman, but it is free to our students only.

This famous work is spoken of in glowing terms by the Press.

In all the world of instruction, there is no offer like this, a $5 book free to Page-Davis students only. Write us about it at once.

Page-Davis Company Should Not Be Subjected to Comparison

It is more than natural to presume that the concern relied upon to prove to the business world the possibilities of teaching advertising is sure to keep abreast in all the improvements necessary to qualify every student. You can therefore rest assured that the Page-Davis Company have omitted nothing that should be embodied in their course, nor have they added anything to the course that should be left out.

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.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS *Concerns desirous of engaging competent Ad-writers at $25.00 to $100.00 a week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful Ad-writers in some of the largest houses in the country. This service is gratis.*

Page-Davis Company

Address Either Office:

Suite 421—90 Wabash Ave., Chicago, or
Suite 421—150 Nassau St., New York City

TEAR OFF THIS CORNER AND MAIL IT TO US TO-DAY

Cut This Corner

off and mail it promptly to

Page-Davis Co.,
Chicago or New York

Please send without cost to me handsome prospectus setting forth the advantage of an advertising education.

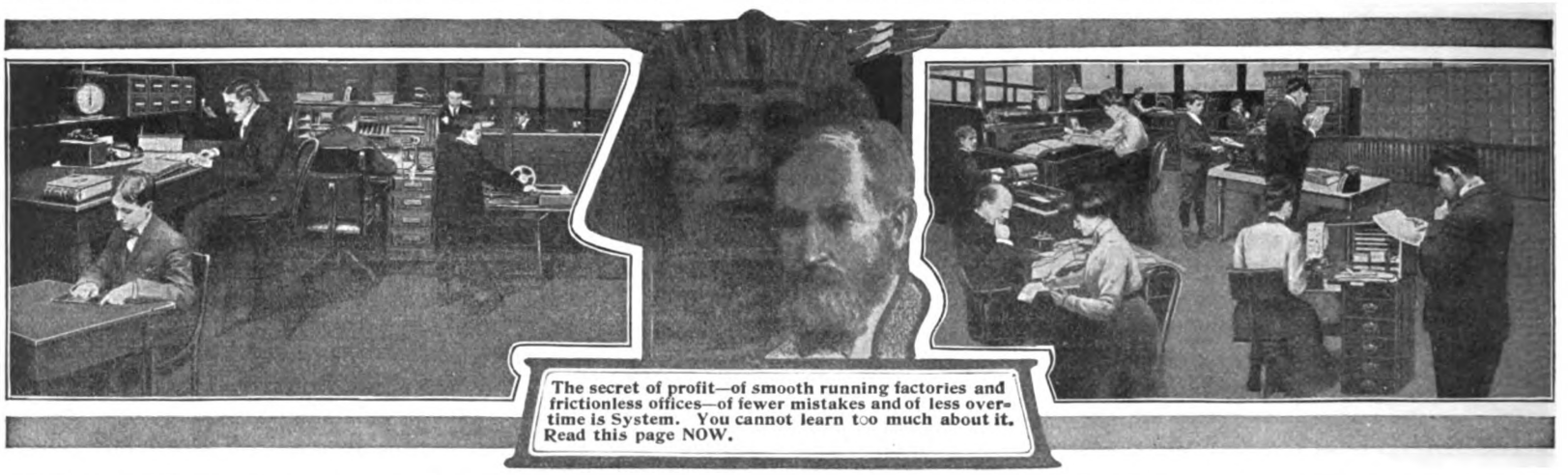
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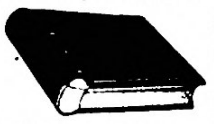
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SYSTEM The SECRET of Business SUCCESS



The secret of profit—of smooth running factories and frictionless offices—of fewer mistakes and of less overtime is System. You cannot learn too much about it. Read this page NOW.

Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. Theysave time,for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves can not move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains how to apply these books to *your* business.

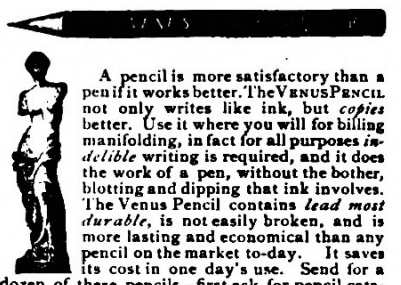


There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. McCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back-Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.



No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker, or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any businesswhere an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in *your* office. You certainly will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. Cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or, better still, write us a letter stating your business.





A pencil is more satisfactory than a pen if it works better. The VENUS PENCIL not only writes like ink, but *copies* better. Use it where you will for billing manifolding, in fact for all purposes *indelible* writing is required, and it does the work of a pen, without the bother, blotting and dipping that ink involves. The Venus Pencil contains *lead most durable*, is not easily broken, and is more lasting and economical than any pencil on the market to-day. It saves its cost in one day's use. Send for a dozen of these pencils—first ask for pencil catalogue No. 41.

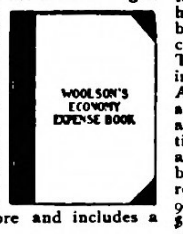
Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best Typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains the Oliver's points of superiority fully.



An ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system *know* it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. But the Ericsson is built to last--the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson contains many features found in no other 'phone. Ask now for Catalog 4.



Here is a cash book, that will furnish an analysis of your expenses, without the use of a ledger. You can see at a glance the totals of eighteen different kinds of expenditures. It shows where you are increasing or decreasing your expenses. The book for household and personal use has such printed headings as rent, board, clothing, cigars and tobacco, help, etc. For business purposes the headings are blank. It is printed on ledger paper, and has 100 pages. Catalog 42 tells more and includes a sample page free.



Every modern business office needs an Adding Machine, and while dozens of adding machines have been put on the market, perhaps none have been so widely introduced as the Locke Adder, considering the short time since it was first sold. There are over 7,000 in use. The Locke ADDER is more than an adding machine; it adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, and its capacity is far beyond all ordinary requirements, being represented by the figures 999,999,999. And withal the price of this device, $5.00, is within reach of everybody. The man who has to do with figures should ask for Catalog No. 30.



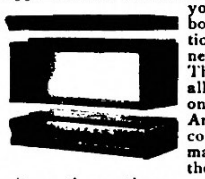
47 systems for business men. Sent free to you if you ask for this book. It tells you how to improve your own office systems. How to save time, money and labor. How to increase the efficiency of your employees How to decrease your pay roll. One hour invested in reading this catalogue will pay you large *dividends* during 1904. Send to-day for Catalogue 35. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. It costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.



SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman." Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work.

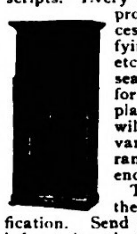


SHAW-WALKER SECTIONAL BOOK CASES are made up of units, each a complete book case in itself, or an integral part of a large case of many sections. Here is a sectional book case that has every appearance of a solid case. No matter whether you have 17 or 17,000 books, Shaw-Walker sections exactly meet your needs, and at all times The different sizes of units all may be combined in one harmonious whole. Around corners, in alcoves, under windows, no matter how inaccessible the nook is for other furniture, the sections may be made to fit. Any one or all sections may be moved easily. Ask now for Catalog 40.



File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscripts. Every busy man—literary, business or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc. Any one who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once marked, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends.

The LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the problem of classification. Send for Catalog 8. It gives valuable information that can not be acquired from any other source.



No better way to learn sound business methods than to read SYSTEM, the Magazine. No other way to learn system. And system in business means success.

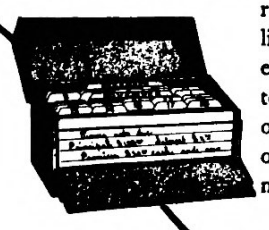
SYSTEM
Edited by A. W. SHAW
Marquette Bldg., Chicago

Not articles alone of business achievement and general interest, but "inside" information on buying, selling, manufacturing, shipping, collecting, advertising, correspondence, law, banking, insurance, the professions. The actual experience of men who know. Men whose advice you could not secure elsewhere for thousands.

You are wronging yourself—your business—your future—if you do not send for SYSTEM.

Send only $2.00 and we will not only send you SYSTEM, but include as a premium free of any further charge whatever a COMPLETE DESK and POCKET CARD SYSTEM with your name on it in gold.

"Worth forty-seven pigeon holes," as one user says, and any number of note-books. Placed in your desk, it is a receptacle for all the miscellaneous matters, all the memoranda, now scattered about the office. More than that, it is a "perpetual reminder." It has guide cards by months and days, and a quantity of fine, heavy linen two by five inch record cards. The cards are in an ingenious silk cloth covered board box—ingenious because of a peculiar arrangement which keeps the to-day cards always to the front and the guide cards always in sight. On the front of the handsome box is your name in gold letters. The other fellows in the office will soon see the great value of the Perpetual Reminder, and they might "borrow" it if it weren't for your name staring them in the face.



Wrap two dollars in this advertisement and send it to-day at our risk. Write your name plainly just the way you want it on the "Reminder."

INFORMATION IS OFFERED FREE. MAIL THIS TO-DAY.

To System Chicago

Please send, without cost to me, the books checked in the list following.

.....Catalog 1
.....Catalog 2
.....Catalog 4
.....Catalog 5
.....Catalog 6.....Catalog 35
.....Catalog 8.....Catalog 40
.....Catalog 14.....Catalog 41
.....Catalog 30.....Catalog 42

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Business.....

I enclose_____ Send System, the magazine, for _____on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends you agree to return my remittance.

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Invest $10 A Month

Where your money will work for you every day; where it will be absolutely safe and where it will pay you 10% to 20% a year.

I want you to invest your savings through me.

It makes no difference whether you have $10, $100, or $1,000 a month to invest.

I want to hear from you.

I will guarantee to offer you nothing but sound, conservative, carefully selected investments.

The kind of investments I put my own money in.

The kind my relatives put their money in.

The kind my friends invest in.

The kind that has made my Investment Department grow with wonderful rapidity.

The kind that has satisfied more than 700 clients who now invest their money through me.

I am in a position to get the very best investments—the ones that pay the largest possible profit consistent with absolute safety.

I am in a position to do so because my very extensive advertising brings me in touch with more investments than any other broker.

Last year my advertising brought me proposals to handle more than 600 investment propositions.

Out of the 600 I accepted eight.

Many of the other 592 were very good but none were quite up to my high standard. When there is the slightest doubt in my mind—when I am not satisfied with every single detail of a proposition—I take the safe course by refusing to handle it upon any terms.

It will certainly pay you to invest your money through a man who uses very great care in the selection of his investments.

It will certainly pay you to invest your money through a man who is in a position where he can be particular.

If you have but $10 a month you would like to invest safely and profitably, I want you to write to me and let me tell you just what I can do for you.

I want you for a client even though you decide to invest but a few dollars.

MY MOTIVE.

My motive is a purely selfish one.

I want to add your name to my list of well pleased investors.

I know that if you invest any money through me you will be so pleased with the investment that the next time you have money to invest, you will come to me again.

And you will advise your friends to come to me.

And your friends will in turn advise *their* friends.

A dozen satisfied clients will send me more business than hundreds of dollars' worth of magazine and newspaper advertising.

If you invest a few dollars through me 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 more than 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 invest some money through me—even so little as $10 a month, 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 any 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 20 years.

And even if I wanted to sell you something worthless, even if I wanted to misrepresent the value of the investments I offer, I could not afford to do it.

You know, as well as I, that if the investments I offer are not just as represented, it would soon ruin my business.

I certainly cannot afford to have my business ruined.

I cannot 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 that I would even risk injuring it by even ***trying*** to get you to invest $10 a month through any misrepresentation?

If I were not sure it would pay you to invest your money through me, I could not afford to say so.

I put my own money into the investments I offer you.

So do my relatives.

So do my friends.

Isn't this irrefutable proof of my faith in the investments which I offer you?

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?

Will you let me send you a hundred or more letters from well pleased clients who invest their money through me?

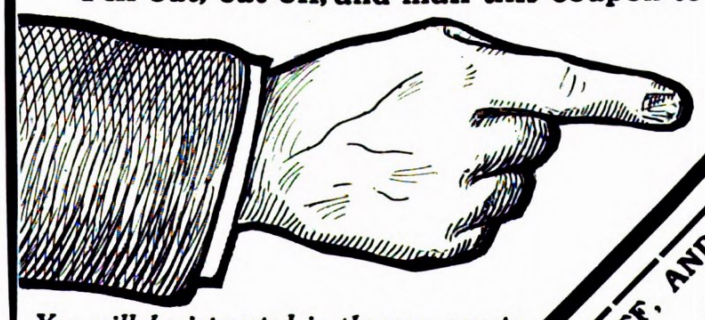
Let me show you where your idle dollars will safely earn from 10% to 20% a year.

Fill out the coupon at once, stating the amount of money you would like to invest each month, and I will tell you the best way to invest it.

Do not delay.

Do it now.

Fill out, cut off, and mail this coupon to-day.



You will be interested in the many secrets about judicious investments which I will send FREE BY RETURN MAIL.

FILL OUT, CUT OFF, AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

W. M. OSTRANDER
391 North American Building,
PHILADELPHIA.

Send me full particulars of how I can safely invest $_____ a month where it will pay me from 10% to 20% per annum.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

W. M. OSTRANDER,

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT:

391 North American Building, - Philadelphia.

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$100 to $1000 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 $1000 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.

Fill out, cut off, and mail this coupon



W. M. OSTRANDER,
AGENCY DEPARTMENT:
391 North American Building,
PHILADELPHIA.

W. M. OSTRANDER,
391 North American Building,
PHILADELPHIA.

Send, without cost to me, full particulars about your proposition to representatives. I refer you to the two following business men.

_____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

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If You Want Cash

For Your Real Estate or Business

I Can Get It



NO MATTER WHAT YOUR PROPERTY IS WORTH
Or in What Town, City, State or Territory it is Located

IF I DID not have the ability and the facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement.

Like my hundreds of other ads. that are continually appearing throughout the country, it is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties and make enough money in commissions to pay the cost of the ad. and make a good profit besides.

That is why I can afford to advertise. My ability to make quick sales has enabled me to build up the largest real estate business in the world.

Why not put your property among the number that will be listed and sold as a result of this ad.? For eight years I have been making quick sales for hundreds of people in every section of the country, and I am confident that I can make a quick sale for you.

I do not handle any of the side lines usually carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I do not make any money through renting, conveyancing, mortgages, insurance, etc. I *must sell* real estate—and lots of it—or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary I expect to sell more than twice as many properties this year as I did during 1903.

Eight years of the most active kind of experience, offices in principal cities from Boston to San Francisco, hundreds of special representatives, and an expenditure of over $100,000 a year in advertising give me better facilities for quickly selling your property than any other broker in existence.

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 town, city, state or territory it is located, if you will send me a brief description, including your lowest cash price, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert it into cash, and I will give you my complete plan for handling it, together with a letter of advice

FREE OF CHARGE

The information I will give you will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. Write to-day and send me a brief description and price of the farm, residence, timberland, building lot, or any other kind of real estate you may want to sell. Use left-hand coupon.

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, tell me just what you want. I believe I can fill your requirements very promply and save you some money at the same time. Use right-hand coupon.

W. M. OSTRANDER

391 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA

If You Want to SELL, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

....1904

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property which consists of .....

....

in the town or city of .....

County of ..... *and State of* .....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

....

....

....

.....

Name..... .....

Address.....

If You Want to BUY, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

.....1904

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property..... .....

Size..... .....*State*..... .. ..

City or County or part of State preferred..... .....

The price must be between $..... .....*and* $.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*..... . ..

....

.....

....

....

Name..... .....

Address..... .....

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T. J. KIERMAN
25 TROWBRIDGE ST

The youngsters soon caught on—
everybody learned it quickly
and they are all saying it often.
Say **ZU ZU** to the grocer man
and get the spiciest, snappiest
ginger snaps you ever tasted.
A nickel everywhere.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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