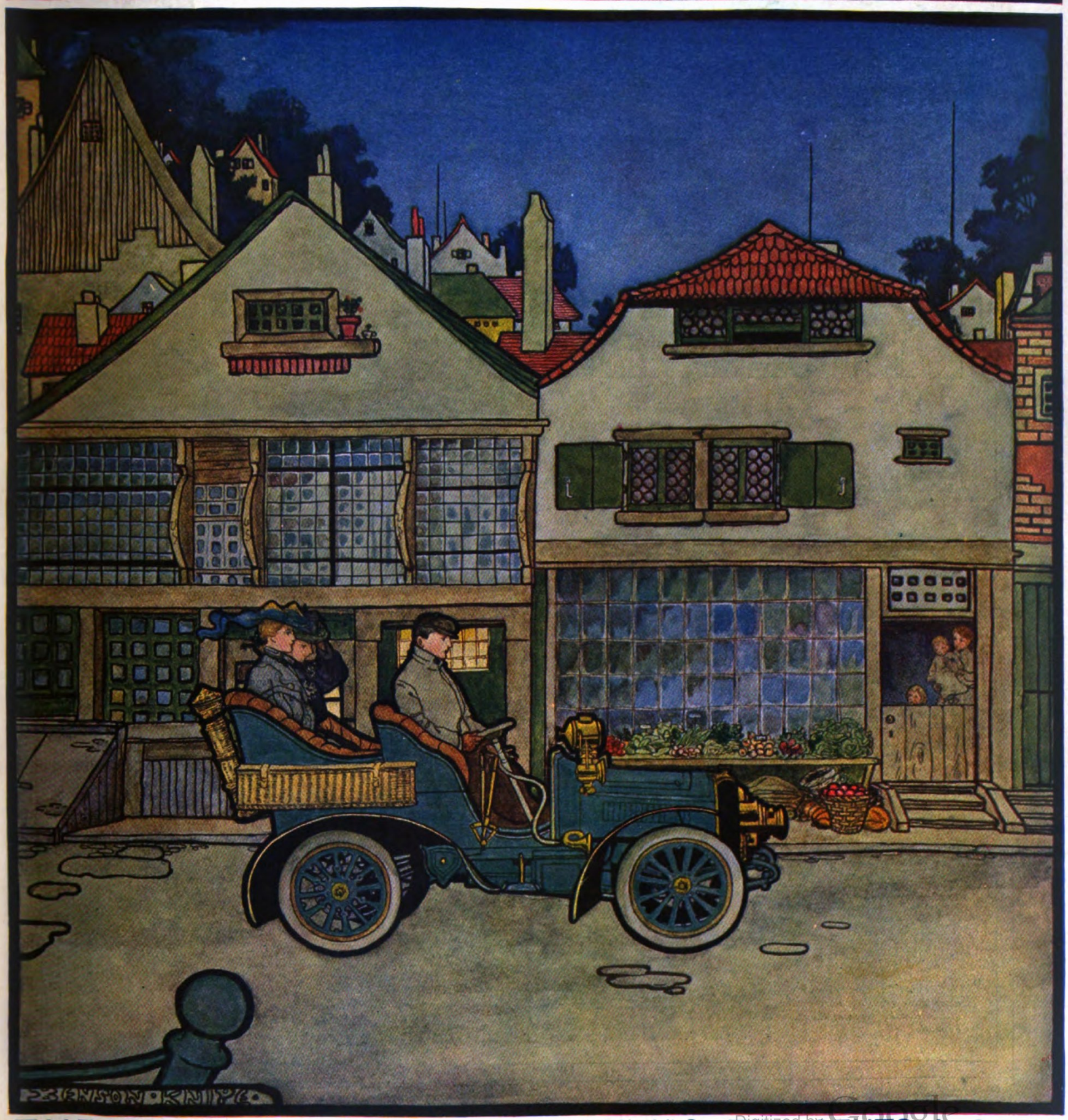
MAY 13 1905

A Diplomatic Mystery, by Vance Thompson

SUCCESS

MAY
1904



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About Ourselves and Our Work

OUR cover this month is something new, and in its striking Japanesque art effects and wealth of color will appeal to every reader. The painting is by Mrs. A. Benson-Knipe, one of our rising New York artists, who has made a name for herself along special and novel lines of art work.

▲ ▲

Our June cover is by J. C. Leyendecker, and is "A Dream of Young Love" in a June garden. Mr. Leyendecker's excellent composition and matchless coloring have never been more clearly exemplified than in his fine work for SUCCESS during the past four years.

▲ ▲

We are making some remarkable suggestions and propositions to college students and high-school boys and girls, and to teachers, who wish to earn money during the coming vacation season. We do not want to tell you about them here, but will gladly give you full information on request.

▲ ▲

A merry laugh is a good digester, and few will fail to smile at "A Difference of Opinion" appearing as a color supplement in this issue. It is a reproduction of a French poster recently painted, and is full of the characteristic French humor without the grossness which too often spoils French art conceptions.

▲ ▲

Our older readers have doubtless noted the immense forward step which we have taken during the past year in the mechanical appearance of SUCCESS. We believe it to be true that SUCCESS is to-day in the foremost rank of American periodicals as an example of the printer's art. Every "form" is printed on flat bed cylinder presses, and sheets are folded and bound only after careful drying. This is a much more expensive method than that of using web presses, equipped with automatic folders, which are coming into wide use with magazines of large circulation, but which involve many difficulties and dangers not found in flat bed work. Our covers are engraved and printed with the greatest care by the leading color printers of the country, at an expense far beyond that incurred by any other American periodical.

▲ ▲

Our readers may judge of the care with which we guard the advertising columns of SUCCESS from anything which can be considered in the slightest degree objectionable in the home, by comparison with even the best of the magazines of to-day. McClure's for January, for example, printed nearly $2,000 worth of advertising which would not be admitted to SUCCESS columns; Leslie's Monthly, and Scribner's, about $2,500 worth; Review of Reviews, about $3,000 worth; Cosmopolitan, about $4,000 worth; and Munsey's, about $12,000 worth. The advertising departments of these great magazines exercise unusual care in the acceptance of business, and little or none of the above advertising would be considered seriously detrimental to a first-class magazine; but the standard of SUCCESS in such matters is so high that we are forced each month to reject a great deal of business that, from a purely commercial standpoint, we would very much like to have.

▲ ▲

What is there about a mystery—and particularly about a diplomatic or international mystery—that so stirs the imagination and arouses curiosity? In his lifetime DeBlowitz, for nearly half a century the famous Paris correspondent of the London "Times," was the depository of countless secrets, political, social, and diplomatic, and his recently published reminiscences form most fascinating reading. Mr. Vance Thompson is another who has dipped deeply into the wells of European gossip, and has broken through many a tightly drawn curtain put up to shield important personages and moves on the world's chessboard. The first of his brilliant series of articles on "Noted Diplomatic Mysteries" appears in this issue, and for the first time there is given to the world the true story of the sad life and death of Ludwig II., the "Mad King" of Bavaria, and of his relations with his own court and with the great musician Wagner, who does not in this story appear in a very enviable light.

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London, England

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, *your subscription expires with this issue*; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (June) issue.

No other notice or bill will be sent. If our subscribers wish SUCCESS continued they will renew, we believe, without undue solicitation.

Subscriptions calling for this issue should be received by May 10th. Renewals calling for the June issue should be received by June 10th. Our editions are usually exhausted shortly after publication.

Order early,—order *now*.

▲ ▲

Our Advertisements

We do not admit to our columns medical, liquor, tobacco, or other advertisements objectionable in the home.

We guarantee our readers against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue. This guarantee does not cover ordinary "trade talk" nor does it involve the settling of minor disputes or claims between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within ninety days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser, occuring after the printing of an advertisement by us, entitles the reader only to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of the money.

▲ ▲

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We are rapidly extending our organization of local and traveling representatives to cover every city, town, and village in the United States. We are engaging for this purpose young men and women of the highest character, including college and high-school students and others who are earnestly striving for an education or for some special and worthy object. We are paying them liberally for their services, and are giving them our hearty and unremitting support in all their efforts.

We ask for our representatives a kind and courteous reception and the generous patronage of the public. New or renewal subscriptions to SUCCESS and to other magazines in our clubbing offers will be filled by us as promptly when given to our representatives as if sent direct to us.

Each authorized representative of SUCCESS carries a card empowering him to accept subscriptions for SUCCESS and other magazines in our clubbing offers. These cards should be asked for by intending patrons, in order to prevent imposition by fraudulent or unauthorized canvassers. The publishers of SUCCESS do not hold themselves responsible for orders given to parties not bearing these regular cards.

▲ ▲

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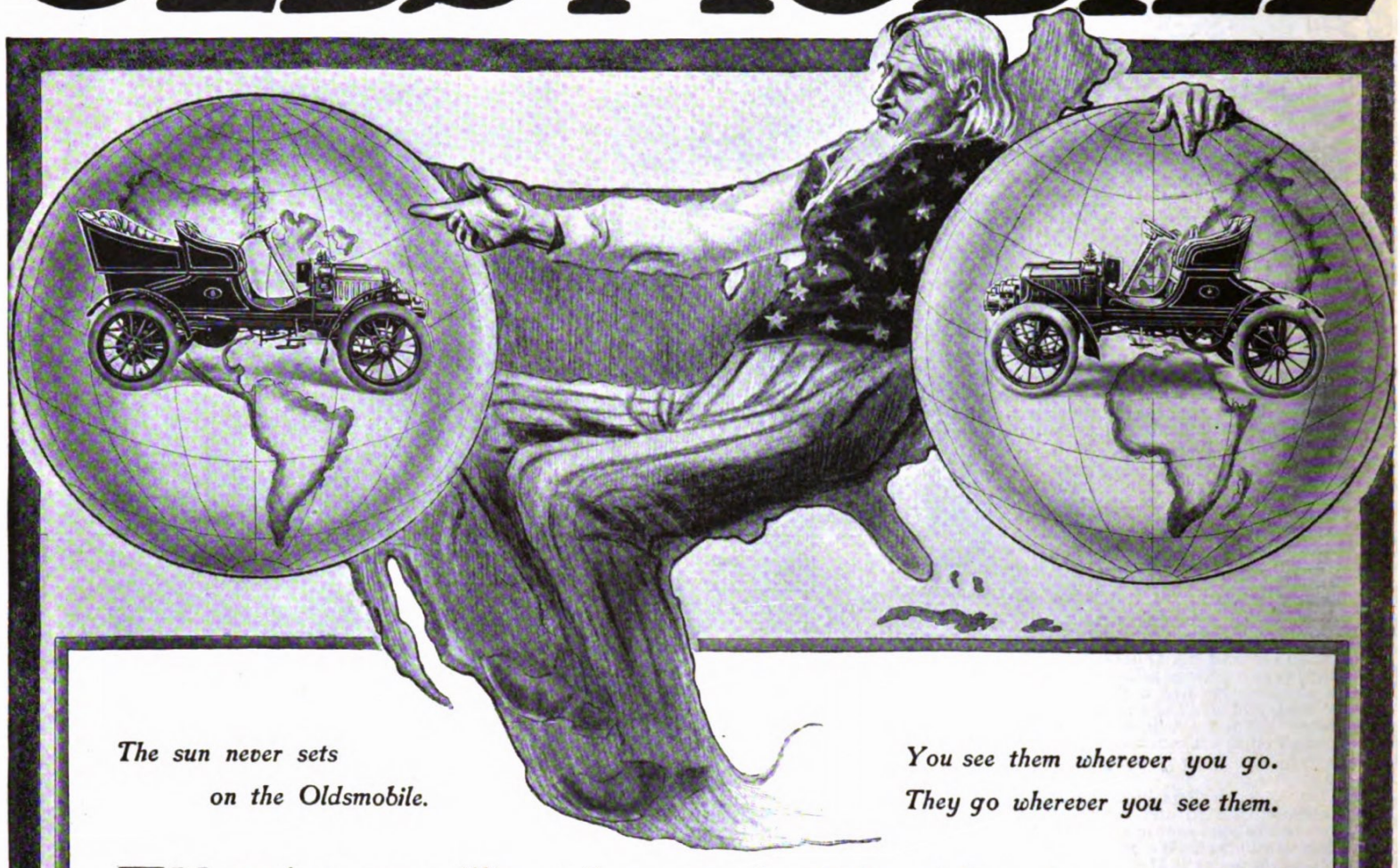
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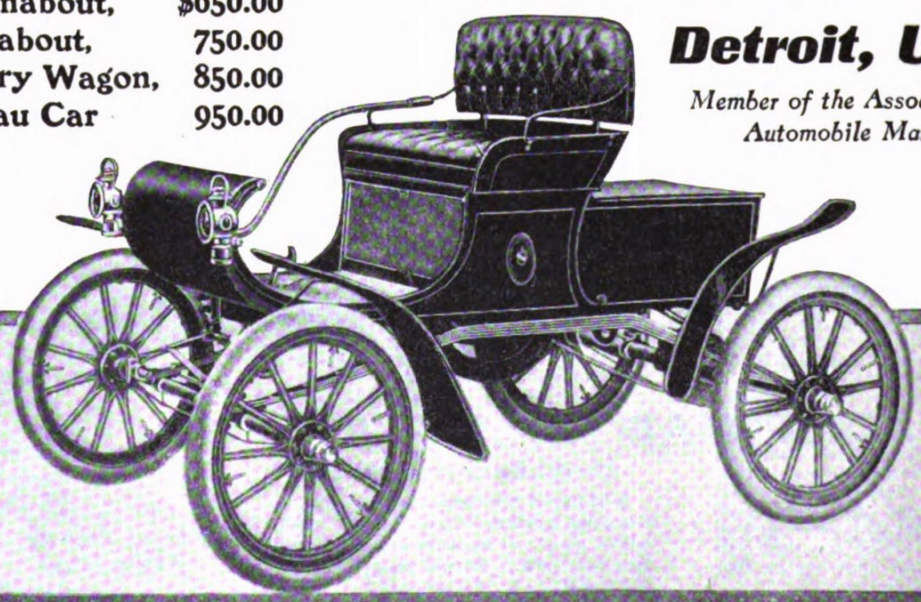
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VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, MAY, 1904 NUMBER 120

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"'THE WEDDING WILL NEVER TAKE PLACE,' HE SAID. 'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS IS SURE?' ASKED VON DURKHEIM"

Noted Diplomatic Mysteries

I.—How Bismarck's Statecraft Separated Wagner's Betrothed Friends

VANCE THOMPSON

IF there be one thing falser than popular history it is official history. The story put forth of the life and death of the last Ludwig of Bavaria was false as the official fables describing the death of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the marriage of Edward, Prince of Wales. Fortunately for those who would get at the truth of things, knowledge can not be kept locked up in state archives. A white-bearded nobleman in a palace of Munich; an upstanding trooper of a man in the old quarter of the town; a peasant woman in the Bavarian Highlands,—these three hold the threads of as curious a tale as any in the unwritten history of modern days. It is the story of the undoing of a king. One of Europe's strongest figures showed his artfulness as a master of diplomatic chess. At one point in it the destiny of nations rocked on the pivot of a girl's will. Behind her looms a crowd of shadowy figures, kings and princes, scheming statesmen, a fantastic musician in a lavender robe, with yellow flowers in his hair, soldiers, doctors, lackeys, and peasants,—all the characters of a huge Shakespearean drama. Of the young king, too, you think in terms of Hamlet. Nor is the least of the tragedy the fact that, in all the foul weather he encountered, a woman may be seen flitting through it, like a stormy petrel. What is written here, though unlike the official fable, is true.

HE was eighteen years, six months, and fifteen days of age when he was crowned as Ludwig II., King of Bavaria. They are all big men in his family, and, young as he was, he stood over six feet. A cousin of his house, Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, tried to describe him to me,—to summon back across the years a picture of the stately, handsome boy they crowned in Munich half a century ago. Ludwig II. was tall, slight, and graceful, with luxurious hair that curled a bit, and, on his chin, the down of a boy's beard. His eyes were dark and of extraordinary power and brilliancy. He was impulsive, quick-tempered, generous, and affectionate; he had, withal, the poetry and some of the melancholy of his ill-starred house.

He had been country-bred, and knew very little of life. He had not been allowed to mix with men. His people he had seen only through a palace window. Even to walk in the streets of his capital had been forbidden him; when he would visit a museum he had to do so in the early morning, before the shops were open and the streets were agog. His Prussian mother had had him instructed in all a prince would need to know,—history, languages, theology, the science of war, art, and music,—but had shut him off from a knowledge of mankind. Of the workaday world he knew nothing. The men he knew were but the stolid peasantry and hill dwellers with whom he had hunted and ridden as a boy in his highlands. The lessons he had learned in this school were of no great value in the business of being a king. His ideals were high. He was too young to believe that it may be a duty to compromise with one's ideals. He had inherited knightly thoughts. The walls of his boyhood room were

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frescoed over with scenes from mediæval life,—a warrior's life, from the time he sets out, a fair-haired lad, from his father's door, to seek fortune and brave and beautiful deeds in the world,—pictures of adventure and knighthood and chivalrous service. This life he tried in his own way to live again on the throne of Bavaria.

One day he was riding through the streets of his royal city, when a woman caught his bridle rein and threw herself on her knees before his horse, begging him pathetically to set her husband free from prison.

"He shall go free," said the young king, deeply moved by her tears; "you have our word."

▲ ▲

Now this prisoner was a notable rogue who had been a banker, and had ruined hundreds of honest folks by fraud; the king's ministers protested, but the royal word was kept. King Ludwig, however, was persuaded that one can not, in modern, occidental days, play Haroun-al-Raschid; more and more he left affairs in the hands of his councilors, while he gave himself up to a study of the duties of his position. His mother, who was a Prussian, and whose heart was on the side of Bismarck and the growing Prussian state, sent Berlinward hopeful accounts of his pliability. Later the royal obstinacy that was in him was to flash out strongly enough. During the first months of his reign the queen-mother and his ministers stripped him of all power. He went back to his peasants in the hills. He hunted and rode. In Munich he amused himself with the society of Wagner.

I have no intention of writing the biography of Ludwig, the king. It is my purpose to show just so much of his character as will illuminate the strange events of which he was the hero and the victim.

Wagner's baleful influence fell darkly across his life. The great composer—the greatest histrionic musician of any age,—was an unscrupulous man. Unfortunately, there seems to be no direct kinship between genius and uprightness. The whole history of art and literature is blotted with examples of those who have been at once great artists and ignoble men. Wagner, as the world knows now, was a man of egregious vanity, of childish affectations, of disorderly private life, and of unscrupulous ambition.

"I needed this young king," he confessed; "without him it was all up with me."

Hardly was Ludwig on the throne before Wagner went to Munich, was pensioned, and was given rooms in the palace and a plate at table. Shut out from public affairs, and at war with his Prussian mother,—who was already scheming to make his kingdom a mere appanage of Prussia,—the king drowned himself in the new and sensuous music of the sound-wizard. He was only a boy,—he was nineteen. He had looked for the ideal and found only men, and so he was lonely. In music he found the great illusion,—a world that rhymed to his thoughts. His favorite cousin—the one with whom he was most sympathetic,—was Elizabeth, that empress of Austria in whose horoscope it was to die at the hand of an anarchist in Switzerland. She, in each of her palaces, had one picture,—a scene from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," representing *Titania* caressing the ass's head of *Bottom*.

"It is the ass's head of our illusions that we caress always," she would say.

Wagner was the young king's *Bottom*.

Until the king was twenty years of age his councilors left him to amuse himself as best he pleased with Wagner, with "The Flying Dutchman," and with a project for a theater for Wagner in Munich. By that time Prussian influence was well-nigh paramount in Bavaria. Bismarck was preparing his raid upon Austria, and it was of prime importance to him that Bavaria should be on his side. Now the young king was a strong advocate of the independence of his mountainous kingdom and saw whither a Prussian victory would trend. All his sympathy was with Austria.

I have heard from the lips of a white-haired nobleman who lives in an old palace in Munich the story of the hopeless fight this boy made,—against his mother, against his ministers, and against the great Bismarck, whose shadow even then was beginning to darken over Europe; how once he stood up and smashed his hand down on the table and cried, "Am I the king?"—and his ministers and his mother laughed mockingly in his face.

He did not understand that there have been no kings for many a day. He went back and stroked the long, hairy ears of his illusion,—like *Titania* in the play. Then his ministers, by way of a lesson in the obedience due from a modern king, summoned the civic council of Munich to take action and refuse to permit him to build a Wagner theater in the royal city. In addition they banished Wagner from the country.

All these facts may seem of slight importance, and yet they were the stepping-stones on which the great tragedy marched. Wagner was banished. A few weeks later came the Prussian raid upon Austria, which ended in the ignominy of Sadowa. A piece of Bavarian territory was sliced away; it was the beginning of the end,—the commencement of Prussian supremacy in Europe.

▲ ▲

But at least the king could amuse himself. He made a royal procession through the chief cities of his kingdom. In one way and another—in jewels and castle-building, in art and *fêtes*,—he dispensed millions of money, and with his people he was very popular. They liked this handsome, idle, generous boy, who was a king only in name; better, it may be, than he liked them. He did not understand the light and subtle people of the great cities. Toward the end of 1866 he went back to his mountains and his peasants. They were stolid folks, those hill dwellers, but he was in sympathy with them. I have seen some of his boyish verses,—songs to a miller's daughter, to a fisher-maiden, and to a woodcutter's child who had smiled at him as he rode by; these peasants he knew and loved. He was twenty-one, a king without power, a puppet in the hands of his ministers, when he went back to them,—he fully realized this fact, and so he retired to Schloss Hohenschwangau. As he entered the great door of the castle, he read these words, which his father had inscribed there many years before in letters of gold:—

WELCOME, WANDERER;
LEAVE BEHIND ALL CARE:
Yield your soul to poetry and art

This castle to which Ludwig retired—as a poet to his ivory tower,—had once been a Roman fort. King Maximilian had changed it into a palace at once fantastic and luxurious. It is an Arabian Nightish palace, with oriental rooms and glass caverns, with chambers decorated with mediæval spoils, and with towers and enchanted gardens, looking out on mountains and lakes.

▲ ▲

Hours spent in idleness or in composing verses followed.

Sometimes his brother Otto visited him. Now and then his mother came, and ministers with papers to sign. For the most part he was alone. His chief pleasures lay in the wild rides he took through the mountains,—headlong rides by day or night, with a few attendants in silver-and-blue livery. There was a double pleasure in this wayfaring, the keener side of which was the joy he found in riding away from the shadows and spies his ministry had attached to him.

Among all his followers there was only one whom he trusted. This was a young man named Webber. The king had taken him out of the light cavalry and made him his attendant, orderly, and body servant. Webber was as true to him as his right hand. On these wild night rides they rode side by side. Far ahead of them a few lackeys galloped with flaring torches to make sure of the road. At the inns along the way his servants waited, so that his majesty might sup where he would. Tireless and laughing he would gallop from point to point where fresh horses awaited him, but oftener he and Webber rode alone.

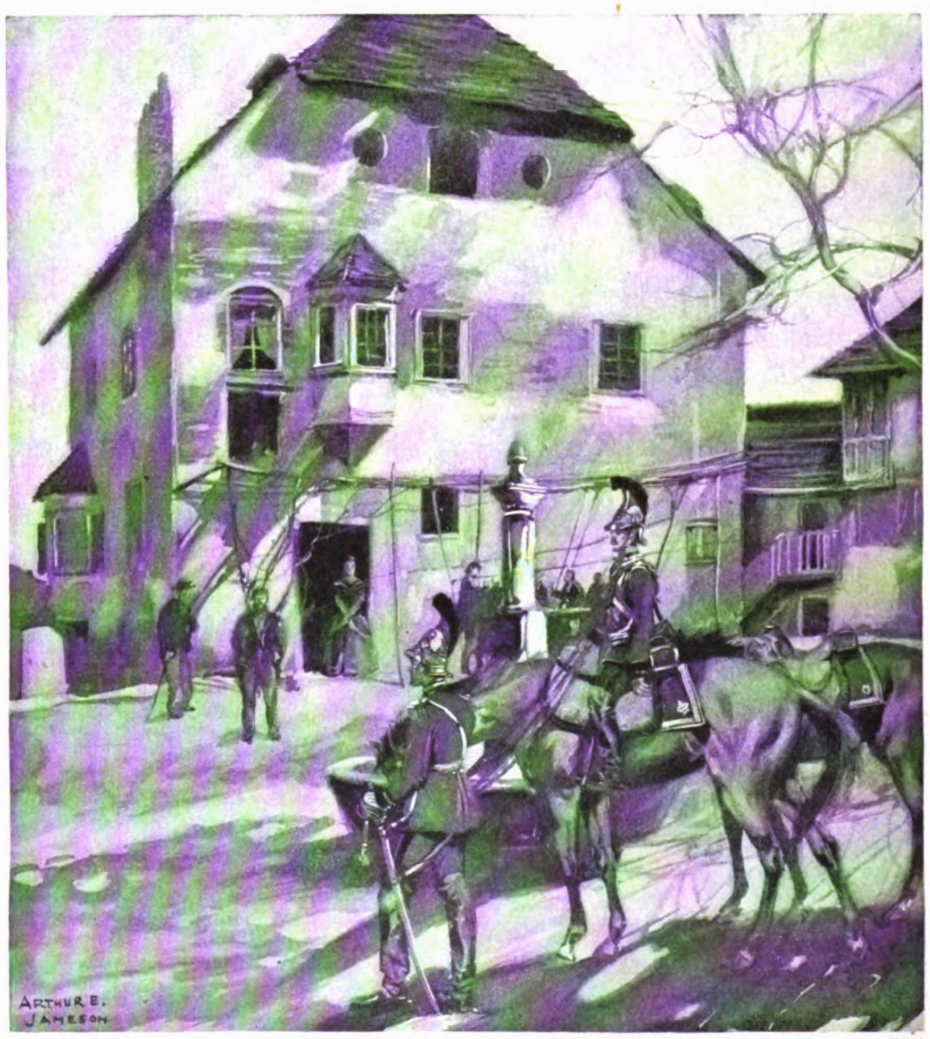
Then the excursions took a still wider career.

▲ ▲

Wagner was in Lucerne, an exile from Bavaria. Penniless, as always, and importunate for "loans," he wrote to Ludwig. The king filled his purse and with Webber rode across the frontier to the great musician's rescue. The adventure tempted him. Time and again he repeated it. He would remain a day in Lucerne, and the next night ride back to his palace of Hohenschwangau. There was great risk in it. Then the artist in him responded to Wagner's call. He believed, so uncritical are kings, that Wagner's music was more than an æsthetic message to the world,—that it was, indeed, a religion.

(This folly, which is still maintained by unmusical people, is the foundation upon which Baireuth is built. Does not Frau Wagner herself say, over her teacup,—"Parsifal is the master's creed?" All of this was silly, but pardonable in a boy of twenty.)

Whenever the king made such a wild dash across the frontier he dressed himself in a hunter's



THE OLD INN AT LINDERHOF WHERE LUDWIG FREQUENTLY RODE TO VISIT ROSE

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LOUIS II.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH





QUEEN MARIE

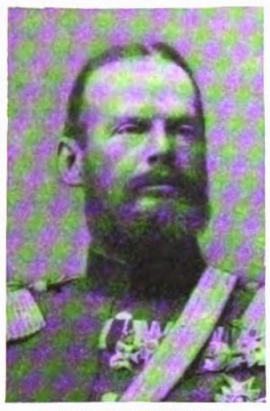


RICHARD WAGNER





DR. VON GUDDEN



PRINCE LUITPOLD

WILLIAM I., EMPEROR OF PRUSSIA



PRINCE REGENT, BAVARIA



PRINCE OTTO

clothes—wearing a feathered hat and a green wool jacket,—at a little inn in Linderhof. The old innkeeper had known him since he was a boy, and the innkeeper's young daughter was Rose. History knows her as Rose of Linderhof. In that fantastic year, 1867, she was seventeen years of age, half woman, half child, but beautiful in a fresh, wholesome way,—brown of hair and eyes, with rosy color and a laughing mouth.

II.

ONE frozen night,—it was the twenty-fourth of January,—the king rode into Linderhof. The moon was not up yet. He left Webber with the horses and went toward the inn. Through the windows he saw a dozen foresters and peasants sitting at the wooden tables. They were smoking, drinking beer, and playing at cards and dominoes. Old Ruch, the innkeeper, was leaning against the tall, white-tiled stove. His majesty went round to the side door, which opened into a big, low-ceilinged kitchen. There were two maidservants there, and Rose. The king beckoned to her, and she stepped out. In her peasant's dress of white and green, with white woolen stockings and black shoes, and with her brown hair curling on her head, she was as pretty a girl as ever passed through a doorway. It was cold and windy there, under the trees.

"What have you for me, Rose?" asked the king.

Rose put her hand in her bosom and drew out a letter.

"This is for you, your majesty," she said.

The king weighed it in his hand,—it was a very heavy letter from the old wizard in Lucerne,—the shrewd old man of business and art whom the king delighted to honor.

"You will not go to-night, your majesty," Rose added; "the roads are very bad, and there is no light. It is dangerous,—more so than ever before."

"Why should you care, Rose?" the king asked; "no one else does."

"Does he,—that old man?"

"Oh, yes, he cares," said the king.

"He must care a great deal," replied Rose; "and you—you must, too,—for, every time he whistles, you run to him."

The king laughed.

"Rose, Rose, we have to care for something, if it is only a horse or a dream, or an old musician. He loves me. He understands me."

They were standing in the light that came from the window of the kitchen.

"Is it because he loves you?" Rose asked, softly; "do you love people who love you?"

"Who does not?" inquired the king, carelessly, as he stepped toward the light of the window and broke the seal of the letter; "love creates love,—don't you know that?"

Rose put her hand on his arm and lifted her face to his.

"I love you, your majesty," she said; "no one else loves you as I do,—as I have long loved you."

She said this quite simply; it was as if she had stated a fact as plain and natural as the up-coming of the moon over the pines. The king laid his hand on hers and looked into her honest eyes. No one had ever loved him, unless, perhaps, it were his poor foolish brother, Otto. He had never known a woman's tenderness,—not even from his mother. Her frank words—softly spoken in the peasant dialect he had known from his childhood,—seemed very wonderful to him. They were like the cry of a wild thrush, first heard by him who has known only the artificial chirp of a gilt-caged linnet. Her calm, young eyes were full of loyalty and love,—more eloquent than her lips.

"Rose," he said, at length, "no woman ever told me that before."

He took her hand in both of his, and unconsciously they drew away from the window and went, step by step, toward the shelter and dusk of the trees.

It was a white, frosty night, and the pale moon was up. All the poet in the young king—all the man in him,—was awakened by her words. Love, which had been but a name to him, became, for that moment, something more real than life itself. He stooped and kissed her gently on the cheek, and she drew closer to him. Then it seemed to him possible that he might be a man and not merely a king.

"And so you really love me, Rose?" he asked, and the girl had to say it over and over again. The new words were very sweet to him. It seemed to him that he had stepped into an unknown room in the marvelous house of life.

Between the four walls of love, he felt that he could live forevermore. Then all the wild blood of his reckless race flooded heart and brain.

Then he told her what right to live and love they had; the boy who had been imprisoned in royalty—as a madman in a strait-jacket,—had a sudden dream of liberty. Like Johann, that archducal cousin of his house, he dreamed that kings may love like other men. For Johann, who sailed away with the girl he loved,—leaving a throne,—the dream came true. Why not for him?

It was a boyish project,—a flight across the frontier, a flight from crown and power, a flight that should end in some flowery cottage, round which eternal birds would pipe melody and peace. The brown thrush had called to him,—the wild thrush that knows only liberty and—love. What cared he for the gilded cage of royalty?

He kissed her softly; it was the first time his lips had touched the lips of a woman. Rose, wide-eyed with wonder, knew only that she loved him. Ere the moon was up over the tops of the trees they rode away, side by side, and hand in hand. Their horses' hoofs rang on the frozen road as if on glass. The wan winter moon slowly uprose. Drunk with speed and the midnight air, they galloped on,—these two lovers. They were primitive and pure as the first birds that flew nestward.

All night they rode. The royal horses were white with foam and dripping sweat when they crossed the frontier. Already the sun was making light in that part of the world when they drew up their panting horses in front of a broad, oak door.

It was Wagner's house in Lucerne.

III.

FOR months, Ludwig shut himself up alone. Then, in the spring of that year, there was a gathering of notable people at the castle of Hohenschwangau. The queen and the empress of Austria were there; Friedrich Wilhelm, crown prince of Prussia, came, and Archduke Maximilian and his youngest daughter, Sofia, Count Von Durkheim and a score of the Bavarian nobles; the court came to the king.

Princess Sofia was a beautiful girl. If she was not so stately as her imperial sister, she was quite as visionary. She had the blue eyes of her race; there was a touch of red in her hair; she was slim and delicate,—a girl who had been fed on poetry and whose ideals were vague and high. Her meeting with Ludwig was like a fragment from some old romance. He was a few years her elder. Of life he knew little more than she did, and he, too, was an idealistic king. What happened in those spring days in the old palace, by mountain and lake, was sure to happen. The very frescoes on the antique walls were symbolic,—the painted story of how the Lombard king wooed the Bavarian princess in the long ago.

And so they loved each other. It was not quite as every youth and maiden love, for Ludwig was more of a dreamer than most men are, and the princess had never known the workaday world. They loved like children or poets.

The little court of Hohenschwangau laughed and wondered. Alone the empress of Austria was on their side.

On the other side were the queen-mother and the Prussian influence. The arguments went to and fro. One evening, in the great ballroom, the laughing debate ran high; the Prussian crown prince, bearded and big-voiced, was talking of the marriage.

"The wedding will never take place," he said.

"Your royal highness is sure?" asked Von Durkheim.

Friedrich Wilhelm laughed good-naturedly.

"I will bet you ten gulden," he said.

For a moment neither he nor the others noticed that the doors had been swung wide and that the king had entered with his bride on his arm. It was the look of hate that Ludwig flashed on the Prussian prince that told first that the insolent wager had been overheard. With Sofia on his arm, Ludwig went up to his mother.

"I will give you, mother, the pleasure of making known my betrothal to my cousin," he said.

At that instant, perhaps, he was more nearly a

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king than ever before or since. Certainly, for the only time, he touched the hem of real happiness. But it is not in this way that royal marriages are made. The world that surrounded him—ministry and court,—seemed to be in league against him, from the beginning to the end. He was absolutely alone, save for such a powerless friend as Von Durkheim, and save for the leal woman he loved. The royal self-will that was in him did not, at first, yield. He found even a kind of political wisdom to argue in behalf of his love. Was it not better, he said, that Bavaria should take sides neither for Prussia nor for Austria, but hold the balance of power between them, as it had done in his father's day? Would not the Bavarian princess be the one fit queen for a free Bavaria?

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To her he said,: "I will never give you up, Sofia;" and she answered, "I will never give you up, Ludwig." That was all they had on their side,—love and mutual faith. Surely these are strong allies in the common world for lovers, but they are weak enough in that royal world where men and women are puppets of old statesmen. Bismarck disapproved.

With brutal cynicism he has related how he falsified the telegram which precipitated his war on France; in a lighter tone even he has told how he prevented the marriage of Ludwig and Sofia.

The one achievement as well as the other illustrates his diplomatic methods.

The guests deserted Hohenschwangau. Sofia was taken to Munich; the crown prince returned to Berlin and Empress Elizabeth to Vienna. The king was alone, save for Von Durkheim and his servant, Webber. With these attendants he entered his royal city. The first move was kingly enough. With his own hand he wrote to every court in Europe, announcing his betrothal. These poor, futile letters were intercepted by the ministry,—but—since nothing is done in the dark,—every foreign department knew of them. The story is in the archives of every great state. One night he was very near victory. This was in May. All day he had wrangled with his ministers, and, finally, had dismissed them. Late that night he summoned them again to the kingly residence. It was close on midnight when they came. Webber ushered them in and took his stand at the door. The king walked to and fro, so the ministers stood. He was agitated and pale. What he said was: "Since I am king only in name, you will draw up my formal abdication. Let this be done at once. I intend to be master of myself. That is all."

He went out abruptly. Webber followed him.

It was an exciting night in Munich,—and in Berlin. Within the next few days every agency was brought to bear upon the king. His abdication, for such a cause, would have bred turmoil in the state; he was—in those days, as always,—beloved by his people. They loved him even for his boyish faults, his reckless generosity, and his dreamy aloofness from practical affairs. The king who is willing to give up a throne for love,—what may not such a king do? There was another important state reason to prevent his abdication. At that time his successor could be only his weakling brother, Otto, a poor figurehead in these stormy times.

Bismarck needed Bavaria for his war, already long prepared against France. He could not permit its king to wed with the sister of Austria's empress. He dared not face the danger of Ludwig's abdication. In some way he must prevent the marriage. In the young king there was no disloyalty. He would not yield. Diplomacy must find the weak point otherwhere.

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Bismarck's strength as a molder of events lay in the fact that he had no scruples and did not disdain to use the meanest tool. Moreover, he knew men and women. He understood the high-minded and good, as well as the ignoble and base. He was not one of the simple cynics who believe that human nature is more easily tempted by evil than by good. He worked his will by appealing to one motive here and another motive there. The king could not be moved; not even his mother could influence him. There was one other,—Princess Sofia.

The first man sent to her was Duke Luitpold, who is, to-day, the regent of that kingdom. He urged upon her that it was her duty to give up the king,—that her very love should urge her to such a sacrifice.

"For his own sake," old Luitpold urged, "you must refuse to marry him. You have no right to rob him of his crown."

"He must decide for us," the girl said.

"And Bavaria," Luitpold said, "and all our people,—can you sacrifice them to your selfish love?"

"Ludwig is wiser than we are," said the girl, stanchly, "and he will do what is right."

Luitpold thus failed in his mission; there were other and humbler tools. One of them was a bankrupt and ambitious musician; he was an exile in Switzerland; he was fifty-five years of age, and in his poverty his one hope was the dreamy king of Bavaria; since he was a man of genius, let us say that it was for art's sake, more than for self, that he sold his royal protector. It is best to be charitable, and then who knows how mixed a man's motives may be? The other tool was a woman. One afternoon in the first week in June, Rose of Linderhof went to the gray palace in Munich where Sofia dwelt.

The two girls, princess and peasant, talked together.

From that June day Ludwig did not again see the woman he loved. Her will parted them forever, and he went back to his mountains and to a life that grew darker year by year.

IV.

THE succeeding years of Ludwig's life were crowded with royal follies. He built palaces as extravagantly as if he were an Aladdin who had merely to rub a lamp. With Wagner he rioted in musical spectacles. Private performances were given for him in the Hof Theater, where, sitting in a shrouded box, he could neither be seen by the artists nor see them. In a boat drawn by a mechanical swan he posed as Lohengrin, while on the lake's shore singers and an orchestra gave the opera. In the bitterness of his disappointed love he would not look upon a woman's face. One day a *prima donna*, counting upon the king's gallantry, threw herself into the lake, by which she was playing *Elsa*. The king turned bluntly away and ordered a servant to rescue her. In those years, Wagner built up his fortune. He was the king's one companion. Save for him, Ludwig's life was as solitary as that of a hermit. It was a harmless, foolish existence,—music by day and headlong gallops by night. His kingdom became, what Bismarck would have it, a part of Germany. He played his part in the war, and, at Versailles, crowned old Wilhelm emperor, but he did not bury his hatred for the crown prince. In 1882, he was thrown from his horse on a mountain road and his thigh was broken. After that he did not ride again. He wearied even of castle-building. Then Wagner died. The king's last pleasure was "Parsifal." In the first week of May, 1884, three private performances were given for him. They began at midnight and lasted until the morning sun rose over the Maximilian *Strasse*. A fourth time it was to be given for him, but Siehr, the *basso*, could not sing. As he was setting out for the opera house his daughter's dead body was carried up the steps of his home. She had drowned herself for love. The king, shocked by this tragedy, so like his own, left Munich forever. He retired to Neuschwanstein, the new palace he had built upon a rock, over against Hohenschwangau. Behind him he left enormous debts and discontent.

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"Do what you like," he said to his ministers, "so long as I may live as I please."

They took him at his word. They no longer feared the king's popularity. For years he had been a recluse. Rarely was he seen by his people. There was a more pliable candidate for the throne in the person of old Duke Luitpold. The decision to depose the king was made in Berlin; the work was entrusted to his own ministry,—notably to Freiherr von Lutz, minister of state, to the minister of justice, Von Faustle, to Von Pechmann, of the police department, and the president of parliament, Graf Doering. By law, the king's person was inviolable, but in palace revolutions the law had never been much regarded, as Ludwig, the last king who ruled by "right divine," was to learn.

And so events crowded down to the last scene in his star-crossed life.

He was at supper at Neuschwanstein. Webber was with him. There were only a few attendants in the castle, and four armed guards in all. Oberholzer, a postilion, brought word that three coaches with men in uniform were coming up the hill. The king seemed to have a sudden intuition of the evil that was coming upon him. He ordered his guards to secure the doors and arouse all the menservants. He sent Webber to find out what business had brought armed men to his door. The reply was that they were the members of a government commission; that they had come to examine the king; that they knew him to be insane, and wished to remove him to a place where he would be better cared for. After a moment's hesitation, Ludwig gave orders to admit them. They were given hospitality, but they did not see the king. However, they read their proclamation to the wondering domestics. This proclamation had already been published in Munich. In fact, the king had been pronounced insane before any physician had seen him. The regency had been proclaimed, and the oath administered to the army.

The political move had been made first; its justification was to be arranged as best might be.

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Was he insane?

In an artist or a poet such intellectual vagaries as his would have been inconspicuous. Had he not been a king, he might have lived as unquestioned as Byron. He was no more melancholy than Swift, no more extravagant than Dumas. His action when called on to defend his throne showed no signs of mental feebleness.

When the commissioners were safely housed in the castle, he sent a messenger to his old friend, Von Durkheim, who was in Steinbaden. Another rode hot foot to Fussen to summon the judge of that district. Von Durkheim urged the king to escape at once across the frontier, and remain until his friends could be rallied, but Ludwig would not leave his kingdom. He wrote his protest and an appeal to his people, and dispatched the count to Munich. In the meantime the commissioners, fearing they were prisoners rather than guests, called in their guard of forty men, seized the castle, and tied up the king's soldiers. Ludwig was kept as a prisoner in his chamber. Webber had raised a few of the peasants, but they were driven back. The district judge, Sontag, who had come from Fussen, at the king's request, stumbled into this hornet's nest and fled away as fast as he could. Now and then, throughout the night, the commissioners approached and questioned the king. Always he refused sternly to recognize the legality of the proceedings, but he was calm and self-possessed. Leaving him under guard, they returned to Munich for fresh instructions, and appeared again the next night with orders to take him to Berg Castle, on Sternberg Lake, which had been fitted up as a madhouse under the direction of Dr. Von Gudden.

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All the telegraph wires had been held, and none of the messages smuggled out for the king, summoning the troops of near-by garrisons to his aid, was permitted to pass. This Ludwig did not know. The second night of his imprisonment he did not sleep. He counted on the coming of the soldiers. Hour by hour he looked for news of Von Durkheim. He did not know that this last friend had been thrown into a military prison. Webber says that, even when he learned of the failure of all these plans, he did not lose hope; his whole mind was bent upon some way of reaching Munich and appealing to his army and his people. The last message he sent was to Linderhof.

Before dawn Dr. Von Gudden entered and bade him make ready for his journey to Berg.

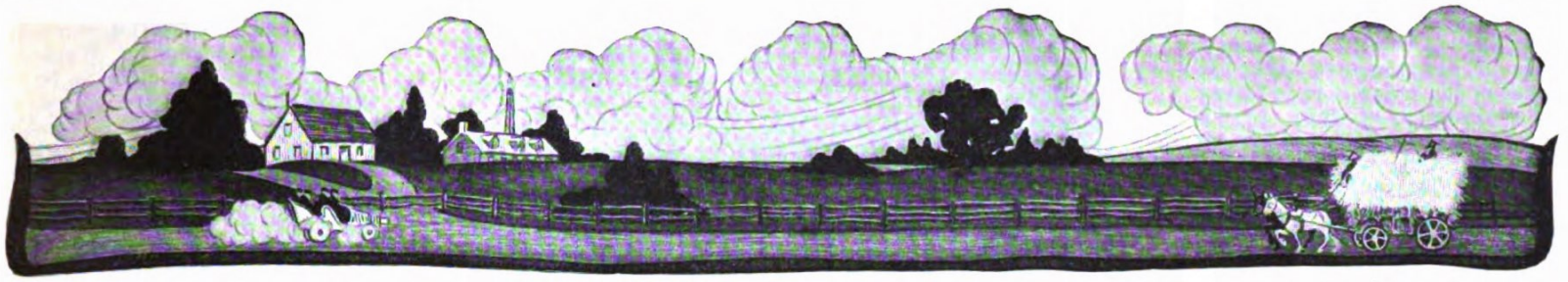
"I am ready," he said; "come, Webber!"

"Webber is not to go," said Dr. Von Gudden.

But Webber refused to be separated from his master until he was promised that he should follow the next day. [Ten minutes after this promise was made Webber was on his way to prison.] At three in the morning the party set out. The king was locked in a railway carriage with Von Gudden and four madhouse attendants. In other parts of the train were the commissioners, doctors, two guards, and a valet. At eight o'clock the station at Berg was reached. The castle is a square building with five towers. Standing among tall trees on the edge of the lake, it was a desirable prison. There the king's isolation could be complete. Von Gudden, sure that he had cut him off from every friend,—from all possible chance of rescue,—relaxed a little of his vigilance. Late that afternoon one of the servants in the castle managed to communicate with the king. He slipped a letter into his hand, which Ludwig found means of reading unobserved. He had been calm all day, hardly speaking to the doctors. Now, as evening fell, he asked Von Gudden whether he were to be kept so

[*Concluded on page 342*]

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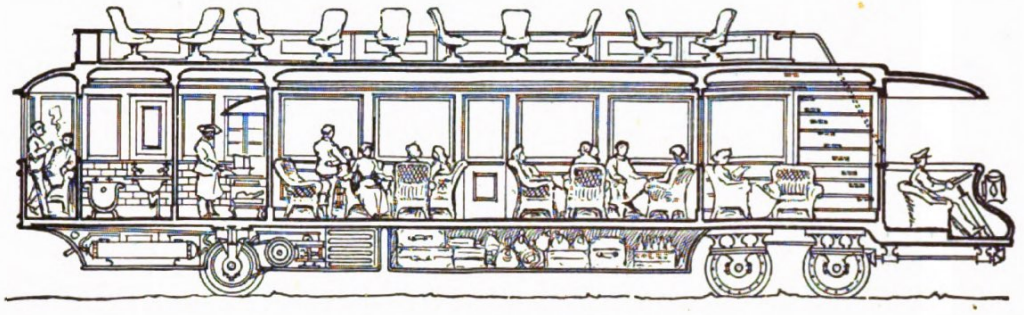


The Limitless Promise of a New World-industry

As a Promoter of Better Hygienic Conditions, as an Educator, and as a Factor in Advancing Humanity, the Automobile Is Adding to Its Laurels

FRANK FAYANT

WITHIN the short time of a half decade, we have seen in this country a remarkable development of self-propelled vehicles. The "chug-chug" of gasoline touring cars and the whir of electric runabouts—sounds that were strange to the ears five years ago,—are now as familiar as the noisy clang of a street-car gong. We see motor cars distributing the thousands of daily sales of the big retail shops; we see them carrying the injured to the hospitals; we see them hauling heavy loads of merchandise in the crowded thoroughfares of the wholesale districts; we see them scurrying across town laden with bundles of the latest editions of afternoon newspapers, damp from the presses; we see them hurrying doctors to their patients, or fire officials to distant fires; we see them in the government service carrying mails from post offices to railway trains; and we see them, as public carriages, conveying passengers, sometimes a score or more in a single vehicle, from one end of a town to the other.



A TOURING CAR OF THE FUTURE

[This design, which was drawn from the carefully prepared plans of an automobile manufacturer, illustrates a family car of the future. It is not at all inconsistent when the development of good roads, due to antomobiling, is taken into consideration. It represents a car about fifty feet long, divided into compartments as may be desired. In this case we have the driver's seat forward, which can extend across the front, seating from two to four passengers. This portion of the car can be inclosed, by raising windows on the indicated frames. Back of this we have a cozy little library, and in the center, or body of the car, a large living-room with movable wicker chairs. In the rear end of the car a small obsevatory is built, and, adjoining it, a fully equipped bath room. Between the bath room and the main room is a complete modern kitchen equipped with an electric range and other conveniences. Underneath the car is ample room, in addition to the engine and storage tanks, for trunks, bags, and provisions. The hollow rail surrounding the top of the car is also designed for a locker room and storage. The roof is converted into an observation deck, and is furnished with revolving chairs. The steering gear is connected with the four front wheels, operating them simultaneously.]

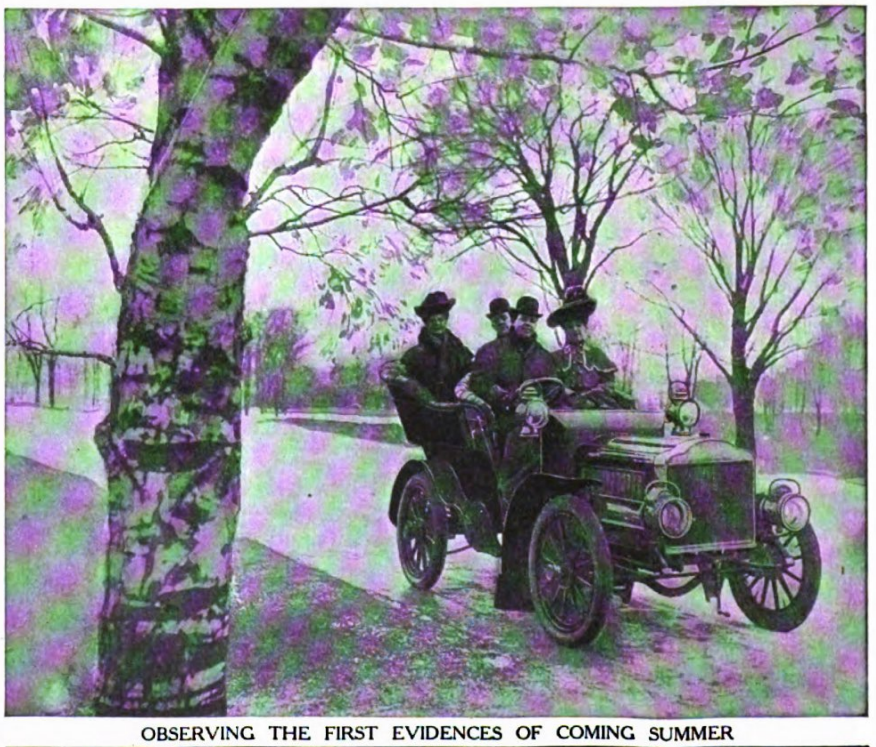
In transportation a revolution is being wrought. At the opening of the nineteenth century there was developed in the brains of mechanicians an idea in locomotion which was destined to remold the face of the world. To place a value on the invention of the steam railway locomotive in the material development of the western world would be beyond the power of the most astute economic student. Now, at the opening of the twentieth century, another mode of locomotion is in process of development, and a new era in transportation has begun. Who has the courage to foretell what wonderful changes in the life of the world may not be brought about by motor cars?

"First came the age of the stagecoach," says a noted writer,—"a fine, manly age, full of splendid horses and vigorous men, redolent of romance and gay with color; second, the age of the railway,—the foundation of modern industrialism, the creator of vast wealth, the parent of great cities. To-morrow and thereafter will be the age of the self-propelling motor,—with a revival of country life vastly beyond that of the old coaching days,—a vehicle of national development greater than the railway, its advent inaugurating an industry destined to be inferior only to the manufacture of iron products, the mining of coal, and shipbuilding, and producing a social revolution in the life of the individual man and in the organization of the community."*

It is a curious fact in the history of power-transportation that the steam locomotive, of such venerable ancestry, and the motor car, a *fin de siècle* novelty, really had their birth at about the same time, the motor car being slightly the elder of the two. It was early in the last century that the paragraphists in the London newspapers were busy ridiculing two curious mechanical inventions. One was a road carriage, built to take the place of the stagecoach, which traveled over the country highways under its own motive power. The other was a train of coaches drawn over a steel highway by a puffing monster. All who are familiar with the story of machinery since the latter years of the eighteenth century know with what ridicule these inventions were received both in America and England. As early as 1770, Cugnot, in France, had built a working steam-driven carriage, which may be seen today at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Mètiers*, in Paris. Thirty years later, the first motor carriage appeared on an English highway, it being the handiwork of one Richard Trevithick, a Cornish mining engineer.

One of the early English inventors built a steam carriage which made the journey from Hounslow to London, drawing a barouche in which rode the Duke of Wellington and other notables. Its average speed was fourteen miles an hour. Cruikshank, the English cartoonist, ridiculed the horseless stagecoach in a drawing which pictured some horses, in a field overlooking a coach road, holding a conversation about a passing steam stagecoach. The remark of one of the horses was, "Well, dash my wig, if that isn't the rummest I ever saw!" The project of building steam railways was held up to equal ridicule. So eminent a journal as the Edinburgh "Quarterly Review" said: "As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding every other mode of conveyance on land and water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice." The story is told of a skeptical member of Parliament who asked an engineer who sought the privilege of building a railway, "Would it not be dangerous if a cow should happen to stray in front of the engine?" "Quite so," replied the engineer; "it would indeed be very dangerous—for the cow."

But the locomotive that was to run on rails and the car that was to travel over the highway, although they had their mechanical birth in the same period, were not to be developed side by side. The motor car was forgotten, while the steam locomotive grew year by year to greater and greater usefulness, and it is only after a century's evolution in steam railway locomotion that the mechanical genius of the world has again given its energy to the perfection of the forgotten horseless stagecoach. But, for this reason, the motor car will have a much more rapid growth than it could have had a century ago. The builders of motor cars have all the engineering knowledge developed during the wonderful nineteenth century as a foundation for their industry, and the rebirth of the once ridiculed horseless carriage occurs when the locomotive has very nearly reached the zenith of its career. The twentieth-century



OBSERVING THE FIRST EVIDENCES OF COMING SUMMER

* Henry Norman, in the "World's Work," of London, England.

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motor car is the culminating triumph of the application of the engine as a means of transportation. Whether the car of the future is to be driven by the expansion of steam, by the expansion-explosion of gas, or by electro-magnetism, is a question not yet decided. The earlier cars were all steam-driven; the standard, to-day, is the gasoline car; with the wonderful progress of electrical engineering, it seems likely that the car of to-morrow will be driven by an electric motor, impelled by a storage-battery current. Cars of all three types are now to be seen in the streets of any big town.

In 1900, there were eight hundred motor cars built in this country, representing a value of about eight hundred thousand dollars. Since then the industry has grown by leaps and bounds, and last year there were built in the United States eleven thousand cars, valued at twelve million dollars. The value of the American output this year will be close to twenty million dollars. A single American factory has an output equal to the entire French motor export trade. In a New York country village, with a population of two thousand, five hundred, there are a dozen motor cars. This is just an ordinary inland community, boasting of no rich residents, and its interest in motor cars is typical of that throughout the East. If the entire country were as well equipped with motor cars as this village, we should have four hundred thousand cars, valued at four hundred million dollars. The industry in the United States is in its infancy, and the few score factories that have sprung up like mushrooms in the night to build motor cars are unable to meet the rapidly growing demand. When the business shall get on a normal basis, and manufacturing processes shall have been perfected, the cost of cars will be greatly reduced. Throughout the country there will be hundreds of thousands of people of moderate means who will make their own cars. It is idle to say that motoring is a fad like bicycling, or roller-skating, or tennis, or that the industry, growing like a great bubble, will collapse as did the trade in bicycles. Where the bicycle has one use the motor car has a dozen, and the various uses to which the motor car has already been put are but an indication of the manifold purposes it will be made to serve.

Already we see the motor car beginning to compete, as a carrier of passengers and freight, with existing steam and electric railways. With the development of good roads that is bound to come with the growth of motoring, it needs no wide stretch of imagination to picture regular motor-car lines connecting the great centers of traffic and competing as common carriers with steam and electric railways.

Wonderful Results Will Follow when Horses Are Banished from Large Cities

A motor-car transportation line gets its roadbed free of cost. It has no need to spend many thousands of dollars a mile for right of way, embankments and tunnels, bridges and culverts, rails and ties, and for maintenance of the permanent way. Unlike the railway, a motor-car line is not restricted in its routes by arbitrary roads of steel. It can send its cars wherever there are highways, and that means wherever there are human habitations.

Nor does it need any wide stretch of the imagination to picture the streets of a great city like New York freed from the thraldom of the horse. When one considers the advance in engineering since the building of the first railway, it seems strange that the horse has remained so long as he has in the large cities of the western world. The use of the horse in a city like London results in the daily accumulation of five thousand tons of dirt that constantly menace the health of its six million inhabitants. Even those who scoff at the sport of motoring can hardly have the courage to deny that within a few years a horse will be a rare sight in New York's leading streets. Within the short space of five years the change in the aspect of the city's thoroughfares is astounding. No feature of the changing kaleidoscope of the city's life gives greater wonder to the returning traveler, who has been far afield beyond the fringes of civilization, than the constant "chug-chug" of the motor cars scurrying through the streets. He sees pleasure vehicles, public carriages, ambulances, mail wagons, moving vans, merchandise trucks, and delivery wagons moving through the streets by their own power. If such a change can be wrought in the short space of five years, who can define the limits of the revolution that will have taken place by the middle of the century? The use of self-propelled vehicles in the streets of New York, instead of horse-drawn vehicles, will make a striking change for the better in cleanliness. The importance of this feature in the revolution of transportation is scarcely to be realized. We have little idea what effect the thousands of tons of dirt in our streets have on the general health of urban dwellers. When horses are banished from the streets by motor cars, we shall have purer air to breathe, and we shall not be reading constantly in the newspapers of epidemics of disease spread among millions of people in the dust-laden air. Motor cars will also give great relief to traffic congestion. In overcrowded cities like New York and London the congestion due to the use of horses has grown to be a very serious annoyance. Statisticians have sought to estimate London's daily loss in money through this congestion. Whatever this amount may be, there can be no question that the universal use of motor cars in the streets of London will open a new era in that city's life. Throughout all the cities of the western world all local transportation, whether of passengers or of freight, will be carried on much more rapidly, and there will be an economic gain similar to that obtained in the manufacturing industries by the substitution of the work of machines for hand labor. The more one studies the service the motor car is to give in the life of the future, in this single matter of the economy of transportation, the more he marvels at its possibilities.



THE FINISH OF THE NEW YORK-PITTSBURG ENDURANCE RUN

A wonderful revolution is to be wrought in the cities, and the possibilities of the motor in the country are equally great. The motor car seems destined to work a striking change in agricultural life. Only the beginnings have been made. In England, where one of the most serious economic problems has been presented by the abandonment of farms, the leaders of the nation's thought believe that the motor is going to rejuvenate the country life that first gave England its national strength. The introduction of farm motors in England, it is believed, will make agriculture again a profitable and attractive occupation, and will stem the disturbing flow of population out of the country districts into the overcrowded manufacturing towns. Already there are in use in England motors for plowing the soil, for sowing seeds, and for gathering crops.

Where Farming Has Fallen into Discredit, the Motor Car May Inaugurate a New Era

Any one who has visited the great western farms of America knows what a revolution has taken place in our agricultural life through the introduction of steam machinery. But much of the work of the farms that should be done by machinery is still done either by hand or by the use of horses. The big farmer of the future will not have much use for the horse as a work animal. The railways have worked wonders in the development of the agricultural West by placing farmers in touch with the markets of the world; the motor will supplement the work of the railway. With motor wagons and trucks with which to carry their products to market, farmers will be enabled to bring themselves into profitable connection with near-by markets without depending upon railways.

In the East, where farming has fallen into discredit, the motor is going to open a new era in farm life. The motor will bring the small eastern farmer in touch with markets he can not now profitably reach. It will cut down the distance between the farms and the towns. Not only will it make farming more profitable, but it also will make it more attractive, for it will do much to destroy the desolation of farm life which drives so many country boys into the towns. This matter of the growth of the cities at the expense of the rural districts is not yet so serious a matter in this country as it is in England, but in the more thickly populated sections like New England it is already a matter to give serious concern.

During the past few years the motor car has had its principal growth as a pleasure vehicle, but the first cost of a machine has prevented the great mass of the people from even thinking of taking up the sport. But it is patent to all that within a few years the cost of a serviceable motor car will be but a fraction of what it now is. There is almost sure to be as great a reduction in its cost as there has been in that of the bicycle, and, while every one who could afford to buy a wheel will not be able to get a motor, it is likely that more people will make daily use of motors in this country than ever did of the bicycle. The bicycle, without motive power of its own, is primarily a machine for one person—and a fairly vigorous



AN EXPEDITIOUS TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON ON A ROAD STICKY WITH MUD

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one, —to ride; the motor, on the other hand, can carry a whole family on an outing tour, and it is equally at the service of the muscular young man just out of college and the aged invalid unable to work except with difficulty.

It is pleasant to think of the use that will be made of the motor car of the future in the recreation of the family. There will be built huge motors, veritable traveling homes, in which the members of a family, independent of established lines of transportation, will make summer outing tours to distant lakes and woods and shores. When one compares the magnificent cars of to-day with the cumbersome machines of a short time ago, it is not difficult to imagine a future car which will carry comfortably all the members of a family, and which will be provided with all the more necessary conveniences of a traveling home. Such a car will enable a party of pleasure seekers to go afield wherever the highways lead, independent of railways and hotels.



THE KING OF ITALY RETURNING FROM A MILITARY INSPECTION

That the motor car is to become a serious competitor of the railway coach in local transportation is not to be doubted. So rapid has its development been within six years that the more serious objection that was raised to its commercial use—its speed,—has been entirely overcome. The manner in which motor enthusiasts have developed the speed of the motor is one of the astounding things of the past two years. A specially built racing machine has made a mile in the incredibly short time of thirty-nine and two-fifths seconds, or at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour; and a short time ago another racing car, imported from France, ran fifty miles at an average speed of seventy-two miles an hour.

In the Matter of Speed, Motor Cars Are rapidly Fulfilling All Their Early Promise

It is probable that racing cars will develop a speed of one hundred miles an hour, and it is safe to say that for some years to come nothing more need be asked of the motor car in the matter of speed. With the building of cars of great power, the objection to the earlier ones—that they were mere playthings and incapable of making progress, in good weather and bad, up hill and down, on all sorts of roads,—has also been largely met. The recent endurance trials in this country and in England show that the motor car is already a remarkably efficient means of locomotion. But the motorist of the future will not have to struggle over rough roads, for, with the development of the country, there will soon come a day when there will be good roads along all the great arteries of traffic.

The cleanliness of the streets, and hence the healthfulness and attractiveness of cities, are much improved by the gradual passing of the horse in favor of the automobile. Dr. Ernst J. Lederle, who was health commissioner of New York City during the administration of Mayor Low, has expressed himself to SUCCESS on this subject as follows:—

"Keeping the streets clear of animal refuse and disposing of it make one of the most troublesome matters with which the health department of a big city has to deal. Very many of the employees of the department in New York spend the greater part of the time at this work. The roadways are kept fairly clear, but every day at certain points in the city where the refuse is gathered together for final disposition it accumulates in sufficiently large quantities to be a source of great annoyance, especially in the warm months. The people living in these localities are compelled to keep their windows closed most of the time to bar out the odors, with the result of improper ventilation and consequent danger to health. The air of considerable areas is polluted, and I have no doubt that the lives of thousands of the weakly in poor neighborhoods in great cities have been sacrificed to the nuisance. A stable in close juxtaposition to human habitations in crowded sections is another abomination and menace to health which will disappear when the horse is relegated to the country. The truth of the matter is that our equine friend has no place in the great city under the present and constantly growing congestion of population. The development of the automobile is most timely. Its general use will be a source of much satisfaction to health officers and all others interested in the public health."

The annual show of automobiles at Madison Square Garden, New York City, is one of the notable achievements of the industry. There the changes and improvements of the thousands of busy minds now employed by the manufacturers are shown, each year adding more new wonders until one marvels when the end will come. At the show of last year, the likenesses of many American cars to those of French and German design was one of the features most commented upon. It was generally granted that the American makers, who had begun years later than the Europeans, had learned with astounding rapidity, and it was an open prediction that the show of 1904 would place many American cars on a higher plane. One French visitor who had spent several days at the show in the interests of a motor publication of his country said: "Truly the brains of this business are developing in America."

That the general demand for automobiles is increasing no dealer can deny. I know that SUCCESS always looks on the right side of such matters, and believes in reports based on truth and common sense. It is fruitless, therefore, to be carried away by the exaggerated statements in the newspapers. The popular newspaper idea in regard to the proportions that the American automobile industry has reached and the exact figures are widely discordant. We frequently read that there are over a thousand automobile factories in the United States, when there are only one hundred and fifty. It has been reported on several occasions that the output of last year amounted to over forty thousand vehicles, when about twelve thousand were actually sold. The largest demand was for runabouts, but the sales of touring cars were very promising. Almost a perfect balance was struck by the manufacturers between the supply and the demand, with a result that certainly must be favorable to the public,—that but very few 1903 machines were carried over. The orders for this year show a worthy increase,—one that promises much for development in manufacturing. These considerations are worth more than passing attention. It has been stated that the development of motor cars has been threatened by disaster due to overproduction and to the experiments in mechanical invention which are usually prolific during an industrial era, and, consequently, this new industry will suffer as did the bicycle industry. The leading makers have been careful and conservative, and, to-day, the possibility of such an outcome is rather vague.

When Some Finality of Design Is Reached, Prices Will naturally Become Lower

Many are asking if the machines will ever become cheaper in price. This is a question that can not be answered now with any accuracy. There are more high-priced cars being made, and a keener rivalry with foreign makers is apparent. Until some finality in design is arrived at, it can not be expected that prices will fall. Within the next decade, perhaps, wheels, tires, engines, and other parts will have become so standardized that they will be manufactured in lots and at lower prices, so that a runabout that now sells for about eight hundred dollars will be purchased for about five hundred dollars less. The time will come when the general public will find automobiles ranging from three hundred to six hundred dollars apiece, and the expense of operating and keeping one will be so very nominal that every thrifty clerk may indulge in what we now consider a luxury.



A PARTY OF AUTOMOBILISTS RESTING ON THE CYPRESS DRIVE AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

The future of good roads and the future of the automobile depend each upon the other. The coming of well-built thoroughfares, however, is certain, not alone because automobiling is increasing, but also because of their economical value. But, as a factor in advancing good roads, the automobile is proving a greater blessing than the bicycle. It was believed that bicycling would start a movement for improved highways that would not end until the imperfect avenues for overland communication between our communities should be almost perfect, but the movement "petered out," only to be taken up again with the growing popularity of automobiling. Never before in the history of the United States has this movement met with so much favor. Schemes and inventions to improve roadways are in great demand. Draining, surfacing, macadamizing, rolling finished highways, and filling and elevating swamps, all seemingly common subjects, are becoming more and more important every day. The demand for practiced engineers for this work is increasing. Who knows but what roadmaking may yet become a regular department in our colleges and technical schools? That is not a wholly improbable expectation. It is not impossible that America will yet rejoice in many interstate boulevards and in a grand Appian Way stretching from coast to coast.

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"'WHERE WOULD I HAVE BEEN, TO-DAY, IF YOU HAD N'T ECONOMIZED?'"

ANNABEL'S BLUE DRESSING SACK

How a Struggling Author suddenly Found that there Was a Demand for His Wares

CHARLES BATTEL LOOMIS

OLIVER EMERSON SHARPE, the writer, had lived in the country most of his life,—down in the Pennsylvania country, among the coal mines. He had reached the age of thirty-five without "setting the river on fire," and he was of so contented a disposition that he often thanked the Lord that he never lacked for three square meals a day and that he was able to send his children to a public school; and he always paid for their stationery cheerfully. Once in a while he took his wife to New York for a week, and they went to see a play or two and visited the picture galleries and listened to a concert and then returned to the country, feeling that they were just two little ants in the big ant hill of the United States, and glad that they had been allowed to carry off a particle or two of sugar in their little mandibles.

But one time, when this almost middle-aged man was in New York, he was invited by an editor to attend a dinner and was given to understand that they would be pleased to have him respond to the toast, "Our English tongue; are we taking good care of it?"

He had spoken on his feet more or less all his life, so he was not greatly scared, but he was surprised that he should have been singled out to speak on such a topic when there were so many resident New Yorkers capable of doing it better justice.

The night came. He kissed his wife good-by at the hotel and went on foot to Delmonico's.

When the time came for his speech, he was introduced by the chairman as a very successful writer, and when his name was mentioned it was received with enthusiastic applause. He could scarcely believe his ears. He felt like saying "Will you please repeat that?" but the chairman was bowing to him and he had to make his speech. The thought that he was actually considered successful and was really known to this big body of representative men gave him an exaltation of spirits that enabled him to make the speech of his life, although totally different from the one that he had prepared. All the time he kept saying to himself, "You are successful. One of the leading railroad men in the state has said it, and, if a leading railroad man doesn't know what success is, who does?"

His speech was punctuated by spontaneous applause and laughter, for he had a shrewd wit, and when it was over he was congratulated on all sides and the president of one of the oldest societies in New York invited him to attend its annual dinner and make a postprandial speech.

Another said, "It's a wonder to me, Mr. Sharpe, that you don't live in New York all the time. The idea of your isolating yourself in a little Pennsylvania town when you belong to New York and are identified with its success is very amusing. I suppose at home you're just one of the villagers. Come here and if you can make speeches like this you'll be pushing Chauncey for first place."

Now, if Mr. Sharpe had been twenty instead of thirty-five, he would have had a bad attack of swelled head at all this, and would have pulled up stakes next day and wondered how he could ever have been satisfied to live in a snuffy town among Pennsylvania Dutchmen; but, being almost thirty-six, he kept his head down to normal limits and chuckled to himself at the different meanings of success.

There he was among millionaires and successful lawyers, any one of whom made more money in a month than he did in a year, and yet he was supposed to be successful by them,—solely on account of what he had written.

"What a joke on Annabel!" said he to himself, as he went back to the humble hotel that was housing them for that week. "I suppose it is those stories of the strikers that came out in the 'Aroma.' That's what it is to live so far from New York. I didn't know they'd made a ripple."

Let it be said that he did not walk home. A successful man does not walk home unless he is so very successful that he can afford to be eccentric, and Mr. Sharpe did not feel he was so successful as all that. He alighted from his cab, noted the shabbiness of the hotel, looked with successful eyes on the dingy carpets and the ill lighted halls, and made his way to his room.

Mrs. Sharpe was sound asleep.

"Byron awoke and found himself famous," said Mr. Sharpe to himself; "Annabel will awake and find that I'm successful." The idea struck him as being so funny that he laughed out loud and the noise of his cachinnations awoke his spouse.

"What *is* the matter with you, Oliver Emerson Sharpe?" she asked, somewhat severely, for she had been dreaming pleasant dreams.

"Annabel, I am a successful man. I am considered successful by such men as Brown of the D., T., and W., and Lawyer Spooner, a very big lawyer here, and the mayor, and Dickenson, the poet, and Hinton, the banker. President Brown introduced me to the men at the table at the dinner, to-night, as a successful writer, and my speech,—well, Dickenson said it was the hit of the evening and you know he is very careful of his words."

"Olly Sharpe, what are you talking about? *You* successful, and the children going to a public school, and we at this hotel? Did you have anything to drink?"

"Not a drop," said Mr. Sharpe, taking off his evening tie. "Annabel Sharpe, I have accepted an invitation to make a speech before the New England Society. Does that look like success, or do they only ask old plugs that have failed to speak to them? Eh? Adriance, of the Creditable Life Assurance Company, tells me that he has read all my books, and he thinks I'm throwing my life away to be living down at Aquatuck instead of here in New York, where I'd be in the swim."

"Just what I've always told you, Olly," said his wife, sitting right up in bed. "Hand me my dressing sack, please."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Sharpe, handing her the sack and preparing to take off his patent leathers, which, to tell the truth, were a wee bit tight.

"It's cool, but I just want to sit up and take it in that *you* are considered successful."

"Oh, well, now, I don't suppose it's worth all that. Some of the men may have been jolliers and some may have been feeling pretty good. I don't suppose that I could get the different editors in town to take my success at that dinner value."

"It's just what you *will* do, Oliver Emerson Sharpe," said Annabel, shutting her lips in the manner she had when she meant business. She always looked just like that when she insisted that Oliver, Junior, should go to school the day after a holiday when he pleaded indisposition—to go.

"Yes, Oliver Emerson, we'll leave Aquatuck, and you'll plunge right into the swim and live up to your reputation."

Mr. Sharpe stopped unlacing his shoe.

"My goodness, Annabel! is it you saying that? Where would I have been, to-day, if you had n't economized, and how in the world am I going to live in New York on fifteen hundred dollars a year?"

"Oliver, you know very well that a man who makes only fifteen hundred dollars a year is not successful. Your work has made many people think that you have really succeeded. If the world thinks so, your income ought to be five times as much, and it's just *got* to be."

"Annabel, you frighten me," said Mr. Sharpe, but at the same time the words sounded good and stimulating.

"Were you ever kissed by a successful man?" asked he, at this point, and, on Annabel's telling him that she had not been, he proceeded to salute her.

"It's the indorsements that make a note good," said he, as he prepared to turn out the light.

"Yes, and you've just got to raise the figures on the note," said Annabel, in the dark.

The next morning Mr. Sharpe put into his pocket a story of mining life that he had sent to five different editors with five equivalent results, and set out to try it on one more editor.

"Let him know that you're successful," said his wife, but it was a rainy day and Mr. Sharpe was not quite sure that he had not dreamed about the dinner the night before.

But when he reached the editorial rooms, instead of sending in his name by the boy, as usual, he took out his cardcase with a good deal of dignity, and said, very impressively, "Will you hand this card to Mr. Alton, and tell him, if he can not see me at once for about five minutes, that I will come in later in the week, as I am in a hurry."

On more than one occasion Mr. Sharpe had waited a half hour or more to see the excitable little Pennsylvanian who presided over the fortunes of "Morson's Magazine," but now, in a minute, the uniformed attendant came back and said, "Go right in, sir; I'll show you the way."

Mr. Sharp went right in. All the way he kept saying to himself, "President Brown of the D., T., and W. thinks you are successful. You *are* successful."

Alton was sitting at his desk reading a letter. Ordinarily he would have finished reading it without a gesture of recognition, but now, as soon as he heard Sharpe's quick step at the door, he laid the letter aside, sprang from his seat, and said:—



"I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU"

"I want to congratulate you on your speech at the Mercantile dinner, last night. I'm proud of you as a Pennsylvanian. It was great stuff. I've just been reading it in 'The Tribune.'"

Mr. Sharpe had not expected this and his native modesty asserted itself.

"Oh, I don't—"

"But I do. I tell you we Pennsylvanians are proud to have such an after-dinner speaker in New York."

Mr. Sharpe was now seated, and Mr. Alton, his eyes snapping, said, "I hope you've got something in my line. We've always wanted to print something of yours, but you seem to send all your 'Morson' things to other magazines, and the things you've shown us, while awfully clever, have not been in our line."

Mr. Sharpe's heart gave a great bound. He had evidently called at the right psychological moment.

"How would a mining story do,—realistic and pathetic and relating to the recent strike?" he asked.

"Tiptop! I've just been running a series of mountaineer stories and a mining series would follow very nicely."

Mr. Sharpe produced his story, unfolded it, and, as he handed it to Mr. Alton, inquired, "When can you read it?"

"Won't have to, Mr. Sharpe," said Mr. Alton, with a warming smile, as he took the manuscript from his caller's

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hands. "I know you know the mines, and I know your treatment, and I want a mining story from you. It's accepted."

"This *is* success," said Mr. Sharpe to himself, and it was with difficulty that he kept his intense gratification from showing in his face. The last time he had been in town he had taken a story to "Morson's," hoping to sell it for seventy-five dollars, but, after keeping it a month, Mr. Alton had returned it with a printed slip. Could a speech at a dinner have made all this difference, or was he really reaping the just reward of years of conscientious work? The thought of reward reminded him that it would be well to speak of the price. The story was of the same length as the other, and he thought that one hundred dollars would be a reasonable amount to ask for it, but he happened to think of Annabel sitting up in bed with her blue dressing sack on and commanding him to live up to his reputation, so he braced himself, drew a deep breath, and said, in quick, tense tones that sounded queer to his own ears:—

"Mr. Alton, we have n't spoken of terms, but I think I ought to get three hundred dollars for that story. It is six thousand words long."

Mr. Alton was not a man to hesitate. His mind worked like lightning.

"Mr. Sharpe, some years ago I would not have paid you a fifth of that, for your name did not warrant it, but I tell you frankly that now your name will bring me subscribers, and so I'll agree to your somewhat high figure. But—"

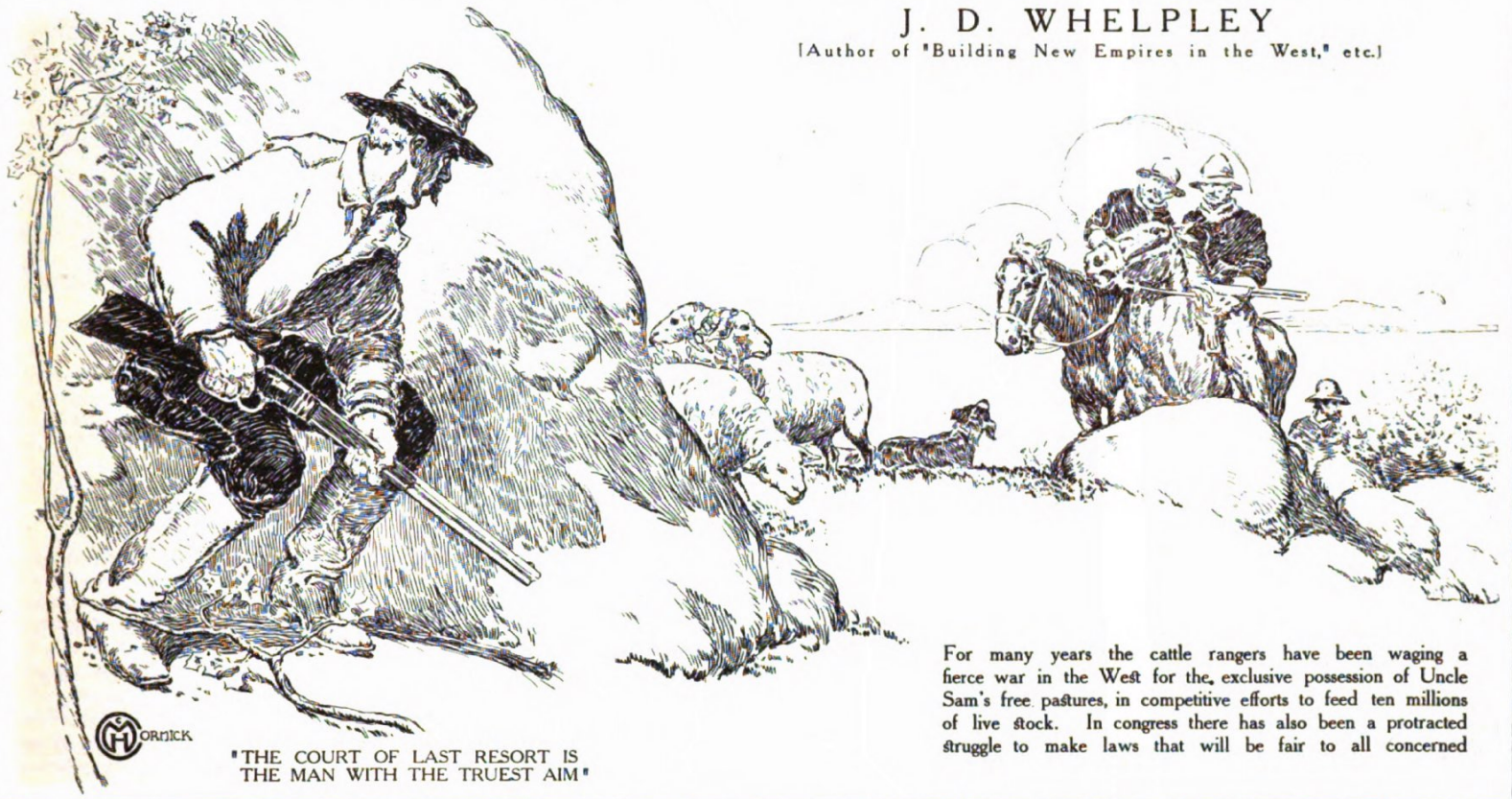
Mr. Sharpe's spirits began to flutter downward. What was this portentous "but?"

"I want five more stories of the same length, on the same subject, at three hundred dollars each. Can you do them?"

Mr. Alton put the manuscript in a pigeonhole as he spoke, and Mr. Sharpe, always distrustful of his own powers, was on the point of saying that he could n't, as that vein was worked dry. Then the blue dressing sack flashed before his eyes again, and the thought of a residence in or near New York came to his mind, and he said, as quietly as he could: "I'm quite sure I can, Mr. Alton."

THE LONG FIGHT FOR FREE GRASS

J. D. WHELPLEY
[Author of "Building New Empires in the West," etc.]



"THE COURT OF LAST RESORT IS THE MAN WITH THE TRUEST AIM"

For many years the cattle rangers have been waging a fierce war in the West for the exclusive possession of Uncle Sam's free pastures, in competitive efforts to feed ten millions of live stock. In congress there has also been a protracted struggle to make laws that will be fair to all concerned

IT is a broad and rolling prairie with a limitless horizon, except where the white-capped peak of a mountain chain reaches far enough toward the sky to overcome the rotundity of the earth and mark the finiteness of the plains. Down in a little valley is a spring from which a brook starts gaily out for the sea, but it is lost within sight in the thirsty ground. Along the slopes of the valley wanders a scattered band of sheep,—a couple of thousand there may be,—but on that broad acreage they seem but a few. Just above the spring is a small weather-beaten tent, and half within and half without the door lies the sprawling body of a man, dead upon the ground. A rifle is clutched in the still but rigid hands.

The Wild Pastures Are still Vast in Extent, in Spite of the Army of Recent Settlers

The sheep huddle in bunches and glance fearsomely and wonderingly toward the still figure, but they get no sign, which is a new order of things for them, once carefully herded. The collie, too, who had so often brought them together by nipping the laggards, lies near the body of his master and fails to take note by his accustomed warning bark of the straggling of the flock. On the distant ridges, outlined against the red of the evening sky, a few coyotes move restlessly back and forth. Occasionally they yelp in their impatience, sometimes singly, sometimes in chorus. The scent is full of promise for the night, but conventional fear of man and gun still holds them in check.

Miles away, but still in sight from the butte back of the shepherd's tent, there rides a little band of horsemen. As the light fades in the sky they quicken their pace. The beat of hoofs upon the hard prairie, the jingle of spurs and accouterments, the hard breathing of horses, and once in a while a muttered oath from one of the riders, as his horse stumbles, are the only sounds. Hardened as these men are to the violent scenes of frontier life, their faces show, each in a different way from any of the others, the effect of murder upon the soul. They would have called it self-defense, had they been held accountable, but deep down in every heart was the knowledge that they had ridden to do the bidding of their master, a great cattleman, to clear the range, teach a lesson to intruders, and make an example of one sheepman's property, even to the killing of a human being, and they were to be the sole judges of the necessity of their acts.

In the face of great solitudes, and where nature rules supreme, strange as it may seem, human life does not give the same impress of value as it does where a horror-stricken crowd of hundreds can gather in a moment at the scene of a fatality. To fight and to kill in the defense of one's own has ever been the law of the world, but out on the great plains and foothills of this free country men have fought and died by the score—aye, by the hundreds,—in defense of what was theirs only by sufferance of the real owners, the people as a whole. This is, in brief, the fight for free grass,—the struggle for exclusive possession of Uncle Sam's pastures.

These pastures are still vast in extent, in spite of the countless army of settlers moving upon them every year, in spite of the thousands of miles of fence which have been stretched from the Rio Grande to the British line, within two decades, and in spite of a land-hungry people grabbing title, each year, by fair means or foul, to twenty million acres of the public domain. There are still three hundred million acres of grass belonging to an indifferent, careless, and liberal owner, who exercises no supervision, collects no rentals, and asks no questions, but offers the prize to those best able to secure it by virtue of their energy and brute force. The laws that govern its distribution are framed by those who occupy it, and are enforced in the manner most effective. Violations are punished by ruin and death. The court of last resort is the man with the truest aim, for free grass has no standing in the courts, where the real law of the land is dealt out, presumably, with justice to all. Free grass is an outlaw and has no rights to be protected or administered.

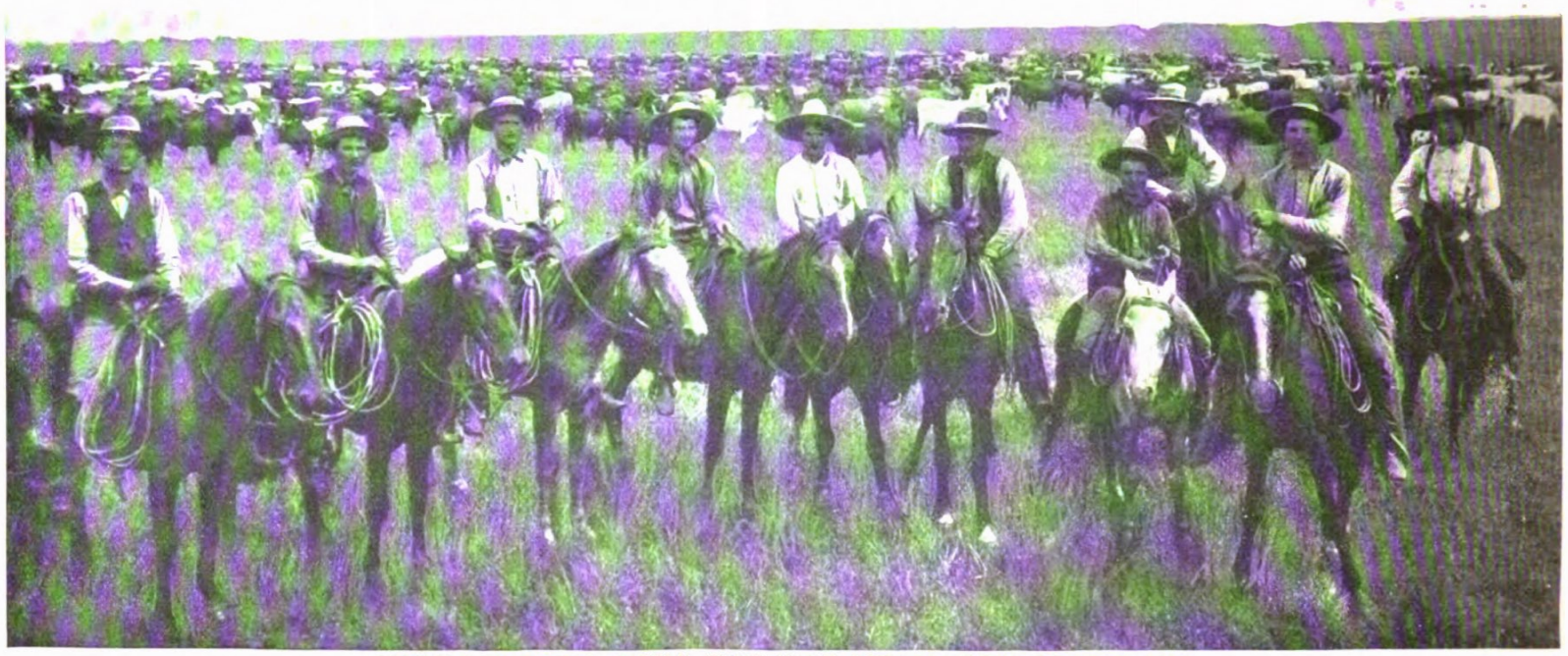
Upon this empire carpeted with sod range tens of millions of livestock, representing billions of dollars in bankable wealth and the food reserve of a nation of people. The movement of their scurrying hoofs has been the first onslaught of civilization upon a territory greater in size and once as little known as the interior of Africa. From these herds of cattle and sheep have come princely fortunes. The free grass of the nation has been turned into a golden stream flowing to the east and to the west. It has filled the banks, started factories, built cities, extended the railroads, opened mines, and loaded the merchant ships of the seas with food for the people of all nations. It has done all these things, and more, and yet there has been no justice, no wisdom, no foresight in the management of this great monopoly.

The Constitution Holds that Public Lands Are the Property of the People as a Whole

Chief Justice Marshall once said that the United States entered into the public domain as a great landowner. The constitution of the United States holds that the public lands are the property of the people as a whole, and that no state or community shall have aught to say as to their management or disposal. What would be said of a great landowner who turned his fields over to the public, allowed the grass to be trampled to death, and the strong man to drive away the weak, and then permitted those in possession to combine, make laws and regulations for their own government, and use the property for their own exclusive benefit? What proprietor would dare brave public opinion by setting one owner of livestock against another, with the result that murder would become rife and anarchy would reign throughout his domain? That is what the people of the United States, in their joint

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COWBOYS WATCHING CATTLE THAT HAVE BEEN "ROUNDED UP" FOR SALE

capacity of ownership, have done with their vast estate, and what they are still doing.

The cattleman was first upon the ground. He fought the Indians or traded whiskey for supplies and protection. He lost a fortune in a single blizzard or made one on a single sale. Then came the sheep; slowly, at first, but irresistibly. The cattleman fought their advance. He derided the men who owned them, poisoned their flocks, killed the herders, and claimed the range as his from where the sun came up to where it went down. He was wholly justified, from his point of view. The sharp, restless hoofs of the wool-bearers cut the grass roots and made the country a desert. The smell of flocks drove the cattle from the land. The trampled and muddied spring was no longer useful to his herds. The sheep dogs ran his cattle. His grievances were many, and he fought the encroachment day by day and inch by inch.

Five Acres to a Sheep, or Forty to a Cow, Is the Apportionment of the Plains

His adventurous philosophy failed him at one point, however. He had forgotten that the grass was free. It was so long ago he entered into undisputed possession of this great bonanza that he had built up for himself a theory of vested rights; he now considered that he owned what, but a short time before, he had merely discovered. In some things the right of discovery is paramount, but in this case the people had been before him, and had secured title by cession and purchase; the free grass was already on the map of the people's possessions, and the cattleman could set up no just claim of ownership by virtue of his discovery.

The men who owned the sheep heeded not the derision of the cattlemen, for the increase of the flocks supplied the losses by poison, while new herders took the places of those killed in this sporadic war, and once in a while they turned their guns upon the cowboys and emptied a saddle or two in turn. Again, they disputed ownership, and their logic was invincible when backed by sheep, men, and bullets, for there was no court of law in which to test the right to use the free grass, that outlaw among real properties. Across the plains and up and down the hills moved the sheep. Driving the cattle before them by natural antagonism, they brought about a readjustment, and the great West was finally apportioned between the two forces according to physical and climatic needs.

The fight for free grass is now, with few exceptions, upon the skirmish lines where cattle and sheep interests touch in their enforced division of the people's property between them. It is but an armed truce, at all times, all along these lines. The struggle is to the death when the truce is broken, and to the victor come only spoils to which he has no title but that of possession. Even these he retains only by unceasing vigilance and aggressiveness, by never losing ground where it can be saved, and by being always ready to encroach where a neighbor shows signs of weakness. To obtain a sure foothold the water supply must be secured beyond dispute. A single spring may control a hundred thousand acres of free grass. Livestock must have water, and where watering places are few and far between the problem is simple. A homestead claim of one hundred and sixty acres covers the spring. Several homesteads strung along in forty-acre tracts, as the law allows, may control a river bank for many miles. On either side stretches away to the horizon the free grass of the nation, useless to all except the man with the water. It is his as absolutely as if he had a patent of actual possession.

His empire is without metes or bounds except as he may be met at some midway point by the flocks or herds of another beneficiary of free grass who has made a like discovery and located another claim upon water, that most precious of all minerals. With his water supply as a base, the cattle or the sheep owner covers the country with his far-flung herds or flocks. Five acres to a sheep, and forty to a cow, is the modest estimate upon which the arbitrary division of free grass is based. When the pressure is too great, the cattle go first, and then the range is made bare by the sheep. This is the beginning of the end, for in this process of evolution the fence lines are widened, and the water serves a double purpose, for it is spread over the ground to bring a crop of hay. The stockman finds he can no longer hold his own upon the free grass, and he combines the products of his own property and labor with what he can still get from the public lands, and thus becomes a settler and home-builder, rather than a nomadic herder.

Uncle Sam Has Many Methods whereby His Citizens Can Claim His Land

He may adopt another course, however, which results in even greater and more permanent evils than follow actual warfare for free grass. Uncle Sam is liberal and careless, for he provides many easy methods whereby his landed possessions can be taken from him by his own citizens. They can file claims upon the lands in the form of homesteads, desert land selections, under the timber and stone act, and in other ways. Thus thousands of acres can be wiped from the map of public ownership and the right to exclusive private use secured. These laws contemplate that each citizen shall be limited to the acreage specified for his own exclusive use and benefit, but defective statutes and lax administration make possible the farming

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CATTLE FEEDING ON A FREE PLAIN COVERING OVER HALF A MILLION ACRES

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out of these valuable rights to individuals and corporations. Perjury and deception are lightly undertaken by the claimants, and are ignored by the government.

The stockman takes advantage of these conditions. He hires citizens by the score to plaster their claims over the valleys and hills included within the boundaries of what he terms his range. Hundreds of thousands of acres are thus preëmpted, and the alleged owner is upheld by the law in his exclusiveness, and thus the free grass is converted into real property, to all intents and purposes.

The Stockmen Are Gaining a Firm Foothold

A half million acres is not an uncommon acquisition under this method of securing the right to keep the people from their property and check the rush of home-builders, or, in other words, to stop the development and settlement of the country as a whole that free grass may be perpetuated.

With feverish activity the range-hungry stockmen are now using every honest method, and, in many cases, dishonest methods, to make their foothold secure, for the warning has been uttered and its meaning can not be mistaken. With a million immigrants coming to the United States each year, with fifty thousand Americans seeking new farming lands in Canada in the past twelve months, and with the rising price of bread and meat, the attention of the people can not be diverted longer from the threat of a day in the near future when the United States can no longer be called the country of free homes.

The Law, there, Is little Felt or Feared

From far away in the Eastern States, where there is no free grass, but where lives a majority of the people, the real owners of this property, now comes an inquiry as to the why and wherefore of all these bloody wars among a few for what belongs to all; and, furthermore, by what right individuals are building up great baronial landholdings out of the public domain and under laws presumably enacted to encourage the peopling of the country.

The range men are bold, well established in their position, and confident of their ability to resist encroachments by newcomers or among themselves. Neither do they fear the local authorities, for they control town, city, and even state governments, as absolutely as they control the coming and going of their employees from the home ranches. In the past they have felt no danger of possible interference from Washington, for they have been practically represented by twenty-six United States senators and many members of the lower house. Of late, however, their political weight has fallen off. Some of the senators from the thirteen range states have discovered that a majority of the votes in their respective commonwealths are cast by others than those concerned with range interests, and have veered to the side of the home-builders and the stockmen of small holdings. The inertia and indifference of the eastern member of congress is departing. He has heard from his constituency in Massachusetts, New York, or wherever else he may hail from, that the people are ready to take up the matter of administering the free grass to the advantage of all. His newly discovered interest may at bottom be politically selfish, but his advocacy is going to be disinterested, and, while his theories may sound academic to the horsemen of the plains, they are founded upon a public policy under which this country long ago put an end to crown grants to court favorites, and which in varying manifestations is now demanding toll to the public treasury from the beneficiaries of all natural monopolies.



A HOMESTEADER WATCHING HIS GRAZING FLOCK

The Seat of Battle Is now at the Nation's Capital

The scene of the great war for free grass has shifted from the limitless plains to the capital of the country, and in the White House, in the department buildings, in the lobbies, in the committee rooms, and on the floor of congress is now waged a contest for the control of the public domain. No case was ever contested by abler or more distinguished advocates, no local controversy ever retained shrewder attorneys, and no property of greater value was ever at stake in a single issue other than one of international character. It is a contest of ability, wit, money, influence, and endurance.

The forces are lined up with the people as a whole assisted by the small landowners of the West on one side and the owners of the great herds and flocks upon the other. The latter have money, legal talent, prestige, and political power behind them, and actual possession in their favor. The people of the country are demanding a hearing for a principle, and to those familiar with the mainsprings of national legislation this sounds impotent. What is even more discouraging is the lack of harmony and leadership among the small range and farm interests which would manifestly be benefited by a wise administration and just division of free grass.



A TYPICAL COWBOY OF THE FREE-GRASS RANGE

The Long Fight Must Be Brought to a Close

Public opinion has made itself felt, however, and the President in his messages, the secretaries in their annual reports, and the newspapers of the entire country are demanding that the fight for free grass shall be brought to an end and this neglected asset of the nation be turned to account.

How shall it be done?

This is the problem over the solution of which the legislative battle is waged. The great stock interests are demanding blanket leases to be given to them by preference, by which, in return for a small annual rental, they shall have exclusive rights for long terms of years. The farmer and the small rancher protest vigorously and demand the right to lease in small areas the free grass about their modest holdings.

Can a Law Be Framed Just to All Parties?

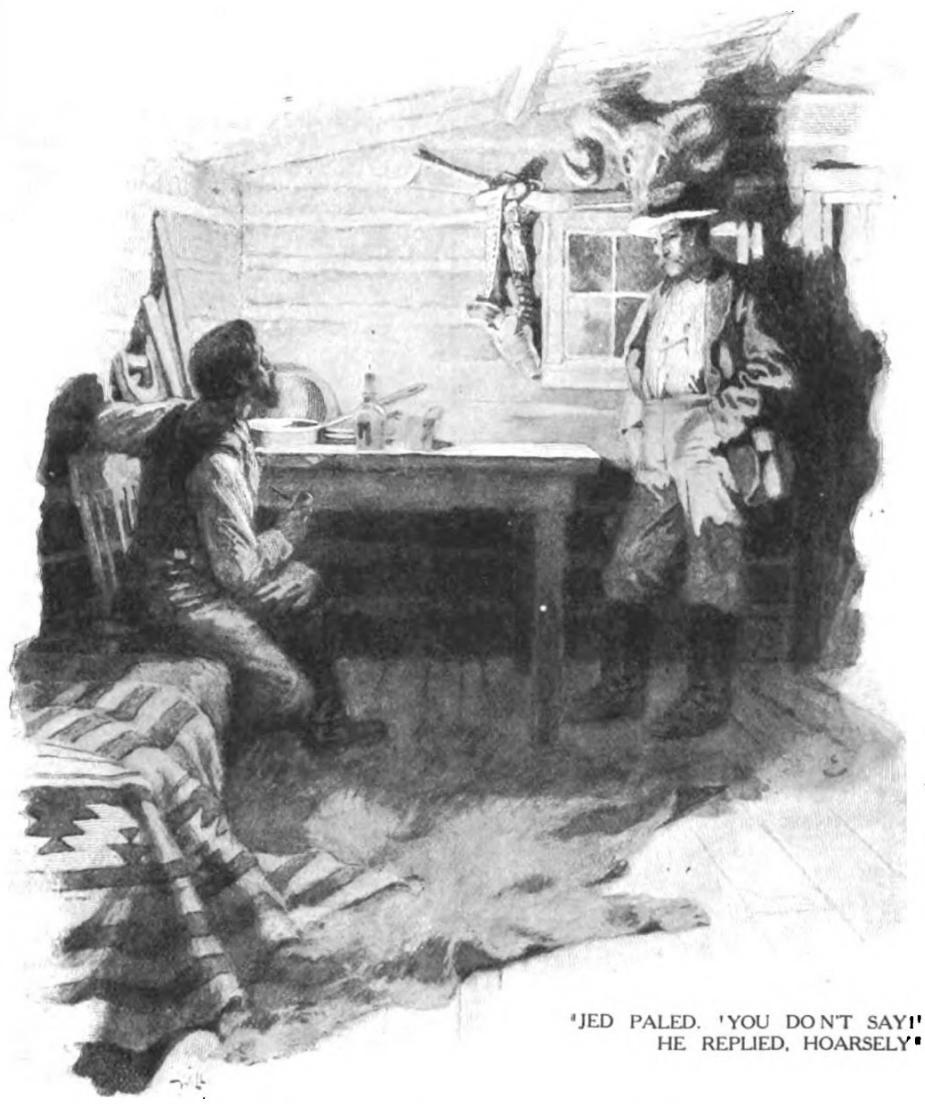
Those in whose hands lie the home-building interests refuse to sanction any plan which shall put the fertile hills and valleys of the public domain beyond the reach of the home seekers, an endless army of pilgrims which comes forever out of the East and is forever absorbed into the West. President Roosevelt has spoken for these men. He has laid down the principle that to the man who is seeking a home upon the public lands the way must ever be held open, until the last habitable acre is yielding up its latent wealth. The question is one of paramount importance and great difficulties. A thousand conflicting interests demand recognition and protection. A distinguished authority upon these matters, after years of struggle with all phases of the controversy, has said despondently that no law can be framed which will be just to all.

Others believe that the man who lives upon the land should be given the right to lease from the government a reasonable acreage of free grass adjacent to his homestead, and that for the remaining public domain a system of grazing permits can be devised which would carry no title to land, and no exclusive use, and yet would limit the freedom of the range to the number of live stock it will profitably and reasonably support,—in brief, that the government shall adopt for land not needed by the homesteaders a system much like that now partially enforced by the range men who hold, occupy, and administer upon their individual or collective responsibility what should rightly be controlled by the government, and from which the people should derive national revenue. Underlying these measures would necessarily always remain the fixed principle that the homesteader has the right of way, that, upon his appearance and the selection by him of land for actual settlement, leases, grazing privileges, or any other temporarily acquired rights should fade into nothingness, and that the settler should be upheld, with all the power of the nation, in peaceful and comfortable possession.

Legislation Is often Prevented By Apparent Friends

But the legislative war has only begun. A hundred plans will be suggested. Those who are benefiting by conditions as they are will give support to this or the other plan as it may promise to delay final settlement of the question. In these days legislation demanded by the people is not defeated by frank and open opposition. It is killed by those apparently its friends. Differences as to methods, quibbles as to local interests, and the underhand obstruction which is so easy in the great press of public affairs,—these are the tactics of all modern legislative warfare. The responsibility for defeat apparently lies nowhere, and the purpose of the minority is accomplished without prejudice. It is a subtle contest of wits in Washington, but it is warfare on the plains.

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"JED PALED. 'YOU DON'T SAY!' HE REPLIED, HOARSELY"

The Jawbone Nugget

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

IT was late on the afternoon of the cloudburst, at Topsy-turvy Gulch, that Jed Bumstead stole the jawbone nugget.

He was not an ordinary thief, any more than the lump of native gold was a commonplace specimen. He was a man made desperate by "hard luck." Having wrought like a red ant on the "Sawbuck Claim" for two years, having then been obliged, by poverty, to abandon the works, and, finally, having beheld "Smoky" Sawyer take the nugget out of that very same claim, inside of a week after his own formal confession of defeat, Jed Bumstead felt, somehow, that he owned the rough lump of yellow metal.

The nugget was long, curved, serrated on its concave edge, and heavy at its base. Its resemblance to the inferior maxillary of an equine beast had begotten its title.

Jed could behold that nugget gleaming, wherever he looked. At night his dreams were haunted by the golden jaw, which chewed the substance of his happiness and spat it out. He endured the mockery of fortune like a man, until the germs of mania wriggled in his thoughts.

The sky, on that day of the deluge, began by burnishing itself to a brazen hue. Like bronze aging fast, the surface of the firmament became black, still suggesting polish. The gulch narrowed, in the abnormal darkness. Jed's brain cavity mirrored the mood about him. Oppression crept blackly through the convolutions of his cerebrum. Nevertheless his gloom was lit by the gleams of the nugget.

He had shrunk from theft at night, consistently. He had felt more like going boldly in daylight, to take possession of his own. That day, however, the phenomenal darkness crazed him; he seemed compelled to perform his deed at that time, as a devotee performs an inspirational ceremony.

He stole the crude golden forging.

The thing was large and heavy. It persisted in gleaming, even by the black "refulgence" from the clouds. Alert and sly, the man went forward in the sagebrush, crouching. Over the ridge he glided, fingering ecstatically at the nugget's lumpy inequalities. He had no particular purpose in his flight; he seemed to be going where the nugget led him.

At length, however, the first great drops of rain, far between, wakened the man, as they splashed on his freckled hands. Glancing about for a place in which to conceal the treasure, he hastened on.

Against the descending cupola of the sky, two black forms loomed on a ridge. They were gaunt trees, solitary but mated, in an otherwise treeless expanse. Hostile elements, like vultures, had picked them bare. Jed Bumstead knew the Lone Pines well, far as they were from the beaten trail.

As he neared the ragged couple, he saw that one at length bore something in its arms. Its burden, which it seemed to nestle, was swaddled about with rags and ropes. It was a child,—a dead Indian baby. The tree, which appeared to have become a mother, was a grave.

The miner stood between the grim partner-trees and looked up at the bundle lashed to the limbs. An uncanny thought was born in his mind. He recognized an extraordinary place of concealment for the nugget.

The tree was easy to climb. With his knife he severed the thongs that made the grave-cradle secure on the bough, and, cutting inward cautiously, he unhusked a soft, sweet little form, naked and round. It had been there scarcely more than an hour; it was almost moist from its final bathing in tears.

Into the cold bed the nugget slipped. Jed Bumstead got down, the finger-dimpled bit of human clay held on his arm. He heard the wind sigh through the trees.

As if it burst through the shell compressing its forces, nature rended the girder of silence and heaviness with a vast demonstration. Clouds were hurled across the black abyss and spitted on jagged peaks of the mountains; whip slashes of rain flayed the slope until the stung hill yielded sand and gravel to the strokes, and floods bickered down in every wrinkle on the country's ancient countenance.

The miner was buffeted down the hillside. As firmly as he had clutched the nugget before, he clung to the cold little body then. Yet, when a rolling bowlder knocked a leg from beneath him, he flung his arms about him wildly to fasten to a bush, and the dead papoose rolled alone into the rain-river seething blackly in the trough of the gulch below.

The dry mountains then had tides. Cataracts and rivers were created where before had been parching gullies. Huge, black, choppy on its surface, eddying, foaming, the torrent rose hungrily against the slopes. Fierce whirlpools screwed the bushes out by the roots and jerked them away; bowlders were undermined, and raced down like peas on slanted glass; tons of sand hurried away in the sluices.

Up near the head of Topsy-turvy Gulch, the waters rose swiftly on an Indian camp. The toppling of a wigwam, like a crumpled piece of paper, gave the startled Pah Utes their first warning. A woman's scream pierced, needle-like, through the roar. She darted to clutch up her child. The sand began to slide; the waters lapped upward. Mother and babe were sucked in fiercely. Her one free arm was flung above the surface. Down with the rocks, brush, and *débris* she swept, rising, sinking, and waltzing madly, but clinging to her child.

Jed Bumstead saw nothing when the woman swung past him with her hair entangled in the roots of a wild peach shrub. He was dragging his legs from the maelstrom and forcing his way back up the crumbling slope.

The Pah Ute woman went twisting through the mining camp, where Jed had stolen the nugget. She had kept her head and her wet papoose above the turmoil, superhumanly. As she spun toward the edge of the flood, the peach shrub tangled with a sagebrush still holding to the sand. She was anchored by the hair. During the pause she observed the form of a cabin, in the rain. It was only a few feet away, on a rock as large as itself. As yet it stood above the tide.

Her mooring began to succumb to the strain and the boring of the water. Impulsively she clutched at a sinking bush and hurled her baby toward the cabin. A contributory rivulet rolled the papoose leisurely to the very door of the shanty. The mother went down the gorge, smitten senseless by an undermined rock.

In less than an hour a mere rill laughed its way down where the torrent had occupied the gulch. Slimy mud, sand, and nests of oozy bowlders and half-buried twigs made a desolation of the cañon's bed. Slum was spread thin as high as the tide had flowed. Dripping wounds gaped in the solid mountains.

Jed Bumstead returned at dusk to his cabin, feeling guilty, in some way, of all the ruin spread about him. At the door of his dwelling he started violently. Something small crept to the shallow corner, timidly. The man recognized an Indian baby, naked and round.

He felt a sweat break out on his brow; the child, he believed, was the same he had snatched from its grave and lost in the torrent. The waters, he thought, had freshened it back to life. It could not have been dead; the Indians had made a terrible blunder.

Frightened by what he had done, fearful of detection, and too conscience-smitten to dare neglect the little waif thus washed to his door by the elements, the man knelt down in the slime and took the baby in his hands. Ooze was on the floor when he entered his house. A thin lapping of water had crept about on the worn planks, and only the knots had been islands.

Jed lighted his candle. The flame winked back at him from the moist brown depths of the small Pah Ute's questioning eyes. The miner was struck by the beauty and utter helplessness of the little papoose. Without having any specific reason, Jed wanted to cry. He placed the tiny visitor in his bunk, where it sat, feeling its fingers and gazing at him persistently, but making no sound.

The man stood there, regarding the child oddly. He had forgotten the nugget; he had wandered mentally two thousand miles away,—home. At length he wondered what he should do with this bit of animated bronze. A thief can not persuade himself that his secret is secure. It seemed to Jed that, if any of the miners should see the Indian papoose, they would instantly divine that he had taken the nugget and concealed it in the grave-tree. It was equally plain that, should he restore the baby to the Pah Utes, they would know that he had desecrated one of their places of burial. Obviously, he could not replace a living child in the cerements lashed to the pine tree on the ridge. Wherever he turned, he met but one alternative; he must keep the youngster himself,—in secret.

In his earnest endeavor to feed his wee guest, on mushed beans and coffee-soaked crackers, the man forgot to partake, himself, of dinner. By dint of much toweling, with a flour sack, he kept the child approximately dry, between relays of nourishment. When the meal was concluded,—a moment which Jed recognized by the refusal of his charge to open its lips to the iron spoon,—a silent duel of forces began.

Jed sat on a stool, and the bronze papoose sat in the bunk. The baby gazed at the man, with many slow winks; Jed returned the look and mused. The child dared not relinquish its watchfulness; the miner was too filled with

[*Concluded on pages 355 and 356*]



"THE MAN REGARDED THE CHILD ODDLY"

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THE FIRING LINE : : JOAQUIN MILLER

[Dedicated to the coming President of the United States]

FOR glory? For good? For fortune or fame?
Why, ho for the front where the battle is on!
Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame;
Go forward, as ever the valiant have gone:
Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine,
Go forward; go fight on the Firing Line.

Whether newsboy or plowboy, cowboy or clerk,
Fight forward, be ready, be steady, be first;
Be fairest, be bravest, be best at your work:
Exult and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst,
As David, as Alfred,—let dogs skulk and whine,—
There is room but for men on the Firing Line.

Aye, the place to fight and the place to fall,—
As fall we must, all in God's good time,—
It is where the manliest man the wall,
Where boys are as men in their pride and prime,
Where glory gleams brightest, where brightest eyes shine,
Far out on the roaring, red Firing Line.

THE ADVANCE IN THE COST OF LIVING



Man has bartered away industrial freedom under wheedlings so insidious that he has often fancied himself getting freedom when he has not

How the Mighty Trusts Manipulate Products and Prices, Wages and Prosperity, so that the People Find It steadily Harder to Live within Their Incomes

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

IN the past four months there has been a succession of abrupt upward jumps in the prices of nearly all the articles of necessity and comfort. To-day these prices are higher than they have been before in twenty-one years. With wages and salaries stationary or tending to fall, with employment less steady than at any previous time in five years, and with many out of work and more on the way out, this rise in the cost of food, clothing, shelter, and fuel is causing a great murmur,—and, doubtless, will presently be causing a great outcry. Income and prices are the two fundamental concerns of civilized human beings. They are the vital concerns of a democratic society where there must be a high and ever rising standard of living if democracy is not to fail and fall. Thus, the present situation is the anxious, the paramount subject for discussion in families throughout the United States. The husband brings it home from his business; he finds that his wife has returned full of it from her shopping and marketing.

It is not the first time that this subject has been discussed, the discussion growing angrier or abating according to the course of income and prices. A little deeper look into the matter discloses the fact that discontent, profound and widespread, has been chronic with the American people for almost a generation. In "flush" times the discontent has been silent,—but not absent. In fair times,—such as we are now having,—it vents itself in loud grumbling. In hard times it shouts,—and has even threatened. It elected Tilden, in 1876,—and Cleveland, in 1884. It turned the latter out, and put Harrison and the Republicans in, four years later; and, after four years of that experiment, it gave the Democratic Party the clean sweep of 1892. Finally, it caused the sensational Bryan campaign of 1896. This same discontent is responsible for those vast uneasinesses of farmers, artisans, and business men that are expressed in granger and populist movements, in aggressive trades-unions and strikes great and small, and in "anti-trust" organizations of various kinds. In brief, our money and labor and tariff and trust questions and problems are all attempts to express this discontent and to remove it. Now, there is no effect in this universe without a cause,—a statement of an axiomatic truth which is nowhere denied, but is only too often overlooked or disregarded. Perhaps, in looking for the cause of this particular phenomenon, we may come upon an explanation of the puzzling present-day rise of prices to famine heights.

Careful Comparison of Conditions Reveals a Dreary Dead Level of Wages with Increasing Living Expenses

Let us compare the present time with the year 1879. Let us take 1879 because it was the first normal year of what is really a new era. The wonderful discoveries in science and their application to industry began about the middle of the century just closed. But for the disastrous intervention of the Civil War the stupendous development of American intelligence and industry which got into full stride and swing about a quarter of a century ago would have come much earlier. But those cataclysmic unsettlings, moral, mental, industrial, social, and political, from which we are still so grievously suffering, did not abate as to their first terrible effects until about 1879, the year after the ending of the melancholy period of rotten money,—specie payments having been resumed on the first of January, 1879, after a suspension of nearly eighteen years.

On examining conditions in the year 1879 and comparing them with those of to-day, we find that, though the intervening twenty-five years have been thronged with the events of an incredible development of our resources and abilities, yet these two facts are indisputable:—

1.—For the great mass of intelligent Americans, above the day-laborers and below the large capitalists, wages and salaries and incomes were, speaking broadly, about as high in 1879 as they are to-day.

2.—Though wages, salaries, and incomes for the mass of intelligent Americans,—for the real "people,"—have not advanced much, the cost of living has advanced,—has advanced a great deal.

By "cost of living" I do not mean what sociologists seem to mean. Their conception of "cost of living" is apparently purely theoretical,—what a man of fifty years ago would be satisfied to live upon were he alive to-day and in his former undeveloped state. Why not take a serf, or a cave dweller of prehistoric time, as the standard?—for, with either, an even better showing could be made. But, as we are concerned with the practical,—with to-day's disquieting increase in household bills,—let "cost of living" mean for us what it costs a self-respecting American to maintain his family in a self-respecting American way at the present time.

Unfortunately, statistics will be of little help. They have been compiled to prove a theory that happens to be false, and so they obscure the truth. But we can extricate from the mass poured out by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich's Committee on Finance and Commerce, by sundry departments of labor, commerce, etc., etc., run in the interest of politicians and partisanship, two facts that are helpful:—

1.—The average annual earnings of employees in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, excluding officers and clerks, were, in 1880, about three hundred and forty-seven dollars. In 1890 they were about four hundred and forty-five dollars,—and the present wages are, after the slump of 1892–1897, about back where they were in 1890. This makes an apparent showing of an increase of about one hundred dollars in a quarter of a century. But an examination of the facts back of these figures shows that the appearance of increase is almost wholly one of the increase of the wages of day-laborers. Their wages have increased because the cost of a bare subsistence



As each one of the industries that make our civilization was re-created by science for this modern era it was also re-created by man

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has increased, and they are nearly always paid just about what it costs to keep alive and keep at work. Making allowance for this fact and also for the fact that Mr. Aldrich—most unfortunately,—was unable to consider the question of the number of days in the year the employees were at work, we see that wages, according to the statistics, have not advanced in the quarter of a century. As the farmer receives no more for most of his products now than he did a quarter of a century ago, and as, in other than mechanical pursuits, only highly skillful specialists have been able to compel an advance, our point as to stationary incomes is confirmed.

The second fact of a statistical kind is gathered from sundry tables of prices of commodities, notably those of R. G. Dun and Company. Perhaps the best way to present it is in this table:—

	1879	1904
Breadstuffs,	$17,054;	$20,116
Meats,	8,239;	8,528
Dairy and garden,	10,253;	14,547
Other food,	9,884;	9,469
Clothing,	20,420;	17,916
Metals,	15,149;	15,849
Miscellaneous,	16,286;	17,190
	$97,285;	$103,615

That is to say, what a man would have paid ninety-seven dollars and twenty-eight cents for in 1879, he would have to pay one hundred and three dollars and sixty-one cents for at the present time. These are Dun's figures. They show reductions in only two items; one of these declines is trifling, and the other—clothing,—is certainly not large. These are wholesale prices. If reliable retail figures could be had, the showing would be still heavier against the present time, for the cost of retailing has increased through increases in rents, clerk hire, etc., etc.

The Average American Pays Higher Prices than His Father Paid

But, as the figures stand, we see that the average American of to-day, with little or no more money than his father had, and with tastes, demands, and *necessities* which his father dreamed not of, must pay higher prices than his father paid and must buy more articles. If he does not buy more, he falls behind the standard of his age and his country,—behind the standard set by the better education and the ten thousand thousand improvements for which steam and electricity are directly and indirectly responsible. If the present-day American were not so much thriftier, and so much more skillful in laying out his money, and if the state and the municipality and the philanthropic rich were not giving so much that is necessary free, he would be in a highly uncomfortable position, even in prosperous times.

As it is, the strain is very great,—and it tends to increase. We can now see why the intelligent, industrious mass of Americans—farmers, business men, artisans and professional men,—are discontented, and why an upward movement of prices instantly causes frowns and growls.

Is this discontent "irrational," the "peevishness of plethora," or the result of "over-education?" Or is there really some deep-seated, grave fault in our system of distributing our abounding and often stupendous prosperity? Is it natural or unnatural that income and cost of living should, for the intelligent masses, remain so near together, in spite of our boasted progress? Or is there something unnatural and artificial about it?

When an American of twenty-five years ago bought a barrel of flour, he paid from four dollars and twenty-five cents to five dollars for it. The cost of a barrel of the same grade of flour on the day on which this article was written was five dollars and fifty-five cents. Yet, a quarter of a century ago, the barrel of flour was furnished to the consumer with far more toil and at far greater *actual* cost. Why, then, is the price higher at the present time—much higher, being nearly double, to those who buy flour in small packages?

The Process of Reorganizing and Re-bonding Is still Continued

As each one of the industries that make our civilization was re-created by science for this modern era it was also re-created by man. Science gave it the power to employ a multitude of men at higher wages and in lighter labor, and at the same time gave it the power to produce a multitude of commodities cheaply. Man "organized" and bonded and capitalized, and re-organized and re-bonded and re-capitalized again and again. The process is still going merrily on. Railways, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, flour, meat, cloths of all kinds, coal, iron, gas, all the metals and minerals, and most kinds of machinery for farming, mining, manufacturing, transporting,—all have been subjected to the same process. Each and all have been mortgaged heavily, and loaded down with water-bonds and water-stocks.

Have dividends grown to a point where prices could and should be lowered and wages raised? Water the stock, water the bonds,—quickly, before the public realizes the true condition of affairs. Have dividends continued to grow? Attach the hose to stocks and bonds again! Issue "common stock," that needs to pay no dividends in slack times and can be used to absorb profits in better times. Thus you can prevent the lowering of prices and retard the raising of wages. "Kill competition,—pile on the permanent debts!" Or, as another writer has pointedly expressed it, "kill competition, and capitalize the corpse!" This has been the motto of our great industrial leaders.



So, with competition by the rest of the world shut out, and with the new machinery of production, because of its expensiveness, in the hands of a comparatively few, the process of loading down the industries with water-bonds and water-stocks has no real check upon it. In flush times profits go up enormously and wages go up slightly, but prices are almost stationary. The controlling powers, instead of giving the income-earners and consumers the benefit that would be theirs under the competitive system, and instead of increasing the surplus in anticipation of lean years, add to the stocks and bonds, and pile up the fixed charges. The lean years come. "Fixed charges must be met." Down go wages. Up go prices. The cry is raised, "Competition is throttling us!" Many there be that believe it.

Not competition, but the paying of dividends and interest on water-stocks and water-bonds.

Figure It out when Your Butcher Tells You of Increasing Prices

Take any commodity you please—a loaf of bread,—and trace it back. The baker got his flour from an agent of a flour trust. The flour trust got its wheat from a grain elevator trust, and its barrel from a cooperage trust, which got its lumber from a lumber trust and its nails from a nail trust. The machinery, by means of which the wheat was ground and the barrel was cut out and put together and the nails were stamped, came from various machinery trusts. These machinery, trusts were in turn supplied by sundry iron and steel "combines," and they, again, depended upon certain mining monopolies. At every stage railways were used,—and railway competition has been worse than abolished, what with the pooling and secret rebate arrangements.

Now, upon each of these many, many trusts that united to make that loaf of bread possible you will find saddled enormous fixed charges. In most cases the greater part of their fixed charges is dividends and interest upon stocks and bonds that represent not a dollar invested in the industry!

Follow back each and every article in common use, and you will find the same state of affairs. When you go to your butcher and he tells you that meat is five cents a pound higher than it was last week, you are able to understand why. Last week's price was the proper price under proper conditions *plus* the taxes and tolls of all the various intermediary combines, trusts, consolidations, monopolies, and what-nots. This week's increased price means that those tolls have been raised. Why have they been raised? Perhaps it is just because some fellow in control "needed the money." Perhaps his workmen had forced him to raise wages, or perhaps he had had a bad week in the wheat pit or at Wall Street's green tables. In the town from which I come, a small manufacturer, many years ago, went abroad to study church architecture with a view to helping his church house itself properly. On his return he cut the wages of his employees to pay the expenses of the trip and his subscription to the new temple. Doubtless he would have raised prices if he could, but those were the days when there was still some faint competition worthy of the name.

The Railroads Began to Use "Water" freely when They Expanded

To realize how vast and how effective are these "fixed-charge" sponges in absorbing prosperity, let us take one or two concrete instances.

The railway is the framework of our entire modern social industrial system. Railway freight and passenger rates have decreased but little in the last quarter of a century,—the reason, probably, being that the controllers of the railways can collect and prefer to collect their larger profits through the industries which they also control and which the railways are chiefly busy in serving. But, though rates have fallen, they are shockingly high in comparison with what they should be. Look at these figures:—

No. of miles of railway	Total stock and bonds
1888,—154,222;	$8,977,758,747.00
1902,—199,685;	12,543,581,435.00

They began to use "water" freely as soon as they began to build the bigger railways,—that is, immediately after the Civil War. The figures for 1888 are hugely out of proportion to actual investment. Yet the building of the 45,463 miles added between 1888 and 1903 and sundry "reorganizations" enabled the "financiers" to load down the transportation system of the country with more than three and one-half billions in additional stocks and bonds, whose interest and dividends have been and are helping to keep up rates. An addition of less than thirty per cent. to the railway mileage of the country caused an addition of nearly forty per cent. to the burden upon transportation. Further, the expenses of operation

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in 1888 were sixty-eight and seven-tenths per cent. of the earnings; in 1902 they had been lowered only to sixty-seven and four-tenths per cent. of the earnings. "Expenses" cover a multitude of sins,—each sin a small addition to the price of everything the railways carry.

The mileage charge to passengers on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad was fixed at two cents per mile, many years ago. It is said that its charter made that the maximum charge permissible. The rate remains two cents per mile, except where sharp competition has varied it in a few instances. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company and other large railroad companies in the Middle States and the adjacent states south and west issue thousand-mile tickets for thirty dollars, and allow a rebate of ten dollars on each when it is all used, provided the company finds no reason to challenge the manner of its use. If its use is unsatisfactory to the company, the ten dollars is forfeited. Waiving the question of the right of a company to thus penalize alleged misuse of a ticket, it is evident that by this system the companies get the free use of millions of dollars from the honest portion of their patrons, to whom they render no valid equivalent. When the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad opened its new bridge over the Thames River at New London, in 1889, it directed its conductors to collect fare, from all passing over that bridge in either direction, from any station from New York to Boston, inclusive, for two extra miles above the actual distance chiseled in the mile posts along the line!

We Are now Paying for a Series of Astounding Industrial Waterings

As an instance of the direct "steadying" of prices through watering, take the steel trust.

Its capitalization, at present, is $1,439,000,000. According to its annual report, its net earnings last year were one hundred and nine million dollars. It paid out twenty-two million dollars in interest on bonds at five per cent., thirty millions in dividends on preferred stock at seven per cent., and thirteen millions in dividends on the common stock,—in all, sixty-five million dollars. A fair capitalization for the steel trust would be two hundred and fifty million dollars. On that investment, the interest and dividend charges met last year would yield a dividend of twenty-six per cent. As the steel trust, if properly organized, could safely have paid out in dividends no less than ninety million dollars of its earnings of one hundred and nine millions, it really earned a dividend upon actual investment of no less than thirty-six per cent.!

According to Representative Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, there are about seven hundred and ninety monopolistic organizations in the industries of the United States. Nearly all of them are capitalized not upon actual value or actual investment, but upon the basis of the creation of a huge sponge to keep prices "steady,"—steady at what they were before science re-made the world for man.

No wonder wealth segregates! No wonder intelligence outstrips our earning capacity and purchasing capacity!

Just now we are paying for a series of astounding industrial waterings that began about 1890 and are still going on, with some slight slackening for the moment. Our "financiers" have been making vast fortunes, apparently out of nothing. A long look into the real facts shows that these millions are interest-bearing notes, and that wage and salary earners and consumers pay the interest. They did not give the notes,—"high finance" manufactured them. But they must pay the interest. So infinitely complex is the system that, most of the time, the people do not realize that they are paying this unearned interest upon notes that represent no value invested; when they do realize it, so roundabout is the mode of collection, they are powerless to resist.

Prosperity-sponges and Wage-"steadiers" Govern the Great Game

The prices of commodities have gone up? What else was to be expected, with all the great "financiers" in our great cities busy artificially boosting the fixed charges that must be paid out of the rightful earnings of the people? If we had not been incredibly prosperous and amazingly diligent, skillful, and thrifty, we should not have been able to bear up under the activities of these rapacious tax-leviers and taxgatherers.

It now appears that our magnificent expansion—increase of intelligence causing increase of producing capacity, and that in turn causing increase of wealth,—has been accompanied by an almost equally imposing expansion of prosperity-devourers, prosperity-sponges, and price and wage "steadiers." They have had hard work keeping up, so rapidly have we grown; but they have done well,—so well that wages and incomes generally, with the mass of the people, have all but stood still, and prices have not fallen as they should and would have fallen had we not, in our ignorance and carelessness, permitted science's free and bounteous gifts to us to be diverted.

A man who has been abusing his health for thirty years can not hope to be restored all in a day by a single quack remedy. If he tries it, only disaster—ruinous disaster,—can result. Whatever is to be done, nothing that the political quacks propose is worthy of consideration. Some of them would like to tear the vast structure down,—that



is, to exchange bearable and curable discomforts for immeasurable calamities. Our huge and intricate and delicate industrial mechanism can be righted by no rude or clumsy fingers. Usually the "trust-busting" executive or legislator either strengthens the trusts or produces a panic that most injures those who have been suffering most from the trusts. The bad corporations have so interlocked themselves with the good corporations, and the two together so completely inclose our whole industrial system, that the task of restoring justice is about the soberest and slowest and least fit for the political ranter and legislative hack that ever was presented to human society. To a great extent the present situation has been brought about by political quackery, legislating often honestly, but curing one disease with a medicine that sets up a dozen others that are worse.

But much is gained when we have learned just what the disease is, just how deep-seated it is, and just how dangerous and worse than useless demagoguery and quackery are for its cure. Then,—well, time and patience and intelligent thinking are sovereign remedies.

To the Great Public, the Supreme Court's Victory Seems Negative

The supreme court has just handed down a decision which the politicians are acclaiming as a solar-plexus blow at monopoly. The decision forbids and makes criminal a huge and ingenious device for absorbing in "fixed charges" the enormous profits which the growth of Northwest and Far West has brought to the railroads there. The device was such an adroit "straddle" of the uncertain line between State and Federal jurisdiction—the line whereon almost all our monopolies live—that, while the court was, no doubt, unanimous against the monopoly principle, the judges stood five to four as to whether state or United States had the power to interfere.

This division of the court shows how extremely difficult it is to get at the monopolies, with the greatest lawyers in their pay, with the men high in the control of our political parties, and therefore of our legislation, either directly their agents or in sympathy with them through ownership of stock or through political or professional ambition. But even more impressive than the narrowness of the division of the court is the narrowness of the effect of its decision.

The Northern Securities Company will go out of business. But will railway rates fall? Will a single one of the huge "price-steadying" sponges already in place upon every one of our railways diminish or disappear? Not at all. So far as the people are concerned, the victory is purely negative. It prevents, at most, the attachment of another great sponge to the Pacific Railway's mass of fixed-charges sponges. It sets the lawyers and the legislators of monopoly to work to think out some other way of enabling railway kings to appropriate the growing profits which should go to lower rates and to raise wages.

The Monopoly Problem Buries Its Roots in Corporation Law

There have been decisions of the supreme court under the Anti-trust Law just as drastic as this last decision, yet the people have not been benefited. On the contrary, there have been more and more "trusts," with larger and larger prosperity-sponges. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the results from this last decision will be any different.

Even if it were possible to state this complex problem so that it could become the square issue of a political campaign, there is no group of politicians with the courage to state it. They will continue to bluster at the trusts and to beguile the people, as in the past. But it is not possible to state it as a campaign issue. So soon as you demand a remedy you hear a wild and ridiculous clamor; and if your attitude is judicial, with no theory to serve, no political fortune to advance, nothing in mind but an honest desire for a real bettering of conditions, you soon wish you had not spoken. As the western Republicans are insisting with increasing energy, there are helps to monopoly in our tariff. As men of all parties see, there are helps to monopoly in the corrupted statute-books of the most of our important states and in the feebleness of the so-called Sherman anti-trust law, which was a mere demagogic measure supposed by its principal supporters to be even more "harmless" than it is. Finally, there is much—very much,—in the frightful bribing of parties and politicians by the monopolists. Each one of these matters is a stupendous problem in itself,—far beyond the power of any politician to solve. Yet all together are but a phase of the real monopoly problem.

That problem strikes its roots down to the very foundation of corporation law. And, as our society is now organized with the corporation as the real unit, who would be so reckless as to slash blindly at the vital organ?

Were it not for one hope, the situation would seem hopeless, and the only prospect would seem to be a steady, inevitable drift into an industrial despotism fully as oppressive, and fully as offensive to the man who loves freedom, as the other forms of despotism into which all past societies have drifted and from which they have escaped with so much difficulty. The basis of that hope is—education.

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Has Your Vocation Your Unqualified Approval?

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

I QUOTE the following sentences from a letter just received which is a type of letters and inquiries that often come from SUCCESS readers:—

"In your February editorial, the following paragraph has impressed me mightily,—'To spend a life in buying and selling lies, or cheap, shoddy shams is demoralizing to every element of nobility,—to excellence of any form.' Now, I happen to be in the sham business and hate it so heartily that I want to get out of it as soon as I can do so with justice to others' interests."

Although this young man gets more than ten thousand dollars a year in salary, he says that he is expected to "trade upon the credulity of the poorer classes, who can ill afford to be preyed upon," and he continues:—

"While I need the money, I can not enjoy this kind of work, nor can I write with conviction or ambition on projects which I naturally know to be fakes. Besides, I am afraid of the very thing pointed out in your editorial; namely, growing down to the work. I hate hypocrisy worse than any other thing, and I can't do my best work in any business based on such a foundation. I do not want to remain in an occupation which pays its highest salaries to the most skillful fakirs."

It is pitiable to see a strong, bright, promising young man, capable of filling a high position, trying to support himself and his family in an occupation which has not received his approval, which is lowering his ideals, which dwarfs his nature, which makes him despise himself, which strangles all that is best and noblest within him, and which is constantly condemning him and ostracizing him and his family from all that is best and truest in life.

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How often we hear a young man say: "I do not like the business I am in. I know it has a bad influence over me. I do not believe in the methods used, or the deceptions practiced. I am ashamed to have my friends know what I am doing, and I say as little about it in public as I can. I know I ought to change, but it is the only business I understand in which I can earn as much money as I need to keep up appearances, for I have been getting a good salary and have contracted expensive habits of living, and I have not the force of character to risk a change."

Do not deceive yourself with the idea that somebody has got to do this questionable work, and that it might as well be you. Let other people do it, if they will; there is something better for you. The Creator has given you a guarantee written in your blood and brain cells, that, if you keep yourself clean and do that which he has indicated in your very constitution, you shall be a man, shall succeed, and shall belong to the order of true nobility; but, if you do not heed that edict, you will fail. You may get a large salary, but this alone is not success. If the almighty dollar is dragging its slimy trail all through your career, and if money-making has become your one unwavering aim, you have failed, no matter how much you have accumulated. If your money smells of the blood of innocence, if there is a dirty dollar in it, if there is a taint of avarice in it, if envy and greed have helped in its accumulation, if there is a sacrifice of the rights and comforts of others in it, if there is a stain of dishonor on your stocks and bonds, or if a smirched character looms up in your pile, do not boast of your success, for you have failed. Making money by dirty work is bad business, gild it how we will.

There is a higher meaning in a vocation than making a living or seeking fame. There is something broader, deeper, and nobler in an occupation than these, which are merely incidental. Making a life is the best thing in it. It should be a man-developer, a character-builder, and a great life school for broadening, deepening, and rounding into symmetry, harmony, and beauty all the God-given faculties within us. There are a thousand indications in you that the Creator did not fit you for what is wrong, but only for the right. Do the right, and all nature, all law, and all science will help you, because the attainment of rectitude is the plan of the universe. It is the very nature of things. Reverse it, and all these forces are pledged to defeat you.

To the young men who have written for advice, let me say that, if you are making money by forcing yourself by sheer will power to do what you loathe, what does not engage your whole heart, or that into which you can not fling your entire being, because you fear that it is not quite right, you can do a thousand times better in an occupation which has your unreserved, unqualified consent. If you refuse to smirch your ability, no matter what the reward, you will thereby increase your success-power a thousandfold.

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The very fact that you can come out of a questionable situation boldly and take a stand for the right, regardless of consequences, will help you immeasurably. The greater self-respect, increased self-confidence, and the tonic influence which will come from the sense of victory, will give you the air of a conqueror instead of that of one conquered. Nobody ever loses anything by standing for the right with decision, with firmness, and with vigor.

You have a compass within you, the needle of which points more surely to the right and to the true than the needle of the mariner points to the pole star. If you do not follow it you are in perpetual danger of going to pieces on the rocks. Your conscience is your compass, given you when you were launched upon life's high seas. It is the only guide that is sure to take you safely into the harbor of true success.

What if a mariner should refuse to steer by the pointing of his compass, saying that it is all nonsense that the needle should always point north, and should pull it around so that it would point in some other direction, fasten it there, and then sail by it? He would never reach port in safety.

It takes only a little influence—just a little force,—to pull the needle away from its natural pointing. Your conscience-compass must not be influenced by greed or expediency. You must not trammel it. You must leave it free. The man who tampers with the needle of his conscience, who pulls it away from its natural love, and who tries to convince himself that there are other standards of right, or other stars as reliable as the pole star of his character, and proposes to follow them in some questionable business, is a deluded fool who invites disaster.

A great many young men try to justify themselves and check internal protests by the perpetual self-suggestion that it is better to keep on, for the present, in questionable occupations, because the great financial reward will put them in position to do better later. This is a sort of sedative to the conscience to keep it quiet until they can afford to listen to it.

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No, do not hypnotize yourself by the expectation of making clean money in a dirty occupation. Do not deceive yourself, either, by thinking that you can elevate a bad business, or make it respectable. Many a man has been thus dragged down to his ruin. Some occupations are so demoralizing, brutalizing, and hardening that even a Lincoln could not make them respectable. If what you are doing is wrong, stop it. Have nothing to do with it. If you are in doubt, or if you suspect that you are warping your conscience, give yourself the benefit of the doubt. Take no chances with it. Leave it before it is too late.

Long familiarity with a bad business will make it seem right to you. If it is very profitable, it will at last hush your doubts and blunt your moral faculties. It will make you feel that there is compensation in pursuing it,—at least until capital is accumulated for something else. Besides, the philosophy of habit is that every repetition of an act makes it more certain that it will be repeated again and again, quickly making the doer a slave. In spite of the protests of your weakened will, the trained nerves continue to repeat the acts even when you abhor them. What you at first choose, at last compels you. You are as irrevocably chained to your deeds as the atoms are chained by gravitation.

So, my friends, when you are thinking of engaging in an occupation which is a little questionable, and which does not get the complete consent of your faculties, do not forget this tremendous gripping power of habit, which, when you change, will pull like a giant to get you back into the old rut.

You have no right to choose an occupation which calls into play your inferior qualities,—the lying, cunning, overreaching, scheming, long-headed, underhanded qualities,—those which covet and grasp and snatch, and never give, while all that is noblest in you shrivels and dies.

If you have already made a wrong choice, why should you need to remain in an occupation which does not have your unqualified approval, or in one of which you are ashamed, and in which you have to stretch your conscience every day to make deceitful statements, false representations to influence purchasers unduly, to induce them by a smooth manner and a lying tongue to do that which you know is not for their advantage, and for which you will reproach yourself afterwards?

Why should you so desecrate your manhood and pervert your ability in a contemptible occupation, when there are so many clean, respectable vocations which are searching for your ability and hunting for your talent?

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You say that it is hard for you to change. Of course it is hard to jog along in humdrum toil for the sake of being honest when acquaintances all around are getting rich by leaps and bounds. Of course it takes courage to refuse to bend the knee to questionable methods, lies, schemes, and fraud, when they are so generally used. Of course it takes courage to tell the exact truth when a little deception or a little departure from the right would bring great temporary gain. Of course it takes courage to refuse to be bribed when it could be covered up by a little specious mystification. Of course it takes courage to stand erect when by bowing and scraping to people with a pull you can get inside information which will make you win what you know others must lose. Of course it takes courage to determine never to put into your pocket a dirty dollar, a lying, deceitful dollar, a dollar that drips with human sorrow, or a dollar that has made some poor gullible wretch poorer, or has defeated another's cherished plans, or robbed him of ambition or education. But this is what character is for. This is what manhood means. This is what backbone and stamina were given us for,—to stand for the right and oppose the wrong, no matter what the results.

Wear threadbare clothes, if necessary; live on one meal a day in a house with bare floors and bare walls, if you must; but under no circumstances ever consent to prostitute your manhood, or to turn your ability to do an unclean thing. Dig trenches; carry a hod; work as a section-hand on a railroad; shovel coal,—anything rather than sacrifice your self-respect, blunt your sense of right and wrong, and shut yourself off forever from the true joy of living and the approbation which comes only from the consciousness of doing your level best to reach the highest that is possible to you.

Do not choose that occupation which has the most money in it, the greatest promise of material reward, notoriety, or fame, even; but choose that which will call out the man in you, and which will develop your greatest strength and symmetry of manhood, personal nobility. Manhood is greater than wealth and grander than fame. Personal nobility is greater than any calling or any reward that it can bring.

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The Hired Man on Contentment : HOLMAN F. DAY



TIRED o' trudgin' the furrer,
Tired o' pitchin' hay,
Tired o' routin' at four o'clock
F'r a fourteen-hour day;
Tired o' chores an' the groc'ry stores, an' a round in a ten-quart pan,
Tired o' livin' a whole life through as a Kansas hired man.
So I kind o' thought I 'd shift my style
O' life to the boundless sea awhile,—
F'r I 'd read 'twas grand, an' so, one day,
I shipped on the liner, "'Tishy May."

Learnt to pull the halliards,
Learnt to h'ist the sail;
Liked the life o' the sailor-man
Ontil there came a gale.
Bread to eat like baked concrete, lolloped in Porty Reek,—
I felt like a stun-bo't lo'ded with rocks,—an' the gale it blowed a week!
An' then the sloshin 's wet the lime,
An' we was in f'r a hot-foot time,
F'r, when we crossed the deck, 't was—whoo!—
Hippity-hop, like a kangaroo.

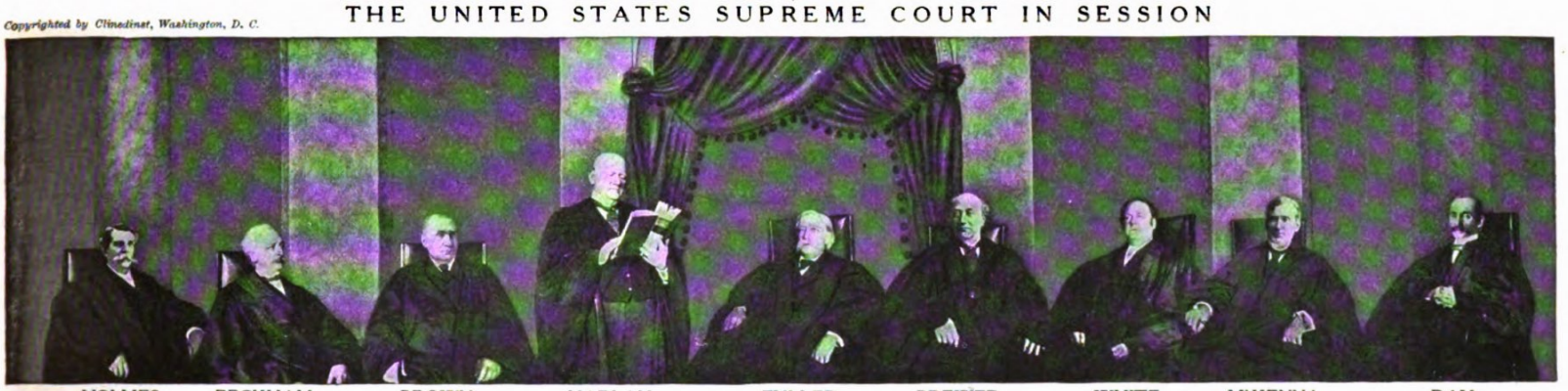
All o' the lime a-slackin',
Innards a steamin' wreck;
Baked our dough-boys every day
By settin' 'em on the deck;
Took the bo't an' went aflo't, an' a liner f'r Liverpool
Picked us up an' set us to work down in her stokers' school.
Oh, the stowhole 's hot when you 're pitchin' hay,
An' the fields are hot on a July day;
But to bake your heart an' frizzle your soul
You 've got to git down in the stokin' hole!

Feedin' her chunks an' dustin's,
Feedin' her coal all day;
Hardly time f'r a breath o' air,
Never a time f'r play!
Stiddy chaw in her gufflin maw, growl f'r more in her stack,
An' that was the kind o' life I led to Liverpool dock an' back.
Tie-up o' cattle is fur from fun
Till fodder 's down an' the chores is done,
But a reel stout job ye 'll never know
Till ye feed in the stokehole down below.

Back to the farms o' Kansas,
Back to the soil f'r me!
Gimme some land on ev'ry hand,
An' never a shiff o' sea!
The most o' men, now an' again, will hanker f'r suthin' new,
Wishing the work o' some other chap, tired o' what they dew;
But I tell ye, friends, the trouble, to-day,
Is 'cause so many is took that way:
If ye 're built f'r land, then hark to me,—
Don't git foolish an' go to sea.

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THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT IN SESSION



HOLMES PECKHAM BROWN HARLAN FULLER BREWER WHITE M'KENNA DAY

Great Questions of the Day Explained

The Northern Securities Company and the Supreme Court Decision

HOSMER WHITFIELD

THE formation of the greatest railway trust in the world, the Northern Securities Company of New Jersey, the future hopes of which have been blasted by the United States supreme court, was the fruition of the ambition of one man. It was the logical outcome of a life devoted to large enterprises and to the extension of railways in the Northwest. That man is James J. Hill, and the birth of the idea came many years ago when he secured control of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, and began to build on this foundation the vast structure of the Great Northern Railway, a system of nearly six thousand miles of track. It was James J. Hill who saw that, could he control the railways of the Northwest, he could perfect one of the greatest of modern railway combinations, and rule the traffic of a territory in which lives one tenth of the entire population of the nation. To further this ambition he pushed westward the network of his own lines, acquiring here and there the properties of smaller corporations to fortify the position of the parent system. Gradually the Great Northern became powerful. It opened wildernesses and gave the means of bringing them under cultivation. It developed industries. It aided in the winning of the West, and it exercised a powerful influence in the public as well as the commercial and industrial life of the dominion it had helped to develop.

To this point, the development of Mr. Hill's great system was a magnificent achievement, worthy of the highest credit. But his ambition sought new fields for extending his dominating idea. Mr. Hill had a rival in the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was strategically located, and capable of affording the keenest competition. In the days when that system was impoverished he sought to buy it, but was prevented by the laws of Minnesota. The control of the Northern Pacific did not go to Mr. Hill, although he became owner, as an individual, of much of its stock. His idea was still alive, but dormant. Fat years came, when the Northern Pacific rehabilitated itself. It grew in importance as an avenue of traffic, and increased in effectiveness of competition. The situation became pronounced, and the Great Northern entered upon its final struggle for domination of the Great Northwest and the elimination of its severest competition.

Explicit Minnesota laws forbade the consolidation of parallel and competing lines of railway. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, in Minnesota, came under the law, which had once been successfully invoked against their consolidation. An evasion of the law was attempted, but it had to be an evasion with the aspect of legality, sufficiently well planned to withstand the battle of the courts that was sure to follow. It was under these conditions that the Northern Securities Company was organized in New Jersey with four hundred million dollars of capital, and with James J. Hill as president.

It was the right of the individual that determined the course of the great corporation. Any man is permitted to buy and own any property for which he can render value. Corporations have the same right to buy and sell, then why should they not buy and sell railway shares? For the Great Northern to buy the stock of the Northern Pacific was manifestly impossible, but for the Northern Securities Company, with no property but money, to buy and own the stocks of both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific was regarded as feasible. Common ownership would insure common control. Common control would be consolidation. This was the scope of the Securities plan, and this its purpose. Stripped of technicalities, its object was to evade the law in accomplishing the consolidation of parallel and competing lines by indirection. Thus the Securities Company obtained its name, "the merger." It was intended to merge railways.

To destroy railway competition is to place the producer at the mercy of the dominating railroad corporation. Competition is the absolute regulator of freight rates, and, where it exists, unjust or excessive freight charges are impossible. This was the vital point in the effect of the merger on the Northwest. "The granary of the world" lay within its boundaries. Its greatest wealth was agriculture, worthless without cheap transportation and incapable of further development without a continuation of favorable rates of freight. Half a cent added to the cost of moving a bushel of wheat in the Northwest levies millions of dollars from farmers in the added expense of obtaining a market. The Northern Securities Company became an operative corporation after the most gigantic battle Wall Street ever saw. It had acquired the Northern Pacific and it owned the Great Northern. It was found advisable to take in the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and it was generously admitted to the fold. The merger was dictator

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over nearly twenty thousand miles of railway, controlling the Northwest and territory tributary to its lines supporting a population of nearly eight millions of people. For these there was no market without using the merger lines.

So skillfully were the merger plans drawn and put into effect that it was not until the working consolidation of three systems had been practically accomplished that the Northwest realized the danger of the situation and its own apparent helplessness. It was at that time that William R. Van Sant, governor of Minnesota, denounced the trust and declared that he would determine the ability of the state to enforce its laws and prevent the destruction of competition. Forcible resolutions declaring against the merger and requesting the intervention of the federal government were adopted. These were brought to the attention of President Roosevelt, and from the White House there presently went forth instructions that led to the opening of federal action against the merger, that resulted in the government's receiving the most sweeping decision of years. This decision has been upheld by our highest court, which has wiped out the merger, root and branch, and left it absolutely nothing but a name.

The decision of the supreme court certainly places the Roosevelt administration in the most peculiar position that it has yet found itself. Mr. Roosevelt is the man whose words and actions most favored the supreme court's action. The powerful financial interests of the Republican Party prayed for an opposing decision. What attitude the President will take is a momentous question. Will he direct further legislation against the trusts, as one member of the supreme court suggests, or will he bend to the will of Wall Street and let them severely alone?

What interpretation will the administration put upon the surgings and mutterings of the heavy "ground swell" of unrest that have been steadily increasing, for twenty-five years, in volume and menace, as our astounded citizens have watched one tenth of our people take calm possession of nine tenths of our property, by methods often evincive of long heads and long arms, and only too frequently showing total disregard not merely of the Golden Rule, but also of that "*fair* chance for all" in which Americans universally believe, and even of that heritage of "freedom" and "equality" which, the Declaration of Independence tells us, all men are born unto? Will it, in the spirit of the first line of Macaulay's simile, consider that this muttering is—

Like the moaning sound that goes before the whirlwind on the deep?—

or will it hope against hope that the second line more fittingly describes it,—

Or the growl of a fierce watchdog but *half* aroused from sleep?

If it should take the latter view of the situation, will it conclude that the faithful sentinel will soon drop his head again and merely growl in uneasy dreams for another quarter of a century?

The answer to these questions will determine the tenor of more than one page of American history.

If this administration is to keep the obligation of its oath to enforce the law, it must forthwith begin proceedings against the scores of combinations that are doing business in flagrant violation of the congressional law which the supreme court has rigorously applied. One of the most ridiculous statements made by the capitalistic opposers of the supreme court's decision was that it would tend to create a "promiscuous competition." If this was not one of the basic activities that built up the nation, then I fear that something is wholly wrong in the common view of this matter.

Little Stories about the Late Jean Léon Gérôme

TEST DALTON

JEAN LEON GERÔME, who died recently, was for many years the most noted painter in France and, perhaps, during his lifetime, the most startling and original in the world. At the time of his death he was eighty years old, and he still retained the vigor, forcefulness, originality, and eccentricity which had made him noted throughout his career. He had been an instructor in the Paris School of Fine Arts until a few weeks before his death, and classed some very prominent men among his pupils. In his later years, Jérôme studied sculpture, and soon became equally as famous in this art. He numbered among his close friends some of the most famous men in the world, many of whom became his bitter enemies because of his sharp, but frank, way of addressing them,—especially so when he thought that they were trying to curry favor with him. The following stories show the readiness of his wit and the manner of his eccentricity.

THE introduction of Jean Léon Gérôme to the court of Napoleon III. occurred when the painter was in the flush of his first success. His painting, "The Cock Fight," had been exhibited, and had attracted considerable attention. One day he called upon a countess at the court, where the ladies were busied in arranging one room in each apartment as a studio,—that being the court fad at the time. When Gérôme called, the countess was engaged with Empress Eugenie in considering a scheme for decorating the studio of the latter, so she was pleased at the opportune call of the painter, and, knowing that it would be to his advantage to become acquainted with the empress, she suggested that they might call in Monsieur Gérôme to consult with him upon a color scheme. The painter was invited to the apartment, and the empress was so favorably impressed that she soon afterwards presented him to the emperor, and there quickly sprang up a friendship that was never broken.

When the ambassadors from Siam visited France, Gérôme was called upon to paint their reception at the French court. You can see the painting, to-day, at Versailles. The Siamese ambassadors are upon bended knees before the throne, on which are seated the emperor and the empress. Grouped around are the nobles and ladies of the court, and the great men of that time. You will see the faces of Meissonier, Victor Hugo, and many other well-known men of the period, while far off in one corner Gérôme has painted in his own picture.

A few years ago Gérôme went to Versailles to see how his pupil, Philippe Lettard, was progressing with a copy of the Maréchal de Conrobert, on which he was busied at that time. Lettard called his attention to the painting of the court, which was near, and Gérôme turned about to look at it. "I had almost forgotten that painting, my friend. It was one of my earlier works, and it recalls many memories. How things have changed since those days, Lettard." He was silent for several moments, and then he added: "Of all that assemblage, Lettard, do you know how many are still living? No, of course you don't, so I will tell you. There are only two living, to-day,—Empress Eugénie and I,—and it will not be long before we shall have both departed."

▲ ▲

ALL of Gérôme's old pupils will tell you that his studio was always open,—it was more like a public museum than the private studio of an artist. It was only necessary to inquire of the *concierge* whether the master was at home. If he was in, you would walk upstairs through the open door into the studio, where you would generally find him before an easel. If he was busy, you could walk around and look at his pictures as long as you desired, and people who were unacquainted with him could call with impunity.

There is a story of an impolite millionaire, that the old master delighted to tell. It seems that one day the man of wealth stalked into the studio accompanied by a guide. Gérôme was hard at work and did not look up. The visitor with the diamond ring and silk hat walked around the gallery several times, and finally Gérôme became slightly nervous. At length the gentleman stopped before a little picture,—which the master said was one of his worst paintings,—and in stentorian tones requested the guide to ask the painter what he would charge for the drawing.

The guide approached Gérôme and politely fulfilled the wishes of his employer. The master looked up from his work and saw the millionaire standing there like a vulgar beast with his feet wide apart, his hat still upon his head, and a cigar in his mouth, which he took from between his lips now and then that he might more readily fumigate the studio. The boorishness and impoliteness nettled Gérôme, and he replied curtly to the guide: "*Cinq cents mille francs*,"—one hundred thousand dollars.

"It is too much," said the millionaire, displaying no surprise, and he turned and slowly left the room.

▲ ▲

THAT Gérôme was a broad-minded man, open to conviction and ready to atone for an error, is recalled by a little episode that happened in the '80's when an exhibition was held of the paintings of Manet.

The latter, in the early part of his career, was looked upon with suspicion and disdain by many artists of the older school. He was the first man to paint outdoors; his work was individual, and nothing could shake him from his purpose.

Gérôme had formed an intense prejudice against the principles of art advocated by Manet, but he knew nothing of his paintings; so, when it was announced that an exhibition was to be held, the master deemed it his duty to advise his pupils not to attend this view. This was naturally the strongest plea for drawing the pupils of Gérôme to the exhibition and many of them attended.

About a week later Gérôme, after making his usual criticism, said that he had a few words to say to his class.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a week ago I advised you not to visit the exhibition of the paintings of Monsieur Manet. I now advise you, gentlemen, to go to that exhibition. Go, not only once, but many times."

▲ ▲

WHO can ever forget the sensation about Gérôme and the maul-stick? The maul was his hobby, and the use of it for a lifetime made it a necessity, and he had absolutely no respect whatsoever for an artist who painted without it. Many times, in attempting to explain something to a student, he would look around for a maul-stick, and would then endeavor to borrow one from another student, first giving a lecture to the lax pupil for not being provided with this "necessity," but very often he would be unable to find a stick anywhere in the studio. On one of these occasions he would arise in his wrath and would roundly abuse the whole class for carelessness.

"Delaroche and I have used maul-sticks for forty years, gentlemen," he would shout, "and I tell you that we are not fools!"

After such an incident the students decided that a maul-stick must be forthcoming on the following Saturday. After a thorough search through the whole place, a little short black maul-stick was discovered, and it was placed on a low shelf near the first man in the class.

"Shorty" Lazarre was the first man in those days, and, when Gérôme entered on the following Saturday, he reached over and grabbed the maul proudly and held it forth that the master might behold it.

"*Bien, mon ami*," said the old master, greatly overjoyed, and so pleased was he by this act of devotion that he almost forgot to examine Shorty's sketch.

Gérôme had a habit of changing the position of his glasses, and taking one long, searching glance at a sketch before he went to the next artist in the line. While he was engrossed in his final view, Shorty passed the stick behind his back to the next man, and with a busy air the next student bent down to work, but he held out the maul-stick in as conspicuous a manner as possible, so that the master would be sure to notice it.

Again Gerôme was delighted, and the same maul-stick was passed in turn down the whole semicircle of over fifty students, and he did not find out the little trick. As soon as the master departed, the maul-stick was again placed upon the shelf, and was not touched until he returned to again criticise the work of his pupils. He was a severe master. He spoke quickly and surely. He knew real art at a glance, and he never hesitated to give his opinion.

The old maul-stick is worn smooth from years of handling, and always it was the boast of the old master that he had finally won the battle of the maul.

▲ ▲

THAT Gérôme was greater as a sculptor than as a painter is not only the general opinion of those competent to judge, but this seemed to be also his own verdict. Many times the master realized his shortcomings, and on one day in particular the true quality of his work was brought forcibly to his mind.

It was while standing in the gallery with another artist, looking at Rembrandt's "Two Philosophers," that he mentally compared his work with that of the Dutch painter. He spoke of the beauty of this little picture, and of the delicate drawing,—then he thought of his own work, and of his drawing—stiff and concise,—and finally he stood quiet for a moment and was then heard to mutter, sadly:—

"I have made a mistake!—I have made a mistake!"

STICK TO IT

NIXON WATERMAN

O PRIM little postage stamp, "holding your own"
In a manner so winning and gentle.
That you're "stuck on" your task,—(Is that slang?)—you'll own,
And yet, you're not two-cent-imental.
I have noted with pride that through thick and thin
You cling to a thing till you do it,
And, whatever your aim, you are certain to win
Because you seem bound to stick to it.

Sometimes when I feel just like shirking a task
Or "chucking" the work I'm pursuing,
I recall your stick-to-it-ive-ness and I ask,
"Would a postage stamp do as I'm doing?"
Then I turn to whatever my hands are about
And with fortified purpose renew it,
And the end soon encompass, for which I set out,
If, only, like you, I stick to it.

The sages declare that true genius, so called,
Is simply the will to "keep at it."
A "won't-give-up" purpose is never forestalled,
No matter what foes may combat it.
And most of mankind's vaunted progress is made,
O stamp! if the world only knew it,
By noting the wisdom which you have displayed
In sticking adhesively to it.

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"HE CROUCHED, WITH RIFLE READY, SAVAGE AND IMPLACABLE, NOT DREAMING OF MERCY"

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 young 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, Representative Harman being put in the chair temporarily. Before leaving the house Guthrie has a few words with the speaker, in which he assures him of his friendship and support. He then hastens to the station to gain an interview with Mr. Harlow concerning the "United" bill. The latter is about to leave on the afternoon train for the metropolis, and evades Guthrie's questioning on the plea of being only a private citizen. That evening Guthrie calls at the governor's, where he finds a merry gathering. Carton comes in, gracious and without embarrassment, and later Pugsley also calls, and there is an interesting meeting of the two. On the following afternoon Guthrie takes Miss Ransome driving. On returning to his hotel he is met by Jimmy Warfield, who confides to him the news that Carton is about to be impeached by the legislature. Together they go to the speaker's room, where they find him sitting alone, silent and morose, and break the news to him.]

CHAPTER V.—The Case against Carton

It was Guthrie's unpleasant duty, the next day, to send a dispatch stating that the house would endeavor to impeach its speaker, Philip Carton, a young man of obscure parentage, who had been held up to the boys of the state, during the last three or four years, as a model of what may be achieved in this land of opportunity.

The news was beginning to filter through other sources, and he was released from his promise to Warfield.

The whole state was eager for the last scrap of information about it, and at once parties formed; nor were these parties always political. Men did not divide on the old Republican and Democratic lines. It became a personal question, and for the moment the public lost sight of the possible action of the Republican minority in both house and senate. There were eight Republican members of the senate and thirty-seven of the house, coming chiefly from the mountains, and Guthrie was quite sure that, when the fight should grow hot, Mr. Pike would be their leader. The latter was his very good friend, and therefore he sought him.

The senator was in his room in a bleak boarding house,—for all the mountain members were poor and invariably they had poor quarters,—but he gave Guthrie a sincere welcome. The young correspondent noticed at once that the mountaineer looked troubled. He pulled his whiskers nervously, and gazed absently out of the window.

"Mr. Pike," said Guthrie, "I've come to interview you."

"All right, go ahead," said the senator, with a faint smile. "What is it you want to know?—about the prospects for the next wheat crop in the mountains? Well, there won't be any; we don't raise wheat."

"It's a political crop that I'm thinking about. You know the charges against Carton,—a man whom you like."

"Yes, I like him," said Mr. Pike, meditatively, as he polished his whiskers with his left hand.

"And as a Republican you are, perhaps, in a rather unusual position, so far as this case is concerned."

"Yes, in a delicate position,—like a boy balancing himself on the sharp edge of a fence rail."

Guthrie smiled. The homely simile reminded him a little of Abraham Lincoln.

"Still," he said, "the boy sitting on the sharp edge of the fence rail can't stay there forever."

"That's so," said Mr. Pike, meditatively; "but nobody ever knows which way he's going to jump, until he jumps."

"But the boy, sooner or later, has to decide; and, if he has a friend standing by and looking on, he may shout to him: 'Look out, I'm coming this way!' or, 'Look out, I'm going to jump that way!'"

"It isn't in the nature of a boy to do that," said Mr. Pike, still meditatively polishing his whiskers. "He lets the jump speak for itself. Besides, it would spoil half the fun if he should tell the other boy beforehand what he is going to do."

Guthrie gave up the attempt. He had not had much hope that Mr. Pike would declare himself, but he wished to make the trial.

Jimmy Warfield informed him, an hour later, that General Pelham and Mrs. Pelham had arrived and were in a suite of rooms at the hotel, but were to dine with the governor in the evening.

Guthrie knew General Pelham, and at the first opportunity he called upon him and his wife in their rooms.

The general had a great name in the state, because of his wealth, his ancestors, his presence, his powerful family connection, and the legends of his military service. He had fought in the Mexican War, when but a boy, and had served on the Confederate side in the Civil War, where his title of general came to him. Though more than seventy, he was yet vigorous and extremely ruddy. He had long, snow-white hair, a fierce white imperial, and mustaches, and, as he always wore black clothing, and, when out of doors, a huge black slouch hat, his was a figure that could not fail to attract attention. His conversation was usually military and reminiscent. Mrs. Pelham was a pale little woman who never said much.

"What's the legislature doing?—idling away its time, of course, just as all the legislatures nowadays do!" said the general to Guthrie in a deep voice. "A military man would make short work of such business. Not half of these members are fit for the rank of corporal. Now, what's all this I hear about the speaker, Mr. Carton?"

Guthrie saw the pale face of Mrs. Pelham flush a little, and her eyes show keen interest. He wondered briefly if this subdued little woman agreed with her husband in all things.

Guthrie was fully aware that the general knew as much as the public knew about the Carton case, and that what he wanted was an opinion. The general would seek to give the impression that the affair was of no personal interest to him, Carton being merely one of "those trifling boys."

So he stated quietly his view of the case, letting his confidence in Carton be known, although he took care not to proclaim it too loudly. The general listened, giving utterance to muffled "Hum's!" and "Ha's!" but Guthrie glanced once at his pale little wife and saw a look of gratitude on her face.

"I can't say that I ever liked Carton," said the general. "I've met the youngster once or twice, casually, quite casually. There's a lack of good blood there. I understand that his parents were quite common people, almost 'poor white trash.'"

"But what of that, general?" suddenly asked the pale little wife. "The founder of the Pelham family fortunes, the man of great mind and energy, was only an English peasant,—he came over in 1634, as you have often told me."

"Madam, madam!" rumbled the general, "you show an utter lack of discrimination. William George Pelham, our first ancestor, was not a peasant, but an English yeoman. A yeoman, madam, was of quite another type."

A faint smile passed over the face of Mrs. Pelham, but she said nothing more.

"Come and see us often, Mr. Guthrie," said General Pelham, as the young man left; "you will always be welcome."

Meanwhile the forces, in Warfield's expressive phrase, were "lining up for the great struggle." All ordinary business was forgotten or hurried over at this critical juncture. The inborn love of a fight came to the front, and Mr. Pugsley, persistent, belligerent, and wholly impervious to criticism, made the first move in the campaign by filing in the house, as the law prescribed, a petition for the impeachment of the speaker, Philip Carton.

It was a scene of the deepest solemnity in the house when the petition was presented. All felt the gravity of the occasion, and realized how it was going to rend the state into factions. Carton himself was in the chair, nearly all the senators had come in and were on the floor of the house with the representatives, and the lobbies were crowded. Clarice Ransome, Mary Pelham and her parents, the governor's wife, and Mrs. Dennison, all with eager, intent faces, were there.

It was one of the darkest days of winter. Since morning the clouds had been rolling up from the southwest, and a raw, bitter wind whistled around the old capitol. Just as the house met, the snow began to fall slowly and sullenly.

There was a dead silence in the chamber, save for an occasional scrape of a foot, because all knew what was coming. Mr. Pugsley had stated openly when he would present his petition, and there was no attempt to prevent him, as opposition now would have prejudiced the public against Carton.

Mr. Pugsley rose, presented his petition in due form, and it was read by the clerk of the house. Carton did not stir during the reading; he was erect and dignified, but pale. When the reading was finished, he stood up and said:—

"Gentlemen of the house, as I, your speaker, am the person accused in this petition, it is obviously unfit that I should preside over your further proceedings in regard to it. Therefore I name the gentleman from Barlow County in my place, and I will retire to the floor of the house."

A slight hum of approval arose. It was confidently expected by his enemies, and by many of his friends, too, that he would name one of his supporters to act in his place, because the rulings of the chair might be of the utmost importance. But Roger Elton, from Barlow County, a middle-aged, reserved, and self-contained man, was more nearly independent than any other member of the house; broadly speaking, he was a Democrat.

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but voted now and then with the Republicans, and was absolutely a man of his own opinions, then serving his sixth consecutive term in the house. Beyond a doubt he would decide all questions strictly upon their merits.

Carton descended from the dais upon which stands the speaker's chair, but his air was not that of a man who is going down; it was that of one proud of his innocence and confident of vindication.

He walked down the aisle and took the seat left vacant by the member from Barlow County, from which he faced the new and temporary speaker and awaited the next business of the house.

Mr. Elton briefly stated that the house must decide by a majority vote whether an impeachment of its speaker, Philip Carton, must be ordered. If it should be so decided, he would then appoint a committee to prosecute, and the chairman of that committee, five days thereafter, would lay the case before the senate, which would try it. Did the house wish to vote then, on the question of impeachment?

Jimmy Warfield sprang up and was recognized by the chair.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "this is a most extraordinary and sensational action, unparalleled in the history of the state. It is a case that demands the utmost attention and thought of the legislature. I am sure that neither those who are for Mr. Carton nor those who are against him wish such action. I move, therefore, that the vote on the question of impeachment be set for next Monday afternoon, at two o'clock."

There was no opposition by either side to the motion, which was seconded and promptly carried, and the house adjourned for the noon recess. Then there was a great buzz of talk and the spectators from the lobbies poured in upon the floor. Many friends of Carton wished to show their sympathy, and among them were members ready to defy the public, which hated corporations and trusts, and which was identifying Carton with them. Clarice Ransome impulsively gave him both of her hands and exclaimed:—

"Oh, Mr. Carton, I want to tell you how much I admire your course!"

Guthrie, standing quietly in the background, was grateful to Clarice for this warm-hearted act, but Carton glanced again toward the lobby. Mary Pelham had not come upon the floor of the house, and her father, with her arm in his, as if he were afraid she would escape, was taking her from the building, while Mrs. Pelham meekly followed. Carton was pale already, but he turned a little paler, and Guthrie knew how this act, like a desertion, struck him to the heart.

The correspondent went to the telegraph office, wishing to file a portion of his dispatch for early sending, and he wrote it at a desk in a corner of the room. The only operator present was the second assistant, a garrulous boy of eighteen, who remarked, when Guthrie had finished his work:—

"Mighty busy day for us, Mr. Guthrie! I tell you, a thing like the impeachment of Mr. Carton gives us lots of work to do. The wires will be burnin' all day, and tonight, too. The boss and Tom did n't get away to dinner until five minutes ago. We 've been sendin' columns an' columns to the evenin' papers, as fast as we could, and lots of private dispatches, too."

"Ah!" said Guthrie, absently.

"Yes," continued the boy, "I 've been on most of the private ones myself. I sent a long one for Mr. Harlow, all the way to New York City, just a few minutes before you came in."

All Guthrie's abstraction was gone and in an instant he was keenly alive. A long dispatch by Caius Marcellus Harlow to New York City, and that, too, right on the heels of the petition against Carton! He looked again at the boy, who was none too clear-witted, and obviously anxious to talk about the big day's work.

A great temptation assailed Guthrie at that moment. He had an instinctive feeling that the telegram of Mr. Harlow was sent to the people who were making the fight against Carton, and there was the boy before him, foolish, plastic, and ready to be molded in his hands as he wished. He had no doubt that by adroit questioning he could draw from him every fact of the dispatch, while the boy himself would remain ignorant that he had told.

It was like a wireless telegram out of the dark, telling where the key to the mystery lay, and Guthrie glanced around the room and then out of the door and into the street; no one was coming, so they would be alone there for a while longer.

He thought of all that depended on the solution of this problem,—the future of Carton, his personal happiness, the salvation of the state from a great disgrace, and the prevention of a terrible split in the party. He must play the spy,—the thief, if one need call it so,—and stop these things! After all, the cause of justice would be served.

He opened his lips to ask the boy a question, but he stopped and shivered. He felt even a physical revolt at this thing, the like of which he had never done before. The words halted at his lips, and, hastily putting on his overcoat, he almost ran out of the room.

He inhaled a deep breath of the cold, fresh air, and felt better. The day was still dark and lowering, but a hope came to him. Harlow was in communication with people in New York City, and they were the men who were making the fight on Carton. That had come to him without his seeking, and he had a clue. Something had been gained, and the "something" was not little.

He walked toward the hotel and saw Jimmy Warfield, wrapped in a great overcoat, standing on the steps.

"There 's a sensation," said Warfield: "Senator Pike got a telegram a half hour ago. It came from Sayville, the nearest place on the railroad to his home,—it 's fifty miles from there across the mountains. The Pikes and the Dilgers have broken out again,—it seems they 've had an old feud, which has been resting for the last two years. Pike's younger brother, Nathan, has been murdered from ambush and the Pikes have telegraphed for the senator to go home. He's the head of the family and will have to go."

Guthrie was startled. This was like a projection from an old and bloody past. He was familiar with the story of mountain feuds, but rarely did they involve a state senator.

"Where is Mr. Pike?" he asked.

"In his room, packing up. He did not hesitate a minute; it seems that he had been expecting an outbreak. But I don't think he 'll talk."

"It is n't that," said Guthrie; "I 'm going to the mountains with him."

He had taken his resolution in an instant. Such an event as this, coming at so critical a juncture, and involving the leader of the Republican minority in the legislature, was an event of great importance, hardly inferior in interest to the fight on Carton. Moreover, the main contest over Carton could not come up for at least ten days yet, and by then he would be back in the capital.

"Yes," he repeated, "I 'm going with Mr. Pike. You can't tell what will happen in those mountains."

"All right, Billy; but, whatever you do," said Warfield, earnestly, "don't meddle with the feud; you know that so long as you are an outsider you are as safe in the mountains as you are anywhere else in the world."

"I 'll bear it in mind," Guthrie replied, over his shoulder, as he was already hastening back to the telegraph office.

CHAPTER VI.

The Test of Steel

GUTHRIE sent a brief dispatch to the managing editor, stating the case, its importance, and his ability to cover it and return in time for the Carton trial. He added that the eastbound train which would pass through Sayville was due in the capital in three hours, and, unless he should receive instructions to the contrary, he would go on it with Mr. Pike, expecting that another reliable man would be sent to the capital to take his place temporarily.



"I SENT A LONG ONE FOR MR. HARLOW, ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK CITY"

But he knew that it was no light journey on which he was going. Mountain life, sufficiently arduous in summer, is trebly so in winter, and Guthrie provided himself with heavy gloves, a thick "comforter," and top boots.

Having equipped himself for a campaign, he went to the governor's house and sent his card to Clarice Ransome. Then he waited in the parlor before the blazing wood fire and began to feel the thrill of coming action. He heard a step and rose as Clarice Ransome entered. There was a faint flush on her face as of surprise that he should come back so soon, but no trace of displeasure.

"I came to tell you good-by," said he, impulsively.

"Good-by? You are going to leave the capital?"

"Yes, I am going into the mountains, but I expect to be back in eight or ten days. Still, it 's quite a journey, particularly at this time of the year, and I 've got a mission that must seem to you remarkable. Suppose we sit down here before the fire, and I 'll tell you about it."

She complied with his request, feeling a little pleasurable thrill. Guthrie told her all the story, but she made no comment upon it; instead, she spoke of him.

"And you are really going into those wild mountains," she asked, "and in the depth of winter? Why, it is like a campaign. See: it is snowing now."

Guthrie glanced at the window. The flakes had increased in size and number and were driving against the glass. He looked at the blazing logs, and at the fine face of Clarice Ransome, rosy in the twilight; the mountains were not very inviting, after all. But his work lay before him.

"I must go," he said; "I have taken your time, but I wished to say good-by."

"Good-by," she said, and she put a cool hand in his; "but remember that I demand the tale of your adventures when you come back."

"You shall have it," said he, as he went out.

The winter twilight fell early, and with it came the eastbound train which found Guthrie, wrapped in a big black overcoat, a small valise in his hand, waiting at the station. Mr. Pike, also valise in hand, was waiting there, too, somber and quiet. He seemed surprised at Guthrie's appearance, and frowned as if he did not wish him to go, but said nothing. Guthrie was struck by the change in the senator. His face, always thin, looked thinner than ever; a dark blue tint had overspread it, and the bloodless lips, slightly parted, disclosed two rows of sharp, white teeth. Guthrie nodded to him, but did not speak, judging that the senator wished to be alone with his sorrow and his plans for the future.

They had less than a dozen persons for company, and none of them made any impression on Guthrie. He wished to go to sleep at once, but his eyes refused to close, and turned again and again to Mr. Pike, who sat at the other end of the coach,—it was a local train without Pullmans,—staring silently out at the hills that slid by, but not seeing them. At length he fell asleep, and slept until the conductor awoke him on a raw, cold morning, with a misty dawn creeping in at the car windows.

"Sayville!" called the conductor; "all off for Sayville!"

Guthrie shivered, drew on his gloves, and pulled the high collar of his overcoat about his ears. Mr. Pike, valise in hand and watchful, was already at the door.

He stepped out on the little platform, and the train, with a shriek and a whiz, left him, sending back a farewell and derisive column of smoke. Guthrie looked about him. He was deep in the mountains, and they lay in a coil about him, ridge on ridge, until they died away in a faint blur on the horizon. The dwarfed forests that clothed them from base to summit were swept bare of leaves by the winter winds, and the naked branches hung mournfully. Sayville, a little village of squalid houses, sprawled in a cleft between the hills, and Guthrie, looking at it, wondered why anybody should ever want to live there.

Mr. Pike tapped him on the shoulder. A long, thin mountaineer of uncertain age, leading a spare horse, had met the senator at the station.

"Mr. Guthrie," said Mr. Pike, "I take horse now for Briarton, and I ride fast. It would n't do at all for you to go with me from here, because it would mix you up in the feud, so I will tell you that if you will go to that two-story house over there you can get breakfast and a fire."

Guthrie, nodding cheerfully, held out his hand, and it was inclosed in a warm and hearty clasp. Then the senator sprang into the saddle, and, with the messenger by his side, rode away on the slope of the mountain. Guthrie watched them until they were lost in the bleak forest, and then he went to the house that Mr. Pike had pointed out to him.

He ate a poor breakfast in a cold room and felt that he was beginning the day badly. He was more than an hour, too, in securing a horse and a guide, the horse to be used all the way, while the guide was to stop at Lone Oak, another tiny village on the way thirty miles deeper in the

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"THAT'S SO: BUT NOBODY EVER KNOWS WHICH WAY HE'S GOING TO JUMP, UNTIL HE JUMPS'"

mountains; he would have to go the remaining twenty miles alone and take his chances. He tied his little valise on the saddle behind him, and, with the twenty-year-old boy, his guide, set forth.

The road began to ascend the slope of the mountains, and led away over the ridges. The earth there was free from snow, and the cold, crisp air sparkled with freshness. Guthrie's spirits returned. This was a lonely world, but it was worth while to see it at times, in the brown grandeur of winter, ridge on ridge and peak on peak.

Toward the middle of the afternoon they reached the narrow valley in which stood Lone Oak, a lean and unpicturesque village, but Guthrie found in it enough overcooked food for a dinner, and was able to hire a horse for the second stage of the journey, although he could secure no guide. Senator Pike and his companion had passed on three hours before, riding hard, and there was sure to be trouble when they reached Briarton, the people said. Guthrie was strongly advised to stay in Lone Oak until the next morning, as darkness was likely to catch him alone on the mountains. But he felt no apprehensions, since the trail led straight on to Briarton and nowhere else, so he rode on, not sorry to be alone, because there were times when his own company was good enough, and the majesty of the mountains appealed to him.

In the east long shadows began to appear, and then the twilight deepened on the peaks and ridges, but the west was yet filled with the fire of the sun; every rock and bush there stood out in sharp tracery against the blazing heavens. Guthrie saw that he would not arrive in Briarton until long after dark, but he was yet without fear. His horse, bred to the mountains, was sure of foot, and he knew that he had only to give him rein in the darkness to be taken safely to his destination.

The sun sank behind the wall of the mountains, and the night came with a fine shadowy quality in which the peaks and the ridges rose more grandly than ever before and took protean shapes. The trail was narrow, but it lay clear before him and he rode placidly on.

Far into the night his horse raised his head and neighed, and Guthrie looked down into a little valley where he saw dark blurs that he knew to be houses. "Briarton!" he exclaimed, with pleasure, because he was growing tired and sleepy and had been alone long enough. Then he rode on, down the hillside, and a man rising up out of the darkness bore on his bridle rein with a heavy hand.

"Be you a-takin' any part in this, stranger?" asked the phantom figure.

Guthrie knew well what he meant and he replied promptly:—

"Pike or Dilger, it's nothing to me."

"Then what do you want?"

"Food for an empty stomach, and a bed for a tired back."

"Ride on, stranger; you'll find both below."

Guthrie resumed his journey. Briarton, in the wan moonlight, was a beautiful place, its log houses frosted with silver, the little creek that dashed down from the mountains foaming over the stones, and all the squalor hidden by this kindly veil of the dark.

He beat on the door of the largest log house in the place, and at length a woman responded to his knock. "Yes, we take travelers," she said, and she gave his horse to a sleepy boy whom she had roused. Then she raked together the smoldering coals on the hearth and put on more wood.

He obtained food, poor in itself and badly cooked, but hunger was an ample sauce, and, as he ate, he managed to draw deftly from his hostess that nothing had happened in Briarton, save the arrival of Mr. Pike, which occurred about sundown, although that was a great event in the village. Guthrie inferred readily from this that the hamlet was in the hands of the Pikes, and he could not help being glad, because he leaned to the senator's side despite himself.

After his supper he warmed himself and retired to the single spare room of the house. Far off on the mountain he suddenly saw through the window a single light that blazed and went out. Another appeared lower down the slope, but it, too, blazed and went out, and after that the moonlight was unbroken. It was some kind of signal, he concluded, but he felt only a vague and fleeting interest which did not keep him from closing his eyes in another minute, and sleeping soundly through the remainder of the night. He would have slept late, the next morning, had it not been for the call to breakfast, which was set for a certain hour, at which time all must be present, or go without. His first inquiry was for the senator. Mr. Pike was going to preach the funeral sermon of his brother, and his hostess pointed to the low log church just at the base of the mountain.

Guthrie felt again a deep thrill of sympathy for this man who was trying so hard to lead an enlightened life, but whom association and circumstance tried in so fiery a crucible. "Where does Mr. Pike live?" he asked, and they pointed out to him a large frame house, standing near the creek. It was the only one in the place not of logs, and Guthrie had not observed it the night before. Acting upon his impulse of sympathy, he approached the house, and, noticing that others were entering the door, fell in with the crowd, after the mountain custom, and passed inside.

Mr. Pike stood at the door of a large room in the center of which rested the coffin of his brother. The senator's face was pale, but his features were firm and composed, and his long black frock coat was buttoned tightly about his body. He shook hands with the people, one by one, and, when he came to the correspondent, said, simply: "I am glad that you are here, Mr. Guthrie, to share our grief."

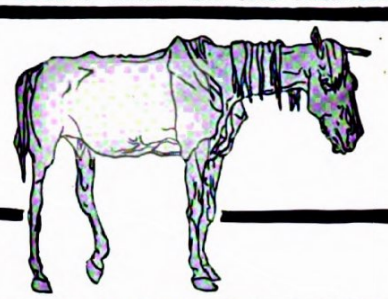
Four men lifted the coffin, presently, and bore it from the house toward the church. The senator followed, bareheaded, just behind, and after him came the people in double file, a procession of mourners. Guthrie fell into line beside a young mountaineer, and, hat in hand, followed.

The day was not like its predecessor; the sun no longer gilded the mountains; instead, heavy leaden clouds were trooping up from the southwest. Guthrie felt once the touch of a wet snowflake on his face.

The solemn procession entered the church, the coffin, the body within, was placed at the foot of the pulpit, and the people sat on the rude wooden benches, filling them to the last seat. Then the senator ascended the pulpit and preached the funeral sermon of his brother.

Mr. Pike was not a regularly ordained minister, but he possessed the gift of eloquence, and in the mountains, where religion fills so large a share of discussion, he often preached. He had, in this moment of grief and tension, a rapt and solemn air, as of one who is an interpreter between this world and the next. He made no threats against those who had slain his brother, he did not even call their names, but through all his sermon ran an indefinable note which seemed to say: "Vengeance is the Lord's, but man may be His instrument." The solemn procession

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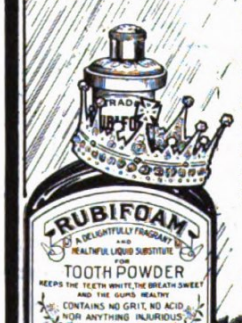
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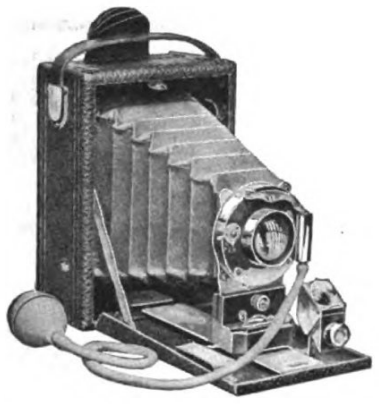


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began its march again, and passed out of the church to the foot of the mountain, where the burial took place, after which the crowd dispersed slowly, leaving the senator and Guthrie together.

Mr. Pike stood a little while beside the freshly turned earth, as if in silent prayer, and then, turning away, put on his hat and held out his hand to the correspondent.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, "I did not want you to come; but, since you're here, I am glad of it. Somehow you seem to me to represent the other world beyond the mountains, and in your person it mourns beside my brother's grave. I thank you."

Then, as they walked together, the senator talked of his brother, of himself, of the mountains, and of the world beyond, and Guthrie listened, absorbed. Both forgot the clouds and the falling snow. The flakes fell faster and larger. Already the new grave behind them was covered, and, had they looked to see, they would have found that the crests of the peaks and the ridges were lost in the mists. The dark winds from the southwest came on a front of snow.

Guthrie looked back and saw that the hamlet was lost among the trees. The two, absorbed, the one in talk, and the other in listening, had passed deep into the forest. To all intents it was still the primeval wilderness in its winter robe of white. Save themselves, there was no sign of a human being or a human habitation. All around them under the trees stretched the snow, white and untrodden. Seemingly the world was wrapped in a great peace, but it was only for a moment.

Mr. Pike suddenly grasped Guthrie by the arm and exclaimed: "Did you not hear a footstep?" but the latter had heard nothing; the forest ear was more acute than his. The next instant the hand of the senator tightened on his arm, and he was dragged down in the snow. Then he heard a sharp report that sounded to him like the cracking of a great whip, and a buzz as of something passing with lightning speed over their heads. He looked up and saw a brown, evil face, fifty yards away, thrust from behind a tree trunk, and a pair of brown hands lowering a rifle barrel. He heard the senator exclaim, "Pete Dilger!" and he sprang to his feet. He knew from what was said in the village that Pete Dilger was the worst of all the Dilgers.

The senator was up before him, and Guthrie was stunned by the change in his friend. Every trace of a civilized man had disappeared from his face. He crouched like an Indian in ambush, and a huge, self-acting revolver was held in his right hand. The high and sharp cheekbones looked higher and sharper than ever before, and the cruel black eyes glittered with the passion and joy of revenge. His hat had fallen off, and the long, straight, black hair, sweeping back from his brow, continued the likeness to an Indian.

But even in this tense moment the man was not forgetful of his friend. Sweeping Guthrie back with his left hand, he cried: "Go back: you have nothing to do with this!" Then he ran into the forest, directly toward the point where the ambushed marksman had lain, and Guthrie caught a glimpse of Dilger seeking a new place of concealment. Then the trees shut both from his view, and he was alone.

He stood on the spot where the senator, foreseeing the shot, had pulled him down. The paralysis of the moment passed, and he tried to choose a course. He had no doubt that the Dilgers had identified him as a Pike follower, because he was in the company of Mr. Pike.

Unarmed though he was, he could not leave the senator alone in a struggle; even if he should procure help in the village, all would be over before he could arrive. He looked about him and saw again the world in white, the world of midwinter, deep, still, and cold, but a cold that sent the blood leaping through the veins, cleared the brain, and doubled the strength of every nerve and muscle. There was no sound in the forest save the crack of some bough breaking beneath its load of snow.

He stood at his full height and inhaled deep draughts of the cold, pure air, feeling that he was a strong man in a world of strong men, and could care for himself. He saw a heavy stick lying at his feet, half buried in the snow, and he stooped to pick it up in default of a better weapon. Again he did not realize that some of his own civilization was slipping from him, and that he was becoming a hunter,—a hunter of men.

As he bent down to pick up the stick he heard a slight noise, and his eyes wandered around the circle of the horizon until they reached a clump of bushes on his right. There they stopped and the hand that held the club remained suspended in the air.

The surprise was so sudden, and so terrible, that he felt for an instant as if his veins had become empty of blood and he were a lifeless thing. He took only one brief glance, but he saw distinctly every feature of Dilger,—the leathern face, the black, exultant eyes, and, above all else, the rifle held in steady hands. He knew that Dilger took him for an ally of the Pikes.

By a supreme effort he recovered command of himself. One glance at the cruel, taunting face had shown him that the mountaineer, with the instincts of a savage, would wish to enjoy his triumph, and would play a few moments with his victim before sending the fatal bullet. So he pretended not to see, and, sinking to his knees, began to brush the snow off the stick. Perhaps the senator might come! Mr. Pike might save him; it was a faint chance, the shred of a hope, rather; but the soul of Guthrie clung desperately to it.

His eyes, in spite of himself and his will, wandered from the stick and were dazzled by the flood that the sun, suddenly bursting forth, poured over the snow. The world, tantalizing him, grew brighter. There was a new and deeper hue of blue in the sky; the snow gleamed like marble, and countless silver rays flashed from the slopes.

He went on mechanically with his task, but his brain was dizzy. The world was in a whirl. His mind ran back through the dim, discolored mist that is called the past, and then tried to enter the future. But out of the vagueness rose one fact, clear and distinct, and it was the knowledge that he wanted to live.

He cast a glance from under his bent brows at the mountaineer, still waiting there at the edge of the thicket. Guthrie saw that he crouched, with rifle ready, savage and implacable, not dreaming of mercy.

As he cast another swift glance, he saw a figure appear in the forest on the left,—a tall man wrapped in a long black coat,—the senator. He knew that Dilger, with his eyes intent upon his victim, had missed the approach of his real enemy. But the senator, skillful and wary, would see, and Guthrie waited. A faint hope, that was scarcely a hope, sprang up.

He longed to look up again, but dared not glance at either mountaineer. The whiteness and glitter of the world dazzled him. There was still not a sound in the forest. He did not hear his own breathing.

The report of a pistol and a cry so close together that they seemed one rang in his ears, and with a wild shout of relief, excitement, and joy, his face white to the brow, he sprang to his feet as the senator, with his smoking revolver in hand, ran forward.

The relief from the tension and the expectation of death was so great that Guthrie stood for a few moments white and dizzy. Then, mechanically, he wiped the sweat from his face.

He was aroused from his stupor by the sight of Mr. Pike bending over the fallen man, every line of his face expressing the thought, "Oh, mine enemy, thou art delivered into my hands!"

Dilger was not dead. It was evident that he was merely stunned by the bullet, as his chest rose and fell with almost regular motion, but Guthrie's gaze wandered away from the face of the desperado to that of the senator. He, too, was still an Indian, for the garment of civilization was yet doffed. Beneath his hand lay his mortal enemy, and all his mountain code, drawn into his being with the milk that he had drawn from his mother's breast, told him to fire again.

The fallen man stirred, opened his eyes, and looked up. A gleam of intelligence appeared on his face, as his gaze met that of his triumphant enemy, and then it became full of malignant ferocity. He was a savage still, asking no mercy, and expressing only hate.

"I sent your brother on before," he said, in tones feeble but defiant.

The eyes of the senator flashed and his finger touched the trigger. Guthrie at that moment remembered, and the fire of the hunter died within him; all his instincts rebelled at what he seemed about to see.

"Mr. Pike," he exclaimed, "you can not kill a man who is lying at your mercy!"

"He is a murderer—you heard him,—and the enemy of my people."

But Guthrie had the gift of boldness and eloquence in great emergencies and he rose to the crisis. He seized the senator's uplifted arm and turned the pistol away; he bade him remember who and what he was, a leader of his people, one who should set to them a great example. The senator strove to raise the pistol again, but Guthrie held his wrist with a firm hand, and he saw the whole struggle written upon the man's face as it passed in his mind. The old elemental impulse to kill the enemy who sought to kill him was strong within him, but the voice of a newer and better world of duty was calling in the voice of this friend who had shared his danger and bade him remember the new teaching. Guthrie struck the right chord when he appealed to his religion, and the second half of the mountaineer's dual nature, his humble piety, was in the ascendant. Gradually the flame of passion died in the senator's eyes, and at length he put the pistol in his pocket and said to Guthrie:—

"You do not know how much you are asking of me."

"I can guess," replied Guthrie: "he is a murderer and should be hanged, but let it be done by law."

"Yes, he shall hang," said the senator, fiercely, "if there is justice to be had in the mountains!"

Dilger raised himself on his elbow,—they had taken away his weapons,—and was gazing wonderingly at his enemy as if he could not understand his action,—and perhaps he could not,—but the senator, with folded arms and melancholy eyes, merely looked down at him.

Guthrie suggested that he should go to the town for help, while Mr. Pike would remain on guard, and, as the other nodded assent, he hastened away in the snow; but he looked back once, and saw the erect, black-clothed, and melancholy figure still gazing down at the fallen man.

When he returned with help they found Dilger still on his elbow, and the senator yet standing over him, silent and somber. Deep was the surprise of the people to find the leader of the Pikes with vengeance upon his worst enemy in his hand and yet not taking it; and, mingled with this surprise, there was a strain by no means of approval. They took up Dilger and carried him to the village; his wound was not serious, the mountain doctor said, and they locked him in the little log jail, to await his trial for murder. But Guthrie, as he went about the place, soon knew that other plans were afoot. They were all Pikes in Briarton, and their leader, they said, should have shot Dilger down when he had the chance; since he had not done it,—well, they could supply the want. Guthrie saw before him all the elements of a lynching, but these elements were not yet gathered into an aggressive whole and swift action might prevent it; finding no one to act but

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himself, he resolved to act, as circumstances might require.

First, however, he would see the senator, and he went to his house. He found him sitting alone in the large room where the body of his brother had rested, staring out at the mountain side but not seeing it. His whole attitude, to Guthrie's great surprise, was that of one crushed; there was no triumph over the capture of his foe, but the droop of one who had failed.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, and there was pathos in his voice, "you see me in my shame. I have tried to be a man. I have sought to raise myself above the surroundings amid which I was born, and to make myself a leader among my people,—a real leader, not one who goes the way they wish him to go, but the way he thinks they ought to go."

"It seems to me that you are such," said Guthrie; "I do not see wherein you have failed."

"Out there in the forest I failed: when Dilger lay at my mercy, I would have killed him, not from motives of justice, but from revenge. Everything that I have schooled myself for twenty years to learn was swept away by the impulse of a moment. Had you not been there, I should not have held my hand; we are weak clay, Mr. Guthrie."

Guthrie felt much sorrow for Mr. Pike, but he liked him and gave him his full esteem,—he knew no man whom he held more highly,—yet for a few moments he said nothing, but looked out of the window in thought. Then he told Mr. Pike of the talk of a lynching, and appealed to his pride.

"That I will stop," the senator exclaimed; "I did not spare Dilger to have them lynch him. My people are against me now; well, I shall give them cause!"

But Guthrie knew, even better than the senator, how much he had lost in authority, and long before nightfall a messenger, heavily paid, was riding over the mountains to Sayville, bearing Guthrie's report of the news and a brief dispatch to Governor Hastings, also signed by him, saying: "The leader of the Dilgers is in jail here and will be lynched unless the militia comes at once."

That night, which was dark and lowering with a raw wind from the peaks, the people were quiet, but the next morning they began to gather again, and they received fresh recruits from the surrounding country. Guthrie feared that the explosion would come at once, but the snow began to fall, not, as before, slowly and lazily, but in great flakes that trod upon each other's heels, so fast they came. Never before had he seen such a day. The sky was rimmed in with heavy, threatening clouds, through which the sun shone with only a dim, coppery tint, as if it were the faint reflection of a great fire, and from these clouds the snow poured and poured until the last trace of the sun was lost and there was left only the brown sky above and the white world beneath.

The snow stopped not for a moment during the day, nor during the night that followed, seeming rather to increase in volume, and the next day it was coming down as fast as ever before. The people, forgetting the lynching, huddled in their houses, and Guthrie, at Mr. Pike's, looked out, aghast. His messenger had not come back from Sayville; he could not, for the snow already lay four feet deep on the level and untold feet in the clefts and ravines, and nowhere was there a break in the great white fall.

Day followed day and the snow still heaped up around Sayville, and the imprisoned Guthrie raged at thought of the capital, and of the trial of Carton, now at hand, with himself far away.

[*To be continued in the June* SUCCESS]

The Governor of Massachusetts

How John Lewis Bates, the Son of a Poor Clergyman, Proved the Value of Making Himself Indispensable

RIDGELY TORRENCE



JOHN LEWIS BATES

IN 1891, a struggling young lawyer in Boston became a member of the city council and thus took his first plunge into the difficult and dangerous tide of politics. Toward the end of last year he emerged for the second time, bearing the highest political laurels of his state, and was greeted as John Lewis Bates, governor of Massachusetts. After his first election, a Boston paper, giving utterance to the natural question of those of his fellow citizens who were unacquainted with him, inquired: "How did he do it?"

To all who are able to read men's characters by the simple and unmistakable signs of bodily exterior the answer is plain. It is in the man's face,—on his brow, first, of course, but especially in his jaw. It is a jaw that never lets go.

If ever a countenance heralded a robust will and a gigantic determination, such faculties are shown to all who see the governor of Massachusetts. If they are not convinced by that blazonment, however, they have only to become members of the opposition to secure complete proof.

Whenever a man begins to tower above his fellows and become a leader in any walk in life, how interesting it is to trace the causes and conditions that have helped him. Of the two elements, condition and cause, the former may be variable, of course, even infinite in its variety, but the latter is immutably the same in every life, for it is composed of the qualities that lie at the root of human character itself.

The first condition in the life of John L. Bates was that of being the son of a poorly paid clergyman who held various small charges among the suburbs of Boston. The boy was born in 1859, just one year after the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, whom he resembles in many ways. His whole life has been one of aggression backed by a capacity for hard work amounting almost to genius. He does not know what it is to be idle. Even in his earliest boyhood, while attending the public schools, it was neither his pleasure nor his custom to use his holidays as a vacation time. If he played, he played at work.

His Early Education Did not Come to Him easily

When he left the schools of lower grade and entered a Boston grammar school this faculty stood him in good stead. By working evenings and on Saturdays he was enabled to be of material assistance to his father in carrying on his education. When he was graduated and entered Boston University he had begun to be self-supporting, and, by the time he had finished his course, in 1882, he had long assumed the full responsibility of his own career.

He decided to adopt the profession of law. With him, to decide was to allow only for a reasonable interval to elapse between the inception of an idea and its realization. After leaving college he taught for a while in New York, and there his life's romance came upon him. He fell in love with a young lady whom he taught, and she is now his wife. By means of that position, which he held for a year, and by teaching in the evening schools of Boston, he supported himself while studying, and in 1885 he was admitted to the Suffolk County Bar and immediately commenced practice. For six years he was obliged to direct all his efforts toward gaining a foothold in his profession. At the end of that time he was able to begin the life of active politics for which he wisely believed himself best fitted.

He Was Reëlected to the State Legislature Five Times

From the time of his first election to office his rise has been swift and sure. From the Boston common council he passed to the state house of representatives, and there he so impressed his constituents by his services that he was five times reëlected. His colleagues in the house were made aware of his distinguished ability, and during the last three years of his term as representative he was three times unanimously elected speaker of the house.

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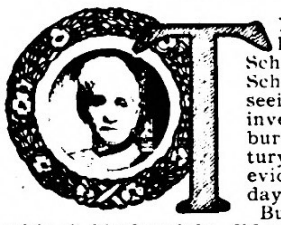
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A Half Billion Dollars in Realty

How two families made this sum in Greater Pittsburgh Real Estate



The Schenley Mansion, Pittsburgh, Pa.



THE whole world has heard the story of the Schenley millions. Captain Schenley was a shrewd far-seeing man, and when he invested his money in Pittsburgh real estate half a century ago, he did it with every evidence that it would some day make him wealthy.

But even Captain Schenley, with all his foresight, did not dream of half that the future had in store for him and for his heirs. Pittsburgh's growth has been the marvel of the world, and with it, the Schenley millions grew apace.

Mrs. Schenley gave to the City for park purposes during the last ten or fifteen years, property valued at almost five million dollars, and her will, recently filed in the Allegheny County Courts, shows this to have been only a small part of the holdings of the estate.

The growth of the Denny estate from an investment of a few thousand dollars to realty valued at many millions, is just as remarkable, although not so widely known.

And in these later years, Pittsburgh has continued her record as a money-maker for realty holdings.

H. C. Frick has made several million dollars within the last few years, in real estate, and now owns a large portion of the business part of the City of Pittsburgh.

Andrew Carnegie owes considerable of his wealth to the marvelous advancement of property values in and about Pittsburgh.

C. M. Schwab has heavy investments in Pittsburgh realty—as has also almost every other man of any prominence in the Pittsburgh district.

Pittsburgh is probably the most remarkable industrial district in the world, and the center of its manufacturing activity is not the City of Pittsburgh itself, but the sister city of McKeesport, located twelve miles up the Monongahela River.

McKeesport is the home of the world's greatest tube mill, and surrounding it on all sides are the great Homestead steel works, the Duquesne mills, the famous Edgar Thompson Works of the Carnegie Company, the Westinghouse interests, including half a dozen vast establishments and employing nearly twenty thousand men; the Firth Sterling Steel Works, where the world's greatest projectiles are made, and a dozen or more other plants, employing in all some fifty thousand men and paying out in wages one hundred and thirty million dollars a year.

And right in the midst of this great bee-hive of industry, with street car lines radiating in all directions, "lies ARLINGTON," a new residence district that presents to the present day investor all the opportunities that the earlier founders of Pittsburgh's wealth enjoyed—and it is an opportunity that may be taken advantage of by everyone who has

A Ten Dollar Bill To Invest

It is not necessary to make an investment of thousands of dollars. A lot in ARLINGTON can be bought on an initial payment of $10—with balance on long time at $5 or $10 a month.

ARLINGTON is but five minutes ride from McKeesport, the Hub of the Greater Pittsburgh district; ARLINGTON is but thirty minutes away from Pittsburgh and but seven minutes ride from Wilmerding, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad where every through and accommodation train stops, the home of the vast industries of the Westinghouse Companies. Two trolley lines run through ARLINGTON—a car every five minutes—connecting with every city and town of importance in Allegheny County.

ARLINGTON has every advantage of the city and all the charm of the country. Natural gas for light and fuel, city and spring water, electric lights, telephones—in fact everything the city can offer is at hand, and yet the plan abounds with fruit and shade trees, delightful scenery, and pure, sweet and wholesome air.

Large Roomy Lots—Wide Streets

The lots in ARLINGTON are from THIRTY to SIXTY FEET WIDE fronting on streets and avenues from 40 to 60 feet in width. In order to prove that ARLINGTON is what we represent it to be we will pay the rail road fare of any person from any point east of the Mississippi who comes to ARLINGTON and buys a lot. We will allow a liberal amount from more distant points. You therefore get

A Free Trip to Greater Pittsburgh

Any lot in ARLINGTON can be secured for $10 and you can pay for it at the rate of from $5 to $10 a month. There is no interest, no taxes or no mortgages—if you die before the lot is paid for free deed is given to your heirs.

Money in a savings bank only pays 4%—Invested in Greater Pittsburgh Realty—like ARLINGTON—it has paid 500%.

Arlington is in the heart of the district that has made billions for the shrewd investors—Can you afford to let the opportunity go by?

If ARLINGTON were not a thoroughly reliable proposition this advertisement would not be accepted by this publication as the publishers exercise a strict censorship over their advertising colums in the interest of subscribers. WRITE FOR BOOKLET "C" FOR DESCRIPTION. Don't delay.

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REPRESENTATIVE AGENTS WANTED—Live men in all parts of the country can find profitable employment with us. Our agents are making money every day. Write at once for exclusive territory.

It had been fifty years since a speaker had been nominated by the Republicans without a caucus.

His remarkable services in that body brought him so favorably before the public that he was regarded as worthy of still higher honors. He was elected lieutenant governor, and, by virtue of his office, he served as chairman of many important committees of the executive council. Often, he represented the commonwealth at the request of the governor. After holding the office for two years, he became the unanimous choice of the Republican state committee for the governorship, and one month later he was elected by a remarkable majority.

The life story of Governor Bates is that of a man who has made himself wanted; who, through sheer force of his personality and services, has brought his fellows to believe that they can not get along without him. He had to be made a councilman, after living several years in East Boston, because his neighbors could think of no one else who could serve them so well. He had to be sent to the legislature, because the citizens felt that it was absolutely necessary to have certain bills passed, and they knew he would attend to the business for them and felt they could not afford to take any chances. In like manner he came into the lieutenant governorship, and into his present office; when it came time he arrived at the doors of those offices and there he was to be let in, ahead of all others, for his fellow citizens had long learned that he would have his way; there was no one else ready and so he came unto his own.

He Possesses the Versatility of a Leader in Public Affairs

This tremendous quiet force and its accompanying power of working with the tireless unrest of an ocean tide are what most impress those who are brought near the governor. He is at work at the statehouse, always, at nine in the morning. This, in itself, is an unusual thing with governors of Massachusetts. It has been the custom to extend the time of arrival an hour or two. It has also been the custom for governors to take one or two hours for noon lunch. Governor Bates takes half an hour and often does not go to lunch at all. He stays usually until five o'clock, but his labor by no means ceases at that hour. He rarely goes to bed before midnight, and it is in work of some kind that most of his evenings are consumed. Yet he works no harder as governor than he did as a schoolboy. His is not the type of mind that so often attracts attention in early life through what is known as brilliancy, but which so rarely comes to any great end. His entire career has been one of plodding but steady growth. His characteristic and most valuable faculties have been developed by main strength, each in its entirety, until now his most characteristic and predominant quality might be said to be a general and remarkable fullness and roundness of every talent that is most needed by a leader of public affairs. The office of governor itself—and it is surely only a stepping-stone for him,—has been of unusual service to him in aiding the growth of his mind. It has given him a rare vantage point for a larger and broader vision. It has benefited him in every way, both in his own personality and in public opinion.

He Governs a somewhat Conservative State democratically

He has made no mistakes thus far, during his term of office, unless it be a mistake to be the most democratic governor the conservative state of Massachusetts ever had. Anyone who has any business with him and many who have not can secure a hearing at any time, and he has the faculty, so valuable to a politician, of leaving everyone who has spoken to him with the impression that he is personally interested in him.

Another valuable characteristic which has aided him in his public life is his talent for public speaking. He has, throughout his life, given especial attention to this important gift, but it is only of late years that he has attracted more than local attention. To-day he is known as one of the most remarkable and ready talkers in the country.

The first speech that he made as a representative was against the abolition of Fast Day in Massachusetts, and, although he was eventually defeated, he established once for all a reputation among his colleagues for strong and reasonable discourse and thus secured an immediate hearing whenever he chose to speak thereafter. As speaker of the house he presided with great distinction upon occasions when that body received President McKinley and numerous other distinguished personages. He combines, moreover, in a rare manner, the ability of a forensic orator, in which department of speechmaking he was well tried while in the house of representatives, but he has also lately secured a high reputation in the more graceful and popular art of after-dinner speaking.

His great triumph in this field was made at a dinner given to Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, upon the occasion of that gentleman's appointment to the United States supreme court. Through some unforeseen circumstance Governor Bates came to the dinner unprepared to make a speech. When it came his turn to say something, he confessed his lack of preparation and begged to be excused. His fellow diners urged him to proceed, notwithstanding, and began laughingly suggesting what he might do instead. Finally some one said that he might at least give Judge Holmes a letter of introduction to Mr. Roosevelt.

He Toils far into the Night Preparing Important Speeches

That was the governor's cue. He rose and began extempore to make a speech in the form of a letter of recommendation, beginning: "My dear Mr. President," keeping throughout the form of epistolary correspondence and ending with the formal, "Respectfully yours, John L. Bates." The speech was as graceful as the form was original, and the whole incident produced a most striking impression upon the distinguished assembly. This episode shows the man's remarkable readiness to meet an emergency. It is also worthy of note that this very ability to think quickly is rarely a characteristic of a personality gifted with the capacity for hard work. The fact is that through earnest labor alone the ability was gained.

In writing of Governor Bates one constantly reverts to his enormous energy, and it is in this matter of speechmaking that a new instance may be shown. He does not write his speeches, but prepares outline notes with great diligence and exactness. He often will toil two thirds of a night and prepare a single speech in twenty entirely different ways, then declare himself dissatisfied with all of them, and finally deliver the speech in a new way from notes he has hurriedly prepared immediately before the occasion.

This leads one to observe another habit. He does not despise details. It is true that he is not a hair-splitter, and his enemies have even accused him of carelessness, but, viewed with more understanding, his whole career contradicts this accusation. He has always been most patiently observant of details when his duty was the observance of minor things. The fact is that he speedily rose from positions in which it was necessary to be concerned with small things. He has been able more and more to deal with generalities, simply because the world has found that his best services can be secured in such spheres. When he was a councilman he was busied mostly with the *minutiæ* of his office, but when he became a representative he found a much broader field of action, and he therefore was able to abandon the smaller details of a smaller office. As governor he can not afford to be cognizant of all that concerns a representative.

It is in his home that his democratic simplicity becomes most apparent. This same dislike of ceremony also brings to mind another most interesting thing concerning him. He is descended, through a collateral branch, from the same Puritan ancestor as the greatest of Americans,—Abraham Lincoln. With this fact in mind it is worthy of remark how similar the characters of the two men are in many things. Governor Bates carries his simplicity of demeanor even into his personal habits. He does not use tobacco or alcoholic drinks; he does not care for theatrical performances as they are presented to-day, and his chief delight is to be found within his home circle.

He Secured the Passage of Several Twenty-five-year-old Bills

He is not a man of property: indeed, his whole income is derived from his salary as governor, and from his law practice. He is one of the few men who have reached the governor's chair who have not been men of means. He has been accused of using the mighty machinery of Masonic circles and of the Methodist Church for his political preferment. Nothing could be more unjust. Until he became lieutenant governor he was not known outside of Boston in either organization. Such things may, under certain conditions, happen to wield influence, but the influence would never be used to put an unworthy man into office. In the present case the accusation is absurd.

Governor Bates's life is an open book, and no fair observer can fail to see the reasons why he has been preferred in every one of his advancements.

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One of his friends has said that, if one were to go to East Boston and ask his neighbors why he has succeeded, the reply would be that Mr. Bates accomplishes work. During his term as a representative he succeeded in getting several bills passed that had been presented twenty-five years before and had been dragging along all that time. Before he had been in the legislature very long he brought about the passage of a very difficult bill providing for a new school building in his district. Immediately after, he secured an appropriation of half a million dollars for ferries, and then one to build a great *boulevard* to East Boston.

His greatest service to his district, however, was in securing the passage of an act which provided for a tunnel connecting East Boston with the subways of the city proper. In doing this he ran great risks to his popularity, for the bill was violently and powerfully opposed. The Boston Elevated Railway Company fought bitterly against it. When it was finally passed, ex-Attorney General Pillsbury, the counsel for the opposition, is reported to have said: "When the tube is completed, East Boston people should erect a statue in front of the entrance, and the pedestal should bear this inscription: 'John Lewis Bates, the man who found East Boston an island, and left it a continent.'"

Women and Legal Study

Dictated by CLARENCE D. ASHLEY
[Dean of the New York University Law School]

THERE is a general opinion, even among women, that the feminine mind is much less able than the masculine to grapple with the intricacies of law. I once had this idea myself, but my experience in teaching women in the New York University Law School has somewhat shattered it. We have both men and women in our classes, and in each one the women outrank the men. Their average standing is invariably higher. One young woman has led her fellow students of both sexes since her first term in the school, and another won first honors last year. My explanation of this superiority is that young women have fewer outside interests than young men, and devote themselves more faithfully to their studies. This is the truth in spite of the fact that most of the men expect to look to the law for a livelihood, while, except in a few cases, women do not. A comparatively small number of our women students embark in practice. The great majority take up legal studies to increase their competency in managing their own estates, or for the purpose of adding to their equipment for a business career.

The real estate field is one which is now attracting a considerable number of women, and not a few of those who are conducting successful offices have taken law courses. It must not be imagined that the women who show ability in grasping legal principles have the masculinity of mind and manner so objectionable in their sex. Some of our best students have been those who have possessed the most feminine grace and charm.

Mr. Vanderbilt Makes a Proverb

THE hair-raising performances in Florida of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and his automobile were being recorded by private wire in a Fifth Avenue club of which he is a member. A knot of men stood around the bulletin board and commented on the dispatches as they were presented. Here are some of the remarks as noted by a guest of the organization:—

"Vanderbilt's going the pace like most young men," chuckled a well-fed financier.

"And likely to come a cropper like other fast young fools," growled a retired medical practitioner.

"I wonder which he trusts most,—Providence? or the maker of his machine?" asked a well-known lawyer, as the telegraph instrument ticked the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt had covered a mile of Florida sand in less than forty seconds.

"At all events, he's got plenty of sand," gurgled the financier.

"He'll get about six feet of earth if he keeps up this game," declared a soap magnate.

"Fool-killer'll have chance faw vacation," lisped the languid son of a banker.

"By the way," remarked another, "Vanderbilt has enriched the language by giving it another proverb. The other day we were discussing a man on the Street,—a good enough fellow, perhaps, but awfully talkative.

"'Don't like him,' said Vanderbilt.

"'Why?' said I.

"'Makes too much row. *It's the noiseless tire that does its work well.*'"

Then Whistler Met His Match

WHILE the late James McNeil Whistler was making a study of a picturesque clump of oaks at Windsor Castle, one of the keepers of the grounds strolled up, and, taking his stand behind the artist, appeared very much interested in his work.

Mr. Whistler could not endure to have anyone watch him while he was painting. He turned sharply to the intruder with the fixed and angry stare peculiar to him. "You oaf!" he exclaimed. "You loutish clodhopper! Don't you know better than to stand there annoying me? What possible interest can you take in what I am doing?"

"Bless me," cried the man, "don't get excited, sir! I mean no harm,—but I never in all my life, sir, saw an artist painting two pictures at once."

"Two pictures!" exclaimed Whistler, bewildered.

"So I said, sir," replied the keeper, quietly, "and I'm blessed, sir, "if I don't like the one you've got your thumb through the best of the two," and he pointed to the great palette, smeared with every conceivable tint, that Mr. Whistler held in his left hand.



BABY'S TOILET

A baby's skin—the most delicate texture in all this world, and the most easily injured. How soft, and pure, and white it is on a well-kept child. Not all the silken fabrics of the East can delight a mother half so much as that most perfect of all fabrics—her baby's skin.

So sensitive is it that a mistake in the baby's bath, an alkali soap, for instance, is fatal to its health and beauty. Almost instantly rash, blotches, and worse blemishes will appear. The safest soap to use is

RESINOL SOAP

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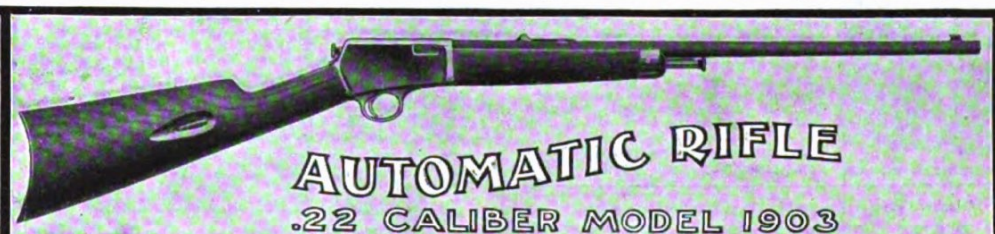
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We have just established Regal Mail-order Substations in San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Atlanta. If you need a pair of shoes for a special occasion and cannot wait for your order to reach Mail-order headquarters at Boston, send your order to the nearest substation.

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Nature as a Joy-builder

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
WORDSWORTH.

The woods were filled so full with song
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.
TENNYSON.

FEW young people who spend their summers in the country realize the splendid opportunities open to them for education as well as pleasure, at least to those of them who have learned to use their eyes.

"The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world," says Ruskin, "is to see something and tell what he saw in a plain way."

Think how much it would add to life's happiness to be able to see things as this great nature-lover saw them. To him beauty and harmony were everywhere, and all things were stamped with the autograph of the Almighty.

It is small wonder that an Agassiz, who would go into ecstasies over the structure of a leaf or a flower, over the scale of a fish or a grain of sand, was so rich in the cultivation of his observing faculties that he could not afford the time to lecture even for five hundred dollars a night. To study the wonders of Nature, to hear her music, and to interpret her language were riches enough for him.

"The more we see of beauty everywhere," says James Freeman Clarke,—"in nature, in life, in man and child, in work and rest, in the outward and the inward world,—the more we see of God." If we study nature we can not help seeing beauty everywhere; we can not help being stronger and happier.

So much, indeed, of the real joy of life comes from keeping the soul,—all one's faculties and senses,—responsive to Nature, that it is nothing short of criminal to allow a child to grow up without learning to use his eyes and ears properly and to see and hear things as they are.

One of the first lessons that should be impressed on every child, whether he live in the city or in the country, is how to see things out of doors. If he learns to do this early in life, he will be not only a man of larger intelligence and culture, but also a happier and more successful one than he otherwise would.

At the cost of a few pennies the poorest boy or girl may be transported to the country, and there see beauties which might entrance an angel. Yet many persons travel across continents to see the works of the great masters, and give fortunes to possess themselves of a canvas or two, representing a landscape, such as a sunset, or some other bit of nature, while they remain dense and unappreciative in the picture gallery of the great Artist of the Universe.

Many of us have become so self-absorbed and have had our energies so long directed upon our material desires and problems,—our plans to amass money, to make business pay, to perfect some invention, to write a book, or to attain this or that ambition;—in short, all our faculties have been centered in ourselves so long that they can not look outward except upon the things that concern our immediate interests. To learn to see things out of doors would be, to many of us, like learning a new occupation or profession in middle life.

How often do we see a weary or broken-down city man go to the country for rest and recuperation and return to his city home or office unrefreshed and unstimulated. He did not really see or enjoy any of the country's wonder and beauty; he was not in sympathy with the voices of Nature, and could not hear them. His soul had become so hardened and sordid in its absorption in wealth-getting that it no longer responded to her appeals. He had eyes, but saw not, and ears, but heard not; and so the real wealth and joy of life had passed him by. How different it would have been had he allied himself with Nature, so that he could have imbibed some at least of the spirit thus voiced by Emerson:—

Whoso inhabiteth the wood,
And chooseth light, wave, rock and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into such forrester shall pass,
From his companion's power and grace.
Pure shall he be without, within,
From the old adhering sin;
He shall never be old,
Nor his fate shall be foretold;
He shall watch the speeding year
Without wailing, without fear;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove.

The Population of the World

ACCORDING to the latest census, China has a population of 426,447,000. Thus the Chinese Empire contains more than a quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, being approached in this respect only by the British Empire, which has a population of three hundred and ninety-six millions, which includes over two hundred and thirty-one millions in India. Russia comes next, with a population of one hundred and twenty-nine millions; then the United States and her dependencies, with eighty-four millions; then France and her colonies, with sixty-five millions, and then Germany and her colonies, with sixty-two millions.

A Wonderful Feat

AN unsophisticated man stood watching a performance on a trombone. Suddenly seizing a companion's arm, he cried, excitedly:—

"Fur the good lands' sake, Lige, look thar!"

"What's the matter?" asked Lige.

"Look thar! He done it again."

"Done what?"

"Why, crowded more'n half that horn into his mouth. Did you see that? Well, if that don't beat the world!"

"No success is good when it hardens our hearts to love and laughter, or to the appeal of tears."

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An Old Friend of Bryan

"ONE of the embarrassments of being a public character," remarked William Jennings Bryan, "arises from the circumstance that a great many persons with whom you never had an acquaintance know you well and greet you enthusiastically. It is rather difficult to awaken an answering spark in your own bosom, when, a moment before, you were not aware of the existence of your genial friend, but I make it a point to respond heartily to all greetings. If a man thinks enough of me to salute me, I am very glad to return the compliment, even if I don't know him.

"But I can place them oftener than I used to. By degrees I have constructed within my memory a special storehouse for names and faces. If a man is at all interesting or important, I concentrate my mind on him for an instant at our first meeting, and thus get a tag with which I label my recollection of him when I lay it away in the storehouse for future reference. I can run over the shelves in pretty short order. By the time I have shaken the hand of a man I usually have my measure of him down for use. I will admit, however, that now and then I am at a loss.

"For example, on a train one day in the Middle West, a young man approached me with an outstretched hand and the light of old friendship in his eyes. While we were shaking, I was making my search for him but failed to find him. A conversation being inevitable, I put out a few 'feelers,'—asked him how business was in his town, and so on. His answers were not enlightening as to his identity, and, knowing that the talk would be more mutually agreeable if I had some idea as to who he was, I remarked:—

"'Do you know, your face is familiar to me, but just for the moment I can't frame you up, so to speak. I've been wondering where it was we first met.'

"'Why, don't you remember?' he exclaimed. 'Your train stopped a few minutes at Blank's about three months ago, and you shook hands with a lot of us. I'm the man who wore the long overcoat and the brown derby.'"

The Landscape Was only Second

ON one occasion, Whistler, whose advice on landscape gardening was frequently asked by rich Parisians who wanted to build country estates, was visiting a family in the south of France. Near by a merchant was supervising the landscape gardening on his grounds, and, at an afternoon tea, he met the artist, to whom he introduced his wife. The lady was very talkative and particularly about certain alterations in the park surrounding her homestead. Whistler listened patiently, although he saw that her plans and those of her husband were no less inartistic than impracticable. That much he ventured to suggest when her conversation had somewhat ceased.

"But," she said, finally, "you must understand, sir, that the house is the first consideration and the landscape the second."

"Ah," said Whistler, gravely; "if that's the case, then Providence should have arranged the scenery differently."

A Point well Taken

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE was describing a session of a French law court that he once attended.

"I am not likely to forget," he said, "the witty answer that the defendant made.

"The man was a coffee dealer, and the charge against him was that the labels he used were deceptive.

"'I don't consider, sir,' the judge said to him, 'that your labels are altogether honest. You put your coffee in round tins, and on the front of each tin you print in large letters 'A Compound of Chicory.'

"The dealer thought a moment. Then he said, respectfully:—

"'But will your honor be so good as to explain by what means you distinguish between the front and back of a round tin?'"

He Needed most the Teachers

THE principal of an Eastern school of vocal music once received the following letter from the clerk of a church in a distant city:—

We want to know what it would cost to hire an averagely good quartett quire of four persons, consisting of one good base singer, one tenner, one altoe, and one sopranner, to do ordinary church singing. Some of them might also get posishuns in our schools, as teachers are needed here.

The principal could not help thinking that teachers were needed more than singers, if the letter sent was written by one of the best educated citizens.

Success Philosophy

If a clock goes fitfully, nobody knows the time of day, and, if your alotted task is a necessary link in the chain of another man's work, you are his clock, and he ought to be able to rely on you. —BLACKIE.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers and ceases when he has no moré to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.—LAVATER.

Read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and do not say you have no capital to start with.—TALMAGE.

He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the North-pole star, which keeps it place, and all other stars turn toward it.—SCOTT.

Conscience is a great ledger book, in which all our offenses are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.—BURTON.

Politeness comes from within, from the heart; but if the forms of politeness are dispensed with, the spirit, and the thing itself, soon die away.—JOHN HALL.

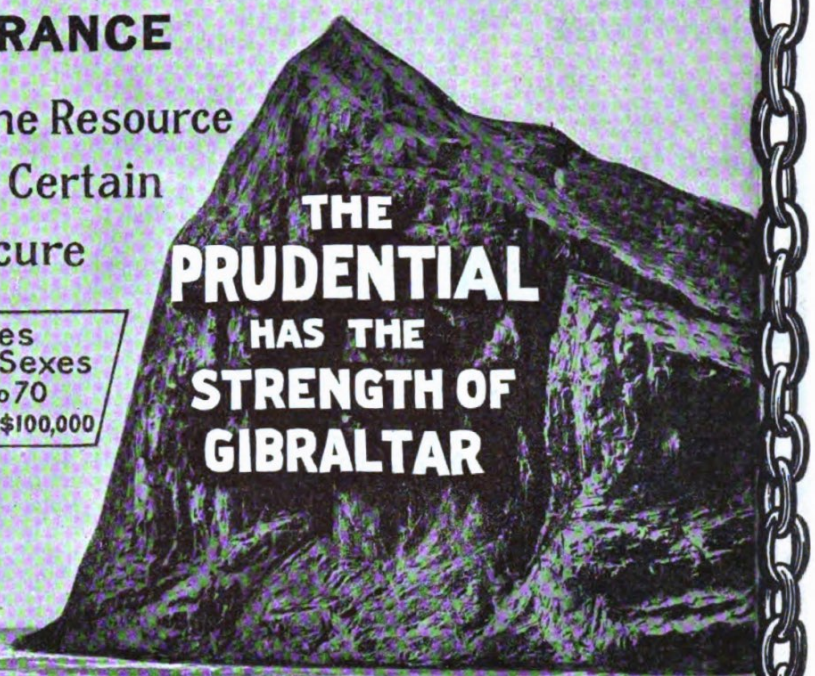
"Success" is spelled with seven letters. Of the seven only one is found in "fame" and one in "money," but three are found in "happiness."

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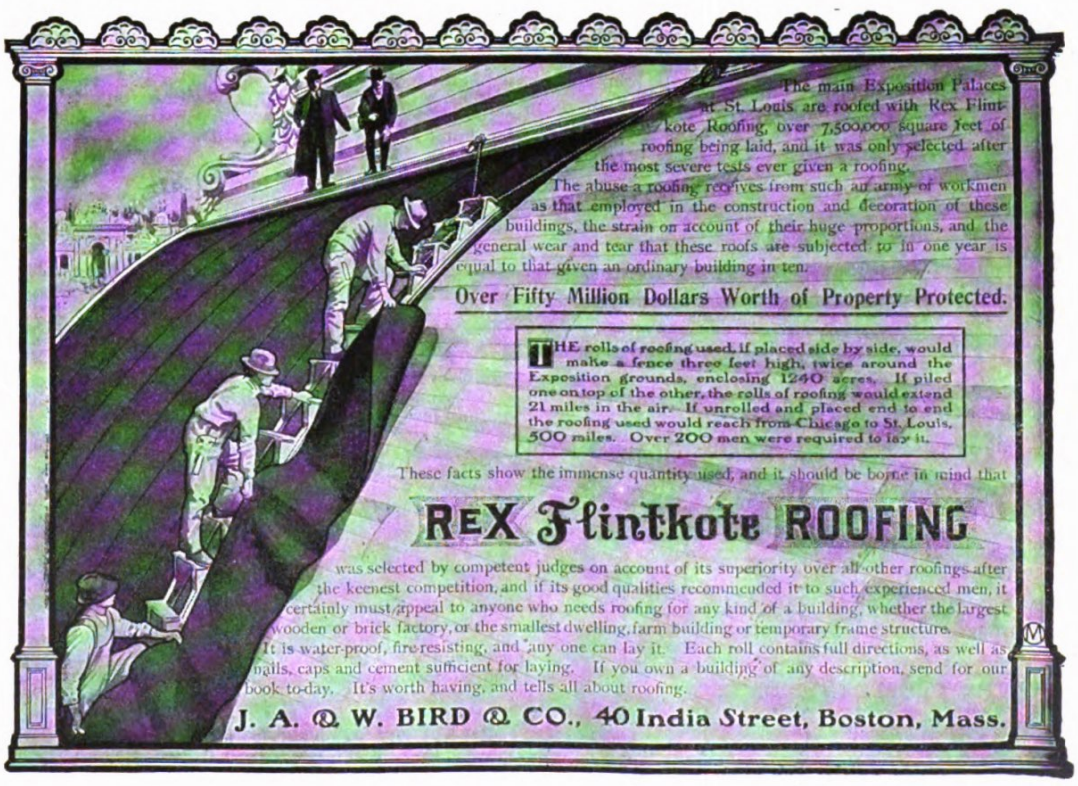
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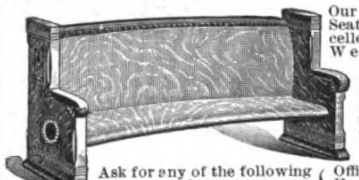
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Diplomatic Mysteries

VANCE THOMPSON

[*Concluded from page 318*]

close a prisoner that he might not walk in the park.

"By no means," said Von Gudden; "let us walk."

It was a gray evening, full of mist and rain. They had gone hardly a hundred steps in the park when the king turned and saw two attendants and the valet following at his heels.

"Is this quite necessary?" he asked.

Von Gudden motioned the men to fall back; in a few moments they were out of sight in the dark; the king and the old alienist walked on. They approached the lake and sat down on a bench near a little Roman chapel on the shore.

* * * * * * *

It was ten o'clock when the guards came there: they found the two dead bodies clinging, the one to the other, in the shallow water near the shore. King Ludwig's last cast for freedom had failed. The watch in his pocket had stopped at a quarter to seven. Fifteen minutes later a boat lay off the shore opposite the little chapel. It cruised about for some time, and often a woman's voice hailed the king, who lay dead in the water. The oarsman was a king's forester; the woman in the boat was Rose of Linderhof. When he was deserted by all others, he sent for her; and she, who had once done him a great wrong, came to save him. At seven o'clock the boat was to come for him. Across the lake friends and horses were waiting for him, and the road lay open to freedom, if not a crown. Fifteen minutes had ruined all. Had the old doctor, beginning to suspect, tried to force the king to return? Was Ludwig too impatient? He had thrown off his great coat and his undercoat, and made ready for swimming. In these preparations there was no hint of suicide. It was liberty he sought, not death. As he threw himself into the lake the old doctor clutched him, and that was the end. It was Whitsunday, June 13, 1886. In a few days they buried him in the great church of Saint Michael; as they laid his body away there was a sudden tumult of lightning and thunder. The people of Munich wondered, for it was a bright and sunny day; no rain fell; there was no storm,—only one flash and peal of thunder over the church of Saint Michael.

Rose of Linderhof lives, to-day, and Webber is alive. The ministers who drove Ludwig from the throne died, all within a few months,—Fäustle, Von Lutz, Pechmann, Doering. Princess Sofia was burned to death in the fire which destroyed the Charity Bazaar in Paris.

Over most of those who played their parts in this drama of love and folly and state affairs a dark fate closed in, and now they are only names.

[This is the first of Mr. Thompson's articles in the series on "Noted Diplomatic Mysteries" which he has written specially for SUCCESS.—The Editor.]

She Sent Mr. Jefferson Home

AT Palm Beach, where stylish dressing is customary, a friend of Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, was joking him about his bravado in remaining faithful to a rather dilapidated brown coat which he was in the habit of wearing in the morning.

"This coat and I are old friends," said Mr. Jefferson. "I know that it shows signs of the wear and tear of long life, but I don't have to discard it down here, because everybody knows me. But in a big city, where one is apt to be judged by his appearance and treated accordingly, I admit that it is an excellent plan to exercise care in the matter of clothing. In New York, one winter evening, just after it had become dark, I had this truth rather rubbed in. I had paused near the entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was standing to wait for my son, who had stopped for a moment in a near-by shop. I suppose I did present a somewhat touching spectacle. I had on a soft, black hat, my overcoat was buttoned tightly around my throat, and my shoulders were hunched up, as if with cold. I remember that I was standing in a shadow, and I had a bundle of newspapers under my arm.

"A young woman passed, glanced at me, hesitated, went on for a few steps, and then stopped and came back.

"'I should think you would be very cold standing here,' she remarked, fumbling with her purse.

"'It is a little cool,' I answered.

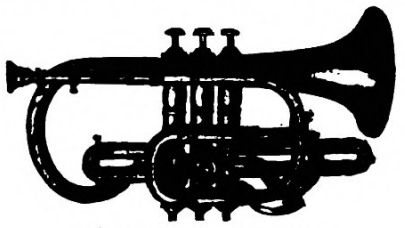
"'Now, I tell you what I want you to do,' she exclaimed, brightly, when she had found a coin; 'I want you to go right home and get warm. I think you would better have a cup of coffee before you go. I will take all your papers.'

"'I,—I beg pardon,' I stammered, 'I would like to oblige you, but, you see, I have just bought these papers and have n't read them yet.'

"She discovered her mistake instantly, and put a world of mortification into her exclamation, 'Oh, I do hope you will pardon my stupidity!' I assured her that I did not regard it as stupidity, but as remarkable kindness of heart. I smiled, and she laughed and went on.

"It had been very embarrassing for her, and then and there I made a resolution to keep 'spruced up' a little better."

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Ripples of Laughter

He Wished He Could Do It

A MERCHANT who had a store in a small country town fell in with a comic actor on a train, and said to him: "I do not see how it is that you are able to think of such funny things to say on the stage, and all of a sudden, too. I just wish I could do it. It would be invaluable to me in my business."

▲ ▲

He Was Going to Be Something

A COLORED man in Philadelphia requested his employer to release him so that he could go south.

"What do you want to go for, Lafayette?"

"'Cos I 'se called to a church down dar."

"Called to a church? What are you going to be?"

"I 'se goin' to be sumfin. I dunno whedder I be de pasture, or de sextant or de vestureman, but I 'se goin' to be sumfin."

▲ ▲

He Hadn't Lost His Appetite

"GOOD morning, Mrs. McJones; how is your husband to-day?" asked one woman of another whose husband was ill.

"Well, I think he's some better," was the reply. "He set up some yesterday and had a little appetite. He ate three or four biscuits which I made, and some cold meat and some baked squash and a little corn-bread with a cup or two of coffee. I think by to-morrow he'll be able to swaller something substantial."

▲ ▲

Admiral Dewey Suggested Some Names

"LOCAL pride," said Lieutenant-commander Lucien Young, of the United States navy, "is very well, but it can easily be overdone. Admiral Dewey recognized that fact during the war with Spain. He heard that certain new war vessels were to be named respectively 'Yale' and 'Harvard.' 'Good idea,' he declared; 'let us have more of the same evidence of pride in our institutions. Why not name the next one the "College of Physicians and Surgeons," and then give us the "Massachusetts Institute of Technology?"'"

▲ ▲

A Summer Repartee

THOSE who know Joel Benton, who is a bachelor, are familiar with the fact that he is a confirmed punster, and is apt in a sudden repartee to embody a pun.

On a certain occasion when he returned with a lady friend from a walk, just as nightfall was approaching, they entered the parlor where others were assembled. One of the ladies in the group said: "Who has a match?" as it was about time to light the gas. Mr. Benton offered one at once, when the lady remarked, "Gentlemen always have matches."

"Yes," said Mr. Benton, "but ladies are always matchless."

▲ ▲

The Difference between "Pi" and "Pie"

WHEN type that has been set up is accidentally overturned or mixed, the jumble and its results are technically known as "pi." Some years ago, Joel Chandler Harris, the author, was playing whist, at Warm Springs, Georgia, with three ladies. The latter had bothered "Uncle Remus" considerably by talking throughout the game and by asking him foolish questions. Finally one said, "Oh, Mr. Harris! Please tell me what is the real difference between 'p-i' and 'p-i-e?'"

Carefully adjusting his eyeglasses, Mr. Harris slowly replied: "The latter is the foundation of the wealth of New England, and the basis of indigestion. The former is the *raison d'être* of profanity and the *sine qua non* of dialect stories."

▲ ▲

It Was Hereditary

A WOMAN, returning from the funeral of her third husband, seated herself in the presence of her sympathizing neighbors and said, with the calmness of resignation:—

"It ain't so hard to bear as it would be if it did n't run in our family to be widders; but it does, and we just have to make up our minds to it.

"My grandmother was three times a widder, my mother buried two husbands, my sister Jane has buried two, and her third is mighty low now with a lingering fever; one of my aunts had four, and outlived the last one of them, and my sister Maria's second husband is so sickly she might as well be getting her mourning ready.

"I tell you, it's mighty hard to have widderhood run in your family like that!"

▲ ▲

This Was not a Joke

WHEN the late Bill Nye was engaged in making other people laugh, he subscribed to the various publications that used his jokes and stories. One day he complained to "Mark Twain" that he had sent certain publishers a check to pay for the renewal of his subscription to their paper, but that his copies had stopped coming when his old subscription expired.

"I wonder," he remarked, "whether those people think that my check is not good, and are waiting to hear from the bank?"

"Oh, no," drawled "Twain," "they think that it is another joke you are trying to sell them. You'll get your check back again in a few days, pinned to a printed letter about its 'inadaptability to the needs of the paper, which does not necessarily indicate lack of merit.'"

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Note the shapely curves and graceful lines of these waists, the sleeves, the trimming. True you cannot see the material, but we guarantee that. From our many distinctive styles we have selected these three waist numbers. The material alone would cost you more than the price we ask for them.

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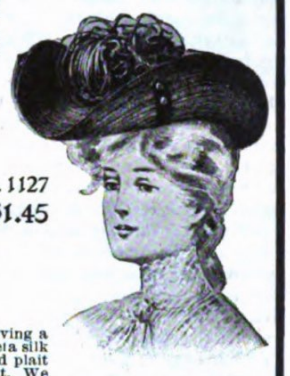
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The Books of the Month

CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR STRINGER

"'Zozo,' they called him, or, from the willfulness of his baby temper, 'Le Petit Volontaire,'" writes S. G. Tallentyre, in the first chapter of the first volume of his new and engaging "Life of Voltaire," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is one of the intimate touches of an unexpectedly intimate biography, for on the same page we learn that this peevish young lion, whose roarings were later to shake the worm-eaten foundations of eighteenth-century Europe, was not altogether leonine in body. He was born, in the late autumn of 1694,—at the high tide of that military glory of Louis XIV. which both dazzled and ruined France,—a puny, sickly, weak child, the son of an honest but pig-headed notary named Arouet. "Le Voltaire," it has been somewhat dubiously assumed, was a whimsical contradiction of the babyish "Le Petit Volontaire." The infant was hurriedly baptized, the day after his birth, for life, his nurses declared, was already slipping out of the feeble little body. This feeble little body, however, was destined to become, in time, a volcano of vituperative energy, and for eighty-four long and troubled years was to nurse the restless and aggressive spirit of earth's bitterest revolutionist,—"the most energetic spirit in all history," it has been called. Even at the age of three, the yellow-skinned little dwarf's precocity so impressed Abbé Chateauneuf that that worthy clerical straightway fell to teaching the child with the wizened face certain ribald deistical verses,—an incident worth remembering. At the age of ten, hungry-eyed, gaunt-jowled, razor-witted, "Zozo" writes that he is still learning "Latin and nonsense." At eleven, he is writing verses, and inditing the first pages, as well, of the most stupendous and most remarkable correspondence in the history of letters. Over seven thousand of these limpid, inimitable, flashing epistles have already been published; an equal number is said to exist, as yet uncollected and unprinted. Kicking madly over the parental traces that would tie him to the stolid wheels of law, the young Voltaire plunges into the Villonesque career of a Parisian scribbler. For correcting the bad rhymes of a noblewoman, he wins one hundred *louis d'or*. With his sudden wealth he drops in at an auction, bids for a gorgeous carriage-and-pair, and for one glorious day drives in state about Paris; to be cast forth, on the morrow, by his dogged, disgusted, and peppery old father. Then follow adventure, and Byronic love affairs, enchanting in inception as they were disastrous in end, gaiety and debauchery, then exile, then eminence as a maker of epigrams, then the Bastile, then liberty and more of that idly busy, ebullient, wayward, bitter existence in which the gaily unhappy genius was nobody's enemy but his own. Even the impending Bastile did not quench those audacious fires. "I bet you that I will show you something you have never seen before!" exclaimed the satirized and indignant regent. "What is that, *monseigneur?*" asked Voltaire. "The inside of the Bastile." "I take it as seen, sire," replied the offender, with an airy bow. Later, coming from imprisonment, the duke of Orleans advised him to be prudent, and he would be provided for. "If your highness will give me my board," answered Voltaire; "but I beg you will take no further trouble about my lodging!"

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Not a wondrously fine beginning, this, for the man whose name was to stand for the eighteenth-century Renaissance,—for the assiduous and devoted apostle of enlightenment and tolerance who was to be called "the eye of eighteenth-century illumination!" Yet this misspent activity was in time to become the mainspring of every wider movement of his age. Before and since the era of Voltairism, indeed, many a bad man has lived to make a good reformer. Voltaire himself was more than a mere mocker. He soon stands out, startlingly above the febrile and vacillating trifler which at first sight he might seem. To the end, of course, the mad Vesuvian fires still burned on; his tigerish ferocity, his strength, and his passionate sincerity, allied to higher and clearer aims, stayed with him. His shortcomings, likewise, remained, his subtle trickery, his hot impatience, his eviscerating bitterness of tongue and pen, and his blasphemous mockery, which, indeed, had to "go one better" before laying the ghost of a once even more blasphemous piety. "*Toujours allant et souffrant,*" was his own happy definition of himself. His weak and sickly body was a caldron which held seething and incongruous attributes, the body for which he was so afraid that he was dubbed a coward. Yet within this "thin and wretched case," in a sort of splendid spiritual isolation, dwelt the elusive over-man, the impassioned reformer who found the earth overspread with tangled and hideous undergrowths of oppression and privilege, intolerance and cruelty, imposture and bigotry,—and he cut and swept them out of existence.

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In his intimate, vivid, and alert following of the outwardly kaleidoscopic and yet inwardly consistent career, Mr. Tallentyre [It has been vaguely whispered, by the way, that "Mr. Tallentyre" is really a woman.] has given us two volumes of exceptional vigor and interest. He adds little that is new to the sum-total of Voltairean biographical *data*. Our author's effort, in this case, is merely an impartial, picturesque, and limpidly clear record of Voltaire's career, free from the taint of lubricity, with no analysis of that vast movement which now bears his name, no exegesis of his literary ideas and ideals, and no critical interpretation of his aims and their outcome. Yet this remains precisely the sort of biography for which the more general reading public has long been waiting. While, of late, the coldly scientific documentary historians of the newer school and method have been doing strictly specialized, invaluable, and rather inaccessible work, the more intimate-noted, Carlylean retailers of past men and movements, in a momentary revulsion of feeling against the "marble pure and marble cold" records of the academicians, have been giving us an occasional study in biography warm with all the charm of pure romance, as witness, for example, Meynell's "Disraeli," and, in a lesser way, even Watson's "Jefferson." We can like men, it seems, much easier than we can like humanity. Voltaire's strongest claim to remembrance was based more on what he did and what he was, than on what he wrote. So our present biographer, confining himself to the loves and hates and foibles and friends, to the adventures and epigrams, the great things done, as well as the great misdoings, of the founder of Voltairism, does not leave himself so empty-handed as he might seem. If it is true that in history, nowadays, it is dangerous to be interesting, and a red light should swing from every sidetrack of personality, then Mr. Tallentyre's vital and spirited volumes constitute a very dangerous but very appealing biography.

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We may not, Heaven forefend, be so bad as the Bourbons, but in the shadow of our tumultuous twentieth-century life lurk a few grim dragons unknown in Louis's day, waiting for the newer Voltairean lance-thrust, and causing one to ask, at times, "What can be the matter with our humorists?" After all, nothing else should be so solemn as humor. Where is the American Cervantes, or the New World Thackeray, to laugh the sins and follies out of our age? Where have we a good reckless, rollicking, whole-souled satirist, with his humor undivorced from life, and his eyes on the wider national horizon? "Mr. Dooley" seems to have grown silent. George Ade, alas, lacks both urbanity and sincerity. Mr. Lorimer declines to come out of his little pork-packer's corner. The result is that we must still import our most trenchant criticisms of life and letters, just as we once did our moral problems, arrayed in the rustling silks and laces of fiction. G. K. Chesterton's "Varied Types," published by Dodd, Mead and Company, is the latest and one of the most enlivening books of criticism to be brought across the Atlantic to us. Mr. Chesterton, who originally wrote these essays, on subjects varying from William Morris to the German emperor, for the London "Speaker" and the "Daily News," has been rather prejudicially described as a clever young critic "reveling in riotous paradox." Yet in this case the paradox is only the band in front of the tent, the agile puller-in at the shop door, or the sugar on the philosopher's pill. Paradox, wit, and epigram, however riotous, scarcely explain Mr. Chesterton's success. One even tires of them a little, as he occasionally tires of his *ex cathedra* thundering of laconic and cryptic wisdom. But he is preaching at a jaded age, and he knows it. He must first keep his audience awake, and then keep it amused. So he rains paradoxes on its collective head, and gently startles it by turning old truths inside out and standing dignified old axioms upside down. The effort to make the reader sit up and stare, though, becomes a bit insistent, a little too like the audacious child bent on "shocking" company. It is the breadth of view, the sturdy independence of opinion, the wholesome general healthfulness of note, the flashes of illuminating sobriety from between pages of too murky epigram, the half-timidly hidden ideality, and the shamefaced universal sanity, that give to this new critic of men and letters his peculiar power. Like the Byron of whom he writes so macaronically, Mr. Chesterton is an unconscious optimist. Like his St. Francis, too, he "has a sort of terrible common sense," just as he possesses "that deeply conservative belief in the most ancient of institutions, the average man." "Byronism," he writes, "tended to the desert; the new pessimism, toward the restaurant." "The majority of men are poets,—only they happen to be bad poets!" "Logic is mainly valuable as a weapon to exterminate logicians." In his essay on Stevenson he has written this little sentence worth bearing in mind, more for his own sake than Stevenson's: "He wrote his light-headed paradoxes in so flowing a copy-book hand that everyone supposed they must be copy-book sentiments."

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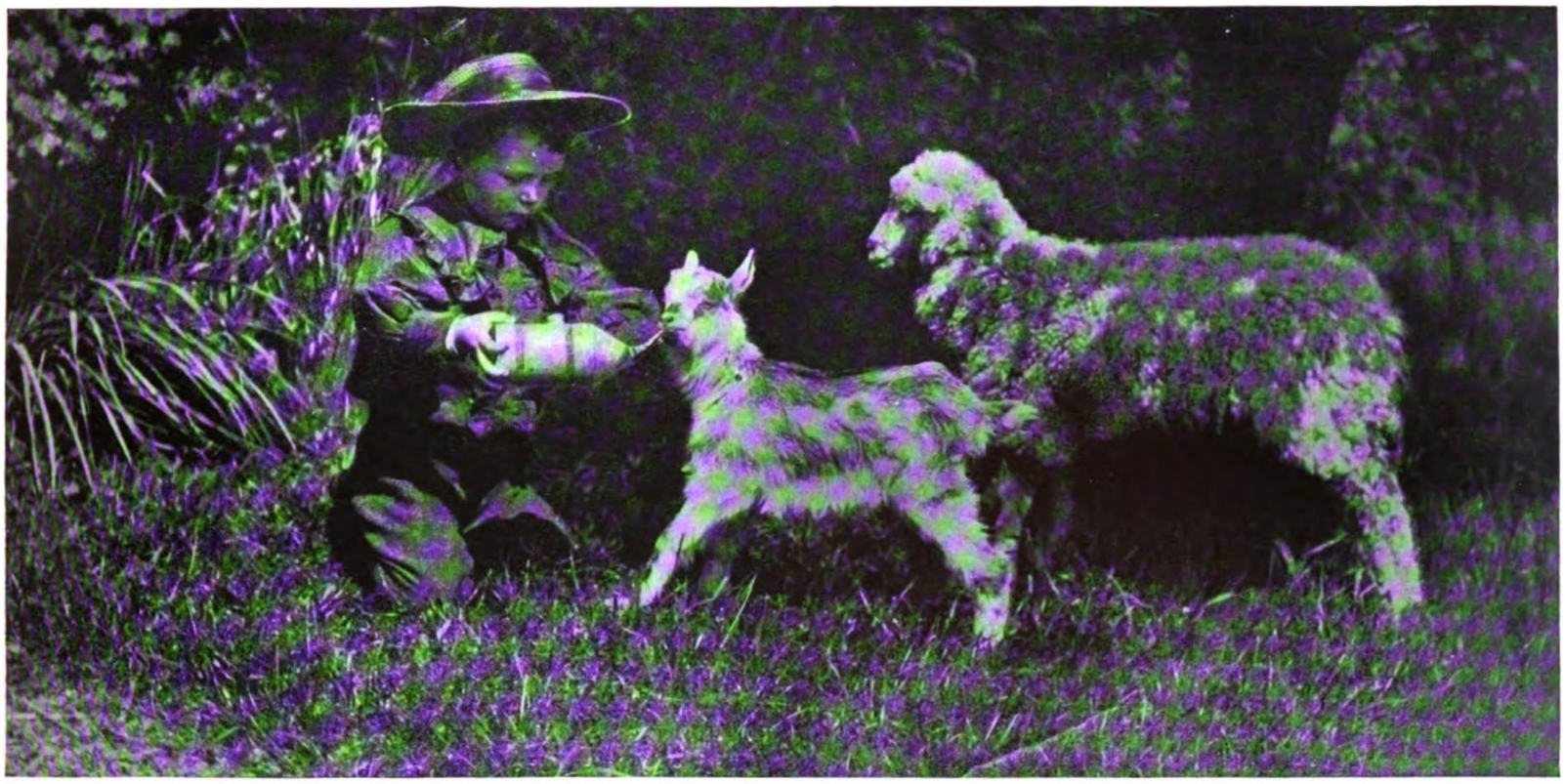
Just as Mr. Chesterton's "Varied Types" is an exceptionally invigorating book, so "The Kinship of Nature," from the pen of Bliss Carman and the press of L. C. Page and Company, is an exceptionally dispiriting one. Mr. Carman, in his day, has written some very beautiful lyrics. If he has repeated the happier note of his youth a little too often, we can forgive him, for that note was an unusually fine one. But in these little essays on art and nature,—or sermonettes, it would, perhaps, be better to call them,—he gives no evidence of his old-time inspiration, and little proof of real power. In good plain English, they are just a little dreary and preachy. The exasperating recurrence of certain words with "tone-color," of "twilight," "purple," "dusk," and "April," almost blind one to the carefulness of Mr. Carman's phrasing and the nicety of his diction. Yet society, according to this genially pagan critic of men and manners, is a sort of unending pink tea, and the world is a gigantic gypsy wagon. Nature, when not a convenient asset for vaguely emotionalized rhapsody, is the thing you go out to for a sun-bath, and all that, when your nerves get bad. There is a little diluted Thoreau, a little worked-over Emerson, a little sentimentalizing, a little *café*-table philosophy, and a great deal of very fine impressionistic scenery description. Vagabondage as a philosophy of life, however, has its drawbacks, and to go out and be a gypsy is an altogether too easy way of evading solemn municipal and domestic duties. That sort of life, nowadays, is more an inspiriting theme for a baritone parlor ballad. Its philosophy is as inadequate and as obsolete as the tiger skin and the clout-cloth.

When it comes to his views on art, Mr. Carman is to be taken more seriously. There he strikes his gait, although always a dreamily meditative one, and has something definite to say. Yet the value of these sermonettes as "missionary-literature," as some one has aptly called a similar style of essay, is rendered dubious by his dispiriting, if not insidiously fallacious, views on art and life. Poetry, for example, is a sort of snake-charming; its effect should be hypnotic; after a fashion, it is nothing more than emotional somnambulism. The present-day lamentable futility of the poet and the isolation of all the artists and their arts are due to a divorce between art and life. For this our critic moodily berates the times. Yet, he holds, the highest poetry is highly irrational; the love of

[*Concluded on page 349*]

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IN THE MIDST OF SPRINGTIME



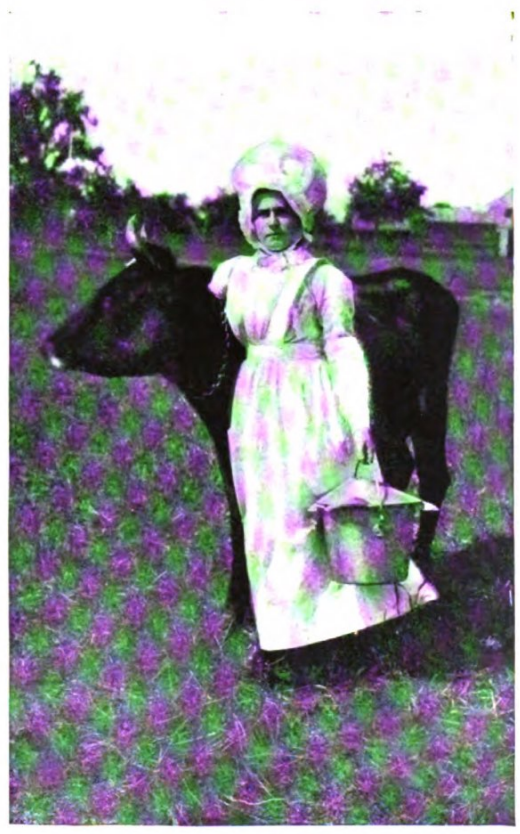
A NOONDAY DINNER



IN THE HABITATION OF BLOSSOMS THE WILD BIRDS BUILD THEIR NESTS



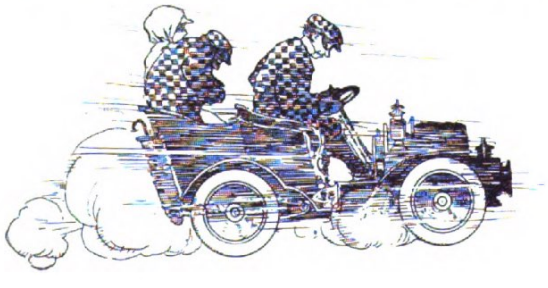
"YOU MUST SPEAK, FIRST"



EARLY MORNING IN THE MEADOWS

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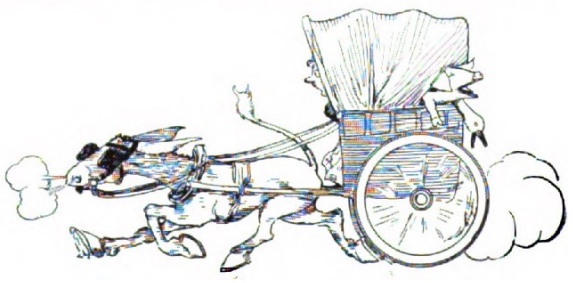


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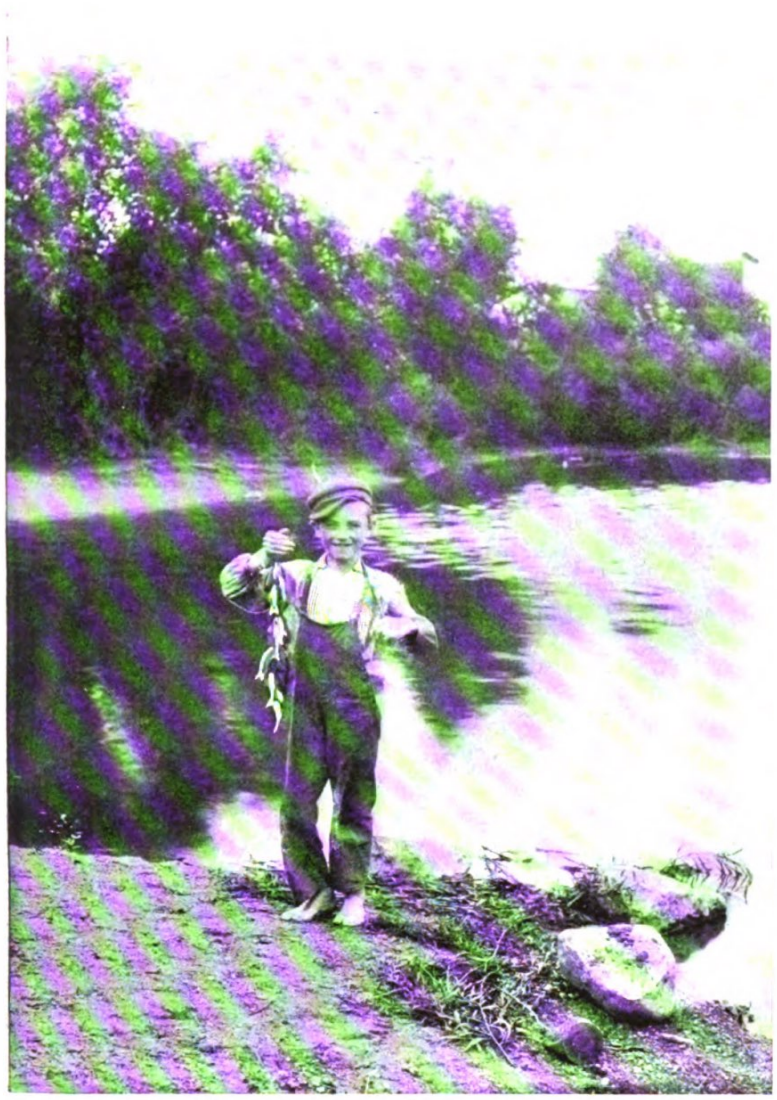
In the Midst of Springtime



RUSTIC COMPANIONS



THE LITTLE MOTHER



THE FIRST CATCH OF THE SEASON



WOULD YOU REALLY LIKE A PIECE?'



HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND



TEMPTATION



OUT FOR AN AIRING

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The Books of the Month

CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR STRINGER

[*Concluded from page 344*]

poetry, instead of being a natural and normal trait of man, is an elaborated and ingenuously perpetuated self-deception, and not the emotionalizing of man's experience through the application of reflection to life. There has, of late, been a good deal of decadent mysticism hung about the skirts of poetry. Wonderful esoteric mysteries have been read into the good old simple-hearted habit of singing about a thing when we feel about it strongly, and in the face of this I am tempted to quote three little sentences of Chesterton's "terrible common sense." "Poetry is always commonplace; it is vulgar in the noblest sense of that noble word. Unless a man can make the same kind of ringing appeal to absolute and admitted sentiments that is made by a popular orator, he has lost touch with emotional literature. Unless he is to some extent a demagogue, he can not be a poet; a man who expresses in poetry new and strange and undiscovered emotions is not a poet,—he is a brain specialist."

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If this principle holds good with novelists, then the world's greatest living neurologist is Henry James. He is, one might say, a novelist by accident, and a psychologist—even an alienist, it could be added, after such a study of incipient madness as "The Great Good Place," —by nature. His atrociously splendid, magnificently forbidding new volume, "The Ambassadors," published by Harper and Brothers, is no exception to the rule. It wanders languidly and deliciously through the shallows of existence. It never plunges out into the deep waters. Here assiduously and indefatigably he stirs up the bottom, probing, exploring, sounding, and leaving these very shallows so muddy, so bewilderingly opaque, that for all you can tell you might be floating over the profoundest depths. Yet to say that he is obscure in manner is to be unjust. It is more a convolution of purpose, a turbination of interest, or an artful sinuosity of pursuit,—as he himself might phrase it. He is a good story-teller sacrificed on the altar of a scrupulous and over-delicate veracity. It is the little half-lighted psychological corners of life that he loves to explore. To this blithely solemn vocation he brings the finest of touches, a rare sense of characterization, a thorough knowledge of what to withhold and what to give, a bland and sly sense of humor, and an eternally self-qualifying distinction of style that is the delight and the despair of his readers. So "The Ambassadors," like most of his later work, will either be flung disgustedly down at the end of the first chapter, or will be clung to and pored over and called worthy to stand beside "Pride and Prejudice," or shoulder to shoulder with "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It is not easy reading, this long story of a continental excursion which is at heart a drama of the half-smothered little personalities of a handful of characters. But it is good reading, and in it industry is continuously rewarded with the secondary joy of winnowing out treasures quite hidden to the casual glance. Yet with its easy aloofness of note, its temperamental half-lights and quarter-lights, its occasionally tortured syntax, and its general translucence of style, which, in the end, produces a sort of mental eye-strain, it is bound to remain "caviare to the general." Ironically enough, with all his intellectual precision and his veritable child-terror of that dark bugaboo, the obvious, the final impression he leaves is one of Browningesque slovenliness, or of perpetual verbal untidiness. As he grows older, this tendency increases. One looks back, with not a little regret, to the days of "A New England Winter," "Lady Barberina," and those inimitable short stories which bear the apt enough title of "The Real Thing."

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I have before me two books, recently from the Macmillan Company's press, as interesting as they are unique. Neither of them bears a very conciliating title. "The Art of Cross-examination," by Francis Lewis Wellman, may have been issued for only the legal profession, yet its appeal to the general reader is surprisingly unqualified. To-day the courtroom is the background for life's sternest *denouements;* it is the stage of most of our modern comedies and tragedies. Life's essential change, during the last few centuries, lies in the fact that, where once we drew out our swords, our lawyers now draw up their briefs. Mr. Wellman has a keen eye for dramatic values, and from his first citation of the cross-examination by Socrates of his accuser, Miletus, when the former was on trial for corrupting the youth of Athens, down to his extracts from the court questioning of Russell Sage by Joseph H. Choate, in the now well-known Laidlaw-Sage Case, there is no break in the continuity of the reader's interest. "The Fat of the Land," by John Williams Streeter, is the artless yet cordial recountal of a broken-down city doctor's return to nature. It is, indirectly, an eloquent tract on how farming can be made to pay, even in a practical and homely way. The keynote of the book is struck in its last sentence: "Choose the country for your foster-mother; go to her for consolation and rejuvenation; take her bounty gratefully, rest on her fair bosom, and be content with the fat of the land."

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Whenever vanity and gayety, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions, and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral, or political, they will lead us.—John Adams.

How to Profit by the Magnificent Opportunities Afforded by the Opening of the New Trans-Continental Route by way *of* Mexico

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Running directly through the choicest sections of the great Southwest, and the richest part of Mexico, to the Pacific Ocean.

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It passes through a wonderful, but for the most part, undeveloped country, including:

The most productive sections of Kansas and Oklahoma;
The best cotton country north of the Red River;
The still cheap cattle and wool-growing lands of Western Texas;
The most highly mineralized sections in all Mexico;
The rich Fuente Valley, which for the growing of citrus and semi-tropical fruits, etc., rivals the best parts of Southern California;
Terminating at Topolobampo, the finest harbor south of San Francisco.

It shortens the distance to the Pacific coast by nearly 500 miles; it traverses no desert; it crosses but one range of mountains; it runs adjacent to vast deposits of anthracite and semi-anthracite coal; its tonnage of silver, copper and lead ore will be enormous; it opens up 150 miles of magnificent pine forest.

The gold mines already in operation along the route, promise under American methods, to rival in richness of results, the best days of Cripple Creek.

For the purpose of developing as rapidly as possible the country through which this great railway passes, **The Mexico and Orient Town Site Company** has been organized. It owns, or will own, practically all the new town-sites that have been, or will be, established along the line, in both republics.

In order to interest as many persons as possible in the welfare, growth and general development of this virgin country, the Mexico and Orient Town-site Company offers for sale $100 **Gold Bonds,** at $100 each, payable in cash, or in monthly instalments of $5 per month.

These Bonds have seven years to run, and bear interest at 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. This interest, however, is but a small part of their attraction as an investment; but attention is called to their absolute safety.

Deposited with the United States & Mexican Trust Company, as Trustee, are the following securities behind each $100 Bond:

First.—A $100 Kansas City, Mexico & Orient First Mortgage 4 per cent. Gold Bond, issued only on completed portions of the road, bearing interest at 4 per cent. which will pay the interest on the Town-site bond.

Second.—$15 of 4 per cent. Preferred stock of the Railway Company.

Third.—$15 of Common stock of the Railway Company.

Fourth.—$5 of stock of the Wichita Land Company, which owns a large tract surrounding the site of the railway's $350,000 shops to be built at Wichita.

Fifth.—$10 of stock of the Mexico & Orient Town-site Company.

Sixth.—$30 of stock of the Mexican Securities Company, organized to buy and sell mineral and timber lands, etc., along the line, and already owning valuable properties in the United States and Mexico.

In addition to the 4 per cent. annual interest on the Town-site bonds, all dividends that may be paid on these various stocks deposited as collateral, will be distributed among the bond-holders.

Another, and perhaps the most important feature of this investment, is the following: Of each of the various Town-sites owned by the Company, one-half is reserved in alternate lots or blocks—and is deeded to the United States & Mexican Trust Company as trustee.

Of these reserved portions, no lot or lots can be bought except with these bonds, which then are canceled



THE OPTIONS WITH THE BONDS

FIRST—At any time after six months the bondholder may purchase town lots with his Bonds in the reserved portions. As cash will not be accepted for reserved lots, this *will insure a good market for these Bonds.* **The purchasing value of the Bonds is increased 10 per cent. each year** by agreement, so that by the end of the seventh year each Bond would have *a purchasing value of $170.*

SECOND—It is estimated that the road will be completed in three years, and then the holder, if he desires, *may exchange his Townsite Bonds for Railway Bonds* of equal amount and receive *the Railway Stocks in addition* thereto.

THIRD—In case of death of the purchaser, his legal representatives are *entitled to receive back all the money paid,* upon surrender of Bonds or receipts.

FOURTH—Each Bond entitles the registered holder *to travel once each six months over the road at a rate of one cent per mile,* thus permitting him to watch the development of towns before buying lots.

FIFTH—At maturity of the Bonds in seven years the registered holder has **three final options,** viz:

First—To exchange his $100 Bonds for like amount of Railway Bonds, and all the Collateral Stocks pledged to each Bond as before mentioned, of the Railway Company, the Townsite Company, the Wichita Land Company and the Mexican Securities Company; or

Second—To use his Bonds (at $170 each) for purchase of lots; or

Third—To receive payment in cash for the amount of principal and interest due on each Bond.

PAYMENTS FOR BONDS.

Bonds are $100 each, *payable in cash, or in monthly payments of not less than $5 each.* Remit to the **United States and Mexican Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.**

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BANKING BY MAIL

Negotiations have been in progress for sometime looking to consolidating The Federal Trust Company with

The Guardian Trust Company

On Mar. 31st The Federal Trust Company assigned its entire Savings Department business to The Guardian Trust Company, which Company assumes in full all liabilities to the depositors of The Federal Trust Company.

All accounts of depositors will be fully protected, and the "Banking by Mail" Department will be conducted by The Guardian Trust Company on the same plan as that of The Federal Trust Company.

The Guardian Trust Company is one of the oldest and best Trust Companies in the country. It was established in 1894, and has, as its statement indicates, conducted a successful business for the past ten years.

Its Board of Directors includes men of national reputation and of well known standing in the business and financial institutions of Cleveland.

Its assets are over $7,000,000, (statement will be gladly submitted upon request) which absolutely guarantees protection to its patrons.

We solicit a continuance of the patronage of The Federal Trust Company from its many depositors, and would ask them to mail their Pass Books to us immediately for the credit or payment of interest which was due April 1st.

We solicit new accounts from those who are interested in making their money earn the largest per cent of interest within the margin of safety. We pay

4% INTEREST

compounded semi-annually *on any amount from One Dollar up.*

We would refer you to our capital, surplus and undivided profits; also to our strong Board of Directors submitted below for evidence of our stability.

Our surplus and undivided profits have all been accumulated out of earnings.

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H. P. McINTOSH, President.

The late United States Senator, Hon. M. A. Hanna, was, from the formation of the Company up to the time of his death, one of the Directors of this Company, and has been succeeded by his brother, Mr. L. C. Hanna.

***The* Guardian Trust Company**

Capital, -	$500,000.00
Surplus, - -	454,439.99
Deposits, - -	6,497,440.22

CLEVELAND, OHIO
"The City of Banks"

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

An All-round Man



THIS is an age of specialists, yet it is of the first importance that a man should be an all-round man before he becomes a specialist.

Whatever career you choose, resolve, at the outset, that you will not develop one faculty at the expense of all the others. Resolve that your education and training shall be as full-rounded, broad, symmetrical, and thorough as possible in every detail. Resolve that you will train yourself to perform the duties of a man and citizen in addition to the duties of your speciality. Without this harmonious development of your whole being, you will lack balance, and will be one-sided and incomplete.

We meet a great many people who are well-informed in their specialties, but how comparatively few to whom we would think of going in an emergency requiring sound judgment and good substantial common sense. They may have splendid ability in certain lines, and a good education and training, but they lack that "horse sense" which comes from the development of all the faculties.

As long as we continue to harp upon one string of the great instrument which the Creator has given us, we can not expect the other strings to be in harmony. A one-sided development always makes discord in life. It is the balance, the symmetry, and the correct proportion of the faculties which give power and confidence and make the life harmonious.

One of the causes of the increase of insanity in this country, is one-sided development; men lose their balance by unsymmetrical training. No life can be very successful until it is poised, and perfectly centered. This equilibrium can never be gained by developing some faculties and excluding others; for nature takes away from us the powers we do not use, and destroys the faculties that are not exercised.

The specialist, who forces all the sap of his life into one faculty, should remember this inexorable law of nature. He should remember that his unused brain cells shrivel and die, and that every faculty which he does not use is threatening his equilibrium, weakening him as a man, and —though he is not conscious of it,—even as a specialist.

Whatever you do not use, whether muscle or faculty, nerve or brain cell, does not, as far as that part of you is concerned, exist. You are so much less a man. All that is not creative and productive—all that is negative, minus, and inactive,—is practically dead. Everything which does not do something, and does not move, becomes of no avail.

It is useless for a man to expect to be well-balanced and full-orbed, when all the energy of his life is going to nourish one faculty or set of faculties. It would be just as reasonable to cut off all the branches of a young tree but one, in order that all the sap might go to develop one huge branch, and yet expect a symmetrical tree, as to turn all the energy of your training in one direction, and cut off development on every other side, and yet expect to become a symmetrical, fully developed man.

It takes a very broad man to become a good and safe specialist,—one whose specialty will not throw him off his balance, and twist his other faculties. If you are to stand for anything in your community, you must be more than a specialist. If you are to mean something to the world besides a mere piece of machinery for turning out dollars or work in some particular narrow groove, you must see to it that, while you absorb your specialty, you neglect nothing that will make you larger than that is. Whether you are in business or in a profession, be a full-orbed man of affairs, not a mere tool to do one particular thing. Whether you are an artist, a writer, a merchant, or a lawyer, be more than any of these. Let your education be so broad and thorough that, whether you paint pictures, write books, sell merchandise, make contracts, or cultivate land, you will make yourself felt in your community as an all-round man, of broad ideas and general culture. Train yourself to fill your part in life, no matter what it may be, like a man. Be able to get up in the primaries, or at public meetings, and make a clean-cut, sensible address. Train yourself to think on your feet, and to give expression to your opinions clearly and concisely, without self-consciousness or embarrassing shyness. Train yourself to think quickly, and to act promptly. This general training will not only help you in public affairs, and give you more influence in your community, but it will be invaluable to you in your business or profession. It will make friends for you, will extend your reputation, will make your life infinitely richer, fuller, better worth living, and above all else, it will enhance your value to the world a thousandfold.

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Whining as a Stumbling-block

SOMEONE has said: "Whining is poor business; it identifies you at once as the under dog, and does not get you any sympathy after all." The man who whines confesses his weakness, his inability to match his environment. It is too much for him. He can not command the situation. All he can do is to kick and complain. The habitual whiner never gets anywhere, never accomplishes anything.

The man or woman who uses up vitality in complaining, finding fault with circumstances, kicking against fate, who is always protesting that there is no justice in the world, that merit is not rewarded, that the times are out of joint, and that everything is wrong, is put down, and rightly, as a weakling, with a small, narrow mind. Large-minded men and women do not spend their energies whining. If they meet an obstacle they go through it and pass on about their business. They know that all their time and strength must be concentrated on the work of making a life. The whiner not only wastes his time and strength, but he prejudices people against him. No one feels inclined to help a man who is always complaining of conditions and blaming his "hard luck." Somehow, we have a feeling that he does not deserve help, but a good scolding instead.

The practical business man has no sympathy with the man who claims that he "can not get a job." A great many employers object to having people around who complain that "luck has always been against them." They fear, and perhaps not without reason, that they will create evil conditions.

I recently heard of a successful English politician and business man who advertised for a "man,"—a combination of valet and companion. He had reduced the number of applicants for the position to one, and was about to complete arrangements when the man began to tell of his career, his ambitions and misfortunes. It was a genuine "hard-luck" story. The politician listened for a while and then astonished his would-be employee by saying, "I find I do not want you." When urged to give his reasons for the sudden change in his decision, he replied, "I never hire 'hard-luck' people, especially the kind who talk about it."

The successful man's conduct toward the unsuccessful one seems cruel and unjust. The latter may not have been responsible for his "hard luck," and might have made a valuable servant. But, putting aside the justice or injustice of the prosperous man's conduct, the story points the fact that the complaining person, the whiner, by his own conduct places himself at a fearful disadvantage. Nobody wants the man who poses as a victim of "hard luck," who says that he "can not get a job." Everybody wants the man who is in great demand.

▲ ▲

Study Your Face

"BEAUTY is only skin deep." This ancient falsehood has been repeated so often that many people have come to believe it a truth. But it is not. Nothing can be falser. Beauty is heart deep, soul deep. I have seen faces perfect in outline and coloring, yet so dull and cold, or hard, or expressionless, that they stirred no feeling of admiration; nay, in many instances they aroused a feeling of antagonism or repulsion.

Every human countenance registers with the accuracy of a phonograph the dominant sentiments of the soul. Study your face carefully, then, and see what it says to the world. Has charity softened its outlines, and has magnanimity left a trace there? Has the spirit of love and helpfulness illuminated it with a divine light? Have unselfishness and the love of truth made it aglow with a beauty that no mere flesh-tinting can give? Is it refined and spiritualized by high thinking and noble doing? Or is it growing hard and coarse and brutal by familiarity with base passions and motives?

All real and enduring beauty must come from within. Notice how angry passions, evil emotions, worry, fear, hatred, envy, jealousy, malice, even though they be but momentary feelings, will distort and destroy for the time being the most perfectly fashioned face. If evil thoughts or deeds be persisted in, the transient effects will become lasting.

The story of the two paintings by Leonardo da Vinci is one that may be paralleled every day in actual life. The great artist had painted the face of a lovely child, and was so fascinated by the picture that he kept it constantly before his gaze in his studio. The sight of the beautiful child face tranquilized his soul in sorrow or in anger. He resolved to paint a picture which should be its opposite. Long and patiently he searched for a model, but could find no face bad enough to parallel in hideousness the angelic beauty of the young face in his studio. Many years afterwards, when he had given up the search, he looked upon the almost inhuman countenance of a criminal, lying in despair on the floor of a prison cell. At length he had found the model for whom he had been looking. He painted the terrible face, and then learned to his amazement that the crime-hardened man and the angel child were one and the same. Brutal passions had transformed the seraph into a demon. The body had been refashioned by the mind.

Many a so-called successful business man would be shocked if he should compare his hard, greedy, bulldog

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visage of to-day with the photograph of the sunny, responsive, generous, optimistic boy he was at the time he was graduated from school or college. He never dreamt as he stood on the threshold of active life that his face would one day harden into lines of selfish avarice and anxious striving for place and power.

Many a woman richly dowered by nature at the outset can hardly recognize in the crabbed, sour, seamy face that looks back at her from her mirror to-day, a trace of the winsome-faced girl of twenty years ago, who was followed by admiring eyes wherever she went. The years of fretting and fault-finding, of envy, jealousy, and uncharitableness have seored their ineffaceable marks so deeply that all the world may read their story.

Subtle and sure beyond all other forces is the power of thought to make or mar the beauty of the face. The thoughts which dominate you, the motives which are strongest in your life, will reappear in your face, will speak aloud in your manner. Your very gait will tell the story of your life.

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What a Good Appearance Will Do

[Second Paper]

IN order to make a good appearance, one must not merely be well dressed, or well mannered, or well "groomed," or cheerful,—he must be all of these. To be lacking in any is to lack one of the essentials that go to make a pleasing, attractive personality. A person may be well dressed, for instance, and yet be absolutely offensive, because of uncared-for teeth, or finger nails, an offensive breath, or a disregard of the bath tub. On the other hand, he may be immaculate so far as personal cleanliness is concerned, and yet spoil his whole appearance by a soiled collar, frayed cuffs, or some glaring inconsistency of dress which makes him objectionable or ridiculous. He may be dressed in perfect taste, and be well "groomed" down to the smallest detail, and yet neutralize the effect of these advantages by a coarse, rude, or flippant manner. He may be perfect in dress, manner, or personal cleanliness, and still, by a gloomy, depressing countenance, a furtive, shifty expression, or a habit of not looking one straight in the eye, make the worst possible impression.

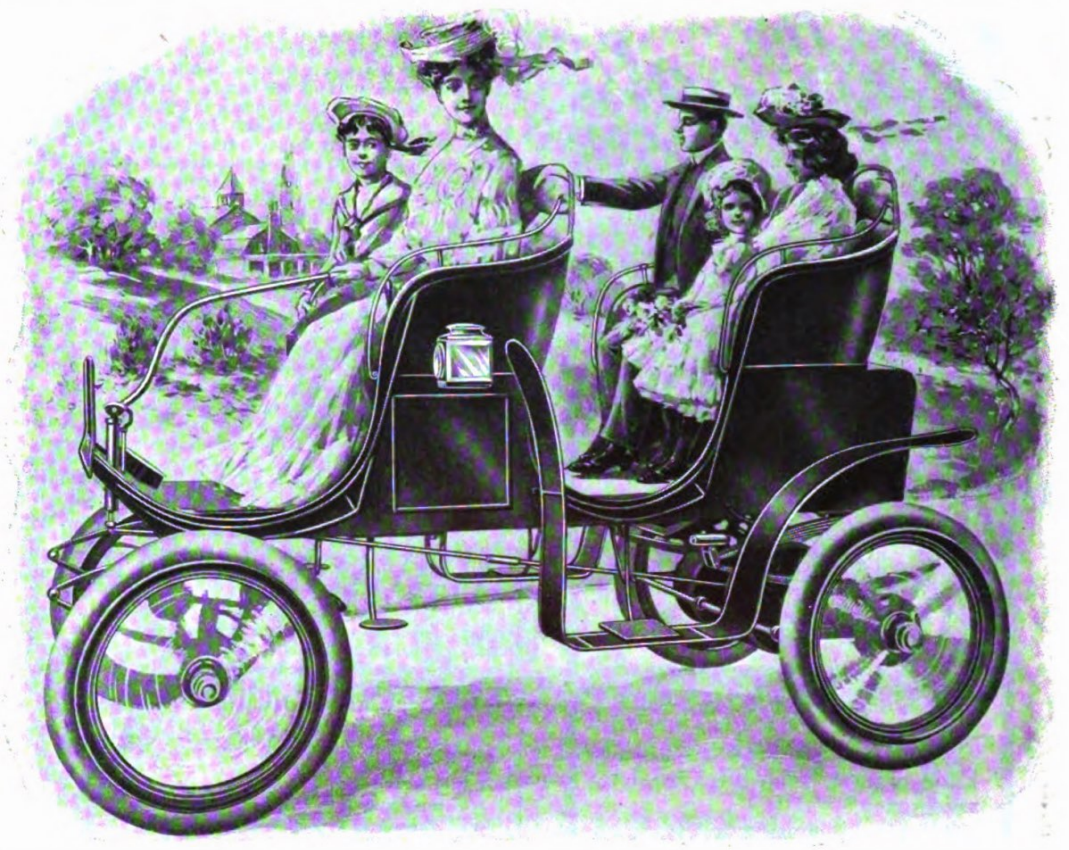
Now, there is no boy or girl, no man or woman, so poor that he or she can not combine all the requisites necessary to make a good appearance. "Oh, but you forget," some one objects, "that it takes money to be well dressed." No, I do not forget, but I say, without hesitation, that it takes no more money to be well dressed than it takes to be ill dressed. I have seen women of almost fabulous wealth loaded with costly fabrics, yet so hideously dressed that a little shopgirl in a plain black gown would make them look ridiculous in comparison. A woman may be attractive, or pleasing to the eye, in a calico gown, and she may be a positive fright in silken or velvet robes. A man whose suit costs a hundred dollars may not be as well dressed as a poor man who paid only twenty-five dollars, or less, for his outfit. It is not dollars and cents so much as taste and good judgment that are required to make a well-dressed man or woman.

Poverty is no excuse for a bad appearance. No business man, no progressive man or woman in any vocation will accept it. There is no excuse for it, as any one will find to his cost who is foolish enough to risk making a bad appearance anywhere or under any circumstances. No recommendations as to ability or trustworthiness will outweigh the testimony you give of yourself in your person and dress.

"A young man bearing a letter of introduction and recommendation," says "Men," "called at an office, seeking a position as bookkeeper. The letter was invalidated by the young man's appearance. Though but twenty-five, his shoulders were bent. His sentences were uncertain, his eyes wavering, his linen soiled, his frayed necktie askew, his teeth disgustingly black, his face unshaven, his finger nails dirty, and his clothes unbrushed and worn awry. A business man who respected himself would not have such a frowsy man about his office. Every one of these faults could have been corrected without cost, save of care. Poverty could not be pleaded as an excuse. That young man will have a hard time, and will probably blame his friends, the times, and his luck for his failure, when his disgusting slovenliness is responsible."

A young man who has risen unaided and very rapidly to an important position in the commercial world remarked to me recently that his observation in business has led him to the conclusion that one of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of young men is their carelessness or indifference in regard to dress and personal cleanliness, and to all the other little details of an attractive personality. He says he has known both men and women who, at great expense of tact and time and energy, have secured audiences with prominent people who are very difficult of approach, and then have so offended their good taste by faults in dress, or manner, or personality, as to sweep away in an instant the advantage of the introductions they have gained. Many a man, he says, has "queered" the object of an interview by a soiled necktie. an old battered hat, an unshaved face, or unbrushed teeth. "These are little things," you urge, "and should not influence or prejudice a man of good judgment against a fellow man. He ought to see the real man through even far greater defects than these." Very true, but the fact remains that the average man or woman is influenced by them, and we have to deal with things as they are, not as they should be. A man who was arrested and locked up for the night for an alleged offense sent for his lawyer and told him his story. After hearing what the prisoner had done the lawyer exclaimed, "Why, they can not put you in jail for such a thing as that!" "Yes, *but I am in jail*," was the dry reply.

It does not help anyone in the least to say that it is silly, or superficial, or unjust, to estimate a man by his necktie, his collar, his finger nails, his teeth, his hat, or his boots; the only thing that will help him is to recognize existing conditions, and live up to them. The young man quoted above owes a great deal of his success, incidentally, to a fine appearance. No matter where or under what conditions you meet him, he is always as immaculate in his person, as neat and as well "groomed" as if he were going to make a call on the President at the White House, or on some other important personage. He does not allow himself to leave his room in the morning until his toilet is complete and irreproachable. If it rains, he does not say to himself: "I need n't be so particular this morning; it won't be necessary to black my boots, and I can wear any sort of old hat or coat. It is so gray and muddy that



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no one will notice what I have on." Neither the weather nor his mood has anything to do with his daily bath or his toilet. Personal cleanliness and attention to all the details of his dress have become habits so thoroughly fixed that they are a part of his nature. He would no more think of neglecting these things than he would think of going without meat and drink. In this care of his person he is not governed by what others will think or say. With him, cleanliness and neatness in dress are matters of duty and self-respect,—the things that he owes to his Maker and to himself. But he knows very well, too, that it is the unexpected that happens, and that, if he should be tempted to neglect any part of his toilet, he would probably be seriously embarrassed or chagrined by meeting some one on whom it would be important to make a good impression.

It is a mistake to think, as some young people do, that a disregard of dress and personal appearance betokens strength of mind and independence of character. There are young men and young women who imagine it is dudish or old-maidish to be particular in regard to these things. They say they can not see the sense of devoting a lot of time to "non-essentials" when there are so many really important matters to be attended to. Those who study the details of their dress, who are scrupulous in the care of their teeth and their hands, who never miss the daily bath, and who insist upon having that part of their attire which is not seen as fresh and immaculate as that which is seen, are, in their estimation, merely cranks.

This is a most superficial view of the subject. These people have no conception whatever of the moral significance of dress and cleanliness, or of their effect on character, on mental and physical power, and on the efficiency, dignity, and self-respect of men and women in every civilized community. But this phase of the matter is so important and far-reaching that its discussion must be reserved for another paper.

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To reform him.
Who is a pessimist.
Who is a spendthrift.
Who is erratic or ill balanced.
Who is fickle in his affections.
Who is shiftless in everything.
Who is selfish, mean, and stingy.
Who never works unless he has to.
Whose word you can not rely upon.
Who is an inveterate cigarette smoker.
Whose highest ambition is to become rich.
Who is namby-pamby, weak, and effeminate.
Who associates with women of low character.
Who is a bully at home and a coward abroad.
Who is not particular about his intimate associates.
Who is jealous of every man who looks at his *fiancée*.
Who thinks woman was created for his convenience.
Who thinks it cowardly to refuse to drink and gamble.
Who has no sympathy with your ideals and aspirations.
Who is always making excuses for not meeting engagements.
Who believes that all courting should be done before marriage.
Who sneers at religion, woman's virtue, and everything sacred.
Who thinks that a woman should have no interests outside her home.
Who has one standard of morality for men and another for women.
Who does not respect you enough not to presume to be over-familiar.
Who is unsympathetic, cold, and deaf to any demands outside of business.
Who loses his temper and indulges in profanity on the slightest provocation.
Who is always thinking of himself, and expects everybody else to wait on him.
Who regards a gambling debt as a debt of honor, and a tailor's bill as a nuisance.
Who brags about how much he can drink and dissipate and not show any signs.
Who claims all the prerogatives of a lord of creation, but tries to shirk all his duties.
Who forgets his betrothed as soon as he meets somebody who can interest him more.
Who lets his landlady wait for her rent while he puffs it out in twenty-five-cent cigars.
Who is so dreamy or impracticable as to seriously impair his ability to support a family.
Who never dresses up or cares how he looks except when he goes to see some lady friend.
Who thinks that a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear should satisfy any woman.
Who is vulgar, gruff, and brutal in his speech and manner, and whose tastes are coarse and low.
Who thinks that the woman who gets him for a husband will be lucky beyond the rest of her sex.
Who is secretive and constantly covering up his tracks, and on his guard lest he betray his real self.
Who boasts to his men friends of his conquests among the fair sex, and thinks that no woman can resist him.
Who thinks that a college education is necessary for men, but that it unfits a woman for the duties of a home.
Who bosses his sisters, and does not think it necessary to show them the same consideration as other girls.
Who is always talking about what he will do when "the old man" is dead and he gets control of the property.
Who lets women hang on to straps in the street cars while he keeps his seat and hides himself behind a newspaper.
Who regards his cigars, drinks, and other dissipations as necessities, but who would consider his wife's meager allowance a luxury.
Who is domineering and arbitrary, and tyrannizes over the weak and all who are under him, and cringes before the rich and powerful.
Who will loaf around and let his hardworking mother or sister support him rather than accept a position which he thinks beneath him.
Who fights his way through a street car or elevator like a wild beast, elbowing and jostling women as if they were pieces of merchandise.
Who does not regard marriage as a partnership in which there must be mutual concessions, but would be likely to think he owned his wife.
Who would be likely to humiliate his wife by making her beg for every dollar she desires for herself, and tell what she is going to do with it.



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Vitality and Success

Part IV.—Food and Its Uses

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

FROM the foregoing explanation we are prepared to understand that the production of vitality by the human body is comparable to the production of power by a steam engine, and that in both body and steam engine the amount of energy or working force produced depends upon certain fixed conditions. To improve these conditions is to gain increased vitality or power of work.

These conditions of vitality may be divided into three classes: first, efficiency of the vitality-making organs, the stomach, the intestines, the heart, the lungs, and the liver; second, the food, the material out of which the organs make vitality; third, the economy of the vital force so produced. The efficiency of the vitality-making organs and the methods by which that efficiency can be increased have been discussed in previous articles. The question of vital economy—of the proper and effective use of the vital forces in practical everyday life,—will be taken up in a later article. For the present we will consider the important question of materials for vitality,—the foods and the methods of feeding that will produce the greatest amount of vitality.

During the recent coal famine there was sold for use in steam engines a great deal of poor fuel—some that was about "half-and-half" mixture of coal dust and dirt. Any attempt to run a steam engine upon this fuel was most unsatisfactory, for not only was the engine incapable of developing more than half its regular horse power, but the furnace and other structures were clogged up and injured by the makeshift fuel. No engineer would expect a locomotive to make time upon such a "diet;" and yet there are intelligent men and women who are trying to develop mental and physical force upon a diet quite as impoverished as the fuel above referred to. A steam engine can develop its full horse power only upon a diet of good coal, and a man can develop full man power only upon a diet of good food.

Each Element of Food Contributes to One's Growth

Now, in order to properly understand this matter, it will be advisable to briefly discuss a few general principles of food and the process by which the body converts it into energy. Matters composing food may be divided into four classes,—proteids, starches and sugars, fats, and salts. Proteid elements are found principally in meat, eggs, milk, cream, cheese, nuts, and legumes, such as peas, beans and lentils. Starches and sugars are obtained from cereals, vegetables, and fruits. Fats occur in most of the proteid foods; while the salts are a part of all the articles used in food, being found in greatest quantities and purest state in fruits and fresh green vegetables.

Each of these four elements contributes a definite part to the growth and repair of the body; and each undergoes in the body a special set of changes before it becomes a part of that body, to be burned up and used in the production of heat and work. The first of these changes occurs in the mouth, where, through the action of a ferment contained in the saliva, a part of the starches is changed into sugar. If mastication is hasty and incomplete, this change does not occur, and the digestion of the starchy part of the food is retarded.

From the mouth the food mass passes into the stomach. There the starches and fats undergo no change; but the proteid matters are so acted upon by the gastric juice that part of them become capable of passing through the walls of the stomach and entering the blood. Next the food mass passes into the intestine.

At this time the mass consists of the starches, part of which have been changed to sugar in the mouth, of the remaining proteids not changed and absorbed by the stomach, and of the fats. In the intestine the food mass comes into contact with several powerful ferments, by the action of which the conversion of the starches into sugar is completed, and the proteids and fats are changed into matters capable of passing through the walls of the intestine and entering the blood. Thus the great purpose of digestion is accomplished; that is, the food is so changed that it can be absorbed. When once in the blood the food matters undergo many obscure and complicated changes leading to the replenishment of the blood itself, the repair of tissue, and the production of heat.

The Power of Any Particular Digestive Organ Is Limited

Now, it must be understood that the digestive power of any particular digestive apparatus is limited. One grain of ptyalin, the ferment of the saliva, will convert into sugar eight thousand grains of starch. But in order that this amount should be produced the sugar formed must be removed as soon as produced. In other words, the action of the ferment is stopped by the presence of a certain amount of its own product.

So it is with the other digestive ferments,—those of the stomach and the intestines. They are very powerful under proper conditions, but by other conditions they are rendered practically inert. For instance, the presence of a certain amount of black coffee or of alcohol will almost entirely suspend the action of the gastric juice. Again, the change of starches into sugars is perverted by the presence of an acid. So we see that the fluids which digest food, although very powerful, are at the same time very easily counteracted by certain substances.

In feeding the body,—that is, in supplying to the body the materials out of which it is to make vitality,—this is really the most important point.

Diet is a matter much discussed just at present, and we have in various parts of the country rampant enthusiasts who claim miraculous results from the "vegetarian diet," the "raw diet," the "Edenic diet," and so on.

The immense amount that has been written and talked about the vegetarian question may be condensed into a very few words. Scientific deduction, humanitarianism, and practical results all speak in favor of a non-meat diet. From an examination of the structure of any animal much



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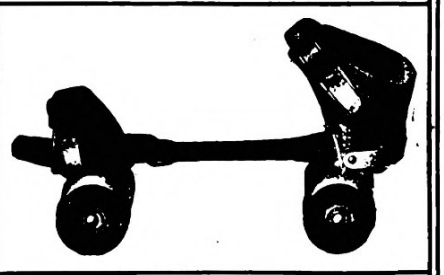
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might be learned regarding its nature, its habits, and its normal food. The long, powerful legs, the short, light body, the powerful jaws, and the long, sharp fangs of the wolf would show even to one who had never heard of a wolf, that it is a predatory, carnivorous animal. On the other hand, an anatomical investigation of a deer would show that it is an animal whose habits of feeding must be entirely different. The legs, the body, the jaws, and the teeth would all prove beyond doubt that the deer is a fleet, inoffensive, herbivorous animal. Were we to extend this method of examination to the internal structures, we should find a still more striking correspondence between structure and habits. We should find, for instance, that, while in a sheep the alimentary tube is about twenty times the length of the body, in a tiger it is only about three times the length of the body. Without going into details, it may be stated that in other respects the structural differences between the meat-eating and the herbivorous animals are equally striking.

A Diet Based wholly on Cooked Food Is not Wholesome

Now, if we apply this method to man, we find that, by the structure of his body, hands, jaws, teeth, and internal organs, he is closely related to the anthropoids,—the man-like apes who live exclusively upon fruits, nuts, and fresh green leaves. As Linnæus said, "Man's structure, external and internal, compared with that of other animals, shows that fruits and esculent vegetables constitute his natural food." Regarding the length of the alimentary tract in man, some writers on dietetics have made the amusing blunder of comparing the length of his alimentary tube, not with the length of the trunk, as in the animals studied, but with the length of his entire body standing erect. On comparing the length of the alimentary tube in man with the length of his body, we find that it is about twelve times as long as the trunk. In the gorilla and the chimpanzee, fruit-eating apes, it is the same. In a word, man's anatomical structure shows him to be naturally a non-flesh-eating animal,—shows that his organs are best adapted to the digestion of herbivorous foods.

The strong argument against meat is the following: in the animal tissue life and death processes go on simultaneously. A pound of an animal's flesh contains not only living tissue, but also dead and dying tissue on the way out of the body. Like other animals, man himself produces these poisons; and, like other animals, he is provided with certain organs for their removal. Under best conditions the action of these cleansing organs is sufficient to rid the body of its own poisons. But when, to the poisons produced by the body itself, we add the poisons produced by another animal body, we put upon these excrementitious organs a heavy tax. Here we have the strongest argument against meat. When we eat an animal's flesh we eat the animal's waste products, adding them to our own.

A dietetic theory of which we hear a good deal is the "raw food" theory. The claim is made that the natural foods of man are the unchanged products of nature,—fruits, nuts, seeds, and grains, the green leaves that grow in the sunlight, and possibly milk, cream, and eggs. The strongest argument of the "raw food" advocates is that certain important elements of natural foods (the salts,) are so altered by heat as to be quite useless to the body. The claim is made that cooked food is deficient in these elements, and that a body fed wholly or largely upon cooked foods must suffer from malnutrition. This argument is perfectly logical and tenable.

The Safest Course to Follow Is, perhaps, the Middle Course

All this is very interesting, and very important, but what is the practical deduction? Shall we be vegetarians, fruitarians, raw-food advocates, or what? After many years of careful study and experiment I am firmly convinced that the safest course, all things considered, is a middle course. I believe that, while there are many special cases demanding special dietetic treatment, the best rule for the average man or woman is covered by the two words,—simplicity and moderation. The most important question of diet is not "what to eat" so much as "how to eat." Vegetarianism does not solve the question. "Raw food" does not solve it. There are other factors still more important.

"But what shall I eat?" asks someone,—"how much and how often?" To answer these questions briefly and simply is not easy. Meat, while a good food, contains poisons: we should not take too much. Fruits and fresh green leaves contain food elements unobtainable elsewhere: we should get enough. The digestive juices, while powerful, are easily antagonized: we must get simple food. The stomach requires a certain time to digest its food and pass it on: we should not eat too often. The power of the digestive fluids, while great, is limited: we should not eat too much. Mastication and insalivation are important: we should not eat too rapidly.

From these premises I make a liberal deduction to the effect that the best plan of diet is to eat two meals daily, separated by an interval of at least seven hours. As to exactly when these meals should be taken, of exactly what they should consist of, and of exactly how much should be eaten,—as to these things no general rule can be laid down. Each must be governed by his tastes, conditions, and circumstances. It seems wise to make the first meal to consist of fruits, nuts, cereals, cream, milk, and eggs, (all raw,) combined according to taste. The later meal may well consist of meat, poultry, or fish, boiled or steamed rice, baked potatoes, *spaghetti*, a salad, bread and butter, and fruit, fresh or cooked. The salad may be made of any of the fresh green leaves in season, such as lettuce, *romaine*, *escarole*, chickory, celery, cresses, etc., dressed with olive oil and lemon juice. With the exception of salt, all condiments, such as pepper, mustard, vinegar, and hot sauces, are directly injurious. Pastries and sweets are not only devoid of nutritive value, but by putrefying within the alimentary tube they become causes of many disorders. Tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, alcohol,—all are stimulants making powerful reaction against the health and life of an individual.

The question of diet is one that might be spread over many pages. All lines of reasoning, however, all arguments,—and an extended personal experience,—seem to focus on these two words,—moderation and simplicity.

Many things are difficult and dark to me; but I can see one thing quite clearly,—that I can not seek my own happiness by sacrificing others.—ELIOT.

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The Jawbone Nugget

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

[*Concluded from page 326*]

wonder to look elsewhere or to recognize his own hunger. Sleepiness attacked both, the man half hypnotically, the papoose normally. Jed barely won the contest. The little Indian drooped against a bundle of clothing, unwittingly; Jed fell asleep on his stool, unconsciously.

Fate had played pranks with her cloudburst. Smoky Sawyer's cabin had been thoroughly invested. Merely by the "skin of its teeth" had it clung to its hold on the slope. The torrent had entered, and swirled its loose belongings about and huddled the mess together in a corner. Only the loosening of a floor board had saved the building from destruction. Through the hole resulting when the board came away various household utensils had dived. Sawyer believed the nugget had joined the rotary stampede. He searched in the ooze below the cabin, vainly.

Sawyer had never been particularly friendly with Jed Bumstead. His first genuine feeling of compassion for his neighbor was awakened by the loss of the nugget. He realized then how Jed must have felt to have another man dig the lump of treasure out of a claim practically his own, and be powerless to lay his hands upon it. He determined to do the "square thing" by the man who had deserved better luck.

One night he went across the patch of darkness between his cabin and Jed's, to make a call. No light save the flicker of embers in Jed's chimney illuminated the place. Sawyer glanced through the window, to see what this could mean.

Jed had been working with affection on his mite of a guest. Some of the little chap's shyness had worn away. Human nature could hardly resist the "maternal" love which glowed from the miner's face and emanated from all his being. That night man and baby were down on the floor, on a matted bearskin rug, before the fire, playing together. Sawyer witnessed old Jed's little squirm of delight when the wee Pah Ute thrust his fat little foot against the miner's neck.

The man outside stood stiffly; his eyes began to beam with delight. He had romped a "little kid brother" in much this same manner, in days too far gone for reckoning. A moisture crept to the man's eyes, to mingle with his smile. He muttered to himself and moved his hands, as if it were he, instead of Jed, who held the dimpled papoose. Once he started to break in upon the picture and demand a share in the joy. He restrained himself with an effort, and went away, slowly, swallowing hard at a lump in his throat.

The next night he observed the scene again and stood hungrily by the window until the wee "Injun" was overcome by drowsiness, when Jed cautiously bore him to the bunk. Sawyer then knocked and entered.

"Good evenin', Jed," he muttered; "I seen you was stirrin', so I dropped in."

Jed stuttered an incoherent reply. His heart was beating hard; he feared the consequences of his theft. The visitor broached his subject at once.

"The jawbone nugget has went," said he.

Jed paled. "You don't say!" he replied, hoarsely.

"Yep, she's went. I jest thought I'd let you know, Jed, for to give you one more chance."

"One more—chance?" gasped Jed, guiltily, almost ready to confess. "What—what do you mean?"

"I mean the cloudbust sluiced it out of the shack, and I've been digging around to find it in the mud, but it ain't yet flashed up no color. Nobody knows it's lost but you and me, and now you're welcome, Jed, to try for to find the chunk. If you can rustle it up, you can keep it. It came mighty near bein' your'n, anyhow, so turn yourself loose,—and good luck. Have you struck anything new, since the bust?"

Jed had regained his feet, but he felt unstrung. He wanted to make a clean breast of the whole story, but he could not,—on notice so brief.

"I,—there ain't much new," he stammered; "I don't seem—to care so much for the nugget, now. I—I'm thinking of leavin' the gulch,—going home,—down East."

Sawyer nodded. He had hoped that Jed would respond with some confidence about the little Pah Ute. Having heard of the finding of a young Pah Ute woman's body, below the gulch, there was no mystery to him concerning the presence of the youngster in the cabin.

"Well," he said, "I'd like to go back home myself."

Jed muttered vaguely. Sawyer "hemmed" uneasily, and then, wishing Jed good luck again, he departed.

The miner, left with his thoughts, was a prey to his conscience. Instead of feeling secure, and glad to take the nugget, and leave, he felt himself infinitely meaner than Sawyer, who had "done the square thing" with a true miner's spirit of generosity. He passed a wretched night, haunted by the ghosts of the pine trees on the hill.

On the following evening the Indian baby was on the rug, and the fire was exactly right for a frolic, but Jed's spirit of romping was dead. He knew what ailed him. In a fit of desperation, at length, he crushed on his hat, slung on his belt, and strode away in the darkness.

Sawyer, unable to remain away, was lingering guiltily about under the window. He saw Jed's preparations, and knew the miner must be starting for something of a walk when he would take the time to buckle on his weapons. Dropping silently into the shadow, he saw his neighbor leave, after which he resumed his place at the window.

The glow of the embers tossed a ruddy cheer across the room, warmly. Outside it was cold. Presently the yearn-

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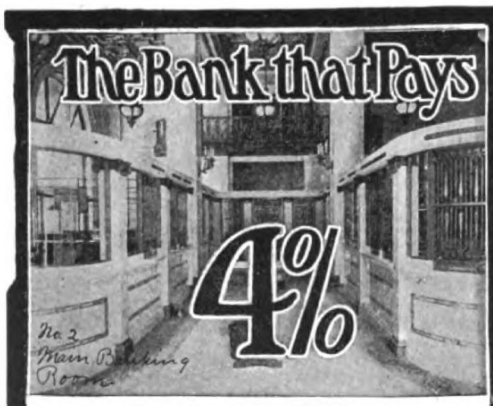
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ing Sawyer had a thought that made him nervous with excitement. If only he could be sure that Jed had gone for as much as half an hour! He paced up and down, undecided; his mouth grew parched; his pulse was quick. He argued that no harm could be done, yet he was sure that, if anything on earth were robbery, the thing he contemplated was, by every law of household immunity.

Suddenly resolved, he tried the door. It was locked. For a second he was glad. Temptation had conquered, but he was saved from himself. Then he thought of his keys. In a second he was fumbling at the fastening. Jed's lock and his were precisely alike, as Jed already had proved, on the day of the cloudburst. The door yielded.

Closing the entrance quickly, the trembling man got down on his knees at once, hat in hand, and crawled to the bearskin rug, whereon the wee papoose was still sitting. He feared the bit of an Indian would know it was not Jed; his excitement was intense.

Stretching himself at full length on his back, he looked at the baby Pah Ute with an expression of fierce yearning and supplication. For a moment the tiny chap was alarmed by the hungering blaze in the strange eyes, but when a tear crept down the miner's cheek and a whispered word of endearment came from the lips in shadow, the child answered with a baby's croon, and edged to the frolic with joy.

Hot chills shot down to Sawyer's very toes at the first soft touch of the tiny fingers. He murmured the name of his "little kid brother" time after time. He kissed the dimpled hands and pushed them gently down in the neck of his shirt. He grew reckless; he cared for nothing;—Jed could come, the world could come,—and he would fight for the baby caresses!

He was patted on the cheeks and eyes; he was thrilled by the little naked form as the youngster crawled across him; he was touched into ecstasy by the wee wet lips. It made him intoxicated with memories and delight. He was heedless of the flight of time; the universe was forgotten. He wept and laughed together, but always he was conscious of an undercurrent of guilt.

The papoose saved him from himself, by falling asleep. The man could then have remained there with the little fellow cuddled down on his arm, contented and happy for the remainder of the night, but with the slight cooling of his delirium came a return of reason and quick reaction. Gently depositing the baby on the rug, he crept away, relocked the door, and slunk off, guiltily. He could not return at once to his cabin, for his feelings were too disturbed. When at length he went home, and struck a match, an answering gleam from the table made him pause with surprise.

The jawbone nugget was lying on the table.

When the morning broke, Sawyer was still gazing on the nugget and thinking. He had solved the whole riddle; he knew that Jed had stolen and then returned the lump of gold; he knew why the man had acted so oddly when he called. Having sympathized with Jed before, he would have been glad to fraternize with him now. Jed had robbed him, it was true, but of a mere chunk of metal, which was restored to its place; he had burglarized Jed's premises, and he knew that he had not the courage to own his guilt, nor the possibility of surrendering what he had taken. He felt more criminal and cowardly than old Jed had throughout the whole transaction.

Sawyer passed the day in his cabin, thinking; Jed also remained housed, making his meager preparations for going "home."

When it was dark, the light-hearted miner inside the firelit cabin on the rock gave himself completely over to the fun of a baby frolic. Outside, Sawyer, cooler now, and sober, was smiling faintly at the sight.

Jed was finally aroused by a knock on the door. He started, expecting some one to enter. His face betrayed a pained concern. As the door remained closed, he arose and cautiously drew it open.

There was no one in sight. On the step outside was a parcel, wrapped in paper, a note secured on the top. Jed carried the parcel within, marveling at its weight. Then he read the note:—

> "It should hev belonged to you, Jed, so take it to home and good luck go with you and yourn.
> "SMOKY SAWYER."

The parcel contained the jawbone nugget.

Well to Remember

THE first day of the great Battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, was a succession of reverses for the Union army from morning till night. During the entire day General James B. Mac-Pherson, who acted as chief of staff to General Grant, had been compelled, from hour to hour, to be the bearer of bad news to his chief. When night came on, and it was becoming too dark for the Confederates to continue the fight, Mac-Pherson rode up to Grant, who coolly said to him, "Well, Mac, how do things look?"

"Bad enough, general. We have lost, I think, about half of our artillery and at least a third of the infantry. Our line is broken in several places, and we are pushed back, as you see, pretty near the bank of the river."

Grant made no reply, and Mac-Pherson, becoming a little impatient, finally said to him, "Well, general, under these circumstances, what do you intend to do?"

"Do? Why, I shall re-form the lines and attack them at daybreak. Lord! won't they be surprised?"

Grant executed his plan to the letter, and before nine o'clock the next morning the Confederates were in full retreat. Whatever may be a man's occupation, if he meets with disaster there is no better motto for him to adopt than the words of General Grant: "Re-form the lines and attack them at daybreak."

Mayor McClellan's Ability as a Linguist

AN excellent speaking knowledge of several languages is unusual in a man in political life, but it is one of the accomplishments of Mayor George B. McClellan, of New York City. During his run for the office which he now holds he found his mastery of languages most useful.

"One night," said John Delaney, corporation counsel of New York, "Mr. McClellan spoke before an East Side audience that was about the most conglomerate aggregation of nationalities I have ever seen together. There were Italians and Germans and Russian Jews, with just enough Irish to leaven the mass, so to speak.

"The crowd was large as well as variegated, but the speech was not received with the enthusiasm and applause which its merit warranted. I surmised the reason. At least half of that assemblage of residents of New York did n't know enough about the English language to be able to follow the speaker's remarks.

"As he was leaving the platform an Italian political leader, who knew of the candidate's linguistic ability, jumped to his feet and said that he regretted very much that many of his people could not understand the fine things Mr. McClellan had been saying. Would he not make a little speech to them in their own language?

"Mr. McClellan turned, smiled his quick smile, and at once began to pour forth a volley of Italian hot shot. I did n't understand a word of the jargon, but it struck the Italians very forcibly. They went wild when he made a fine Italian bow at the end, and the Irish, who always appreciate a good performance when they see it, joined the shouting. We were beginning to have a warm meeting, after all.

"He was trying again to break away when a grinning German rose to say that his numerous compatriots present considered it only proper that the coming mayor should next deliver an oration in the language of the Fatherland. The orator once more stepped to the front of the platform, and said, in German, that, while he could speak no more that night, they might all have a chance to listen to him in their own language at a certain hall that same week.

"These polyglot speeches won him thousands of votes, and, now that he is at the head of the city's affairs, his understanding of the language and characteristics of a large part of the immense foreign element makes him a truer representative of all the people than any other mayor I can remember."

President Roosevelt in Yellowstone Park

"I HAVE a suspicion," said "Buffalo Jones," chief game warden of Yellowstone Park, "that last year the natural beauties of the park furnished the inspiration for the working out of some knotty problems of state. It was in the spring that President Roosevelt visited us. The fishing being pretty good then, he would start out almost every morning with his rod and line, and be gone all day. We wanted to accompany him, of course, but he gave us to understand that he preferred to be alone. Toward the end of his visit he ceased to take the fishing tackle with him on his solitary tramps. I have an idea that the fishing was merely a pretext to get out alone amid the noble calm and impressiveness of the big woods and hills to revolve momentous matters in his mind.

"We arranged several mountain lion hunts for him, but he always declined to shoot the lion when we had treed it, although he knew that these beasts were playing havoc with the sheep and elk and that the Park would be well rid of them. The first time I asked him to shoot he said that he wished to abide by the law which forbids the killing of animals in the park except by the superintendent or the scouts.

"In spite of the fact that the President was surrounded by big game, and is an ardent sportsman, the only shooting he did while with us was at a target. One morning we were practicing pistol shooting, and the President was using a weapon of a make which was being urged by the manufacturers for adoption by the government. While making one of his shots a piece of cotton from the cartridge flew back and struck his cheek, bringing blood.

"'Well!' he exclaimed, with great emphasis, as he clapped his handkerchief to the wound, 'that condemns this make of pistol.'

"When he was installed in his tent, upon his arrival at the park, we had a soldier pacing up and down before the door.

"'What's that man doing out there?' demanded the President.

"'He's the sentry,' I answered.

"'Oh, go and tell him to sit down,' replied Mr. Roosevelt; 'I came out here to rest, and it makes me tired to see a man walking without getting anywhere.'"

Winners in Sam Loyd's Puzzle Contest

THE following one hundred readers of SUCCESS sent in correct answers to Sam Loyd's grandfather's clock puzzle, which appeared in our March issue. The clock stopped at 10 hours, 54 minutes, 32 and 8-11 seconds, A. M. Mr. Loyd has sent a copy of his book of Chinese Tangrams to the winners:—

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What to Wear and how to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN

The Spring Fashions

OF all the daring and elusive styles that from time to time are popular, the most difficult to treat is the present fashionable mode designated as "the picturesque." The difficulty is that it is very apt to run into exaggeration, especially as opinions seldom agree as to what really is picturesque.

Over-elaboration of detail is one of this season's marked characteristics, which it is well to deal with carefully. Trimmings are by no means to be condemned; braiding, embroidery, and lace are good each in its respective line, but a lot of cheap lace and coarse machine braiding and embroidery will destroy the smart appearance of the best-cut gown, just as an inartistic combination of coloring will utterly ruin the effect of an otherwise satisfactory costume. Fortunately, this year, Dame Fashion has been kindly disposed toward her faithful followers, and has not made any rules as to dress so fixed but that they may be adjusted to suit individual requirements. Wide skirts with flounces are among the latest models, but there is no necessity for every woman to wear a wide flounced skirt, and if a plainer skirt, with plaits, is more becoming, then that model may be chosen in preference to the other. Long, close-fitting coats are said to be quite out of style, and all sorts and varieties of short jackets, Etons, boleros, and many other nameless designs, are now in great demand, a sort of cross between a coat and a cape being the favorite, as it is much newer. Yet the more conservative tailors are turning out, for their most particular customers, coats and skirts to match, the coats not so long as those of last year, but designed on much the same lines, fitting close at the back but with straight fronts.


6041

Elaborately trimmed coat and skirt costumes are much in evidence, and yet never were there more attractive costumes of the really severe designs to be seen. Among the smartest styles yet exhibited is a costume combining a plain skirt, having a decided flare, and a three-quarter coat with braided collar and cuffs, or with a narrow waistcoat, and collar and cuffs of white or colored cloth ornamented with round black-and-white braid.

Veiling gowns are to be very popular, and are made in many different designs and in a variety of colors. Bands of cloth, silk, (the latter not so smart,) velvet, ribbon, and braid are the newest trimmings. White enameled and jeweled buttons are conspicuous everywhere.

There was never a time when veiling skirts could be bought ready-made and to such advantage as to-day, and it is a good plan to purchase one of these and then have the waist made, for, in these days of draped waists and loose coats, a clever woman can, with a good pattern, turn out a most satisfactory waist,—even if she does not feel equal to making the skirt. Waists matching skirts in material or color are much more fashionable this year than are those showing a contrast, and yet, for some occasions, separate waists are very desirable. Unfortunately, the craze of the moment is for the more elaborate styles in silk and muslin, and the amount of lace and embroidery that is used is surprising. Here again individual taste and good common sense must come to the rescue of the economical woman. There are plenty of attractive materials in embroidered and fancy muslins, at comparatively small cost, which may be used very satisfactorily in making up blouse-waists, so fashionable at the moment, and which are perfectly possible of home manufacture, if a reliable pattern is selected. Too much trimming will spoil the smartest waist, and it is wiser to use too little than too much of it.

Taffeta silks will be more fashionable than foulards this summer. At the same time it must be noted that all silks will be in style. Foulards and pongees will be in great demand, but, because taffeta is the more fashionable, the other silks mentioned will be much cheaper than last year. There is no greater mistake than to buy poor foulard, or any sort of silk, for that matter, for it will not wear well, and does not pay for the time and trouble of making it up.

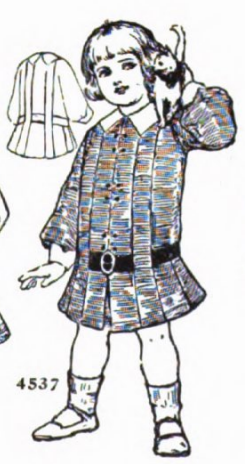
Children's fashions are even prettier than they were last year. The picturesque styles suit them better, as a rule, than they do the "grown-ups," and the wide flounced skirts, the full "baby" waists, the fichus, and the poke bonnets, or picture hats, are in harmonious keeping with the fresh complexions and soft hair of childhood. White is, as it has been for a long time, extremely fashionable in dress materials. There are any number of flowered muslins and challis, having either a white ground with bright flowers, or the palest of pink or blue ground, with the flowered designs in rather darker colorings. Daintily flowered piqué, linens, and the tinted chambrays are also made up very effectively with wash braids and narrow cotton fringes for decoration.

The long-waisted frocks and the Russian models, in piqué, duck, or linen, with box plaits, and with embroidery on the material itself, or with the collar finished with embroidered scallops, are still thought smart. The flowered muslins are made up after the short-waisted models, and are very becoming to young children. The most popular trimming for little frocks is the old-fashioned cross-stitch. This is applied in bands or worked on the material itself over a linen mesh. After the design is finished the threads of the linen mesh are removed, leaving only the design upon the material. The result is very attractive.

In children's fashions, as well as in those of their elders, there are two distinct styles this year, (not to mention several indistinct ones,) the over trimmed and very elaborate and the plain and rather severe. The latter shows much more distinctly any beauty of material as well as a good cut and fit, but the former affords an opportunity for the use of laces, embroidery and ribbons. There is such a variety of fashionable designs that it would appear as if there were no possible excuse for either young or old folks being unsuitably or unbecomingly gowned.


4557


4543


4537


4547

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4543. Girls' Frock, in natural-color pongee, with trimming of pongee bands embroidered in oriental colors. The waist is in guimpe style, slightly gathered at the neck edge. The long drooping shoulder effect, and the full bishop sleeves, finished with deep cuffs, distinguish the mode. The skirt is in two-flounce style.

The pattern is in sizes for girls 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 years of age.

4537. Child's One-piece Frock, with box plaits extending to the neck in front and back, and with extensions in skirt to form box plaits in front and back under the arm. The mode is suitable for development in Holland, piqué, or madras.

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

4557. Girls' Frock, in Russian style, having circular sleeve-cap, and pointed yoke at the front and back. The design is suitable for wool or cotton materials. The frock is to be worn with a guimpe.

The pattern is in sizes for girls 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 years of age.

4385. Boys' One-piece Suit, in white piqué, trimmed with white pearl buttons. It has a double box-plait effect in front and back, and knickerbockers of the regulation style.

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

4551. Girls' Shirred Coat, in white pongee. It may be made with or without the fancy tab collar, and has full front and back, and large bishop sleeves.

The pattern is in sizes for girls 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 years of age.

4547. Girls' Frock, in Irish linen, with bands and yoke of figured material, edged with stitched bands. The waist has two deep plaits at either side of the front, and the closing is made at the back. The full skirt is tucked to simulate a panel front.

The pattern is in sizes for girls 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 years of age.

6041. Ladies' Blouse, in natural-color linen, with facing and pockets of red linen, and ornamented with white pearl buttons. The use of the fancy yoke, in drop-shoulder effect, is optional.

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

6010. Ladies' Wrapper or Negligee, in Japanese *crêpe*. The gown is made with a separate front, outlined by a collar trimmed with braid. The collar, with shoulder-cap extensions, brings about the desirable long shoulder-line. The back has a Watteau plait, and the garment is held to the figure by a silk cord girdle.

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

6136 and 6145. Ladies' Costume, in embroidered batiste. The waist may be in high or open neck style, and has pretty fullness, tucked in sunburst effect. The lower portions of the waist are attached to the round yoke, and the blouse closes at the back. The skirt is in triple-flounce style, and may be fitted over the hips by tiny tucks, or, if preferred, the fullness may be gathered to the skirt band.

The waist pattern, No. 6136, is in sizes for ladies 32, 34, 36, 38,





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40, and 42 inches, bust measure. The skirt pattern, No. 6145, is in sizes for ladies 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches, waist measure.

6138 and 6134. Ladies' Costume, in cross-barred muslin. The waist may be made with high or open neck, and the deep collar may be cut away to form a bertha, if desired. The closing is made at the back. The sleeve is gathered above the elbow, and the lower portion is attached to a deep cuff. The skirt is in triple-flounce style, and the top flounce may have its fullness taken up in tucks or regulated by gathers.

The waist pattern, No. 6138, is in sizes for ladies 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure. The skirt pattern, No. 6134, is in sizes for ladies 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches, waist measure.

6007 and 6099. Ladies' Work or Artist Apron, in checked gingham. The fullness at the front and back is gathered to a band yoke. Plain straps extend over the shoulders, and the closing is made at the back. The armhole is deep.

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

6099. Ladies' Sunbonnet, in white lawn, and trimmed with ruffles and machine-stitching. The pattern is in one size only, for ladies.

6125. Ladies' Shirt-Waist, or Blouse, in mercerized cotton. The waist is designed to give the drop-shoulder effect, and is made with a separate collar. The front has a duchess closing, and the waist is finished at the bottom by a peplum. The pattern is in sizes for ladies 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.

4414. Girls' Frock, appropriate for graduation and party wear. It will look well made of Liberty silk, organdy, Swiss, or mull. The waist has a full blouse, with vest effect, and a bertha, over which a lace collar may be worn. The sleeve is a fancy design of elbow length. The skirt is circular, upon which is a pointed flounce over an accordion-plaited ruffle. For a dainty, pretty dress, this is a good model to follow. Made up of figured foulard, it can easily be made from an old dress that is out of style, and by combining accordion-plaited ruffles of net or mull with it a charming little frock is produced.

The pattern is in sizes for girls 10, 12, 14, and 16 years of age.

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[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 357 to 359 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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It is interesting to watch the growth of power and strength in a young man as he wins a series of successes in college, or in his business or his profession. His self-poise, assurance, confidence and ability increase in a direct ratio to the number of his achievements. As the savage Indian thought that the power of every enemy he conquered entered into himself, so in reality does every conquest in war, in peaceful industry, in commerce, in invention, in science, or in art add to the conqueror's power to do the next thing.

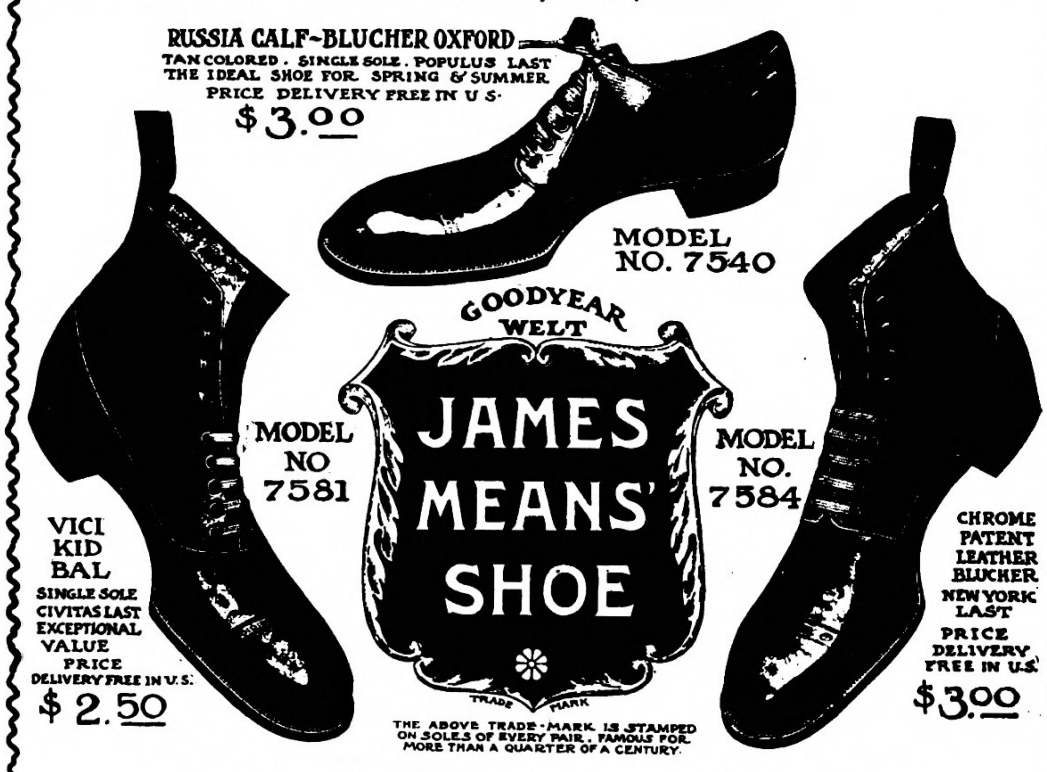
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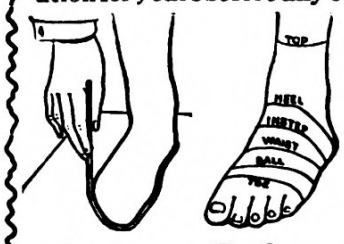


FIG 1. FIG 2.

MAIL ORDERS.—Directions for Measuring.—Take a sheet of paper and place it on the floor. Place your foot upon it, and then, with a pencil held upright, mark the shape of your foot on the paper (see Fig. 1). In doing this, press the pencil firmly against your foot all around. Then take the best fitting shoe you have and mark the shape of that on the paper in the same way. Then take a tape measure, or a narrow strip of paper, and measure **exactly** where you see the lines in Fig. 2. In doing this, let the tape touch at all points without drawing it tight. Be accurate; measure each foot, stockings on. You are now prepared to make out your order.

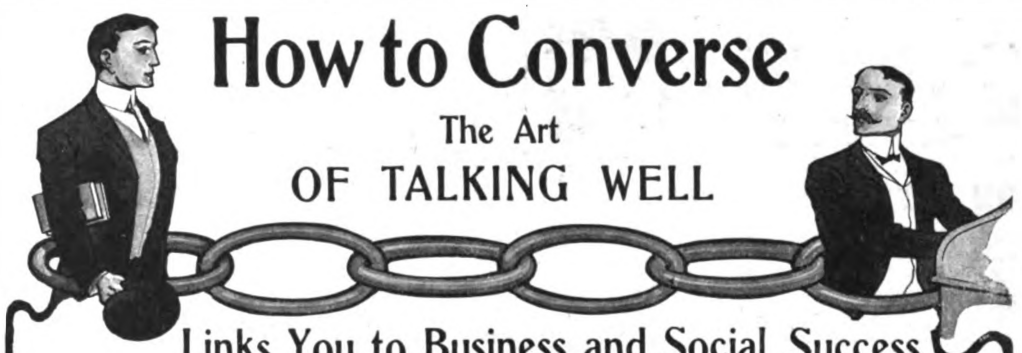
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Our Friends, the Vines

KATE SANBORN



ANYTHING relating to climbing plants has always enthralled me. In childhood days I would save pennies from a minute allowance until spring, when, hypnotized by glowing descriptions in floral catalogues, I would order vines with long names,—climbers that would "attain the height of forty feet in a season."

Then came the ecstasy of selecting the best spot for each, measuring its growth daily, waiting for buds and blossoms, loving every little tendril that stretched out for support, delighting in the gay dress the vine assumed in autumn, and, as winter approached, putting it carefully to sleep in a protecting blanket of dry leaves and mulching. This fancy has increased as the years have passed, so that, after a long acquaintance with vines as intimate friends, I feel qualified to speak of them as house covers, or general beautifiers, subduing a too practical or ugly perspective.

When an exhaustive pamphlet on this theme came to me from Washington, last year, I found that I had all but two on my own grounds. In fact, I have exaggerated a good thing, setting out too many vines, until some have had to be taken up and carried to new resting-places, on the roads round the farm. They all understand the necessity for removal, and they seem to take to it most kindly.

When walking or driving through the country, I judge by the appearance of the grounds, no doubt most unjustly, sometimes, of the character of "the lady of the house." It is generally a faithful revealer. If, for instance, I see in clean, shining windows, a few bright flowers smiling out a cheery greeting to every passer-by, and a row of wild cucumber vines, nasturtiums, or scarlet beans outside, bravely running up the evenly arranged strings provided, I say, "There's a nice, tidy, womanly woman," and am seldom disappointed.

Planting and Training Is Simple Work, but Requires Care

When, after a dreary stretch of lonely farmhouses, bald and bleak, destitute, perhaps, of blinds, I come upon a pretty cottage with a thriving woodbine over an inviting porch, and a scarlet trumpet vine running riot over the roof of the ell, I say, again, "Oh, I 'd like to know that woman; I believe her home is a happy one." If I venture to test this by asking for a glass of water, I 'm sure to get a cordial reception. If a woman does n't care for vines, and has never petted one, she is classed by me with the men who hate children, dogs, and music. Let me talk to you on this theme in the plainest way, without the aid of a botany or any other book, omitting, when possible, long Latin names.

For twenty-five cents, you can buy enough seeds to start with.

Try a matrimony vine; it is hardy and a free grower, and will bear any amount of pruning; you can almost see it grow; it needs little care, has a small purple flower, and scarlet berries, often seen at once on the same branch; and the end of any trailer laid down in earth will root easily for another year.

Or, spend five cents for a package of cobæa scandens seed, of which there are three varieties; they have pretty foliage and large bell-shaped flowers that open green, but change, later, to a purplish blue.

Plant the seeds edgewise, in moist soil, and then let them alone until the earth is very dry. They are killed by too much water. This vine often grows twelve inches during one night, as tested by a measuring tape which never fibs.

I prefer to buy the vines of the nearest florist after he has carried them through the critical period and they are ready to transplant; one costs ten cents. Sweet peas and nasturtiums are universal favorites, the former liking rather moist land. A deal of watering and enriching and a daily



The lattice work of a back yard covered with matrimony vine

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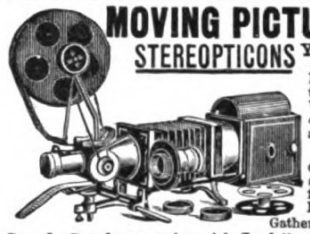
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Climbing plants have here added beauty to plain architecture

cutting of the flowers are necessary to stimulate the vines to keep in blossom; otherwise, you will visit them some day and find many seed pods, but few flowers. Nasturtiums like a sandy, poor soil, but will grow anywhere. I think a salad looks prettier for a row of their leaves and flowers placed around it; some like the leaves with French dressing; I gather the seeds and, putting them in brine, then in vinegar, add a few spices, and they are almost equal to capers. When Jack Frost threatens to destroy them I cut off long pieces of the vines, put them into water, and they will continue to bloom. I once had forty-five distinct varieties of sweet peas sent from California and gave a glorious exhibition of the different shades banked up on my piano. Keats, you know, spoke of these flowers, "with wings on tiptoe for a flight."

Be careful to sow morning-glories and the moonflower where there is plenty of room for them to spread, for both are tough and aggressive and will not be easily eradicated.

Do you want large, hardy vines to cover verandas, roofs, and porches?—for of course you have all sorts of piazzas and cozy nooks shaded from overhead. You have many kinds from which to choose.

The woodbine is the regular old standby; "quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine" was that "bank" Shakespeare knew. Then we have the trumpet creeper, bittersweet, and clematis, in nearly fifty varieties; I advise the Jackmanni superba, with rich purple blossoms, and paniculata with small, white flowers, profuse and deliciously fragrant; the wistaria and Dutchman's pipe, two that are not to blame for their long names; the actinidia polygama, with foliage of shining green, and flowers white with black anthers,—also fragrant, good for covering large trellises; and the akebia quinata, a brave climber with violet-brown flowers, and an odor like cinnamon,—one of my special favorites. Bless the rambler roses! They are a little difficult to get started, but they are more lovely every year, either in bush form or for covering trellises or whatever else you please. The red is the easiest to begin with, but there are four others,—two shades of pink, yellow, and white.

A Fragrant Rose that Can Climb Deserves Honor

Do not forget the half dozen hardy climbing prairie roses, the best of which are the Baltimore belle and the prairie queen. Their price is forty cents a dozen. The bridesmaid and climbing meteor are both literally loaded with flowers, when in fine condition, that are dark pink and red. We must not forget the old favorite, Marechal Niel, and a new one, "President Cleveland," which blooms continuously through the season the first and every succeeding year, with extra large, double, white flowers, rich with fragrance. When a rose can climb and also fill the air with a sweet odor, it deserves honor.

The honeysuckles are numerous, but Hall's Japan and the fragrant Dutch variety are most desirable.

I once covered a long fence of netting with the common hop, and found it so ambitious that it was impossible for it to go far enough skyward to satisfy its aspirations; but after two years it was infested with devouring flies, so it had to go to make room for better things. There is a variegated hop which I have not tried. Grapevines are essential, as they are not only beautiful, but also yield masses of fruit. Ivies I prefer to see in a house or a conservatory, excepting, of course, the Boston ivy, which wants a background of stone or brick.

Gourds are not much in evidence, but they are most curious in their shapes, the fruit ranging in size from an egg shape to that of a large crookneck squash. It seems wonderful that this can hang from a slender stem and not break off.

Do you fancy the small and dainty in vines? Then get the cypress vine, or the mountain fringe, so exquisite that it might serve to adorn a doll's house, or be used by the fairies and sprites as a screen for their dancing haunts. The maurandia, mannettia, silk vine, lace vine, and cinnamon vine all belong to this class, and in the medium rank are the smilax, Madeira vine, and canary vine.

I do not advocate planting vines by the clothesline posts, as some have done, but I do train my beloved friends to make roofs over open piazzas by giving them



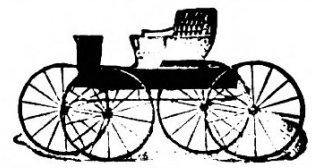
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How the front of a home looks that formerly had no piazza

netting to run across on, and they are gently tempted upward till they find that a chimney is a good thing for them to adorn, and then down they go on the other side.

A tree that is dead and partially cut down makes a good support for a low, shrubby vine; or if you will fasten a bracket on a live tree for a pot with a vine, it will run up and trail downward, making a charming effect.

If you can find a giant stump like a big molar, induce the men to dig it up, and then, carrying it where you want a picturesque effect, turn it upside down, put on top a simple rustic basket, which it is fun to make yourself, and fill it with trailing vines, such as dwarf nasturtium, asparagus vine, oxalis, lobelia gracilis, and so on. The Japanese hardy bean is called the fastest growing vine in cultivation.

If you do not want to spend a single dime for this purpose, and yet would like a few vines, go to the nearest woods, in early spring or late fall, and bring home the wild grape or swamp honeysuckle, the bittersweet, and the wild clematis, prettiest of all.

A bowl full of Wandering Jew is often a joy in a room in the winter and will grow and multiply exceedingly out of doors.

What are the "outs?" Well, some will not allow vines to grow on houses, because they say they cause the wood to decay and really loosen shingles.

This can be remedied by iron supports a little distance from the building, or by providing netting for the vines to cling to.

Others complain that birds, especially noisy, dirty, quarrelsome sparrows, are drawn to the house by these vines, and, building their nests, prove a great nuisance. That is true, and each one must decide for himself which to evict.

I must mention a new and expensive vine which has attracted universal attention among European horticulturists, who prophesy that, when it is as well known as the clematis paniculata, it will be equally popular. It as yet has no common name; at least, it is not given, and few may feel like risking a dollar and a half on one "polygonum baldschuanicum," but we are assured that it blooms in such profusion that the snowy-white flowers form a perfect cloud of mist.

Hothouse vines do not belong to this outdoor list, so they are not mentioned. There is just one vine I fear and loathe, which is an enemy, not a friend, and that is poison ivy, which is the farmer's favorite, apparently,—a dangerous pest. Some people are dreadful sufferers from it, if they only pass by it, and I know of persons whose eyes have been seriously injured by the poison from bits of the brilliant-hued vine held in the hand. I consider all landowners positively criminal who allow this horror to run over their trees, fences, and gateposts. A law should be passed forcing each person who has lazily permitted such a nuisance to thoroughly eradicate it.

Those who are immune to its serious effects can always be found, who will gladly do this business for a small sum.

No worse retribution could be wished for the sinners who will not remove the weed than to have to endure for three days the burning agonies of the watery blisters which it produces!

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"A LITTLE dapper man, with a mild eye and an eastern make-up," says E. M. Johnstone, of Los Angeles, California, "called upon one of our real live boomers in the flush times, and asked, in a very soft, meek tone, if he had any land for sale. The great real estate king, not deigning to lift his eyes from his important business, asked, in a loud, facetious tone, if he wanted a colony, or would a township do. The little man seemed embarrassed, and hoped he would be excused if he had mistaken this for a small retail place; he meant no offense, etc., etc. Then the great magnate thawed out somewhat, and took the small man in his chariot to the Great Paradise Regained Tract, where he filled his mind with a half-hour speech, fairly bestudded with glittering facts and figures regarding this wonderful piece of land, and hinted, in closing, that that was the kind of North Americans we are out here in the West. When the speaker concluded for lack of breath, the small, mild-eyed man quietly removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, climbed upon the fence, and, clearing his throat, said: 'Now, allow me to describe this piece of property in the eastern tongue!' Whew! Talk about thoughts that breathe and words that burn! The manner in which that stranger threshed the atmosphere with his arms, and used up the mother tongue, was *prodigious.*

"When he had finished, the magnate asked feebly of the stranger what his business was, and where he had come from. The small man said he had been graduated in real estate booming in Chicago, and had practiced in Kansas City, Omaha, and all the principal towns of the West; and, elevating his voice, he stated that he was going to open a real estate office right in that neighborhood, and going to do business, too, and called upon any one within sound of his voice not to forget it, either. The vanquished and thoroughly exhausted magnate leaned heavily against the fence, and asked, in a voice husky with emotion, and scarcely above a whisper: 'Stranger, can I post bills for you?'"

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Shrewd business men are studying advertising to learn how to increase their sales. Young men and women are giving up routine office work for what is perhaps the most congenial and profitable profession of the present day.

The nucleus of an advertising success is an *idea*. And *ideas* crop up in most unexpected places.

The "Sunny Jim" *idea* which placed "Force" on thousands of breakfast tables, came from two young girls who had no technical knowledge whatever. Right in your own business there may be a chance for a suggestion that will make you famous.

And so it goes.

It has been said that advertising should be learned from *real* advertisers. During the last ten years I have prepared advertising matter that has been published at a cost of over eleven million dollars. I think I may safely call myself a *real* advertiser.

My instruction is individual. If the student is a business man I help him with his *own* advertising while I am fitting him to handle it himself.

Advertising can't be learned by everybody. Yet hundreds of clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, and workers everywhere have the ability to become ad-writers and managers at good salaries.

About a year ago a young woman stenographer living in Boston began taking my course. Now she holds a responsible position in the advertising department of a large Boston manufacturer.

Half-a-dozen years ago a young man came to work as a compositor in my print shop. Pretty soon he began to get interested in the advertising matter he saw about him. A little later he tried to write. Then I gave him a special course of instruction, and about a year ago that young man became assistant advertising manager of the National Cash Register Company.

Another young man was running an elevator in the Vanderbilt Building where my offices were formerly located. I offered him a job, and he took it. He worked earnestly, studied hard, and a few months ago he accepted a responsible position in a western advertising agency.

I could tell you story after story like this if I had room to do so, but you will find them all in my prospectus.

If you have common sense, energy and a good average education, I believe you can take my correspondence course and succeed.

But I don't claim that when you graduate you can immediately begin to earn from $25 to $100 weekly. Others are doing that, but *your* success will depend entirely upon *you*.

There is much to learn, and I know it's not easy, for I've been through it all myself, but I know what can be accomplished if a man puts his heart in his work. And there is no place in the business world for those who lack the inclination to overcome trifling obstacles.

If you are interested and want to learn how to fit yourself for this quickly profitable profession, send a two-cent stamp for my handsome 66-page prospectus. CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 185 William Street, New York.

A FEATURE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR



TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO.
Agents in the principal cities. ST. JOSEPH, MICH.



SUNNYSIDE
SHETLAND PONY FARM
Breeders of
Pure Shetland Ponies
Beautiful and intelligent little pets for children constantly on hand and for sale. Correspondence solicited. Write for handsomely illustrated catalogue to MILNE BROS. 618 Eighth St., Monmouth, Ill.

$3.00 SILK ELASTIC STOCKING
Write for Pamphlet.
TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, ETC.
FLAVELL'S, 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As the Twig Is Bent

The Correct Theory of Bringing up Children

MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE

Part III.—Conclusion

THERE is great danger in taking all of a child's doings too seriously. Many faults belong to immaturity and pass away with the passing years. Lying, for example, is not at all immoral in a very young child; he has simply not developed to the point of knowing the difference between truth and falsehood. He may be very imaginative, and his big stories may be simply expressions of a too exuberant fancy. He needs no punishment, but he does need help toward closer observation of the facts about him, and accuracy in the statement of them. Or he may lie to escape a penalty,—an inevitable resource of the weak and helpless! He needs to have fear removed, and to be assured that a confessed fault will be overlooked. Stealing, too, is the result of an incomplete conception of property rights. A young thief needs to have temptation removed as far as possible and to be given control of property of his own. Thus the race learned the ethics of property-holding, and thus he must learn. Slyness is a much more difficut fault to deal with, and so is that fault which is usually regarded with considerable leniency,—the habit of teasing and badgering others. Richter makes a wise discrimination here between faults that grow with the years and those that fade with them. We may well let the latter alone, he reminds us, and so gain strength to combat the former.

There Are Better Methods of Training than by Punishment

Punishment, however, at its very best and wisest, is but a crude device for training a human soul. To hedge their straight way with restrictions and penalties used to be thought the only method of governing children. We are beginning to see that there are subtler and better methods, less like mythological miracles, such as the trouble Phaeton got into with the chariot of the sun, and more like the calm, unwhipped progress of evolution; less like the Old Testament, and more like the New. We are beginning to substitute the reasonable persuasion of the gospels for the thunderings of Horeb, preferring, like our Example, to let sin work itself out to its awful end, even, if necessary, to take its agony upon ourselves, rather than to overcome it by the arbitrary exercise of power.

That this is not mere theory, beautiful but practically impossible, the kindergarten daily proves. There are punishments in the kindergarten, to be sure, some of them of the retributive sort, but the stress is laid, not upon punishment or any other negative procedure, but upon all the upbuilding influences which can be brought to bear upon young minds and wills. Froebel studied the village children in their simple but full environment,—saw what the woods and streams, the earth and air, meant to them; what their relation was to the domestic industries,—to weaving, sewing, cooking, washing, shoemaking, blacksmithing, or milling,—to the domestic animals, and to the harmless creatures of the woods and fields. This sweet life still breathes upon city children through his songs and plays. The heart of the adult beholder swells to see it, and to see the immediate response of the starveling children,—whether rich or poor, still starveling. By these right and normal activities and interests, by all manner of tender and playful devices, he leads his pupils to love goodness, and to find joy in it. In a well-conducted kindergarten nearly all of the children like to work, and delight in being good.

That this method is being widely appreciated is proved by the close attention given to it at the last meeting of the National Educational Association, at Boston. It was there recognized as the nation's safeguard against disorder and anarchy. As one of the principal speakers put it, such is the value of the kindergarten that, if it had not been already invented, we should be obliged to invent it for ourselves.

The important point for us now is, of course, that the kindergarten principle of training the will, rather than breaking or overcoming it, (and to do this by means of positive incitements rather than by negative forbiddings,) is just as applicable to

$3 $5 $15 $10 $5
100 BAGS OF MONEY
GIVEN AS PRIZES
FOR THE BEST SHORT LETTERS
TELLING WHY YOU LIKE TO USE
GOLD HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE SILVER

Anyone can compete—old or young—our prizes are often won by children who hit on little points neglected by the grown-ups. We want plain, simple reasons told in your own every-day words, why **you** like to use Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. Get a 25 cent tube from your druggist, try it thoroughly and you'll think of a hundred reasons. Get the youngsters working—it's fun, excitement and profit and will introduce you to the most cleansing, refreshing tooth preparation made—widely endorsed by dentists as the product of the latest, most scientific progress of American dentistry. The letters must not contain more than 35 words—prizes are awarded according to the originality and advertising value of your reasons. The first prize Money-Bag will contain $15, the second $10, the third $5, the fourth $3, the fifth $2, the next twenty-five $1 each, the next seventy 50c. each. Each competitor will also be sent a dainty poster in colors so **everyone gets something.** The first contest will close on May 30th and prizes will be awarded immediately. Each letter must be accompanied by the front of the green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste comes in. Write as many letters as you like providing you send a box-front for each letter. If your druggist doesn't have Hy-Jen Tooth Paste show him this ad and ask him to get it for you of his jobber, or send us his name and 25c. and we'll send you a package postpaid.
Address Prize Dept.

HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO.,
220 Kinzie Street, - - - - - Chicago.

Suit Made to Measure $12

Suit Case Free



Fine All-Wool Tailor-Made Cashmere or Worsted Suit.

Your Choice of a variety of colorings and weaves, and all the newest patterns just from the woolen mills. We direct special attention to the fabrics. The cloth is specially woven from new, high grade wool; it is close woven and the wool is full of "life," so that the cloth is elastic and the garments will hold their shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each suit, the suit pattern is thoroughly shrunken. Our cutters are first-class workmen, who incorporate into the suit the latest style and take into account the various little differences in build each man possesses. The suit is lined throughout with "Bullis" serge, and the sleeve linings are of the celebrated "Fowler" silesia. All trimmings are the very best, and buttonholes are hand finished. The pants pockets are made of strong drilling, and all the findings are such as only can be secured in the high grade merchant-tailor article. Our measure and order blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our $12.00 suits to be equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 251, and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

Samples of Cloth Free

will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write to-day for samples. Address

Meyer Livingston Sons, Dept. 47, South Bend, Ind.
Reference: Citizens Nat'l Bank, South Bend, Ind.

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$2,528 GIVEN AWAY

We are going to give away, absolutely free of cost, $2,528 worth of books. As one who reads you will be interested in this offer. Read carefully, for this is a rare opportunity, and one that will not soon occur again. In taking stock we find on hand a few sets of the



32 Magnificent Books, Less than 49 Cents a Volume

MAKERS OF HISTORY

32 magnificent volumes of which the bindings are slightly rubbed—not enough to impair their real value, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock—at the regular price of $32 and $48 per set. There being only 158 of these sets, we shall not rebind, but have decided to let them go for half price, upon easy monthly payments, and to give away with each of these 158 sets **FREE** one set of Shakespeare's Complete Works in 8 magnificent volumes worth $16 per set.

The "Makers of History" are the most entertaining and instructive friends you could possibly have in your home. Each volume is a complete narrative of a man or woman who in their time made things happen. There is not a dull page in the entire 32 volumes. No set of books published can compare in interest or instruction with the "Makers of History." They are as absorbing as anything you can imagine. They are the kind of books that keep people up late reading. Once you start to read any of these volumes you dislike to stop until the book is finished. Hundreds of thousands know and own these books. Their sale is ever increasing, because they are real books to be read and enjoyed—not to be put away and never looked at.

Read coupon carefully; Price is cut in halves. You take no risk. After examination, if books are not found to be satisfactory, return them at our expense. Remember, these sets are as good as new for all practical purposes. We guarantee the interiors are not injured.

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Alexander the Great
Alfred the Great
Richard I.
Cyrus the Great
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Xerxes
Julius Caesar
Pyrrhus
Charles I.
Josephine
Marie Antoinette
Hernando Cortez
King Philip
Louis Philippe
Queen Elizabeth
Cleopatra
Margaret of Anjou
Richard II.
Darius the great
Peter the Great
Hannibal
Nero
Romulus
Hortense
Madame Roland
Henry IV.
Joseph Bonaparte
Louis XIV.
Charles II.
Richard III
Mary Queen of Scots

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It contains all the Tragedies, all the comedies, all the Poems and Sonnets, and embracing a History of the Early Drama, an exhaustive Biography, Shakespeare's Will, Introduction to each Play, Index to Characters, Glossary of Obsolete Words, Names of Actors and Actresses of Shakespeare's Day, Notes on each Play, etc., etc., from the works of Collier, Knight, Dyce, Douce, Hunter, Richardson, Ver Plank and Hudson. Edited by

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINK

Many full-page illustrations, including portraits of leading Shakespearean actors and actresses, and scenes from the plays taken from the famous Boydell Gallery. 8 volumes, Handsomely and durably bound in fine cloth, gilt tops, with gold lettering and stamping.

Order to-day--to-morrow may be too late. Only 158 Sets will be given away.

We Recommend the SPECIAL LIBRARY BINDING

Free Eight Volumes Shakespeare Coupon

Harper's History Club, 16 East 17th Street, New York

You may send me for inspection and approval one set of the

MAKERS OF HISTORY

32 volumes, bound in the style indicated by having the "X" beside it.

Cloth Binding (regular price, $32 per set). I will pay for same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows; 50 cents after I examine them and $1.00 a month for fifteen months.

Special Library Binding (regular price, $48 per set). I will pay for same if I decide to keep the books, as follows; 50 cents after I examine them and $1.50 a month for fifteen months.

It is understood you send both sets of books, "The Makers of History," in 32 volumes, and the 8-volume "Shakespeare" to me upon approval, and if I decide not to keep the books, I am to return them to you, charges collect. If I decide to keep the books I am to pay you for the "Makers of History," and you are to present the "Shakespeare" to me free of cost.

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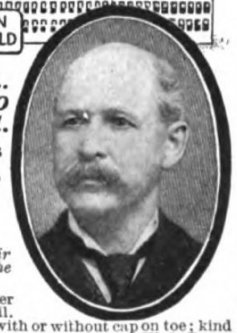
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The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are worn by more men in all stations of life than any other make is because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe.

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Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded everywhere to be the finest patent leather yet produced.

Fast Color Eyelets will not wear brassy.

Douglas has the largest Men's $3.50 Shoe Mail Order Business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; congress, lace or button. 25c. extra prepays delivery. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, Douglas shoes are within your reach. If you desire further information before purchasing, write for Illustrated Catalog.

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Over 200 Styles



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the home as to the school. The home is, indeed, better fitted to apply it, for there close personal love reigns over the welfare of a few children, while at school a more or less enlightened sense of duty reigns over many.

It is example that counts, rather than precept. Yet, because precept is so much cheaper,—any average talkative woman has pounds of it to give away,—and example is so much dearer and more precious, we feed our children on precept and starve them on example.

It is environment that counts rather than rules. Yet rules are easy to make,—it is even fun to make them,—while to control environment is a difficult matter. Therefore, rules are made and broken by the score. Where is the child's respect for law? Where is the mother's temper?

Acts count, rather than words. Most children are drowned in words. The air whizzes with scoldings and explanations, till a habit of inattention forms itself, and mercifully saves the bewildered youngsters from overdoses of impassioned adult eloquence.

He Should Have His Own Way When It Is Right

But where, in all this, you ask, is obedience?—that dread Moloch into whose fiery stomach devoted parents continue to feed the fairest of their offspring. It is all obedience, dear reader,—but obedience to law, not necessarily to you. So far as you faithfully embody that law, by obeying it yourself, so far only ought you to be obeyed,—only so far, in the end, by this method or by any other, will you be obeyed. Obedience, in any high sense, is not merely the submission of a weaker will to a stronger one, but a cheerful acquiescence in the will of God. Emerson well says: "This sense is adult already in the infant man. In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money, stead me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails. If I am willful he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will, and act for the soul, setting that up as an umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me."

But there come emergencies,—times when the wiser will must rule without reason given, without delay? Yes; for such times, then, reserve your commands. Which is more likely to obey a sharp, sudden order, the child who receives a dozen like it every day, or the child who is startled by its very unexpectedness? The old story of the boy who cried "Wolf!" when there was no wolf, has its point for us parents.

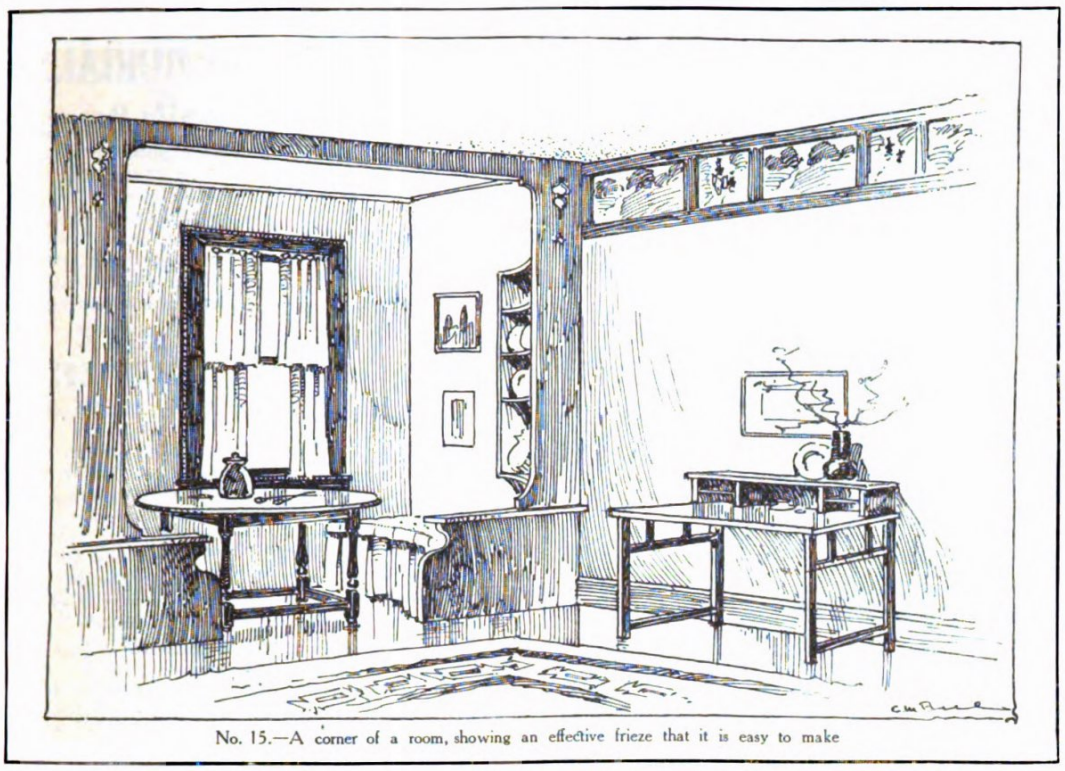
All this sounds very like a plea for letting the child have his own way,—and so it is. He ought to have his own way, whenever that way is right. When it is wrong, it should be set right as speedily as possible by a hundred subtle, and, as far as may be, hidden movements,—hidden in order that the child may not be too frequently conscious that he desires to do wrong. We want his habitual consciousness to be that he desires to do right.

Nagging and Irritating Reproofs Have never Fostered Love

Let us clearly recognize that in training children we are building for the future. The present may not be—perhaps ought not to be,—perfect. Being a transition stage, its true beauty lies rather in its promise than in its fulfillment. Too often we may be led to forget this, and to plan for present convenience instead. We may be betrayed into feeling that, for the sake of inducing Robert to hang up his coat and hat, say, we are willing to sacrifice any theory, however noble. Such moments of belittling exasperation must visit every parent, but they are not moments of wisdom, and we need not plan our conduct by them. Our own convenience, dear as it is to us, is not to be considered by us, though we hope it may ultimately be considered by our loving children. Never, since the world began, did nagging, or irritating reproofs, accomplish this sweet end. Love and wisdom, heavenly yokefellows, whom this world too often divorces, alone can bring about that exchange of willing service which makes the beauty of home and the safety and order of the state.

There is no royal road to success in child-culture, nor can these brief suggestions serve to point the long and intricate way. Parenthood is the highest office to which human beings attain. Low in low natures, high in superior natures, it is yet in each the measure of its full stature.

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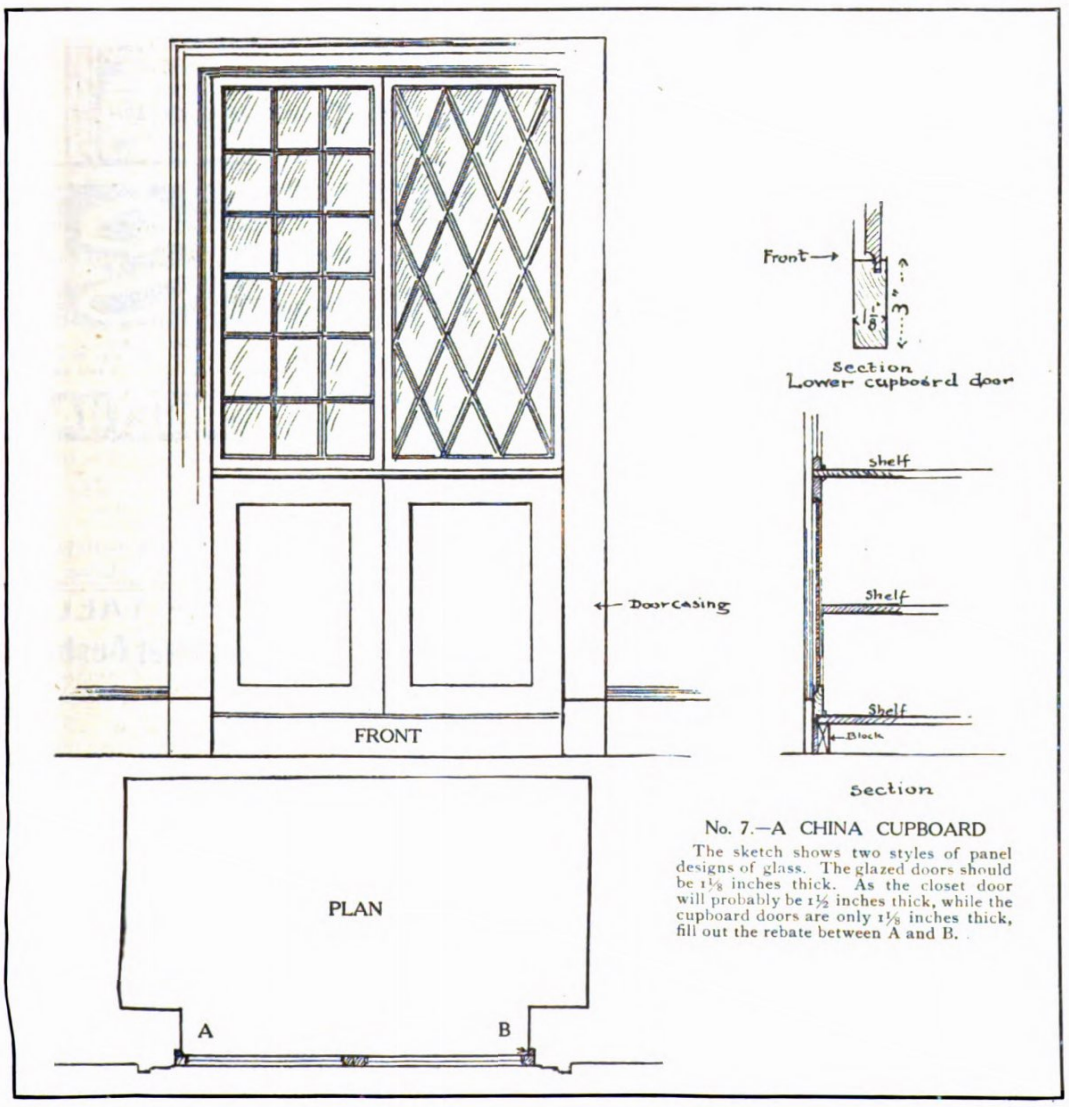
No. 15.—A corner of a room, showing an effective frieze that it is easy to make

HOW TO DECORATE YOUR HOME

Simple and Economical Methods Which Display Beauty and Taste

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

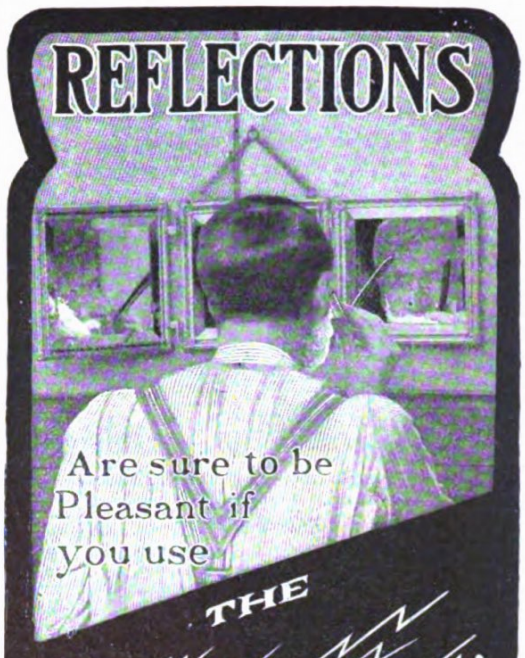
In the dining room a dado can be made similar to that described, in the previous article, for the living room, except that it should be carried up five feet, putting a narrow shelf, with a groove for plates, along the molding. This arrangement leaves a frieze which should be tinted to match the ceiling. If the tops of the doors and windows are not of the same height, do not use the shelves for the doors, as they would not line. The dining room may also be improved by a cupboard. This could be arranged by enlarging the width of the present closet and putting on a front such as is shown in Figure No. 7. Figure No. 8 shows a corner cupboard which could be built. This corner cupboard could also be used in the living room or the den. The only molding required for this cupboard is a simple one around the top. The door can be made at any mill, and one may make his own design of division of panes. The rest of the cupboard is made of seven-eighths-inch stock. In making the schedule of lumber it is well to draw the top, two brackets, and the piece



No. 7.—A CHINA CUPBOARD

The sketch shows two styles of panel designs of glass. The glazed doors should be 1⅛ inches thick. As the closet door will probably be 1½ inches thick, while the cupboard doors are only 1⅛ inches thick, fill out the rebate between A and B.

REFLECTIONS



Are sure to be Pleasant if you use

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

Price $2.50

Double Concave, for extra heavy beards, $3.00

Send for Book "Hints to Shavers"

It illustrates with photos the correct razor position for every part of the face; it tells how to select and care for a razor; it explains the "why" of the "Carbo-Magnetic" and proves how, with ordinary careful use, it will keep an edge for years with

No Honing; No Grinding

Will never make the face smart or leave it sore.

Buy of your dealer. He has (or can get) the Carbo-Magnetic. Show him this advertisement—don't take any other razor. If he won't get one—we will mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Money back if desired.

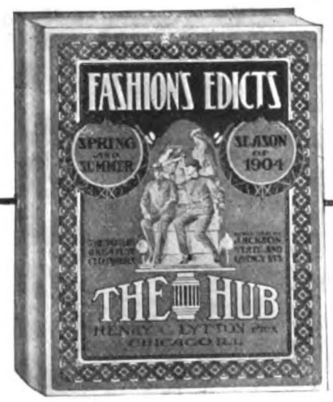
Firm of A. L. Silberstein, Makers of Griffon Cutlery
451-452 Broadway, New York

"Carbo-Magnetic" Elastic Cushion Strop, $1.00 each, *at dealers or by mail, postpaid.*



All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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Send For This Catalogue

The most complete clothing catalogue ever issued. Contains 200 handsome drawings of

Men's and Boy's Spring Styles

in eight illuminated colors

Besides 2,000 other illustrations faithfully reproduced from life and showing the weave, pattern and coloring of the goods. Many pages in two-tone color work. Size of book 9 x 12 inches. with beautifully illuminated cover.

Drawings made by Mr. W. C. Both, America's most celebrated clothing artist.

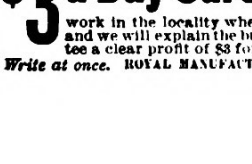
Send 4c in part payment of postage, and book will be forwarded without delay. Ask for catalogue No. 8.

THE HUB
HENRY C. LYTTON Pres

State, Jackson and Quincy Sts., Chicago, Ill.

The World's Largest Clothiers

The Hub has no agents or branch stores.



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Correspondence and Residential Courses in JOURNALISM, SHORT STORY WRITING and ADVERTISEMENT WRITING. Instruction by experts, in the heart of Newspaper Row. No other school offers both home study and resident courses in these subjects. Our News Bureau and Literary Syndicate fits you for practical work. Splendid opportunities for placing students.

The First Lesson Paper, including Practical Home Exercises, **Sent Free.** Mention course.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, Dept. A
47 World Building, New York City.
(Affiliated with Hedley Institute. Faculty of twenty-five.)

$2500 to $4000 Per Year

We want 200 specialty men in all sections of United States, Canada, Great Britain and her Colonies to sell our line of scales. They are new and just being introduced, and winners. We want experienced men who have been successful in specialties or inexperienced young men who are ambitious to be *unusual men*, to rise above the dead level and earn eventually $5000 per year.

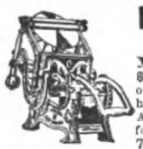
KINCHELOE SCALE COMPANY, Inc., Leesburg, Va.



WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

and Show Card Writing. Only field not overworked. Thorough and comprehensive instruction by mail at your own home by a teacher with national reputation. Easy terms. Write today for large illustrated catalog of particulars.

The Detroit School of Lettering, Dept. A, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its kind."



Be Your Own Printer

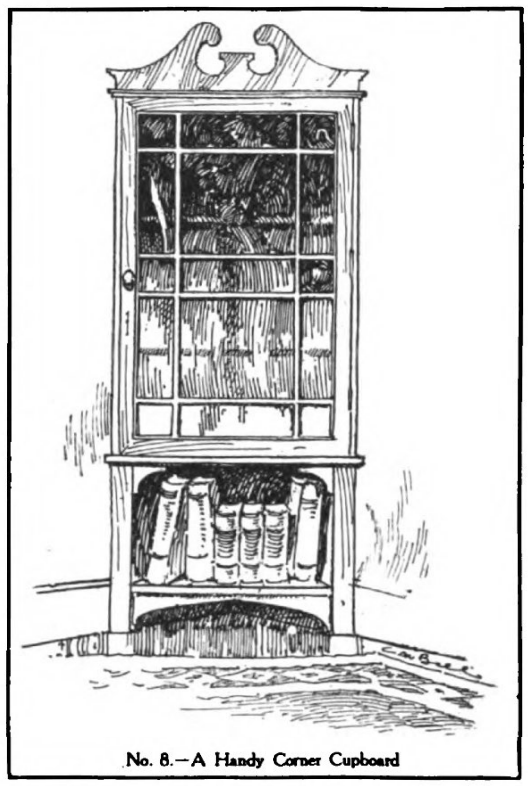
Full Course of Instructions in Printing Free

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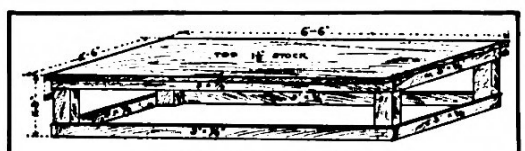
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No. 8.—A Handy Corner Cupboard

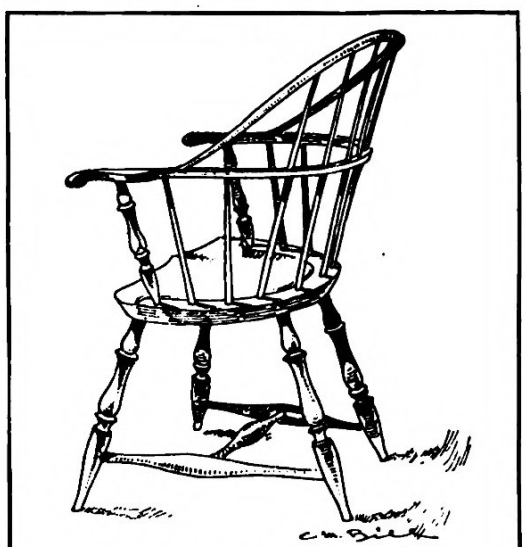
under the lower shelf in full size, so that they can be sawed at the mill correctly.

The den seems to be considered by some a repository for all the furniture and bric-a-brac which are considered too ugly or shabby for any other room. This is not fair to the master of the house, who surely deserves an attractive room in which to take his ease and entertain his friends. The den, as shown in the plan, is eight feet square, but usually it is a tiny place at best. Our first thought then must be economy of room, and we must have seats for as many as can be comfortable. A corner seat naturally suggests itself. It is picturesque, but



No. 9.—A Frame for a Couch

not nearly so comfortable or practical as a roomy seat along one side of the room, wide enough to allow the master of the house to take upon it his after-dinner nap. The seat can be made to fill the space between the door and the wall. It should be two feet, six inches in width, well supported, and open underneath, as in Figure No. 9; a curtain on a three-eighths-inch rod may be hung in front, touching the floor, and the space behind that utilized for stowing away things which you wish out of sight. The cushion on top should be covered with material like that of the curtain, and, with three or four pillows, one has a useful and attractive bit of



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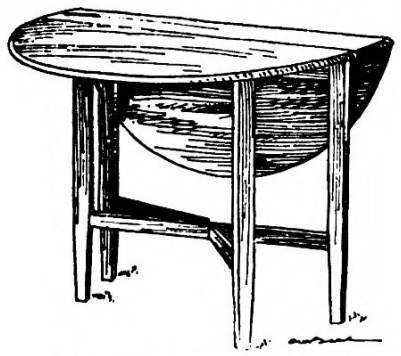


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No. 11.—A Stained Round Table

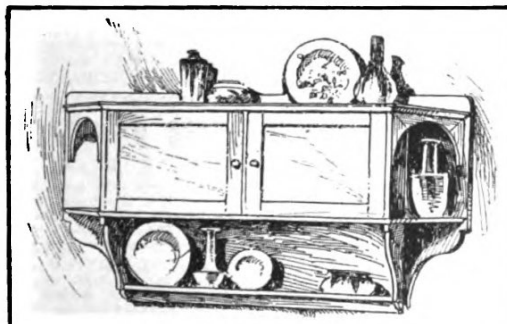
furniture. An easy chair is an absolute necessity for such a room. It should be low and squatty, as anything high will be out of proportion in such a small room. A broad-armed willow chair, stained a foliage green, with cushions on the seat and the back, answers the purpose. Willow is preferable to rattan, for the designs in rattan are very poor and their durability is not to be compared to the willow. These, with an inexpensive Windsor chair (like Figure No. 10,) will be sufficient for seats. The much advertised mission furniture; such as



No. 12.—A Combination Bookcase and Desk

the Stickly designs, although very good for large rooms, is too heavy for a small one and needs more expensive treatment. A square table in a small room is annoying, as the corners are always in the way. A round table such as that of Figure No. 11, stained to match the finish of the room, is very useful. This table, as you see, is made so that it can fold. If a larger table is required for special occasions, a movable top can be made of pine.

The den would not be complete without a desk, bookcase, and wall cabinet. As the room is so



No. 13.—Design for a Wall Cabinet



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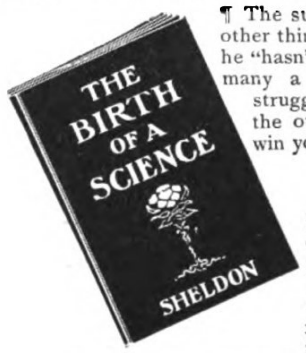
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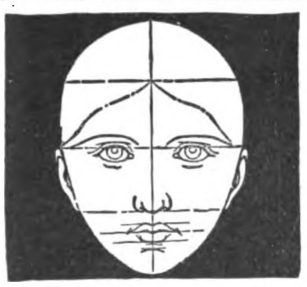
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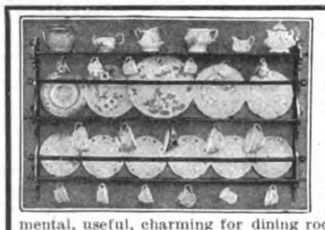


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No. 14.—Design for a Wall Cabinet

small, it would be best to make a combination bookcase and desk, as is shown in Figure No. 12. This is very simply made of seven-eighths-inch stock. Here, again, the sashes for the doors may be made at any mill, or the doors can be omitted if desired. A full-size drawing should be made of the pieces under the doors and the base, as it is much easier to have them sawed at the mill. The depth of the cabinet should not be over eight inches, this being wide enough for the average book. The other dimensions can be made in accordance with the space in which the case is to be placed. The inside fittings of the desk may be as elaborate as desired. The strap hinges are rather expensive, but common hinges may be used. You can buy, at any hardware store, a brass chain, or plate, to hold the desk in place when lowered. Figures No. 13 and No. 14 show two designs for a wall cabinet. In making No. 13, you will notice that the back is in one piece. The two brackets are sawed in the same curves and made of seven-eighths-inch stock. The top and bottom of the cupboard should be of the same, a plain shelf with square corners sawed off at an angle of forty-five degrees. A small molding may be nailed around the top shelf to form a finish. The semicircular pieces over the corner shelves, as well as the brackets and back, should be drawn out full-sized to be sawed at the mill, seven-eighths-inch stock being used throughout.

Some Practical Schemes for Treating Walls and Woodwork

Figure No. 14 seems more elaborate, but in working out the schedule you will find that it becomes quite simple. Moldings for the top you will find in stock, and the brackets and the bottom can easily be sawed at a mill. The little designs on the top shelf can be sawed at the mill, but if they are too expensive they may be omitted. The door might have a plain piece of glass on which a design might be made in black paint, as was suggested for the design for the mantel. Add to these well selected pictures and bric-a-brac, and the den will be one of the most attractive rooms in the house.

Treatment of the walls is the next point. I have already suggested the cartridge paper, but the following schemes will be more interesting if one cares to take the necessary trouble:—

Scheme I.—Cover the walls with red burlap, which can be bought for twenty-five cents a yard. Remove the picture molding and cut the burlap in strips the length of the height of the room. Tack the burlap around the top, being careful that the strips hang perpendicularly and that the seams lap so that they will not need to be tacked save at the top and the bottom. The picture molding should be stained to match the other woodwork and put back in place. Draw the burlap smooth, tacking it neatly on the upper edge of the baseboard. It can be left like this, or, if a better finish is desired, a small half-round or flat strip of wood may be placed over the row of tacks, staining this, of course, like the rest. The woodwork may be white, black, or a strong green.

Scheme II.—Use, instead of red on the walls, the green Washington print which can be bought for six and three-quarters cents a yard. This is a cotton print with a black background and a tiny yellow and green figure which is used by upholsterers as a temporary covering for furniture. This print may be tacked on the walls like the burlap, except that room should be left for a frieze above the picture molding. This frieze may either be left plain and tinted to match the ceiling, which, by the way, should be cream-white, or it may be covered with paper. A very effective frieze may



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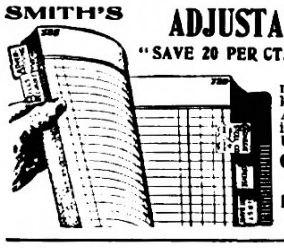
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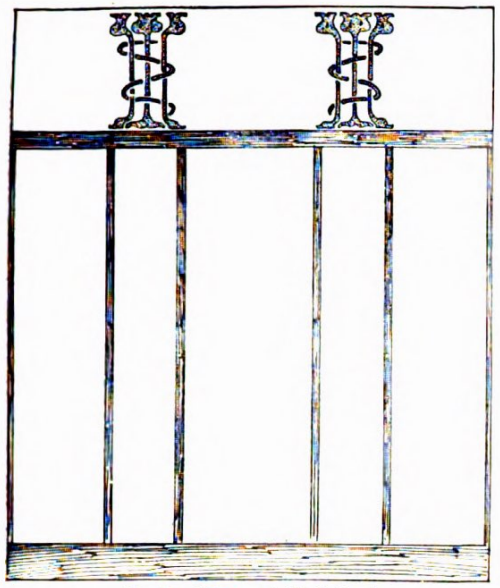


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No. 16.—Frieze and Wall Panels

be made by using a roll of paper with a design of hunting scenes, the hunters, in red coats, bounding over green hedges and fences. Cut out the scenes and place them on the frieze, three on each wall, filling in the spaces between the foliage paper. On either side of each hunting scene nail a flat strip of whitewood stained to match the other woodwork. This strip should be three inches wide and one-half inch thick. Figure No. 15 shows the effect thus obtained. This same frieze would be very effective with the red burlap.

SCHEME III.—Cover the walls with warm brown cartridge paper, with a deep frieze at the top. This frieze can be made of Japanese gilt paper, on which a design can be stenciled in white. The sketch of this in Figure No. 16 shows such a design. Beneath the stenciled design, which, by the way, is twenty-four inches high and twelve inches wide, tack a strip of wood. In addition to this nail a strip of the same thickness, one and one-half inches wide, down the entire length of the wall, on either side of the design, forming panels, as shown in the illustration.

A very effective recess at the end of the room may be formed as shown in Figure No. 15. This is a little too heavy treatment for a small den, but, if your room is large, it could be used. It is made of seven-eighths-inch stock and can be sawed at the mill ready to put in place.

In regard to the coverings for cushions and chairs, these should be of one color or two shades of one color. It is never a good plan to use figured goods for covers in a small den. Plain materials give a more restful feeling. There should be no frills or ribbons or cords on the cushions, and embroidered pillows are entirely out of place here.

With red walls, a rich green can be used for coverings. There is a denim, woven with a pattern in the same color, that one may get for twenty-five cents a yard, which is admirable for this purpose.

With green walls, either red, tobacco brown, or deep blue may be used for covering, and, with brown walls, use foliage green, a darker shade of brown, or an old grayish blue. In all cases, the coverings should be darker than the walls in tone.

[*To be concluded in the June* SUCCESS]

His Audience Had Deserted Him

S. MORRELL HIRSH

THERE was a time when Wilton Lackaye, who is now appearing in Channing Pollock's dramatization of Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," did not have equal good fortune as a "star." His first play, "Dr. Belgraff," was much too artistic and gruesome to be popular. Mr. Lackaye presented the piece to a series of small houses, for the venture proved a dismal failure. He reached Washington on the night of a severe blizzard, and, while he was "making up" for the performance, Henry Rapley, manager of the National Theater, appeared in his dressing room and said that there were only six people in the audience.

"Of course you won't think of appearing to-night," said Mr. Rapley.

"Yes I will," was the rejoinder. "If those people came out in weather like this to see me, they deserve to be entertained, and I'm going to present the piece as usual."

He did. It so happened that all the lights in the theater were extinguished during the second act, which concluded with a remarkably strong but morbidly conceived scene, and, after the curtain had fallen, Mr. Lackaye waited for the usual tribute of applause. None was forthcoming. He peeped through the hole in the curtain. The theater was without occupants.

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The Needy Schoolma'am

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

OUR present laws against the marriage of school-teachers,—no, I am too sweeping,—against the marriage of women school-teachers, on pain of official decapitation, are historically amusing. We shall laugh at them, a few years hence, as we now laugh at the sumptuary laws of the past. For instance, the worthy Zaleucus, 450 B. C., ordained "that no woman should appear in the street attended by more than one maidservant,—unless she were drunk;" Edward III., of England, strove to keep his subjects down to a *menu* of two courses only; and our own more recent forefathers in New England prohibited such personal decorations as they chose to consider too expensive for common citizens.

Why should not a school-teacher have a husband, if she chooses? The married state does not detract from the ability of an educator. Indeed, as all teaching originated in motherhood, and as that experience is understood to have a widening and ennobling influence, it is hard to see why school children should be debarred from the advantageous society of the married teacher with her calm happiness, or of the mother-teacher, with her new depths of love.

Are any instances given of a falling off in efficiency in teachers after marriage? Is it claimed that a happy wife can not give as much attention to her work as a hopeful damsel or a resigned spinster?

Not at all!

The contention is that the teacher who marries has got another job, and should give up her former position to one who needs it more than she does.

It has been wisely and conclusively answered that the married woman who elects to continue her school work does so either because of especial devotion to that work, or because she continues to need the salary. So the upholders of spinster schoolma'ams are caught on either horn of the dilemma,—if the married teacher wants to teach because of especial interest in the work, she has a right to it on the ground of fitness; if she wants to teach because she "needs the money," she has a right to it on grounds of necessity. The essential error in the whole discussion lies in our common misuse of the term "need," which implies that the schools of our country are maintained at great public expense for the purpose of providing food and clothing to a number of single women. A school is an institution for the education of children, and all its processes and standards are to be judged and measured as they conduce to that end.

If a woman is a good school-teacher,—though married to a millionaire,—we have as much need of her services as we should have if her husband should die and take his fortune with him, or if she should be dependent on her salary for bread.

What the woman does with her money is no concern of the school board. Whether she "needs" it or not is no business of theirs.

The child needs the good teacher, and that is the only question of "need" which belongs to this subject.

It is the business of the school system to select, develop, and secure the best possible teachers; not to constitute itself an arbitrary court to condemn our children to an endless succession of inexperienced girl-teachers, who only do the work for pay, and drop it as soon as they get a better situation.

The public school is not a young woman's financial aid society, nor an old ladies home.

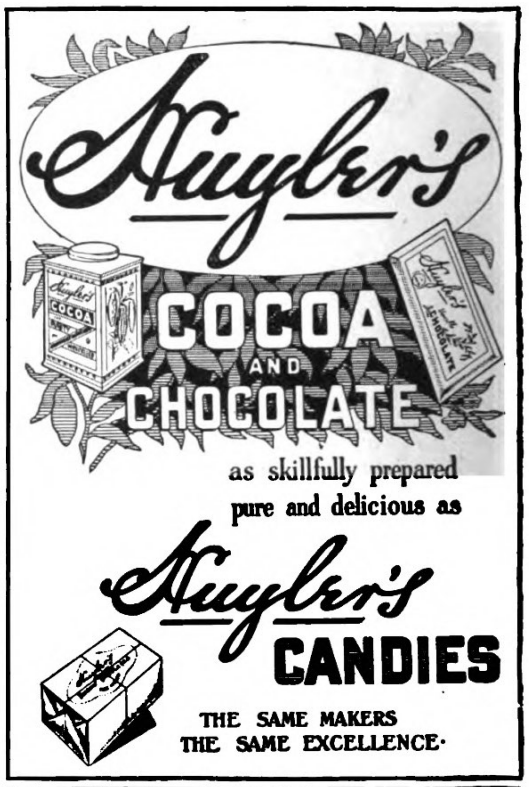
John G. Carlisle on Political Success

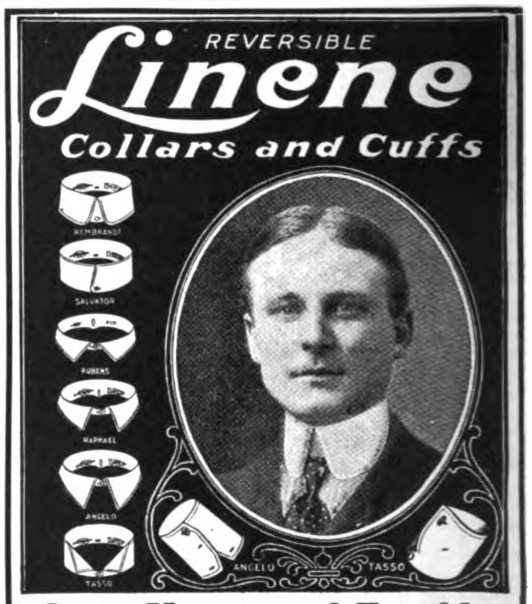
"DURING the past forty years I have seen many men rise and fall in politics," said John G. Carlisle, ex-speaker of the house of representatives and ex-secretary of the treasury, to a member of the editorial staff of SUCCESS. "A large number of those who have been swept off the board into oblivion, or whose names, if remembered, now count for little, have been more brilliant and accomplished men than a good many who have made permanent places for themselves in the history of the country, but they lacked the one quality which is an absolute essential to lasting political honors in the United States. The rank and file of our people are possessed of character, and they demand it in their public men. It is not those who have the greatest capacity, but those who have the greatest strength of character who are able to get their feet on the rock of enduring public respect instead of in the shifting sands of public caprice.

"Brilliant and adroit men may rise to power, but frequently I have seen their influence wane and come to nothing, while that of their less able but more sincere brothers has steadily grown stronger. A man of character may make numerous mistakes and have his weaknesses, but the people will forget these and give him new honors if they can be sure of his honesty of purpose. To the young men in politics I can say, with the authority of long experience, that the quality which will carry them far higher and further than any other is simply homespun strength of character. A famous orator of my native state, who could be amazingly stirring in his speeches, but whose brilliancy lacked the bedrock of character, once said to me:—

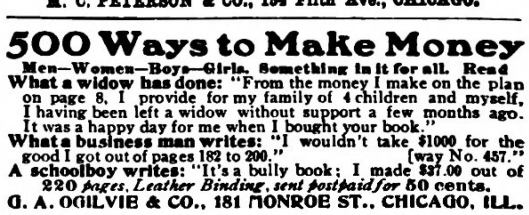
"'No man in the country can attract more hearers to a hall than I when I make a speech, and no man can attract less votes than I when I run for office.'"

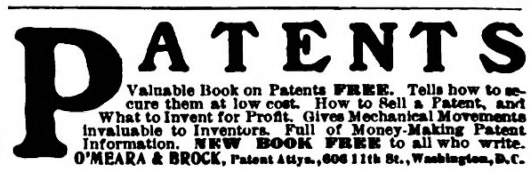
No two men take a thing just alike, and very few can sit down quietly when they have lost a fall in life's wrestle, and say: "Well, here I am, beaten, no doubt, this time; by my own fault, too. Now, take a good look at me, my good friends, as I know you all want to do, and say your say out, for I am getting up again directly, and having another turn at it."—THOMAS HUGHES.

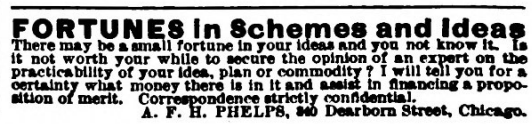












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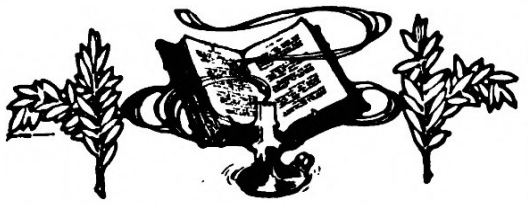
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A Pen Picture of Judge Alton B. Parker

How the Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court Appears to a Correspondent Who Visited Him at His Home

ROBERT ADAMSON

WITH all our restless curiosity about politics, especially about the chief actors therein, it is an anomaly that the man who has been for a full year the most conspicuous figure in the discussion of the Democratic nomination for the presidency is known to the country only by name.

Usually it is enough barely to mention a man for the nomination,—the papers, the next day, in the remotest corners of the country, present even the smallest commonplaces about him, and his peccadillos become known in the country crossroads and villages. How many cigars he smokes a day, what books he likes to read, his favorite "cuss words," what hour he gets up in the morning, and of what color are the neckties he wears,—all these and other details are made known so fully that, if the man should get off a train and walk up the main street in any wide-awake American village, the residents would know him at sight.

But there are twenty congressmen and twice as many senators whose personal side is better known to those who read the papers than the man who, three months hence, may be a rival competitor of Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency. He lives in New York State; but, if he should walk up Broadway, less than a dozen men would recognize him. He could walk about Chicago for a week and no one would know him. If he should go to Washington he would be as much a stranger, almost, as a newly-arrived ambassador, and, if he should walk into a meeting of the national Democratic committee, probably not over three members would know who he is.

He Is over Six Feet Tall, and Prefers a Country Life

Substantially, but two things are known about him: that he is the chief judge of the highest court in the state of New York, Alton Brooks Parker by name, and that he carried New York by a majority of sixty thousand on a Democratic ticket the year after Mr. Bryan lost it by two hundred and sixty-eight thousand. These two facts, and a venerable newspaper cut portraying a preternaturally solemn man with a mustache, and with a somber gown hanging from his shoulders, make up the sum of what the public has founded its picture of Judge Parker on. With the listless interest of Americans regarding a high judicial person, the average man has not troubled himself to find out any more.

If you should tell him that Judge Parker is a Fiji Islander, you would not surprise him more than if you should describe the man as he really is. The shock to his native notion of what a judge should be would be no less.

What would his amazement be, for instance, if you should tell him that, instead of the pale, cloistral, sunken-templed, dry-as-dust creature of his imagination, the chief judge of the court of appeals is a husky individual like this:—

He is big, strapping, red-haired, red-mustached, strenuous, and a six-footer! He has not lived in a city, and would rather take blue ribbons with his cattle at a county fair than be given dinners at Delmonico's; his favorite recreations, between his hours on the bench, are the occupations of his Hudson River farm,—yanking the scythe for an hour before breakfast, and generally joining with the farm hands in the work which he was trained to as a youth, and in the afternoons gossipping with his neighbors at the village, or galloping along the rough country roads on his favorite mount, a big black horse that he takes with him back and forth between Albany and the farm at Esopus.

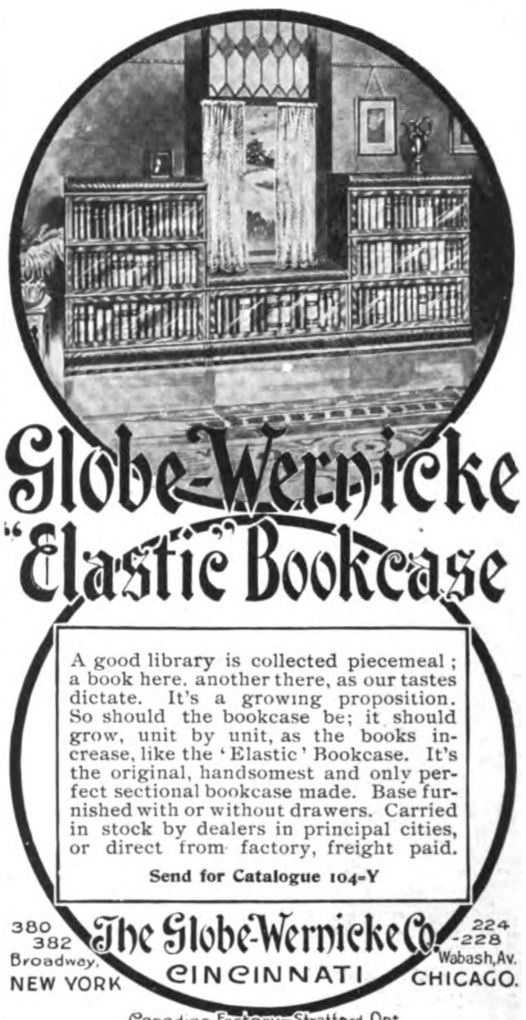
The first time I ever saw him I was looking for a conventional jurist,—a being grave, dignified, unearthly, the popular ideal,—when at a turn in the road, just where it came in sight of the Hudson, I came upon a big man in a farm suit standing at a gate, a dog at his heels. I had been sent to Esopus by my paper to find out whether or not he would take it if the convention in session that day at Saratoga should give him the nomination for governor.

When I got off the train I found myself in a country road, with a little red bandbox station and a sleepy-looking wayside hotel the only buildings in sight. A road crossing a rustic bridge was pointed out to me and I was told that, if I would follow it for a mile and a half, I would find Judge Parker's. It led past the sleepy village hidden among the trees a few hundred yards away,—a village consisting of two or three stores, a few cottages, and a great university of hens clucking peacefully in the road, undisturbed by travel.

At the very end of the road I found an old-fashioned white homestead, hidden among the trees on a steep knoll, and a big farmer in a slouch hat at the gate. With a city man's superficiality, I took the man to be the overseer of the farm, and asked him if he could tell me where I could find Judge Parker.

He Was Working in the Fields in a Rough, Plain Garb

The big fellow nodded. He made an admirable agricultural figure, suited for a painter,—wholesome, red, rugged, and burned and seasoned by exposure to the weather. His clothes were rumpled by the vigorous movements of a man who thought more about his task than the welfare of his apparel. The coat was a blue sack, in its third summer, his trousers were a gray pair that were eloquent of the farm, and he wore a flat turn-down collar, a striped, unstarched shirt, and had no waistcoat. A gray slouch hat, tan shoes, scratched and muddied by



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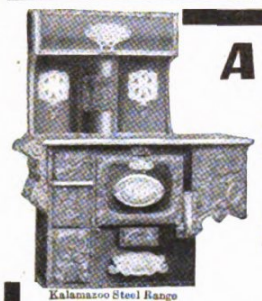
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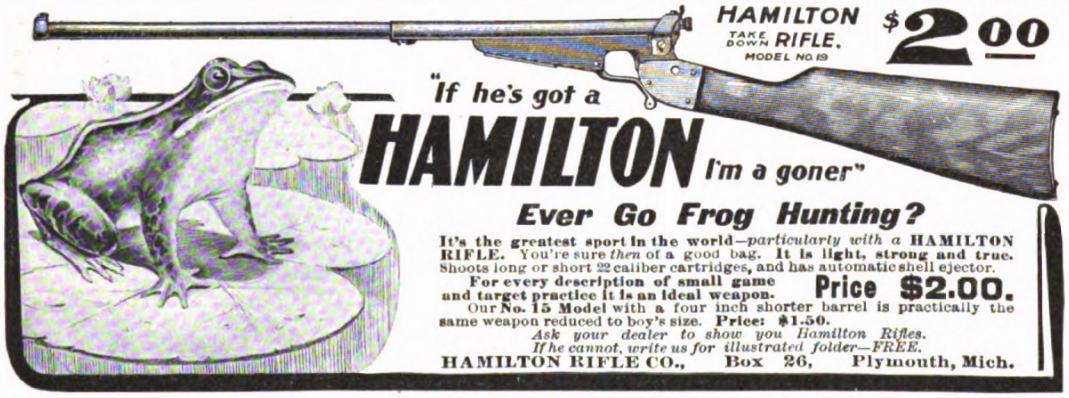
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LOUIS GUENTHER, Room D, Schiller Bldg., Chicago

the farm paths, and a tan belt about his waist completed his make-up.

His face was burned by the sun as red as a lobster, and the hair on his hands was burnished a bright gold. He was straight, square, and with big strong limbs that showed the development of outdoor life. His sparkling black eyes surveyed me with a glint of humor. For a moment I felt ridiculous and feared I had taken the wrong road.

"I mean Judge Parker of the court of appeals," I explained; "I was told he lived in the last house on the road."

"Yes, do you want to see him?" he said, gravely. Then something in the amused look of his eyes, and the broad, full features caused me, in spite of native prejudices about judges, in spite of the clothes, and in spite of the funny cuts I had seen in the papers, to take an inspirational leap at the truth. He smiled and said:—

"I'm Judge Parker. Won't you come up to the house?"

The house, a big, solid relic of the old Dutch days, built over a hundred years ago, faces the Hudson. In front, the knoll drops sheer down to the water's edge, a hundred feet below. The ground about is filled with apple trees and sown with barley. A happy family of sheep and chickens and farmyard animals was reveling in the barley. The ground under the trees was littered with apples.

It was a simple, dignified home, not the country mansion of a modern millionaire, but the quiet, old-fashioned home of a man of wholesome life and habit,—a gentleman and judge. Many homes like it are scattered along the Hudson Valley. Many others near it surpass it in luxury and pretension.

On the wide veranda commanding a view of the Hudson the big judge sat down and talked about the convention in session at Saratoga. A lusty young grandson had climbed upon his shoulders, the moment he had taken his seat, and he discussed the subject of the governorship under difficulties.

His Barn Is Decorated with Prizes His Cattle Have Won

While he talked, a heavy wagon drawn by a pair of oxen creaked down to the pier in front of the house with a load of wood. "Those are my oxen," said the judge; "isn't that a fine team? I didn't especially need them, I suppose, but I like them and so I bought that pair for the men here to use in their farm work."

The oxen set him to talking of his pet hobby, his imported cattle, and he forgot all about the Saratoga Convention. His barn is decorated with the blue ribbons he has won with these cattle. He took blue ribbons at the Buffalo Fair, and he has been taking them ever since at the county fairs roundabout.

I was shown about the house and the farm with the simply courtesy of a gentleman to his guest. It was in his workshop and library that he showed his greatest pride. His workshop is the big corner room on the lower floor of the house, commanding a fine view of the river. The walls are lined with law books,—he has the finest private law library in the state. On the walls, too, are pictures of the great judges of the past and of his present associates on the bench. At the end of the room by the window is his desk, and seated there, with his secretary, Arthur McCosley, at his side, he dictates and revises most of the legal opinions which go forth to the world under his name.

He sat down at his desk and fondly surveyed the room.

"This is my den," said he; "I spend most of my time in here and I must confess that I like this room the best of any in the house.

"I bought this place, you know, right after I was elected, in 1897, and I planned to spend the rest of my life here. It was my hope to devote the rest of my years to the bench, and I arranged everything with that view, setting up my library here and preparing the farm for my pet recreation. You see how conveniently it is situated to Albany. I can come here in little over an hour when court adjourns and do my work under much more congenial circumstances than I could there. This sort of work is tedious to most people, but I love it. It is life to me, and there is no other activity that I would enjoy half so much. I have adjusted myself and all my plans to it and to the idea of remaining on the bench until I retire to private life, and I feel that I could have no higher honor at the hands of the people, certainly none that I would personally enjoy more, than the office I now have."

No one could have heard the sincerity with which this was spoken, or seen the expression of devotion in his eyes, as they ran along the rows of law books piled against the walls, and doubted that he was in earnest.

A few hours before, two of the most powerful politicians in the state had left him, taking his word to the Saratoga Convention. At a word from him, he could have been nominated. The only cloud over him that day was his fear that, in spite of his most emphatic injunction, there might come some turn in the situation, and he would be nominated in spite of everything. Every word and tone and look showed that he would regard such a happening as nothing short of a calamity.

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Judge Parker's home life is of the simplest. His family consists only of himself and his wife. His only child, a daughter, who is married to the Episcopal minister at Kingston, spends most of her time with her two children at the judge's home. His most frequent visitors are his associates on the bench and Governor and Mrs. Odell.

On the farm is a big field of grapes. Judge Parker has solved the problem of how to get rid of them by sending them to his friends and neighbors at Kingston, Poughkeepsie, and the towns and villages around.

He is a great lover of horseback riding, and every afternoon he may be seen galloping along the country roads. He stops to speak, and oftentimes for an extended chat, with his friends and neighbors. He is a frequent visitor to the big store in the village, where he joins the group of farmers and discusses the crops and the political situation.

It is the life to which he has been bred. It is the life he enjoys most. He was born and reared on a Cortland County farm. He was a village schoolteacher as a young man. When a little older, he was a lawyer in the town of Kingston, and knew by name almost every farmer in Dutchess County.

If he had chosen, after his fame had been won, to move to New York City, he might have acquired a fortune and the first place at the bar. He chose rather the farm at Esopus,—and the high place of presiding judge of the court of appeals of the state of New York.

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How Old Is the World?

IT is as hard to ascertain the age of the earth as it is to find out the age of a woman. But in both cases wrinkles tell, and it is only the number of years that remains in question. Geologists assure us that the earth is very, very old, but when we ask them to set down its age in centuries, or millennia, or periods of millions of years, they shake their heads and simply reply: "Its age includes many ages, but we can not tell the length of any of them, not even of the latest and shortest, which is the Age of Man."

Still, some geologists are not averse to guessing on this subject, occasionally, and the latest of these guesses, by Professer Lawson, of the University of California, is a very interesting one. He does not attempt to fix the whole age of the earth, but only that of the wrinkle on its face known as the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Those mountains, he says, are about three million years old. He reaches this conclusion by a study of the changes that have taken place in the face of the earth in California since the Sierra Nevada Range began to assume its present form. From the observed rates of erosion and other natural processes affecting the rocks, he deduces the number of years that have elapsed since the commencement of the changes.

This recalls the method by which geologists have determined, though with no great accuracy, or agreement of estimates, the time required for Niagara Falls to carve out the gorge that stretches away from the foot of the great cataract. In truth, the *data* for such a calculation appear to be much more certain and definite in the case of Niagara than in that of the Sierra Nevadas, and yet for the work of the falls the estimates of time vary from twelve thousand to thirty-six thousand years, and some have even made it several hundred thousand years. At the most, however, it will be observed that Niagara is very youthful when compared with the great Californian mountain range, but even the latter appears a mere infant when its age is measured with that of the Laurentian Range, of Canada, which has been worn down in the course of ages almost to the root, like the last tooth of an old, old man.

But the Sierra Nevadas have had a double life. There was an older mountain range on their site which perished, after the manner of mountains, before the present range, with its serrated peaks and precipitous chasms, was thrust upward, like a young oak springing from the stump of its fallen ancestor.

There is something almost lifelike in the growth of mountains. They do not attain their maximum stature all at a leap. The first great uplift of the Sierras, Professor Lawson thinks, elevated the range about twenty-five hundred feet. Even that was not done at a bound. It took time while the gigantic pressures were at work. Vast periods also elapsed while the growing mountains swelled upward to their culmination of fourteen or fifteen thousand feet. Perhaps they are still growing.

Age has its common marks everywhere. An old man stoops, shrinks in stature, and becomes round-shouldered; an aged tree sheds its branches, breaks off at the top, and finally tumbles into ruin; a time-worn mountain loses its aspiring peaks, smooths down its jagged outlines, rounds off its steep slopes, sinking lower and lower under the constant wear of the elements, until only a line of green-carpeted hills remains to mark the place where tremendous summits rose into the region of perpetual snow and flashed back the sunshine from a crown of glaciers.

It is relatively an easy task to calculate the age of a mountain range which, like the Sierra Nevada Range, had a new birth at the beginning of quarternary time, the latest period in the geological history of our planet. It would be far more difficult to offer the measuring tape of the centuries to the great Appalachian Range, which lies just behind the Atlantic seaboard. The Appalachians date back to the remote carboniferous age, which ended so long ago that nobody, probably, would be willing to risk a guess at the number of millions of years which must since have elapsed. The Appalachians may have been magnificent giants, in their day, but time has conquered them, as it will also conquer the rugged Sierras, and now their verdured flanks and tops delight the unalarmed eyes of railway tourists, winding on swift trains of parlor cars through the rich valleys that have fattened on the substance of the disintegrated peaks.

The glory of a sun is gone when it passes from light to darkness, from solar incandescence to planetary opacity, and likewise the splendor of life for a mountain departs when it sinks from white to green, and from the abode of snow to the levels of grass.

▲ ▲

Rays from the Brain

THE belief, without scientific basis, that some strange force emanates from the human body, capable of producing physical effects upon other living beings, and even upon inanimate objects, is one of the oldest dreams of humanity. A form of this belief is found in the numerous anecdotes about the power of an orator's eye during flights of eloquence, and about the magnetic influence exercised by men of extraordinary genius over their followers, especially in moments of intense and passionate action. Wonderful powers of this kind have been attributed to famous men and women in all ages and in all countries. It suffices, for a particular instance, to recall the many stories of Napoleon's dominance over the minds and conduct of those who came under the spell of his presence. The attraction, as well as the repugnance, which we feel for certain personalities, may arise, it has been thought, from some quality akin to magnetism, or electricity, which they possess in an uncommon degree.

Belief in the existence of "human light," a phosphores-



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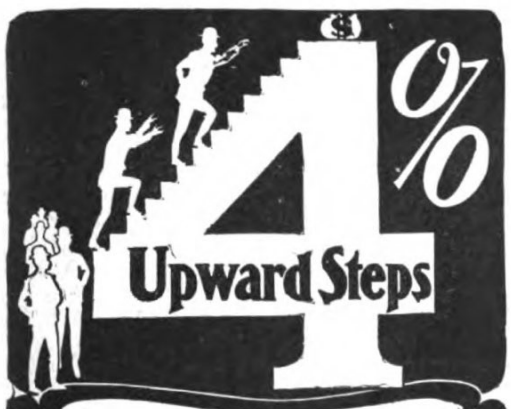
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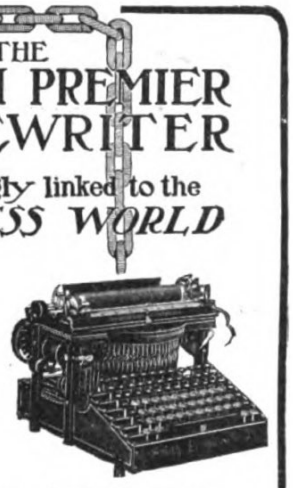
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cent glow surrounding the heads and bodies of certain persons, although essentially related to the alleged phenomena mentioned above, is not so widespread. But it, too, has existed in all times. Not only are there many stories of such appearances connected with the mediæval saints, but in modern times persons not destitute of scientific knowledge have asserted the existence of a light of that kind. A most notable case is that of Kerl von Reichenbach, a German chemist well known during the first half of the nineteenth century, who averred that he could see a luminous haze, or aureole, about persons standing in a dark room. He ascribed the appearance to "odic force," which was simply a name and not a definition, and his claims, though earnestly urged, and accepted by many, made no impression on the scientific world.

All these things are recalled by the recent experiments in France of Dr. Charpentier with the peculiar form of radation known as the N-rays, discovered not long ago by M. Blondlot. Before describing some of the results of these experiments, it should be said that their possible connection with "personal magnetism" and "human light" is a bare suggestion not yet demonstrated, and perhaps not demonstrable. Yet the suggestion, in itself, is intensely interesting.

Among other sources of the N-rays are the bodies of men and animals, and Charpentier thinks he has proved that the rays proceeding from a living body consist of two forms, one arising from the muscular action of the heart and other muscles, and the other originating in the activity of the brain and nerve centers. The brain rays have less penetrating power than the others but surprising things are told of them in Charpentier's recent reports to the French Academy of Sciences.

In order to understand how these curious radiations are studied, it is necessary first to explain that, while the N-rays and the other forms associated with them, are not themselves visible, they possess the property of increasing the brightness of a phosphorescent surface exposed to them. A small test-screen is coated with a phosphorescent chemical and brought close to the surface of the body whose radiation is to be examined, in a dark room. Living creatures that produce light, such as glowworms and phosphorescent bacteria, are affected just as the test-screen is by the N-rays; that is to say, if they are placed near the beating heart, or near the nerve centers, of a man or other animal, the brightness of their phosphorescence increases. Any of the objects mentioned, then, may serve as a detector of N-rays.

Now we come to what is, perhaps, the most interesting announcement yet made about these rays. Their intensity appears to be governed by the mental effort of the person who is the subject of the experiment! If, for instance, the test-screen is placed over that region of the skull where the center of articulate speech in the brain is located, its brightness increases when the subject begins to speak. Dr. Charpentier is disposed to think that the simple act of fixing the attention produces an increase of the radiation. Similar effects to those noticed when the proof-screen was held over the speech center have also been obtained by him in applying the same test to the brain centers that govern the act of writing, and other movements that are under the control of the will.

As remarked above, the radiations are not visible, but only produce visible effects by brightening a phosphorescent light existing in its normal state independently of them. Whether they might be directly visible in peculiar conditions of the observer's eyes is a question concerning which, at present, there is no information. Upon this question, of course, would depend the suggested possible connection between the N-rays and the alleged luminous phenomena described by Reichenbach.

It should be said that some doubt has been cast, not so much upon the accuracy of Blondlot's and Charpentier's observations, as upon the correctness of their conclusions about the nature of the eradiation. Experimenters in England and Germany have failed to observe the effects studied in France. But, on the other hand, the conclusions of both Blondlot and Charpentier have been supported by independent experiments made by a number of their fellow members of the Acadamy of Sciences, and Blondlot has even succeeded in measuring the wavelength of the N-rays proper, (not the special forms observed by Charpentier proceeding from the nerves and muscles,) and he finds it to be less than the wave length of light. Among the sources of N-rays not of animal origin are sunlight and the radiation of the Nernst lamp, and they are also produced by sonorous bodies, such as a bell or a tuning fork, in a state of vibration.

▲ ▲

Strange Things on Mars

THE latest studies of the so-called canals on Mars by Percival Lowell, at his laboratory in Arizona, bring into prominence again the question of the nature and meaning of those enigmatical markings. One is compelled once more to ask himself: "Is it possible that in these things we really do see the results of the labors of intelligent beings inhabiting our red brother planet, which bears the name of the god of war, and, when it is nearest us, startles every eye as if it were a fiery portent?"

In considering Mr. Lowell's recent observations, we must first remember that there is no warrant for thinking that the Martian canals are simple water courses. According to Mr. Lowell, who has given the most consistent interpretation of them that has yet been offered, (whatever we may think of the scientific probability of that interpretation,) the lines called canals, and the rounded spots frequently seen at points where several canals meet, are to be regarded as irrigated areas, and oases, in the midst of vast desert expanses.

There are many reasons for regarding Mars as a nearly dried-up planet, having no oceans, and very little water left. Its polar snows annually, in each hemisphere, lock up most of the water that remains on the planet, only releasing it with their alternate melting as summer shifts from north to south and back again from south to north. The periodic disappearance of the white polar caps, and particularly the southern one, which is best presented for our observations, is one of the most conspicuous features of the telescopic study of Mars.

Now, the theory is that life is only retained on Mars through the intelligence of its inhabitants, who, taking advantage of the temporary supply of water furnished by the melting of the polar snows, train it into vast systems of irrigating ditches, which, for convenience, and because



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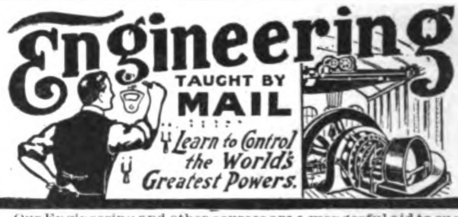


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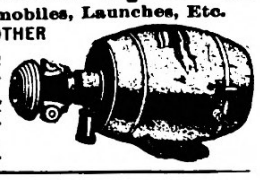
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the supply is too limited to aliment vegetation over the whole surface of the world, are grouped in long, narrow bands, which swell out into broader regions of irrigation where a number of such bands meet. From some of these centers, or oases, many canals radiate in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel. Each canal, so called, is, however, made up of a great number of separately invisible ditches, and the visibility of the canal, as a whole, according to Mr. Lowell's idea, is due, not to water, but to vegetation, which springs up on the arrival of the water in the ditches. The sequence of the phenomena observed with the telescope,—the canals making their appearance gradually, as the polar snows disappear,—may be said to bear out this idea.

Mr. Lowell's latest observations and conclusions are as fascinating as a tale of pure imagination. He has found that there are certain canals and spots on Mars which remain conspicuously visible for several successive years, and then disappear, and remain invisible for a number of years, only to reappear again later on. Not only this, but when one such canal—sometimes it is a system of connected canals,—disappears, another, not previously visible, comes into sight in the neighborhood, and remains until the reappearance of the first, when it, in turn, fades away. He has observed this phenomenon especially in the case of two canals called respectively the *Thoth* and the *Amenthes*. He expresses the opinion that the occasional discrepancies between the drawings by different observers, made at intervals of several years, arise from such interchanges of visibility as that just described.

But what is the meaning of these changes? Mr. Lowell's answer is one calculated to deepen our sympathy for the struggling inhabitants of that slowly perishing world, provided that we grant his original contention. It is not due to natural causes that one canal waxes while its neighbor wanes, he suggests, but "to explain this state of things the most probable supposition we can make is that they are so constructed that one lies fallow while the other is at work. It is easily conceivable that a limited water supply should involve a necessity of the sort. It may well be that after one district has enjoyed the water and its results for a certain period, the supply should then be turned for a time into a neighboring one."

It is most unfortunate that nearly all the canals of Mars are objects so difficult for the majority of observers to see that a question still exists in the minds of some astronomers as to their objective reality.

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SOUND vibrations may be translated into electric impulses by a so-called "vibrochord," recently devised. The electric charge from an induction coil is caused to pulsate in exact unison with the notes from a musical instrument, and the notes can thus be "felt" by a person through whose body the discharge is allowed to pass. The sensation is said to be agreeable, and the inventor also claims that it has therapeutic value.

▲ ▲

Illness Caused by the Use of Smokeless Powder

THAT smokeless powder has its dangers as well as its advantages is pointed out by a recent medical writer. The gases from it produce very disagreeable symptoms, among which are convulsions, difficulty of breathing, feeble pulse and heart-action, headache, or even loss of consciousness. These are due chiefly to the nitrous products of combustion, which, while they are not so objectionable in the open air, may become dangerous in a confined space, such as the turret of a battleship.

▲ ▲

A Photograph Forty Feet Long

WHAT is said to be the largest photographic print ever made is to be exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition, and another copy has also been shown at a fair in Dresden, Germany. The print, which measures about forty by five feet, represents the Bay of Naples, and is a panoramic enlargement of six separate negatives, each about eight by eleven inches. The huge print was handled during the development and fixing processes by the aid of a great wheel thirteen feet in diameter, and three tanks, one of which was fifty feet long. The total amount of water used in all these processes was nearly eleven thousand cubic feet.

▲ ▲

A Scientific Alphabet

OUR advocates of spelling reform have spent much time in the advocacy of simplified spelling. We may have, in the future, an alphabet-reform society which will similarly labor for alteration in the forms of our letters. Messrs. Broca and Sulzer, who have been investigating the question, find that we are wasting time and energy in reading because the shape of our letters and the manner in which they are printed do not lend themselves to easy and quick recognition by eye and brain. Our printing, they say, should be in white on black, instead of *vice versâ*. As to the forms of our letters, they have undergone elaboration, rather than simplification, since the days of their invention by the Phœnicians. Broca and Sulzer give specimens of easily-read forms, which are simple geometric combinations of circles and straight lines, but these differ so greatly from our ordinary letters that they are hardly likely to be advocated seriously by any reformer.

▲ ▲

Do Those Who Inherit Qualities merely Remember Them?

A GERMAN writer maintains that memory is a universal function of organic matter and that heredity is merely one phase of it. Memory is often conscious, but not always so. When unconscious, it results in automatic or reflex acts. When the eyelid closes before a threatened blow, the action may be regarded as the result of unconscious memory. Such instinctive action occurs even where there is no real nervous tissue, as in the lower organisms, and in plants. The turning of a sunflower toward the

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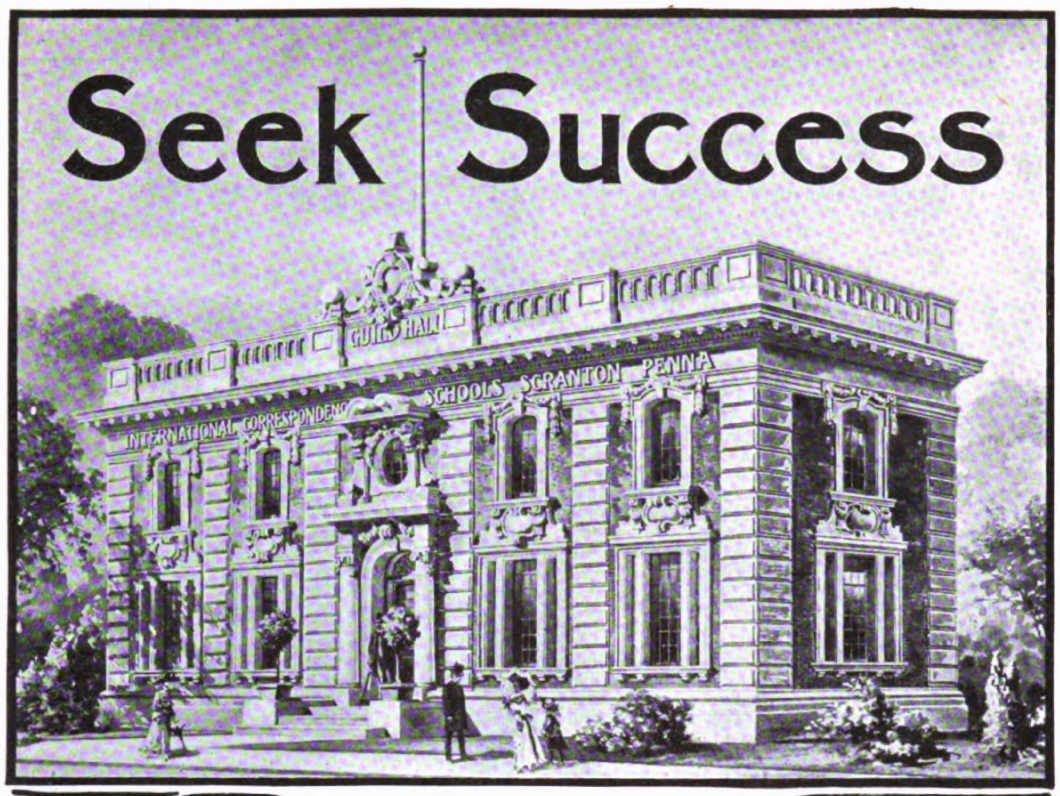
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light may be looked upon as an act of unconscious memory. Between this kind of memory and heredity we can not draw the line. According to the new theory the reappearance of a parent's qualities in the offspring is due to the reproduction of experiences undergone by the germ while still an organic part of the parent's body,—in other words, to the "remembrance" of these experiences. "Every living being of to-day," in the words of an exponent of this theory, "is the product of the unconscious memory of organized matter."

▲ ▲

A Rifle May Be Used without Ammunition

A RIFLE requires ammunition to do execution, but it may now be used satisfactorily for target practice with neither bullet nor powder, owing to a recent skillful invention named the "sub-target gun machine." In using this device the rifleman holds his weapon and aims it at a distant target as usual, but when he pulls the trigger a miniature target beneath the rifle is thrust against a scoring-needle, making precisely the same record that would have been made by the bullet on the real target had the gun been actually discharged. The machine, which was used at the recent Fort Riley maneuvers, is said to be satisfactory and valuable.

▲ ▲

Do Married Couples Die Together?

THAT husband and wife tend to be equally long-lived or short-lived is the curious conclusion reached by Professor Karl Pearson from a study of dates on tombstones. It is, he says, as if long-lived men generally chose long-lived wives, and short-lived men married short-lived wives. This he attributes to a kind of unconscious selection, persons being naturally attracted to those of the opposite sex that have about the same degree of general vitality. That one factor in the result may be a certain amount of influence exerted upon one partner by the death of the other does not seem to have been considered. The fact is sufficiently curious, however, in whatever way it is to be explained.

▲ ▲

The Imitation of Other Diseases by Hysterical Persons

PATIENTS suffering from hysteria often present very accurately the symptoms of diseases that they are very far from having. This may occasionally lead to serious trouble, as in a case reported by a Paris physician where a hysterical person who presented the appearance of one suffering from *peritonitis* was operated on for this disease, on three separate occasions, between 1896 and 1901, by surgeons who thought that the symptoms admitted of no doubt. Of course, the victim was found to be perfectly healthy, and there was nothing to do but to sew him up again. A surgeon, says this physician, must always be on the lookout, in cases of persons suffering from hysteria, for with them, decidedly, "things are not what they seem."

▲ ▲

This Motor Car Is Propelled by Its Own Wheels

A NEW type of moter car has a motor in each wheel, or, rather, on each hub, close to the wheel. The shaft of the motor is within the wheel, at right angles to the axle, and it has at each end a pinion that engages with a rack on the edge of the wheel. Each wheel is driven, therefore, at opposite points of its circumference, which relieves all strains and reduces friction, the advantages of the arrangement being similar to those of winding a watch by using the thumb and finger on opposite sides of the stem. An extra wheel, with its motor, is carried on the car, and the connections are so made that, in case of accident, it can be adjusted even by an inexperienced person.

▲ ▲

A World of Remnants

THE world we live in is but a mass of *débris*,—a pile of the remnants left after century upon century of atomic decay, if we are to credit the latest theory of the radium investigators. Close study of this remarkable substance reveals the fact that the process of atomic breaking-up by which it and its related substances are affected does not go on steadily, but by fits and starts, leaving, in the meantime, temporary substances that are stable for the time being. These last, some for seconds, others for hours, and others still for years. For each of these substances its life, or period of existence before it in turn begins to disintegrate, is always the same. It may be, therefore, that our chemical "elements" are merely the final permanent residue of similar disintegration, or it may be that they themselves are temporary substances, with a life measured by centuries instead of hours or days, and destined ultimately to disintegrate in their turn. This is, of course, mere speculation, but it has a basis of fact and is certainly suggestive.

▲ ▲

Has Man Learned to Fly at Last?

IT would seem to be the irony of fate that the long-attempted solution of the problem of mechanical flight, after being worked at in vain by some of the masters in physical and engineering science, should be solved at last by comparatively unknown men using a device constructed by their own hands. Yet we are assured, by experts in aërial navigation, that the flying machine built and tested in December last by two brothers, Messrs. Orville and Wilbur Wright, is positively the first that has really been able to fly with a passenger. This it did for a distance of eight hundred and fifty-two feet, at about the rate of ten miles an hour, against a breeze blowing twenty-five miles an hour. This feat is the outcome of gliding experiments carried on by the Wrights for the last three years. They learned thoroughly how to manage an aëroplane before daring to attach a motor to it, and from this, probably, has resulted their success. They have not yet made known the construction of their machine, nor its mode of operation, yet the fact that it has really flown seems undoubted.

▲ ▲

Every difficult lesson mastered in school, every finished task, or anything else done as well as it can be done gives so much added power for the next lesson or task; likewise every slighted lesson, every half-finished task, or every slipshod piece of work weakens the power for the next undertaking.

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Edward Entwistle, Oldest Living Engine Driver

CLIFFORD A. HOLT



EDWARD ENTWISTLE

EDWARD ENTWISTLE, who was the engine driver on the first passenger train in England, is a resident of Des Moines, Iowa. The old mechanic, hale and hearty, is just entering his ninetieth year, and he looks back over a long vista of progress and invention and tells with wonderful enthusiasm how George Stephenson, whom he knew, established his great invention as a practical possibility.

"I was born at Tillsley Banks, near Manchester, England, March 24, 1815," said Mr. Entwistle, during a recent conversation. "At fourteen years of age, I was apprenticed to the Duke of Bridgewater, in his machine shops at Manchester, and was immediately set to work on a locomotive.

"Locomotives had been in use for about four years, hauling coal from the Duke of Newcastle's collieries in the north of England to the seaboard. They had not yet been employed in passenger traffic, however, although such use was in contemplation.

"George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, had no early education. At the age of twenty he did not even know the alphabet, but was an apprentice in the machine shops of the Duke of Newcastle. At that time, he attracted his employer's attention by his remarkable inventive genius, and the duke obliged him to limit his working hours to eight, so that he might put four or five hours each day into study.

"Some time afterwards, the duke built a railroad from one of his collieries to the sea for the better transportation of coal. It was his intention to use horses as motive power, but Stephenson conceived the idea of making a steam engine to draw the coal cars. He spent a long time secretly perfecting his invention, until he finally brought out an engine that was propelled by means of a cog wheel over a cog rail. Afterwards, Stephenson declared that he could make an engine draw on a friction rail. People laughed at him, but he made one. Then, for a prize of five hundred pounds, he perfected the best locomotive of the day.

"The Duke of Newcastle was largely interested in the construction of a road between Manchester and Liverpool, and Stephenson, then about forty-five years of age, built for its service the famous 'Rocket.' It stood on two large, seven-foot drive wheels, propelled by piston rods beneath the boiler and attached to cranks on the axle, and weighed about eleven tons. This engine was used in constructing the new road, but just before it was completed, the engine was sent to the Manchester machine shops for repairs, and it was there that I was apprenticed.

"Stephenson was construction boss on the new railroad. It was a stupendous undertaking, and the stockholders were annoyed because of the delay in finishing it. For fifteen miles it crossed a bog called Chatmoss, where the turf had to be removed sometimes to a depth of twenty feet and its place filled with clay and gravel. Then in Liverpool itself the road ran through a tunnel under the city, which had to be blasted out of the rock, three quarters of a mile to Waterloo Dock. It was double-tracked all the way.

"When the day approached for the completion of the road, George Stephenson asked James Ashcraft, foreman of the Duke of Bridgewater's shops, for a man to run the 'Rocket.' Ashcraft replied that he had no man that he could recommend. 'But,' he said, as he pointed to me, 'if you can get leave to take that lad, I'll warrant him.' He saw the duke, and brought from him a written permit for me to run the engine, which he read to me in the shop.

"It was on a Saturday, about the middle of September, 1831, when these arrangements were completed, and the time for the formal opening of the road was set for the following Monday.

"Sunday morning Stephenson called me to the shop, and we took out the engine for a trial run. Hitched to a car of gravel we ran down the track about fifteen miles in fifteen minutes, and then back to Manchester.

"When Monday morning came, George Stephenson and I ran the 'Rocket' down to Liverpool to bring back the first passenger train on its trial trip. Great expectation and interest prevailed among the people. Crowds stood

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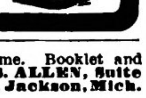
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at the dock to watch the train depart, and lined the track along the entire route of thirty-one miles. Two flat cars, upon which had been mounted four ordinary stagecoaches, constituted the train, and they were crowded with people. Stockholders of the road and men of note among the nobility of England were the principal passengers.

"It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we started, amid the shouts and cheers of the spectators. The run was made in about forty-five minutes with only one stop. It was during this stop, at a place called Grand Junction, that the only sad incident of the trip occurred. The Duke of Huskinson, one of the principal stockholders of the road, saw the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, in another coach, and the two alighted to shake hands. They stood on the tracks and did not notice a gravel train approaching until the crowd shouted to them. I turned in time to see the two men jump. The Duke of Wellington escaped, but Huskinson fell under the wheels, and both his legs were severed. He was taken back to Liverpool by the gravel train crew, but died in ten hours.

"I continued as engineer on that train for twenty-three months, until I became so nervous that I asked George Stephenson to be relieved. The road was so solid, and the vibration of the engine so great that it overtaxed my nerves. It was not difficult to make fast time, for I often made the thirty-one miles in thirty minutes.

"The work of extending the railroad systems progressed very rapidly. I left England for America in 1837, but before that time there were many railroads. The Liverpool and Manchester road was extended to London,—two hundred miles away.

"One day, after I had left my work as regular engineer, Farquis O'Connor, editor of the 'Northern Star,' wanted me to take him from Liverpool to London and back by special train. We had an engine and one car. It was after five o'clock at night before we decided to go, and we were back again before half-past five the next morning. It was four hundred miles, and Mr. O'Connor gave me four sovereigns."

Mr. Entwistle has lived for forty-eight years in a simple cottage in Des Moines. For sixty years he was engaged as an engineer on locomotives, steamboats, and stationary engines. He also says that his mother's brother, Edward Thompson, was the first engineer on the "Great Western," the first transatlantic liner.

At the age of seventy-six Mr. Entwistle retired. He is still in good health, and usually takes a daily walk. In 1876, he attended the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, and saw his old engine on exhibition there.

The Boyishness of Beecher

JOE HOWARD

NOTWITHSTANDING the earnestness and determination of his character, Henry Ward Beecher had the spirit of a boy. He lived at my father's house for some time after he first came to Brooklyn in answer to the call to Plymouth Church, and though I was a small boy, he and I became boon companions, at least, that was the feeling I had about my association with this lively man who was always joking me. He was fond of swimming and so was I, and one of our favorite diversons was to go down to a certain bathing place and spend an hour or so in the water. I remember very well the first time he asked me to go bathing with him.

"Joe," he said, "it's a pretty hot afternoon, how would you like to go down to the baths?"

"I would like it very much," I answered, "but there's an obstacle in the way. I have no money."

"Joseph," exclaimed Mr. Beecher, severely, "when you invite your girl to go for an outing with you do you expect her to pay her own expenses?"

The Voice of Washington

THERE are still living links that connect the present with the personality of George Washington. Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, tells of a very old German whom he knew when he lived near Germantown, Pennsylvania, some forty years ago, and who, in turn, had once seen Washington.

"Well, Michael," said his friend Collyer, one day, "General Washington was in these parts when you were a boy. You didn't happen ever to see him, did you?"

"That I did," answered the old man. "General Washington was riding along a road, now a street, not a mile from here, and all we boys went out to see him pass. We ran along beside his horse, and I was one of the closest to him. For some reason the party stopped, and General Washington dismounted for a minute. I stood looking up at him. He saw me, and put his hand on my head, saying:—

"'You're a fine lump of a Dutch boy.'"

"This was not, of course, a weighty remark," said Dr. Collyer, in telling the story, "but it seemed to me, at the time, that the words had leapt across the interval of sixty years and had come direct from the lips of Washington himself. For the moment I saw his personality more vividly than I ever had from reading books."

How A. B. Frost Cut Coupons

A CERTAIN Philadelphia art club has a custom of creating a great deal of fun at the expense of new members, to test their mettle and good fellowship. This, as may be imagined, is excellent fun for the assemblage at large, but is often very trying to the lone target of it all. Shortly before the election of A. B. Frost, the illustrator of farm scenes, it was reported that he possessed considerable wealth. At the first club dinner after Mr. Frost's name had been added to the roll, the members were primed to derive amusement from his *début*.

"Hello, Frost," called one when the new member appeared in the dining room, "I hear you are doing nothing but cutting coupons now."

"Yes," answered the artist, quickly, "and I'm using the same scissors I used to trim my cuffs with."

"Too often he who is impatient to become his own master, when the outward checks are removed, merely becomes his own slave."



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Our Free Book "MOORE'S MODERN METHODS," contains nearly 100 pages of valuable information on the subject of Bookkeeping and Loose Leaf Accounting; it illustrates and describes the various ruled and printed record forms which can be furnished with this outfit. A POSTAL BRINGS IT.

Established 1839—Look up our rating, and send your order to

JOHN C. MOORE CORPORATION
190 Stone Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Maker of everything in the line of Blank Books, Loose Leaf Binders, and Office Stationery

Moore's Modern Methods Don't Cost Money—They Save It

THE LOCKE ADDER Aluminum Model $5.00

CAPACITY 999,999,999

The $5 calculating machine which does more work than the most expensive. Adds 9 columns at once; Subtracts—Multiplies—Divides. Simple, rapid, handy.



Cannot make mistakes—lasts a lifetime.

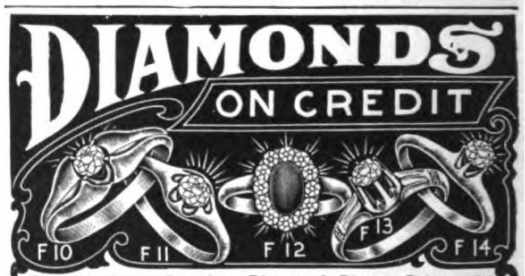
It is all you claim for it.—*A. R. Harper, Danville, Ill.* We highly recommend it.—*Jas. Wallace & Son, Parnassus, Pa.*

Size 4 x 10¾ inches. Price $5.00 prepaid in the United States. Write for FREE booklet. Agents wanted.

Buy a Locke Adder to save your brain

C. E. LOCKE MFG. CO., 67 Walnut St., Kensett, Iowa

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



One of these Genuine Diamond Rings, Price, $30

Delivered on receipt of $6 (or C. O. D. $6.) Wear it and send $3 monthly for eight months. Quality of stone and mounting guaranteed—money refunded if not satisfactory. Don't buy a Diamond or Watch until you see our Catalogue, which shows thousands of beautiful pieces at all prices. Easy terms on everything. Your credit is good with us—Our Diamond Blue Book explains our Confidential Account Plan. Write for a copy today. Established 1858. Reference; Commercial National Bank. Capital $2,000,000.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. DEPT. E 64, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.



DOUBLE YOUR SALARY

Know what you are best fitted for.

GET ON THE RIGHT ROAD

Don't follow one course when your efforts should be directed in another. I can tell you what vocation you are best fitted for.

My free book, "Character in Handwriting," is the result of thirty years practical experience and hard and careful study. It tells what you should know. Send 4 cents to help pay postage.

LOUIS HENRIQUES, 204 Queen Bldg., Toledo, O.

$200 A MONTH



Active Man or Woman in each county to exhibit, take orders and appoint agents for Eureka Oil Gas Stoves for cooking. New and wonderful inventions. Customers more than delighted with our improved burner. Agents coming our way. Enormous demand. Rapidly replacing gasoline stoves. Absolutely safe. Makes its own gas from kerosene oil. Cheapest, cleanest fuel. Sells at sight. Catalogue FREE. Write to-day.

STANDARD GAS LAMP CO., 141-143 Ontario St., Chicago



You Can Make $3 to $10

a day fitting glasses. Our 24-p. FREE EYE BOOK tells how. We give complete instructions for testing eyes, fitting glasses, and furnish all goods. Write for our book and letters from some of our successful representatives.

JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, (Chartered)
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SONG-WRITERS AND POETS A SUCCESSFUL SONG will MAKE YOU RICH. We write music to your words, complete and arrange compositions. GROOM MUSIC CO., Steinway Hall, CHICAGO

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00

Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and POSTPAID. Send for catalog Q.

FENTON LABEL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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CASH FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE

No matter what your property is worth, or in what Town, City, State or Territory it is located

To the Man Who Wants to Buy

The magnitude of my business enables me to offer you various advantages which few other real estate brokers can possibly offer.

Some one or more of these several advantages will surely enable me to save you some money.

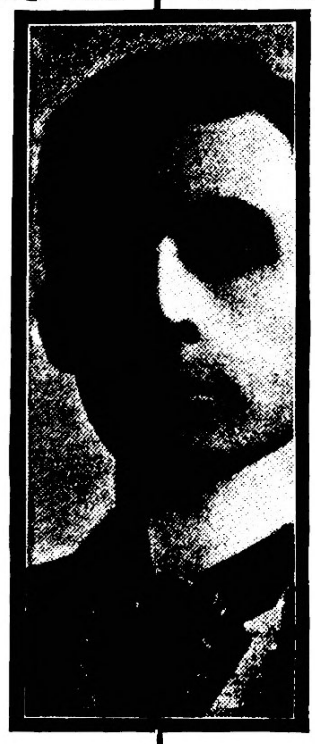
No matter where you are, or in what part of the country you want a property, I can serve you.

It makes no difference whether you want a $100 building lot, or a $10,000 farm, or $500,000 tract of coal land, or any other kind of real estate, I want to hear from you.

You will get the best possible service regardless of the size of the transaction. Just the property you want may be on my list. It may be on the list of some one of the hundreds of real estate brokers in all parts of the country, with whom I keep in touch. In any event, I may find it and save money for you.

I am not only in a position to most advantageously serve the man who wants to buy a home or a farm, but I am in the best possible position to serve the man who wants to make a profitable investment. Fill out and mail to me the left hand coupon.

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



To the Man Who Wants to Sell

Now, while you have the matter in mind, write and let me know what you have to sell and how much money you want for it.

If your property (no matter in what city or state or territory it is located, or whether it is worth $500 or $500,000) is desirable, and the price fair, I would like to submit a plan (free) for selling it.

The plan will interest you even if you have no idea of ever placing the property in my hands.

If I can sell your real estate for a better price, and as quickly, as any other broker, you certainly want to know how and why.

Years of the most active kind of experience, offices in fourteen cities, hundreds of representatives throughout the country, and an annual expenditure of more than $100,000 in advertising, enble me to handle real estate transactions very expeditiously.

If you will fill out and mail to me the right-hand coupon, I will write you a letter of advice **free of charge**, telling you the best method for quickly finding a cash buyer. Do it now.

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



IN MASSILLON, OHIO.

An attractive home on S. Erie Ave., Massillon, Ohio, 8 rooms, 2 porches, hot water heater, gas, all modern conveniences, large lot, fine shade and fruit trees. Location excellent—$4,000.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

Fine residence property in Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., 11 rooms, bath, hot water heater, electric lights, all modern conveniences, 7 minutes walk from R. R. Sta. Write for price and full particulars.





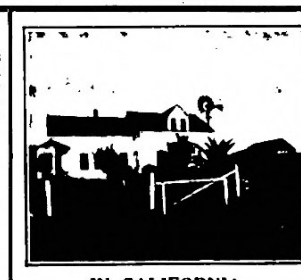
A FLORIDA RESIDENCE.

Attractive residence and lot Palatka, Fla., 10 rooms, bath and pantry; 6 open fire places, lighted by gas, city water, fine oak shade trees, all modern conveniences, would make excellent winter home or permanent residence. Price $3,000.

A CONNECTICUT BARGAIN.

Good substantial house and grounds Leete Island, Conn., 6 large rooms; in good repair throughout; healthful location, 75 feet above sea. Near good bathing, boating, etc. An exceptional bargain. Write for full particulars.





IN CALIFORNIA.

Fine ranch property 82 A. Sonoma Co., Cal. Excellent orchard and grain land; 17 A. various fruits, good chicken ranch; all necessary buildings in good repair; large 10 room house, 2 baths. Beautiful mountain location, 1 mile from R.R. Sta. A rare bargain at $6,000.

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.....

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.....

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Three Offers to Business Men

The offers below are in connection with SYSTEM, the 200-page monthly magazine of business. You can read SYSTEM in an hour—and be interested. You can study SYSTEM a full month—and be helped. You cannot keep in touch with the improvements in business methods without SYSTEM. But SYSTEM is more than a record of development—it is a practical guide—it teaches you to adapt all the new wrinkles—the little short cuts that save time and trouble and money—the new systems which large enterprises use to avoid waste and error—to YOUR business.

A large manufacturer, F. E. Blond, says: SYSTEM has afforded us so much invaluable business information that we have been able sojely through its aid to establish several greatly needed improvements in our office.

A business promoter, F. A. Philbrick, Baraboo, Wis., says: I have learned more from SYSTEM in five months than in ten years of hard study and knocks in business. It is worth ten times the charges for it.

The United States Fidelity and Guarantee Co. say: Since the first of the year, when we subscribed to SYSTEM, we have completely changed our office methods and have been guided solely by the suggestions contained in your magazine. We now find that our work has not only been made more simple but better still; there is less chance of error.

An expert timekeeper, I. J. Morgan, St. Paul, Minn., says: By reading SYSTEM pages closely, particularly regarding cost systems, I finally became so interested and so well versed on this subject that I succeeded in securing my present position as timekeeper in order to carry out SYSTEM'S plans.

A general manager, C. Edward Born, of Born & Co., Columbus, O., says: Every business man should see that he conducts his business in a systematic way, and with system dealt out to him in monthly doses in the way that SYSTEM deals it out, I can't see how he could miss the right road to success.

An advertising manager, L. B. Kuhn, of Deere & Co., says: Your contributers are eminently practical business men and every copy of SYSTEM contains matter of real practical value.

An accountant of the Brier Hill Iron & Coal Co., Youngstown, Ohio, says: So highly do I regard SYSTEM that I heartily say that I believe every accountant should be provided with it.

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW

not only tells WHY, but HOW. From cover to cover it is bursting with bright ideas—ideas that have made other men successful—ideas that have promoted bookkeepers and clerks to general managers—ideas that have raised ten dollar salaries into the hundreds—ideas that have developed small dealers into merchant princes—ideas that have transformed garret factories into big mills—ideas that have WON. And SYSTEM boils them down, digests them, and makes them PRACTICAL IDEAS for YOU.

Recent Articles in SYSTEM

System in Manufacturing, by Alexander H. Revell, Pres't the Alexander H. Revell Co.; System in Selling, by J. Harry Selz, of Selz, Schwab & Co., the largest manufacturers of shoes in the world; System in Shipping, by R. W. Grant; Organizing an Advertising Department, by Helen Mar Shaw; Business Correspondence, by Chas. R. Wiers; Mail Order Methods, by P. C. Dolard; The Science of Salesmanship, by A. F. Sheldon, of the School of Scientific Salesmanship; What System Will Do, by H. H. Vreeland, Pres't Metropolitan Street Ry. Co., New York City; Publicity for the Retailer, by Tom Murray, the famous retail advertiser; System in Purchasing, by W. L. Dench, of the Elliott-Fisher Co.; Analyzing a Business Proposition, by W. T. Fenton, Pres't Chicago Clearing Association.



Regular Departments of SYSTEM

System in Selling. ¶ Factory Organization. ¶ Short Cuts. ¶ System in Correspondence. ¶ Answered by Experts ¶System in Exporting. ¶ Business Statistics. ¶ System in Advertising. ¶ The Laws of Business. ¶ System in Retailing. ¶ Real Estate and Insurance. ¶ Schemes That Save. ¶ System in the Professions. ¶ System in Shipping. ¶ Successful Through System (biographical). ¶ Published About System (a review).

Each of these departments—edited by an expert—appears monthly, in addition to the general contents of the magazine.

The Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., says: We consider SYSTEM a very valuable adjunct to any office, as there are always beneficial pointers to be gained from it which can be applied to almost any line.

W. E. Johnson, of Armour & Co., Chicago, says: Every day I find more and more that I cannot get along without SYSTEM. It is the best and most comprehensive magazine of its class. Full to overflowing with "new blood" ideas—nothing antiquated.

A big bank, The Peoples Savings Co., Letonia, O., says: A single article in one issue is frequently worth much more than the year's subscription price.

An advertising authority, Chas. E. Brown, Chicago, says: I honestly don't believe that any business man could invest $2 in any better way than in a subscription to SYSTEM.

William Shakespere, Jr., Kalamazoo, Mich., says: I never read more genuine, thorough, practical and interesting instruction than I receive from each number of SYSTEM.

McJimsey Buggy Co., Vincennes, Ind., says: SYSTEM is full of time-savers. Time is money.

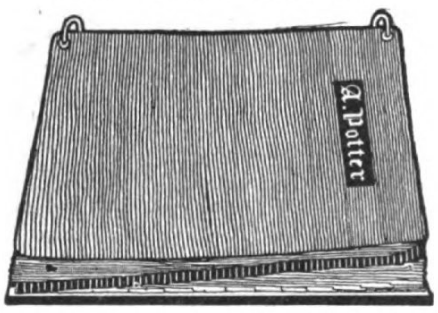
The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland, O., says: We find every issue not only interesting but of practical value as well.

H. J. Heinz Co., Cincinnati, O.: We have been greatly benefitted by reading the articles which have appeared in SYSTEM during the past year. Any one of these articles is well worth the subscription price.

The Brunswick Co., Milwaukee, Wis., says: We cannot get along without SYSTEM—it is indispensible.

W. Chase, president W. P. Chase & Co., says: We would not have SYSTEM discontinued even though you raised the price to $10 per year.

Free Offer No. 1:



No possible illustration or description can tell the usefulness of the Hold-Over Desk File to any business man who owns or uses a desk. First of all, it automatically keeps your minor affairs straight—appointments, promises and obligations. It will keep any user from unconsciously breaking his word. Greater than this, though, it cares for the immediate matters on which you are working—matters which you are not ready to file away—keeps them together and in order—keeps them all in one place where you can put your finger on them instantly. The regular file is for completed matters—this desk file is for hold-overs—business still in hand. It fits itself to any business or profession and keeps the most active desk clean, orderly. You can make valuable use of it in collecting data for future action. If you cannot answer Smith's letter until you have heard from Brown, Jones and Stuart, put it in the hold-over, and file the others with it as they come in. No lost data—no lost time. A special, always adaptable, individual system. A complete desk system made durably enough to last two years.

Free Offer No. 2:



We cannot adequately describe the value of this cabinet to the man with a desk. It forms a complete, durable, ever-ready receptacle for all the clippings, manuscripts, illustrations you wish to preserve—the cleverest classifier of miscellaneous papers ever invented. It is a veritable savings bank of information—worth 47 scap books.

All complete, it consists of a substantial air-tight, dust-proof box fitted with a full supply of specially made holders, each of which not only shows the contents in it, but by the ingenious indexing system, shows just where everything else referring to its contents may be found. It sits conveniently on your desk and takes care absolutely of all the papers and data that you might otherwise lose or forget—perhaps throw in the waste basket for want of a better place to put it. The cabinet is a genuine Library Filing Cabinet never before made in desk size, and has sold for $15.00 to $500.00 in large sizes. The Desk Cabinet we offer you free is equal in every respect to the expensive kind except the size.

Free Offer No. 3:



This little box of cards is called the Perpetual Reminder, "Worth forty-seven pigeonholes," as one user says, and any number of note books. Placed on your desk it is a receptacle for all the miscellaneous matters—all the memoranda—now scattered about the office. It is a complete desk and pocket card system. It has guide cards by months and days and a quantity of fine heavy linen two by five inch record cards. The cards are in an ingenious silk cloth covered box—ingenious because of a peculiar arrangement which keeps the TODAY cards always to the front and the guide cards always in sight. On the front of the handsome box is your name embossed 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.

We Will Send Any One of the Articles Described Above

With Your Name in Gold

With a Single Subscription to SYSTEM—Two Dollars.

The Perpetual Reminder, the Hold-over Desk File, or the Library Desk Cabinet—whichever you choose—will be expressed to you, every cost prepaid. You incur no obligation in accepting this offer. We have on hand a limited number of these articles and we are willing to give them away to new subscribers to SYSTEM. SYSTEM will make itself so needful that next year you will renew and we shall be even on our investment. While these articles last one goes with each new subscription. Or, if you want ALL THREE, send a three-years' subscription—$5—and we will send them all—securely packed, prepaid—your name on each. But don't delay. There are plenty of bright business men who will be alert enough to snap up this offer. Send today two dollars for SYSTEM a year and your choice of the premiums, or five dollars for SYSTEM three years and all three. Write plainly so that we may make no mistake in lettering your name in gold.

Send this to SYSTEM FOR THREE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION.

Enclosed find $5 for which please send me SYSTEM 3 years and all three premiums with my name in gold on them.

Name .....

Address .....

Send to SYSTEM, 959 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago

Send this to SYSTEM FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

Send me SYSTEM for one year and ..... mentioned above. Enclosed find two dollars.

Name .....

Address .....

Send to SYSTEM, 959 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



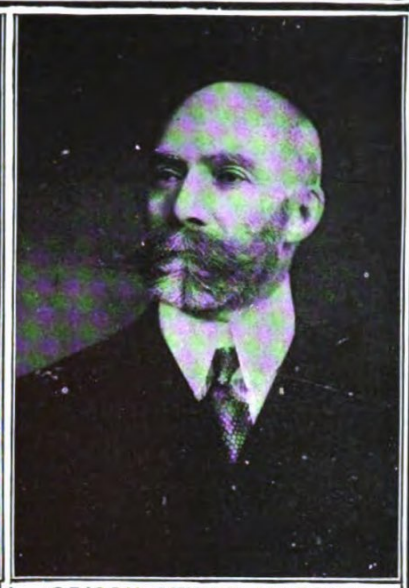
ISRAEL ZANGWILL
The Great English Author.



DANIEL M. LORD
Advertising Expert



EDWARD T. CUSHING
Well Known Financier



ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Editor of "Success"



M. LEE STARKE
Widely Known Newspaper Representative.

"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 of the instruction received. (*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.*)

Early in the Year 1904 Men of world renown and noted for their conservative expression of opinion, tell in forcible language of the value of a thorough course in advertisement writing and managing.

Each of these five incidents in the life ot this great institution mark a mighty step forward in its wonderful progress.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, *the Great English author*, says: "The Page-Davis School grew because it was founded upon the best principles."

DANIEL M. LORD, *advertising expert of wide reputation*, says: "No profession in the world to-day offers the man of ambition such an opportunity to achieve results as advertising."

EDWARD T. CUSHING, *a business man of national reputation*, says: "The work of advertisement-writing as taught by Page-Davis Co. is not only a business in itself, but it is a great education."

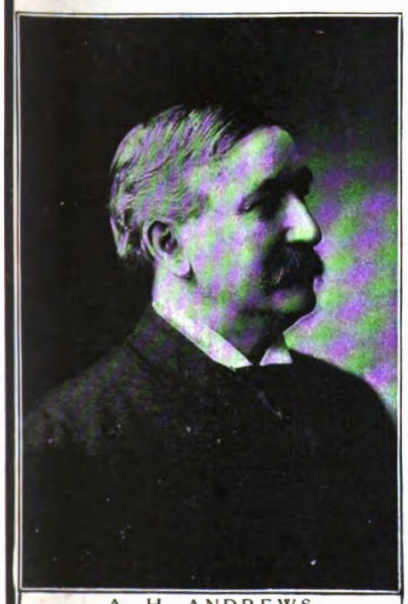
ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor of "Success,"* says: "I believe the Page-Davis School to be doing splendid service; they are reliable and thorough and their institution is well planned to meet the requirements of practical use."

M. LEE STARKE, *the well-known newspaper representative*, says: 'Advertising is as yet but in its infancy. It is about the one profession that is not overcrowded."

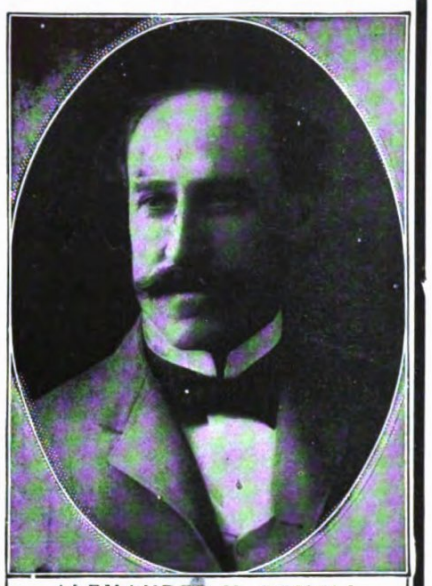
ALEXANDER H. REVELL, *captain of industry* says: "The Page-Davis Company has raised the standard of publicity. Their competent instruction is felt to-day in every English-speaking country on the globe."

A. H. ANDREWS, *manufacturer, inventor and capitalist*, says: "The Page-Davis Co. has paved the way for future advertisers. The founders of the original advertisement-writing school are to be congratulated upon their success in this, the most lucrative of all professions in the world to-day."

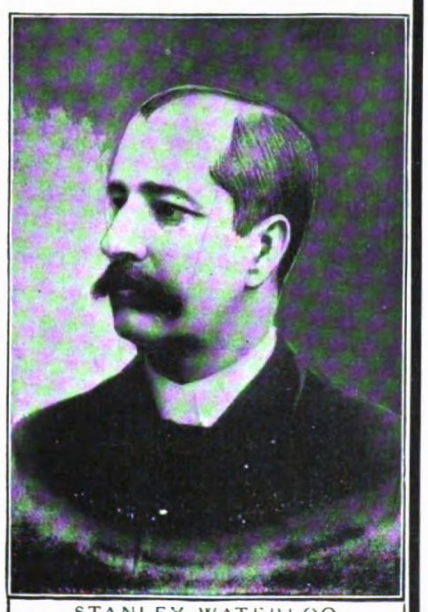
STANLEY WATERLOO *America's famous author*, says: "The various branches of the advertiser's profession are clearly and comprehensively explained. The lessons are laid out in such wise gradation that the student should experience no difficulty in progressing step by step toward a mastery of the profession."



A. H. ANDREWS
Manufacturer, Inventor and Capitalist.



ALEXANDER H. REVELL
Captain of Industry



STANLEY WATERLOO
America's Famous Author.

Do You Realize the Full Significance of These Facts to You?

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

"The School that Graduates Experts."

Address Either Office:

Suite 221, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
OR,
Suite 121, 150 Nassau Street, New York City

Taught by Correspondence

Reading this announcement is but a start to something better. Now answer it at once—it takes one minute and one cent. Mr. Page will be pleased to correspond with you and explain everything to your fullest satisfaction.

Notice to Employers

Concerns desirous of engaging competent Advwriters at $25. to $100. a week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful Advwriters in some of the largest houses in the country. This service is gratis.

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A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The ideal food for
Shakespeare's
Seven Ages of Man

It is a healthful, delicious food-drink, relished by every member of the family, old or young, as a light luncheon or as a table beverage. Superior to tea, coffee or cocoa, since, unlike them, it invigorates the system with no harmful after-effects. Excellent in cases of impaired digestion, and a recuperative for those run down or fatigued. Taken hot upon retiring, it soothes the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

It is pure, rich milk, with the extract of choice malted grain, evaporated to powder form, ready in a moment by simply stirring in water. Also in TABLET form, which furnish a convenient luncheon in the office or when traveling.

Horlick's Malted Milk builds up the infant, sustains the adult, invigorates the invalid and nourishes the aged.

All druggists sell it.

Sample mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes and is also sent free if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S the original.

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

London, England. *Montreal, Canada.*



"At first - The infant in the nurse's arms"



"Then the school-boy with his shining morning face"



"And then the lover with his ballad"



"Then a soldier seeking reputation in the cannon's mouth"



"And then the justice full of wise saws"



"The sixth age - with spectacles on nose"

"Last scene that ends this eventful history"





WHERE HORLICK'S MALTED MILK IS MADE

T. J. KIERMAN
25 TROWBRIDGE ST

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