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JUNE 1904

SUCCESS



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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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In the United States, Canada, Mexico, and American Possessions, $1.00 per year. In all other countries of the Postal Union, $1.75 per year

On all news-stands, 10 cents per copy. Advertising Rates on Application

Summer Vacation Work
A Call to Arms

What are you going to do with your vacation this summer—you, our readers of SUCCESS, young and old? If you can make it *pure* vacation, if you can drop all thought of work and simply use the time for play and recreation in body, mind, and spirit, you are fortunate and happy, indeed, for a vacation can not be spent more profitably.

But if, alas, you can not do this, if you must put in part or all of your time in the work that will enable you to continue your studies in school or college, or to add to your income for other purposes, let us suggest to you, briefly, a plan for using your time in such a way as to give you a large earning power, together with a certain kind of education that will be of immense use to you in any branch of life-work to which you may devote yourself.

There are few things so valuable to a young man or woman as the *ability to sell*,—to sell goods, or brain work, or services. In all the vast range of money-making effort nothing commands larger compensation than genuinely effective salesmanship. The supply of good clerks is always greater than the demand, and wages are correspondingly low. A highly trained college graduate often obtains a smaller income than the bricklayer, carpenter, or other skilled mechanic. But the *salesman*—the man who can meet a customer on his own ground and, without fear or favor, obtain his attention and his trade,—is ever sought for at constantly increasing compensation, often by commission rather than salary.

There is no better preliminary training in salesmanship than is the systematic solicitation of subscriptions for a great popular magazine of national reputation. Especially is this true of SUCCESS, whose introduction into American homes means so much more in inspiration towards a higher life than is the case with the ordinary literary magazine. If you try it you will know how many friends SUCCESS has, and how courteous and pleasant a reception you will obtain.

We are building an agency organization which will reach every city, town, and village of the country. Our representatives are not only able to offer SUCCESS itself, but also, in connection with SUCCESS, the leading magazines of America, at prices well within the reach of all. As a representative of SUCCESS, and with our letter of introduction in your hands, we can place you in a position to control the magazine business of your community, and to continue it from year to year through the renewals of your own subscriptions and others which we will place in your hands. In many cases we can give you several towns, or even a county, or you can obtain a traveling representation by which you can cover a larger section of territory and see something of the world, while at the same time deriving a substantial revenue from your work.

We shall send out this summer several hundred college men who will handle SUCCESS and our new subscription book, "Little Visits with Great Americans." We shall be glad to receive applications from others who wish to undertake this work. There are large profits to be made in it. Write to us at once.

There will always be a place in our organization for any young man or woman who does faithful and effective work for us along any one of the lines indicated above. The profits of subscription work of this kind are not clearly understood by those who have not tried it. When we tell you that one of our representatives has purchased a beautiful house and is obtaining a revenue of about $5,000 a year entirely from his subscription work, while others are earning from $200 to $400 per month, you will readily understand that it may be well worth your while to very seriously investigate the work which we have to offer.

▲ ▲

A Golden Opportunity for Our Boys

During the coming summer we offer to the younger members of our SUCCESS families a special opportunity to earn money by selling single copies of SUCCESS at ten cents each,—the news-stand price. We will get you started by sending you a number of copies free for immediate sale, and you can then order from us as many more as you can sell, at special prices which will leave you a substantial profit. In addition to this profit we offer you special prizes for the sale of 25, 50, 100, 250, and 500 copies. These will unquestionably interest you. Write us immediately for full information. Parents, please help your boys to get a start in this way. Remember, this special opportunity is only for the summer.

Publishers:
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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 (July) 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 June 10th. Renewals calling for the July issue should be received by July 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, occurring 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.

▲ ▲

To the Public

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.

▲ ▲

Neighborhood Work

Send for our new Reward List for 1904,—containing hundreds of valuable and useful articles given *free* to our readers, as rewards for a little work for SUCCESS among neighbors and friends.

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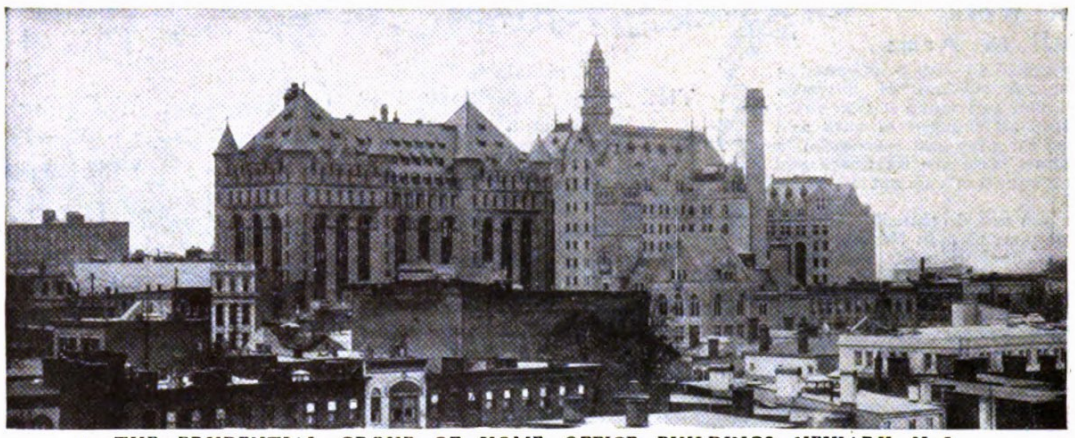
The Story of America's Gibraltar

Rise of the Prudential to Greatness—Founded on the Broad Idea of Democracy—Insurance Adjusted to American Needs and Conditions—Brilliant Record of an Unprecedented Growth

BY

HERBERT S. HOUSTON

(Photographically Illustrated by Arthur Hewitt)



THE PRUDENTIAL GROUP OF HOME OFFICE BUILDINGS, NEWARK, N. J.

ANTONIO and the other merchants of Venice would surely wonder if they could see Gibraltar turned into a business force as tangible as one of their ships. They knew the great rock as Cálpe, one of the pillars of Hercules, but it had no definite commercial value on the Rialto. So far is medieval Italy from modern America. But out from the former went a young Genoese to Spain and, later on, into the unknown west to find a new continent, and there, in time, grew up a republic, full of an abounding life. In it was freedom of opportunity, a real democracy of worth. It became a country of big things, of enterprises that amazed the world. One of these, desiring an impressive symbol of strength, reached across the Atlantic and grasped Gibraltar, one of the Pillars of Hercules.

Before millions of people that great symbol has been presented in the leading magazines and newspapers until Gibraltar has come to be almost a synonym for the Prudential. And the Prudential has grown steadily in strength and greatness up to its symbol. The Venetian merchants, or those from the Genoa of Columbus, would not wonder, if they could read this record of growth, why Gibraltar and Prudential have come to be interchangeable terms. In fact, that record is one of such achievement that even twentieth-century Americans, wonder-proof as they are, get a genuine thrill of surprise in hearing it. Let it be told in as dry a chronicle as that of the venerable Bede, and still it will command attention.

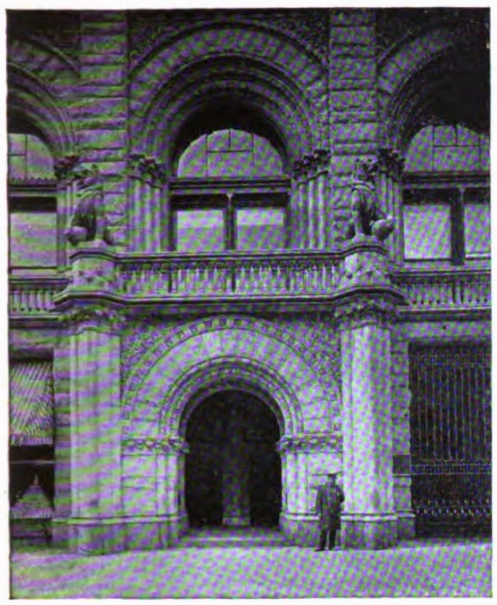
Ten years after the close of the Civil War—a period so recent that its history has scarcely been written—the Prudential was established in Newark. As if fore-knowing the great rock to which it would grow, it began its foundation in a basement office. It was like the beginning of the New York *Herald* by Bennett, the elder, in a basement on Ann street. But it would be an idle play with words to make a basement office the real foundation of the Prudential. It was something much deeper down than that—nothing else than the bed-rock American principle of democracy. The Prudential applied the democratic principle to life insurance. As Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, the founder of the company, has said, "Life insurance is of the most value when most widely distributed. The Prudential and the companies like it are cultivating broadly and soundly among the masses the idea of life insurance protection. To them is being carried the gospel of self-help, protection and a higher life."



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRUDENTIAL HOME OFFICE BUILDINGS

And what has been the result of the democratic American principle worked out in life insurance? In 1875 the first policy was written in the Prudential. At the end of 1903 there were 5,447,307 policies in force on the books of the company, representing nearly a billion dollars. The assets in 1876 were $2,232, while twenty-seven years later, in 1903, they were more than 30,000 times greater, or $72,712,435.44, the liabilities at the same time being $62,578,410.81. This is a record of growth that is without precedent in insurance and that is hard to match in the whole range of industry. The rise of the Prudential to greatness reads like a romance in big figures, but, in fact, it is a record of business expansion that has been as natural as the growth of an oak. The corn crop of the country seems too big for comprehension until one sees the vast fields of the middle West, and then it appears as simple as the growth of a single stalk. So with the Prudential. To say that, in ten years, the company's income grew from something more than $9,000,000 a year to more than $39,000,000 last year is amazing as a general statement, but when made in relation to the broad principles on which that growth has been based, it

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MAIN ENTRANCE



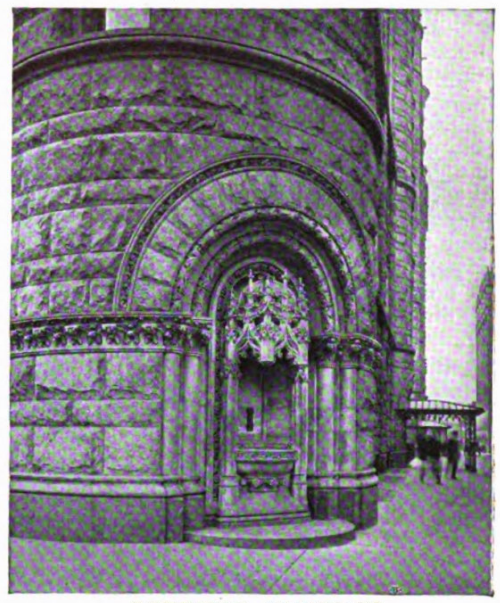
CORRIDOR, MAIN OFFICE



A PRUDENTIAL TOWER



MAIN STAIRCASE



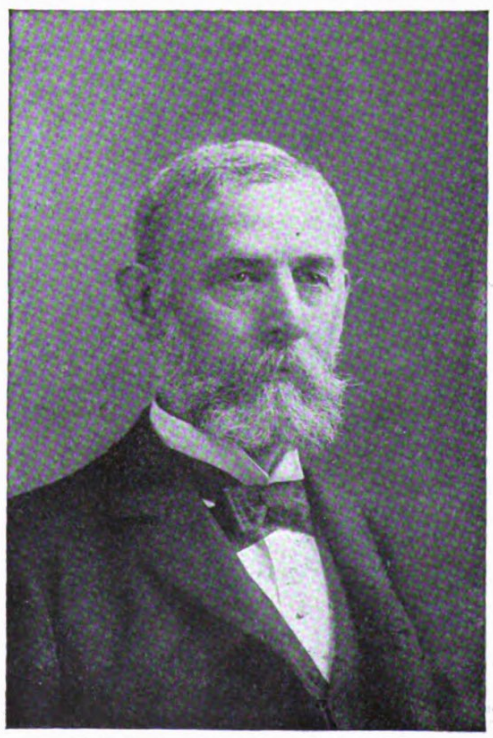
DRINKING FOUNTAIN

becomes as much a matter of course as the corn crop. There is no mystery about it; but there is in it, from the day when the principles were planted in Newark until these great harvest days, the genuine American spirit of achievement, strong, hopeful and expansive.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America is a national institution. It was founded to provide insurance for the American people on the broadest possible basis, consistent with strength and safety. It does not write insurance abroad. In the fullest sense it has worked out the democratic idea of safe insurance for the great masses of the American people. It has adjusted its policies to American conditions; it has based its dividends on the earning power of American investments; it has placed its premium rates on the American tables of vital statistics; in a word, it was intended to be and it has become an insurance company for the American people. And they have met the Prudential's broad American principles with a broad American support, and, as a result, the company's marvelous growth has come as naturally as the full ear on the stalk. But, as the full ear is always on a stalk that has been cultivated, so, too, the growth from the Prudential's principles has come through their spread by an organization that is a marvel of efficiency.

And right here is the most stirring chapter of the Prudential's rise to greatness. Just as Grant and Lee organized their armies, or as Kouropatkin and Yamagata plan their campaigns in Asia, so does the Prudential work out its national insurance propaganda. The company's organization is essentially military. It is a wonderful combination of big grasp and outlook with the most painstaking thoroughness and system in details. And, as is always the case in every organization that throbs throughout with intelligent energy, there is a man at the centre of it. This man has a constructive imagination lighting up a New England brain. To business prudence there is added the large vision which sweeps the horizon for opportunity. Naturally, to such a vision the application of the democratic idea to insurance was an opportunity of the first magnitude. When seen, it was grasped and developed. The Prudential was founded. In the most careful way, its idea was tested, just as the Secretary of Agriculture tests seeds at the Government's experiment farms. Here was where prudence kept the large vision in proper focus. Gradually the idea took root and grew. Year after year the Prudential added to its number of policy holders and all the time the company was working out a more liberal basis for its democratic idea. But each time a more liberal policy was offered, it was fully tested. "Progress with strength" is the way President Dryden describes the company's principle of growth—the results, clearly, of vision and prudence. At the end of ten years of this method of growth, the company reached the point where, it was believed, insurance could be safely offered for any amount with premiums payable on any plan, either in weekly installments or at longer periods. Within the five years, 1886 to 1890, inclusive, the company's assets increased nearly five fold, from $1,040,816 to $5,084,895, and the amount of insurance in force from $40,266,445 to $139,163,654.

The Prudential had found itself. The idea of democratic insurance had been fully tested and adjusted to the needs and conditions of the American people. Then, with a boldness which only large vision could have quickened, the plan was formed to make the Prudential's idea known in every section of the country. Gibraltar was chosen as the symbol of the company's strength, and advertising—the telling of the Prudential idea to the people—was begun. At that time insurance advertising was a sea as unknown as the Atlantic when Columbus set sail from Palos. But, with a map of the United States for chart and a live idea for compass, the Prudential took passage in nearly every important magazine in the country, and thus, safely made port in millions of homes. As the insurance idea was carried broadcast in this wide publicity, it was followed up by the well-drilled army of Prudential agents.



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN
President of the Prudential Insurance Company

Again it was vision and prudence and again the result was "Progress with strength." The Prudential grew into a place of foremost importance, known in every part of the world. The printed announcement—always attractive and suggestive—had never gone ahead of men bearing the insurance message until sent by the Prudential, and this conjunction marked the epoch in business in which advertising and personal endeavor should be used as complementary forces.

The Prudential publicity is accompanied by wise promotion from a field force of over 12,000, some of whom have been with the company for over a quarter century, working in almost every State of the Union. They have the zeal of Crusaders and it is kept at ardent pitch through an organization that could not fail to produce a wonderful esprit de corps. Wise direction and constant encouragement come from the home office, and then the company's agents are grouped in districts, under superintendents and assistant superintendents, managers, general agents and special agents, and in each district a strong spirit of emulation is developed by human contact and co-operation. Weekly meetings are held, and the problems of wisely presenting insurance are discussed. Comparative records of the men are kept in many districts, and prizes are offered for those writing the largest volume of business, for those making the greatest individual increase, and for many other contests. This wholesome rivalry produces an

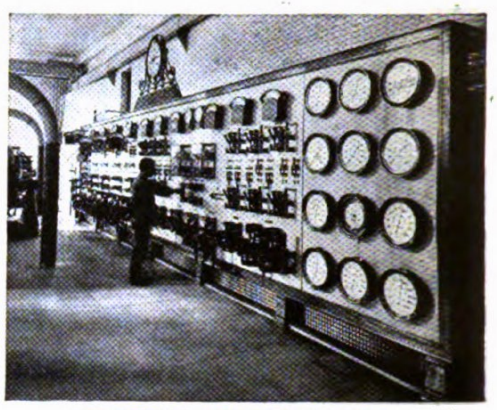
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SECTION OF ONE OF THE DIVISIONS



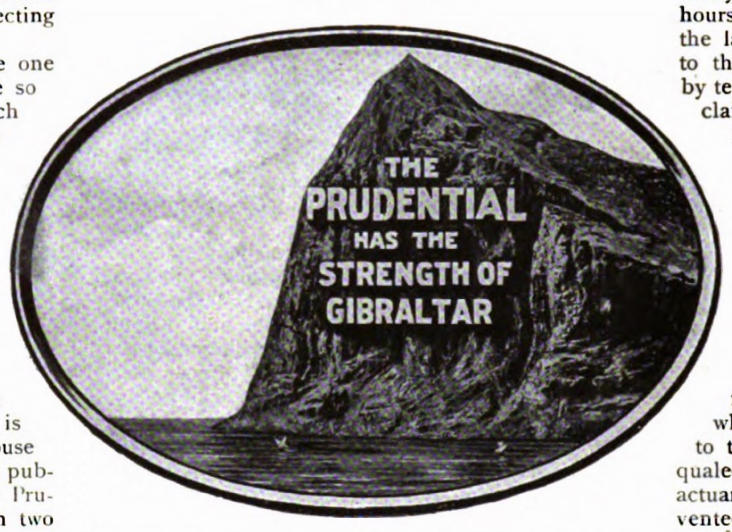
ENGINE ROOM



ELECTRIC SWITCH BOARD

alertness and industry which are to the company an invaluable asset in human efficiency. A few weeks after this magazine appears, probably 2,000 agents of the Prudential—those who have made the best records for the year—will be brought to Newark from all parts of the country. They will, of course, visit the home offices and come in contact with the directing centre of their wonderful organization.

And, after all, there is no place where one feels the greatness of the Prudential quite so much as in the vast granite piles which have been raised for the company's home buildings. They rise above the Jersey meadows as Gibraltar does above the sea, a convincing witness, surely, to the growth and to the strength of the Prudential. But they are not a cold, gray rock, but a living organism throbbing from vital contact with millions of policy holders. There are now four of these great buildings, all occupied by the company. In one of them is the Prudential's publishing plant, which, in equipment, surprising as this may seem, is equal to that of almost any publishing house in the country. Millions of booklets, two publications for the company—one, "The Prudential," with a circulation of more than two millions—and the policies are all printed here, besides no end of commercial printing for the home office and for the district agencies. The big composing room, the press-room with its eighteen presses, the bindery with its folding, cutting, sewing and numbering machines, are models of cleanliness and light. But, for that matter, all the buildings are as spick and span as a man-o'-war. There are subways, well-lighted, under the streets, connecting the different buildings. In every way there has been, in the arrangements, a conservation of energy and time to produce economy and efficiency in carrying on the company's vast business. As indicating how vast that is, the mail coming to and going from the Prudential is nearly as large as for all the rest of Newark, a city with more than 250,000 population and of great industrial importance. The mailing department is really a big city post-office. And in all the departments one gets the feeling of size that comes in the enormous government buildings at Washington. And it is as a national institution that the Prudential always fixes itself on the mind—its fundamental idea of democracy in insurance, its nation-wide organization for spreading the idea, its essentially American spirit throughout, all make the company worthy of its name, the Prudential Insurance Company of America.



Today the Prudential is paying over 300 claims a day, or about forty each working hour. On many policies settlement is made within a few hours by the superintendent of the district; on the large policies a report is sent immediately to the home office and settlement authorized by telegraph. And on over 45 per cent. of the claims more money is paid than the policy calls for. From the beginning the Prudential has followed lines of great liberality, whether in dealing with the family where the policy is kept in the bureau drawer, or with the estate of the millionaire.

It would be interesting to describe the broad activities that hum in the great buildings at Newark, but they would more than require an entire article themselves. So, too, with the equipment and furnishings of the buildings which, in the way of complete adjustment to their particular work, are probably unequaled in the world. For example, in the actuarial department is a card machine, invented by the actuary of the company, which can do all but think. But many of these things, in miniature, will be seen by the thousands who go to the World's Fair at St. Louis. They will find in the Prudential's exhibit in the Palace of Education, a fine model of all the buildings, and also the fullest data concerning life insurance that have ever been brought together.

This exhibit will also mark in a striking way the progress the country has made since Jefferson concluded the Louisiana Purchase a century ago. That was a period of intense individualism. The spirit of collective endeavor came later and when it did come, it found wide expression in insurance companies, especially in the Prudential, which embodied fully the democratic spirit.

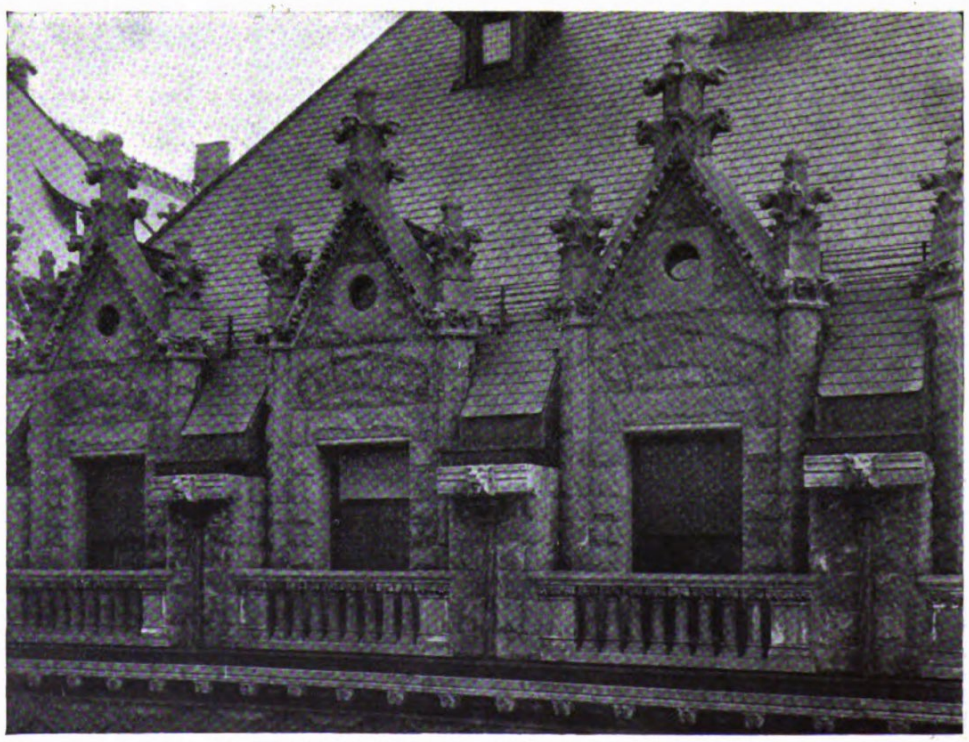
But the last word about the Prudential is not told at any Exposition. It is found in the 5,500,000 policies which form a stupendous exhibit on the value of life insurance in developing thrift, safe investment and home protection in a nation. Of course, such an exhibit could never have been possible if the Prudential had not worked out safe policies that would meet the broad needs of the American people.



COMPOSING ROOM



AN AGENTS' MEETING



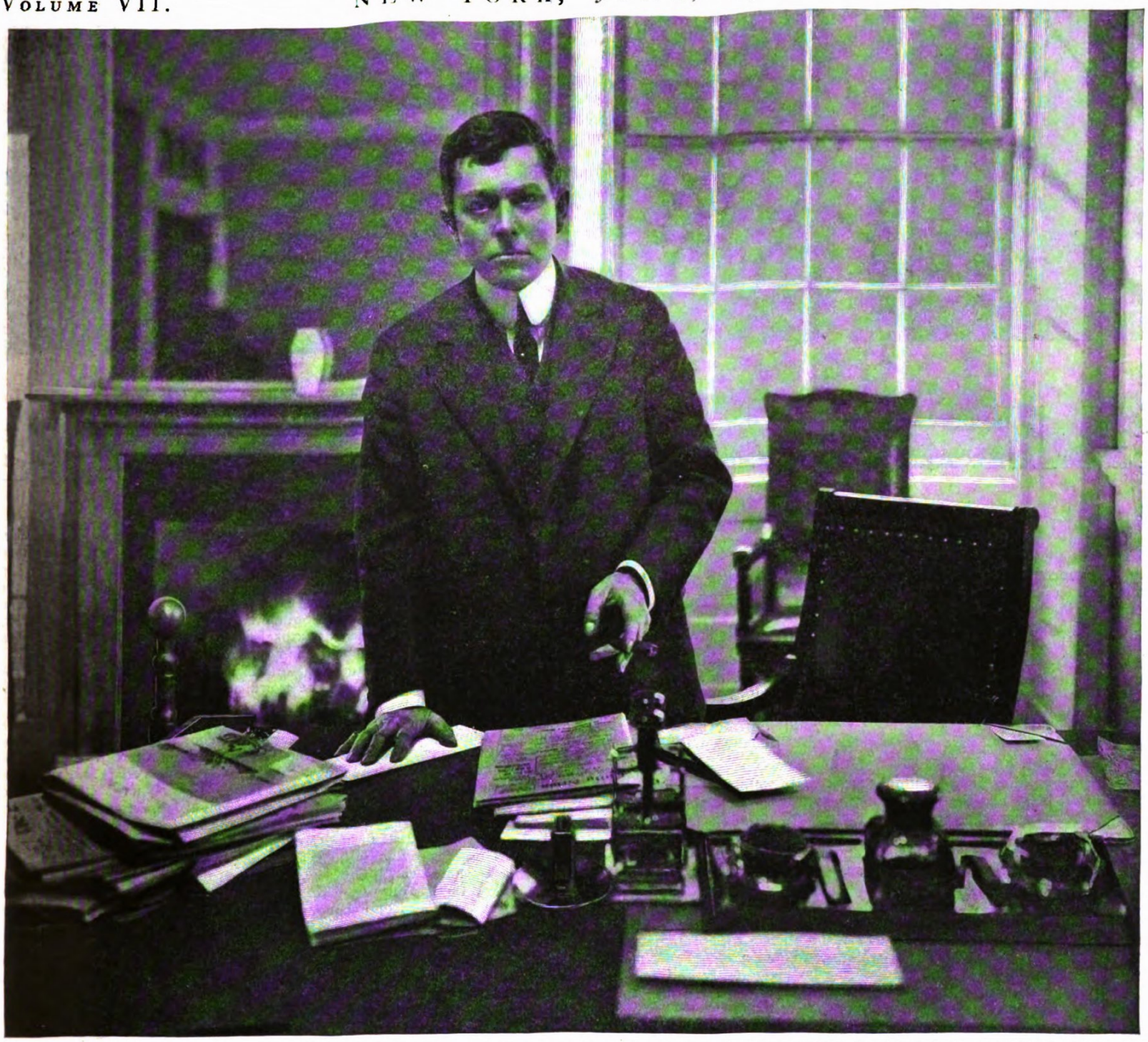
A BEAUTIFUL DETAIL OF THE ARCHITECTURE

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SUCCESS

VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, JUNE, 1904 NUMBER 121



"I HAVE MET MANY MEN WHO WILL DO THINGS IN POLITICS THAT THEY WOULD NOT THINK OF DOING IN PERSONAL AFFAIRS"

George B. McClellan, the Mayor of Greater New York

The Young Chief Magistrate of the American Metropolis Talks to a "Success" Representative about His Position, His Purpose, and His Politics

J. HERBERT WELCH

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IN front of the newspaper offices of New York City, on the night of the third of last November, stereopticons flashed the news to waiting thousands that George Brinton McClellan had been elected mayor. The long cheers, the pandemonium of tin horns, and the excitement of the surging crowds manifested the exuberance that results from any election in a great city. These demonstrations, however, formed merely a carnival of joy that would die with the night. Beneath the whole was a satisfaction that was virile, intense, and of evil portent.

Those whose aim in life is to enrich themselves through politics, and who hear no voice of conscience as to means,—the heelers, the hangers-on, the swarm of political sycophants who strive to prey on human weakness with the aid of the machinery of municipal government,—all these were glad when the returns made it certain that McClellan was to be mayor. In the *cafés* there was a continuous din of jubilant shouts and laughter; glasses were held high; the performances on tawdry stages took on an added license. The pickpockets in the crowds worked more boldly than they had for many a night. Had not Tammany been returned to power?

It seemed a night of triumph for the spirits of misrule. A certain preacher had declared, during the campaign, that, if Tammany should win, New York would be "hell with the lid off." Most of the newspapers had

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The smaller photograph shows Mayor McClellan rising to receive the "Success" representative. The larger shows him at his desk signing bonds of the City of New York



made predictions which were not quite so lurid, but were of the same tenor. Well, Tammany had won. Many thousands of good citizens went home from the bulletins that night astonished and depressed, while the army of evil announced, with ribald noise, that it was sure, and was glad to be sure, that for once the prophecy of the preacher would come true.

But Charles F. Murphy, the tight-lipped ruler of the machine, sat cold and silent amid the cheers and band music in the big auditorium of the Tammany headquarters in Fourteenth Street, and McClellan, the youthful-looking mayor elect, responded with a preoccupied air and without enthusiasm to the eager congratulations of his good friends of Tammany. In the excitement and rejoicing the reserve of Murphy and McClellan was little noted, and yet behind it was a world of meaning.

A Rude Shock Came when the Determined McClellan Showed His Power

Immediately after the election gambling houses began to blossom like buds in genial sunshine. Within a week there were three hundred new ones in full blast, and the typical Tammanyites, the men who had winked at each other when they had heard their candidate's declarations of his intention to run the city government honestly, began to scramble for appointment to places where the pasturage would be richest and the plum trees thickest when, upon the mayor's assumption of office on the first of January, the bars would be let down.

But a rude shock came to them. They heard a rumor that William McAdoo was to be made commissioner of police. They knew little of him, but they did know that he had not affiliated with Tammany, had not shown any sympathy with its motives, and had a record that made it all too certain that he would enforce the laws vigorously and honestly, without regard to persons or peculiar interests, if he were put in this place of power. But he would not be; the wise ones of Tammany Hall were sure of that. It was just a bluff on the part of the easy and complacent young gentleman whom they had made mayor.

But the rumor persisted. The "boys" ceased to smile over it, and began to declare, with great emphasis, that the appointment could not go through. Finally they heard, on good authority, that in the room of the committee of ways and means, at Washington, McClellan had actually offered the place to McAdoo, and that the latter had not declined it.

It was then that the fight in Tammany Hall began,—a heavy fight which still continues. Those whose political ambitions are summed up by the one word, "graft," began to besiege McClellan. They laid the case before him very plainly. They pointed out that it was their money and their work that had won him the election, and that they had made promises to many men which could not be kept if the police department were not conducted as it had been in past Tammany administrations, but which must be kept if they were to maintain their prestige as leaders. They said that not only themselves, but also thousands of other faithful members of Tammany Hall behind them, had had good reason to expect that the victory for which they had labored so industriously would mean certain things for them; that it would not be a square deal to disappoint them; that a policy such as the proposed appointment indicated would break up the machine and make an easy winning next time for the common enemy; that such a policy could not be successful; and that they, as a last resort, would exert power enough to ruin it and discredit the administration with both Tammany and the reformers.

Some of the closest friends of the mayor elect advised him against this appointment. From many directions pressure was brought to bear on him, and it is true that for a day or two he wavered. The naming of his man was delayed. But one night, toward the end of December, after he had listened to protests and threats, from men who had risen to power in the organization through sheer force of will, until the clock in his reception room in his new home in Washington Square had struck twelve, the mayor elect, braced against some pieces of unpacked furniture, looking like a boy in comparison with the veterans of many political campaigns who faced him, announced that his decision to make McAdoo commissioner of police was final. Many reporters were in the crowd, and the next morning the papers spread the news in big headlines.

There was a similar contest over the naming of John McGraw Woodbury as commissioner of street cleaning. Woodbury had been commissioner in the previous administration, and had made a record that left no doubt that he was by far the best man to keep the streets clean and thus protect the people's health. But he had not even voted for McClellan, and everybody knew that he was not the man to run his department in the interest of Tammany Hall. So the faithful made another stand. The mayor bent a little before the storm. He did not actually appoint Woodbury, but he did what was virtually the same thing by allowing him to continue in office as a "hold-over." Thus he had again turned down the office-grabbers.

But on the last day of the year, when he stood by George Washington's desk in the public reception room in the city hall as one of the chief actors in the ceremony of transferring the municipal government to the incoming administration, friends noticed that his face was pinched and drawn, and that his hair was much grayer than it had been two months before.

Yet this was the mere beginning of the fight. Every day since the mayor has taken office it has been waged. Politicians with set expressions on their faces are constantly hurrying along the city hall corridor that leads to the big room in the corner, with the windows overlooking the park, where the mayor sits at his desk ready to receive them. District leaders with thousands of votes in their control pass in, and in their excitement raise their voices in threatening speeches.

"But I've spent a lot of money in this campaign,—a big pile of money," one exclaimed. "I've got to get this money back, and I've got to make good with the 'boys!'"

"That is your responsibility, not mine," replied the mayor.

"But you're trying to cut out our chances," cried the leader. "We elected you. You knew what we'd expect. You're not so young and inexperienced as not to know what your election signified."

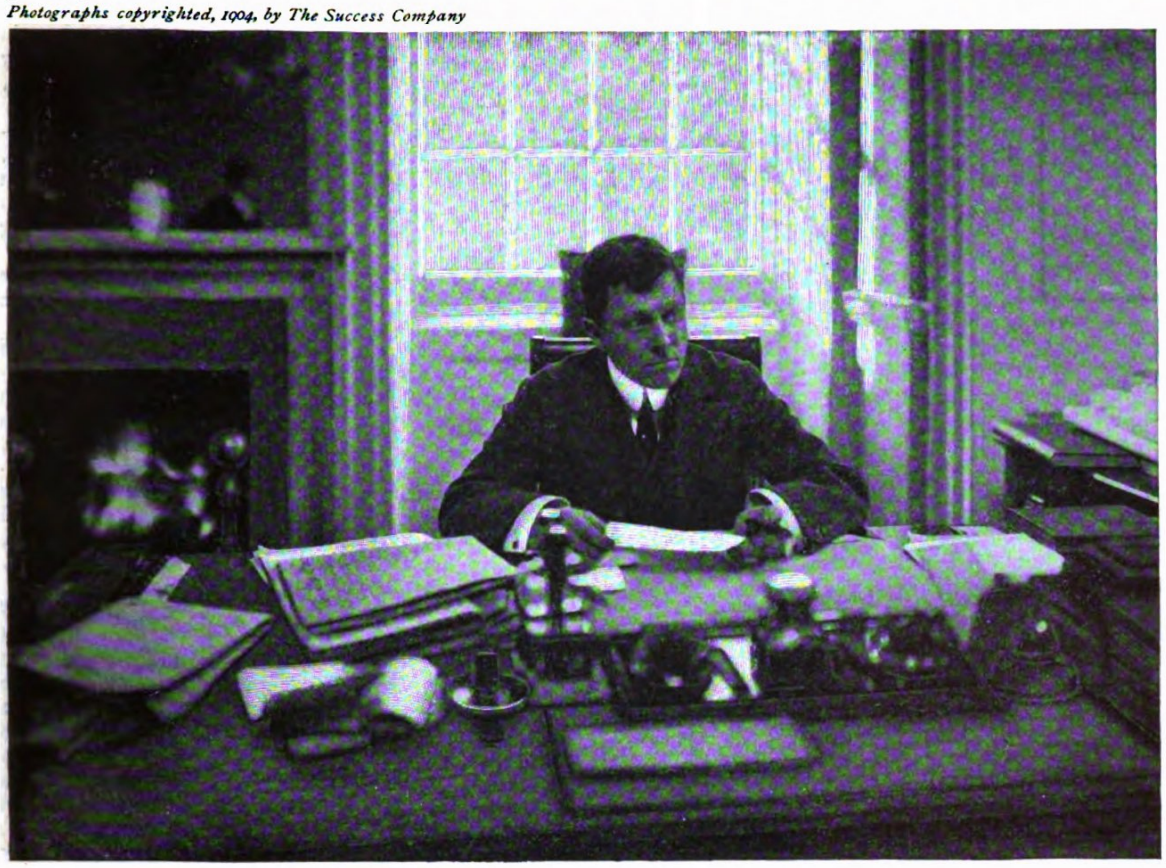
"I knew very well what it signified," the mayor answered, "but it seems that you did not."

The Difference between Him and the Malcontents Was Growing Pronounced

In this little speech he touched upon the vital spot in the disagreement between him and the malcontents of Tammany. The latter were in the dark as to what his election really involved. They thought it meant what Tammany victories before have meant. They forgot that the world moves, and that new men are apt to introduce new ideas. They misappraised the quality of the machine's new boss, not knowing what is now well known,—namely, that Murphy, unlike the Tammany bosses who went before him, looks beyond the city limits, and that his fondest hope is to lift the organization and himself into national power. Finally, the pocket politicians had no appreciation of the personal equation that entered into the situation

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Mayor McClellan, in the larger photograph, is saying, "A robust partisanship is a concentrated force which has accomplished much public good in this country, but to be effective, in these days, you must have behind it an organization, or machine."



when George B. McClellan won the Democratic victory on election day.

They had an idea that the new mayor was "easy." Events have proved that this was where they made a great mistake. It is said that they could have prevented his nomination if they had only known. But they didn't know. To them their candidate was merely "Little Mac the Second," the son of his father, a "nice young man" who had been a special pet of Richard Croker, and had made a respectable record as a congressman.

When they discovered that he had ambitions and a character that he set up as a bulwark across the road to graft, that had seemed to be so easy to travel, there was confusion in the ranks of the invading horde. But Tammanyites are nothing if not fighters. The leaders fought their way to the command of gangs in boyhood, and to political command in manhood. Now that they have found that they can't enter the citadel by knocking at the gate, they have organized to storm it.

"It is, and will continue to be, for some time to come," said William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York City, to the writer, "one of the hardest fights ever waged in a political organization. Many of the politicians and saloon keepers, and all of the proprietors of places for gambling and other unlawful pursuits, have arrayed themselves against the new *rêgime* in Tammany. They will, of course, concentrate their attack upon the weakest and yet the vital position in the battle front of the enemy; that is, upon the police department. This is a very poor fighting battalion for reform. It is an army of eight thousand men that is utterly without a *morale*. It is wretchedly organized. Respect for authority or anything like real discipline it hardly knows. Every man is for himself all the time. Some of its commanders have grown rich in the corrupt use of their positions. These are not the men to forget past opportunities of this sort, or to scorn new ones. They are not the men to inspire the rank and file of the department with the desire to do good and honest work.

"Speaking generally, the sympathies of the police are with the disgruntled ones of Tammany, and the latter, you may be sure, will take the best means to stimulate this sympathy. They have plenty of money, which they will use lavishly in bribes, and they have other powerful means of exerting influence. The system is the growth of years, and it will take years to supplant it with a better one. In short, the police department will prove very difficult to handle in the interest of effective reform.

There Is No Question that the Mayor Is thoroughly Sincere in His Efforts

"The end of this fight is by no means in sight. The mayor and his advisers may lose. They have already estranged the corrupt element in Tammany, which is very powerful, and unless they gain great reinforcement from the hundred thousand independent Democrats of New York they will meet disaster. Yet it is a fight worth while, and can be won. It is my opinion that the move has been wise in point of policy and laudable in point of morals. There is no question as to the sincerity of the mayor."

These words in regard to the good intentions of the mayor acquire a special significance from the fact that throughout the campaign the district attorney was one of his bitterest opponents. His change of opinion is representative of that of many thousands of the citizens of New York. One prominent Republican, who said before election that a victory for McClellan would bring disgrace to the city, recently remarked:—

"The mayor seems to be not only the son of his father, but also the maker of his own character." Another former opponent of influence said: "I've changed my mind about the mayor. I think now that we have a worthy executive. I like his appearance. He looks clean-cut, 'well groomed,' and trained to the minute. He comes of good stock. He has started right. Some of us who didn't vote for him had an idea, when he was elected, that the city would become a sort of Sodom and Gomorrah. Looking back, I can see that we are groping in a fog of misunderstanding of Mr. McClellan and his motives." Still another of those who trembled for the city on the day after the election had this to say: "I am delighted to give you my opinion of the mayor. I think he is a virile young man who says what he thinks, does what he says, is without political sophistry, and believes confidently in his own convictions."

He Has already completely Overcome the Public Prejudice against Him

The point in these quotations is that many good citizens have been as much surprised by Mr. McClellan as have been the bad. However far out of sight the end of his fight in the organization may be, there can be no doubt that he has already achieved a victory. In six months he has revolutionized the public attitude toward himself. From a sub-cellar of Tammany affiliations he has climbed far up the ladder of personal prestige in New York. His advisers make no secret of the fact that it is their aim to try to establish him in the White House.

"While we would all like to attend the inauguration of President McClellan, next year, and will let slip no opportunities to that end," said one of them, "the mayor is young yet,—thirty-nine,—and can afford to have some patience. He is needed just now in New York. In the course of time we think he will be needed in New York State, and then in the whole United States."

The mayor himself declines to discuss his presidential aspirations.

"When I was a small boy," he remarked to the writer, "I wanted to be a soldier. I was ambitious to go to West Point and some day become a general, like my father. But for some reason he did not regard my idea of going into the army with as much enthusiasm as I did. I went to a military academy in Ossining, New York, but father put his foot down when I began to make my plans to go to West Point. I went to Princeton University instead, and intended to take up the study of law immediately after graduation. But the death of my father just before I was graduated, in 1886, changed my outlook. I got a job on the New York 'World' as a reporter, became an assistant city editor, and then a political writer. This was the branch of newspaper work that I liked best of all. Through it I was appointed treasurer of Brooklyn Bridge. All but one of the boys who were writing political articles for the prominent New York papers at the same time that I was received appointments. The one who didn't declined to take a place. Newspaper work of this kind is the best training in the world for politics, or for any other vocation in which success depends upon knowledge of the world and understanding of men. I was elected president of the board of aldermen in 1892, and in 1894 was sent to congress, where I remained for ten years. Now I'm here. There is nothing exciting in this, is there? It sounds like the short and simple annals of the poor." The mayor made the comment with the sudden smile that transforms his expression from one of hard determination to a sort of boyish winsomeness.

"But this political life," he continued, "has been full of pleasure and interest to me, although"—again he smiled,—"my satisfaction with it is doubtless partly due to the fact that I haven't yet been defeated for office. Defeats, however, would not have discouraged me, for the reason that ever since I gave up my dream of army service my ambition has

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impelled me in the direction of a political career. It was because I felt that it would help me in this that I studied law after I had been in the newspaper field for some time. My father and his father were in politics, and I naturally want to travel as far as I can on the same road."

"Do you mean on the road that leads to the White House?"

Once more the mayor smiled characteristically. "I am so hard beset at this particular place on the road," he answered, "that I am not sure, after all, that my journey may not end here. I haven't time, just now, to consider where the road may lead. The future, like the past, must in large measure be left to take care of itself when one is occupied with urgent problems of the present."

"What is your guiding principle on the journey?"

"To do the best I can and keep straight," replied the mayor, promptly.

"Do you make any distinction between personal and political honesty?"

"Not a bit. There is absolutely no distinction. I don't see how there can be, yet your question is reasonable enough. I have encountered many men who will do things in political contests that they would not think of doing in affairs more personal. There are men of this kind in congress, who have the strictest ideas of personal integrity, and yet waive these ideas in the political arena, on the ground, I suppose, that all's fair in love, war, and politics. They can not, of course, be regarded as honest men.

"It is true that some of them have reached commanding political positions, and have even been elected to high office, but their success has no solidity or endurance. Sooner or later, in politics as in barnyards, chickens will come home to roost. You can't fool all the people all the time, you know. After these men are dead, some of them will be remembered for a while, but the memories will be such as to make their sons ashamed of their names. Certainly you can not call that success."

The mayor had become very earnest. His voice had deepened, and the lines of his mouth—a strong mouth, slightly drooping at the corners,—had taken on a certain rigidity.

"You have inherited a name of which you can be proud."

"Yes, and I am willing to say that one of the dominating motives of my life has been a desire to be worthy of my name."

"A great many people have been prejudiced against you because of your association with Tammany Hall."

His Instincts Are Scholarly, and He Likes the Atmosphere of Old Cities

The mayor considered for a moment, gazing out at the trees in City Hall Park. "Well," he said, turning around, "a good deal more could be said on this subject than I have time to say, but, in brief, I am a firm believer in political organization. My father, you know, was a great organizer. A robust partisanship is a concentrated force which has accomplished much public good in this country, but to be effective, in these days, it must have behind it an organization, or machine, if you like. A political machine is a necessity in the United States.

"The moral tone in none of them is high, of course, but it is just as high as average human nature when confronted by opportunities for personal gain. It is easy to decry a machine. This, in itself, means little. The proof of a man is not in his theories, but in his temptations."

In the course of the interview the mayor talked about his interest in foreign countries, their people, and their languages. He is the son of the late General George B. McClellan, of the United States army, and was born in Dresden, Saxony, while his parents were traveling. "As I am German by birth," he remarked, "they thought, when they put me up for this office, that I ought to catch the Teutonic vote."

His speeches in German, French, and Italian were features of his campaign. He told me that to him the most interesting city in the world, with the exception of New York, is Venice, and that he has visited it seventeen times. His recent book, "The Oligarchy of Venice," in which he deals with the rise and fall of the city of canals, and of the underlying causes, has been well received.

One of the mayor's greatest cares is for his books. There are nine thousand of them in his library, and when he moved to his present house in Washington Square, North, he arranged all of those books himself.

It is as if a band had struck up a quick march in the city hall when the mayor comes swinging along the corridor in the morning. The attendants and clerks take on a new alertness and animation. He nods to them briskly as he pushes through the swinging door to the inner office. His bell rings sharply, and at once the mill begins to grind. The first callers, who have been waiting for him, are shown in and bowed out in quick succession, and even those who have been unsuccessful in their errands are usually smiling when they pass out, because they are still under the spell of the mayor's magnetism. He has gripped the hand of each man heartily, and has made it plain to him that he would like to serve him if he could.

In His Office He Is a Busy Man and Performs His Many Duties easily

During these calls he is hastily scanning letters that have been culled from the regular batch of about three hundred that have come in the first mail. At eleven o'clock he receives the reporters from the afternoon papers, calling most of them by their first names. There are then jokes and laughter in the inner office. An easy spirit of good-fellowship prevails, yet the newspaper men know well that they can not obtain from the mayor information that he is unwilling to give or statements that he is unwilling to make. He parries their most covert thrusts with a smile that is pleasant, but very full of discernment.

In the afternoon there are more callers and more letters, and, very often, a board or committee meeting. The gentlemen of the committees have been accustomed, in the past, to drone along for two or three hours at a meeting. The pace is a good deal swifter now. The mayor keeps them on the move every minute, and yet maintains a spirit of good humor with smiles and incisive comments. The other day, for instance, when an official was asked how much money was needed for a certain purpose, he said he could spend an amount which he mentioned.

"We don't want to know how much you can spend, but how little," interrupted the mayor, briskly. From many men a remark like this would have savored of brusqueness and would have given offense. But the mayor accompanied it with his smile, and the man to whom it was addressed joined in the general laughter. This little episode is mentioned because it is characteristic. Besides his youthfulness of spirit and the nervous energy that gives the atmosphere around him a sort of tingle, the mayor has "a way with him" that causes the great majority of those who meet him personally to be inclined to help rather than retard him in his daily work and on his journey through the labyrinth of politics.

President Roosevelt and His Sons

[From a photograph taken recently for Success, in the Green Room of the White House. Copyrighted, 1904, by Arthur Hewitt]



THEODORE, Jr. ARCHIBALD THE PRESIDENT QUENTIN KERMIT

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DRAWN BY C. H. GRUNWALD



"ALL DAY LONG DANIEL KEOGH STOOD THERE AND WHIPPED THE VOTERS INTO LINE"

The Strength of Daniel Keogh

How an Effort to Force a Great Municipal Combination Was Thwarted

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

McCLELLAN, of the evening squad, peered into Taylor's Lane, as was his wont, and stopped and looked and listened. "By George!" exclaimed he, softly, to himself, "there's something doing in the Lane, to-night." The officer was right. There was a shapeless mass upon the ground, and round it danced a grotesque figure, now pulling at the mass, now pushing at it. A series of quite incoherent sounds assailed McClellan's ears. He strode into the Lane and reached the center of disturbance.

"What's up?" he asked. "I'm glad you came!" exclaimed a boy, all arms and legs, pointing to the mass upon the ground; "this here is my old man." He paused, and then, with a touch of pride, continued; "He's 'Nifty' Keogh, the politician, of New York." The lad's voice sank to a confidential whisper, as he added, "He's been on a —— of a drunk, now, for seven days."

McClellan stooped and yanked the old man to his feet. "I should think he had," he remarked, in answer to the boy; "who'd you say he is?" "He's 'Nifty' Keogh," said the lad, again, still with a touch of pride, "the politician, of the Eighth. We blew in from New York last night." He leaned forward and looked into McClellan's face. "Maybe you know my old man? Maybe you've heard of him, perhaps?" Then, as McClellan shook his head, he added: "I thought you might, you know. I'll tell you. Him and Sergeant Sternberg,—of the police, you know,—they was great friends,—over in New York, I mean. Ever heard of Sergeant Sternberg? Thought you might, you know. I ain't ever seen him, myself; but I've heard the old man tell what friends they were, once." He stopped and shivered, for the wind in Taylor's Lane blew chill. "If we was only in New York now," he went on, "it'd be better for us,—for me an' the old man, too. Wait! Hold on! I'll give you a lift. The old man's a heavy weight, and he's been on a bat for fair." On the way to the station house McClellan furnished the bulk of the support to this shattered thing that once had been a man; the boy limped along, dancing attendance on the other side, seemingly oblivious to the early evening crowd that followed in their wake.

"Gee, but it's cold!" exclaimed the boy. He stopped an instant, and beat his arms against his breast to warm himself. "If the old man's money had n't given out," he explained, "we could 'a' been warm enough. He did n't have a whole lot, anyways. Gee, but I'm glad we're here!" With a dexterous twist of his lean body and his skinny arms he helped McClellan half lift, half drag his supine burden into the station house. Inside, McClellan reported to the sergeant, and the boy, in turn, eagerly cross-examined the latter as to his knowledge of "Nifty" Keogh, the politician, of New York, and of Sergeant Sternberg, of the Eighth. "I thought *you* might've knowed 'em," the boy said, hopelessly; "they was great friends, them two. That is," he added, "they was, once upon a time." The sergeant bent his glare upon the human scarecrow that snored upon the bench where they had laid him. "High old politician!" he thought to himself.

"What will you do to him, mister?" asked the lad,—"lock him up,—or what?" He asked this with no show of curiosity, and apparently only as a matter of form; it was highly probable that the experience was not a novel one to him. "We'll lock him up," replied the sergeant, gruffly, "right away." The boy shivered once more, and looked across the room, and out of the window at the boisterous night beyond.

"Say, mister," he suggested, confidentially, to the sergeant, "I ain't done nothin', but, say, d'ye know I'd be much obliged if you'd only lock me up in the bargain. It's cold as thunder out to-night. And besides, me and him has *got* to stick together somehow."

Two officers came in, and took charge of the unconscious politician from New York. Then the sergeant motioned to the boy. "You can go and stay there in the back room, if you like," he said; "there's a stove in there, and that'll warm you up."

The lad crept in. A few of the reserves were there, waiting for anything that might turn up at night. At midnight one of these men rose, reached for his lunch pail, and began to eat. Suddenly he became aware of the fact that the lad was watching, not him, but the dinner pail that rested in his lap.

"Hey, sonny, what's the matter?" he inquired. "Nothin'," said the boy, keeping his eye still upon the pail.

"Ain't hungry, are you?" asked the officer. The boy made no response, but his mouth worked and he swallowed hard, just as a chained dog might, at the sight of meat. He still eyed the dinner pail. The officer took from it a thick sandwich made of beef, and passed it over. The lad seized it eagerly and lifted it to his mouth. Then he withdrew it for an instant. "Mister," he said, in an embarrassed sort of way, "I ain't got no money *now* to pay you for this here; but the old man's a politician, an' me an' him hangs out together, an' some day—" "Go ahead and eat it!" commanded the policeman. The boy obeyed. He ate, not hastily, but slowly, as one who would make a good thing last as long as possible. When he had finished, he fell asleep upon the floor.

Next morning they had to shake him hard to wake him. "Hey, young fellow!" they exclaimed. Finally he sat up and looked about. Three men were bending over him. Two of these nudged the third, and the third spoke. "Young fellow," he began, not unkindly, "we—we wanted to tell you that—that your old man—say, he went and croaked last night, at two o'clock this morning. We—we wanted to tell you that he is dead. Somebody," added the officer, as if to explain the extraordinary trouble they were taking, "somebody had to tell you, you know." The boy leaped to his feet and looked from face to face. "No?" he exclaimed; "say, where is he, anyway?" They took him in. He looked on, silent, for an instant. Then he brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "It's too —— bad," he said, at length,—"too bad, for me an' him were goin' to stick together." A minute later he spoke again. "I ain't wonderin' at it, though," he solemnly commented, "for he'd been on a —— of a drunk, the old man had. He had, for fair."

Later in the day the sergeant called for the boy again. "Look here, young fellow," he said, with half an eye to the welfare of the lad, but with fully half an eye to the welfare of the city of Monroe, "what are you a-going to do?" The boy glanced about, forlornly, and shook his head. "Well, I'll tell you how it is," he answered, "we blew in here from New York. If I had friends back there in New York, I'd go back there. But, as it is, say, I don't know just what to do. That's straight." He was a queer combination—this boy; a strange mixture of extreme youth and old age. The sergeant scratched his head. "I could get you a small job, now," he remarked, tentatively, "over at the car stables just across the street. I'll do it, if you say so. Will you take it, if I do?" The boy, in his turn, scratched his head. "A job!" he answered; "say, I never had a job. I don't know much about it." He paused. Then he stepped forward and laid his arm upon the sergeant's desk. "Say, mister," he continued, "I'll take you up. You get me a job,—I don't care much what it is. I'm pretty sure, mister, that I'd like to have—a job."

He got the job. The sergeant boasts about it to this very day. He is not the only one who boasts: McClellan boasts; the reserves still boast,—boast about the shivering atom of humanity that slept that night by the red-hot stove in the big back room.

Well might they boast, for in due time that shivering lad came to be Keogh,—Daniel Keogh,—perhaps the best known man in the city of Monroe.

* * * * * * * * *

Twenty-odd years afterwards, some seven or eight men sat in the directors' room of the United Electric Street Railway Company, of the city of Monroe. One of these men was Cameron Bernhardt, Esquire, counselor at law, and head of the firm of Bernhardt, Van Slyck and Small. Bernhardt was young, astute, prominent, and aggressive. From his Scotch mother and from his Teuton father (a late lamented woolen dealer of Monroe,) he had inherited caution, shrewdness, and natural business ability, in addition to a considerable estate. Bernhardt, for some years, had kept a wistful, watchful eye upon this railway system, in which he had been a heavy shareholder; and time and again, of late, he had assured himself that upon this day and hour he could stretch forth his hand and control its operations. He was a candidate for the presidency of the corporation.

Keogh was present, a tall, rawboned Irishman, smooth of face, big of jaw, strong of feature, and quick of eye. He was thirty-five years old; he looked as if he was forty. He was well dressed and had the appearance of a successful business man of the day. At this meeting

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Bernhardt had been alert, watchful, and loquacious. Keogh was silent, and seemed almost morose. He sat loosely in his armchair, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes upon the pattern of the Turkish rug.

Southard, the chairman, was speaking to the rest. "The resignation of Daniel Keogh, superintendent of the system, is before you," he announced, picking up a paper and waving it in the air. A man at the other end of the long table leaned forward without rising. "I move its acceptance," he cried, sharply. One or two others nodded. The motion was seconded and as quickly carried. Daniel Keogh, as superintendent of the road, was down and out. He made no sign; he followed with his eye the pattern of the rug beneath his feet. Southard waited for an instant, and then went on.

"Nominations 'n order," he announced, in his jerky manner, "for—election of a president."

Bernhardt nervously bit his finger nails and looked searchingly at the faces of the men who sat about him. The active little man at the other end of the table rose and addressed the chair. "Mr. Chairman," he remarked, impressively, "I nominate, for president of the U. E. S., Mr. Keogh,—Daniel Keogh."

"Second the nomination," exclaimed another. Immediately the first man chimed in. "I move," he insisted, "that nominations be closed."

Bernhardt was a diplomat. He understood the situation at a glance. He saw the way that things were going. Two minutes later he was on his feet, silencing his minority with a wave of his hand.

"Mr. Chairman," he exclaimed, without a trace of disappointment in his voice, "I move that the election of Mr. Daniel Keogh be declared unanimous." He strode forward and shook Daniel Keogh by the hand.

The secretary's private secretary jotted down some stenographic notes, and—that was all. Keogh had stepped down and out, only to step up and in; he was president of one of the leading trolley systems of the country. Bernhardt had miscalculated, for, with all due respect to him, the conservative management of the U. E. S. was not quite ready to surrender the interests of the corporation into the hands of a lawyer and promoter. With all due respect for him, they still believed that a large railway system ought to be operated by a railway man,—by the best railway man that they could get; and they knew that they could get no better man than Daniel Keogh.

Keogh had started his career as a sweeper's helper,—a cleaner-out of cars. From some one, probably his mother, he had inherited an infinite capacity for hard work and for detail. His father, who had, in truth, been a politician of a certain—or uncertain,—kind, had bequeathed to him a knowledge of human nature and of men. He knew every car and every part of a car; every man and the individual temperament of every man; he did not know why, or how, he knew and understood all these things so well,—but he knew, unconsciously, by instinct.

Young Keogh possessed a bit of brogue,—an elusive kind that can not be reproduced in type. Long before he attained any sort of prominence, he was known among hundreds in Monroe as the best-natured young Irishman about; and, whether he hails from a cow-yard or a college; whether he carries mortar on his shoulder, or a mortar board upon his head, there is no man like a good-natured young Irishman with a bit of brogue; and there was no other son of Erin like young Dan. Keogh. He was hail-fellow well met with every one; but he possessed a strange virtue; for, like many of his class, he did not drink strong drink. Why he did not was a mystery. It may be that the iron of the memory of "Nifty" Keogh had entered into his soul. Dan. Keogh had but one reply to make to every man. "I never take a drink," he would say, "never,—*until I'm through.*" And he was never through. "Danny," his companions would answer, "you *are* through, for the day." "For the day," Keogh would respond, "but not for the week." At the end of the week he still would shake his head. "I ain't through yet," he would exclaim; "I've got two weeks' work onto me next week. Wait until I'm through."

"When I'm foreman," he had told them, later, "say, when they make me foreman, I'll drink with you till the cows come home. Just let me get to a stopping place, and I'll take a good big drink with the best of you,—a good big one,—when I get through, but not before,—not now." When he was made foreman, he forgot to take that good big drink of his; or, if he remembered it, some instinct induced him to wait,—to wait,—to wait. He waited.

The meeting which elected Keogh president of the U. E. S. was a protracted one,—there were details galore to be considered. It was half-past seven in the evening when he stepped upon the sidewalk and hailed his carriage.

"Home, sir?" asked the coachman. Keogh hesitated for an instant. "No," he answered; "no, I don't want dinner. Suppose you drive me down to Pendleton's."

The coachman touched his hat and nodded with a certainty that indicated that he made quite frequent trips to Pendleton's. Pendleton's was a little cottage house on Bellport Avenue, and, as his pair of thoroughbreds sped thither, Daniel Keogh leaned back against the seat, and thought about that little cottage house and its fair young occupant.

He had not married; yet, with his success, he could have done so to wonderful advantage, for he was living in an age when the masses and the classes, male and female, were kneeling at the shrine of the successful business man. Keogh knew twenty millionaires, any one of whom would have welcomed him as a son-in-law with fervor. But these things made but small impression on his mind.

It was a matter between him and young Kate Pendleton, the school-teacher, whom he had known for some six years. He had assured himself that he was a marrying man; but he had also assured himself that when he married he would marry none but her. Miss Katherine Pendleton had lived always in Monroe. She was a graduate of Smith College. Her intellectual attainments were of the more practical kind. For the rest, she was the daughter of a poverty-stricken, but blue-blooded and aristocratic ancestry.

"She's a—a *lady*," Keogh had told himself, using a designation too much out of fashion in these times, "a lady, and I'm nobody but Dan. Keogh, of the road. I'll wait," he whispered to himself, "wait until, in her eyes, and in the eyes of all Monroe, I'm just as good as she is."

He had said this when he was superintendent of the road, receiving a salary of ten thousand dollars *per annum*, and owning a good block of U. E. S. to boot. He had said it at a time when matchmaking mothers would have welcomed him with open arms. He little understood that all Monroe, including Kate Pendleton, had classified him as the truest kind of gentleman. All that he knew was that he had not reached the standard set for himself; therefore, he said no formal word to her, and she, perhaps, had understood.

But on this night he knew that his hour had come,—his hour and Katherine Pendleton's. When he reached her home, he led her into a cozy corner underneath the stairs,—for was he not an Irishman?—and told her so,—told her all about it.

Later, when he started off, he drew his hand across his brow. "Kitty, Kitty," he exclaimed, "I'm tired! I've worked, and worked, and worked. I'm just beginning to realize it all. But I've worked to some purpose. Now the big machine that I've kept in order for so many, many years, has learned to work itself. I've worked to some advantage, Kitty. Now is the time to play."

It was quarter to eleven when he left the house. As he entered his equipage for the second time that night, two bewildering facts kept seething through his brain: one, that he was, indeed, the president of the U. E. S.; the other that he was, also, the betrothed of Katherine Pendleton. But there was something else. "I've worked main hard," he kept saying to himself; "now—now is the time to play."

"Home, sir?" asked his coachman.

"No," answered Daniel Keogh, without a trace of hesitation in his voice; "drive me to the Iroquois."

At two o'clock in the morning, he stepped from the Iroquois Club and entered his carriage. He was drunk; drunk beyond all question,—beyond all compromise. No one knew this but himself; his coachman, even, did not know it. But Keogh knew it, and, knowing, reveled in the knowledge.

Why had he done this thing? Why had he done it, when the betrothal kiss of Katherine Pendleton was still warm upon his lips? Other men would not have done it—*then*. But he was not as are other men,—he was Dan. Keogh, of Monroe. He had told himself that the time had come to play. He was playing,—he had stripped himself of all restraint.

On this night the curse that had rested on his father was upon him; and this curse he had mistaken for a blessing. He gloried in it and knew not why.

He did not drink during business hours; nor did he drink evenings until he had left his *fiancée*. "I never drink until I'm through." That was still his watchword. Bernhardt watched him, wondering, at the dinners and the clubs. "That man, Keogh," he assured himself, "can stand more stuff than any other man I ever knew. He never shows it, either,—never."

Keogh began to understand that fact himself,—that he never showed it; that to others he was never drunk. Knowing this, he only drank the more.

He married. He installed his bride in the big McCormick mansion on Monroe Place. He had purchased this and had had it renovated. Across the way was Bernhardt's modest palace. Keogh and his wife were happy. Kate Keogh did not expect too much. She had sprung from a race of men who, in prosperity, lived well; she understood. But she watched the lines on Keogh's face grow deeper week by week.

He was still the same man of business that he had ever been. He kept his finger upon each detail; in no wise did his vigor lessen or his vigilance abate. He served the corporation better than any other man had ever served it. But one man watched him,—watched him closely. That man was Bernhardt.

After hours, Keogh made more friends than ever before; his Irish wit, his *bonsmots* and his epigrams, heard for the first time in the clubs, became the talk of the town. Everybody laughed with Daniel Keogh,—and he laughed the most of all.

But one night something happened. A member of the force who glanced down Taylor's Lane, as McClellan did more than twenty years before, saw a man there, in the darkness, laughing wildly to himself, and groping his way blindly, along the face of the alley wall. The officer approached. The man ran toward him crookedly and clung to him.

"Say, mister," said this man wildly to the officer, "I'm looking for my father, 'Nifty' Keogh, the politician from New York. I've lost him and I'm looking for him, for me and him must keep together,—we must keep together, somehow, don't you see?"

This man was the president of the U. E. S., wild-eyed and disheveled, suffering the delirium that is just beyond stupidity. He was a shaking, quivering boy once more, looking vainly for the politician from New York.

Bernhardt did not know about this episode; Monroe knew nothing of it. There were three people who did know about it. One of these was the officer; one was Keogh's coachman; the third was his wife.

After this, except from ten to four each day, Dan. Keogh was an uncertain quantity. It is true that he still kept his grip upon details, and that he still governed, with a steady hand, the great system of which he was the head. But his great strength was slowly ebbing; his cheeks fell in; his complexion, formerly of a pale but very healthy color, took on a flushed and muddy hue.

"The U. E. S.," the people of Monroe would say, "is working Dan. Keogh for all he's worth,—it's working him to death."

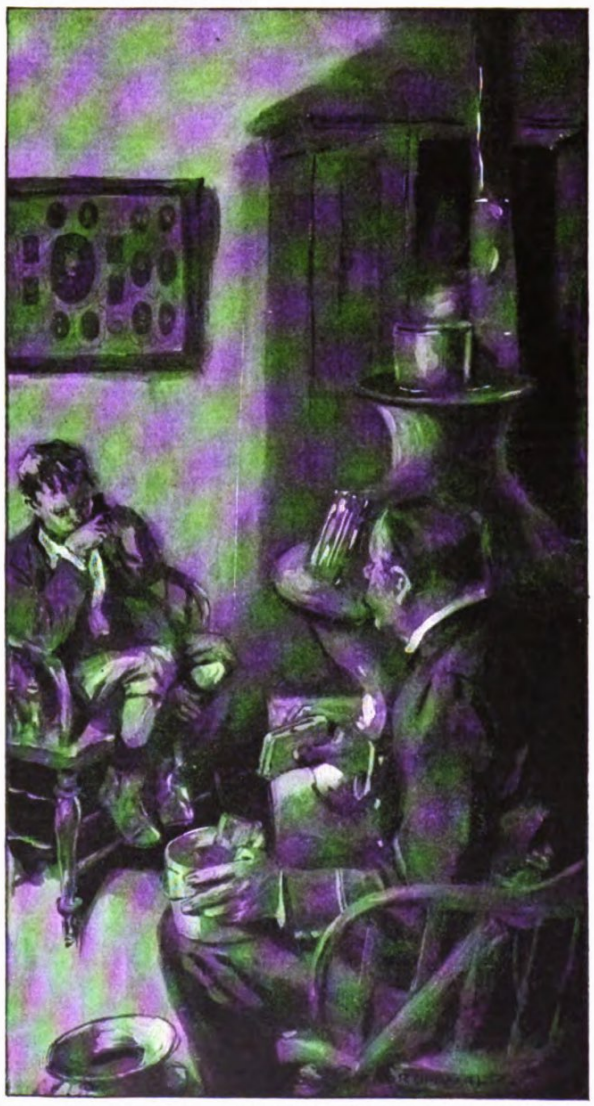
One morning, while sitting in his office in the midst of work, Keogh swung about and drew his hand across his brow. "I'll go out and get a drink," he said to himself; "I can't work without it, this morning, and I *can* work with it. It's against my rule, but—I'll go out and get a drink."

* * * * * * *

Over at No. 40 Broad Street, New York, there was a man by the name of Marcus T. Steele. He was a student of men and of conditions. This study had made him rich,—it had made him famous. Had he lived a hundred years ago, Steele would have been a pirate; as it was, he was a promoter. New York had tired of him; it respected and it feared him,—but it would no longer buy his wares. Steele sought for other worlds to conquer. For many years he had watched the progress of Monroe,—he had made its casual acquaintance; he had looked upon it and had found it good. He was a flirt, but was none the less successful. He paid court, now, to the city of Monroe. There he found Bernhardt, a man with an ambition,—a dream of conquest. He found Keogh, a remarkable man, with a commonplace vice. He had known both these men for years. He found the U. E. S., a money-making corporation, on a paying basis wonderfully sound, with a completer system than had the New York lines. But he also found independent trolley lines in Donaldson and East Donaldson, Bellport and East Monroe,—all in the county of Monroe. Steele smiled.

"Where two or three of these trolley lines are gathered together," he said to himself, "it is just

DRAWN BY C. H. GRUNWALD



"'AIN'T HUNGRY, ARE YOU?' ASKED THE OFFICER"

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as well for me to be there also." He bearded Bernhardt in his den. The latter listened, and nodded as he listened.

"I understand," assented he; "your proposition is to consolidate the street railways in all five towns."

Steele laughed. "Don't let us do things by halves," he said; "we want a combination of more than that, a consolidation of all the street railways, electric light plants, and gas companies in the whole county,—understand?"

"What?" gasped Bernhardt, astounded by the magnitude of the suggestion.

"Exactly," returned Steele, "a syndicate of all the enfranchised corporations which exist for the benefit of the public,—an enormous public-utility corporation,—see?"

Bernhardt saw, and gasped again. But he liked it. So, later, did many of the capitalists of Monroe, whose eyes were dazzled by the enormous aggregations of capital which had just then sprung up, like mushrooms, in the Wall Street hotbeds. Bernhardt thought about it for a week, and the more he thought the more he liked it. But Steele was not through. "There's one man," he said to Bernhardt, "who would set his face against it. That's Keogh, of the U. E. S."

"How do you know?" asked Bernhardt; "how can you know?"

"I know," answered Steele, "and that's enough. I can spell out his policy in his management of the U. E. S. In these mergers strong men count, for or against. He's a strong man, and hard to beat. He's the biggest thing you'd have to fear."

The gigantic scheme was broached, not as the plan of Steele, but of Bernhardt, backed by a few of the hitherto conservative capitalists of Monroe who had come to believe in the usefulness and stability and economy of big things. Keogh heard of it and laughed at it. Later he stopped laughing and set his face against it in dead earnest. Stockholders asked his advice.

"What in thunder," Keogh said to them, "are you people thinking of? U. E. S. is selling in Wall Street for one hundred and eighty,—and there is n't one other of the twelve concerns that can sell its stock at seventy-five. And you want to mix them up? Good Lord! Can't you see? Do n't you know that Steele is swinging this,—Steele, of Wall Street; and that, the instant that he sells his million-dollar block of first-selling stock that they're sure to vote him,—the instant that he does that, he'll clear out and let the merger go to thunder? That's all he's ever worked for; it's all he's working for now. Can't you understand?"

"But," protested one, "there's Bernhardt——"

Keogh waved his hand. "I won't talk about Bernhardt," he answered; "he's a neighbor, a good neighbor of mine. I won't talk about him. I do n't care who's backing this scheme here in Monroe. All I say is that the U. E. S. has got to be run as a railroad, and not as a department store. We know the railway business like a book, but we do n't know any other, and we're too old to learn. That's all."

Keogh's opposition was not without effect. He could see further into a stone wall than many other men; but he made the other men see, too. The merger people only laughed. "Dan. Keogh's sore," they said, "because in this consolidation scheme no place is made for *him*."

Within a month Steele and Bernhardt had rounded up the other small concerns. "We 'll go into any merger," these concerns had said, "that the U. E. S. will join." "Now, then," said Steele to Bernhardt, rubbing his palms together, "now for the U. E. S.,—and Daniel Keogh. There's the rub."

A week later, Bernhardt laid in front of Steele a paper with the following headline:—

"OVERWORKED!
President Keogh of
The U. E. S. Drops at
His Desk"

Keogh had burned the candle at both ends. He was a nervous wreck. They took him home. Monroe knew nothing of the real cause; the town sympathized with him, and denounced the relentless corporations. Ten-dollar clerks about town thanked their stars that they were not railway presidents. In the meantime Steele and Bernhardt sat with their heads together.

"Now," suggested Bernhardt, "is the time to strike."

Steele assented. "Advertise your stockholders' meeting and do it right away. Then, get Keogh off——"

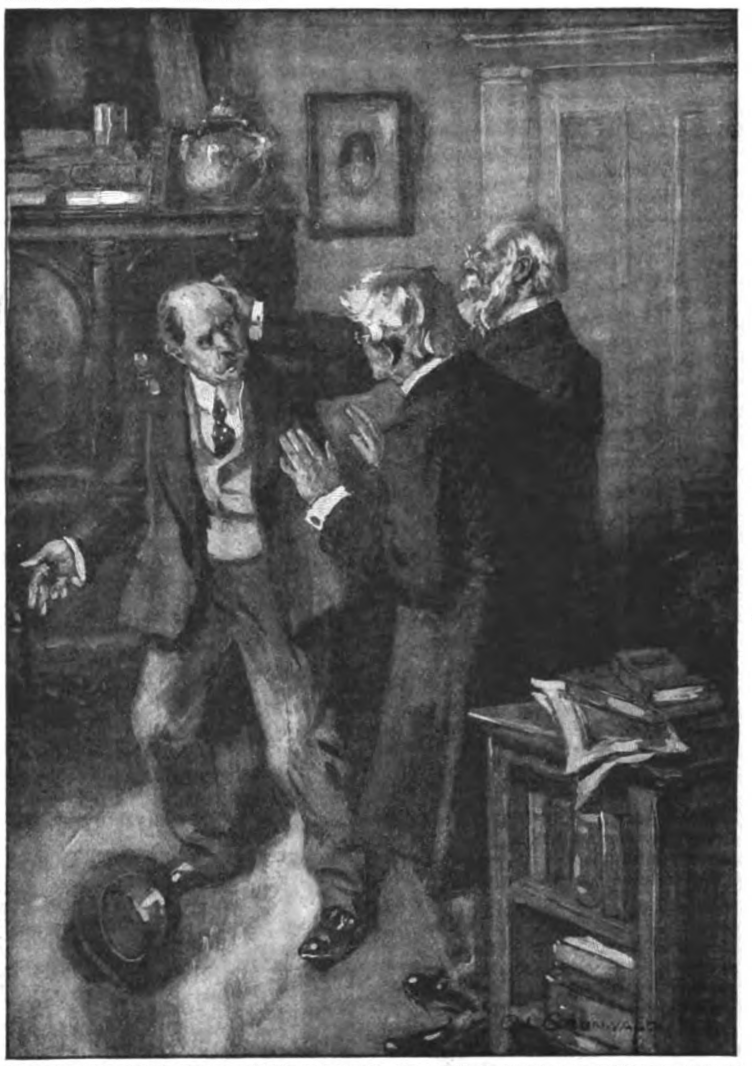
"Get Keogh off?" repeated Bernhardt.

"Exactly," returned Steele; "see his doctor, or his wife,—anybody. Make suggestions,—you're his neighbor, do n't you see. Do anything,—but get him away."

"When?" asked Bernhardt, doubtfully.

"Just before that meeting," answered Steele; "that's all. With Keogh in this town, well or sick, just at that time, he's an uncertain quantity. With several hundred miles between him and your board room, you'll know just where you stand. You know. Do it."

DRAWN BY C. H. GRUNWALD



"BERNHARDT WAS EXPLAINING TO THE MANAGEMENT THAT HE WAS NOT DANIEL KEOGH"

Bernhardt was a diplomat. Keogh's wife approved of him. Keogh's family physician was also Bernhardt's. To the physician, Bernhardt suggested Florida. The physician was puzzled, but not over the condition of his patient; that was but natural. He was puzzled by the strength of the vicious habit which controlled his patient. He had already thought of sending him to Florida. The idea was suggested to Mrs. Keogh. She acquiesced. Bernhardt kept on. He recommended the Wavecrest Sanitarium, on the Gulf Shore.

"It's particularly good, I'm told," said he, in his character of neighbor, to the doctor and the patient's wife; "particularly good for—for,—" here Bernhardt's delicacy failed him in his hour of need,—"for just this—this sort of thing, you know."

The physician had heard of Wavecrest Sanitarium, and he set upon it the stamp of his approval. From this three-cornered consultation Bernhardt went to Steele. "What do you think?" he asked. Steele shook his head.

"Keogh is going," continued Bernhardt. He leaned over and plucked the other by the sleeve, and added, "and I'm going to take him down *myself*."

Keogh said he'd go to Florida. He was tired,—he'd go anywhere, and anyhow, and at any time. He had lost interest in things,—his brain was utterly fagged out. There was only one thing that worried him. The difficulty was that he could not put his finger on this thing. It was something big,—he understood that; but he could n't grasp it. They would n't talk business to him; in fact, he did n't care about that. If only this thing that worried him would take definite shape within his mind! Bernhardt came to see him now and then, and Keogh knew, vaguely, that this incubus had something to do with his visitor, but how, or why, he did not know.

They told him, one day, that Bernhardt had offered to accompany him south. They asked him if he minded.

Keogh raised himself upon his elbow. "Mind," he answered, "no, indeed; I would n't go *without* him." Why he answered thus, he did not know. But he realized that he had some powerful reason for wanting to keep track of Bernhardt,—and that was *all* he knew.

"Look here, Bernhardt," Steele had said, "you must attend that meeting. You must get back."

"I'll get back," answered Bernhardt; "besides, I'll leave my proxies."

"The proxies are all right, but it is men, not proxies, that put through deals like this. You're the man, and you must get back. There'll be a hundred thousand questions slung by the stockholders at the meeting, and"—he grinned,—"you're the only man who knows the answers to them all."

The Wavecrest Sanitarium on the Gulf was a place with a price. Its aristocratic character was assured, but it would take any kind of man and do any kind of thing to him,—for a sufficient consideration. It invariably obeyed instructions. Its significance in this connection becomes apparent when it is stated that it was owned and controlled by a southern railroad, which, in turn, was owned and controlled by Marcus T. Steele, of Wall Street. All that the Wavecrest management knew of Daniel Keogh was that he was a millionaire from Monroe, who must be kept immured at every hazard for the space of forty-eight hours after his arrival. The management fully understood the importance of his remaining in the South for at least that period of time. Acquainted as they were with Keogh's malady, and his own voluntary purpose in sojourning in the South, but little difficulty was anticipated in detaining him for that short space. The Wavecrest Sanitarium awaited Daniel Keogh.

He started south with Bernhardt. He was much better, but his brain was still tired. Upon his mind still rested that strange, unfathomable burden,—but what it was he did n't know.

One day Bernhardt touched him on the arm. "This is the last day," said he; "our journey will end to-night, old man."

Keogh had been gazing sleepily out of the window and across the fields. He now turned and nodded dreamily. He did not turn back. He kept his eyes on Bernhardt; and, for the first time in many weeks, he began to think,—to reason. As he looked at Bernhardt, something unusual kept surging through his brain.

"His motive," he reflected,—"what's his motive now?" They were seated in a section. After some time Bernhardt rose and sauntered out. Keogh's mind kept groping after facts.

"I'll go back to the beginning," he muttered, in a bewildered way,—"back to the beginning." A few minutes later he found himself pulling papers from his breast pocket and sorting them over. It was strange that he had not thought of them before, but he vaguely imagined that this was the way to get back to the beginning. He had lost track of things; he must get back into the current of events; his mind was recovering its equilibrium; it was asking questions,—groping after the details that it had missed these many days.

Suddenly, with a small printed paper in his hand, he sat bolt upright and cried aloud.

"Jehosaphat!" he almost screamed, "that's it,—that's what I've been after. It's the merger,—the merger,—that's the thing."

The printed paper was a notice of the impending stockholders' meeting. He recalled that his private secretary, Kempf, had brought him up his mail before he left; he recalled that he had stuffed it into his pocket.

He recalled more; he remembered—*everything*. It all came back to him as in a flash. This unknown burden on his mind had been the merger,—the thing that he had been fighting,—fighting,—fighting.

There was a rattle at the door, and Keogh stuffed his papers into his pocket. Bernhardt entered. Keogh was reclining in his chair, dozing with half-opened eyelids. Bernhardt lit a cigar, puffed at it comfortably, and glanced at Keogh with just a suspicion of disdain. The latter certainly had changed. His clothes were all awry. His linen, even, was the worse for wear. He had not been shaved for three whole days.

"It does n't take long," thought Bernhardt to himself, "for these fellows of the herd to sink back to their level, when once they start."

But behind those half-closed eyelids, Daniel Keogh's brain was renewing its grasp upon details. "That meeting," he was thinking to himself,—"I must attend that meeting." Now, it was a simple matter for him to attend that meeting. It could be easily effected by alighting at the next station, and taking the next train home. He understood that. He knew that he was under no restraint. But he did n't want to do the thing in just that way. It was a deeper problem than it seemed to be.

"There are any number of ways to do it," he told himself, "but there's only one right way,—that's all." He opened his eyes for an instant. His glance fell upon his own reflection in the mirror,—the reflection of a very unkempt man. He was momentarily startled. Then he closed his eyes again and smiled a weary smile. But that one glance had done the trick for him, and behind that smile there was exultation extraordinary.

"Eureka!" thought Keogh to himself; "Eureka, I have found it!"

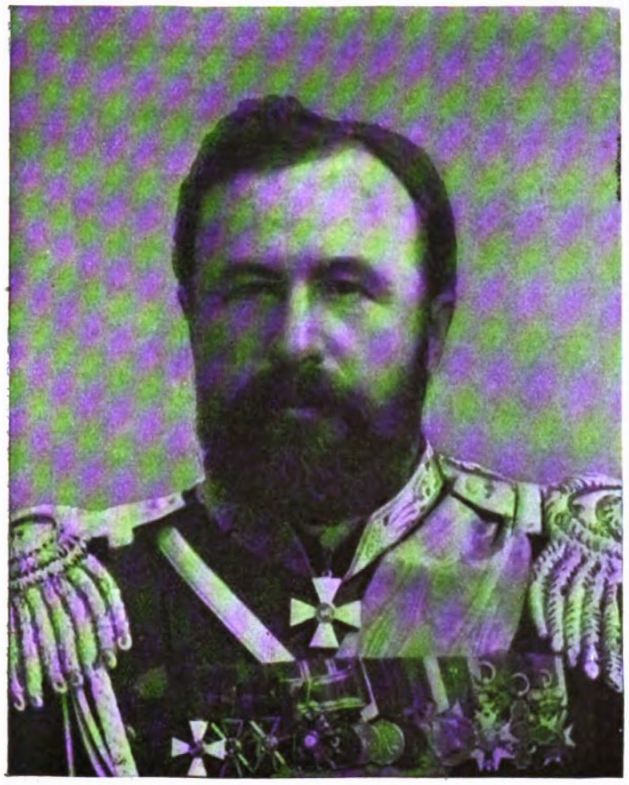
It was just nine o'clock that night when the management of the Wavecrest Sanitarium ushered two men into the reception room. One of these two men was a man of prosperous appearance, probably a millionaire, his face flushed slightly with high living. The management looked upon him and approved him. The other man was a rough, honest sort of Irishman, with a three days' growth of beard upon his face. The Irishman stepped forward and made his little bow.

"Gentlemen," he said, with his bit of brogue, and a wave of his hand toward his prosperous companion, "*this* is the gentleman from Monroe."

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People We Read About



ALEXIE NICHOLAEVITCH KOUROPATKINE,
General, Commanding the Russian Army

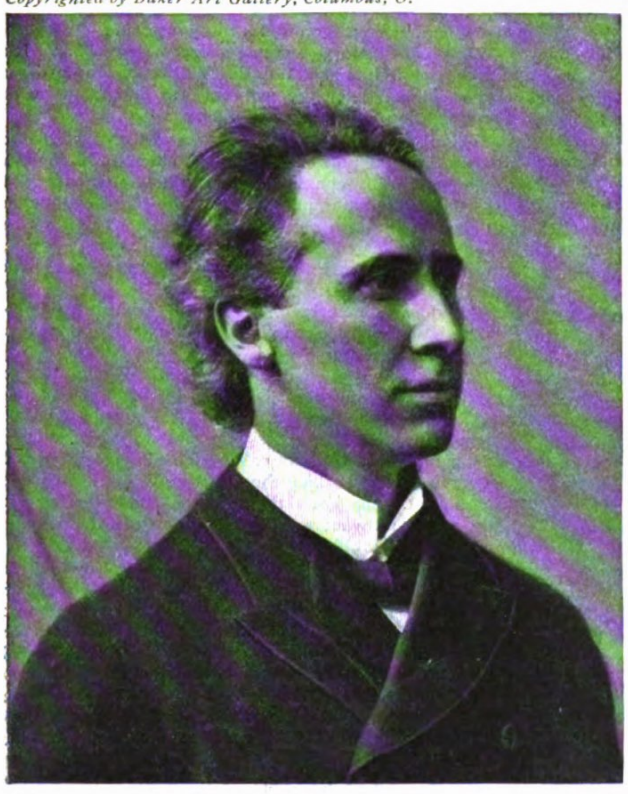
General Kuropatkin, to use the common English form of his name, is leading the armies of the czar in the war against Japan. He is fifty-six years old, and as a strategist and organizer of armies no living soldier in the world is entitled to stand beside him. His hairbreath escapes from death are numerous. In 1880, he was in command of the reinforcements sent to General Skobeleff in his struggle with the Tekke Turcomans. It was as Skobeleff's chief-of-staff that Kuropatkin took his place at the head of one of the assaulting columns. Skobeleff, when sent to subdue the Turcomans, at once telegraphed to Kuropatkin, then on the Kulja frontier, to join him. His march across Central Asia, by a route almost unknown, was the marvel of the time.



HEIHAICHIRO TOGO,
Commander-in-chief of the Japanese Navy

Admiral Togo is a self-made man. He comes from the middle class, and, unlike Rear-admiral Uriu, who received his naval education at Annapolis, the commander-in-chief is a product of the educational system of his own country. The foundation of his remarkable ability as a naval commander was laid at the national Japanese naval college. He entered the navy as a midshipman, and rapidly rose in rank until, in the war between Japan and China, he was made a rear admiral. It was his record in this war, and in organization work afterwards, that won him the place of commander of all the fleets of the Japanese navy. He worked so unostentatiously that outside of Japan little was known of him before his recent achievements at Port Arthur.

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CHARLES DICK,
United States Senator from Ohio

Senator Dick was chosen by the Ohio legislature to fill the vacancy in the senate caused by the death of Marcus A. Hanna, whose mantle he will wear. This places Senator Dick, at a bound, in the whirlwind of national politics. Ohio, with nine of her native-born citizens in the senate, thirty-two in the house, and two in the cabinet is a factor to be reckoned with. Senator Dick is an astute and clever politician. He is forty-six years old and began life as a clerk in a country store. During the Spanish-American War he was engaged in service in Cuba and Porto Rico. For many years he was closely associated with the late Senator Hanna, and it was always the latter's wish that Mr. Dick should have a chance to show his mettle in the senate.



WELDON BRINTON HEYBURN,
United States Senator from Idaho

Senator Heyburn is the author of the bill against the adulteration of drugs and foods,—commonly known as the "pure food bill,"—one of the most important and far-reaching measures ever presented to the senate. Mr. Heyburn surprised his colleages by bringing on the floor samples of canned foods and preserves, which he had personally purchased at prominent stores and which he had had analyzed and found impure. The prospects for securing the enactment of the statute, however, do not seem to be favorable. Some powerful interests are arrayed against the bill, for the men who have made fortunes in impure products are reluctant about letting go so good a thing. The opposing senators say that the law should be made by the various states.

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People We Read About

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM S. COWLES, U. S. N.,
Commander of the Battle-ship "Missouri"

The distressing accident on the battle-ship "Missouri" during the target practice off Pensacola, Florida, when a number of Uncle Sam's ships were trying to establish new records in rapid-firing with big guns, has brought Captain Cowles within the range of public glory. When his ship was in danger of destruction by explosion, he refused to let her be beached, and he plunged into a gas-filled chamber and personally assisted in the work of rescue. The accident is only one of a series which has attended the development of modern warships, modern ordnance, and modern explosives. Such accidents are among the penalties of naval greatness, and are common to all navies.

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MAUD GONNE, (Mrs. Major John Mac Bride,)
the Irish Joan of Arc

Mrs. Mac Bride, who will always be known as Maud Gonne, the "Irish Joan of Arc," is one of the most remarkable women of the day. Her ardent participation in the Irish national movement has placed her beside the greatest Irish patriots. During the Boer War she visited the United States for the purpose of obtaining money for the Boer cause. Her eloquence and her personality made a strong impression. Mrs. Mac Bride is highly educated, clever, and graceful, and has a countenance which combines beauty and strength of character. She married Major Mac Bride who led the Irish Brigade against the British in the Boer War. They anticipate that their baby son will be the first president of Ireland.

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FRANCIS GRIFFITH NEWLANDS,
United States Senator from Nevada

Senator Newlands believes that Cuba should be annexed to the United States and placed under a provisional government similar to that of the Hawaiian Islands. He believes that his bill will ultimately become a fact, and that the Cubans will find that their commercial advantages are so closely allied with those of the United States that annexation is the only outcome of future prosperity. Senator Newlands is one of the best living authorities on irrigation, and his views on this subject are sought by many foreign countries. He is fifty-six years old, and his seat in the senate, on the Republican side, is almost directly beside that of his patriarchal senior, William M. Stewart, now in his seventy-seventh year.



DAVID MACLEAN PARRY,
President of the Citizens' Industrial Association of America

By his persistent opposition to labor unions, Mr. Parry has won a conspicuous place in the affairs of the world. He holds that trades unions are ruinous to the best interests of workmen. He calls unionism "the grand trust of modern times,—the muscle trust." Although he employs over two thousand men in his factory in Indianapolis, he has never antagonized their rules. Mr. Parry is a quiet, unassuming man whose greatest pleasure lies in the development of his business. He was born on a farm near Pittsburg, March 26, 1852, and worked there until he was seventeen years old. He attended school in winter and received instruction from his mother. His early years were a succession of struggles.



JANE OAKER,
Who Plays *Mrs. Curtis Jadwin* in "The Pit"

Jane Oaker is one of the most prominent of the younger generation of actresses. She was graduated from Vassar College in 1898, and soon afterwards announced a determination to follow a theatrical career. Her father, Christian Peper, a merchant, of St. Louis, was much opposed to her stage aspirations, but finally relented and said that he would make her a present of one hundred thousand dollars when she became a leading woman. In 1901, after achieving an artistic success as *Hermia*, in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," she was made leading woman with James K. Hackett, who was then playing "Don Cæsar's Return." This quick triumph won her a fortune in her father's gift.

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ALFRED NOBLE,
Who Will Build a Tunnel under Manhattan Island

Mr. Noble is the directing engineer of the Pennsylvania, New York, and Long Island Railway Company, which was organized under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad system for the purpose, chiefly, of constructing tunnels under the Hudson and East Rivers, New York City, thus giving the Pennsylvania Railroad a direct route from Montauk Point, Long Island, to the West. Mr. Noble is also an authority on waterways, having been a member of the Nicaragua Canal Board, from 1897 to 1899, the United States Board of Deep Waterways, which has prepared plans and estimates in connection with a canal route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic seaboard, and the Isthmian Canal Commission.

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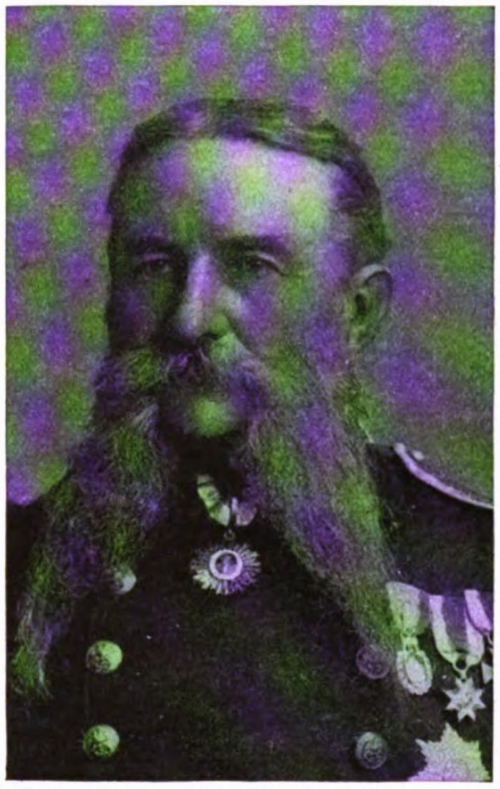
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MABEL TALIAFERRO,

Lovey Mary, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

In the dramatic presentation of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the audiences have been aroused to alternate tears and laughter by *Lovey Mary*, a part which has been played with great insight, sympathy, and charm by Mabel Taliaferro. Her work in this play has given her a very distinctive place on the American stage. Miss Taliaferro is only seventeen. Since she was three years old she has been playing juvenile parts, and her work as *Esther*, in Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," was decidedly effective. Miss Taliaferro is a daughter of Mrs. Anna Taliaferro, of New York, who has trained many children for the stage. She is of remote Italian ancestry.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER, U. S. N.,

President of the Isthmian Canal Commission

The recent appointment of the Isthmian Canal Commission of Engineers, of which Rear-admiral Walker is the chairman, marked the real beginning of work on the Isthmus by the United States government. The commission is now engaged in studying the sanitary conditions of the Isthmus. Before work can be really begun, the towns of Panama and Colon must be drained and supplied with water, the harbor at Colon must be dredged, healthful quarters for the workmen and cold storage plants must be built, and the problem of proper food solved. Rear-admiral Walker will have to supervise all this preliminary work, which is, indeed, the most important of all.

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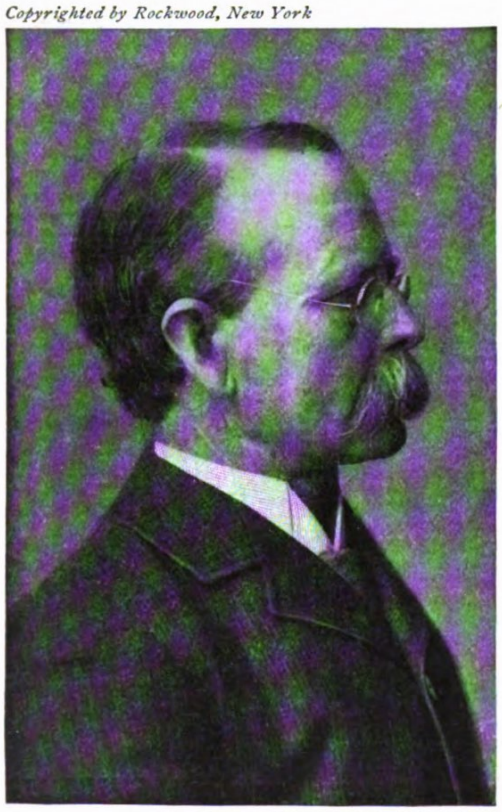


EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON,

the Latest Actress to Win Shakespearean Honors

When an English dramatic company presented "As You Like It," on the field of Columbia University, New York, in 1903, a young woman, hitherto unknown in the theatrical world, made a sudden success, through her interpretation of *Rosalind*. A new actress had been found in Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, a native of London, England, and she was immediately engaged to play *Everyman* in the old English morality play of the same name, which was given in New York during the winter. So strong a mutual liking between her and American audiences has developed that she has decided to spend most of her time in the United States, and will appear here next season in several new plays.

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JOHN P. HOLLAND,

the Inventor of the Submarine Torpedo Boat

The eight submarine torpedo boats which are part of the equipment of the United States navy are products of the inventive genius of John P. Holland, who devoted over thirty years to the development of this type of fighting vessel. Mr. Holland was born in Drogheda, Ireland, about sixty-five years ago. He came to the United States in the late sixties, and took up the idea of developing a submarine craft. He launched his first invention in the Passaic River, New Jersey, in 1871, and finally, after about twenty-five years of struggle, succeeded in obtaining recognition from the United States government for his boat. For many years, the officials at Washington declared his invention useless.



J. BRUCE ISMAY,

President of the International Mercantile Marine Company

Although a comparatively young man, Mr. Ismay is the foremost figure in the shipping world, and head of the great combine of English lines organized three years ago by J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Ismay is an Englishman, and it was largely through his efforts that the American dominance of the corporation was shattered and that it passed under British control. He soon showed the stockholders, who had been receiving six per cent., that they would have to accept a great reduction under the American conditions. The Morgan interests could not prove otherwise, but said that the profits would probably be reduced through the ravages of the boll weevil and cattle diseases



COLONEL GEORGE JOHN YOUNGHUSBAND,

Commander of the British March into Tibet

The British peace column that is advancing into the hermit country of Tibet has had some encounters of startling proportions. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable invasion of the age, and Colonel Younghusband's troops have already had several bloody skirmishes with the men of the Grand Lama. The British claim that their actions are purely friendly, but the Tibetans think otherwise. Fifty years ago, the Grand Lama determined that the only method of preserving the independence of the country was by preventing all Europeans from reaching the sacred city of Lassa. It was because the Tibetans saw the Indian states falling, one after another, under British dominion, that Lassa was made taboo.

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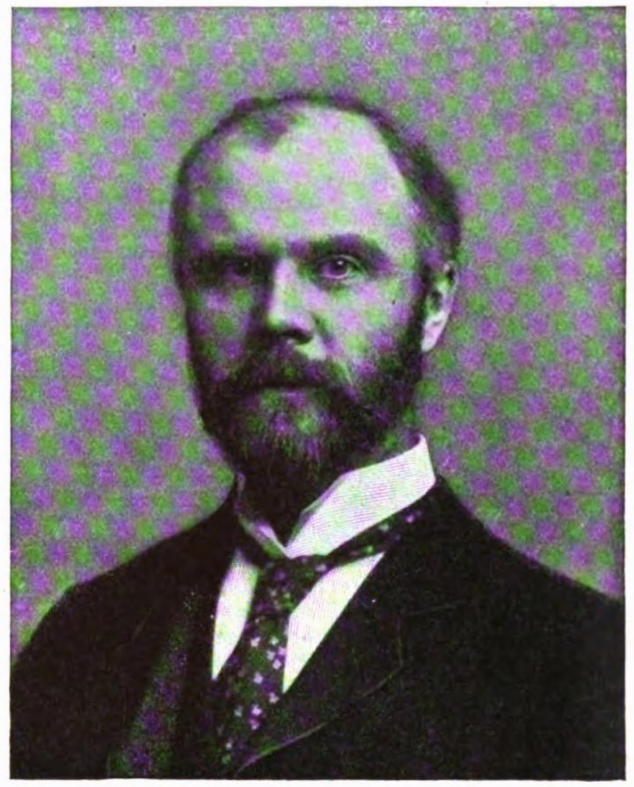
People We Read About

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SAMUEL GOMPERS,
President of the American Federation of Labor

Mr. Gompers was one of the organizers of the Federation of Labor, and served as its president for six years without receiving any salary. Finally, however, he was induced to give his entire time to its advancement, and accepted a salary of one thousand dollars a year. Among the many government laws due to his labors are the lien law, making wages the first lien on property; the sanitary inspection law; the age-limit law, relating to the children employed in industrial pursuits; the law making employers liable for damages to life and limb of their employees; the uniform car-coupling law; the eight-hour law in governmental work; the ten-hour law for street-railway employees; the anti-sweatshop law, and the law making Labor Day a legal holiday.



WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS,
Chief Engineer, New York Rapid Transit Commission

When a commission was organized to build an underground railroad in Manhattan, New York City, Mr. Parsons was at once chosen as the engineer. Manhattan Island is a huge bed of stone, and the route under great sky-scrapers and through thoroughfares dense with traffic had to be blasted, foot by foot, with dynamite. The work of constructing this long tunnel is about over, and Mr. Parsons's task, which was planned with wonderful precision, is about finished and is accounted a triumph in engineering. President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. Parsons a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and he will have principal charge of the engineering construction of the canal. This will be the greatest engineering work of the age.

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STUYVESANT FISH,
President of the American Railway Association

Mr. Fish is one of the foremost railroad presidents in the United States. Largely through his administrative ability the Illinois Central has become one of the representative roads of America. He has associated himself with his employees in a manner that has won their confidence and coöperation. He was born in 1851, and in 1871 became a clerk in the New York office of the Illinois Central. In 1873 he was promoted to the treasury department, in 1876 to the board of directors, in 1883 to the vice presidency, and in 1887 to the presidency. Several years ago he instituted a system whereby a certain percentage of the profits of the company was divided among the employees. He was recently elected president of the American Railway Association.



BARON ROTHSCHILD,
Head of the Banking Firm of N. M. Rothschild and Sons

Baron Rothschild is one of the leading financiers of the world, and head of a firm controlling a chain of banking houses throughout Europe which wields a powerful influence in the affairs of the world. It has been openly stated several times that no European country can go to war without first consulting the Rothschilds. For over a century, the operations of the Rothschilds have been startling in their magnitude. Their achievement is due to family adherence. The members of each successive generation are received into the co-partnership, and the cousins, like crowned-heads, usually intermarry, and, as their immense wealth is being continually augmented by safe and profitable business methods, the firm may last as long as some royal dynasties.

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR E. JAMESON



"THE YOUNG MAN SLIPPED ON HER FINGER THE CIRCLE OF ROYAL, HISTORIC GOLD"

Diplomatic Mysteries

II.—The Unfortunate Estrangement between the German Emperor and His Eldest Son

VANCE THOMPSON

MANY people, notably that wise old man, De Blowitz, have told of the youth of the German emperor, William the Second, his impatience to reign, and his haste to snatch up the crown from the pillow of his dying father.

Since then the ambitious *kronprinz* has become a conservative, active, and self-mastered ruler, but over his reign there will always rest the shadow of San Remo. It was there the father lay dying, while the son, cynical in his eagerness to reign, raced away toward his throne. The disease that killed his father has already fastened upon his successor. By an irony equally grim the emperor, to-day, finds his own son arrayed against him. The quarrel is not for the throne. The present crown prince has no crafty ambition. There is nothing of the soldier in him. He is an amiable young man, loving the pleasures of the open air, like any English gentleman, and is fond of sport. He would be quite content if the emperor should reign forever. The conflict between them is one of temperament, of feeling, and almost of race. The cause of it is known in all the courts of Europe. The records are in the *cabinets noirs*,—those dark archives,—which are kept in Washington as well as in London and Berlin. It is the story—and, after all, there is only one story in the world,—of a man and a maid.

If great soldiers were made and not born, Friedrich-Wilhelm-Ernst-Victor should be indubitably a fighting man of the first order. No other baby ever came into the world to such a noise of cannon and drums, to such a clamor of fifes and triangles and cymbals; no younger baby was ever displayed to marching troops; his whole infancy was a kaleidoscope of arms and banners; he was almost born in uniform. He cut his teeth on an ivory saber. He learned to toddle by aid of a rifle. When nature dowered him with a squad of little brothers, he became captain over them. The royal nursery was a barrack, in which the little princes—their good pale eyes heavy with broken sleep, their little mouths still wet with milk, their blond heads clipped in military fashion,—marched and countermarched, rigid as little tin soldiers. Arms and the man they sang,—not the jolly rhymes of Hänsel and Gretel. Probably there was never before, in a royal household or out, so droll, so pathetic a nursery,—with its squad of baby soldiers.

The serious side of it was that it was a symbol of the new Germany, with all its military ostentation, and with all its anachronistic revival of the old drillmaster and bully of Europe, Frederick the Great.

The eldest of the little grenadiers was born May 6, 1882. When he was six years of age he became the crown prince. Year by year he played the same game of war—the *kriegsspiel*,—and fed upon the divine right of kings.

It was a life of reviews, parades, and maneuvers; of camp and field, and of barrack and mess room; it was, perhaps, as cabined, cribbed, and confined a life as ever youth grew up in,—unless one were born in a straight-jacket. The crown prince lived in it until he was twenty. So far he had been shut out from the broad and scholarly education which is at the elbow of almost every German lad. The press of the Fatherland, which is tolerably free-spoken, stirred up quite a clamor. It was ridiculous, the good editors argued, that their future ruler should be ignorant of everything except the nicety of salutes and the theorem of epaulets. The emperor yielded. He sent the twenty-year-old prince to the University of Bonn, where he himself had spent his student days and nights. Only one aid-de-camp accompanied the young man.

"Go, now," said the kaiser, "and become a worthy German student."

The art of being a student in Germany is, as everyone who has tried it knows, rather complicated. The getting of book lore is supplemented by much clashing of *schlaeger*, by some blood-letting, by a great deal of loud singing, and by deep drinking of beer. Whether it be Jena or Bonn or Heidelberg, it is all the same. The young philosopher must show his prowess both in the beer-duel and in the less dangerous duel with swords. The young prince was not only permitted to attend the classic *bier-kneipe*; he was also ordered to attend and drink as became the heir to the German throne. It was an imperial and paternal command.

Can you imagine the scene?

The crown prince was not only modest, but was also timid as a child, in spite of his military rank. He had been brought up in the rigor of Prussian discipline, and under the caprice of home tyranny; the slightest fault had been punished with military severity; he was a repressed and bashful lad, but no more. This youth, sentimental, poetical, and pure-minded, was thrown into the broad-girthed, brawling, guzzling *proletariat* of a German university, and commanded to compete with such fellows in their coarse pleasures. In huge, smoky, lamp-lit cellars, it was his to drink down mugs of beer at a word of command from some gross "president" or beer-lord; to sing when he was told or howl in chorus, and to play for scars in the foolish game of swords. Germany is a land of castes, but its student-world is utter democracy. It is well enough for a coarse-grained youth, who has been roughened in a "gymnasium," to take a dip into such a world; he will come out of it a grave doctor, lawyer, or theologian; but for a timid lad, bred in the quasi-monastery of a court, it is not so well. The crown prince found it anything but well. He begged to be allowed to leave,—or, at least, if he must stay, to attend only the lectures and spend his time in study. The kaiser told him his choice was between the *bier-kneipe* and a military prison, so the young man finished his semester. Came the vacation. The docile youth, though he had shown no great beer-prowess, was rewarded with a trip to his royal kin in England. There he was to receive another education; that of high life, *l'éducation mondaine*. His professor was to be the "first gentleman in Europe,"—as the fond English call him,—his great-uncle, Edward VII.

He had not known much of that court, though the old Queen Victoria loved him. He was the grandson of her first and favorite daughter. Her German great-grandson was very dear to her. Once, when he was staying with her at Osborne, she put on his finger a ring,—a worn band of gold, quite plain, like a wedding ring. Perhaps it had some association with her own youth and love; be that as it may, she put it on his finger and asked him to promise that he would never give it to anyone, except the woman he had chosen to be his wife. This sacred promise the boy gave the old, old queen; and always he wore the ring.

The king made much of him for a few weeks, and then the season was over for 1900; London was empty, save for a few millions of the kind of people who do not count; the court and society had fled to the country. The king was at Sandringham or wherever else pleased him best; the crown prince of Germany was a guest of the Marlboroughs at Blenheim. For the first time in his life he tasted liberty. He was free from the constraints of his martial home and the more intolerable companionships of Bonn; he had escaped from the military hothouse of Berlin and his freedom was the finest in the world,—the broad, well-ordered, gentlemanly liberty of an

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"SHE WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EMPRESS YIELDED TO HER DESTINY"

English country house. He fitted into the life as if he had been born to it. He found himself a gentleman among gentlemen,—nothing more. The open-air life by day, the idle afternoons under the trees, the dances at night,—flowers and beautiful girls,—the talk of accomplished women and men,—it was a new and wonderful world to this youth who had always been in prison. The grace and sweetness of it all enchanted him; his heart opened.

The "little tin soldier" was a man.

II.

EVERY nation leads a double life. Even our own honest republic is honeycombed with dark recesses of policy and what is rightly called statecraft. Our frank President is supplemented by Mr. Hay, and, as well, by John E. Wilkie, our chief of secret service, who wears, quite properly, a dark air of mystery as he goes about the world. We have not invented espionage, and I do not know that we have perfected it, but where other spies go our list-footed gentlemen go also, and there is in Washington a tolerably complete knowledge of the doings in the underworld of international politics. Brussels, however, is the capital of international espionage, whether it be political or diplomatic or military,—this by reason of its central position and the neutrality of Belgium. The secret service of France has always been singularly good, as it has need to be. Of recent years, however, the service has been badly dislocated. Both England and Germany have outmaneuvered it time and again. A few years ago a stranger in Paris might have seen a whole city boiling with patriotism and hissing an alien king in the streets. What interest had the Parisians in crying "*A bas le roi Uhlan!*" as he of Spain passed? None in the world. The German embassy had, however, at that moment, an interest in creating a "diplomatic incident," and so it distributed money to the servile press of Paris, loosed its many agents in the streets, and organized the "manifestation." This is a single, slight illustration of the utility—the morality is another question,—of a secret service which has to do with more than smugglers and coiners and such simple folks. One can not live for many years in Europe, and study what are ironically called "public affairs," without cutting many of these dark trails. International espionage is a huge and complicated system. That part which has to do with politics is by far the most important. In France, at all events, under the popular tumult of many a noisy election, the wily work of England or Germany has been discovered. Three years ago I was told by one who was informed that the French government knew and was watching the following foreign agents,—two hundred and seventy-four Germans, eighteen Austrians, seventy-one Italians, eleven Spaniards, seventy Englishmen, and thirty-three Russians and Poles, with a fair complement of Americans, Dutch, and Swedes. Through so finely reticulated a network of observation hardly the smallest minnow of a fact can escape. Nothing takes place in Europe, I believe,—no statesman takes snuff, no king sneezes,—but it is known within twenty-four hours to every state.

All of this is "a secret of Polichinelle."

I have had acquaintanceship with a good many of these fellows,—spies of low degree, "agents" *de haut parage;* gentlemen, officers, journalists, and great ladies, as well as the lowlier adventurers, who prowl around organized society as a wolf goes round a sheepfold, hungrily. One of them, who was connected with the German embassy at Paris under old Prince von Münster, was a pleasant fellow whose wants outran his income. He had served the London "Times," or, rather, De Blowitz,—now and then; in fact, he was one of those mercenaries who are ready to serve under any banner, so long as there is pay or loot. Once I came upon him at a reception at the Elysée. There was something about the way he shook hands that was as good as an invitation to walk aside.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I suppose you have need of a collaborator, now and then, like every other journalist?" he asked.

So we went away from the ladies who promenaded their beauty to and fro,—from such dignitaries as General Horace Porter, representing his country; from Monsieur Loubet, a little gray smiling man with the great red *cordon* of the Legion of Honor slanting across his breast; we came to the gallery where, in the long ago, Marquise de Pompadour played a historic prank. There, when we were alone, save for a couple of frogged lackeys in amaranthine waistcoats, he told me of the news that was whispered in the embassies.

"It is the story of a prince's escapade," said he,—"the young crown prince. He tried to escape from Germany and is now under military arrest at Potsdam. *Cherchez la femme,* you say. What else are we doing! Who is she? I do not know, but it may give you a hint when I state that the crown prince's plan was to go to America. Ah, the American woman, *mon ami!* For whom else does one commit follies in these days? He is safe under lock and key, of course, and so the great scandal has not happened; but can you not imagine what might have been? Suppose he had fled to Russia, or come into France! Would that not have made a pretty embroilment? The political kettle would have boiled over. Or suppose he had reached your United States! Would you have welcomed the young rebel? It is a pretty diplomatic question, take it as you will."

At that time no more than this was known, unless General Porter—unless Mr. Secretary Hay,—had an exacter knowledge. At the American embassy, in the Avenue Kléber, the wise and silent Mr. Vignaud (who is, in fact, the embassy, and has been for a quarter of a century,) was darkly uncommunicative. Every trail led to a blind alley. None of the sources of information upon which a journalist may usually depend was productive. Beyond the fact communicated by the German *attaché*—the simple, overpaid fact that the crown prince was under arrest,—nothing was discoverable. Had he indeed tried to run away to the United States? That might be taken as a fact acquired. Then who was she? A *she* in that romance there must, of course, be. Neither I nor the other journalist, who made it his business to uncover this bit of court history, could find out. Time, as the novelists say, went by,—twelve and eighteen months of it.

There are two things, says a proverb of the Turks, which can not be hid; and these are musk and love.

Surely love can not be hid.

III.

OF all the international marriages no other was quite so notable as that of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough. The English journals told us that "blood is thicker than water;" there were pretty references to kinship and "hands across the sea." It was charming. The young duchess was assigned a delicious rôle in English society,—that of converting to Americanism the old aristocracy. She enlisted in her project many bright young girls, former schoolmates and companions of her life in New York. She made old Blenheim Palace an aviary of American girls. When the crown prince made his memorable visit there he was enchanted; his heart opened. The little tin soldier warmed into delightful manhood. There was a flight of pretty girls. There was none more beautiful than Miss Gladys Deacon, a daughter of J. Parker Deacon. Miss Deacon grew into a beautiful, fair girl, reserved, with the melancholy pride of one who has borne unmerited misfortune. She was reserved; the prince was shy; and yet they came to know each other very well, during those summer days and nights at Blenheim. Love ran its old course. In his own way the prince told his love. The young girl was proud; by her American birthright she felt herself the equal of any prince or royal personage on earth. Her answer was something like this: "Yes, I love you, as you love me. I should be unworthy of you and of myself, if I did not demand an open, legal, royal marriage which shall be notified to the states and courts of Europe."

Members of both English and German royal houses have had a *penchant* for what are called morganatic marriages; the present Prince of

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Wales was morganatically married at Gibraltar to a niece of the unfortunate Admiral Tryon; the Duke of Cambridge, who died the other day, was another example; a daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond was proud to marry thus the German princeling, Edward of Saxe-Weimar,—but very different is the pride of the American girl!

No one, I dare say, knows what battle the crown prince waged against himself; what I know, and what you may know, is that his answer was that of an honest and loyal lover. Three days after Miss Deacon had given him her *ultimatum* he came to her and said, perhaps a trifle theatrically, but with sincerity: "Here is the token of my good faith. This is our betrothal ring. It was given to me by Queen Victoria, my great grandmother, and I swore never to part with it, except to my wife. I give it to you. It is my gage that you shall be my wife,—the crown princess of Germany, if I be crown prince, empress if I be emperor,—my partner in life and my wife."

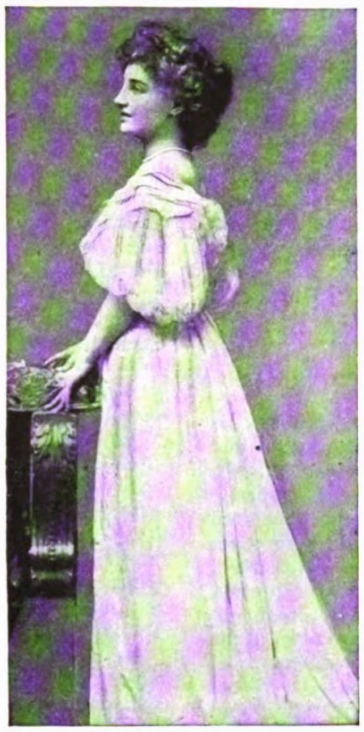
Saying these words, the young man slipped on her finger the circle of royal, historic gold.

He went back to Germany and left the young girl with her wonderful dream. She loved, hoped, and waited. She prepared herself for the future that was to be hers, she fancied. In the evening, in the long afternoons under the trees, she talked at length with the Duchess of Marlborough, her *confidante* and friend. The duchess, in her pride of rank and pride of race, saw no reason why her *protégée* should not wed a prince,—royalty,—an empire. Why should not the kaiser welcome an American daughter-in-law? Already his ambitious policy was busy over-sea; and would not an American crown princess be a marvelous link in the friendship of the two great nations, already akin in blood and sympathy? This was the dream the two girls dreamed,—under the trees of Blenheim, as Gladys Deacon fingered the slim band of gold a great queen had worn.

In the meantime, the hero of this pretty dream had returned to Bonn. After his experience at Blenheim the coarse familiarity of student life seemed more intolerable than ever before. He had no desire to bring the thought and memory of his love into that smoky atmosphere of riot. One evening he revolted. By way of punishment the president of his corps condemned him to drink interminable glasses of beer,—a dozen of them in as many minutes. The prince shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the *kneipe*. According to American ideals he had acted like a self-respecting youth. From a German viewpoint? It was *lèse-société*. It was not alone the college democracy he had offended; in running counter to a custom as old as German civilization he had roused the anger of every good Teuton. He was anti-German, he was Anglified, he was a snob. The story ran through the press. The Socialists puffed it up to the dignity of a political issue. So terrible may be a tempest in a *bier stein!* Without waiting for permission the prince left the university. With this additional act of insubordination to answer for, he hastened to Berlin by the quickest conveyance and presented himself in the kaiser's private apartment.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY



MISS GLADYS DEACON

Would you read one of the most interesting bits of fiction extant, you have but to look over the files of the official press of Germany for that month. There is a sketch there of the meeting of father and son that might have served for a description of the famous interview between Colonel Newcome and Clive. Never so kindly did a father reason out of his folly an impetuous boy. He himself, the kaiser explained, had submitted to student tyranny in his day: the discipline was a good one; no kind of life is beneath the study of one called on to rule,—and much more to the same purpose. In all this official story there is no truth whatever. There was no good-humored sympathy; there was no fatherly pleading. William II. is not to be imagined in that rôle. Moreover, this college escapade played but a small part in the conversation. What the emperor said first was this: "I see you are not wearing that ring." It could not escape his keen glance. Musk and love, you remember, can not be hid.

Those idle hours at Blenheim had not gone unmarked, and in some way the emperor had learned the secret of the lovers. The young prince believed his aid-de-camp had betrayed him. He may have been mistaken. Young lovers wear a nimbus that all the world may see. Be that as you will, the idyl of Blenheim was an open page. Of that stormy meeting—of the emperor's impetuous anger,—more than an echo reached the court. It was known that the crown prince offered to renounce his rank, his destiny,—his empire and his country; like Captain John Orth, really an archduke of Austria, who sailed away with a peasant lass and was heard of never again, he would give up everything for love. So the white flower of romance blossomed again in real life. To this fine speech of renunciation the kaiser's answer was very simple. He ordered the young man under arrest.

IV.

THE disgraced prince, helpless as any lover in the world, was under lock and key; cooped up in some dark place like Joseph,—the story is in the one hundred and fifth psalm,—the iron entered his soul. Miss Deacon, at Blenheim, still nursed that wonderful dream the climax of which was to be "the American empress." A warrant and visible token that it might come true was the slim, gold band on her finger. It was more convincing than a treaty engrossed on parchment. Perhaps even the kaiser thought of it in that way. Queen Victoria had given it as a symbol of the kinship between England and old Germany. It signified that race-union in which those of her house so fondly believe. What had it to do on the finger of an American girl?—this symbol of the brotherhood of kings!—this ring which belonged not to any casual prince, but to the empire and the dynasty?

An *attaché* of the German Embassy in London, an accomplished man of the world, went down to Blenheim. He asked for the return of the ring. Germany and the emperor demanded it. The grief, the proud indignation of the two girls need not be pictured here. You can imagine it as well as I,—yet neither of us was there to listen or to see. Miss Deacon refused; the Duchess of Marlborough approved of her refusal. Only to the prince who had put it on the hand he promised to take one day at the altar would she give it back. The diplomat went away. The young girl learned—in spite of *cabinets noirs*, in spite of all the black machinations of two courts,—that the crown prince was true to her. She did not despair; she kept her faith. Messenger after messenger came; came men of higher and higher rank, of influence more and more dominant; of arguments more and more persuasive. All the world was against this girl, except her stanch friend, the duchess. These persistent emisaries wounded her self-respect, outraged her girlish dignity, threatened, and cajoled,—but she would not abandon her faith in the man who had told her his love, and she would not yield up the token of his lover's loyalty. An old bishop was sent to her. King Edward himself took a hand. He tried to persuade the Duke of Marlborough to use his influence with the duchess; but the young duke refused to interpose his authority. For a long time after that, he and his American bride were coldly looked upon at court.

"Only to the crown prince will I give it," she said.

There is no steel bar that may not be broken. The last envoy carried back to Berlin the gold circlet. He was the kaiser's brother, Henry of Prussia. While the crown prince was kept fast in prison, Henry took his place at all public functions, even at the coronation of King Edward. He went to Blenheim. Where diplomats, where English royalty had failed, this frank and sympathetic sailorman succeeded. With what words of persuasion? I know not; he who laid bare to me this little courtly drama said that Prince Henry sent one of his *suite* to Miss Deacon after she had finally consented to release the precious ring. He added that the young girl broke down at last, and, in a passion of tears, threw the ring at his feet and fled from the room. I do not think it was with so childish a gesture that she parted from her dream of greatness and the love that had come to her under the summer trees of Blenheim. With statelier dignity, I am sure, she who might have been an empress yielded to her destiny. That way were better. It is an evil world for royal lovers, and what they are to do in it I know not, or where they may find a way of happiness. King Cophetua rides no more. The ring went back to Berlin. The dream of love was over. The old crown of the Hohenzollerns will not rest on the blonde head of the American girl,—and yet it might have been, were war lords less inflexible and lovers stancher-willed. Had the crown prince, when he fled from Bonn, gone directly to England, the story might have had another ending.

* * * * * * * * * *

Imprisonment tamed the prince's instinct toward social nonconformity. When he was released, he took up the burden of royal life, with no great enthusiasm, but docilely enough. Whatsoever he had at heart he hid under an air of frivolity. He has hunted folly and played with life. There is a chill between his imperial father and him. Twice they have tried to marry him. Once it was to Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, a marriage that would have put an end to an old dynastic quarrel; again it was to Princess Thyra, of the royal Danish house. But the prince held aloof.



COUNT VON MUNSTER

A New Story about "Mark Twain"

ON a certain occasion, when P. T. Barnum was living at one of the large New York hotels, Mrs. Barnum gave an afternoon reception to a number of friends. An editor of one of the Brooklyn papers and Joel Benton, the author, were among them, while "Mark Twain," who had often visited Mr. Barnum, merely happened to be at the hotel as a guest. Mr. Benton and one or two friends who left the company temporarily for a chat discovered Mark playing billiards.

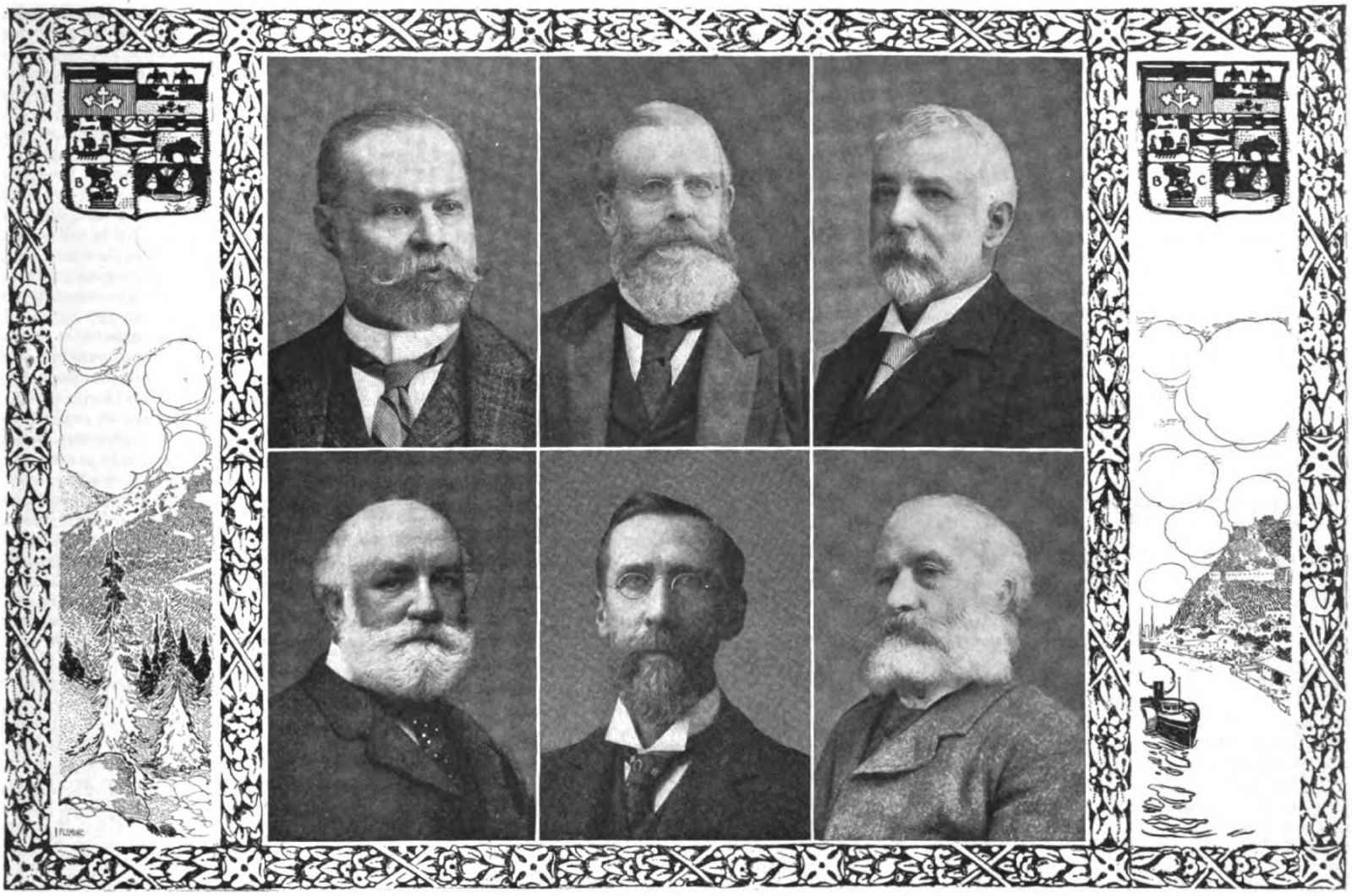
Mr. Benton at once asked him why he did not put in an appearance at the Barnum reception.

"What is Barnum receiving," asked Mark,—"animals and poets?"

"Something like that," said Benton. "Why were *you* not there?"

"Well," drawled the humorist, "because I don't belong to either category."

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Louis H. Fréchette | Sir William Mulock | William S. Fielding

Andrew G. Blair | George E. Foster | Sir Sandford Fleming

The Men Who Are Pushing Canada to the Front

How Her Representative Leaders Have Struggled against Powerful Obstacles to Upbuild Their Great Country

T. G. MARQUIS

THE name that must first occur to anyone dealing with the present-day great men of Canada is that of Donald Alexander Smith, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. He is of Scotch descent, having been born at Forres (the immortal Forres of "Macbeth,") on August 6, 1820. Early in life he began the study of law, but the sturdy, active young Scot had no love for the narrow walls of an office. John Stewart, his uncle, was at that time chief factor for the Hudson Bay Company at Lesser Slave Lake. Stewart was a famous fur trader and explorer, and the stories he sent across the ocean of his explorations inspired his nephew with a desire to go to the New World, and when he paid a visit to Scotland he was not long in deciding to accept a junior clerkship in the Hudson Bay Company.

When he arrived in Canada he longed for the broad plains, the mighty rivers, and the snow-capped mountains of the West; but his desire was not to be gratified. George Simpson, governor of the company, needed men capable of enduring great hardships for the Labrador region, and so to that bleak land he was sent. For thirteen years he labored in Ungava. It was over one thousand miles from his post to Quebec, and on several occasions he traveled this distance in dog sleds and on foot. Time and again he narrowly escaped death from exposure. At one time he was in danger of losing his eyesight, and left his post without leave of absence to consult an oculist in Montreal; but Sir George Simpson met him before he could enter the city and brutally ordered him back to Ungava. At length he was given the chief tradership of the company, and in 1868 was appointed its chief executive officer in North America. He was then to receive a severe test. The first Riel Rebellion broke out, and in the interests of the company and the Canadian government he journeyed to Fort Garry, or Winnipeg. His life was threatened by Riel, but so courageously and diplomatically did he conduct himself that he did much to destroy the rebel leader's influence; and, when General Wolseley's army arrived at the scene of the rebellion, peace had been restored.

The Construction of a Great Transcontinental Railway Was His Ambition

He was then looked upon as a strong man in the West and was elected to the legislative assembly of Manitoba, and afterwards to the Canadian parliament. The building of a transcontinental railway was uppermost in his mind. He opposed the method adopted by John A. MacDonald to accomplish this, and, when the "Pacific Scandal" stirred the country to its depths, he became a supporter of the Liberal Party, only to desert it when he found that it lacked the courage necessary for the accomplishment of great enterprises.

In the meantime he had amassed a fortune. With James J. Hill, a Canadian by birth, he saw the possibilities of the old St. Paul and Pacific Railway, which had been placed in the hands of a receiver, and became one of a syndicate that secured possession of the line. No mistake had been made, and the promoters of the company became millionaires.

When the Macdonald government began the work of constructing a transcontinental line in earnest, Sir Donald A. Smith became the moving spirit and backbone of the company chartered to build the line. Time and again, as the work was pushed to a conclusion around the difficult north shore of Lake Superior and through the passes of the Rocky Mountains, the hearts of those interested failed them, but his energy and will overcame every difficulty and inspired all associated with him in the great work.

When war broke out between England and the Boers, in 1898, he saw that England's greatest need was a body of thoroughly trained scouts. He had done much to consolidate Canada; he had imperial aspirations, and the Strathcona Horse, admittedly the ablest corps that opposed the Boers, was equipped and sent to Africa at his expense.

Wilfrid Laurier Has Been a Vigorous Canadian Worker for Many Years

Since 1896 he has filled the office of Canadian high commissioner in London, and much of the commercial prosperity of Canada is due to his energy and foresight. Although in his eighty-fourth year, he is still an energetic worker, philanthropist of great generosity, and diplomat who makes no false step.

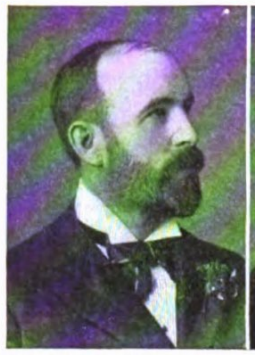
While Lord Strathcona has been assiduously working for the commercial prosperity of Canada, the greatest force for high national ideas has been the present premier, Wilfrid Laurier. He has an equipment that peculiarly fits him for occupying the first place in a country made up of two distinct peoples. He is a French-Canadian by birth and education, but has at the same time a command of English that is rarely equaled among his British-Canadian contemporaries.

This brilliant French-Canadian was born in the town of St. Lin, Quebec, in 1841. After studying at L'Assomption College and McGill University, he was admitted to the bar, in 1864. This was a time of transition in Canadian affairs. Confederation was being consummated, and such a radical change caused much political strife. Wilfrid Laurier had not been physically strong, and the pressure of work at this period made him determine to give up law and enter upon a career of journalism; but he found journalism uncongenial and unprofitable, and he resumed the practice of law, opening an office at St. Christophe, now Athabaskaville. In 1871, he was elected to the Quebec legislative assembly. His first speech electrified his hearers. At a bound, in a house of orators, he became the first orator of his province. He was soon to win a more pronounced success. The dominion house opened its doors to him, and, in 1874, he delivered a speech on the expulsion from the commons of the former rebel leader, Riel, that made his name known throughout the whole of Canada. It was recognized then that

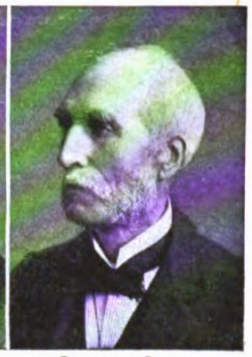
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it was only a matter of time till he would win his way to the premiership. In 1877 he was appointed minister of inland revenue, but the government, of which he was then a cabinet minister, was a weak-kneed one, and he soon found himself in opposition. It was not long before he became the leader of his party and nobly fought the battle of Liberalism until, in 1896, he triumphantly led his forces to victory.

The queen's diamond jubilee, in 1897, and the coronation of King Edward VII., in 1902, gave him opportunities to show where he stood with regard to the empire, and, while he repeatedly spoke of Canada as a nation, he emphasized the fact that it is a nation within an empire. Honors have been showered upon him. He was made a member of the imperial privy council and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael. He has been given honorary degrees by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and was awarded the gold medal of the Cobden Club for his trade attitude. Many liberals were astonished when this democrat accepted knighthood. They would have had him remain a liberal of the school of Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone. However, he is the one Canadian on whom knighthood does not appear somewhat ridiculous, —as Goldwin Smith has said,—a fit subject for a Canadian Thackeray, —but Sir Wilfrid wears his knightly honors like a Bayard.



JOHN S. WILLISON



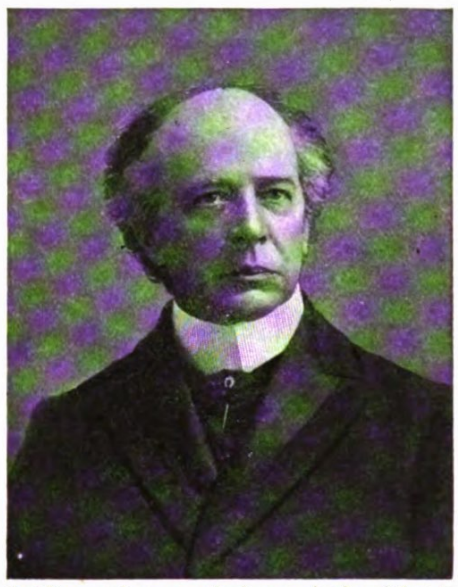
GOLDWIN SMITH

He Is a Diplomatist of Eminence,—an Orator of Unusual Qualifications

The present premier is undoubtedly the greatest force for good in the political arena of Canada. He is a polished orator in two languages, has never been known to countenance corruption, never allows either a foreign power or the motherland to slight his country without speaking out with strength and wisdom, is worthy to take his place in diplomacy among the ablest trained diplomats of America or Europe, and his name is synonymous with everything that is refined and courteous,—he holds the first place in the hearts of Canadians, and the Conservatives have no hope of defeating the Liberals while he has strength to lead their forces.

Sir Wilfrid's most vigorous opponent in his last two campaigns has been Sir Charles Tupper, a grand old fighter who, for half a century, has been a prominent figure in the Canadian political world. Sir Charles was born in Nova Scotia, in 1821. After his graduation in arts from Horton Academy he studied medicine in Edinburgh, Scotland, and on completing his course returned to his native province to practice his profession. He was soon drawn into the maelstrom of politics, and became the rival of the greatest Canadian orator and statesman of pre-confederation days, Joseph Howe. His desire, from the beginning, was to see Canada, as a whole, prosper, and early in his career he advocated a federal union of the provinces of British North America. He is the last of the great "Fathers of Confederation," and that confederation which was made possible in the sixties was largely due to his untiring energy.

From the days when he joined forces with Sir John A. Macdonald, he was his first lieutenant and had much to do with every movement for good or ill set on foot by the Conservatives. His faithful services were rewarded and he was sent as high commissioner to London. After the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, in 1891, he continued in the office of high commissioner, but in 1896 chaos reigned in the Conservative Party, and in the hope of saving it he returned to Ottawa to become premier of the dominion. His premiership was to be a brief one. The Liberals had in Wilfrid Laurier a leader on whom they could depend, and at the general elections they swept the country, and all Sir Charles's eloquent promises—all his courage and confidence,—were of no avail. Had he been living continuously in Canada, he must have seen that his cause was a hopeless one.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, who is now premier of Canada

He Is a Persistent Political Fighter, and often Makes His Enemies Quail

His political career has been stormy. From the commencement he has been a fighter, dealing sledgehammer blows, and though at times he can be genial, he has usually been a bitter opponent, wounding, and pouring vitriol into the wounds he has made. But, although he hit hard, he did not complain when his opponents found the vulnerable spots in his armor. He has ever had the courage of a lion, and never deems any task too difficult to attempt. Although he is in his eighty-third year, and practically out of politics, he is still a great imperial figure and always works for the advancement of Canada. He is at the head, or on the board of directors, of numerous large corporations, and, instead of ending his days in ease, he flits between Vancouver and London with a frequency that is the admiration of his friends and the amazement of his opponents.

Sir Charles has been an uncompromising Conservative, but he has found a worthy antagonist in Sir Richard J. Cartwright. The latter is of United Empire Loyalist stock, and bears himself in a manner that calls to mind the men of the "Family Compact" days in Upper Canada. He has what, to an ordinary observer, would seem a Coriolanus-like contempt for the common herd, and an austerity and bitterness that have done much to force him into a minor place in public affairs. With his great ability as a financier and parliamentarian, had he joined suavity of manner and geniality of disposition, he undoubtedly would have attained the premiership of the dominion. Since he entered parliament, in 1863, politics has been his life's vocation, and he has devoted his time and fortune to his country. He is still a brilliant orator,—second only to the premier. Time and again he has crushed the glowing generalizations of Sir Charles Tupper beneath the marvelous array of statistics he is able to advance on any of the great questions at issue. But, after all, he is a cold logic engine, and delights more in the facts he can amass than in the hearts he can move.

Sir Richard's great rival in finance has been George Eulas Foster, a native of New Brunswick. He began life in a country store, and by his own energy succeeded in entering New Brunswick University before he was twenty. For many years after his graduation he taught school, and was at length appointed professor of classics in his old university. For a time he lectured in the United States and Canada on temperance and prohibition, and, largely due to the influence of the Temperance Party, he was elected to the house of commons, in 1882. The exigencies of party forced him to modify his temperance attitude, and thus lost him many supporters; but he is, in the main, still true to his early convictions. Sir John Macdonald, a shrewd judge of character, recognized Mr. Foster's strength, and, in 1885, appointed him minister of marine and fisheries. A few years later he succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as minister of finance. He proved himself a truly great finance minister, and it was expected by many that in time he would succeed Sir John as premier. However, his political life seems to have gone awry, and he is now unable to find a constituency that will return him to parliament. This is by no means his fault. His strength is recognized by his political enemies, and they exert every influence, both fair and foul, to keep him in private life. This is to be regretted. He is the most brilliant Conservative in the dominion, and his powers are needed at Ottawa. Mr. Foster is a thorough Canadian and imperialist of pronounced type.



SIR RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT



SIR CHARLES TUPPER

Several Brilliant Politicians Have Been Journalists

The rulers of Canada, for the most part, have been chosen from members of the legal profession, but several brilliant politicians have been recruited from the ranks of journalists. One of the ablest of these is William Stevens Fielding, the present minister of finance. Mr. Fielding is a Nova Scotian, having been born in Halifax, in 1848. At the age of sixteen he entered the office of the "Morning Chronicle." For fourteen years he was the Halifax correspondent of the Toronto "Globe," and, largely through his connection with that paper, he obtained a wide knowledge of dominion affairs. In 1882, he was elected to the provincial legislative assembly, and two years later was called on to form a government. For twelve years his native province prospered under his wise rule, and, in 1896, when the Liberals came into power in the dominion, Mr. Laurier induced him to enter his cabinet as minister of finance. He is the least obtrusive of the cabinet ministers. He does not seek popularity, and, although he is an able speaker, he is induced to address audiences only when the need is most urgent. As in the case of his leader no one can point to any corrupt or shady action on his part, straightforwardness and integrity have marked his every step, and in dealing with the tariff he has courageously resisted the pressure brought to bear on him by the manufacturers of the country. Should the Liberals lose Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Fielding is the one man among his followers, despite the fact that to the majority of Canadians his sterling worth is scarcely known, who is in every way fitted to fill his place.

Another of the strong men who entered the Liberal cabinet, in 1896, is Andrew George Blair. Mr. Blair was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1844, and at the age of twenty-two he was admitted to the bar. He is naturally a leader of men, and, since 1878, when he began his political career, he has been the most prominent figure in his native province. He was premier of New Brunswick from 1883 to 1896, and during that time he held the province in the hollow of his hand, and even now his presence there during a campaign is worth ten thousand votes. He has been somewhat Napoleonic in his methods, and, although he has won a host of friends, he has made many bitter enemies. As minister of railways he energetically wrought to make that dominion white elephant, the Intercolonial Railway, a first-class line, and admirably succeeded. In 1903, when the Grand Trunk Pacific came up for discussion, Mr. Blair did not approve of the entire route projected or of the method taken to construct the road. He disagreed with his party on this issue, and, resigning his portfolio, alone among the Liberals opposed the scheme. He

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was the subject of severe censure from many of his former friends, but went on his way "unshaked of motion." Notwithstanding his energetic opposition to the government, the Liberals have recently appointed him chairman of the commission detailed to deal with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, because, as Sir Wilfrid said, a few weeks ago, "there is not in Canada a better qualified and more competent man to discharge the duties of the office."

Sir William Mulock, the present postmaster-general of the dominion, began his career as a lawyer, although from his earliest days he worked toward political prominence. The title, combined with the manner of the man, gives a stranger the impression that he is a haughty aristocrat, and not a little amazement is felt when this Canadian knight is spoken of as "Farmer Bill," a name in which he delights. In North York—a constituency from which no one may hope to oust him, so firm a hold has he on the hearts, and, it is rumored, on the farms of the people,—he owns a model farm and takes more genuine pleasure out of it than out of either law or statesmanship. He has, however, been the ablest postmaster-general Canada has yet known and has turned an enormous deficit into a surplus since he took the office. It was largely due to his energy that a two-cent letter rate was established between Canada and the other British possessions,—a thing that has done not a little to make his countrymen realize the unity of the empire. He is a sympathizer with labor, and was appointed minister of labor, and "The Labor Gazette," published under the direction of his department, is a force for good, keeping manufacturers and laborers alike in touch with the commercial situation, and making wise suggestions in times of storm and stress. He is something of a radical, too, and once moved to reduce the governor-general's salary from fifty thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.



Sir Sandford Fleming first Mapped out the Route of the Canadian Pacific Railway

Canada has few men within her borders of greater intellectual force than Sir Sandford Fleming. In a way he has done as much for the country as Lord Strathcona. Like the latter, he is a native of Scotland, having been born at Kirkcaldy, in 1827. He studied surveying and engineering, and shortly after his arrival in Canada, in 1845, was engaged by the Northern Railway Company, and thus his name is connected with one of the earliest railroad enterprises in the country. When confederation was being worked out, he was chosen to survey the route for the Intercolonial Railway between Halifax and Quebec,—the initial step toward a transcontinental line. It was he who first mapped out the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and likewise the route of the line in Newfoundland running between St. John's and St. George's Bay. He is best known to the larger world of science by his work in connection with universal or cosmic time, and, as has been truly said, "his efforts have contributed, in no small degree, to the adoption of an initial meridian common to all nations." Twenty-five years ago he submitted to the Canadian government a scheme for spanning the Pacific Ocean with an electric cable, and did not cease to urge the necessity of such an undertaking until an all-British cable was completed. Sir Sandford is, moreover, a force in education, and the great Canadian university, built up by the late Principal Grant on the model of the Scotch universities, is indebted to him for much of its prosperity.

For the last twenty-five years Canadian *littérateurs* have been attracting a good deal of attention. The best known of these have been Charles G. D. Roberts and Gilbert Parker. Roberts has aspired to be a dignified, serious poet, and has met with no small measure of success. He has, indeed, struck a new note, and is the ablest interpreter of nature among the poets of his country. For ten years he has been a resident of New York, but is still a Canadian in literary feeling and national aspiration. Gilbert Parker has won distinction in a different field. He has made London his home, and it is rumored that he no longer desires to be considered a Canadian. He is an able story-maker with a fair insight into human life, although his much-praised studies of the French Canadians are as remote from reality as are Longfellow's pictures of the Acadians. The strongest Canadian writer, however, is one who is but little known to the Anglo-Saxon world, as his best work has been done in French. Louis H. Fréchette, whose volume, "*Les Fleurs Boréales*," was crowned by the French Academy, in 1880, is undoubtedly the greatest of Canadian singers. Dr. Fréchette was born at Lévis, Quebec, in 1839, and received his early education in that city, learning much from books and probably more from the traditions of that battle-scarred fortress. At fifteen he went to the United States, and after a short sojourn there he returned to Canada and studied law at Laval University, in Montreal. While still a student his volume, "*Mes Loisirs*," was published, and the great promise it contained drew letters of praise from Hugo and Lamartine. The burden of all his songs has been liberty. In the interests of liberalism and of freedom in political and religious thought he founded "*Le Journal de Lévis*," but this paper had only a short existence. He next established "*L'Amérique*" in Chicago, and while in that city published his satirical poem, "*La Voix d'un Exilé*."

During the Franco-Prussian War, through no fault of Fréchette's, "*L'Amérique*" became so unpopular that it had to cease publication. From Chicago he went to New Orleans and there had the somewhat unique experience of being wounded in a duel with a German who had spoken insultingly of France. In 1871 he returned to Canada, and for a few years had political aspirations; but one term in the house of commons was sufficient for him, and for nearly thirty years he has devoted his life to literature. He has written, in all, some fifteen volumes. His poetry is marked by a noble art, intense patriotism, and lofty ideals. He has sung of the people and the soil, and his "*La Légende d'un Peuple*" is in many ways the most important work produced by a Canadian. It is worthy of note that Dr. Fréchette has a command of English excelled by few of his British-Canadian contemporaries. Like Goldwin Smith, he believes that the ultimate destiny of Canada is annexation to the United States. The last few years, however, have wrought marvelous changes in men of that school of thought, and, though Goldwin Smith is very pronounced in his annexation views, Dr. Fréchette may yet see that a great power independent of the United States, and in a way independent of England, is rapidly growing in the rich northern regions.

There has long been a dearth of strong editors in the country. Of native-born writers, John S. Willison is easily first. He is still a comparatively young man, and is exerting a wide influence on national character. He is an uncompromising antagonist of political corruption, has recently cut loose from party journalism, and is at the head of an independent paper, the Toronto "News." For thirteen years he was editor-in-chief of the Toronto "Globe," and during that period sustained the high reputation made by that paper under George Brown. But, while his writings are eagerly read by the better educated classes, his solid columns are not popular.

Goldwin Smith Has long Been a Vigorous Critic of Canadian Men and Affairs

Standing apart from the rest of Canadians is Goldwin Smith. It is hardly correct to call him a Canadian, as he was nearly fifty years old before he took up his residence in the dominion. He is a distinguished English scholar, who, for fifty years, has been one of the greatest stylists in the Anglo-Saxon world. But he has made his home in Canada, and has sought to free the country from provincial ideas. For his efforts he has received more abuse than any other man who is in the public eye. His name has been associated with the old "Canadian Magazine," the "Nation," the "Bystander," and the "Week," and of these papers he was either the founder or the mainstay, and through their columns he gave his countrymen such literature as can be found only in the great English dailies and weeklies. He has fought fanaticism and jingoism, and with a fearless pen has attacked every form of political hypocrisy and corruption. He has been the critic of Canadian men and affairs, and, when he is removed, what man is there capable of filling his place? Although but few men in Canada agree with some of his tenets, his writings are widely read, and even in his "sullen fits" he, like Jacques, is "full of matter," and no one else's influence for good in the dominion is as far-reaching.

The Foreman of Hecla Three

HOLMAN F. DAY

ABIMILECH SPROWL was a man of sprawl,
Three feet through him and six feet tall;
His face was red and his hair was, too;—
Northin' he grabbed but he slammed 'er through.
Teeth was double the whole way round,
Every tooth in his jaw was sound;
Kairosene ile was his winter drink,
For it kept him warm, he used to think.
Oh, the man to lead and the man you need
Is the kind that 's quick to git up speed:
No diff'runce what the scheme or line,
Only the man of sprawl will shine;
And Abimilech Sprowl was the man that we
Elected the foreman of Hecla Three.

Whoop, for the days of the firemen's muster!
With Abimilech Sprowl on the brakes we 'd bust 'er;
We 'd squirt all day and dance all night,
And never lose a chance for a sociable fight.

Abimilech Sprowl he knowed his biz,
And he never wore no gallowsis;
Shirt was red, and his stockin's, too,
And when he swore the air turned blue.
Air stayed blue till he swore yuther way,
Then the air turned red till noon next day.

His regular straddle was more 'n six feet,
He used up the width of a common-sized street,
Carried one horn, and sometimes tew,
And busted glass ev'ry time he blew.
Oh, the man that wins is the man with sand;
Out of the grit is the good gold panned,
And the man that slips or the man that fails
Is the feller that does n't sand his rails.

'Ray, for the good old muster days!
'Hoop for the good, old-fashioned ways!
When 'twas quick, sure death for to holler "Foul!"
To the gang that pumped with Abimilech Sprowl.

Abimilech Sprowl he knowed more tricks:
He used to lo'd our tank with bricks,—
Put in sody so she 'd foam,
And then he'd holler, "Ram her home!"
Thutty men was on each brake,
Up-stroke, down-stroke, suck and take!
Down-stroke, up-stroke, flizz and squirt,—
When the brook went dry we 'd shove through dirt.
In case the judges seemed in doubt,
We shucked our shirts and fought it out.
Muscle in your arm and muscle in your grit!
Face to the front is the way we fit.

Face to the world and you do n't get kicked,
And never let 'em know that you think you 're licked.

Ho, for the days when the old tub pranced!
Hi, for the way the nozzle danced!
It throwed tew horsemen over a tree,
Once when we humped old Hecla Three.

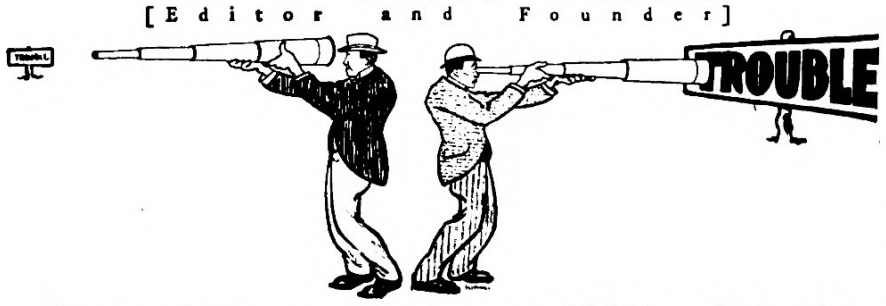
Abimilech Sprowl for fun, one day,
Shinned the stream when we started to play;
He went straight up tew hunderd feet,
And waved his hand to folks in the street.
What is the fun of a muster, now?
No excuse for a good, square row;
Northin' to fight for, northin' to dew
But to watch some engines whiz-te-whew!
For a sight to see and a right smart stream,
Take sixty men and a stout brake beam.
A lesson is there for every man,—
All together! That 's the plan;
All together, and gumption, too,
And there 's northin' then that you can't ram througn.

'Ray for the days of the old-time squirts,
With a red-hot foreman and red-hot shirts,
As it was in the good old days when we
Slammed down with Sprowl and Hecla Three!

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MINIMIZING DIFFICULTIES

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]



How do *you* look at difficulties?

THE world believes in the man who has a habit of conquering, who is not daunted by confronting obstacles, however great. He is the man sought in emergencies, the man always wanted for responsible positions. The world has little use for the weak-kneed, the faint-hearted, but the conqueror who carries victory in his very presence, who overcomes opposition which appalls weak minds, who does not skip his difficult problems, who conquers everything which gets in his way, is always in demand. People who accomplish but little usually have a genius for seeing difficulties in the way of everything they undertake. Their imaginations conjure up obstacles which rise in their pathway, like giants or great mountain peaks, and paralyze their courage. They can see them a long way off. They begin to look for them as soon as they plan any course of action; they wait for them, and, of course, they find them.

These people seem to wear obstacle glasses, and they see nothing but difficulties. There is always an "if" or a "but" or a "can't" in the way,—just enough to keep them from taking the necessary step or making energetic effort to get what they want.

They do not think there is any use trying to get a situation which they see advertised, because there will probably be a hundred other applicants ahead of them when they get there. They see so many people out of employment that they have no hope of getting a position for themselves; or, if they have one, they see so many obstacles to their advancement, so many ahead of them, so many favored by their employer, that when there is a vacancy they stand no show for promotion.

▲ ▲

No man can rise to anything very great who allows himself to be tripped or thwarted by impediments. His achievement will be in proportion to his ability to rise triumphantly over the stumbling-blocks which trip others.

When I hear a young man whining that he has no chance, complaining that fate has doomed him to mediocrity, that he can never get a start for himself, but must always work for somebody else; when I see him finding unconquerable obstacles everywhere, when he tells me that he could do this or that if he could only get a start, if somebody would help him, I know there is very poor success material in him,—that he is not made of the stuff that rises. He acknowledges that he is not equal to the emergencies which confront him. He confesses his weakness, his inability to cope with obstacles which others surmount. When a man tells us that luck is against him, that he can not see any way of doing what he would like to do, he admits that he is not master of the situation, that he must give way to opposition because he is not big enough or strong enough to surmount it. He probably has n't lime enough in his backbone to hold a straw erect.

There is a weakness in the man who always sees a lion in the way of what he wants to do, whose determination is not strong enough to overcome the obstacle. He has not the inclination to buckle down to solid, hard work. He wants success, but he does not want it badly enough to pay the price. The desire to drift along, to take things easy, to have a good time, overbalances ambition.

Obstacles will look large or small to you according to whether you are large or small.

People who have a tendency to magnify difficulties lack the stamina and grit necessary to win. They are not willing to sacrifice a little comfort and pleasure. They see so much hardship in working their own way through college or starting in business without capital that they do neither. These people always look for somebody to help them, to give them a boost.

When a boy tells me that he just yearns for an education, that he longs to go to college, but that he has no one to help him as other boys have, that, if he had a rich father to send him to college, he could make something of himself, I know perfectly well that that boy does not yearn for an education, but that he would simply like to have it if it could be gotten without much effort. He does not long for it as Lincoln did. When a boy, to-day, says that he can not go to college, though deaf, dumb and blind girls manage to do it, I know that he has such a knack of seeing difficulties that he will not only miss college, but will probably also miss most of what is worth while in life.

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The young man who, after making up his mind what he wants to do in the world, begins to hunt up obstacles in his path, to magnify them, to brood over them until they become mountains, and then to wait for new ones to develop, is not a man to take hold of great enterprises. The man who stops to weigh and consider every possible danger or objection never amounts to anything. He is a small man, made for little things. He walks around an obstacle, and goes as far as he can easily, but when the going gets hard he stops.

The strong man, the positive, decisive soul who has a programme, and who is determined to carry it out, cuts his way to his goal regardless of difficulties. It is the wobbler, the weak-kneed man, the discouraged man, who turns aside, who takes a crooked path to his goal. Men who achieve things, who get things done, do not spend time haggling over perplexities, or wondering whether they can overcome them. A penny held close to the eye will shut out the sun. When a man lies down on the ground to see what is ahead of him, a rock may hide a mountain. A small man holds petty difficulties so closely in view that great objects beyond are entirely shut out of sight. Great minds keep their eyes on the goal. They hold the end so persistently in view, and it looks so grand and desirable, that the intermediate steps, no matter how perplexing, are of comparatively little importance. The great man asks but one question, "Can the thing be done?" not "How many difficulties will I run across?" If it is within the reach of possibility, all hindrances must be pushed aside.

We meet these trouble-borrowing, difficulty-seeing people everywhere. There is usually one or more on every school board and church board, every board of directors or trustees who always sees difficulties which do not appear to the others, and if everything depended upon these people nothing would ever be accomplished. Nearly every invention, discovery, or achievement which has blest the world would have failed had the calamity-howlers, the objection-seers been listened to.

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The youth who is bound to win may see difficulties, but he is not afraid of them, because he feels that they are no match for his grit. He feels within himself a power infinitely superior. He knows perfectly well that undaunted pluck can annihilate them. To his determination they do not exist. The Alps did not exist to Napoleon, not because they were not formidable mountains, almost impassable in midwinter; but because he felt that he was greater than they. His generals could see the Alps, with all their terrors, and thought they were impassable; but the mighty general saw only victory on the green plains beyond the eternal snow.

You will find that the habit of minimizing annoyances or difficulties, of making the best of everything that comes to you, of magnifying the pleasant and the agreeable and reducing to the least possible importance everything that is disagreeable or unpleasant, will help you wonderfully not only in your work, but also in your attainment of happiness. It transforms the disagreeable into the agreeable, takes the drudgery out of distasteful tasks, eases the jolts of life wonderfully, and it is worth infinitely more than money. You will find yourself growing to be a larger, completer man. The sunny, buoyant, cheerful soul manages, without losing his equilibrium, to glide over difficulties and annoyances which throw others off their balance and make them miserable and disagreeable. By the alchemy of serenity, he extracts from the annoying rocks in his path the precious metal which enables him to do something worth while.

The Creator never put the grandest of his creations—man,—at the mercy of petty trifles, or intended him to be crushed by obstacles. Character was never intended to be ruined by irritation. But even the Creator can not make a man who is determined to use blue glasses see things in a white light. It all depends upon the color of the glasses you adopt,—your own mental attitude. Every man has within him the power of changing the blue into white, the disagreeable into the agreeable; everyone has the crystal lens which may resolve even murky light into rainbow hues.

No man ever amounted to much in the world until he learned to put out of the way things which would trip him, or to get rid, at any cost, of the things which block his passage. Self is the greatest stumbling-block. Our own selfishness, our desire for comfort, for pleasure, is the greatest obstacle in the path of all progress. Timidity, doubt and fear are great enemies. Guard your weak point, conquer yourself, and you can conquer everything else.

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It makes great difference how you approach a difficulty. Obstacles are like wild animals. They are cowards, but they will bluff you if they can. If they see you are afraid of them, if you stand and hesitate, if you take your eye from theirs, they are liable to spring upon you; but, if you do not flinch, if you look them squarely in the eye, they will slink out of sight. So difficulties flee before absolute fearlessness, though they are very real and formidable to the timid and hesitating, and grow larger and larger and more formidable with vacillating contemplation.

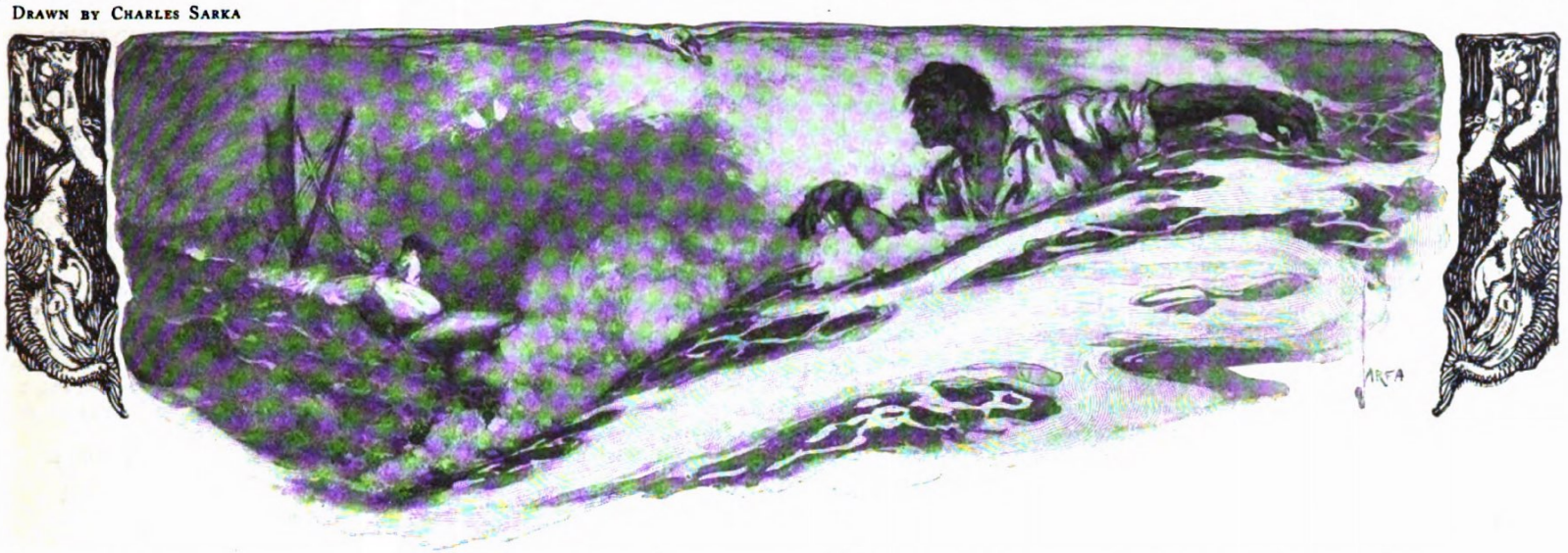
Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her little poem, "An Obstacle," describes a traveler struggling up a mountain side, bent on important business, and bearing a heavy load, when suddenly a huge obstacle spread itself across his path. He was dismayed. He politely begged the obstacle to get out of his path. It did not move. He became angry and abused it. He knelt down and prayed it to let him pass. It remained immovable. Then the traveler sat down helpless before it, when a sudden inspiration seized him. Let him tell in his own words how he settled the matter:—

"I took my hat, I took my stick
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him
As if he was n't there!"

Most of our obstacles would melt away if, instead of cowering before them, we should make up our minds to walk boldly through them.

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DRAWN BY CHARLES SARKA



The Wreck of the "Edna"

T. JENKINS HAINS

The True Story of the Terrible Struggle for Life of the Well-known Author of Sea Stories, and His Wife, Who Were Driven Four Hundred Miles out to Sea in a Little Boat, and Suffered Starvation for Five Days

[Captain T. Jenkins Hains, whose sea stories have appeared from time to time in SUCCESS, left New York in November, 1903, in the "Edna," a sloop of thirty-five tons burden, with his wife and one sailor, to cruise southward along the Atlantic Coast, and spend the winter about the West Indies. This programme had been carried out successfully by Captain and Mrs. Hains for several years, and they had frequently weathered some pretty severe blows off Cape Hatteras, the "graveyard of the deep." During this latest voyage they were proceeding to Charleston when they were overtaken by a severe storm that carried the "Edna" over four hundred miles out of her course. That they survived their terrible experience seems almost a miracle. Captain Hains is a son of Brigadier-general Peter J. Hains, of the United States army, and has followed the sea for many years, as mate and master of several clipper ships. He has written many stirring tales of the sea, but no other equals in gripping power this true story of the trying times on the "Edna."—The Editor]

WHEN we had run through the fleet of Piankatank and Patuxent pungies, leaving them hull down within an hour, folks said that our boat was "a yacht,"—just a pleasure craft. We were running under a yacht's license. If anyone thought that pleasure was the only object of the "Edna's" cruise they should have turned out morning after morning and knocked the ice from frozen gear and hauled twenty fathoms of frozen hawser, stiff as a log. Wet with freezing salt water and continually exposed to the winter winds, much more than on a coasting schooner carrying a cargo, the crew of the "Edna" would hardly have agreed that running South too late in the season was "pleasure." It was because of this that they hustled her along, nor stopped to make the necessary changes in her rig for winter.

We ran one hundred miles down the Chesapeake during daylight, and the morning we entered Norfolk the snow was flying thick and fast. Our canvas looked pretty, covered with the white down, but the cold was penetrating. That night the ice froze an inch on deck, the salt water solidified in the scuppers, and everything wet by the flying seas became as hard as iron. As we were forced to shift twice during the day on account of collisions with under-manned pungies which crowded the flats and rubbed rails with each other in the smooth water, the cold and pleasure of deck work in winter could be appreciated when it became necessary to plunge our hands into the icy salt water to warm them. It was much warmer than holding a frozen, dripping line in the cutting wind.

That afternoon was marked by the appearance of our mascot. It came in the shape of a yellow dog, who sprang right into the small boat as she was leaving the dock; and, because she was so joyous and frisky and refused to stay ashore, we let her come aboard the "Edna." Anton fumed. "He don't got no good to him, dat dog, den," said he.

We inquired for her owner, but "Swipes," as we at first christened her, apparently had none. She was the happiest thing, when noticed, that ever ran on four legs, and we let her stay. She finished the cruise.

After taking dinner, that night, with Captain Eveleth Winslow, of the United States Engineers, and chatting over our old school days, we were ready to say good-by to Norfolk. The next morning dawned with snow flying, but toward noon it cleared and we got under way. While we were running into Albemarle Sound, it thickened up and a jumpy sea set in from the nor'west. It was looking so bad that at first we thought that we would not run across, but on second consideration we ran her off, and fairly tore along before a stiff gale, the sea flying over us in sheets of spray.

Our little dog did not know what to make of such behavior and cried piteously to be put ashore. Mrs. Hains finally held her and calmed her fears until we crossed over, which we did shortly after dark. We ran down to the Roanoke Marshes and anchored under the land about a mile distant and out of the heavy sea. From here we got under way early in the morning and stood across Pamlico Sound until abreast Hatteras Beacon. The wind fell and we lay becalmed. All that evening we drifted slowly along, and by midnight we anchored abreast of Ocracoke, about three miles off shore. In the morning we ran in finely until within about a mile of the lighthouse, when we suddenly brought up so heavily that I was thrown nearly overboard.

There we remained with a nor'wester coming on, a heavy sea making, and nothing we could do would force her over the iron-hard lump which hung to the middle of her metal keel. Forward we sounded eight feet, aft we found a little more, and so it was on both sides. The size of that lump was most aggravating. There was no help for it: we must get out the anchor and heave her off. This we did, and the handling of the cold lines all the morning made us sour in temper. When we finally hove her bodily off into deep water, we had hardly gone a hundred fathoms when she fetched up again. Our mishap was witnessed by the pilot, who came to our rescue.

"What ye doin' over here?" said he, coming aboard.

"We are trying to find a place called Ocracoke. Do you know where it is?"

"Wal, ye want to go away 'round thar," said he, waving his hand magnificently across the entire southern horizon,—"'way 'round thar."

"'Way 'round thar' is a good enough course, I suppose," I answered, "but it's a bit indefinite, as I see nothing but a wreck about four or five miles away, out on the bar."

"I'll take ye in fer two dollars; I'm a branch pilot," he said.

"You will get the money when you anchor us without touching the keel," said I. "Now bear a hand and help heave this vessel off before the tide leaves her high and dry."

The dreariest spot on earth is Ocracoke. The little stunted beach cedars and bunch grass were the only things to relieve the dread flat monotony of the country. It was unusually gloomy during our stay, and, instead of finding that we could fit out for sea we found we could buy nothing.

Sometimes an enterprising merchant would "accommodate us," as he humorously put it, by selling three or four eggs. We bought nine altogether, while we were there. A native killed a pig and "accommodated us" with four pounds of pork at an extravagant price. It was disheartening. We could not get to Beaufort without going to sea, as we drew a full foot too much water. Then, while the dreary and desolate waste lay close aboard, a furious norther came down upon us and added freezing cold to our famine. It was a bad anchorage, and we were forced to turn out at night several times and look to our ground tackle.

For three days we had to lie there and burn our precious coal and eat our more precious food. Then, in desperation, we went ashore and bought ham and flour, the two things that could be had by "accommodation."

We did some shooting, for brant geese were plentiful, but we were not able to lay in a supply of fresh meat by this means. The only person who was really interested in us to any extent was a poor young fellow called Sam, from across the sound. He was native-born, but he did not have the true native distrust of strangers. He was a passable pilot, so we shipped him.

It was decided that we would have to send to Beaufort for our somewhat small supplies, and we had begun to make arrangements for the gas boats to carry our stuff, when the weather broke and became fine. We went ashore again, and, while

Photograph by Marceau, New York



MRS. HAINS CAPTAIN HAINS

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we were there, a coasting schooner capsized in a little spiteful puff of wind just ahead of our yacht, and, drifting down with the tide, fouled our port rigging, carrying away the sheer pole, and bending the channel plate far aft. We, being ashore, did not find out the damage until the next day. This last day we were "accommodated" to a fair extent and managed to get some coal. This article was appreciated, for the wind was cutting and the cold was very sharp. We turned in with the promise of clear weather, and were again hopeful and happy on the little ship.

The morning dawned bright and cheerful, the fierce song of the north wind died away, and far off over the sand reefs, clear to the Southwest Straddle, the brant geese fed and squawked, enjoying the sunshine. Aboard the "Edna," we turned out early. The chain plate which the coaster had bent in collision was tested and straightened.

"It's strange that we must put our faith in that iron," I remarked. "If it's cracked we're playing for high stakes with the chances against us."

"I guess it's all right, den," said Anton, after examining it. Careful scrutiny showed no flaw in the iron, but the paint was cracked across, and I could not help musing how one must, perforce, stake his life against a piece of old iron or line when he follows the sea, even when it's directly against his wish and judgment.

We were not properly rigged for going to sea, and we knew it, but the "Edna" was a stout little ship. If we could run as far as Charleston, we could make the changes and repairs necessary.

"Here comes the pilot," said Anton.

"There's no wind,—tell him we won't go to-day," I said, and went below.

"I kem t' take ye out," said the old man; "cap'n aboard?"

"Yes," I called up the companion way, "I'm here. We won't go out to-day. Don't like the looks of the weather."

The pilot received this news with muttered curses. He went to the side and climbed into his skiff; then he rowed away toward the wreck of the bark on the bar, and, I suppose, he regaled his companion with choice epigrams concerning skippers who would not go to sea when they should.

I went on deck smiling. The day was beautiful.

"Let's go," said my wife; "let's go while the weather is fair, and get the run past this dreary coast over."

"Let's go," said Anton.

"Yes, let's go," said Sam.

I hesitated. The breeze was light from the northwest.

"Shall I call him back?" said Anton, as he raised his hands to his mouth.

"I call, den?" he asked again, and, as I only smiled and said nothing, he asked again,—and I nodded. In ten minutes we were standing out to sea, with the old pilot at the wheel. Down the old Teach Channel we swung, careening slightly, but gaining slowly against the strong flood tide.

"Head her straight out for the sea-b'oy," he said, after we had got into safe water. "Them b'oys be straight in line, and ye'll not get less than three fathom. I'll leave yer here. Gi' me my money."

He went over the side wishing us good luck, and called out after us, "We'll look for ye in the spring."

With the lead line going, we stood out and crossed over, and the yacht's head was pointed to clear the Lookout Shoals.

"It looks as if we did the right thing, after all," said my wife; "I'm glad we came." All that day we rode and lifted along easily over the heaving swell, sending the foam-bells tinkling from white sides, while the lighthouse of Ocracoke faded gradually beneath the blue rim. We were making five knots every hour toward the land of sunshine. We ate a hearty dinner, and sat about the deck gazing at the beautiful blue water. It seemed so peaceful and bright that the cry of the north wind was forgotten, and one might almost wonder that trouble could come to a seaman on that treacherous coast. Deep down in my soul I distrusted the soft wind greatly. It had not the feel of settled weather. I said nothing, but looked at the last speck on the western sky line; then I was aware that Sam was sitting near the mast and gazing steadily at the spot where the lighthouse had been a short time before. There was something pathetic in that look,—a great questioning in his eyes.

"The sea is mighty big, and lonely, ain't it, cap'n?" he said, solemnly.

As the sun went down, the wind increased. Knowing the tricks of the foul coast, we had the mainsail close-reefed soon after dark. Then we rolled the staysail up, and under the pull of the jib with the after cloth we pushed along, leaving a foaming wake behind. The moon rose and gave a good chance for a fine run, but soon the breeze slacked, then went to the southward, and by ten o'clock we were beating into a head sea throwing the water in sheets over the forward deck and cabin house. The small boat, which we were forced to tow for lack of davits, plunged and bucked in the wake, and a long line was given her. Then the sea increased, and a heavy comber washed off the smoke pipe from the lee deck and carried brooms, mop, and capstan bars overboard. She had to be stopped, so we hauled down the jib, and, putting her under the staysail, we balance-reefed the mainsail. The mainsail, double reefed, we had often carried in a wind of sixty miles an hour, so it must have blown rather fresh when we shortened her down. Then it was long past midnight, and we were glad to feel the easy slowness with which she took the sea under the balance-reef. The watches passed quickly, for she was practically hove to, and as easy as if at anchor.

The wind slacked with the morning. We put more canvas on her and drove along to the southward. By noon we were well past Lookout and hauling for the Frying Pan Shoals. Then the wind died out flat, and the sea rolled so heavy that we lowered the mainsail. All day two schooners were within a couple of miles of us, and a Clyde Line steamship passed close aboard.

"It's an awful funny sky, sir," said Sammy, before dinner; "looks like a lot o' whips a-shootin' out from them clouds," and he pointed west.

By five o'clock a deep, coppery haze seemed to pervade the heavens. My wife looked at me questioningly.

"It does look bad," I said, "but no one can tell what it will do on this coast in the winter. You remember how bad it has looked on former voyages. Sometimes nothing happened."

When the moon rose that night it had a heavy ring around it. "It looks just as it did five years ago before that hurricane," said Mrs. Hains, gazing up at it.

"I'm sorry it's so warm," I said; "but, if we get you ashore in Charleston, you shall not go outside again on this craft if I have to sink her."

She laughed and we sat there a long time, a two-hour watch, gazing over the hazy moonlit sea and going over our lives together. When the clock struck four bells we turned in and slept, for my wife would always stand my watch with me if I were left alone on deck.

Before daylight it was blowing heavy from the southward and we were riding again—hove to,—under short canvas. Just as I came on deck for the morning watch a pair of eyes shone out close aboard us, the uncomfortable green and red of a coaster. They grew brighter and retained their position on the starboard bow.

"If you will light that boat lantern for a flare, Sammy, we'll flash it," I said.

The bull's-eye was turned full upon the approaching ship for several seconds at a time, but the two eyes grew steadily brighter. "Flash it again," I said, quietly. The lights were coming fast before the gale.

Anton gave an exclamation. Something within me made my heart beat faster. The lights were now very close and very bright.

"What ails that sleepy helmsman?" I muttered, and I saw my wife in the companion way. "Flash that light again, quick!" The two eyes were almost over us. A sudden wild desire for action came upon me.

"Staysail sheet," I bawled. "Swing her off,—slack away the main,"—and, as the ready Anton plunged to leeward and seized the forward sheet, a huge black mass rose out of the night and towered over us.

My wife held the bull's-eye steadily upon it and flashed it calmly. Then the red eye faded, and, with a dull, booming, thundering rush, a great five-masted schooner tore past us, seemingly close enough to touch. When I took up the wheel spokes again I was aware of a pounding under my ribs which would not have been safe for a person subject to heart trouble. No word was said for some moments. Then the watch was set and we waited for daylight, which came as the wind fell.

The morning was dull and rainy. The air was warm. There was a falling glass, and, as the light increased, the breeze made to the southward. The mainsail was shaken out to a double reef and the "Edna" was headed off to the westward, while a feeling of uneasiness gradually came upon all hands.

As the morning wore on a heavy swell came from the southeast. At first it was simply a long, quick roll; but, as the hours dragged along and the murky air grew thicker, the swell increased to a heavy, rolling sea. By ten o'clock a squall of rain came, but instead of calming the heaving ocean it made it higher and more menacing. A rift to the westward looked as if the wind would soon come from that way, but it did not; it came from the southward, and the "Edna" backed away from it.

She had a double-reefed mainsail and whole staysail, and she gathered sternway so rapidly that the small boat towed under the jibboom end, and line had to be paid out to keep it clear when the spar plunged downward. The wind kept falling, and the surface of the water was smoothed out, but the great hill that rolled faster and faster from the southeast grew in volume until it became an appalling, steep wall ahead as she backed away from it. High above the masthead it towered and grew steeper and steeper until it seemed as if the little vessel could not climb the slope which towered almost

DRAWN BY HOWARD MCCORMICK



"THE 'EDNA' WAS FLUNG SKYWARD JUST AS THE THE SEA CRASHED DOWN"

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straight above and ahead of her. The wind, after an hour, began to make more to the westward. Then suddenly a deep, dull roar sounded over the sea. We looked and saw the top of a great sea rise into a mass of white foam a full fathom deep and roar along northward. It was uncanny, that great hill of water lifting and bursting. While we looked another roar astern of us attracted our attention.

"We're in the breakers!" cried Anton.

I had not been able to take a sight for two days, and the currents are treacherous on the edge of the Gulf Stream. The vision of Lookout breakers came before me for an instant, but I knew we must be full fifty miles off shore, unless some treacherous stream had set us toward the sand.

"Take a sounding," I said; but, to make certain, the "Edna's" head was pointed east, while the lead struck nothing in twenty fathoms. The questioning eyes of my wife called for the truth, and I hesitated no longer.

"The great bursting sea is an overfall," I said; "it's backing up. We are on the edge of a hurricane."

As I finished a great moving hill came toward us. The crest was high above, and through the top of the steep slope I caught the glint of green light. The "Edna" was flung skyward just as the sea crashed down. The foam filled the decks and afterways, but she went clear of the weight of water and rode, dropping into the trough. It grew darker.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Hains, "the water is boiling; you can see nothing over there!"

I turned my head and saw a black mass of vapor rushing over the ocean, directly opposite from the direction of the great sea. It grew as dark and thick as the inside of a teakettle. Great masses of steam arose from the surface and stifled us. The sea seemed to rise in high peaks and points as if coming from everywhere at once. Then with a wild rush the wind swept upon us from the northeast and I rolled the wheel hard up and we ran for our lives. The small boat disappeared in a burst of foam and was gone.

"Peak and throat halyards!" I bawled, and Anton and Sam strove manfully to slack down the bit of mainsail remaining. The wind caught under the end of the falling gaff and hurled it upward. I grabbed the leach rope and held on grimly. Soon we had it down, and with the fore staysail burst to ribbons the "Edna" tore along before the blast that swept the sea level as a floor.

"Good God! we can't live in this," cried Sam; "we'll be down in an hour."

"Never," I said, aloud, but in Anton's set face and wild eyes I saw the truth, a case of lost boat.

When I had a chance to go below, the "Edna" was heading almost on her course of southwest. She was headed off now and then to the south, but, as the wind came from almost true north, she was making good south by west. The vapor from the steaming sea was suffocating, for we were so low down that it swept over us in clouds, mingling with the spume-drift that tore along with the wind. The great southerly sea was swept down as if by magic, and, instead of being smashed under by heading into it, we found that it was suddenly running with the wind, a wild quick running sea that made the little ship stagger as it swept her along. As she was going south there was no thought of heaving her to, for we were bound that way and would make the most of it. Then we knew her trick of backing up broadside on, even without a bit of headsail, and we had started without a drag or sea-anchor.

As I went below my wife looked at me strangely, —questioningly. I tried to avoid the issue, but finally confessed that it was getting pretty bad. However, as we were going along all right, there was no use in taking trouble on trust. If one wants to get a true appreciation of some of the wise and ancient literature of the Bible, he should follow the sea. It would seem that some parts were written by experienced seamen. "Sufficient unto the day" is a thing a sailor must learn among his primary lessons.

"You know," I said, "that we have been through some bad places together. You remember the cyclone in the Stream three years ago, and how we saw it coming plain in sight and yet made Charleston Harbor. We must take what we get in the Gulf Stream in the winter. This is a tight little ship and she's running fine."

Yet, as I spoke, I felt a strange intuition that we were running to our end, and that the "Edna" would never come back. Something of my thoughts must have been in my eyes, for my wife reached over and pressed my hand.

"Never mind," she said, smiling, "it's not your fault. You didn't want me to come. We have been through a good deal together, and, if it's necessary, we'll make our last run the same way."

"Brace up, and eat something," I answered; "don't let us get on to that yet. There's a long way between us and the bottom, and we're not going swimming this trip."

I was dripping wet and removed my sou'wester and lay down in my oilskins, for I must be ready for an instant call. It was cold in the north wind, although the sea that came over us was as warm as milk. Anton and Sam would stand their watch for a couple of hours, but, as Anton was the only one who could take the wheel beside myself, I would have to come on deck to relieve him soon, for she was steering hard and the continuous watch and watch between us had worn us down to short watches of an hour each.

The motion below was awful. The outside ballast of the "Edna," while it made her stiff, threw her about so fast from side to side that it was dangerous to let go with either hand. Once I was flung so quickly across the cabin that my head smashed hard enough against the opposite bulkhead to render me unconscious for a few moments. Finally I lay on the cabin floor after fastening my wife in a bunk, and there I fell into a troubled sleep for half an hour, when the striking bells warned me that, shiver as I might, there was a wrestle ahead of me for an hour with a racing ship carrying a bad steering gear and all I possessed of this world's goods.

Drawn by Albert Hencke



"I CALLED TO THE FIVE MEN ABOVE TO HOIST AWAY"

The spirit of a woman is always equal to a man's, but the flesh is weak. My wife smiled up at me, but could not rise. She had always insisted on standing watch with me, so that, in case I should want anything, and, being alone on deck at the wheel, could not get it, she could get it for me. She was still willing and wishing to go up there where the deep roar of the wind and sea made the gloom of the winter evening anything but inviting, even to a sailor. My heart smote me hard as I looked at her, and I swore softly.

"In some things a woman may have her own way," I said, "but if I ever let you go to sea with me again I shall go before a judge and get put away as a man too weak to know what he is about."

She laughed, and I bounded up the companion way to the deck.

As I opened the cabin door I felt the rush of wind, and closed it in time to keep the spray from a following comber from getting below. It was blowing harder and the sea was tremendous. It had worked to the westward, and we were now put to it to make even south. There was nothing to do but let her run as long as she could. She had shipped no heavy water to speak of so far, and to try to poke her up into that blast with her well-known trick of backing up caused us to decide that it was best to let her go as long as she would make good weather of it. I took the wheel and bade Sam go below out of the cold and wet. He was shaking, and his shoulders were as high as his ears. Poor fellow! he was so sick from the awful motion that he was faint.

The hours passed slowly and we shifted again and again, lying down in our oilskins and shivering until we went on deck and lowered our hunching shoulders by labor at the wheel. There was no chance to make a fire, as the pipe was washed overboard, and any attempt to light it filled the vessel so full of smoke that no human being could live below. A bite of cold ham was our supper, and I went on deck at eight bells hungry but hopeful for a slant that would let us come up to our course again.

It was a wild night in the Gulf Stream. The binnacle lamps had been smashed, and it was so dark that we had to lash a boat lantern to the compass to see the shifting mark. It was dangerous to let her head up more than a point or two, for the sea would pile over her every time she did so. It was equally bad to be taken by the lee, and so the hour of steering seemed long enough.

How those watches dragged! Thoughts long forgotten would come into my tired brain, followed by new ones for the future, and all the while the "Edna" ran to her end across the wild current that has caused the ruin of so many stout ships. It was lonely there in the howling blackness. We did not put up our side lights, for lack of oil, the can having burst; but, as there was little danger of seeing anything, it caused no worry. Hour after hour I strained my eyes into the blackness ahead, twisting my head now and then to watch for the huge combers which chased us and which must be kept astern. If one has any doubts as to whether he believes in a Mighty Power that rules the world, let him stand night after night alone upon a vessel's deck and fight her through a wild sea. The very loneliness of the vast ocean calls up thoughts of its grandeur. The darkness and rush of wind and sea, or the flashing of a phosphorescent comber here and there in the night, will make him ready to commune with the spirits of

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the vast universe about him. I found myself humming the air of Wagner's pilgrim's chorus as if the stirring sounds of that music matched the roar of the wind and the crash of the sea. Then came thoughts of the ending which I knew must come if the weather should grow worse, and the whole philosophy of life and its tiny objects passed before me. We would be missing,—a lost ship. Friends would wonder for a few days, and—forget. What should a man have an object for? What does his little work count for on the planet called by us the world? He must soon be blotted out,—missing. Why not now as well as a few years hence? Now was the proper time. Then there would be rest and no more hunger and cold. It was foolish to fight on.

Yet there was the something that makes a sailor study out every possible plan coolly and weigh each possible means of saving the ship to the last effort of a vigorous brain. The next morning brought no change, and we were still tearing away across the western ocean, with the huge sea following us. Going below, I figured it out that, as the steering gear was too weak to stand the backing, hove-to, and as the "Edna" would not lie to like anything I had seen before, it was best to let her go across the Gulf Stream and run to the southward outside of it where the weather would be better and where we would likely be out of the track of the circular storms. At any rate we could not stop her yet, for if she took those seas broadside she would soon founder. It might let up at any time, for it was breaking up into heavy squalls, between which the sea was not so dangerous.

But the day dragged along and the wind held. The sea grew heavier until it was a moving mountain full forty feet from trough to crest, the heaviest sea I ever encountered in the Gulf Stream, where I had ridden out many heavy blows. As it drew toward evening again, the wind freshened in a heavy squall. A little rain fell and the tops of the following combers grew more and more dangerous. A huge fellow rose some twenty feet or more above us even while the "Edna" was rising up the slope, and through its top the green light shone. Then down it fell like a wall of water over us and crashed six feet deep over the yacht, burying her in the smother. It was an appalling smash, and, as I was abaft the wheel, I grasped the spokes and set my knees under it to hold on, but it almost tore me loose and smashed my breast-bone so solidly against the wheel-spokes that I could hardly breathe for half a minute. The cockpit was full of water, but the cabin doors held. I watched the wave surge against the doors and heard a banging from the inside and knew that Anton was trying to get out to see what had become of me. Finally, after the water ran off, I opened the catch and he came on deck, followed by Sam. The shock below was like a crash of thunder and they were ready to do what they could to save our little ship.

Seeing that it was getting worse and worse, and that something must be done to keep her clear of the following seas, we decided to rig a drag of the anchor and whatever floats we could lash to it. She could not take in any more seas over her stern. Calling all hands I set Anton and Sam at work getting up all the cork fenders. These they lashed about their waists with stout lines. The side ladder was also called into use and a bridle bent to it. Then came the dangerous task of getting the gear forward.

It had to be done, however, and there could be no hanging back. Anton looked about him for a few moments as if to take in the situation. Sam did likewise, and then they both lay flat and crawled forward along the top of the cabin-trunk, while I held her as true before the sea as possible.

They had just gotten the anchor clear and were bending on the floats when another hill of water rose astern. We were becalmed under its slope. Then it towered above us and fell like an avalanche over the ship. When I could see again there was no sign of life forward. A movement showed Anton with his arms clasped about the windlass bitts. Sam had gone.

I looked astern. There on the top of the following comber was a dark object. Sam's face turned toward me. His eyes were gazing with a straining look of desperate fear, and he was swimming strongly, trying to regain the flying craft. A great hill of water rose astern and he sank over the slope,—that was the last we saw of him. For an instant I thought of his old mother waiting there on the barren sand-spit, waiting for the son who would never come back. But there was no time for thinking then, and I yelled to Anton to make the floats fast and let the anchor go. I would heave her up as he did so. But the roar of the gale was deafening, and, although he was but twenty feet distant, he could not hear what I said. He finally came crawling aft. Then I told him what to do and he crawled laboriously back again. The side ladder was gone, but the fenders had been lashed on in time, and Anton was just stepping on the bowsprit shrouds to swing them clear when I instinctively looked over my shoulder. We were down, away down at the bottom of the trough of a mighty sea, and I could tell by the



THE "EDNA"

feel of her that she would never rise out of it and go clear. I bawled to Anton to hold on, and he turned just as the "Edna" started sternwards up the following slope. She rose high in the air, and I remember looking down over her bow at the chasm below. She rose almost perpendicularly, and yet behind and above me rose the awful wall with the green light showing through its crest. Then the "Edna" actually fell, plunging bow-foremost into the trough below, and, as she did so, the wall of water behind fell over her. I remember looking almost straight down the deck toward the bow and seeing the bowsprit take the water *on top* instead of *underneath*. I saw it pitchfork into the trough and snap off, pulling the masthead with it. Our vessel had fallen straight down that sea, as if dropped from a height in mid-air, like a stick plunged endwise into the water. A terrific blow in the back from the great weight of water almost crushed me against the wheel.

That was all I saw.

Under the sea I felt a tremendous power dragging me from the wheel, a power I could not have resisted for an instant had I not jammed my knee so tightly under the spokes that it would have been necessary to tear my legs off to wash me free. The breath was stove out of me and it must have been many moments before I could use my eyes and lungs again. A heavy line about my waist kept me from going overboard.

My first look was at the cabin doors. Yes, thank God, they still held! My wife, poor girl, was still living. Forward nothing showed except the mast. Everything else had gone.

In the roar and smother of the hurricane it was some time before I could make out the situation aboard. Everything had gone out of her forward. The bowsprit had been torn off close to the knightheads, the jib stay swinging it to port, and the forestay, which was torn out also, came aft in a bight, the bobstay holding the wreck alongside, where it smashed into us at every roll. A bit of fore staysail pulled away upon the bight of the forestay. We kept tearing along about ten knots an hour, like a submarine boat after a dive.

While I looked at the mess, a movement near the windlass attracted my attention. Then Anton rose painfully to a sitting position and gazed about him.

"Cut away that staysail," I bawled, "and let the anchor go!"

The noise was too great, but he could see me calling, although he could not understand. Then he crawled slowly aft along the cabin trunk.

"Everything gone, for'ards, sir," he said, as he came close to me.

"Get that anchor over and get that sail in,—use your knife,—anything, but get it in,—I'm going to let her come to," I roared, in reply.

Poor fellow, he had come within a second of losing his life! But it was of no use to think of it, for we had to heave her to, then, and it had to be done quickly if we wished to live half an hour longer. He struggled slowly and painfully forward again, and I remembered that for two days we had eaten nothing but a little raw ham and had been almost continually at work, soaking wet. With my head turned to watch the following sea, I waited patiently until he had cut the bit of staysail away. The anchor had gone overboard itself with the fenders attached, but it had fouled the wreck of the bowsprit, and the hawser would not pay out. It hung about two fathoms down, and only added to the mess of steel lines which, being shackled on, could not be cut away. The mast, now relieved of all support forward, sprung aft badly, and threatened to go overboard, but it was neck or nothing, and with a hope that she would not show more than usually ugly in the sea, I hove the wheel hard down and let her come to. A sea swept over her, burying us out of sight; but, as we were prepared for it, no damage was done other than the pouring of the water down the battened skylight and hatches. Everything movable had long before gone overboard.

The "Edna" lay almost in the trough of the sea, with nothing on her, but, hastily putting the rudder in tackles, I sprang to the mainsail and raised the peak about ten feet, to where the balance-reef earring, which I had somehow passed with one hand still holding the wheel spokes, held the leach taut. Struggling and fighting for breath between the seas, we worked for an hour, and finally had the balance-reef drawn in taut enough to hold the sail on the boom which had been lashed amidships. This piece of sail was so small that the wind could not start it, and, as the canvas was new as well as the bolt rope, we felt pretty certain that it would stay with us for some time. Then, after a short rest, we went to work upon the wreck forward. We made a jury forestay and saved the mainmast. It was quite dark, but, after another hour of fighting with the piece of floating spar, we managed to draw it close alongside and lash it fast enough to keep it from getting a swing to punch a hole in the side. The seas broke over us continually as the "Edna" would back up every now and then with her sternway, and it was only because she was so strongly built that she was not smashed to pieces. The steering gear was torn out while we worked forward, and, when I finally had time to go below to see to my wife, there was nothing left to steer by.

Watching a chance to open the cabin door, I finally went below. All was blackness and water down there. I called to my wife, and she answered cheerfully from her bunk, but I could tell by her voice that she was expecting the end at any minute. When a sea would smash over us the crash below was terrific, and it sounded so much worse than on deck that I did not wonder at her expectations. The water poured in streams through the burst skylight and cracks in the doors. When the sea struck the "Edna," as she made the pitchpole dive that wrecked her, the bull's-eyes were covered deep with water while she was under. Her falling straight down and under, cutting off all light, made it seem to Mrs. Hains as if she had gone straight down to the bottom of the sea.

"I've been trying to light a lamp," she said, after a moment, during which I assured her that we were making fine weather of it, and were absolutely safe. "Everything has been under water, and there is not a dry match aboard."

The "Edna" had about three feet of water in her cabin, and the swashing of the water on the floor and the roar above were not pleasant things to contemplate in daylight, or even lamplight, but to be in total blackness was most cheerless. It just about took all the hopeful thoughts out of an already exhausted body and mind.

Anton, who had come below also, searched everywhere for matches. Box after box was tried, and, as there were not less than two dozen boxes scattered about in different drawers and lockers, it took us some time to realize that the night would be a cold and dismal one.

"At any rate," I said, "we will be out of that cold wind down here, and we can soon get our soaking flannels warm under our oilskins."

The motion below was tremendous. To let go would cause us to be hove about like dice in a box.

On deck the rush of water and the droning roar of the wind seemed less dismal, but we three clung there in the blackness and talked of the stoutness of well-built ships and the storms of the Gulf Stream.

After resting we went on deck again, for the

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fight had only begun. We worked the fore stay-sail halyards and jib-halyards to a strap under the heel of the broken bowsprit. Then we hove them taut as possible, and, by making a Spanish windlass on the shrouds, we managed to keep the swaying mast from going overboard. After that we were too exhausted for further effort. This had cost us another day without food. Before midnight we were forced to man the pump and get her clear of water again, for it came over her so heavily that she was filling up too fast for safety. Then, after a few hours of rest, we turned out for the work cut out for us.

At daylight the sea was still as heavy as before. It fell over us so that it was impossible to stay on deck without holding on with at least one hand, and the motion was as bad as ever, making it necessary to work either lying down or in a sitting posture. To stand up meant to hold fast while being flung high in the air and from side to side. Outside ballast was giving us a test of some of its disagreeable qualities.

Our little dog now came from her hiding place in the locker behind the stove, where she had been since the beginning of the gale, and showed signs of a returning appetite. On going below we found that the little piece of pork we had been saving had disappeared, and we judged the animal guilty. Dogs have not the faculty of looking ahead for the future. By using up all the spare blocks and sheaves aboard, we finally managed to get the steel jibstay to the windlass and hove it down. Then came the forestay and that in turn was hove in. It took us until three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, thirty more hours of hard work, to get these lines taut, for it must be understood that we could not work fast while holding on and dodging the crests that broke over us continually. We managed to get the throat halyards to the bowsprit, and by some stout heaving we succeeded in getting the broken spar on deck, where the ends of the steel rigging were unshackled and the heavy steel bobstay brought forward again. Onto the bight of the bobstay we made fast a heavy hemp strap. Then we led the steel line over the stem, seizing it fast with wire seizing stuff to the iron strap of the bowsprit, which was still intact. Onto this we rigged a powerful tackle and luff, and by dint of heaving we soon had a stout headstay on the mast. When we were through that night we were too tired to sit up. The sea was still running as bad as before, but the wind was slacking, blowing no more than a gale from the west nor'west. Deep in our hearts we craved rest, —we longed for peace. We were tired out.

I had only our dead reckoning to go by. Anton had steered pretty close to the course I had given him, and, by figuring as carefully as possible, I found we were about four hundred miles or a little more to the eastward of Cape Romain. The Bermudas were the nearest land to the north-'ard. Too exhausted for further effort we rested for a start at daylight the next day. The broken rudder had been fixed after a fashion, and we hoped it would stand such a strain as we might expect in moderate weather. I spent an hour in my bunk poring over the only chart we had aboard, and I took the sextant out and adjusted it carefully, intending to take a sight if the morning should prove to be clear.

By eight bells that night it began to blow heavy again and we decided to make a drag of the bowsprit that she might head the sea better. The anchor had been cleared from the wreck of the bowsprit, but, in spite of the drags upon it, she pulled it so fast astern that even with the piece of the mainsail on her she would not head the sea enough to keep it from coming over. A bridle was bent to the spar, and, after some trouble, we got it overboard well out toward the anchor. The weight of the iron kept it well below the surface, but, even with all the fenders, with the fifteen feet of spar ten inches across pulling sideways, the "Edna" would not head the sea. She would take the heaviest almost broadside on and they would smash over her and fill the cockpit full, the cabin doors being the only things between her and the bottom. It was disheartening, for except for her faulty build she was the strongest vessel of her size I had ever seen. But she was too short and too deep and was more like a barrel in a seaway. After watching her and hoping that she would ride out the night in safety, provided there were no complications or accidents, we bailed and pumped and went below again and rested.

"We will kill the mascot to-morrow," I said to Anton; "she can not be fed, and it will be mercy rather than starve her to death."

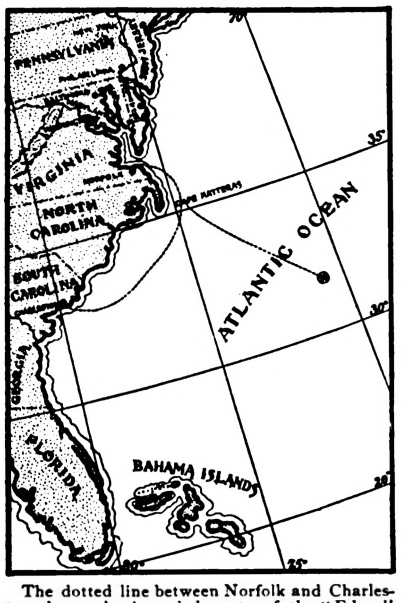
My wife heard this and for the first time broke down, crying for the dog. Such is the strangeness of women! Here a straying dog had eaten the last of our meat, but, instead of calling maledictions upon the cur's head for the consequent misery caused, she was sorry beyond expression that its life was in danger.

The dog was spared.

We had spirits aboard, but we found that only the smallest amount of them could be used. A drink of whisky was worse than nothing at all, even when utterly exhausted. The reaction from the slight stimulus was so great that we had not tasted anything with alcohol for two days.

In spite of the tremendous motion, for the "Edna" plunged and rolled more this night than ever before, I rested a little. Anton had not slept a wink, and my wife was completely exhausted. I saw that if we did not soon get in, or sight some vessel, she would collapse. For five days she had practically eaten nothing except two raw eggs, and for the last two days had been unable to leave her bunk. We went on deck at the first gray of dawn, and determined to make a run for the Islands and crack on all the sail we could.

The wind had shifted to the northeast and the sky was partly clear. It looked as if we were to have some decent weather at last, and we went to work shivering and cold, but hopeful and convinced that the worst was over. We started the mainsail and cut loose from our drag, getting the anchor on deck with great difficulty. The floating spar threatened to go through our side, but we managed to keep clear. The fenders had been squeezed out of shape and were burst, showing the strain put upon them. The anchor was made fast, and I went aft to swing her off to southwest for Nassau.



The dotted line between Norfolk and Charleston shows the intended route of the "Edna." The cross shows the point to which she was driven when sighted by the "William Tanner"

I took the wheel from the becket and loosed the relieving tackles at the sides. I started to put the wheel to starboard and it rolled easily. I looked to see what had happened. The rudder stock had gone during the night. The "Edna" was helpless.

Anton came aft and looked at me, and I looked at him. There seemed to be something ominous about the craft. There we were hundreds of miles from land, without water, and the rudder had gone back on us at the last minute when we thought we were safe. But sailors do not spend much time in idle speculation. It was life or death then, and we must get hold of that rudder. We were far out of the course of ships, and we must get way on the craft.

We toiled sullenly for hours without thought of the hunger pains, and the sun rose and shone, making a fine day. The wind was brisk but not hard, and the great sea was getting lazy, rolling slower and slower. My wife staggered up the companion way to get a glimpse of the sea and some air. She had noticed that we no longer were careful of the cabin door. She came on deck and watched us toiling and then looked to the eastward.

"What is that?" she suddenly asked.

We followed the direction of her gaze and saw a tiny speck.

"Tops'ls," said Anton and I in a breath, and bent to our work again.

"It is," said she; "it is, indeed, the topsails



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of a large schooner, and she is heading this way."

It might be supposed that the sight of a vessel would have interested us more than anything else in our condition at that time, but this was strangely not the case. We toiled on at the broken rudder for hours, and it was only now and then that I looked at the rising topsails and then at the compass. The tiny speck seemed not to change its bearings to any extent, and, as this was a sure sign that the schooner was heading toward us, we began to watch her more closely.

My wife was getting very anxious. I saw that it would be necessary to get her aboard of some large vessel as soon as possible, for she was very weak. Yet I did not want to raise hopes of being picked up by a schooner, for without steering way on us she might very easily pass within a couple of miles and not see us. We were a very small speck and a short distance off would be out of sight behind the rolling sea, except when rising on a crest. Often men with good eyes will pass an object which could under ordinary circumstances be seen easily enough. The shipwrecked party can always see the large vessel approaching, for she is high out of the water.

"Shall I pack my trunk?" asked my wife.

The question came so suddenly that I burst out laughing.

"Wait until she sees us, first," I answered; "don't count too much on a schooner."

It was nine o'clock in the morning, and we had worked since half-past five. We were getting weak and needed something to stay the empty feeling inside. I did not encourage eating the raw salt pork, of which we had about two pounds left. All our stores had been under water for three days or more, and the poisonous creosote and lime wash used in the bilge had not improved them. However, we finally managed to get a cup of flour paste apiece. Then we went to work on the rudder with new energy.

Over the side the water was clear as crystal. The swaying fin of the broken rudder could be seen as distinctly seven feet under water as at the surface. Several small fish came close enough for us to make frantic but ineffectual passes at them. They were about a foot and a half long and quite stout, and as tame as could be.

By half-past ten we had rigged a Spanish windlass upon the broken rudder stock and had a fast hold of it. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Get all the rags we can on her," I said to Anton; "we've a long run ahead."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor; "we'll make it all right. I just looked below and she don't get so much water in her. Not more 'n a couple of foot since this morning. She don't get much leak." It was a cheering lie.

Neither of us had the least idea of leaving the "Edna," but long before I had determined to put my wife aboard of that schooner or break something in trying.

Suddenly I noticed the schooner haul her wind and head to the northward. I saw that she was going to pass us good three miles away, and not see us, after all. But we had our little ship now under control, at least partly, for while she would luff to, even with the mainsail double-reefed, we could keep fair steering way on her by slacking the main sheet and watching her carefully. The changing of the schooner's course had a depressing effect upon my wife, but I soon assured her that, with the wind blowing as it was, I could put the "Edna" under that vessel's bow, as we had many miles' start of her. While we sailed or drifted along to cross her course, we noticed that the schooner changed her course again and suddenly dropped her topsails. She was rising fast, and her large, high, black hull was plainly visible. Then we saw her mainsail lowered, followed by her mizzen.

"Is it going to blow some more, den?" asked Anton. "Poor Sammy; he ought to be wid us now."

This was the first time Anton had shown what he was thinking strongly of, and we all spoke feelingly of our lost shipmate. But the schooner was not reefing. She was slowing down, and it was easy to hold across her bow. We soon saw that she was a four-master, and running light, but coming along before the northeast wind very slowly. We could not understand right away why she should lower nearly all her canvas. We hardly dared to think she would lower away everything on sighting us.

After an hour more we were close to her, and we set the ensign in the rigging with the union down. Something came up in my throat when I saw the bit of bunting floating there, stretching out flat in the wind at half mast, showing the signal so much dreaded. It seemed like the signal of lost hope, the ending of all. But my wife must have help soon, and we must have food and water. There was no other way. A little before noon the schooner came close to us, and I soon saw that we were sighted. She was drifting along a couple of knots an hour, and then we realized that she had lowered all her canvas except her head sails, on sighting us, to show that she would stand by. We drew close under her jibboom. How huge and high she looked, towering over the little yacht!

"Haul down the mainsail," I commanded, and waited for her to come alongside.

"You may pack your trunk now," I said to my wife, and in spite of her weakness she started below to do so.

"Go below and help Mrs. Hains," I cried to Anton, and in a few moments he was hard at work getting a few clothes stowed in a small steamer trunk.

By waving a red blanket once or twice and seeing something wave in reply, I knew it would be but a few minutes before our cruise would undergo a change. The water was gaining slowly below in spite of the steady pumping.

* * * * * * *

"William Tanner" was written on the high black bow above us, and, as she hauled alongside, I hailed her.

"What do you want?" came the reply.

A line of heads showed over the rail and a man stood upon the forecastle.

"Take us aboard," I answered.

"All right; come alongside."

This was easier said than done. I bawled for them to lower their small boat, but they were evidently afraid of the heavy sea and would not risk it. I explained that it would be difficult to get alongside in the yacht, but, as they decided that that was the only way, we hoisted a bit of the mainsail and ran down to her again, getting her hawser and being hove against her with a crash which threw us off our feet and stove all our rail off to port.

"Quick, give us a bowline!" came the yell.

Ready hands on deck passed a three-inch new line, and I finally caught it. "Come," I called to my wife.

She was hardly able to stand even with my arm about her, but I finally passed the line under her arms.

It was a great height above us, and the vessels were rolling and plunging, though otherwise almost motionless.

"What shall I do?" whispered my wife.

"Hold your arms down tight to your sides and shut your eyes," I said, and called to the five men above to hoist away. In an instant I saw a streak of flying skirts going through the air, and a moment later strong hands grasped her and hoisted her on deck.

It was as if that line had been fast to a ton of metal resting on my breast and they had lifted it. My wife was safe.

"Now," I said, "we can take our time and get things straightened out."

"We don't got much left to straighten, den," said Anton.

"Come aboard, quick!" yelled the captain of the schooner from above; "I will tow you as far as we go."

Here was a man, after all,—a captain willing to tow us seven hundred miles,—all the way to Brunswick, Georgia, where he was bound.

"All right!" I cried.

Then I passed a line about the little trunk, and, seizing my sextant, sprang to the bowline. They quickly passed a new hawser to us, we made it fast to both mast and bitts with the parceled end clear, and the "Edna" was dropped astern with her ensign still flying, Anton climbing aboard the schooner with me. Sail was made on the "William Tanner," and the little white boat dropped astern at the end of a fifty-fathom new line.

"What's that you have in that bundle?" I asked Anton. He opened it and out dropped that yellow dog. She jumped up and licked my hand, and I turned away. It had been my firm intention to—well, no matter, she was safe enough.

Captain Johnson walked fore and aft upon his deck and gave orders to get sail on the "William Tanner." She was a heavily sparred four-master and worked all her sails with steam from her donkey engine. In a short time she was heading due west again, and slapping along ten knots an hour,

[*Concluded on page 434*]

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DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER



"'IT'S WILLIAM GUTHRIE, ESQUIRE, AND HE WANTS A WHOLE COMPANY OF MILITIA'"

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. Gradually the news of Carton's impeachment becomes a known fact. At the next meeting of the house Mr. Pugsley, determined and belligerent, files a petition, as the law prescribes, for the impeachment of the speaker, who vacates the chair in favor of Roger Elton, "the gentleman from Barlow County." Then Jimmy Warfield makes a motion, which is accepted, that the vote on impeachment be set for the following week. Guthrie's suspicions are aroused that Representative Pugsley and Mr. Harlow are in league with a mysterious New York brokerage firm that is back of the proceedings against Carton. Having sounded several of the leaders of the different factions, he realizes that sentiment is strongly in Carton's disfavor, although he firmly believes in his innocence. At the height of the Carton excitement, news is brought to the capital from the mountain district that the feud between the Pikes and the Dilgers has broken out anew, and that Senator Pike's brother has been killed by Pete Dilger. The senator at once leaves for the scene of the tragedy and Guthrie accompanies him. The trip is full of adventure, both wild and thrilling. An encounter with Pete Dilger, as Guthrie and the senator are walking alone in the woods, and a fierce combat and a threatened lynching are some of the chief occurrences of the trip. Guthrie sends a call for the state militia, but a sudden wild snowstorm, which continues for several days, completely enshrouds the country and impedes all traffic.]

CHAPTER VII.—THE GREAT SNOW

IN the capital there was much talk in regard to both Guthrie and the senator. The former, in his own manner, was a personage of some importance and held an established position in public affairs; when he went away one always felt that something was gone. Then there was a telegraphic message to the governor from Guthrie, dated at Sayville and saying: "The leader of the Dilgers is in jail here and will be lynched unless the militia comes at once," and "The Times" arrived from the metropolis with a full account of the sensational events at Briarton.

The governor was at his house when the dispatch was handed to him. After he read it his face was very grave, and he went into the room where his wife sat with Clarice Ransome and Mary Pelham before a great fire of hickory logs.

"You have a telegram," said Lucy, when she saw the slip of yellow paper in his hands; "who wants an appointment?"

"Nobody; it's a request for something bigger, this time."

"And can you give it?" asked Clarice.

"Oh, yes, because in this case I can be an Indian-like giver and take the gift back before long. It's William Guthrie, Esquire, and he wants a whole company of militia."

Clarice had been paying only vague attention before, but now she looked up with keen interest. Then she flushed slightly and looked into the fire again. In what way did William Guthrie and his deeds concern her? She thought it necessary, however, to say something.

"Then they have been fighting again up there in the mountains?" she asked.

"I fancy so," replied the governor; "at least, this dispatch from Guthrie says that the leader of the Dilgers is in jail at Briarton, and will certainly be lynched unless I send a company of militia to hold the place."

"There must have been fighting," said Clarice. She felt a thrill of mingled excitement and apprehension. She had been reading a letter from Raoul, that morning, a letter full of pretty phrases and the lighter gossip of Old World capitals, and again she made an involuntary contrast.

"I do not believe that anything will happen to Mr. Guthrie," said Lucy; "if anybody can take care of himself, it is he."

The governor went to the window and looked anxiously at the sweep of hills about the capital.

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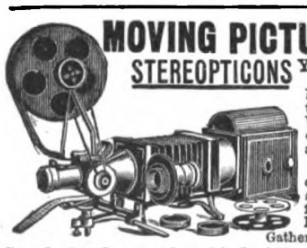
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DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER



"'THEREFORE, I CALL FOR A CHEER FOR THE GREATEST MAN IN THE MOUNTAINS'"

"I fear ugly weather," he said. "Look at those dirty brown clouds. They are stuffed so full of snow that they seem ready to burst this very minute."

It had been snowing lightly that morning, and afterwards the sun had shone for a while; but, as the governor spoke, the clouds opened again and the great heavy flakes began to fall. In a few moments the air was filled with the dropping shower.

This state is called southern by those on the north, but it is to be remembered that it is called northern by those further south, and it knows long, cold winters. This was famous as "the winter of the great snow." It fell throughout the whole length of the state, from east to west nearly four hundred miles, and, even in the low and level country, three feet of it lay, while in the mountains it was heaped to inaccessible depths.

At eleven o'clock that night the governor received a telegram from the captain of the Waterford militia, which had reached Sayville, stating the inability of his men to penetrate even a mile from the railroad station among the peaks and ridges. "All the mountains are wrapped in a vast mass of whirling snow," the telegram said. In fact, at that moment, the captain, who was brave from head to toe, was standing at the door of the lonely little railroad station, trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes. Gusts of snow drove into his face and the whirlwinds enveloped him.

"I'm afraid we can't start for Briarton now," he said.

"No, nor to-morrow, nor the next day, nor next week," the station master said, and he was right. When another week had passed the Waterford company was still in Sayville vainly seeking to pierce a way through the gigantic snowdrifts, while out of Briarton, now as good as a thousand miles away, not a word came. Guthrie's messenger was there in Sayville with the company, and he, too, trained mountaineer though he was, could not break a path to his home.

An important arrival at the capital at this time was Mrs. Ransome, the imperious mother of Clarice, who with some misgivings had allowed her daughter to visit the governor's wife; it seemed to her that it would be a period of eclipse, as she knew the capital, from accounts she had heard, to be a stuffy little place, almost out of the world. Mrs. Ransome was becoming dissatisfied, and, if the truth be told, she felt a faint alarm. Certain reports in regard to Clarice were coming from the capital; she was showing a remarkable interest in the people by whom she was surrounded, and in the events occurring about her. She rarely spoke of Raoul, it was said, and she had shown an undue partiality for the society of an obscure young man, a mere writer for one of the newspapers. This in itself had no very formidable sound, but Mrs. Ransome was a careful and far-seeing woman, and she took action accordingly. She would have recalled Clarice, but the set term of her visit was not reached, and such a course would have been too awkward for such a skilled diplomatist. So she came in person to the capital to survey the field.

Mrs. Ransome did not advise Clarice of her coming, but took apartments at the big hotel where everybody stopped, and in the afternoon she drove to the governor's house. Clarice saw the carriage at the door, and, glancing out, saw the portly form of her mother, who had just alighted. She was surprised, pleased, and yet not wholly pleased, but she greeted Mrs. Ransome warmly, and the introductions were duly made.

Mrs. Ransome put on her most important manner. Clarice's friends were young women, but little older than she was, and her mother's great knowledge of the world gave her a conscious superiority. She soon introduced the subject of Raoul, and dwelt upon it. Raoul was such a model: all the gifts were his; he was so graceful and gallant;—and of such an old family!

Clarice listened with reddening cheeks, but she did not have anything to say. She was glad when her mother declined the invitation to stay at the governor's house during her visit to the capital.

She drove back with her mother to the hotel. Mrs. Ransome settled herself comfortably on the carriage cushion, and said to her daughter:—

"Nice people, my dear; but provincial, very provincial."

Clarice flushed indignantly.

"Mother," she said, "they are not provincial; I like them very much, and—and—"

She hesitated.

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish you would not try to patronize them, mother. They saw it, as I did,—and, mother,—they can not be patronized."

Mrs. Ransome fixed her daughter with her cold eye.

"Clarice," she said, "I have heard of a certain young man named Guthrie, a newspaper writer, I believe, who, I am told, is a somewhat conspicuous figure in the set in which you move here; where is he now?"

The color leaped into Clarice's cheeks, and then she was angry, but in a moment the feeling was gone. A slight sense of amusement took its place. She had plenty of courage.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Guthrie is a favorite among the people whom I know here, but nothing has been heard of him in a week."

"Why, what do you mean? Has the man absconded?"

"Oh, no! He is merely lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes, lost under the snow."

"Please explain your meaning," said Mrs. Ransome, with some haughtiness.

"Just before the great snow, mother, he went up into the recesses of the mountains with Mr. Pike, a state senator, to help fight a feud."

"To help fight a feud! What a shocking thing! Is the man a desperado?"

"Oh, no, not at all! Mr. Guthrie merely went along to see and to report the news. Mr. Pike is to do the fighting. But the snow came, and they can not get out of the mountains or send any word. So we do not know what has happened, and they tell me it may be another week before we can hear."

Mrs. Ransome felt relief. Providence had kindly taken this objectionable Guthrie out of the way,—for a while, at least,—but she did not relax her sternness.

Events now began to move rapidly at the capital. It was noticed that Caius Marcellus Harlow did not leave the place; formerly he would disappear for brief seasons, but now he was constant in his attendance; coincidently the case against Carton made swift progress; the senate was already taking evidence and Mr. Pugsley was a lead-

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DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER



"HE FOUND THE WRITING EASY, FOR THE FACTS MARSHALED THEMSELVES IN ORDER"

ing prosecutor; he disclaimed all personal hostility, he professed rather to like the speaker, and his attitude was that of a man astonished and grieved by a friend's dereliction, a manner very potent with the weaker members of the legislature and also with that larger body of the public which is ready to believe any evil of those in office.

Templeton, too, suddenly began to appear as an enemy of Carton and defender of the public virtue. The amount of his defalcation had been paid back to the government by others, and nothing more was heard about it, so he bloomed anew,—or, rather, he had not ceased to bloom. He could tell things, if he would, it was said, and there was talk of his taking the witness stand, but so far he had not been called by the senate.

The only rock that the prosecution struck was the unexpected course of Senator Cobb, who, it was well known, was much opposed to Carton. He rose in the senate one cold morning, and announced that he was opposed to such rapid action. A most influential member of the senate was not present, he said, and could not be present for some days. A verdict in his absence would be snap judgment. The people should always be for fair play; if the presence of Senator Pike meant help for an accused man, then the accused man should have it. As for himself, he would fight any movement to bring the matter to a vote until the missing senator had returned.

There was a sudden burst of applause from the gallery when Senator Cobb sat down, but the prosecution nevertheless pushed the matter with the utmost vigor. But Senator Cobb was true to his word and he began to fight for delay with a parliamentary skill and persistence that aroused the admiration of everybody. In the senate was the curious spectacle of an influential member who opposed Carton fighting for him,—that is, to give him more time.

Thus affairs stood at the capital and the snow still lay on the mountains.

CHAPTER VIII.

Guthrie and the Senator

DEEP in the mountains the time was passing all too slowly for Guthrie and Reverend Zedekiah Pike. The talk of lynching was not revived for the time, but Guthrie knew that it would come up again when the snow melted. The public feeling against Mr. Pike afflicted him. The senator's own near relatives became rather shy of him, and he was forced to rely more and more upon the companionship of Guthrie, who felt for him the deepest and sincerest sympathy. But upon the young correspondent himself, although he was known to be the intimate friend of Senator Pike, none of this hostility was visited.

It was now that he began to show his wonderful quality of adaptation, a trait in his nature that made him acceptable everywhere, and liked by people of widely varying types. He had not been in Briarton a week before he knew every one of its inhabitants, and, without any effort on his part to acquire favor, he was the most popular man there. He assumed no airs of superiority, he helped the people to dig their walks through the snow, now and then he cut wood, in order to keep his muscles in trim, he said, and, the night when the Widow Connor's house caught fire, he was first on the roof with a bucket of water to put out the flames. Then, when the fire was out and he slipped on the icy boards and plunged head first into a ten-foot snowdrift, he joined with entire heartiness in the laugh against him. When the Widow Connor, out of sheer gratitude, kissed him on the cheek, Guthrie returned the salute in such a gallant manner that he won the applause of the entire population gathered there in an admiring circle. He put the capstone to this edifice of popular esteem when he beat Eli Pike, a second cousin of the senator, at rifle-shooting.

He was conscious of his growing power, and he used it without cessation for his friend, the senator. He was speaking continually—but only in an indirect manner,—of the senator's great influence, of the leadership conceded to him by the Republican Party, not because he sought it, but because of his high character and abilities, and he was soon happy to see that his method was producing results. The people, without knowing why, began to look upon Senator Pike's conduct with more leniency. Guthrie's office, too, added weight to his words. With these people, print had a sanctity unshaken by everyday use, and in their eyes the man who wrote things that appeared in newspapers was great in his day.

On the tenth night after Guthrie's arrival Dilger broke jail, and fled along one of the newly-opened paths in the snow up the mountain side. It was Senator Pike who responded first to the alarm and led the pursuit through the snow and the forest. In some way a revolver had been smuggled to Dilger, and when the senator, separated from the rest of his party, overtook him in the snow, a duel ensued between this servant of the law and the desperado fighting for his life. Mr. Pike escaped without a wound, and Dilger fell with a bullet through his shoulder. A second time the senator spared the life of his deadliest enemy and brought him bleeding into Briarton amid a crowd of spectators who could not now refuse admiration.

Guthrie was in the crowd that stood by when the senator brought in Dilger. It was three o'clock of a very cold morning, and the little street was lighted by torches. Dilger, pale and weak, had been given to the constable, and near him stood the senator, silent and stern. Back of all were the snow-clad mountains, gleaming through the darkness. The scene stirred Guthrie to the depths, and, springing upon a stump, he cried:—

"Gentlemen, our Bible says that he who ruleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city; therefore, I call for a cheer for the greatest man in the mountains,—the bravest man in the mountains,—for a man who has done what few of us would dare to do,—a man who, single-handed, has taken a desperado fighting for his life,—a man who stands among us, to-night, blood-kin to nearly all of you, Honorable Zedekiah Pike."

His sonorous periods and his cumulative sentences pleased the mountaineers and touched a chord, already tuned to a response. They, too, unconsciously had begun to feel the strain of the difference between them and their



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References—Treasury Trust Co., Pittsburg, Pa., First National Bank, McKeesport, Pa.

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Already we have many agents throughout the country. They are making money. Two agents in the upper part of Pennsylvania made $700 and $600 respectively in commissions last month. Another agent made $300.

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For Little Rhymes. Can You Write Us One?

This verse won a **$50.00** prize in our previous contest:

"Her smile is of pearl and of coral,
Her kiss has a nectarine taste,
Her breath is the breath of the laurel—
She uses Hy-Jen Tooth Paste."

We pay liberally for catchy advertising jingles about Hy-Jen Tooth Paste and we want everyone to compete in our $200 contest. Some of the rhymes which occur to you may be just what we want. It costs you but a few minutes time and a stamp to send them in and bright ideas win from $2 to $50. We don't care for literary excellence or poetical polish—we want little jingles that will stick in the public's memory. For the best advertisement in rhyme containing not more than eight lines, submitted before July 20th, we will give $50 in cash; for the second, $25; $10 for the third; $5 each for the next three and $2 each for the next fifty. The Robert John Advertising Co. will act as judges in this contest. We also reserve the right to purchase from those which do not win a prize, but which we consider suitable for advertising, a sufficient number to make up our calendar of 365 advertising rhymes, with which we shall burn the name Hy-Jen Tooth Paste into the minds of the people. We want to make everyone acquainted with the real qualities of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste, which is endorsed by dentists everywhere as the best and safest, the daintiest and most agreeable dentifrice made. Get a 25c. tube at your druggist's and try it thoroughly—it has so many refreshing qualities you will be surprised how easy it is to think of simple little rhymes about it and it's the simple ones that make a hit in advertising. The catchiest one wins $50 in this contest. To show that you have used it each competitor must send in the front of the green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste comes in, along with their rhyme—that's all that is required. You may send as many different rhymes as you like providing you send one box-front for each separate rhyme, but positively no rhyme will be considered unless a box-front does accompany it. If your druggist doesn't have Hy-Jen Tooth Paste ask him to get it of his jobber or send us his name and 25c. and we will send you a package postpaid. Address **Adv. Dept., HY-JEN CHEMICAL COMPANY, 220 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.**

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leader, and at the sudden sight of him, standing there a hero, a hero acknowledged and admired by this representative of an outside world, all their old esteem and liking came back with a rush and they broke into a spontaneous cheer.

Gradually the heart of the senator melted before the surrender of his people, and Guthrie saw a mist appear in his eyes. There was a little tightness at his own heart, and he felt the glow of a good deed well done.

Dilger was replaced in the jail, and his guard increased until such a day as he should be duly hanged by law, and then Guthrie and the senator walked slowly home, neither speaking. The good relations established in a burst of emotion under the torchlight between Senator Pike and Briarton retained their warmth in the cold light of the days that followed. The people flowed through the senator's house, as of old, paying friendly calls, asking his advice about public and private matters, and putting him back in his old place, the place in which he belonged, as the leading man of the village, made such by sheer merit.

The senator did not speak of the matter to Guthrie, whom he now treated almost as a son, the companion and loyal friend of his adversity, but he talked freely of affairs at the capital, and the reporter, taking his cue, uttered many a good word for Carton, not abruptly nor baldly, but always indirectly and in its proper connection.

Mr. Pike was much troubled, and at length he told his views upon this important question.

"Personally, I confess to a dislike of Mr. Carton," he said. "His manner has repelled me. He has seemed to me to be somewhat arrogant, and to consult too little the feelings of the other members of the house,—in short, to lack tact,—and that is a serious fault in the leader of any legislative body, but it had not occurred to me that he could be guilty of corruption."

"Then you would vote for him in his trial before the senate?" asked Guthrie, scarcely able to conceal his eagerness.

"Unless more evidence is produced than has been made known to me, I should do so," replied the senator.

Guthrie was wise enough not to push the question further, but he was more eager than before to escape from the mountains. One afternoon a wind blowing out of the north arose, but in an hour it veered around to the southwest and its breath was warm. After dark the water began to drip from the roofs. Guthrie sat that evening with Mr. Pike, and they still talked of the capital and the affairs of the state, both increasingly eager for the journey now that the snow was melting and the mountains were about to be unlocked.

The senator spoke by and by of Templeton, and of his defalcation, of which he had heard.

"It did no good to save Templeton," he said, "because he was saved only for a moment. He will commit another and greater offense, and he is sure to come to a bad end in time. Even now he is pretending to be a lobbyist, and he has all sorts of wild and grandiloquent schemes. I heard him boasting, one day, when he had drank too much, that he had only to say the word and he could go to New York any day if he chose, and work for a firm of brokers at ten thousand dollars a year."

Guthrie has been listening with interest, but he became suddenly eager and intent.

"Did Templeton mention the name of the brokerage firm that was willing to pay him so good a salary?" he asked.

The senator meditated a moment.

"He spoke the name," he replied, "but I had to think a little before I could recall it. It was Purvis and Eaton, I remember his words; they were: 'I can get ten thousand dollars a year from a firm of brokers in New York. Purvis and Eaton will be glad to pay me that much, any day I say I'm willing to take the job.' Yes, those were his words. Do you think that he was lying, Mr. Guthrie?"

"I do not know," replied Guthrie, and in a few moments he spoke of something else.

But he rapidly put two and two together, and came to a swift conclusion. He listened with pleasure to the increasing drip, drip, of the melting snow from the roof, and he heard the steady breath of the warm southwest wind on the windowpanes. The great thaw had begun, and in a few days the road through the mountains would be open, but he no longer turned his face toward the little capital. He resolved that, when he should reach Lone Oak, the train should bear him eastward and not westward.

* * * * * * * *

In the little capital the warm wind from the southwest was blowing, too, and it blew all through that night, and the next day, and the next night, too. The snow melted as if under the rays of a July sun, and the water poured in torrents from the hills. Finally word came that the road from Briarton was open to the venturesome, and that arrivals from there might be expected in the capital on the morrow.

Clarice was sitting with her mother, Mrs. Hastings, and Mary Pelham, when this news was told, and Mrs. Ransome's look was ironical.

"I suppose that quite a fuss will be made over this young Guthrie, when he returns," she said. "Everybody talks of him as if he were something quite out of the common."

"We think that he is above the average," said Lucy Hastings, with quiet dignity, "and we like him because he is so unselfish and so devoted to his friends. Paul said, last night, that no one could be missed from the capital more than he has been, and I think so, too."

The governor entered at this moment, and after the customary words of greeting, said:—

"Wharton [Wharton was the lieutenant governor, and therefore president of the senate.] tells me that he has just



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had a telegram from Senator Pike, at Lone Oak, saying that he will arrive here at noon, to-morrow, and—"

He paused and looked rather curiously around the little circle.

"And Mr. Guthrie comes with him?" asked Mrs. Hastings.

"Guthrie, the senator added, was to take the eastbound train, at midnight, for New York."

Clarice, despite herself, looked up in surprise. Mrs. Ransome breathed a silent sigh of relief.

"Why on earth is he doing that?" asked Mrs. Hastings.

"I do not know," replied the governor.

CHAPTER IX.

The Realms of Finance

GUTHRIE made the journey to Lone Oak with Mr. Pike, and a little later he boarded the through train for New York, receiving a hearty grasp of the hand and farewell from the senator, who was yet at the station, waiting for his own westward train.

After dark, the next day, he arrived in New York, and the next morning he sent from his hotel to Jimmy Warfield this telegram :—

"What is state of affairs? For God's sake fight off vote as long as you can. I may bring help."

In two hours this reply came :—

"Pike arrived and says he will vote for Carton. Takes four Republican senators with him, and chances now so nearly even that each side afraid to push for vote. Carton saved for present, but for future our hopes in you."

His next step was to find the address of Purvis and Eaton in the city directory, and then he went down to the number given in Nassau Street, near Wall Street. The office of the great financiers indicated massiveness and simplicity. It was on the second floor of a white stone building of severe architecture, and occupied, so Guthrie reckoned, at least a dozen rooms.

Satisfied for the present with this external inspection, he returned to his hotel, which he had purposely chosen in the down-town district in order that he might always be near to his field of battle. There he bought all the morning papers and looked carefully over their financial columns, but found nowhere a quotation of "United" bonds or stock, preferred or common. He had not really expected to find such quotations, as the company was yet without a charter, but he was not willing to neglect any source of information. Then he went forth upon a second expedition.

It was his purpose to buy a share of "United" stock, or at least to make an offer for it, if there was such a thing in the market, and he decided to attempt the purchase as close as possible to the offices of Purvis and Eaton. He had noticed brokers' signs on doors in the same building, and he entered one on the third floor. He gave his name and state and then mentioned the stock that he wished to buy. The broker looked at him with some curiosity.

"There is no such stock in the market," he said.

"I was told that Messrs. Purvis and Eaton, the bankers in this building, were financing the company," said Guthrie, boldly, surmising that this assertion would act as a leading question.

"I believe I have heard of it," said the broker, meditatively; "and, if I mistake not, Purvis and Eaton were to bond and stock the scheme. But I haven't heard anything of it recently; I suppose it's fallen through; lots of these western and southern enterprises do, you know."

Guthrie thanked him and went out, his heart beating happily. The broker's words were vague, but they confirmed—if a conviction can be confirmed,—the belief that he had formed when Senator Pike's chance words at Briarton had given to him the names of Purvis and Eaton. He devoted all the rest of the day to inquiries concerning Purvis and Eaton, bankers. He went to the galleries of the Stock Exchange and asked chance questions there, and at length he introduced himself to the financial editors of the great newspapers and sought information from them.

Sometimes he was rebuffed, and sometimes his questions were answered, but he noticed in all the replies a certain caution and reserve, as if his informants were not telling quite all they knew. His keen instinct at once told him the cause; this firm, despite its great business and its dignified connections, had one little shady corner. It operated all over the world, he learned, and had five partners,—three Americans, an Englishman, and a German.

This was the limit of his day's work, and after dark he went to his hotel and sent to Jimmy Warfield this brief telegram: "How are things?" and in an hour came the reply: "*In statu quo.*"

The next day he pursued the same line of inquiry, trying to find just exactly what that shady corner in their business covered. He noticed in the most solid of the morning papers a small advertisement by the firm, stating that they were dealers in state and city bonds and could furnish good investments. He found, later, that they made a specialty of the West and the South, and at length, in his pursuit of shares of the United Electric Light, Power, Heating, and Traction Company, he came to one broker who, in anger, told just what he wanted to know.

"That," he exclaimed, "is one of Charlie Warren's schemes!"

Warren, as Guthrie had ascertained, was the youngest partner in the firm of Purvis and Eaton. But Guthrie said nothing, waiting for the broker, who, he judged, had got the worst of some transaction with Warren, to go on, as he seemed willing to do.

"I don't know what has come of it," continued the broker, "but, if it goes through, as likely it will, the bonds and stock of the company will be worth a lot of money."

"But our city is hardly large enough to pay big divi-



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dends on rival street railway, electric light, heating, and gas companies," said Guthrie, mildly.

The broker looked at him with rather an amused glance, and contracted his left eyelid just a trifle, as much as to say: "Well, you are a green one."

"Do you take Charlie Warren for a fool?" he asked.

"I do not know anything about him."

"So it seems. Warren and the firm of Purvis and Eaton do not dream of running a street railway, an electric light, or any other kind of company. They have a better use for their time and money than that."

"Then what do they want?"

"Why, to sell out to the old companies the moment they get their charter. It's as plain as the nose on your face, and as simple as A, B, C. It can be done, too, right along, if you are powerful enough and unscrupulous enough to do it. You see, all these western and southern states are aflame against corporations and monopolies, and they are honest in it, too, but their anger can be used for other purposes. Just find a large city where any company has had an exclusive public franchise of any kind, then go up to the legislature with an application for a franchise for a new and rival company to break the power of the old,—all in the people's interest, of course,—and, nine times out of ten, it will go through, if pushed well."

"And then?"

"And then—after a while, when the noise about it has died,—the new company sells out to the old,—compels it to buy it, so to speak, by a sort of legal blackmail, and there you are; the old company still has its monopoly, the new company has its price, and the public its experience. Young man, there are more ways than one in this world to whip the devil around the stump."

"I see," said Guthrie, and, thanking the man, he went out.

This concluded another day's work, and again at nightfall he telegraphed an inquiry to Jimmy Warfield, and back came the answer, "*In statu quo.*"

Guthrie now prepared himself for the boldest stroke of all, one that he would not have tried had he not been absolutely sure of his ground. He went, the next morning, o the office of Purvis and Eaton, and sent his correspondent's card to the great Mr. Warren, to be informed, a few minutes later, by the supercilious messenger, that Mr. Warren was too busy to see any newspaper representative.

Guthrie was not disconcerted. He understood the "important manner," and he had learned early that men really great never have an important manner.

He wrote a note to Mr. Warren, saying briefly that he expected to send to "The Times" a full account of Purvis and Eaton's interest in the United Electric Light, Power, Heating, and Traction Company's bill. He had ascertained that the bill was prepared in their office, pushed through by their lobbyist, Caius Marcellus Harlow, and that no preparations had ever been made, even to begin a plant, in case of the bill's passage. The public, therefore, must infer that the new company, in case it obtained a charter, merely intended to force the old ones to buy out its privileges. If Messrs. Purvis and Eaton cared to say anything, he would be glad to annex it to his account.

"Take this to Mr. Warren," said he to the messenger.

The boy hesitated, but Guthrie's stern gaze cowed him and he disappeared within the doors. He was a much longer time than before in returning. Finally he came with word that the partners would see him, and Guthrie followed him through offices in which many clerks toiled at great ledgers, and through one door he caught a glimpse of a boy making quotations on a huge blackboard. Then the messenger opened another door, and, with the words, "The partners will see you here, sir," left him.

Guthrie stepped into the private office of Messrs. Purvis and Eaton, and closed the door behind him. Four of the partners were present,—two of the Americans, the Englishman, and the German. Three of them were men of fifty or more, heavy, portly, side-whiskered and dressed in black. But the fourth, who was not over forty-five, was thin, smoothly shaven, and dressed in a gray sack suit. Guthrie knew instinctively that this was Mr. Warren.

No one asked him to be seated, but of his own accord he took a chair. Then he glanced coolly around the room, which was darkly carpeted, and had mahogany chairs on the floor and large portraits of the five partners on the wall. As no one yet spoke, evidently expecting him to speak first, he continued his survey of the room and waited when he had finished.

He noticed that the four partners were gazing at him in a haughty and reproving manner, but he was not awed. The element of respect, even deference, was not lacking in his composition. He valued money, and thought it a silly affectation to pretend to despise it, but a money king never appeared to him to be a great man.

"This is an extraordinary, I may say an impertinent note that you have sent us," at length said the senior and plumpest partner, Mr. Purvis.

"It did not impress me as being impertinent," replied Guthrie, coolly; "At any rate, your Mr. Warren made it necessary; I sent in my card at first, with no note at all."

"This is a threat," continued the senior partner, the dull red flushing into his cheeks. "You tell us that you are going to publish an article defaming one of the largest and most reputable banking firms in New York City. It is blackmail, it is—"

"Kindly stop where you are," said Guthrie; "you make nothing by calling me names. I stated facts in that note. I have ascertained beyond a doubt that you originated and pushed the bill for the 'United.' You are at the back of the fight against Mr. Carton, the speaker of the house in our state, because he divined the purpose of this bill and through his power as speaker has long prevented its passage. You are the cause of his present impeachment. He is my friend, and I shall serve both



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him and the great cause of justice to the whole world."

Mr. Purvis was about to speak, evidently with anger, but the junior partner, Mr. Warren, the man in gray, raised his hand.

"May I ask, Mr. Guthrie," he said, smoothly, glancing at the card when he uttered the name, as if his memory did not serve in so slight a matter, "where you have learned all this very interesting romance?"

"You mean history, not romance; by many inquiries here among bankers, brokers, financial writers, and others. I am willing to tell you, also, that in anticipation of the passage of the bill, you gave the contract for printing the stock and bond certificates to the American Printing Company, 24½ Nassau Street, and that their work, very neatly and handsomely done, is now ready for delivery."

The junior partner bit his lip, but in a moment recovered his suavity.

"Very interesting," he said; "but suppose, for the sake of argument, we should grant its truth, what then? So far, we are entirely within our rights. It is our business to place stocks and bonds. One of our functions is that of a sales agent."

"Undoubtedly."

"What, then, becomes of your second charge that it is our purpose, and has been our purpose, from the first, to compel the old companies to buy us out? That is a very difficult thing to prove, and your newspaper will be liable in heavy damages."

"The charge stands. I shall make it and take all chances. I know morally that it is true, and I can pile up enough evidence to convince anybody. And I tell you, too, for your information, that you could not possibly get a jury, in my state, where such a case would have to be tried, to give a verdict against 'The Times' and in favor of a distant corporation, like yours."

"Then why do you come here at all?"

"To take your statement, if you care to give it. We are fair, and do not wish to publish one side and suppress the other."

Here Mr. Purvis, who had been puffing and flushing in silence, broke all bounds.

"Get out, you impudent young rascal! How dare you come here and talk in this manner to us?"

"I may be impudent, and I am glad to be young, but I am not a financial pirate; I do not try to make money by plundering others."

The suave Mr. Warren intervened.

"Mr. Guthrie has shown himself very enterprising," he said, "but I can not understand why he wishes to put such motives into a legitimate business transaction. Our purpose is entirely within the law,—both legal and moral,—but at the same time we do not care to have the name of an old and honored firm showered with innuendo in the public prints. Will nothing induce you to stop the sending of this dispatch, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Nothing! Do you care to make any statement that I can publish with it?"

"None whatever."

"Then we are wasting each other's time; good day!"

"Good day!"

Guthrie put on his hat and went out, followed by the frowning glances of the partners. In the hall he rang the bell for the elevator, and, when it came, a single passenger stepped out, a middle-aged man, with gray hair carefully brushed back from his temples, and a smoothly-shaven, wary face.

It was Mr. Harlow.

He started, and Guthrie, for the first time, saw him show surprise.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Harlow," he said, and he told the truth; "I have just come from an interview with your employers."

"Ah!"

"And they are not happy."

"No?"

"No, they are not. Mr. Harlow, I know the whole story; it will appear in 'The Times' in the morning."

Caius Marcellus Harlow bent upon him a curious look; it was not anger, or even disappointment; there was in it a trace of admiration.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, "you win;" and, bowing, he passsed on toward the office of Purvis and Eaton.

Guthrie walked slowly toward his hotel. Once he glanced back and saw following him, at a little distance, the messenger who had shown him into the private office of Purvis and Eaton. But Guthrie did not care.

At the hotel he sent to Jimmy Warfield, once more, the inquiry: "How are things?" and back came the old answer: "*In statu quo.*" Then he sent to Warfield another dispatch,—"Have everything; see 'Times' in the morning," and after that he sent to his home office this bulletin: "Full details of conspiracy against Carton; ten thousand words to-night. Pay no attention to dispatches from Purvis and Eaton. Absolutely sure of facts." Then he went to his room, cleared his table, and began to write.

There were ten thousand words before him, but he found the writing easy, for the facts marshaled themselves in order, and he felt so deeply about Carton that he drew in vivid lines the picture of a faithful public servant whom designing people sought to ruin because they could not shake his policy.

He had been writing two hours when there came a knock at the door, and, without laying down his pencil, he called, "Come in!" The door was opened, and Mr. Warren and Mr. Harlow entered. Both were suave and smiling, though not overdoing it, and they sat down as guests who, if they were not expected, were at least not unwelcome.

"Writing, I see," said Mr. Harlow, lightly, as if he were passing the time of day.

"Yes," replied Guthrie, briefly,—"the account of which

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I told Mr. Warren when I called on him this morning."

"I have a little to add to our conversation, then," said Mr. Warren. "I did not wish to speak of it before my partners, who, I tell you in confidence, are absorbed in issues, leaving details to me."

Guthrie put down his pencil and gazed intently at Mr. Warren, who flushed slightly and paused a few moments.

"We are entirely innocent in this matter," he continued, presently, "but an article such as you are writing can do us a great deal of harm. A libel once disseminated can never be thoroughly corrected. We also recognize the fact that, even with a just cause, it is practically impossible for us to obtain a verdict against 'The Times' before a partisan jury, devoted to home interests, and influenced against foreign corporations by the public prints."

"Well?" said Guthrie, inquiringly.

Mr. Warren hesitated again, the tint in his cheeks deepened, and he glanced at his ally, Mr. Harlow.

"I merely wish to tell you," he said, "that in a vault in a safe deposit company not more than a quarter of a mile from here there is a sealed envelope containing the sum of fifty thousand dollars. The key to that vault could be left—"

Guthrie rose at once, his face quite gray.

"Mr. Warren," he exclaimed, "leave my room at once. And as for you, Mr. Harlow, I am astonished that you should have come here with this man on such an errand."

Mr. Harlow did not flinch.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, quietly, "a statement is due both to you and to myself. Knowing you as I do, I opposed this visit and its purpose, but Mr. Warren is my employer. He wished to take this last chance, because we should have had a vote to-morrow, and the impeachment of Carton would have passed the senate by a majority of two. That I know, positively. After it our bill would have passed with a rush. Good day!"

"Good day!" said Guthrie, as they went out. Then he resumed his writing.

[*To be continued in the July* SUCCESS]

The Draining of the Everglades

J. E. INGRAHAM

[Third vice president of the Florida East Coast Railway]

THERE are great agricultural possibilities in the Florida Everglades. Though they are yet merely an expansive waste of swamp and lake and jungle, I venture to predict that they will be the location of hundreds of fertile farms, within ten years, and will by degrees develop into one of the most productive tracts of land in the world. The barrier to the utilization of the Everglades has been, of course, the water which covers the greater part of them to a depth of from one to six feet. But it has been found entirely practicable to drain off the water. Work to this end has already been begun, and is being pushed rapidly. When it is completed a tract of land one hundred and sixty miles long and sixty wide will have been opened to cultivation. The size of this region is not as important as the remarkable productivity of the soil. The latter is not only absolutely virgin, but has been fertilized by animal and vegetable life through many centuries. I am confident that its crops will lift Florida to a place among the leading agricultural states.

The project of draining the Everglades attracted the attention of Henry B. Plant in the early nineties, but he was by no means sure that the scheme was feasible, so I, acting under his direction, undertook an expedition through the region. Despite its proximity to centers of population, it was then for the first time thoroughly explored by white men. Ours was virtually a voyage of discovery. We paddled our light boats on lakes and camped on islands that, I have good reason to believe, had never before been visited by any human being but Seminole Indians, and by these but rarely. We underwent so many hardships that some of our party were compelled to turn back, but our efforts were not in vain, for we ascertained the important fact that the Everglades, along the whole one hundred and sixty miles of the eastern side, are rimmed by a rock ledge. We furthermore learned that all of the lakes are several feet above sea level, and we decided that there was nothing whatever to prevent the water of the lakes from flowing into the ocean and leaving the land drained if vents could be made in this long ledge of rock. The chief question before us pertained to the practicability of cutting through the ledge in various places, and dredging out outlets into the Atlantic, which is not more than two or three miles away at numerous points.

Experiment proved that this work would present no great difficulties. It was merely a matter of a great deal of digging. Henry M. Flagler took up the project, and it is being carried out by his lieutenants. We are not only making artificial outlets through the rock, but are also, by ditching and dredging, turning large bodies of water into rivers and creeks which flow to the ocean. The work has progressed far enough to enable me to predict confidently the opening in Florida, within a very few years, of a great tract of land of almost unprecedented fertility.

Identification of Thumb-prints

THE finger-print method of personal identification seems to be coming to the front. It has long been used as an adjunct to the Bertillon system of measurement, and now we are told that in England it is superseding that system, being regarded as both simpler and surer. The trouble with any measurement-system is that the measurements of the same man taken by different persons or at different ages will differ slightly, and so the identification may fail. Finger-prints, on the other hand, tell their own story and are subject to no "personal equation;" while their systems of ridges and whirls remain the same from infancy to manhood. In a recent European case reported in a French paper, a murderer was detected through the agency of a thumb-print on the rail of a broken sash,—so slight a mark that it was scarcely visible,—but photography enabled it to be studied sufficiently for identification.

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SUCCESS JUNIOR



Gee Whiz of the Breeze

A Story for Little Folks

A. E. CLAFLIN

TOMMY TROTTERS had been put to bed. The nurse had turned down the gas until it was just a little blinky, winky spot that looked very sleepy; she had said, for the last time, as she tucked the bedclothes around his neck, "Good night, Tommy, go right to sleep;" her feet had gone pat, pat, pat, down the stairs, and everything was quiet,—everything except the wind which was making a great racket around the corner of the house, and especially around the window of Tommy's room.

Tommy had just said to himself, "If I was the wind, I guess I'd race and tear around in the daytime, and at night I'd keep still and go to sleep," when he heard something that made him start and listen with all his might. Yes, there it was again,—

"Ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!—hi! hi! hi! The idea of such a thing! Why, this is the best time of all. Ha! ha! ha! Now I can have things all my own way, without any big sun to come creeping around and interfering with my fun. Ho! ho! ho!"

Tommy was so surprised to hear some one answer him in this way that he jumped out of bed and ran to the window before you could say "Jack Robinson," and what do you think he saw? There, on the porch roof, twirling around and around and around so fast that it would have made you dizzy to look at it, was the funniest little creature you can imagine. It was about as tall as Tommy, and looked for all the world like a big dumb-bell standing on one end, except that the part between the balls was nothing but four fine strings like the wires on a violin. The ball that formed the standing part went spinning around, here and there, faster than any top you ever saw, while in the other end there was a big slit that looked like a mouth; of course it must have been a mouth, because that is where the laugh and the talk came from.

As the dumb-bell went rollicking and rolling all over the roof, dipping this way and that, and laughing and talking to itself as if it was having such a funny, happy time that

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it could n't stand up straight, it suddenly became aware that Tommy was looking at it. Then there was a change. It seemed to feel very much ashamed and wanted to run away and hide, but Tommy was out of the window in a twinkling, running here and there as hard as he could, bumping his nose and catching his toes on the joints of the tin roof, trying to catch this funny playmate. He might as well have tried to catch the wind; but, at the same time, while he could not catch him, as long as he could be seen the little fellow could not get away.

"O dear! O dear! Now I'm caught. Just when I was having such a good time, too! Who ever expected you would get out of a warm bed and come to the window? It's time for me to go, too. I feel the north pole beginning to quiver, and that means that I must be home. It's time for the grand parade. I suppose I shall have to take you with me. There's nothing else to do. So come on. Here we go!"

In the same instant Tommy found himself sitting on the strings of his new friend and being whirled through the air at a terrific rate of speed, while, with the first start, the bell began to sing:—

"I'm little Gee Whiz of the breeze,
I fly o'er the land and the seas;
I laugh and I play, I frolic all day,
And I do all the mischief I please."

"O ho! So your name is Gee Whiz, is it?" asked Tommy. "Now I know why people say 'Gee Whiz!' when their hats blow off."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! You did n't know I'm the one that makes all that fun, did you? Ha! ha! ha! Don't I have a good time, though? I'm the spirit of the wind. I blow the clothes off the line; I make the ladies run faster than they want to, while they hold on to their veils and ribbons; I knock down the signs over the stores, and run away with the morning paper. I keep still for a while until people have forgotten about me, and then I swing around the corner and send the baby's coach rolling down the walk, frightening the nurse almost to death.

"I am the fellow that whistles through all the little holes, slams the doors, and makes the branches of the trees creak and groan. Why, nobody else in the world has such a good time as I.

"Then sometimes I sing a different strain, and make people feel that something dreadful is going to happen,—like this,—

"I'm little Gee Whiz of the breeze,
I scurry about in the trees;
I sigh and I moan, I scream and I groan,
And I sing in the sad minor keys."

"Where are we going, Gee Whiz?"

"Up to the north pole, to be sure. We're most there, now. One, two, three, here we are!" Gee Whiz gave a big bounce and landed Tommy on top of the biggest pole he ever saw in his life. It was wound around and around and around with millions of yards of beautifully colored streamers that looked like filmy clouds lighted up by a dozen sunsets. In a circle around the pole were hundreds and thousands of Gee Whiz's brothers and sisters. They were all just alike, and you could n't have told one from another. They were arranging themselves in rows for the grand parade, but they stopped to scold Tommy's special Gee Whiz for being so late, telling him that, if he had been a quarter of a second later, he would have been banished to the underground regions, whence he could never escape except through a volcano. Tommy wanted to tell them that it was all his fault, when the pole began to move as if swayed by a gentle breeze, the beautiful streamers unwound themselves, each little Gee Whiz caught one, and an endless swinging, swaying procession went dancing and singing around the big pole. Old Aurora, the father of the Gee Whizes, suddenly appeared and began beating time; he beat faster and faster, the colors flashed brighter and brighter, and Tommy grew dizzier and dizzier, until he found himself going around and around, then down, down, down, plump into his little bed at home. He must have been gone all night, because the sun was shining and it was morning when he sat up and looked around.

Tommy did not see Gee Whiz again; but when he hears the wind blow and sing and whistle, and when he looks toward the north and sees the beautiful lights flashing and quivering in a brilliant display, he thinks of the ride he took with the funny little fellow, who kept singing:—

"I'm little Gee Whiz of the breeze,
I fly o'er the land and the seas;
I laugh and I play, I frolic all day,
And I do all the mischief I please."

▲ ▲

ORGANIZING AMATEUR ATHLETIC GAMES

THE rare day in June about which the poet sings is not half so important to the average boy or girl as the first day in spring in which outdoor sports like baseball, tennis, and croquet may be thoroughly enjoyed. Now that these days have come there is a great hunting around for balls, bats, mitts, rackets, mallets, and other parts of our athletic equipment that have been stored away in the garret gathering dust through the long winter months.

But our very eagerness to enjoy every moment of time that we can snatch from our other duties and devote to athletic sports sometimes prevents us from getting the greatest amount of benefit possible out of our games. We are in such a hurry to enjoy the actual playing that we feel that any time devoted to organizing our athletic teams and to arranging a schedule of games is almost wasted. Yet we all agree that there is ten times as much real pleasure in a first-class matched game as there is in half a dozen scrub games which we get up on the spur of the moment by choosing sides. Moreover, the pleasure we get from our games will be more lasting if we arrange them in a regular schedule and compete for the championship of our neighborhood.

Now it is comparatively an easy matter to organize a team either for baseball or for any other game, or to arrange a schedule of games with other teams. Yet the very ease with which it may be done often keeps us from doing it, because we think we can do it at any time, and so keep putting it off until eventually it is so late in the season that we say, "Well, we will let it go until next season and then start earlier."

Of course everyone knows how to organize a baseball nine, but a few suggestions regarding the organization of an amateur league and the arrangement of a schedule of games will probably be appreciated. Therefore we give



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herewith a set of model rules for an amateur baseball league. The same general plan may be followed in tennis, or in any other athletic game.

RULES OF GOVERNMENT
FOR THE
OLYMPIC BASEBALL LEAGUE

I.—This League is formed for the purpose of conducting a series of games of baseball between the amateur teams named below:—

1, Kit Kat Club; 2, Daisy Cutters; 3, Nimble Nine; 4, Home Run Team: 5, Blue Star Club.

II.—The managers, one from each team, shall form a board of directors, which shall arrange a schedule of games and shall have charge of the direction and management of the League. This board of directors shall elect from their number a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, for the League.

III.—The teams belonging to this League will share equally in meeting the general expenses. Each team shall pay to the treasurer an entrance fee of one dollar; and, whenever more funds are needed for the payment of expenses, each team will be assessed a proportionate amount for meeting such expenses. No expenses may be incurred that have not been duly authorized by the directors of the League.

IV.—A championship pennant, costing not more than three dollars and not less than two dollars, shall be purchased by the treasurer, and shall be awarded to the club winning the greatest number of games during the season. This pennant shall bear the words:—

OLYMPIC BASEBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP
for the season of 1904.
Won by the _____ Club

The name of the winning club is to be inserted in the space left blank for the same.

V.—All championship games shall be governed by the 1904 rules of the American League.

VI.—No club shall be entitled to the championship that has not played at least two games with each of the other clubs in the League.

In arranging a schedule of games it is usually best for each team to play about three games with each of the other teams. In such a case one can not only determine which is the best team in the League, but can also make a more accurate comparison between any two teams. For example, if but two games were played between the Kit Kat Club and the Blue Star Club, the Kit Kats might win one game and the Blue Stars the other, and thus the comparative merits of the two teams could not be decided.

Some of our readers may be interested in the prizes that are offered for amateur athletic games by the Success League. Full particulars regarding these may be obtained by sending a stamp to The Success League, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

▲ ▲

POSTAL PRIZE CONTEST

LAST month the boys and girls who could write essays were given a chance in our Postal Prize Contest; but this month we are going to let the young rhymesters and poets have an opportunity.

Write a jingle, or poem, of not more than ten lines, on a postal card. Use as many or as few words as you choose, but be sure that you write plainly, because postals which can not be read easily will not be considered. Choose your own subject, but have it humorous, if possible.

If you can write that kind of rhyme known as "Limerick," it will be just the thing for this contest.

Send your poem so that it will reach New York not later than the twenty-fifth of June, and be sure to give your age, and to sign your name and address plainly.

The names of the winners in this contest will be announced in the Junior Department of the July issue of SUCCESS.

The names of the winners in the April contest will be announced in our next issue.

Ten prizes of one dollar each will be given for the best ten rhymes.

Address, Success Junior, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

▲ ▲

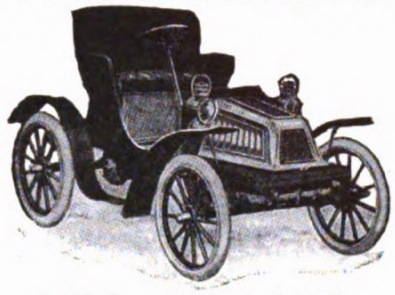


A YOUNG MACHINIST

THE young man in the foregoing picture is George Curry Sheehan, of Ourangsville, Kentucky, and beside him is a steam engine, that will work, which he made out of various pieces of old sewing machines and other castaway junk that he found around the house.



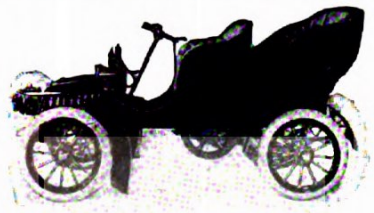
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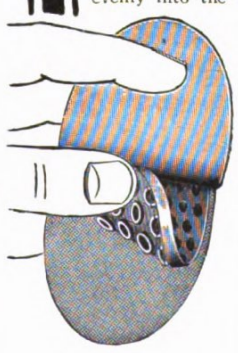
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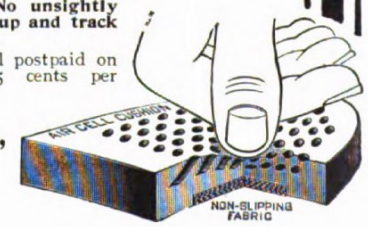
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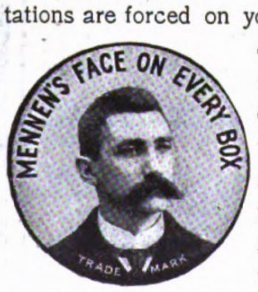
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The Strength of Daniel Keogh

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

[*Concluded from page 395*]

This unshaved Irishman, of course, was Daniel Keogh, and at this hour he had carried into effectual operation the scheme that he had evolved that day. Half an hour later he stepped upon the Wavecrest railway platform. One of the officials touched him on the arm.

"There 's a special waiting for you on the outside track," he said, adding, "you 're the gentleman from Monroe?"

"I am," answered Keogh, "from Monroe." With a flying leap across the tracks he swung himself aboard.

"All right: let her go!" he yelled. He sat down on a chair and laughed—his first laugh for weeks.

"Is this Mr. Steele's own private car?" asked Keogh. "It is, sir," answered the conductor.

Meanwhile, back in the Wavecrest Sanitarium, Bernhardt was explaining to the management that he was *not* Daniel Keogh; that the management had the *wrong* man; that it had made a great mistake. He grew red in the face; he thundered,—yelled, and became unmanageably violent. The management nodded gently,—soothingly, even; assented, and—gently detained him, nevertheless.

"Though, by George," said the superintendent to one of his assistants, "I wish Steele had told us at the outset that this chap is a howling lunatic!"

Keogh went to bed. He thought, perhaps, he 'd stay there for the whole trip. He had overtaxed his strength.

"It was the only way, though," he assured himself. "In the old times I would n't have cared much,—but now." He smiled. "Naturally, I just *had* to keep Bernhardt away from that meeting,—and I guess, from what I've seen, that he 'll be kept away. I don't believe that he will get near a telephone or write a telegram for some hours to come. It 's—it 's as clear as crystal. I need a shave and a clean shirt, and then I 'll go back to Monroe, and then I 'll work,—work,—work." He smiled wearily. "I 'm through with play; I 've got to work," he said.

It was many hours later when, at ten o'clock in the morning, the vice president of the U. E. S. called to order the meeting of the stockholders notified for the purpose of voting on the merger proposition.

"In the absence of the president," he began, in somewhat apologetic tones, "in his absence, I——"

Even as he spoke, a door opened hastily, and there entered the room a man who apparently had just stepped out of a bandbox. It was Keogh.

Fifteen minutes later this same Daniel Keogh, with eyes aflame, and right hand raised in the air, stood facing an interested audience of stockholders. He talked business and nothing else. He was there to meet the merger proposition face to face, and he met it. He scourged it, and well-nigh flayed it, with incontrovertible facts and figures. Steele squirmed and watched the door.

"What does it mean?" he asked himself; "where's Bernhardt? Why does n't he come?"

Keogh also watched the door. He was n't sure, and, just so long as he was n't sure, he did n't feel quite safe.

"The vote," he cried, at length,—"the vote!" All day long the crowd surged and swung about the chairman's table. But all day long Daniel Keogh stood there and whipped the voters into line. Steele watched anxiously for Bernhardt, but the latter did not come.

The merger was defeated,—Keogh knew it would be. He knew that he had done it,—knew that he still held his grip upon the U. E. S. He knew more: he knew that he was master of men,—and was master of himself.

Steele touched him on the arm. "Where in thunder's Bernhardt?" he inquired. Keogh scratched his head. "The last time I saw him," he replied, "he was in the Wavecrest Sanitarium,—undergoing treatment."

When Keogh reached his house, he met his doctor. "What are you doing back so soon?" gasped the latter.

"What are you doing here?" asked Keogh.

The doctor drew him inside. "Now, listen," he commanded. As they stood there, there was a faint sound from above. It was a strange sound, one that Keogh, in all his life, had never heard,—the feeble wail of a little new-born babe. He broke from the doctor and leaped up the stairs, three at a bound. He entered a room and stood uncertain for a moment; but the next instant he knelt upon the floor, and his young wife's arms were about his neck.

"How did you know, Dan.?" she asked; "how did you?"

"I—I did n't know," answered Keogh, "but I came back. I found I had to,—I 'll tell you all about it. I had to come back—to work. I 'm through with play, Kitty,—through. The rest of my life I 've got to work. The play is over. I—I *know* it is. I 'm sure."

A young woman in a seersucker dress came forward and deposited a tiny bundle in his arms.

"Well, I swear!" he said, delightedly; "and who is this?"

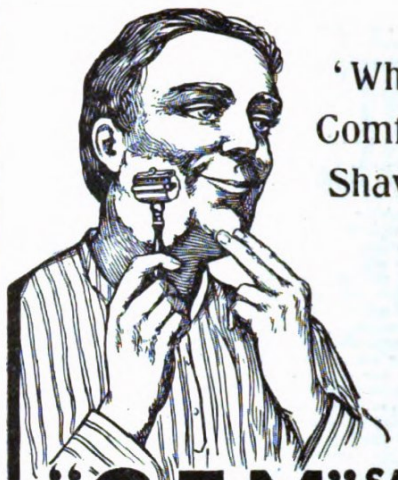
His young wife smiled. "It 's little Danny Keogh," she answered, proudly, "just three days old."

Keogh sat down in the window seat and laid the bundle gently on his lap. The sun was setting and its rays shone full upon his face. He bent his head.

"I 'm glad to get back home, Kitty," he said; "henceforth I 've got to work,—for you and little Danny." He was silent for an instant. "I 'm through with play," he added. His young wife watched his face. She saw that he had spoken truth,—saw that Daniel Keogh, of Monroe, had found his strength again.

Keogh bent his head once more.

"Dear little Danny boy!" he said.



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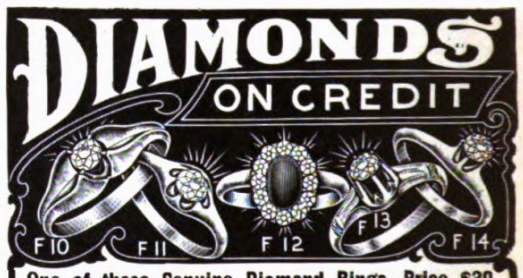
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Suggested by Our Mail

[In this department, SUCCESS will answer questions of general interest and importance submitted by its readers. We trust that all who appreciate the value of such a department as this will read the appended questions and answers carefully and endeavor to restrict their inquiries to the standard herein maintained. By so doing, we can make this department, with the aid of our readers, one of great value. Replies will not be given to questions that can be answered by referring to any dictionary or encyclopedia, and it will be useless to ask them. No attention will be paid to dates.—THE EDITOR.]

How does the United States navy rank?—A. D. E.

The completion of ships now under construction will make our navy twice as strong as it is now and three times as powerful as it was at the beginning of the Spanish-American War. It will then rank as the third navy in theoretical tonnage and the second in actual fighting power.

What is the value of diamond imports into this country?—R. U. F.

More diamonds are owned in the United States than in any other country, and last year's imports were valued at thirty million dollars. Of these one third was uncut, for we are fast rivaling Amsterdam in the diamond-cutting industry.

How many cubic feet of air and space, per capita, are considered necessary for healthful living?—R. C. B.

The New York tenement house law requires an allowance of at least four hundred cubic feet of air, or about seven and one half feet square of floor space, for every adult, and six feet square of floor space for each child in every room.

What is the system of cooperative boarding at Harvard University?—G. W. E.

The Harvard Dining Association of Memorial Hall has separated the meat, fish, and eggs from the other items of the bill of fare, and each boarder is charged separately for what he orders of them. All other items and the cost of service and running expenses are shared equally by all boarders. This makes vegetarian board at $2.60 a week possible, whereas general board last year averaged $4.20 a week. The plan reduces the amount of meat consumed, and the waste of food.

Who invented the piano?—D. T. R.

It is not known who invented the piano, the credit being variously given to Christopher Gottlieb Schroeter of Saxony, Marius of France, and Bartolomeo Christofali of Italy. The latter had completed four instruments in 1709, and two dated 1720 and 1726 still exist.

What is the method of getting a cadetship at West Point or Annapolis?—U. S. G. W. and others.

Appointment to the West Point Military Academy or the Annapolis Naval Academy is obtained through representatives in congress, each appointing one cadet every four years unless failure or death causes a vacancy sooner. Representatives can choose cadets as they please, but competitive examinations are now the rule. The President appoints ten cadets, usually sons of high army or navy officers.

How can I get on one of the schoolships?—Many inquirers.

Schoolships for the merchant marine are maintained by the states of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and New York City, and they admit as cadets only their own residents. Full information may be obtained by addressing, respectively, the commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical Training School, State House, Boston; the Pennsylvania Nautical School, 16 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, and the Board of Education, Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. Residents of other states can only make private arrangements with ship captains to ship as cabin boys or seamen. The American Line accepts as cadets only graduates of these three schoolships.

How do Japan, Korea, and Manchuria compare with any American states in size and latitude?—R. D. U.

Japan contains 162,655 square miles, hence it is a little larger than California, and more than three times as large as New York. If the southwestern part of Japan proper were placed on the Mexican border near San Antonio, Texas, the country of the mikado would stretch northeastward till Yezo would almost touch the Strait of Mackinac, and the Kurile Islands would project into Hudson Bay, the latitudes corresponding very nearly. Formosa would then lie off the southern part of Lower California. Korea, with an area of 82,000 square miles, is almost exactly of the same size as Kansas, and in latitude it would extend as far as from Fort Towson, in the southern part of Indian Territory, to Decatur, in eastern Nebraska. Manchuria, with an area of 362,310 square miles, lacks only 20,000 square miles of being as large as Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Manitoba, with which it corresponds in latitude. It is more than twice as large as Japan, and almost as large as Texas, Louisiana, and Alabama combined.

Where can I take a course in mining engineering?—S. T. D.

Instruction in mining engineering, usually including metallurgy, is now given in public institutions in twenty-nine states and territories, and several purely private schools are devoted wholly to it. There are also correspondence courses for mining engineers. An authority consulted by the editor of SUCCESS names, as among the best schools, the Columbia School of Mines, New York City, which is conducted on the general plan of the famous French School of Mines, and is splendidly equipped; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, whose course was established in 1865; the Colorado School of Mines, at Golden; the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio; and the Michigan College of Mines, Houghton. Full courses are offered by the state (or



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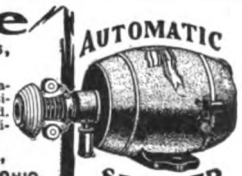
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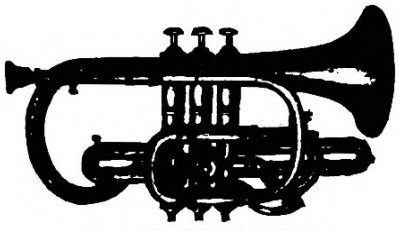
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territorial,) universities of Alabama, Arizona, California, Kansas, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming. The agricultural college of Iowa, at Ames, of Oregon, at Corvallis, and of Washington, at Pullman, offer mining courses. Special institutions for mining instruction are maintained by Colorado, by Michigan, by Montana at Butte, by New Mexico at Socorro, and by South Dakota at Rapid City. Other schools, many of them having admirable courses, are: Lafayette College, Easton, Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, the Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, and the Pennsylvania State College, State College Post Office, Pennsylvania; Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee; the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn; and Leland Stanford, Junior, University, Palo Alto, California. Private mining and assaying schools are conducted at Chicago and San Francisco. Most of the courses require four years of study, and coincide, in part, of course, with regular scientific or engineering courses. Vanderbilt University requires five years' study for the degree of mining engineer, the four-year course giving the degree of civil engineer only. In some institutions there are two-year practical courses in mining and assaying, largely for the benefit of those already having considerable scientific knowledge. The larger schools have field work every summer in some noted mine or mining region, and thus enable pupils to study practical problems on or under the ground. Those interested in the matter may procure, free, from the commissioner of education, Washington, D. C., a pamphlet entitled "Instruction in Mining Engineering," reprinted from an annual report, and describing the courses at the above-mentioned institutions.

How many Russian children of school age are without education? What yearly sum is spent for Russian elementary education?—G. Le V.

R. T. Greener, the United States commercial agent at Vladivostok, Siberia, in a recent issue of "Monthly Consular Reports," says: "Within the jurisdiction of the ministry of education there are thirty-seven thousand elementary schools, whose maintenance costs $15,601,666. Of this amount only $2,008,500 is appropriated by this ministry,—that is, a little over one eighth of the annual cost. The remainder is supplied by the local communities, by a charge for admittance to school, and by private donations. The amount which denotes the share the ministry takes in the support of elementary schools must also be curtailed a little, for it includes the appropriation for the department of inspection, which bears an administrative but not an educational character; so that the direct support by the ministry to the elementary schools constitutes only one eighth of the amount they actually cost. Notwithstanding the large number of schools there are 7,250,000 children of school age who remain without any education."

Who are the principal owners of the railways of the United States?—K. A. T.

It is estimated that only about eighty-five million dollars, which is approximately five per cent. of the annual income of our railways, goes to foreign investors. Of the remaining ninety-five per cent., $1,683,447,408, forty per cent. is divided among the owners of the stocks and bonds, numbering about one million, and sixty per cent. among 1,189,315 employees. Counting the families supported by the holders of securities and employees, over ten million people share in the railroad earnings.

What Doctors Must Do at Panama

ALFRED NOBLE

[A former member of the Isthmian Commission]

NOT only the engineers, but also the doctors, will have much work to do in connection with the construction of the Panama Canal. The health conditions in the vicinity are very bad; it would be difficult to find worse. The Chagres fever, which is peculiar to this region,—being named, indeed, after the river of that name,—prevails constantly and is a very serious menace to the lives of men from the North. I am confident that it can be stamped out, but this will be a difficult task, well worthy of the efforts of the best medical ability in this country.

The climate itself is not unfavorable to health. The danger lies in the swamps on the coast and in the absolute lack of sanitation in the towns. The swamps will have to be drained, and a civilized sanitary system put into operation. This work must be put under the direction of a medical man of firmness, sound ideas, and strong executive ability. Though the manual labor on the canal will be done by acclimated natives, a large number of men from the United States will be employed as superintendents and for other work requiring skill and education.

Many young American civil and mechanical engineers are looking to Panama for opportunities, and there will be places for a considerable proportion of those who want them. The lives of these men are too valuable to be sacrificed to unhealthful conditions that can be remedied. Some of the first and most important undertakings in the canal country must be prosecuted by physicians.

Cold Treatment

GEORGE ADE, at a recent banquet, was asked to speak on success. "I suppose that failure is more familiar than success to all of us," he said. "We work away. Four things fail. The fifth thing succeeds. The hardest workers have the most failures, but then they have the most successes, too.

"One of my early failures was a melodrama that I traveled all the way from Chicago to New York to sell to a manager. This was in my youth, when I had confidence in myself. The manager returned my melodrama. He said he did n't care for it.

"I pointed out the merits in it which he had overlooked. I proved that he would make a great mistake if he should not accept this work. But he shook his head.

"'Can't you use it at all?' I asked, desperately.

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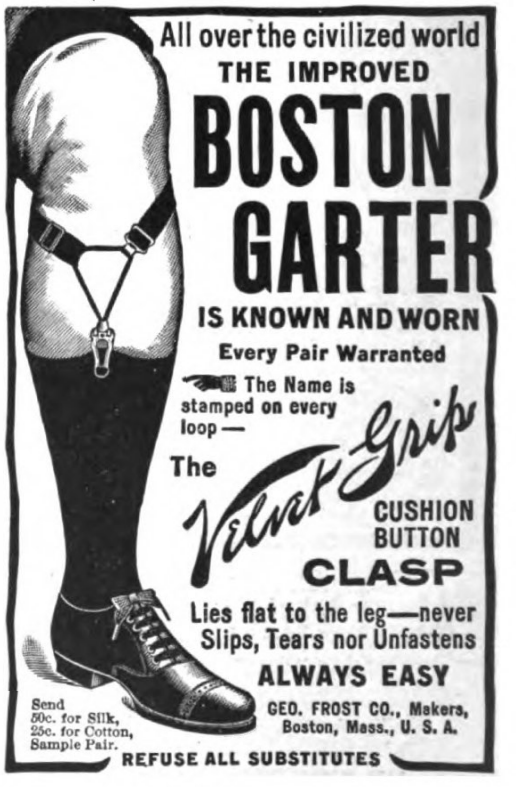
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What to Wear and how to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN

For Early Summer

THE secret of good dressing is to dress always appropriately. For this, one's gowns need not necessarily be either very elaborate or expensive, but they must express individuality and possess certain distinctive features to make them suitable for every time and occasion. Observant women have already noted the fact that "picturesqueness" is the dominating note in the prevailing fashions. Designs that were introduced earlier in the season have been modified, or improved upon, until they have reached a state of relative perfection. Now that the styles are assured, one can proceed with the summer sewing without trepidation. Fashion is inclined to be noncommittal, for the modes of the different periods are so mingled that we are not bound to reproduce the costume from any one era. With all the fashions of the past century to be looked at as guides, the woman of 1904 assimilates what is best in each and then chooses her own styles. Dame Fashion was in an unusually genial mood when she made her decision requiring the colorings to be worn. She smiled upon the blonde and the brunette, the slender and the stout alike. Not only may the prevailing lines be modified and adapted to suit individual needs but the colors in vogue are so many that every type of woman also seems to have been considered. With the coming of light, airy summer textiles, the fashionable girl will take on quite a new air. She will look so different in her quaint old-fashioned attire, that we may not recognize her at first glance. Characteristic of the advancing season is the return, more than ever marked, to the styles that prevailed when throats were always uncovered and shoulder seams came well down upon the arms, and the sleeves were as big as Turkish trousers. With these styles, and also the 1830 and Second Empire effects so much in favor, one almost wonders if we will stop short of the powdered wig.

Now that everything is so elaborate, we look back with much amusement to that period of simplicity when there were but two or, at the most, three seasons of the year in the fashion world, and when the features that marked the opening of these might be reasonably expected to hold good until another season and new fashions had made their appearance. There was very little change to mark the transition from one season to another, but now we have changed all that,—and most radically, too. There are no longer any set seasons for launching new styles. The moment a new idea occurs, the opportunity for launching presents itself and from the wheel of fashion falls some new and perhaps hitherto unconsidered feature. It may be truly said that the shoulder and skirt are the centers about which all the new modes are revolving. As to the skirt, no style has put in its appearance, for many a day, that has caused so much rebellion among the faithful as the full skirt. It is here, nevertheless. The manufacturer, (wise in his day,) adapted his weaves to the demands of the times, and, with careful manipulation in the making, no more amplitude is necessary than last year.



The full skirt has not only been accepted, but it is also really liked by those who at first declared it impossible. For the summer frock, it is short, but—full! It may be tucked, gathered or plaited, although there must be little fullness at the belt. The generous width is at the lower edge where it is finished by a hem which may extend to any depth below the knee. These short skirts are very unlike those of the past seasons, for they are trimmed with the round and round lines much the same as the long skirt.

Sleeves are growing daily more elaborate. They, like the wide girdle, have been growing steadily upward, until now, the puffs, frills, and furbelows hang about the shoulders instead of below the elbow. One of the welcome features of the season is the revival of the *bolero*. These natty little garments are so useful and so becoming, that one has only to glance at well habited women everywhere to realize their popularity. Quite the smartest costume this season is of black taffeta with skirt and *bolero* finished with horizontal trimmings in puffings and braid, for you know, the repetition of lines as well as material on skirt and coat is one of the demands of "Madame Modish."

Silk gowns are to be quite a feature of the season's fashions and it looks now that before very long we will collect silk gowns as they did in the time of our grandmothers, when a black silk gown was a hall-mark of respectability. The silks this season are soft and supple. They come in double width and have twice the wear of the old noisy "stand alone" silks boasted of in former days. As to







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materials, it is "linen, linen everywhere,"—(if I may paraphrase.) Every kind of linen, smooth, fine, rough, coarse, figured, and plain, even weave and wide mesh, flecked and dotted, and with bordered effects,—all are seen. The latter are extremely smart. The goods is wide enough to make the skirt, using the selvage border for the lower edge. These borders are usually in conventional design and frequently a fringe of the same color is added.

This is the month when girls all over the land are considering their gowns for the all-important commencement day. This is a red-letter day in the history of every girl's life, and the gown must be as smart as the occasion. The laws of good taste and custom demand that the dress be of white, and the design one follows should be simple, even though much money be expended on material and trimmings. Characteristic of the advancing season is the quaint surplice effects for girls. These are especially attractive made up in such soft filmy materials as silk, mull, *point d'esprit, crêpe de Chine*, batiste, or veiling. Quite in keeping with the old-fashioned design is the trimming of narrow silk fringe.

The fashions of the present season are particularly well adapted to the girlish grace of youthful figures. The quaint, picturesque styles of our grandmothers' day, with drooping shoulders modified somewhat to meet the requirements of the present modes,—the soft, fluffy summer materials,—seem eminently suitable and becoming to the fresh, bright faces of the young wearers.



You know it is not often there are decided changes in the children's clothes, but this season an entirely new outfit will be needed. The boys and girls will come out of school, presumably with nothing to wear, at least in the way of summer clothes, for every self-respecting child will not only have outgrown last year's clothes, but they are out of style as well. Fortunately for the busy mother, the requirements of the juvenile world were never more carefully considered. One finds the styles varied and effective. The one-piece dresses seem to grow more and more in favor, not only for the smaller children but for the older ones as well. The long effect given by these dresses is a most becoming style. They are frequently made in the long box-plaited fashion, with square or round collars, and a belt of patent leather, suède, or of the material is worn.

The Russian effects as to style are still very popular, and are fashioned in various pretty juvenile designs. With these dresses, both small boys and girls up to the age of ten years wear bloomers that match the dress in color if not in material. These garments, aside from their healthfulness, take the place of petticoats, thus saving in the laundry bill.

The prettiest dresses for tiny maidens are all-white frocks, simple in design, but which become ornate with hand needlework. The materials should be as fine as one can afford to buy. Hand-run tucks, French knots, and delicate trailing designs in embroidery are the best trimmings for such a dress. Little girls and big girls are wearing bonnets of the old-fashioned scoop shape—not quite





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the old-time poke, but very near to it. These are made of lace, *mousseline de soie*, and of figured organdie and muslins to match the frock. They are fastened with wide streamers, and are decidedly quaint and pretty. White socks with low shoes are always pretty and always worn.

▲ ▲

The Latest Patterns

4570. Child's Frock, of white linen. Front and back have box plaits extending to yoke. The front is made in panel style and the closing is at the left side. A pretty yoke adds charm to the dress. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 years.

4565. Child's Dress, of Paris muslin. Front and back laid in clusters of tiny tucks. Shoulder is long, thus giving a quaint effect to dress. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

4573. Boy's Russian Suit, of checked gingham. Blouse is ornamented by a deep facing extending to lower edge in front and back, and forming collar effect over the shoulders, shield of white duck, which also outlines facing. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

4567 and 4568. Misses' Costume, of white veiling, trimmed with narrow silk fringe. Waist is in surplice style, elbow sleeves, yoke in tucked silk mull. Skirt is in circular style, fullness in upper edge taken up by graduated pin tucks. The deep tucks are ornamented by silk fringe. Sizes for waist, No. 4567:—12, 14, and 16 years. For skirt, No. 4568:—12, 14, and 16 years.

4571. Girl's Apron, in Princess style. May be made of lawn, gingham, or brown Holland. The Princess front is outlined by narrow edging or fancy braid. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 years.

6156. Ladies' Blouse, of figured organdie, having round yoke of insertion and tuckings of Swiss. Both waist and sleeve have deep tucks and the model is suitable for low neck and short sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.

6164. Ladies' Tea-gown or Wrapper, of cream colored crêpe, trimmed with bands of oriental embroidery. Shoulder comes well down on the arm, forming a sleeve cap, to which is attached the full handkerchief sleeve. Fullness of the fronts is held in to the figure by ribbons or silk cord girdle. Back is fitted by side-back and under-arm seams. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.

6166. Ladies' Dressing-sack, in white lawn, bordered with striped material. Front made in surplice effect, with deep yoke in both front and back. Full bishop sleeve attached to round turnover cuff. May be worn loose or with fancy belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.

6160. Ladies' Blouse, of white China silk. Front and back yoke tucked in sunburst effect. Fullness in lower edge of sleeve tucked in the same manner. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches, bust measure.

6162 and 6163. Ladies' Costume, of foulard. Waist with long drooping shoulder, finished by fancy bertha, closing in front and on shoulder. Sleeve is finished by a deep ruffle under which is worn the *lingerie* sleeves. Skirt is in five-gored style, having a double flounce, which gives extra width at lower edge. Ruffles, finished by puffings of the same material, are used at the joining of the flounces. Sizes for waist, No. 6162:—32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches, bust measure. Sizes for skirt, No. 6163:—22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches, waist measure.

6167. Ladies' Shirt-waist or Blouse. One of the new styles, cut away to show a lace or embroidery shield. Blouse is finished by tucks and a fancy-shaped yoke which comes over the shoulder and extends to the waist line in both front and back. A smart touch is given the waist by a little turnover collar, and cuffs, of contrasting material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure.

4563. Girl's Frock, in plaid madras, white piqué collar, belt, and cuffs. Dress is made with three broad plaits in front and back. Closing is under center plait in front. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 years.

4422. A Child's Sun Hat, to be made of piqué, white lawn, or duck. The edge may be finished with embroidered scallops, a ruffle of narrow embroidery, or left perfectly plain. The only trimming necessary is the machine stitching which decorates the brim. The crown is buttoned to the rim. This hat is not hurt by frequent laundering.

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4416. A Child's Apron, made of front and back, with front tucked to simulate a box plait or panel. The yoke is plaited in front and back, and the shoulder and sleeve are decorated by embroidery, or, as the pattern provides a shaped piece, the material itself may be used.

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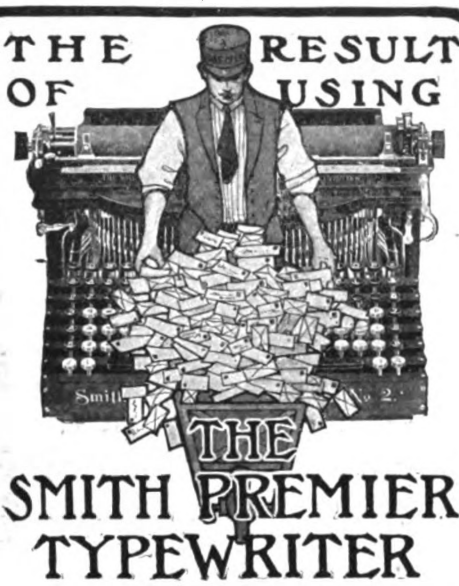


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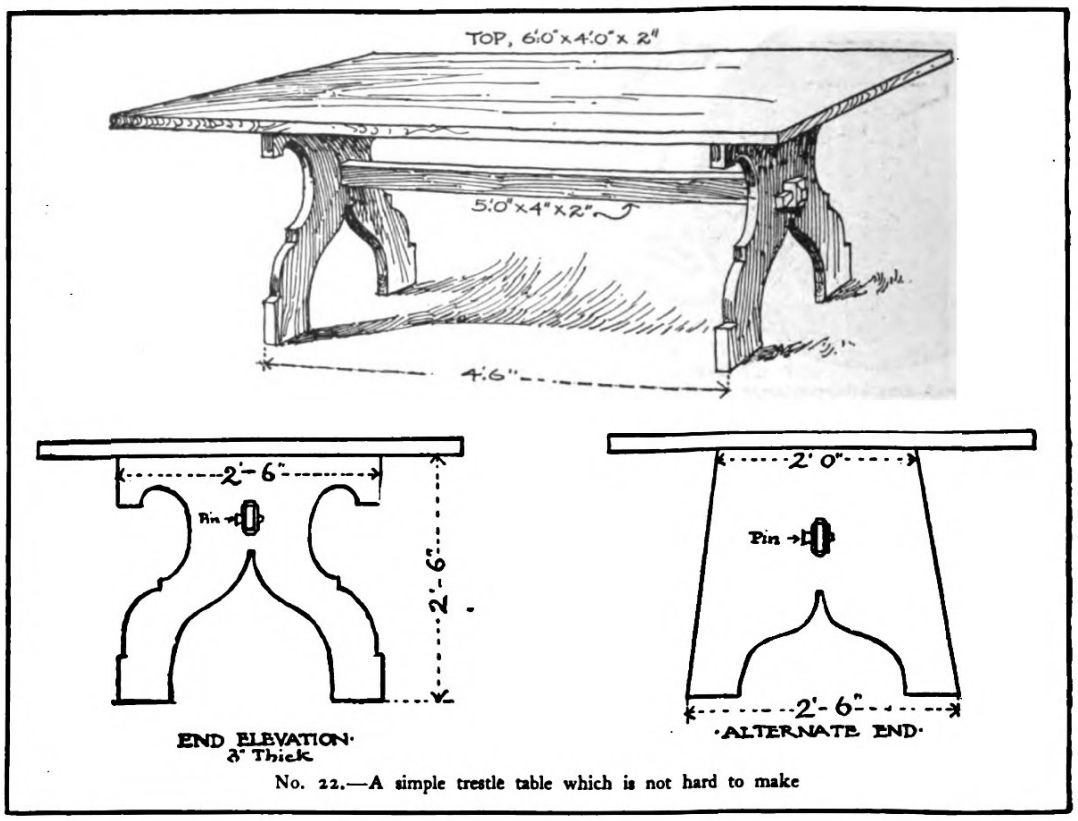
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No. 22.—A simple trestle table which is not hard to make

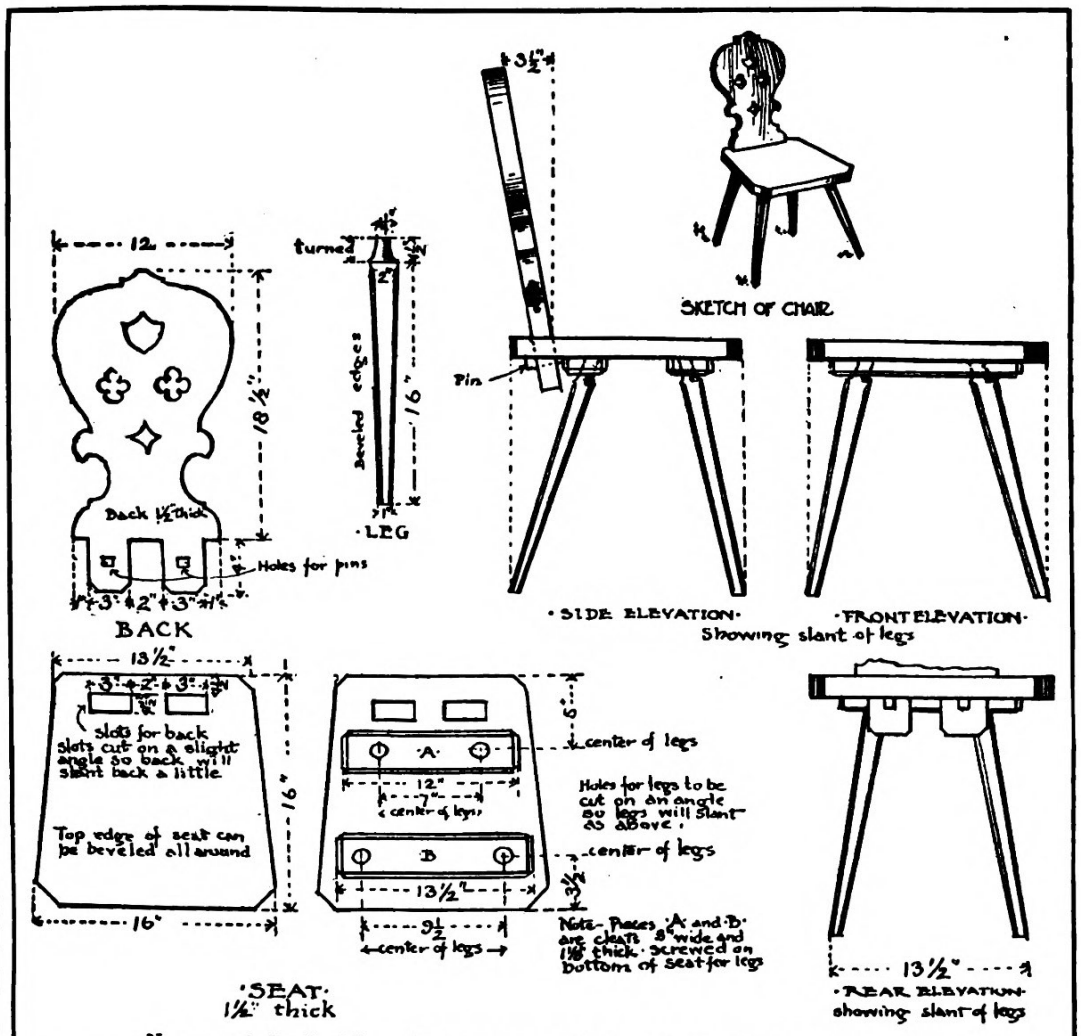
How to Decorate Your Home

Simple and Economical Methods Which Display Beauty and Taste

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

PART III.

THERE is no other feature of house furnishing which is so abused as the draperies. The purpose of these should be borne in mind. They may be intended to keep out the light or the cold, or, in the case of window draperies, to screen one from the gaze of the public. The materials should be selected with this purpose in mind, as well as to harmonize in color with the other furnishings of the room. What can be uglier than the popular chenille curtain, with its long, bedraggled fringes, thrown over a pole, looking for all the world as if it were hung up to dry? The portières should be of plain material, for, as I have said before, the bric-a-brac and pictures will be sufficient to give variety of color and design. As the hall is narrow, it is better to keep its draperies of the same color as the walls, as that will not attract attention to the narrowness, as a contrasting color would. Whether the landscape or foliage or plain green paper is used on the hall, plain green in the same tone should be used for the portières. If inexpensive material is desired, denim or the old-fashioned rep, which comes double width, at from fifty to sixty-five cents per yard, is good. A velour or velvet is, of course, far richer, but this will cost at least two dollars per yard. The same tone of green which is used on the hall side may be used also for the living-room



No. 21.—A Dutch chair. These drawings may be traced when the materials are ordered

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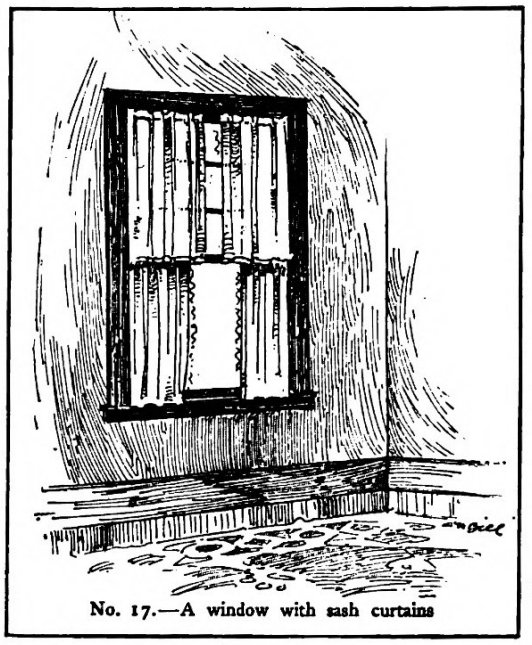
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No. 17.—A window with sash curtains

side of the portière, as this tones excellently with the brown of the walls; therefore, in this case, one could use double-faced goods. If it is desired, however, a darker brown may be used on the living-room side. As in the case of cushions and coverings, the heavy draperies and portières should be of a darker tone than that of the walls. This gives more character to the room.

If you wish to use portières at the door between the dining room and the living room, dark blue denim is good for the dining-room side with the blue paper. If the dining-room walls are yellow, a green like that in the hall is very effective. The living-room side of the portière should, of course, be like that of the door leading into the hall.

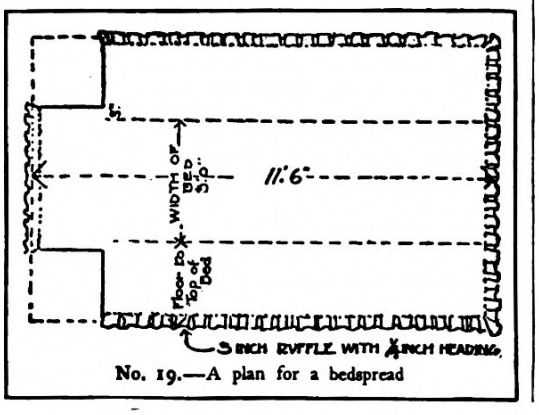
If the material selected is of light weight, it is advisable to interline the curtains with gray cotton flannel, basting loosely on the material with lock stitches four inches apart. This stitching prevents sagging. At the top of the portière there should be a two-inch hem on which the hooks are sewed not more than four inches apart. Do not plait the curtains at the top. The draperies hang better if the materials are left loose at the bottom,—that is, with no seam across the end. In this way there can be no bad results if either side sags. If the opening is a wide one, use a pole one and one-half inches long, with rings. In making curtains, allow two and three-fourths inches less than the height of the doorway for your finished curtains; but, in ordering your material, add four inches to this



No. 18.—A design for the border of a curtain

measure, to allow for finish at top and bottom. Let your portières be plain and simple, and free from all unnecessary cords and tassels, and do not loop them; let them hang perfectly straight. This should be the rule with all heavy draperies.

In treating the windows in the living room, dining room, and den, I should suggest, first of all, that ugly tinted shades be abolished and in their place double sash curtains be used. These are at once artistic and very useful. Illustration No. 17 shows a window thus curtained. You will find that unbleached cotton cloth will be very satisfactory for this purpose; the light coming through such curtains makes them have the appearance of pongee silk, and gives a sunny effect to the room. They are far cheaper and more durable than muslin and launder much more easily. These are hung on three-eighths-inch rods fitted into vestibule sockets placed on the beads of the windows,—never on the casings. No light-weight draperies, such as muslin or cotton cloth, should ever be hung outside a casing. When measuring for these curtains, the top should be two inches longer than the sash, and the lower end one inch longer. This will provide for the upper part overlapping the under, with no gap between. When making these, allow the width of the window for each curtain and box plait it to half the width. The plaits should be about an inch in



No. 19.—A plan for a bedspread



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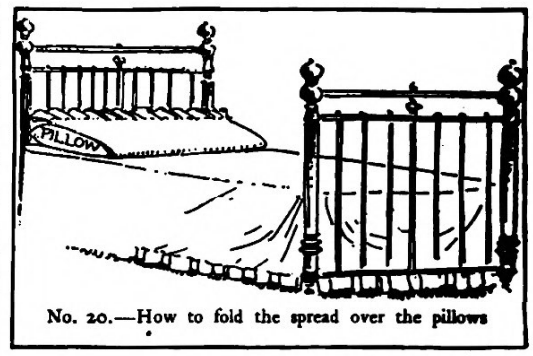
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No. 20.—How to fold the spread over the pillows

width and two inches apart, and a brass ring should be sewed on the middle of each one about half an inch from the top. The ruffle is two and one half inches wide, and twice the required length should be allowed for fullness. Instead of using the ruffles, a simple conventional design, such as that in illustration No. 18, may be stenciled in diamond dyes to form a border around the curtains. This would be very appropriate for the den, the living room, and the dining room, but the ruffled curtains are better for the chambers. If the stenciled border is used, it is best to line the border with plain white cotton. A border in old blue would be very effective on the dining room curtains.

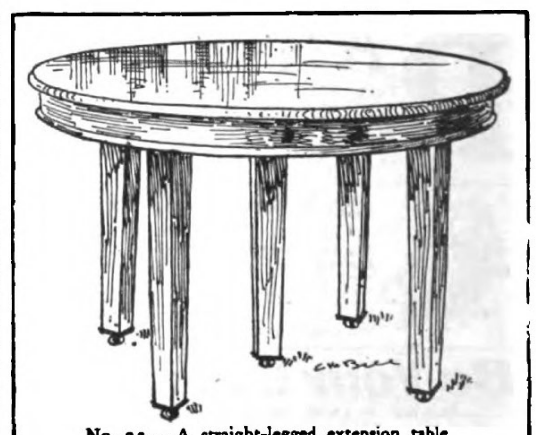
If you are fond of bright colors, the curtains in the living room might be made of flowered cretonne.

If you prefer to use muslin instead of unbleached cotton sash draperies for the bedroom windows, use a plain white Swiss, ruffled, looped back with strips of the same hung on three-eighths-inch rods fixed on the beads of the windows. Muslin curtains should reach six inches below the sill, but never to the floor. All light-weight curtains should be hung on rods, not from poles, and they should always fall inside the casings of the windows. If you use these draperies, shades will be necessary, but they should be plain white.

If there is a draught at the living-room window, a pair of heavy over-draperies, matching the portières, could be used. If the material is liable to fade, unbleached cotton cloth makes a good and inexpensive lining. These over-draperies should be hung on poles placed on the outside of the window casings. Always bear in mind that over-draperies should go on the outside of the casings.

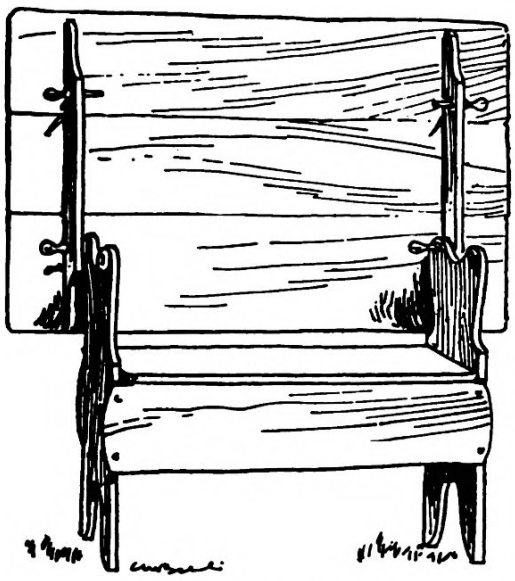
In selecting materials for long draperies for the bedrooms, it is a mistake to attempt to match the wall paper if it be a flowered chintz design. It is far better to take one of the colors in the figure, say the green or the rose, and use this as the color for the draperies. Only when the walls of the bedroom are in a plain color is it safe to use figured goods for the draperies. A heavy twilled cotton, bordered with cretonne, makes very effective long draperies for bedroom windows. Buy a cretonne having a design of figured stripes, which can be cut up for a border. This must not be more than six inches broad. Turn a hem, two and one quarter inches broad, on the right side of the cotton. Stitch your border on this, showing a margin of the twill an inch wide at the bottom. In this way the hem will not be seen. Make the tops of the long draperies the same as the portières, save that the window draperies should be plaited with plaits five inches apart.

The same treatment of twilled cotton with a cretonne border may be used for a bedspread. A few instructions as to the making of bedspreads may not be amiss. Let us suppose that the bed is four feet wide and six feet long, and the distance from the top of the mattress to the floor is one foot and eight inches. Your spread must then be six feet, four inches in width, and ten feet, eight inches long. This allows the spread to act as an undervalance for the bed and also as a pillow sham. Illustration No. 19 will show how to cut the corners, and illustration No. 20 will show how to fold the bedspread over the pillows to form a sham. This is only one style of bedspread. There are several others equally good. The bedspread must, of course, be chosen according to the other furnishings of the room. Many prefer the bed to be all white; for such people there is striped sateen. A valance of this can be made and tacked to pieces of wood covered with cotton, which fit along the sides and foot of the bed. This valance should be plaited or gathered full and just touch the floor. The spread of the same material should be cut at the corners, as in illustration No. 19, but should be only long enough on the sides and ends to just cover the head of the valance, and may be finished with a narrow ruffle such as is used on the unbleached sash curtains. This same idea of valance and spread may be made of chintz to match the long window draperies, or of a plain material in some color which blends with the rest of the furnishings. In no case should ugly pasteboard rolls be used at the head of a bed. The spread folded over the pillows



No. 23.—A straight-legged extension table

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No. 24—A kitchen settle table

gives softer lines and is far more graceful and practical.

The material which is used for the over-draperies and bedspread, unless it is too delicate, should be used for covering the bedroom furniture. When a white spread with cretonne border is used, the cretonne may also be employed for the furniture coverings.

The average house has but one hard wood floor, and that is in the dining room. In the long run, good rugs are more practical and economical than carpets; but in a house where the floors are not of hard wood they must be entirely covered before the rugs are put down, as painted floors wear shabby in a short time. A plain ingrain filling, or even a heavy denim which tones with the papers, is most satisfactory for the living room and hall. If you have an old tapestry carpet you will find that, by turning it wrong side out, you will have a good neutral tone which makes an excellent filling and a floor which is almost equal to hard wood for durability and cleanliness. Straw mattings make the cleanest and most appropriate floor coverings for the bedrooms.

It is poor economy, both from a practical and artistic standpoint, to buy cheap rugs. The Japanese rugs in cotton are artistic and fairly durable, but they can not compare with real oriental rugs. In buying oriental rugs you will find that the antique are far better in color, but it is well, before buying them, to look at the wrong side for patches and defects, and also to notice the closeness of the weave. If you have old Smyrna or American rugs which are uninteresting, or poor in pattern or coloring, they can be dyed in a plain color.

There are such good designs in inexpensive furniture to be bought nowadays that it is not economy to spend one's time in making it. If one is ambitious, however, to try his hand at such work, furniture of the Dutch order, which is so much imitated in "arts and crafts" furniture, is the easiest to make, as it is often so constructed that it can be put together with wooden pins. Illustration No. 21 shows a small Dutch chair, parts of which may be easily obtained at a mill, sawed in proper shapes ready to be put together. It will be best, when sending for the pieces, to give full-size drawings of the parts on brown paper. This is a good hall or desk chair. If one has patience to make a number of chairs like this, they will prove picturesque for the dining room of a small house. These chairs, however, would not be in keeping with the ordinary dining table. Illustration No. 22 shows a simple trestle table, which can easily be made from the illustration, and which goes appropriately with these chairs. Illustration No. 23 shows a simple straight-legged extension table which can be bought for very little, and would not be objectionable with the Dutch chairs.

The kitchen settle table, illustration No. 24, which may be found at any department or furniture store at a price ranging, according to the sizes, from two dollars and fifty cents to five dollars each, may be bought unpainted, stained green, and placed in the hall. It will be useful as a seat or a table, and is a receptacle for overshoes, etc., as the seat lifts up. This is also a suitable work table for a den. A simple mirror hung over this in the hall is much more attractive than the elaborate oak hall stands which one sees so frequently. There is no reason why one should provide hooks for clothes in a narrow hall. Hats and wraps may be thrown on the settle temporarily. So small a hall should not be littered with clothing. A plain blue and white Japanese jar, which costs from one to two dollars, makes the best umbrella stand.

It is not necessary, in these enlightened days, to speak against stuffed parlor sets, but a modern dining room set of highly polished oak is almost as objectionable and has not even cheapness to recommend it. A black-walnut chamber set, too, is a thing of the past, and in its place we have cleanly little brass and iron bedsteads with dressing tables and chairs.

Almost every family has one or more pieces of ugly stuffed furniture which are too comfortable to be discarded. A very simple and interesting way to treat these is to have good-shaped, loosely fitted slip-covers made of figured chintz or denim or other inexpensive material which will harmonize with the room. If the chair has an ornamental top, this should be removed so that the slip-cover will fit smoothly.

In closing, I want to say a few words about bric-a-brac. The majority of people are careless in the selection of ornaments. They do not consider their relation to the room, and they treasure ugly bits which have no excuse for being. The Japanese idea of having but few pieces of bric-a-brac, and those of the best, is worth considering. Japanese pottery of all kinds is always good and effective. There is no need to speak of the selection of pictures in this day, when even the children in the public schools are taught to discriminate between the good and the bad, and when good photographs are so reasonable.

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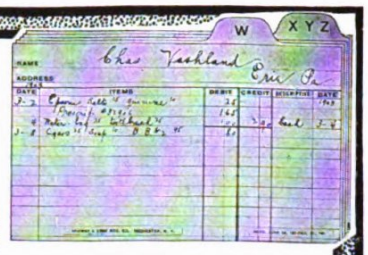
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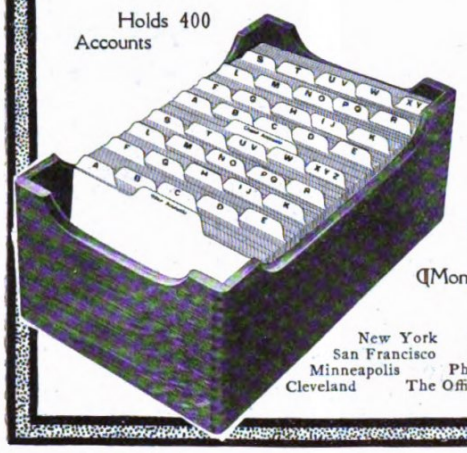
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The Wreck of the "Edna"

T. JENKINS HAINS

[*Concluded from page 414*]

with the "Edna" towing astern in a smother of foam.

"Is that your boat?" asked Johnson, stopping in his walk for a moment.

"It is," I answered.

"I will tow her as long as the hawser holds,—that's all I can do for you," was his reply.

It was a strange sort of greeting. He had sighted us before nine o'clock, and had taken every possible means to get up to us. We found that he had lowered his topsails to show us that he would stand by, and yet his greeting was not effusive. But we had not yet learned what a fine character the quiet little man possessed beneath that silent exterior. A kinder man or better sailor has not been on the coast. We were so glad to get a place to stretch our legs, after days of being cooped up as if in a bottle, that we hardly noticed, until he called us, that the steward was bringing dinner aft. I had just taken up my sextant to try to get a sight before it was too late, but the invitation brought prominently to my mind the gnawing faintness within which had somehow been forgotten.

Hot coffee, white potatoes, salt pork, bread, pie, and a basin of rice covered with a whitish sauce were stowed safely beneath my still soaking sweater before I was willing to tell anything about our vessel or ourselves. Then, while we polished off a plate of cakes, we drew forth our pipes and had them filled with dry tobacco, and spun our yarn. My wife could not eat anything, and, womanlike, was forced to remain in bed for a couple of days before she could take more than a cup of tea.

"Women," said the mate, Mr. Rawding, "are strange. I knew we were to have one aboard soon, for only yesterday I dropped a fork at this table. Women can keep up on nothing while the trouble lasts, but go to pieces after it is all over."

As he appeared to have a supernatural insight into things feminine no one contradicted him. They had been blown off shore for three hundred and fifty miles, and had suffered considerably in gear, but, as the "Tanner" was an excellent sea boat, she was dry as a bone and was heading due west again to make the land. She had taken the heaviest wind from the southeast, while we had that sea. Our worst squalls had come from west northwest. But for this she would not have passed within two hundred miles of us; so, after all, my poor wife's prayers, which she confessed she had uttered hourly, seemed not out of place. Our position was within fifteen miles of what I had figured it, and I was satisfied with my reckoning, considering the distance we had been blown. We were that morning in about 32° north latitude and 72°—40′ west longitude, a long way off and beyond the edge of the Gulf Stream. I felt I could not get enough to eat. At supper I ate more than at dinner, and the kind steward filled me up between times with coffee. The little dog scampered up and down the deck and forgot all about that last piece of pork, eating the bones cast to her.

Just before we left the supper table there was a sudden jar. I had noticed that the heavy line, though new, was being stretched by the "Edna" down to a dangerous fineness. The making wind was testing it. "I reckon that'll be the last of your yacht," said Mr. Rawding, noticing the shock.

It was very dark on deck and blowing hard, the "William Tanner" tearing along under a close-reefed spanker. The hawser seemed slack and it was hauled in. It had parted close to the "Edna," and a bit of canvas parceling was all that hung to the end of it.

I gazed into the blackness aft, but could see nothing. It would be folly to heave the schooner up and hunt for the wreck in that wind and sea. The life we had led aboard of her flitted piecemeal through my mind. It was hard to lose her. It meant the end of a fine little ship. Even then the clock in the galley must have been about striking seven bells. She was filling and settling slowly to her grave beyond the blue Gulf Stream. Oh, the memories of a little home one has loved—and lost! Not a word was spoken, and, when I looked about me, the deck was deserted by all save the man at the wheel. I went sadly below.

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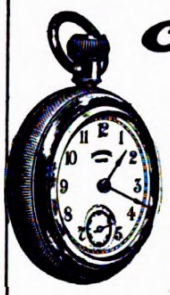
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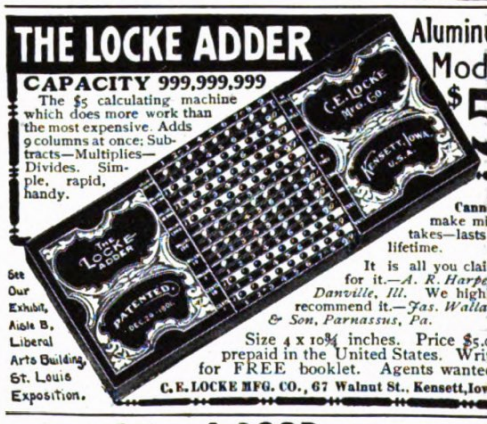
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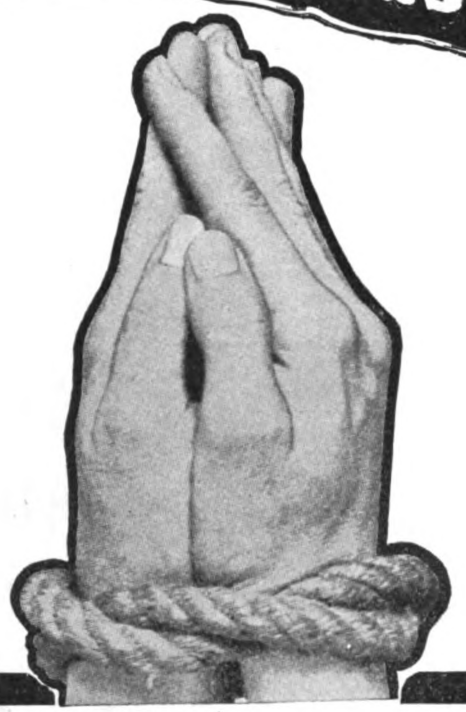
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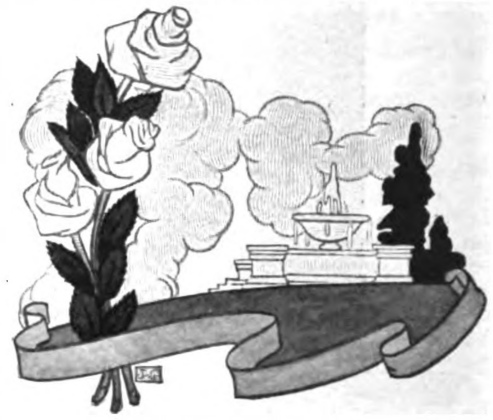
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The Editor's Chat



Education and a Career

YOUNG people often ask us, "Will it pay to go to college if one is going to be a merchant, a druggist, a farmer, etc.?"

Whether or not a liberal education pays, depends upon the ambition of the inquirer. Do you want to be just as much of a man as possible, or do you want merely to get as much money as you can?

If your ambition is simply to see how many goods you can sell and how much money you can rake together; if you have no desire to reach out into the broad fields, to be known as a man who amounts to something in the world, who carries weight in his community; if you have no ambition to be a man of broad, liberal, progressive ideas; if you do not wish to know anything about your goods before they reach your store, where they are made, or the conditions of the people who manufacture them, and have no desire to better their conditions; if you have no ambition to make the world a little better than you found it, then a college education will probably not do you much good. If it is simply going to increase your capacity to grasp, seize, and hold material things, to get a little more away from others by your long-headed methods; if it is only going to increase your shrewdness, your ability to scheme ways and means of piling up more dollars, then I do not advise you to go. But if you want to be of real help to your generation; if your ambition is to be just as much of a man as possible, to be larger and truer and nobler; if you wish to make the most of the material the Creator has given you, then get all the knowledge you can transmute into real power.

I notice that it has been the broadly educated men that have enlarged and improved the spheres into which they have entered. As a rule, it has been the boys who have been to college and gained a liberal education who have mixed brains with the soil,—who have developed marvelous possibilities of agriculture by their knowledge of chemistry and botany, by their ability to study the effects of climatic conditions upon crops,—who have brought fruits and vegetables and cereals to greater perfection by their superior knowledge.

In other words, ignorant farmers have done little else than make a living and pile up a little money. It has been the intelligent, well-read, broadly educated farmers, who have lifted agriculture from mere drudgery to a profession.

In fact, it does not matter what field we consider, intelligence has been the secret of advance. It has been the educated men who have led progress. I can not conceive of a useful vocation where a liberal education will be lost. If a little intelligence is good, if a fair education pays, a wider education, broader culture, will do better.

"My son is going to be an artist," said a proud father; "he does not need to study a lot of scientific rubbish."

Perhaps this father does not know that what he calls "scientific rubbish" measures the difference between an artisan and an artist, the difference between the common and the superb, between mediocrity and excellence. It was what this man called "scientific rubbish" which made the difference between the works of Michael Angelo and those of a hundred other artists of his day who have gone into oblivion. It was this "scientific rubbish"—studying anatomy for a dozen years,—that gave immortality to his statues of Moses and of David, and to his paintings, the "Last Judgment" and "The Story of Creation."

Many an artist of real ability has failed to produce any great work of art because of his ignorance of just such "scientific rubbish." Of what good is an artistic temperament or genius to the sculptor who does not know the origin, the insertion, and the contour of the various muscles, who is not thoroughly familiar with the human anatomy? Michael Angelo thought it worth while to spend a great deal of time upon the anatomy of a horse and upon abstruse mathematics.

An English professor of geology says that he once received a call from a man who was at the head of a large commercial enterprise. He wished to consult the professor about the instruction of his son, who would ultimately inherit his vast business and wealth.

"But mind you," said he, "I don't want him to learn about stratums or dips or faults or upheavals or denudations, and I don't want him to fill his mind with fossils or stuff about crystals. What I want him to learn is how to find gold and silver and copper in paying quantities, sir, in paying quantities."

Unfortunately for such people the preparation for no business in life can be kept down to such severely practical limitations.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the college man in business, and the value of a college education in this and that business and even questions as to whether a college education pays at all. But, college men, notwithstanding Mr. Carnegie to the contrary, are more and more in evidence everywhere; more and more in demand. Our civilization is becoming so complicated that a narrow, ignorant man stands a very poor chance compared with a broad, liberally educated, many-sided man. There never was a time in the history of the world when a liberal education counted for as much, when a college degree

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was worth as much to a young man or woman as to-day.

Even a quarter of a century ago, there was a strong prejudice against the average college man, especially in business, but now a great many concerns employ only college men, (if they can get them,) for they find that they make stronger, abler men,—men of wider range. They are not so likely to fall into ruts, not so likely to become narrow. They are more responsive to the new, to the progressive, to the up-to-date. They are not so bound by superstition and prejudice. They do not cling so tenaciously to the methods of their fathers. As a rule, they are more ambitious, they get a wider vision of life because they have pushed their horizon a little farther away. College men are not, as a rule, rutty men. The lines which they manage are not so likely to become strangled, to stop growing. As a rule, they are better posted in their specialties, better trained, better read, and this is an age when general intelligence pays. Then again, the very reputation of having a liberal education is a great advantage everywhere, provided the quality of the man is susceptible of a liberal education, of taking on a broad culture.

Nothing else will stand you in such good stead, nothing else will do so much for you in the great battle of life as to start on your career with a trained brain, a well-disciplined mind, a well-balanced soul, a well-equipped mentality. Then you are a power wherever you go. You do not have to show people your bank account or give them an inventory of your property. They see your wealth in your personality. They see power in your character. They read the inventory of your real riches in your eye. They feel your power in your presence. You carry the evidence of victory in your very step and in your masterful bearing. You radiate force, conviction, confidence from every pore. This is power which no bank account can give, which no amount of property can convey.

▲ ▲

Does an Education Pay?

Does it pay for an acorn to become an oak?

Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?

Does it pay to fit oneself for a superior position?

Does it pay to get a glimpse of the joy of living?

Does it pay for a chrysalis to unfold into a butterfly?

Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind?

Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life?

Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope?

Does it pay to know how to take the dry, dreary drudgery out of life?

Does it pay to taste the exhilaration of feeling one's powers unfold?

Does it pay for a rosebud to open its petals and fling out its beauty to the world?

Does it pay to push one's horizon farther out, in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?

Does it pay to learn how to center thought with power, how to marshal one's mental force effectively?

Does it pay to acquire power to get out of life high and noble pleasures which wealth can not purchase?

Does it pay to acquire a character-wealth, a soul-property, which no disaster or misfortune can wreck or ruin?

Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of life?

Does it pay to make life-long friendships with bright, ambitious young people, many of whom will occupy high places later on?

Does it pay to become familiar with all the lessons that history and science can teach as to how to make life healthy and successful?

Does it pay to become an enlightened citizen, able to see through the sophistries of political claptrap and vote intelligently on public matters?

Does it pay to change a bar of rough pig iron into hairsprings for watches, thus increasing its worth to more than fifty times the value of its weight in gold?

Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?

Does it pay the sculptor to call out from the rough block the statue that sleeps in the marble, and which shall tell the story of heroism and greatness to unborn generations?

Does it pay to have one's mentality stirred by the passion for expansion, to feel the tonic of growth, the indescribable satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of perpetual enlargement?

Does it pay to have four years filled with the most delightful associations with cultured people, at an age when ambitions and high ideals have not been dulled or shattered by disappointment, or the unbounded faith in human nature shocked by violated pledges?

▲ ▲

What a Good Appearance Will Do

[Third Paper]

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.
HERBERT

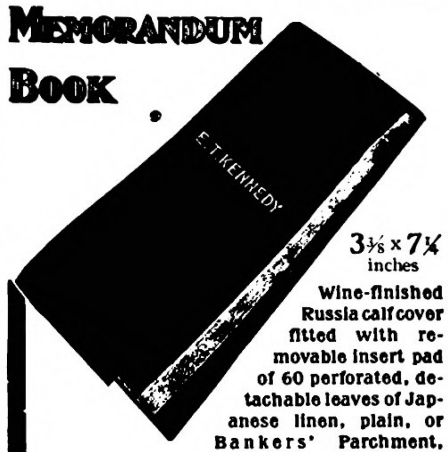
We express ourselves first of all in our bodies. The outer condition of the body is accepted as the symbol of the inner. If it is unlovely, or repulsive, through sheer neglect or indifference, we conclude that the mind corresponds with it. As a rule, the conclusion is a just one. High ideals and strong, clean, wholesome lives and work are incompatible with low standards of personal cleanliness. A young man who neglects his daily bath will neglect his mind; he will quickly deteriorate in every way. A young woman who ceases to care for her appearance will soon cease to please. She will fall little by little until she degenerates into an ambitionless slattern.

It is not to be wondered at that the Talmud places cleanliness next to godliness. I should place it nearer still, for I believe that absolute cleanliness *is* godliness. Cleanliness or purity of soul and body raises man to the highest estate. Without this he is nothing but a brute.

There is a very close connection between a fine, strong, clean physique and a fine, strong, clean character. A man who suffers himself to become careless in regard to the one will, in spite of himself, fall away in the other.

In training the men who are to be the guardians of our country's honor, the protectors of her rights and liberties, and her defenders from all foes, within and without, what are some of the points most strongly insisted upon? Personal cleanliness and neatness in dress. At West Point Academy a "slight untidiness in dress" is punished by one demerit mark. A demerit mark for a West Point

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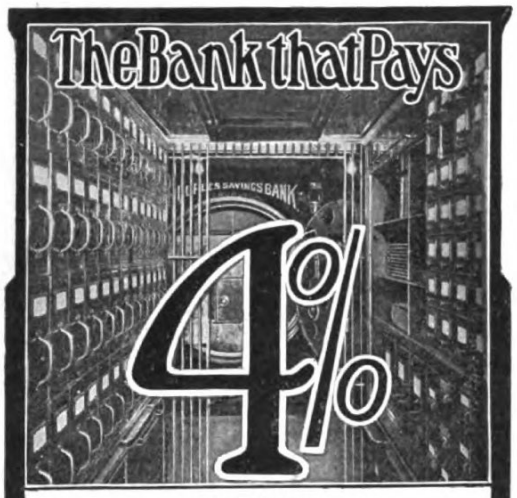
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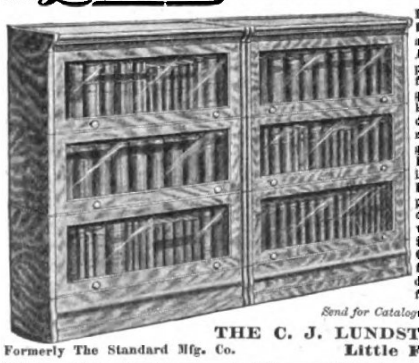
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student is no small matter, since, according to Professor Edward S. Holden, in his paper on education at West Point, "one hundred demerits in six months (one hundred and eighty days,) will cause his dismissal." After dwelling at some length on the rigid system of neatness, punctuality, and attention to duty enforced at the academy, Professor Holden adds: "One button of his (a student's) uniform coat unbuttoned at drill, inattention, shoes not blacked at parade roll call, gun not clean at guard-mount, and a hundred other matters of the sort are parts of official conduct. Each failure is noted and carries with it a fixed number of demerits. One hundred demerits in six months dismisses him. All this is known to every one from the first. There is no talking. Only simple laws are prescribed. Each one of them is just. Every allowance is made for inexperience. Every reasonable excuse is admitted. The final result is like the result of gravitation,—inevitable, inexorable, just, immediate."

In the larger world of business, or of society, and in every other field of progress and enlightenment, there are unwritten laws governing the care of the person just as rigid, just as inexorable, and just as far-reaching in their consequences as those which obtain within the walls of West Point Academy, or in any other institution which trains men and women for leadership.

But self-interest clamors as loudly as æsthetic or moral considerations for the fulfillment of the laws of cleanliness. Every day we see people receiving "demerits" for failure to live up to them. I can recall accounts of capable stenographers having forfeited their positions because they did not keep their finger nails clean. An honest, intelligent man whom I know lost his place in a large publishing firm because he was careless about shaving and brushing his teeth. The other day a lady remarked that she went into a store to buy some ribbons, but when she saw the sales-girl's hands she changed her mind and made her purchases elsewhere. "Dainty ribbons," she said, "could not be handled by such soiled fingers without losing some of their freshness." Of course, it will not be long until that girl's employer will discover that she is not advancing his business, and then,—well, the law will work inexorably.

The first point to be emphasized in the making of a good appearance is the necessity of frequent bathing. A daily bath insures a clean, wholesome condition of the skin, without which health is impossible, and the person is liable to become objectionable by the accumulation of waste matter which has been extended through the skin.

Next in importance to the bath is the proper care of the hair, the hands, and the teeth. This requires little more than a small amount of time and the use of soap and water.

The hair, of course, should be combed and brushed regularly every day. If it is naturally greasy, it should be washed thoroughly every two weeks with a good reliable scalp soap and hot water, in which a little ammonia may be dissolved. If the hair is dry or lacking in oily matter, it should not be washed oftener than once a month.

If it is convenient, and you can afford it, have your finger nails attended to at least once a month by a professional manicurist. But whether you can afford to go to a manicurist once a week, or once a month, or can not afford to go at all, you must be scrupulous in caring for your nails yourself. Manicure sets are so cheap that they are within the reach of almost all. If you can not afford to buy a whole set, you can buy a file (you can get one as low as ten cents,) and keep your nails smooth and clean.

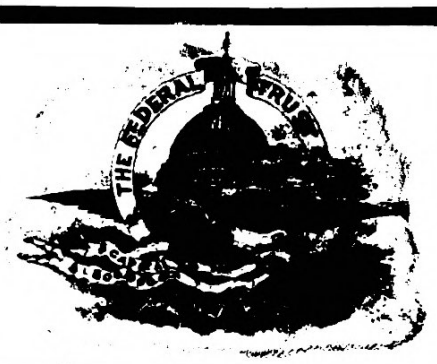
Keeping the teeth in good condition is a very simple matter, yet perhaps more people sin in this particular point of cleanliness than in any other. I know young men, and young women, too, who dress very well and seem to take considerable pride in their personal appearance, yet neglect their teeth. They do not realize that there could hardly be a worse blot on one's appearance than dirty or decaying teeth, or the absence of one or two in front. Nothing can be more offensive in man or woman than a foul breath, and no one can have decaying or dirty teeth without reaping this consequence. We all know how disagreeable it is to be anywhere near a person whose breath is foul. It is positively nauseating. No employer wants a clerk, or stenographer, or other employee about him who taints the whole atmosphere of the room in which he is. Nor does he, if he is at all particular, want one whose appearance is marred by a lack of one or two front teeth. Many an applicant has been denied the position he sought because of bad teeth.

How easy it is to preserve them when they are naturally good! Anyone can do it. Brush them after each meal with a brush stiff enough to remove all particles of food, but not so stiff as to injure the gums. Warm or tepid water should be used, with a little powdered orris root, which helps to keep the breath sweet. Any other good tooth powder may be substituted, or the occasional use of a little fine salt will be found beneficial. If fibers of meat, or particles of any other food that can not be removed with a brush, lodge between the teeth, they should be removed by a wooden toothpick. On no account use a pin, or a penknife, or your fork. In passing, let me add, do not use a toothpick at the table, on the street, or anywhere else in public. Nothing can be more ill-bred or disgusting. Do not try to crack nuts or to bite any hard substance with your teeth. This causes the enamel, or outer protective covering, to break, which is the same as if you were to break the skin on any part of your body. When the enamel is broken the tooth begins to decay, and severe pain and an unpleasant breath are the results. Violent changes of temperature, such as from ice cream to hot coffee, also cause the enamel to break. If, in spite of proper care, your teeth trouble you, you should immediately consult a good dentist. Do not go to a poor one because he happens to be a little cheaper. You will find that a most pernicious sort of economy. Make any reasonable sacrifice rather than go about with a front tooth or two missing, for, besides seriously interfering with one's speech, a grinning vacancy where a tooth should be has a most injurious effect on one's appearance. It is a wise thing to have your teeth examined at least once a year by a good dentist.

It is the little things, the trifles, which cut down the average of success possibility.

"How can I hear what you say," said Emerson, "when what you are is thundering in my ears?"

He who sticks to a lie for self-protection is as if he clung to a lightning rod in a thunder-storm.—SELECTED.



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