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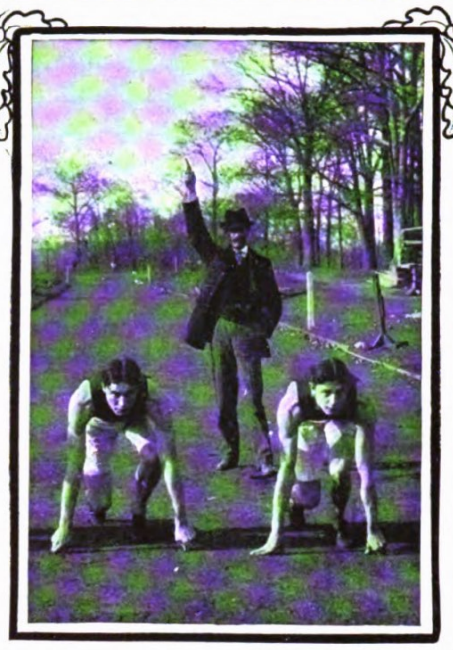
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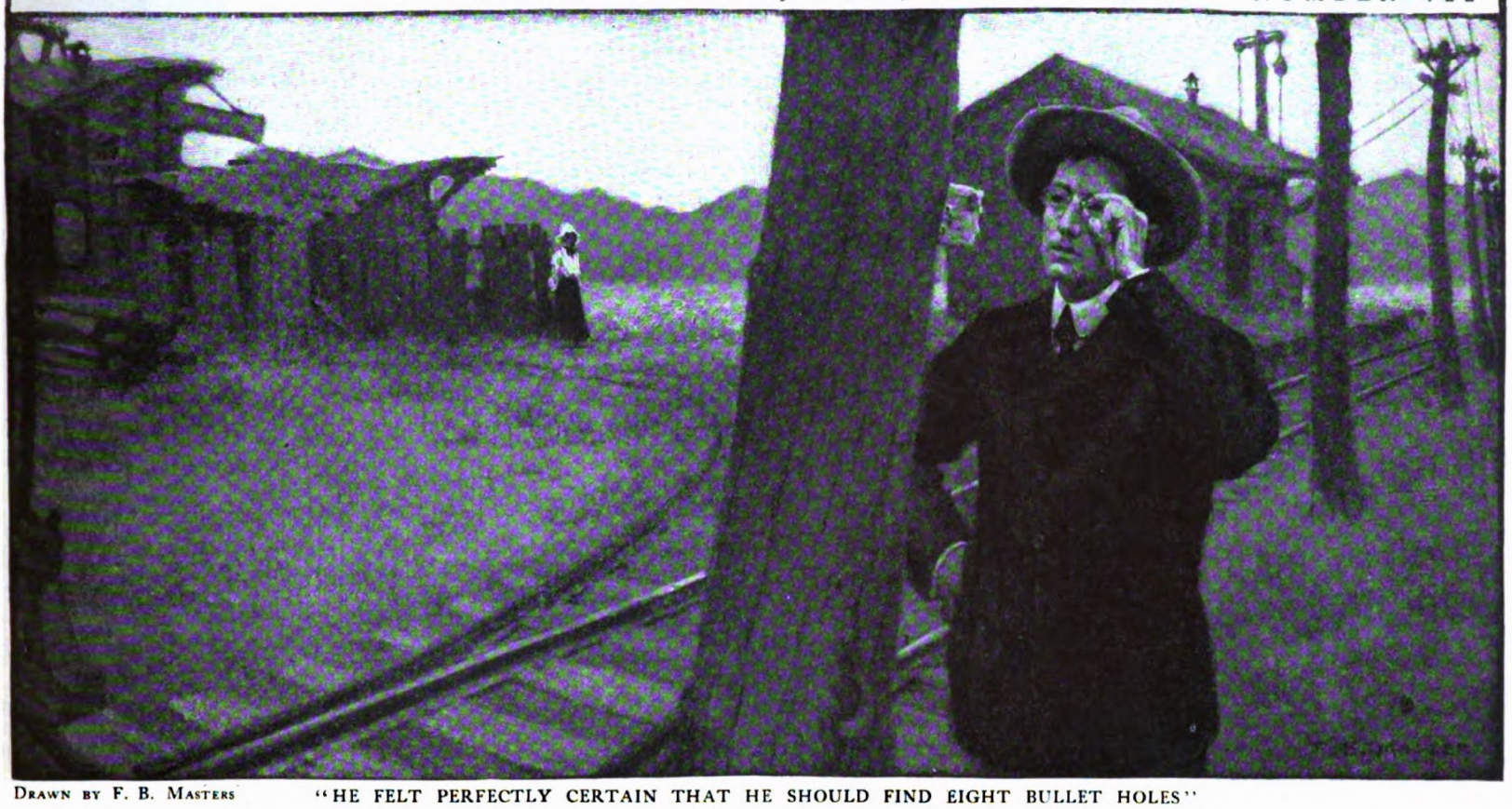
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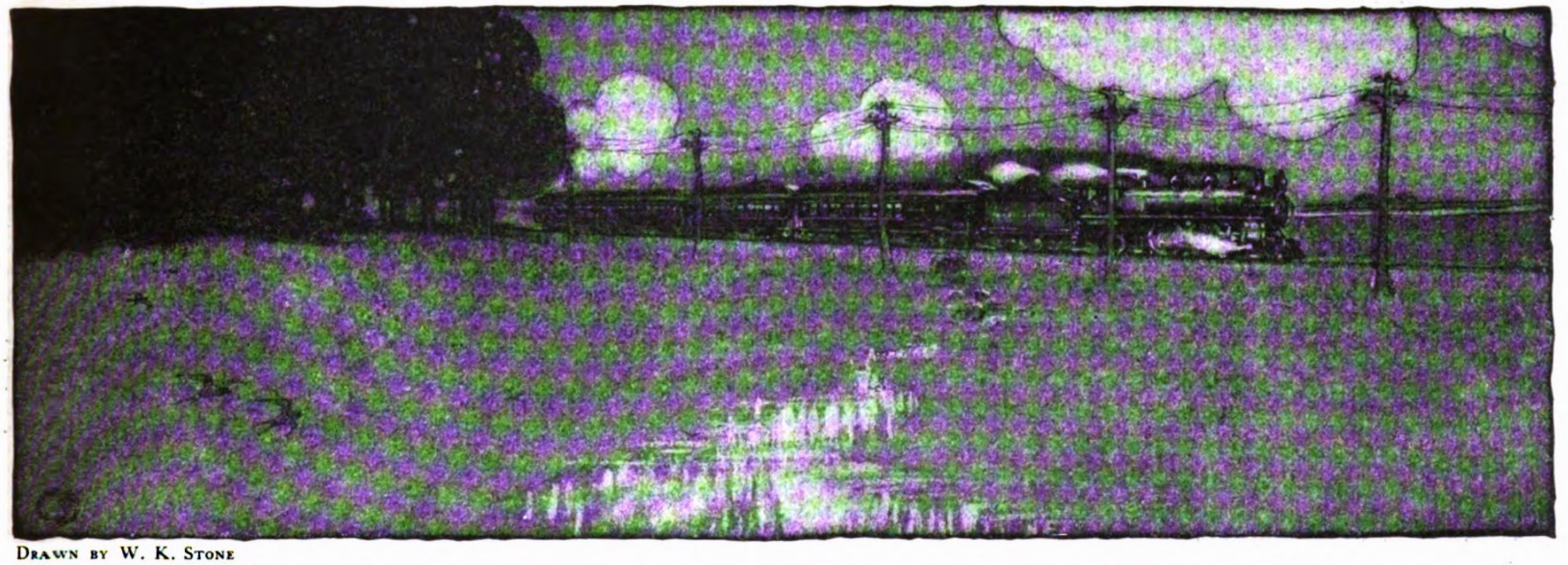
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SUCCESS

VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, JULY, 1904 NUMBER 122



DRAWN BY F. B. MASTERS "HE FELT PERFECTLY CERTAIN THAT HE SHOULD FIND EIGHT BULLET HOLES"



DRAWN BY W. K. STONE

THE CALL OF THE CHIEF

How the "Woman Operator" at Desert Springs Junction unexpectedly Won a Husband

FRANK H. SPEARMAN
[*Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "Held for Orders," etc.*]

NO ONE on the division knew much about the woman operator at Desert Springs Junction. She had come to the mountains, they said, with her son, who was an expert telegrapher in poor health. But after a time the boy died, leaving his mother alone with her little girl, and the mother asked for the station and got it.

The station itself was unlucky. At one time it yielded a little business. From Desert Springs the stage used to run south to Camp Pilot and the Two Feather Country; the shambling, low, red-roofed warehouses of the old stage company are strung along the buttes yet, back of the Y; but they are deserted now and forsaken by everything but the owls and the prairie dogs.

When the Big Southern ran a branch up Spanish Valley and made Desert Springs a junction point, the place began to look like a town, but in railroad life things change very quickly. Bucks tapped the Pilot Range from Sleepy Cat and the Desert Springs stages went groaning out of commission, and Desert Springs hopes relapsed to sagebrush and alkali dust.

It was the proposal of the Big Southern that we should maintain a joint station at Desert Springs. There was a trick in it, too, because they needed the point for the operation of their road, whereas to our mountain division the place was never of any real use. All the while that Bucks was general manager he sort of clung to the little wildcat station, perhaps because it looked so dog-eared and forsaken. It was Bucks who had given the station to the woman operator. He had some acquaintance with her, the boys said; nobody wondered at that, for Bucks has the acquaintance of all the unfortunate people that ever lived, and if it was n't a pass yesterday it was almost certain to be a job to-day, or to-morrow an order out of his private account for a coffin. Bucks has never yet run for the presidency of the United States,—never, in fact, for anything but a grizzly,—that happened once at John Goff's,—but if all the people that he has helped were to vote for him, and those he has injured were to vote against him, he would be as sure as Roosevelt of a second term.

Of course, every young man that Bucks has brought up in railroad life does n't take precisely the same view of things that his teacher takes. There was Giddings,—a very exceptionally bright dispatcher, but with the sharpest kind of notions

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about running a division. Giddings quarreled with Callahan, who was superintendent then, about a schedule for the Weber Canyon coal trains, of which there were never less than four or five a day; and, because Callahan would not adopt his view at once, young Giddings resigned and took a trick away down in Texas on the M., K., and T. It does a boy no end of good, once in a while, to get away from home, and to find, to his surprise, that they really do know something about railroading where he was brought up. I say nothing more about Giddings's capacity or ability than that he went straight from the mountain division to Texas, and, without asking any favors of anyone, held down a Dennison trick for six months; by that time he realized, as he saw dispatchers all around him break down under the strain, that after all they knew something about railroading up in the mountains where he had learned the game,—it made the boy homesick. There was only one man on the Dennison staff that treated him decently, and the mountain dispatcher learned by accident that he had begun railroading under Bucks back in Pittsburg. In less than a year from the time he had quit the West End, Giddings was wild to get back to the mountains, and, when he was finally sent for, Duffy had been promoted to be trainmaster at Medicine Bend and Giddings was put in as chief dispatcher.

When the matter of maintaining the Desert Springs station came up it was referred to Giddings. He knew the circumstances; namely, that the Big Southern paid half the salary of the agent and we paid half. The woman operator had been installed during his absence. Callahan was in favor of keeping the station up, but Giddings said "No," and it was stricken from the payrolls and the widow was informed of its discontinuance. Even that would not have made much comment concerning Giddings's up-to-date ideas about retrenchment; but in the fall, when the winter coal was being distributed over the division, Bob Sattley, the superintendent of buildings, hesitated about sending the usual half carload to Desert Springs. When Bob questioned Callahan, the latter said, "Ask Giddings."

"The Big Southern supplies the agent there with half a car, and we always send half a car. It's a pretty bleak place in a northwester," hinted the coal man, rather hesitatingly, when he went to Giddings.

"The station is discontinued," answered Giddings, briefly; "it's of no use to us."

"The operator there is a woman," suggested Bob, indefinitely.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, of course; but you know those Big Southern folks. They would n't send more than their half car if their agent froze to death."

"We can't furnish coal to keep their agents warm, can we?"

Giddings looked at the matter from a purely business point of view, so the woman operator at Desert Springs got only a half allowance of coal that winter, not to speak of getting along on half a salary. Once, a year afterwards, Giddings saw her. He was hunting, one day, up Spanish Valley on the Big Southern, and had ten minutes to wait at Desert Springs for a train down to Medicine. Ten minutes' waiting at any time, for Giddings, would be equal to ten days' waiting for the average man. He fumed around the platform for thirty seconds, looking at his handsome watch five times in the interval, and, putting his gun-case inside the waiting room, he strode down the Y to a telegraph pole. He pinned an envelope upon the pole, about five feet above the alkali; then he paced twenty-five steps off carefully and took from his right hip pocket a heavy flat pistol. It was a Colt gun of deadly penetration, one of his new toys, for Giddings was the shot of the wickiup. Pistol in hand, he raised his arm in perfect form high above his head, and, bringing the gun slowly down, covered the white square and fired. Again and again, hardly as loud as toy torpedoes, the smokeless cartridges cracked one after another, and the empty shells flew sidewise from the ejector. He stopped and, with a mountain man's habit, reloaded the magazine, inserted it, and walked leisurely forward to his target.

He wondered if there was anyone looking, for he felt perfectly certain that he should find eight bullet holes in the target,—and eight he found, for he never made a mistake. But no one was looking except a shy-looking girl in a sunbonnet over near the deserted warehouses. Giddings adjusted his noseglasses critically, and examined the way in which the eight bullets that he had fired with such great care had punctured the address,—

> ROBERT C. GIDDINGS,
> Medicine Bend,
> Wyoming

Then, throwing the envelope away, he looked in the telegraph pole for the bullets. He had heard about the penetration claimed for the arm; every bullet was buried. He drew the pistol again, and, holding it a foot from the pole, fired. The bullet passed clean through the pole, almost at its greatest thickness. He repeated the shot, amusing himself by studying the terrific impact of the ball; then he reloaded, slipped the pistol into his hip pocket, took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, found, to his consternation, that he had no match, and, to ask for one, walked back to the weather-beaten station. A middle-aged woman came to the ticket window and passed out a box of safety matches to him. The waiting room was cheerless; there was no fire. Giddings knew the kind of coal the Big Southern supplied. He had heard she was a widow, and her grayish hair, thin, pleasant face, and dark eyes bore out the impression. He thanked her and pushed the matches back, but she suggested that he take the box. He thanked her again, just as his train whistled, and he ran outside to flag it. As he got aboard with his guns and his expensive hunting togs, all and several, he wondered whether the widow knew that it was he who had cut off her supplies, even to matches,—but, of course, purely in the way of business.

Everyone admitted that he handled the division well. He could run trains all around any man under him, and, if he had a fault, it was his impatience because other men could n't keep his pace. Some thought that he carried his head a little in the air, but he was known to be a favorite of Vice President Glover, and was looked upon as a coming man on the system. One feature of the third district business Giddings never could get down to suit him,—that was the running of the Weber Canyon coal trains which come into the main line at Sleepy Cat. He contended that they could all be brought down by nine o'clock every night and be out of the way before the California fast freights would reach Bear Dance. Nine times out of ten, when Giddings came down in the morning, two or three coal trains would be strung across the division, blocking the fast freights. Again and again he gave the boys object lessons, taking the sheet after supper and clearing the slow trains before ten o'clock,—then, for a while, things would run to suit him.

II.

ONE evening, in the late winter, Giddings, filling in a night chair for a sick dispatcher, sat with a trainsheet before him, studying. Over the range from Medicine Bend to the Heart Mountains it was deadly cold, with a dry, hard northwest air moving across the Sweetgrass Plains like the creeping hand of death. It was a night for the stars to glisten and the moon to brood over the white peaks, with the passes lying black and ragged below; and, over all, silence.

The coal trains were leaving Sleepy Cat, and Giddings, like a provident dispatcher, had cut them up into light sections for fast running into the Bend. Against them there was only a through freight, westbound, then pulling into Sleepy Cat, and Number One, the night passenger train, which was running slowly and losing time on account of the cold. The chief dispatcher, alert, brainy, and capable, began a long series of meeting orders for the coalers,—First, Second, Third, and Fourth, Number Fifty-eight, he was running them,—and Number One, late, westbound. It was the quiet hour at the wickiup,—after the arrival of the eastbound passenger and before the coming of the stock trains from the Short Line. Giddings sat alone in the dispatchers' room, the key dancing under his quick fingers, as he sent his train orders for transmission to the operators in the next room. With the last one going from his right hand he took from his upper right hand waistcoat pocket a cigar and lighted it. The repeating came slowly while he smoked, and, taking from his pocket a coin, he spun it across the trainsheet. It was a "lucky coin," one that he had carried in his pocket from the day he entered the service. Again and again he spun his good-luck coin, and once, as it whirled across the table, it spun and died on the trainsheet. The final O. K.'s on the batch of train orders had gone out and there was no more to do for an hour. Giddings picked up the pocket piece; it lay on the trainsheet across the entry of the first section of the coal trains, Number Fifty-eight, and through a cloud of blue smoke he noticed the train number, Fifty-eight. He looked again; First Fifty-eight,—where did it meet Number One? He ran over his order entries and the meeting points were all there except that for Number One and the First Number Fifty-eight. He passed his hand across his eyes; he looked very swiftly and intently, but the meeting order was not there; he had forgotten the first section of the coal trains.

Staring at the sheet he rose slowly from his chair. He stepped away from the table, then hastened back to it. His heart ceased to beat and his head swam until his eyes fell again on the trainsheet. Then, like an engine bursting from its load, his heart jumped and his mind cleared itself like a racehorse leaping from a trance. Outwardly calm and perfectly steady, he leaned, the cigar in his right hand, over his trainsheet, studying the conditions of the head-end collision that was coming for Number One and the first section of the coalers. He remembered the very engine crews that were speeding to their death on his orders. They were married men, all four of them, the firemen and the engineers, any one of whom would have given his right hand for him. Number One carried six sleepers, a fearfully heavy train for the grades, and absolutely uncontrollable in an emergency, as she was running now with the intense cold and the frosty rails. The cigar was smoking between the fingers of his left hand, and he suddenly started. His right hand had been unconsciously closing over his hip pocket; he could not tell how his hand got there. The sweat oozed faintly from his forehead.

Boys might make mistakes,—operators, dispatchers even. He was chief, and he had worked clear to the top with no mistake. He rested in the confidence of Bucks, Callahan, Glover, Blood, Duffy: they trusted everything, their lives, more, their reputations, to him,—then like a straw to a sinking man came a thought. The two trains that must meet head-on had passed the last station he could stop them at, but there was yet between them the Big Southern junction point at Desert Springs.

The Desert Springs call sprang from his fingers, and after it, long repeated, he sent, without waiting for answer, a desperate message, "For God's sake, stop all eastbound freights!" Three times he repeated the appeal. Other stations cut in, but he silenced them savagely and listened for Desert Springs. There was only one chance in a thousand that he could catch the operator. The place was run now, he knew, only as a day station, and it was already nine o'clock, night. He called Desert Springs again and again, repeated his hopeless request, and waited; but no answer came.

III.

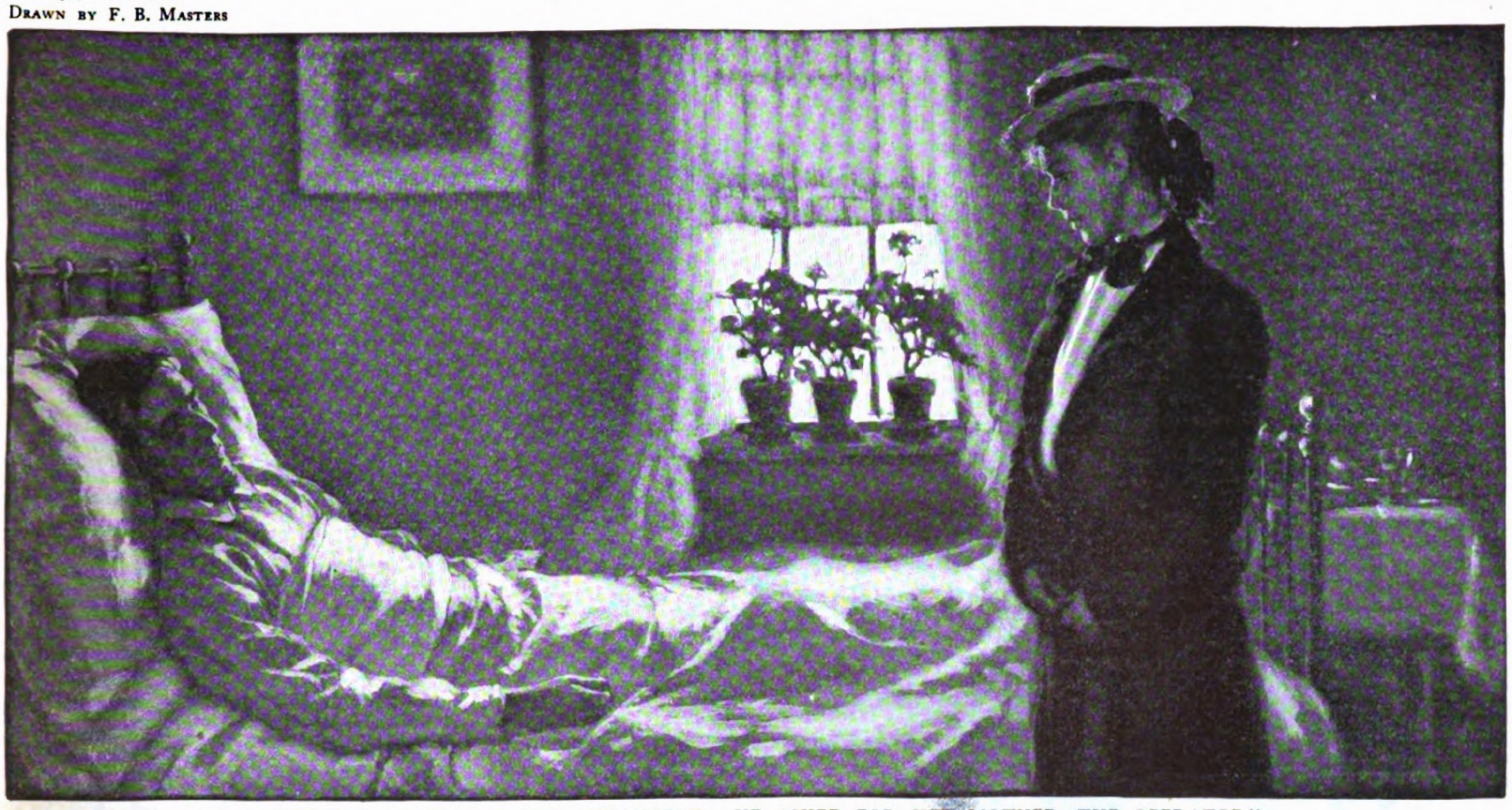
HE leaned, the cigar in his right hand, over his sheet, studying the ruin its combinations continually spelled. He had forgotten, he told himself, the meeting order for the first section of the coal trains and the heavy coast passenger train. He had left them to meet somewhere between Castle Station and O'Fallon's. The very names of the engine crews he had doomed came back again, the firemen and the engineers, the men with wives and children, and he repeated them incoherently to himself; any one of them would give a right hand for him. The watch in his pocket, presented by the trainmen when he was made chief,—he could almost hear it ticking, and he remembered that the four men that were bowling confidently along to their deaths had helped to buy it. He counted the sleepers on Number One, a fearfully heavy train for such a night, and she was now running absolutely uncontrollable; the thought of her steamed cab windows, of the fearful cold, and of the slippery rails was upon him; she was uncontrollable, and the coal trains all had high-speed orders.

He started. He could not tell how it got there, but the cigar was smoking slowly between the fingers of his left hand. His right was back upon his hip.

A thousand—yes, ten thousand,—train orders had gone from under his hand. Any of the other men might fail; he could forgive them. Who could forgive him? There was worse in the backward creeping of his hand,—if all forgave him, could

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DRAWN BY F. B. MASTERS



"GIDDINGS LOOKED AT HER STRANGELY. HE ASKED FOR HER MOTHER, THE OPERATOR"

he ever forgive himself? Feverishly he caught up his handkerchief and wiped away the damp on his temples. His burning eyes were roving over the sheet with a last mute prayer for help, when the thought came again of Desert Springs Junction. Insane now, and forgetting that he had before thought of the place or called it, his fingers closed over the key, and he silenced the line again and called Desert Springs. He called and waited not; and after every call he sent the message, like a cry:—

"Desert Springs, for God's sake, stop Number One; for God's sake, stop Number One!"

He sank furtively into the chair. There was not one chance in a thousand that a day operator would be downstairs at that time of night. Least of all had that operator any reason to listen to an appeal from a Medicine Bend dispatcher. But she was a woman and must listen to a cry for help. He called again and again. No answer came; the long hand on the big clock above was creeping past the minute when Number One should pass the junction point.

The chief thought of Bucks, of Glover, of Callahan, of Morris, of Blood, and of Duffy. These were the men that were pushing him up the ladder,—whose confidence in one hour more would be shattered. He watched the sounder; five minutes passed, and he rose very slowly. The lucky coin lay in front of him. He snatched a pen and signed the trainsheet, "Robert C. Giddings, Chief Dispatcher." That would tell the story. One thought only was uppermost in his mind:—

"Not here."

He had covenanted with himself that he would not touch the pistol until he should be ready, and he stepped to the hatrack, slipped on his coat, and walked like a drunken man bareheaded down the hall, down the stairs, and out. The chief had fallen.

IV.

HE would be frozen when they would find him, he knew. He was standing under the water tank, leaning with one hand against a cross timber. One winter night, years before, a stranger, a passenger from Number Two, had committed suicide just where he stood, and in the morning Giddings had helped to pick him up: the little pool of black on the ice under the drip spout, he remembered, was frozen. The still, bitter air inflamed his lungs like alcohol, and he breathed heavily, but he had not touched the pistol: a sister that he had in the East had come into his mind; he was not ready. She alone in the world had a claim on him: was he to go without a message to her?

Then he remembered, with a pang, an omission of duty: the wrecking crews had not been ordered out. To quit without his duty done so far as it could be done would be to stain his name among the men who never quit while they could drag themselves on their hands and knees to a key or a switch. There was time enough for his own resolve,—all night yet. He started steadily back to do what, as a boy, he had one night seen Martin Duffy do,—order out the relief and the wreckers.

"Oh, Mr. Giddings!" An operator stood at the head of the wickiup stairs. The chief tried to answer, as he put his hand against the wall to steady himself, but his voice was gone. He looked up, wildly haggard. "Desert Springs has been calling the dispatcher for five minutes. Number One is there, waiting orders."

Giddings gave way as he stumbled up the stairs. He neither saw nor heard till he got to the key and with his own ears read the message of the woman operator at Desert Springs, asking orders for Number One. It was ragged, horrible sending,—about what an expert, alert, and capable chief dispatcher would expect from a woman,—but oh, what news!

He ordered Pat Francis, on Number One, to the siding, quick, to meet First Number Fifty-eight. Blood was surging hotly through the temples he had been so nearly ready to shatter; moisture was beading him from head to foot, and he was shaking like a leaf; his cigar lay, still burning, on the side of the table. It was all very easy, then,—orders again left his quick fingers without doubt, hesitation, or break,—he was again chief, and, when he had done with the new dispositions and corrected his trainsheets, his fingers covered the key again and he called, very courteously, but insistently, Desert Springs. An answer came only after a good while: the same halting, woman's sending, timid and unintelligible to any but a crack dispatcher; but to Giddings, such music! Fast as the words could leap from his fingers he flashed this message:—

"You have saved my life to-night, Desert Springs. I must go to McCloud in the morning, to see where this leaves me. When I come back I will run up to thank you for it on my knees. Am I sending too fast? Do you get me, Desert Springs?"

And Desert Springs answered unevenly, as if frightened, "Yes; good night!"

The chief sat at his trick when Garry O'Neill came in at twelve o'clock. Giddings had his feet on the table, and was smoking a fresh cigar.

Garry took off his coat and grumbled about the cold. "Anything doing?"

"Not a thing, Garry."

O'Neill brushed his hair. "Did you ever see such weather?" Then he walked over toward the table and stopped before the chief.

"What are you looking at?" asked Giddings.

O'Neill stepped closer, still looking intently at him.

"What's the matter with your hair?"

Giddings thought the dispatcher was bantering, and he picked up his lucky coin with a laugh. But O'Neill insisted that he should walk to the glass. Then he saw that the hair just over his temples had grown quite white.

V.

ON the second morning afterwards the chief stood for the second time before the ticket window at Desert Springs Station. Again the thin, pleasant, gray face came before him, but when he tried to speak it wavered and danced and he sank unconscious to the floor. He was taken, raving, back to the hospital at Medicine Bend, and he lay there for two months with brain fever. One morning reason came back, and when they asked what he would like to eat Giddings asked for the operator at Desert Springs. They tried to put him off with broth and with evasions and with doctor's orders, but he asked for the woman,—the woman; and they could do nothing with him until a relief operator had been sent to Desert Springs with a courteous note from Duffy, explaining that it might save Giddings's life if the woman operator—Duffy did not even know her name,—would come down and see him,—that her station would be well looked after by the bearer of the note till she should return, and that she should be the guest of the road for the trip. When the chief was told this he took nourishment and slept.

In the morning he woke and asked if she had come. She was at breakfast, they told him; would he not have his hands and face bathed and take his own breakfast the while? He would take nothing, do nothing, until he saw her; only, the nurse brushed his heavy hair a little back. Then the door opened, and a timid girl of sixteen, guided by the doctor, entered the sick room. Giddings looked at her strangely. He asked for her mother, the operator. She told him she was the Desert Springs operator,—that her mother did not understand how to telegraph, but that her brother, before he died, had taught her; that her mother held the position because the railroad men would think so young a person might make mistakes.

"And do you never make mistakes?" Giddings asked. His big eyes frightened her, but she answered, faintly, "No, sir; I haven't yet."

The sick man devoured her features,—it must be so: he could trace the mother, whom he had but twice seen, restored in this fresh face to the glory of youth,—the gentle eyes surprised at his full look and the sensitive mouth closing with timid red lips. Again and again he made her repeat the story of how she had heard his call so he might watch her utterance and hear over again the childish music of her tones. She had gone down to lock the waiting room door, that night, she said,—that was all,—and so had heard his call. Then she asked if she might go back, but he would not let her go till she had promised to come once more and to tell him her name, and the name

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seemed as beautiful to the nervous, tired invalid as the child that bore it,—Anna Van Alstine.

* * * * * * *

Giddings, while he was getting well, waited a great deal for trains up at Desert Springs. He quit hunting and gave away all his guns and pistols. But, though he had direct telegraphic communication with the Springs all the time, he never, for two years, besides visiting over the wires, missed a trip up there on Sunday,—coming back, late, on Number Eleven. They had abundance of coal at Desert Springs, during those two years, and trainmen say that on Sunday evenings Giddings himself carried and burned a great deal of it. Not until after Anna, then eighteen, and as tall as her mother,—and *such* an operator,—had promised to be his wife, did she confess that she had watched him the day he did the target shooting and had lost her heart to him then and there. She confessed then, too, that always thereafter she had known his call among a thousand, and had often listened for it when she sat at the key in the lonely hours at Desert Springs, wondering if he would ever call her. That night, she said, it had seemed to come to her just because she had waited for it so long. Giddings really looked silly and shamefaced,—said he could n't help it,—and denounced himself as a bully and everything else; but Anna only laughed at him. It was a great wedding; the most curious thing is that, when they were married, his hair had grown as black as ever again.



Drawn by Charles Sarka

Farragut's Letters to Porter

Evidences of Friendship and Esteem That Existed between the Foster Brothers

RICHARD B. PORTER

It is a most remarkable coincidence that two boys who were reared and educated by the same man should have lived to be the foremost sailors in the navy during the Civil War, and that each should have won the high position of admiral of the navy.

David G. Farragut, the adoptive son, and David D. Porter, the son of Commodore David Porter, of "Essex" fame, were not only foster brothers, but also held the proud distinction of being loyal friends from boyhood days; and, when the supreme moment came to test their strength, they stood shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart for the honor of the flag and the maintenance of the Union.

Farragut was twelve years older than Porter, and always took an interest in his success and rejoiced in it, and Porter proved his affection at the outbreak of the Civil War, and insisted that the command of the expedition against New Orleans should be given to Farragut at a time when enemies were trying to prove he was disloyal simply because he was born in the South and had lived in Norfolk, Virginia. When President Lincoln consulted Porter, who had conceived of the plan, and had suggested the capture of New Orleans, he said, "There are rumors that Captain Farragut is a southern sympathizer." Porter answered: "I will pledge my honor that a more loyal man does not live. He is now at his new home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, awaiting orders, overanxious for duty. He has left the South. He is the one man to command the fleet, to open the Mississippi, and to capture New Orleans." Porter's unanswerable commendation got Farragut the command.

Every schoolboy knows how grandly Farragut dashed by Forts St. Philip and Jackson and placed his fleet at the water front of New Orleans, while Porter with his mortar fleet made the forts surrender.

Porter was one of the first to pronounce Farragut the greatest naval leader and cavalry sea captain, who dashed by forts, that the world had ever known, and in all his naval writings, to the time of his death, he continued to praise him for his imperishable victories. The writer heard Porter say, "Farragut was as brave as a lion and did not know what fear means. He was the greatest of naval commanders. Only John Paul Jones was his peer."

Though devoted heart and soul to the cause of the Union, they held each other in deep affection and each gloried in the other's honors. No jealousy ever dimmed the harmonious beauty of their friendship. When Farragut was too sick to accept command of the fleet for the attack on Fort Fisher, the government turned to Porter and gave him the command, and, when victory was his, Farragut was among the first with congratulations.

Each received votes of thanks from congress for their unsurpassed services,—Farragut, two votes for New Orleans and Mobile Bay; Porter, three votes for Arkansas Port, Vicksburg, and Fort Fisher.

They were together at New Orleans, the elder in supreme command, the younger assisting with all his energy, with the mortar fleet, in the grand result. Again they coöperated on the Mississippi and Red Rivers, finally meeting at New Orleans, where Farragut turned over the entire Mississippi fleet to Porter. Both had become rear admirals and greater honors were to come. When peace came, after four years of hard service, the great strength of their undying friendship cast such a light of grandness about their characters as almost to overshadow the brilliancy of their great victories.

When Porter captured Alexandria, Farragut wrote:—

United States Steamship "Sachem," 6 A. M.,
Red River, May 8, 1863.

Dear Porter:—

I congratulate you on two things: first, your success, which I looked for; second, that you have found some Union people in Alexandria, which you did not appear to believe in. I told Banks you would be there before him. Jenkins* joins me in kind regards and congratulation to yourself and officers.

Your friend, (Signed,) D. G. Farragut.

When Porter was made a rear admiral for his work before Vicksburg, he received the following letter of congratulation:—

United States Flagship "Hartford,"
Pensacola Bay, Jan'y 17, 1864.

Dear Porter:—

You will see I am once more on my station, where I ought to have been two months since, but it is an awful thing to get any work done at New York. The people will not work when employed, and there is much more to be done than they can attend to, so happy is the commander who has the means of doing his own work as you appear to have.† I hope you will be able to help me to two or three ironclads for the Mobile and Texas work. Any draft under eighteen feet will do for Mobile, but they must not be over ten for the coast of Texas. I shall be much trammeled by the report of Buchanan's coming out to attack us, and will try to be present when he makes the attack, and I wish to be down on the coast of Texas with General Banks. They seem to say he is doing good service down there, and everything appears well here. The refugees are coming in all the time in large numbers, and say the people generally are becoming very tired of the war. Their soldiers are deserting daily. I think Buck will make a dash at us, as they say his men are very much dissatisfied, and he has promised them a fight,—the very thing I apprehend they do n't want. I was mortified to find your wife was at the secretary's party when I was there, and no one told me of it, and I did not know her. I was appointed to wait upon the Russian admiral's wife, because she did not speak English, and was so occupied all the evening.‡ Mr. Fox told me he intended to do so, but some one took him off before he had an opportunity; but I hope I will be more fortunate next time. You have my warmest congratulations upon your promotion.

Your friend, (Signed,) D. G. Farragut.

Before the Battle of Mobile Bay, Farragut wrote the following interesting letter:—

United States Flagship "Hartford,"
New Orleans, January 24, 1864.

Dear Porter:—

As one of General Banks's aids, Colonel Wilson, is going up to St. Louis on business, I drop you a line to let you know we are all right yet, but if I had one of Eads's rams or ironclads, I would like to make a dash at Mobile or Galveston, just which the soldiers think proper to aid me in. But Banks has not troops enough to do anything just yet but hold on to what he has. Your little tinclads are getting ready, but it is the deuce to get men and officers. I hope to have two of them round in Atchafalaya and Boriche Bay in a day or two. They will render the soldiers good service. We will have to pass close to Fort Morgan, and they have two of the one-hundred-and-fifty-pound rifles, besides four or five ten-inch columbiads, so that they will be pretty severe upon the vessels passing. But if I can get one ironclad inside, I can destroy their whole force and not let them get one over Day River Bar. I shall go at them the moment Banks can supply the soldiers to cut off the rear on the isthmus, or a few in the rear of Fort Gaines, on Dauphin Island. I hope you are all well. Give my regards to Breese§ and all friends on your vessel.

Very truly your friend, (Signed,) D. G. Farragut.

When General Banks's army was defeated, on its way to Shreveport, Louisiana, and Porter's fleet was waiting for rising water so as to float down the Red River safely, Farragut wrote:—

United States Flagship "Hartford,"
Pensacola, May 7, 1864.

Dear Porter:—

The supply steamer arrived to-day from New Orleans, bringing me the sad letters of yourself and Banks in relation to your present critical situation and giving me an account of all you have passed through. Never mind: you will come out all right yet. Fortune is an uncertain wench, but she generally sticks to those who fight it out with her. She loves perseverance and courage, and they will accomplish much even against her will; but, although things look well for the rebels just now, and from that very cause,—that they are devoting soul and body to the war,—we have been doing everything else. But my hope is in God and that He will yet put the right man in the right place. I trust it is Grant. That must be the great battle when it comes, and they appear to be preparing to fight it soon. I wrote Palmer‖ to send you all the tinclads. They are the only boats we have that can operate in the Red River. They can also go down to Atchafalaya, if it should be necessary. I expect soon to have my chance, perhaps, for disaster also, but we will be ready to do our duty. The ironclad is soon to be gotten over the bar at Day River, and the refugees all say that Buchanan will be obliged to come out and attack us. The public voice is so strong now that they have sunk one of our boats in North Carolina. They will not be checked until some of their boats are sunk.

I deeply regret Banks's disaster; but, although I did not expect it, I feared it. I have always said they had been too long in New Orleans and that Hannibal would have found New Orleans equal to two Capuas. People get carried away by attentions and gaiety, and are unequal to the duties of the field for some time. I do not see how the enemy can attack Banks in his present position without being defeated. I do not think the rebels muster over twenty-three thousand men. I was told in Texas that, if all the forces arrived in time, they would have that amount, but I fear that our people imagine they have thirty thousand or more, but it is astonishing how they are supposed to have more than we have everywhere. But the rebels in New Orleans have said with great confidence that they have an army now that would make itself felt this summer. Wishing you were out of your difficulties, I remain, as ever, your friend,

(Signed,) D. G. Farragut.

Thus pleasant messages passed between the great naval commanders,—messages of confidence and esteem. Farragut reached the grade of admiral, and Porter that of vice admiral, and at Farragut's death he took his position and filled it for a period of twenty-one years.

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* Captain Thornton Jenkins was Farragut's chief of staff. Porter turned Alexandria over to General Nathaniel P. Banks, who arrived with troops a day after its capture.

† Porter had built up a navy yard for his vessels at Cairo, Illinois, where they were repaired, and he had also equipped a vessel, the first of its kind, with every necessary appliance, to follow his fleet and repair damages when necessary.

‡ Farragut had attended a reception at Secretary Gideon Welles's, where he had not seen Mrs. Porter. The Mr. Fox referred to was assistant secretary of the navy.

§ This refers to Captain K. Randolph Breese, who was Porter's fleet captain during the war, and who so gallantly led the sailors and marines at the assault on Fort Fisher, in January, 1865.

‖ Captain James S. Palmer was Farragut's fleet captain.

Edison Amends an Epigram

Francis Bacon Crocker, professor of electrical engineering at Columbia University, recently wrote to Thomas A. Edison for a photograph of the latter large enough to hang in the office of the electrical department at the university, and also requesting Mr. Edison to inscribe the picture with some motto that might be helpful to the students. In a few days a large photograph of the inventor arrived, and at the bottom of it, in the large, strong, well-defined handwriting of Edison, was the following:—

"All things come to those who hustle while they wait."

There Was One Who Did not Laugh

"Mark Twain" once expressed the following sentiments to a young woman who had not smiled at a thing that he had said during an impromptu reception in his honor at Bryn Mawr College, to which his daughter had invited him. All the young ladies but one were in a state of great glee during the humorist's address,—all but one had laughed heartily at every witty remark. Just as "Twain" finished, he turned to the young woman who had not laughed, and said, in an undertone: "You are the only sensible one here. I have not said a single amusing thing. If it were not for the conspicuousness of it I would like to press your hand."

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HOW THE CZAR EARNS HIS LIVING

GEORGE WEISE

CZAR NICHOLAS II. of Russia is the mystery of modern history, for the records of the decade during which he has reigned show him to be a strange and inexplicable combination of the crassest contradictions and the most divergent extremes imaginable. He assumed the reins of government with the established reputation of being an enlightened, progressive thinker, yet Russia has never been ruled in a more reactionary spirit than under him. He proclaimed himself and was heralded by his admirers as the new champion of popular rights and liberty, but his reign has been conspicuous for the persecution of all the weaker nationalities of the Russian Empire, from the Finns to the Jews. He proclaimed to the world the principles of disarmament as a preliminary to universal peace, yet he is the greatest war lord on the face of the earth, and Russia's military and naval forces have never before been increased with such feverish rapidity as has been the case during the last ten years. Again and again he has announced his firm adherence to the principle of religious toleration, but throughout his reign millions of his subjects who can not see their way to accept the doctrines of the Orthodox Greek Church, the state religious organization in Russia, have been subjected to bitter and relentless persecution. Similar examples of striking contradictions in his character, policy, and administration could be cited to an almost infinite extent, and it is precisely this mysterious and inconsistent many-sidedness that renders his personality an interesting and fascinating subject of study.

The czar has a bigger salary than any other man in the world, for the public exchequer of his country pays him the sum of four million, eight hundred thousand dollars *per annum* for acting as managing director of the Russian Empire, with its area of eight million square miles and its population of one hundred and thirty million persons. But, considering the crushing weight of care and responsibility which he bears on his shoulders, his remuneration, high as it is, does not appear excessive. His salary is paid him in monthly installments of four hundred thousand dollars each, which are sent to him by a special messenger from the treasury buildings in the form of checks on the National Bank of Russia, just as an office clerk receives his monthly wages; with the difference, however, that the czar's talent and industry exercise no influence on his payment. At the same time, he is expected to maintain a certain standard of living which he would be unable to do in the style required of him if he did not possess a private income three or four times as big as his official salary. He is the owner of over one hundred estates, all of which supply him with private revenues, but he is also the possessor of one hundred palaces and castles, which have to be maintained in imperial style at great expense to their owner. He has more servants than anyone else in the world, for a veritable army of over thirty thousand domestics, cooks, pages, butlers, grooms, gardeners, and so forth is employed on his hundred or more estates. He possesses over forty residences which he has never seen, a score of homes which he has viewed externally, but never inhabited, even for one night, and another score in each of which he has slept on only one occasion. His private stables contain over five thousand horses belonging to him, and the herds of cattle feeding on his own lands are estimated to number over fifty thousand head. His wealth is enormous, yet there is no doubt that he extracts very little pleasure out of his life of perpetual toil and worry.

He habitually rises at six, and eats a characteristically English breakfast of ham and eggs, bread and butter with marmalade specially and privately prepared for him by Crosse and Blackwell, the English firm, and tea. This predilection for English manners and customs is common to both the czar and the czarina, for both like English fare best, prefer using English to their respective mother tongues, and are agreed upon the necessity of educating their children according to English methods. Immediately after breakfast the czar begins to smoke some of the heaviest brands of Havana cigars, which he continues to puff almost continuously till bedtime, notwithstanding the fact that his doctors have warned him again and again that excessive indulgence in this habit is exposing him to the worst dangers of nicotine poisoning. By seven o'clock in the morning he is at his desk, perusing an enormous heap of state documents sent to the palace for his inspection. The variety of subjects with which he is called upon to deal is astonishing, for he is not merely emperor, but also father of his people. No order or instruction or communication of any kind can be dispatched from any ministry or state office in St. Petersburg to local or subordinate authorities unless it bears the signature of the czar, indicating his assent and approval. Every communication sent from the ministry of war to the representative officers commanding several hundred garrisons throughout the Russian Empire, every dispatch sent to the captains of Russian warships all over the world and every circular issued by the ministry of the interior to the police and to all varieties of local authorities have to bear the czar's own signature.

This work by no means completes the scope of his activity. He not only acts as commander-in-chief of the army, supreme admiral of the navy, and despotic controller of the administration, but he is also the spiritual head of the Orthodox Greek Church, which represents the established state religion of Russia, and in judicial cases in which a final legal decision is required the monarch is himself the supreme court of appeal. He is soldier, sailor, statesman, pope, and judge, all rolled into one. His daily budget includes military reports, naval dispatches, administrative orders, ministerial decrees, and documents dealing with all sorts of ecclesiastical questions, besides appeals on an amazing selection of legal cases. In the course of his daily work he may have to deal successively with the drainage scheme of a Crimean town, with the appeal of a Caucasian murderer for imperial clemency, with the petition of some insignificant exile in far-off Siberia, who wants a free pardon and a safe conduct home, and with proposals drawn up by the Holy Synod regarding some unimportant change of ritual. On an average, no less than five hundred official documents pass through his hands every week day, each one of which requires his signature, written in his handwriting, so that the mere mechanical work of affixing his autograph to all of them would in itself be a tedious and exhausting task. The czar, however, is expected to know something of the contents of the documents to which he gives his august approval.

This work occupies him continuously from seven till eleven in the morning, and from eleven till one o'clock he receives in audience those ministers, generals, high state officials, and other important persons whose verbal reports he desires to hear. When the clock strikes one, if he is in the middle of a conversation, he breaks it off abruptly, in order to be punctual at lunch, which he prefers to take privately in the company of the czarina and their two eldest daughters, aged eight and seven respectively. Lunch is a light meal consisting of dainty *hors d'œuvres*, soup, one course of meat with vegetables, and a sweet dish, generally of the kind found on the tables in middle-class homes in England. Nothing but English is spoken, and, as the domestics in attendance are purposely Russians unable to understand a word of any other language, the conversation is free and unrestrained. After lunch the czar devotes a couple of hours to recreation of different kinds. When residing in St. Petersburg he goes out walking in the grounds of his palace, as a rule accompanied by the czarina for part of the time. When staying at one of his country residences he goes out riding, shooting, or skating, in the winter, while he enjoys a game of lawn tennis on a summer afternoon. He does not excel in any outdoor sport or pastime. He rides passably, but not well enough to appear to advantage on horseback; he can shoot, but his aim is uncertain and his hunting instinct erring; he can play tennis, but his serves are faulty and his strokes are often weak. Soon after four o'clock he returns home to drink afternoon tea with the czarina and any grand dukes and grand duchesses of the imperial house whom she may have invited to join them. True to his English tastes in such matters, he delights in strong tea and persistently ignores the warnings of his physicians that it is injurious to his nerves. Punctually at five o'clock, he goes back to his study to continue the perusal of state documents and to deal with dispatches which have arrived during the later hours of the day. One of his eleven ministers

[Mr. Weise, the author of this article, secured his information from private sources in St. Petersburg. We are ready to vouch for his statements, for he is a writer who has undertaken some of the most responsible diplomatic missions in the journalistic world. For several years, he has been residing in St. Petersburg as the correspondent of "Success" and several important English magazines, but because of what he has here written he has been obliged to leave for another country. Such an expression of the inside affairs of the czar's private life is punishable by eternal banishment.—The Editor]



MY LIFE

NIKOLAI ALEKSANDROVITCH ROMANOFF
[Czar of the Russian Empire]

My happiness was born at night;
  It has only flourished in darkness:
I have lost my joy in life,
  And wander wearily in gloom.

My soul gropes sadly searching
  In mental fog; it pines
And prays and suffers,
  But finds no peace on earth.

[The czar of Russia, like several other sovereigns and noted leaders, is a poet. The foregoing stanzas were secured for Success by special arrangement. The translator has made no effort to produce rhymes, his aim being to make a literal reproduction that would preserve the exact original sense of the Russian verses.—The Editor]

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is then frequently summoned specially to discuss this or that point, and at seven or thereabouts the czar goes to dinner. Guests are almost invariably present at this meal, which consists of five or six courses, plain and wholesome kinds of food being more in evidence than fancy dishes. The guests are kinsmen of the imperial family, ministers, generals, high officials, or other prominent personages, and the dinner party is generally limited to six or eight persons, for the czar dislikes to see too many strange faces at his table at once. On such occasions, he chooses to be a listener rather than a talker, and guests who are able to entertain him with lively conversation are always most welcome. After dinner he enjoys a game of cards, particularly the Russian gambling game called "*wint*," in which fortunes can be lost and won at one sitting. He invariably plays for high stakes, and takes a keen pleasure in the excitement which gambling stimulates. Afterwards the czarina frequently entertains the assembled company with music, and sometimes the czar and the czarina play a duet together on the piano. This, as the czarina laughingly tells her husband, is an uneven performance, because she is a far better player than he is, and he admits that the reproach is fully justified. In association with his guests in his own home, he is a modest, unassuming, genial host, and makes his visitors forget that they are in the presence of the most absolute and powerful monarch in the world.

When the czar and the czarina withdraw to their own suite of apartments, she often reads aloud to her husband, sometimes from the London "Times," sometimes from the latest English novel or review, and he makes a practice of retiring to rest by eleven o'clock. When alterations in the day's programme prevent him from discharging his routine work as usual, he sits at his desk far into the night, robbing himself of sleep in order to accomplish his appointed task. At Livadia, the beautiful spot in the Crimea where the imperial family spends the autumn months, the czar and the czarina go on frequent picnic parties into the forests and highlands of the surrounding country, accompanied by the ladies and gentlemen of the court. The czar and his suite ride on horseback, while the czarina, her children, and the ladies of the court go in carriages. On arriving at the scene of the picnic, the czarina dons a white apron to superintend the unpacking of the baskets and the arrangement of the open-air meal, the court ladies following her example. The czarina herself cuts the bread and covers it with butter, followed by slices of ham or tongue, and a courtier who receives one of these sandwiches direct from her imperial hands regards himself as peculiarly favored. The czar lies on the grass and enjoys to the full the relaxation from the restraints and conventionalities of his court. On Sunday afternoons, in the privacy of his own apartments, he might be found crawling about on his hands and knees, or going through other strange antics, in his efforts to amuse his little daughters, to whom he is passionately attached. The colossal magnitude of the task of governing the Russian Empire makes it clear that the despotic power of its ruler is to a large extent imaginary and unreal. In many respects he is actually the slave of his own bureaucracy, which, on the whole, has a larger voice in the government of Russia than the monarch himself. Although he is theoretically required to supervise and control the recommendations of his ministers, he, as a matter of fact, signs the great majority of the documents which they place before him without having the least idea of the nature of the contents, much less passing a verdict on them.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA

is the eldest daughter of the czar. She will become the empress of Russia if her father can accomplish a lifelong purpose to alter the law excluding women from succession to the throne. He believes that a woman ruler would be successful in establishing internal peace



He seldom Knows the Exact Truth in Affairs Relating to His Government

Even in cases in which he desires information on the point to be decided, he has none but official sources at his disposal, and, in fact, all the knowledge of his country, his people, with their needs and sufferings, and the outside world in general, reaches him through channels in which the truth is necessarily polluted in course of transmission. He is almost a prisoner in his own magnificent residences, where he is as remote from the hard realities of the outside world as the inmate of a hermit's cell. Strange and impossible as it appears, the mighty emperor of one hundred and thirty million subjects is under police supervision and official control, like the political suspects among his people. Letters and communications to him are invariably opened and perused by officialdom before they reach the imperial cabinet, and facts which they consider that the czar ought not to learn are carefully suppressed. He knows this and deplores it, but finds it impossible to uproot a system which is more firmly established in Russia than the monarchy itself.

A very striking proof of his bondage was recently afforded when the czar dispatched one of his personal favorites, a certain M. Klopoff, into the central provinces of Russia to report on the true condition of affairs there, about which he had previously received official information. He desired to test the accuracy of bureaucratic reports, but he knew that letters from M. Klopoff direct to him would inevitably be opened and suppressed if they contained statements of which officialdom disapproved. In order to avoid this espionage, he ordered M. Klopoff to mail his reports in small envelopes of the pattern used for private letters, not straight to the palace, but to the address in St. Petersburg of a certain General Hesse. The general was entrusted with the secret, and he undertook personally to carry all the letters received from M. Klopoff to the czar. M. Klopoff went on his mission, but out of eighteen letters which he posted to General Hesse for the czar only five reached their destination. A strong ruler would doubtless make a vigorous effort to liberate himself from this tyranny, but the czar is essentially a weak man. The unhealthy, pale, almost gray color of his complexion betrays his want of physical health and strength, while the amazing inconsistencies of his reign indicate successive surrenders to conflicting influences. It is characteristic of his weakness that he never strikes out a new line of thought or action on his own initiative, and that his decision on any given question of policy is nothing more than the choice which of two or more courses recommended to him by different advisers shall be followed. He is never a leader like the German emperor, but is continually being led by some influential man or group of men.

When he issued his famous peace proclamation which led to the conference at The Hague, he was under the influence of a Polish philanthropist named Bloch. M. Bloch had written a book on the horrors of modern war, in which he painted vivid word pictures of the appalling destruction wrought by a conflict between two twentieth-century first-class powers, and he contrived to have the book brought to the notice of the czar. M. Bloch's emotional appeal for the abolition of war worked strongly on the feelings of the imaginative czar, and the author was summoned to St. Petersburg, where he developed his theories in many long conversations with the monarch. As a result of the ascendancy which M. Bloch gained over him the czar issued his peace manifesto, which was hailed by enthusiasts as the dawn of a new era, but which has remained without practical effect on the warlike policy of all the great countries of the world. Nothing better illustrates the czar's impotence to rule his own ministers than the fact that he has been utterly unable to realize his theories in his own country, for consistency would require him to submit the current Russo-Japanese dispute to The Hague Tribunal. Russian statesmen, who, in their inmost hearts, were strongly opposed to the peace manifesto as a ridiculous chimera, raised no objection to its publication, because they knew that the czar would never be strong enough to practice what he preached in opposition to their settled policy. The issue of the manifesto was in itself convincing testimony of the remarkable extent to which he is unacquainted with the practical realities of the world of affairs. On another occasion, when he issued a manifesto announcing his adherence to the great principles of political liberty and religious toleration, in the spring of 1903, he was acting under the influence of an individual named Demtschinsky, a quack weather prophet who contrived to gain temporary ascendancy over him. This manifesto, like the peace proclamation, was not carried into effect, because the influence of his relatives, his ministers, and his bureaucrats over him is more lasting and more powerful than that secured for the moment by talented theorists who are able to appeal to his imaginative idealism.

The story of the way in which the czar fell under the sway of a dangerous adventurer named Philippe, who initiated him into the mysteries of hypnotism and spiritism and attained an influence over him which was extremely injurious to his physical health and mental sobriety, is well known; and, more recently, authentic records of events in Russia have stated that the Russian war party utilized his susceptibility to spiritualistic influences for their own ends. On one occasion, a *séance* was held and the czar asked the medium to conjure up the spirit of his ancestor, Peter the Great, to whom he addressed a series of questions regarding the dispute with Japan. When he inquired whether the maintenance of peace would not be better for the welfare of the country than war, the voice of the spirit replied: "Wilt thou have the sword of Russia broken in twain?" Although he had thitherto been strongly in favor of a compromise with Japan on all the points in question, he left the *séance* and signed a number of decrees authorizing warlike preparations, and announced to his ministers that a firmer stand must be made against Japanese aggression. It is well known, too, that frequent contests have taken place between his mother, the dowager-empress, and his wife, the czarina, between progressist and reactionary ministers, and between groups of courtiers, for supremacy over him in a way that irresistibly suggests a political and diplomatic game of battledoor and shuttlecock.

When the Czar Is Conversing with Strangers He Stammers and Hesitates

He is seen at his best in his family circle or among a small party of friends, and does not appear to advantage on public occasions. His figure and external appearance are not imposing, and his manners are indicative of nervous timidity. In conversation carried on in the presence of a number of strangers, he stammers and hesitates, and conveys the impression of fervently wishing that he could withdraw from publicity as soon as possible. When he is obliged to perform public functions, he is shy and

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awkward. It has been noticed by witnesses of successive meetings between the German emperor and the czar that William II. does all the talking and Nicholas II. all the listening. This feature in the latter's character is due to the terrible doom continually menacing him. It is no cowardice for him to live in fear of assassination, for the danger is very real and is ever being revealed to him in new forms. The outside world never learns of the futile attempts to blow up his resident palace, to wreck his special train, to introduce poison into his kitchen, to pitch bombs into his carriage when he is driving, or to shoot him when exposed to public view, but whispers of discoveries of this kind are continually reaching the ears of the frontier diplomatic corps in St. Petersburg. From time to time, he finds a sealed letter lying on his own desk in his private study in which he is informed that the central revolutionary committee of Russia has condemned him to death for his despotic misdeeds and that the "execution" will be carried out at the earliest possible opportunity. Apart from warnings of this kind, the very precautions taken to protect his life from his own subjects are sufficient to inspire them with alarm. When he makes a railway journey, the entire length of the line is guarded by troops, who are so placed that every yard of the route is under their supervision day and night for at least seventy-two hours before the imperial train goes by. When the journey is a long one, vast armies have to be mobilized to perform this duty. When he has to pass through the streets of any town, all the houses within one mile of the imperial route are thoroughly searched from attic to cellar two days before his arrival, and at least one policeman is quartered in each house till the monarch has driven past. The owners of all houses directly overlooking the route of the imperial carriage receive strict orders to board up all their front windows and bolt and bar their front doors at least four hours before he passes, and spectators of the imperial procession are kept by troops at a safe distance from the imperial carriage. His heart is chilled by the sight of these measures of protection, and by the knowledge that his life would be gravely endangered if they were neglected. It seems hard to him that, with his high ideals, his self-sacrificing industry, and his sincere desire to do the right thing, he should be regarded as a bitter enemy by thousands of his humble, cringing subjects.

In another quarter century Russia will be known as the most tempting European field for moneyed enterprise. The figures, insignificant as they are, still show that under a rigidly protective tariff a beginning has been made. For the first time in the history of the empire two million of her inhabitants are engaged in mining and manufacturing, while the total capital of all the companies now in operation reaches one billion dollars,—one-fifth of which represents foreign investments. This change in the affairs of Russian progress has been due, not to the czar, but to the untiring efforts of Sergius de Witte, who now holds a position in Russia similar to that of John Hay in the United States and Arthur J. Balfour in Great Britain. M. de Witte was born a commoner, and is the only one of his class who has risen to eminence and power in his country. The czar knows him and trusts him, and while the czar could not do the work himself he asked De Witte to promote a spirit of industry among the poorer classes, and De Witte has, in short, inoculated Russia with the virus of western progress.

THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY

The four pretty daughters of the royal couple are their constant care. They are the grand duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Marie, and Anastasia. The czarina is a niece of King Edward VII. of Great Britain, and is raising her children according to the regulation English custom



The Czar Rules the Russian Empire, but the Bureaucracy Rules the Czar

Foreigners are often puzzled to know precisely what or where is the ruling authority of the Russian Empire. It is *not* the czar, and still less is it the senate or the council of state. It is the bureaucracy,—that body of nobles whose pedigrees are as long as a catalogue, and who have bled the country of its best. They form a phalanx of power which even the czar can not overcome. Remember that this small, timid, unimpressive ruler would rather feel that he could walk among his people and teach them the principles of American democracy, and that he would rather spread the seeds of peace and place every man on an equal footing than to be where he is to-day. He told De Witte so, and he wanted to tell his people so, but the bureaucracy would not let him. Without the aid of this body of nobles the czar can do nothing or next to nothing of importance. Outside and beyond the jurisdiction of the courts, it stands alone, and, having all the threads of administration in its hands, it can put whatever construction it pleases on the czar's commands. Much has been written about municipal corruption in American cities, but it pales beside the wholesale, open-faced debasement of the Russian court. Russia has been well described as an absolutism tempered with venality. Bribery permeates the whole of its official life, from the lowest grade in the service up to the court. Next to the bureaucracy in power over the fortunes of the people stand the police, who really play the part of an alien army in a conquered country. The police can, when they please, assume all the powers of a general in an enemy's land; they can fine, expel, imprison, close schools, and even place an embargo on the real estate and incomes of private persons. Political inquisition necessarily goes hand in hand with a system which regards the policy of trusting the people as a dream of madness. Russia lives under an organized system of espionage and terrorism, of which passports are the basis. Small as it might appear to the eyes of the western world, the abolition of passports, by restoring to the people the right to come and go and settle as they please, would amount in Russia to a political revolution. Little wonder that, with such agencies at work, the reforms of Alexander II. have been truncated and nullified, and little wonder that De Witte will not ultimately find the same objections! The reports from the inside state that whatever holds the seeds of a new and regenerated Russia will be brought under bureaucratic survey. During recent months, the elective justices of the police have been abolished, an official overseer has been placed in each commune, the jury system has been restricted to the decision of unimportant cases, and everywhere budding liberties have been ruthlessly clipped. Never before was Russia so thoroughly enmeshed in red tape as to-day, or the most elementary rights of free men more coolly and systematically outraged.

However, with it all, education spreads rapidly, and, to the surprise of the thinking world, with the consent and assistance of the authorities who are resolutely concerned in seeing that it bears no political fruit. The official attitude toward education is very changeable,—to-day it is liberal; to-morrow it is alarmed. How to enlighten the people and yet produce autocracy, how to raise the nation to the intellectual level of its neighbors, and yet exclude it from political life, and how to rule a modern society on mediæval lines,—these are, in short, the fundamental problems of Russia. The present war between Russia and Japan is, so far as the Russian side of the question is concerned, a war of a bureaucracy, not of a nation. When General Pobyedonosteff said, "Russia is not a state; *Russia is a world!*" he uttered a sentiment that is burnished in the hearts of the Russian aristocrats, who think that they are better than any other people on earth. The privates in the army are cold and unpatriotic, and are thinking only of the burdens of life, indifferent to an issue so remote from their daily interests as the Russian advance in Manchuria certainly must be, anxious only for peace, and likely to vent their anger in internal uprising if peace is delayed. Now is the time when the peasants who are trying to grab land, when the artisan who is the newest wonder in Russian polity, and when the radical nobles, and the students who form a thorn in the side of the bureaucracy, may seize upon the busy government and strike a blow, more or less concerted, for their respective ideals. Some such notion as this has found lodgment in the public mind of Great Britain, several European countries, America, and—Japan.

Returning to the industries of Russia, which I have referred to, it may be interesting to know that within her domain the Standard Oil Company is meeting some of the most serious opposition of its long life of plunder. This giant trust supplies over ninety per cent. of the foreign demand for oil. It has competed with the large oil interests of Russia, which are controlled by the Rothschilds and the Nobel Brothers, but it has never overpowered them. This is due to the Russian laws regulating foreign trade interests. The Standard Oil Company controls the export price everywhere in the world except within the limits of Russian territory, where competition has not been stifled. Russia is just as rich in petroleum products as is the United States, and but for the power of the Standard Oil Company they would be supplied to America by Russian producers. Russia protects her oil industry by a two hundred per cent. tariff; the United States puts oil on the free list. The czar is not responsible for this state of affairs. The power of the Rothschilds carried it into effect. These astute financiers pictured to the bureaucracy the infinite horror of an American trust slowly eating its way into the very center of public recognition by supplying a staple commodity at a fluctuating price. The Rothschilds told the bureaucrats that if the Standard Oil Company should become as powerful in Russia as in America, it would only add to the ever-burning fires of internal mistrust and rebellion in one way or another. For that reason the Russian government created the high tariff and permitted the Rothschilds and the Nobel Brothers to almost monopolize its oil industry.

President Roosevelt as a Policeman

"I WAS once impressed in a rather interesting way," said Julien T. Davies, the prominent New York lawyer, "with President Roosevelt's readiness to sacrifice pleasure for business. When he was police commissioner of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin gave their famous ball.

"It was certain that there would be a great crowd outside the Bradley Martin house, on the night of the event, and that the police would have their hands full in keeping a clear passageway for carriages and guests. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had received invitations to the function. A few days before the day set for it Mrs. Martin happened to meet the police commissioner.

"'Of course you are coming to my ball,' she remarked to him.

"'Mrs. Roosevelt will be there,' he answered, 'and I won't be far away. I'll be out in the street in front of the house directing the police.'

"It was as he said. While distinguished men and beautiful women, many of them friends of the police commissioner, were alighting from their carriages and passing into an environment that was all that wealth and art could make it, Mr. Roosevelt was conspicuous in the street, as busy as any patrolman with that surging crowd."

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People We Read About

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DR. THOMAS J. BARNARDO,

Director of the National Waifs' Association, London

"The foster father of 'nobody's children'" is the name that Dr. Barnardo has carried for many years. It was conferred on him by an appreciative public, because of his wonderful work in rescuing boys and girls from the slums of the large cities of Great Britain, and making successful men and women of them. He has sent over fifty thousand boys and young men, who would otherwise have led idle, dissolute lives, into the British colonies, where they have been employed to good advantage, some as mechanics and others as farm hands. An average of eleven unkempt, homeless children are admitted daily to Dr. Barnardo's homes, where they receive careful industrial training before being sent out into the world. Some of the waifs when admitted are but a few years old; none can leave until he has mastered a trade.



MISS IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The History of the Standard Oil Company"

Miss Tarbell's history of the world's greatest trust, which is appearing in "McClure's Magazine," is the most important literary work of its kind ever undertaken by a woman. She spent several years alone, securing information, and, by keen and untiring journalistic intuition, succeeded where a great many of her male colleagues failed. Her work is particularly strong, analytic, and far-reaching. One influential newspaper has remarked, "If what Miss Tarbell writes about John D. Rockefeller is not true then he should sue her for libel. It is wonderful how a man can stand under such a scathing indictment." Miss Tarbell is the author of several ambitious works, two of which are, "The Life of Madame Roland" and "The Life of Abraham Lincoln." She was educated in Paris, at the Sorbonne and Collége de France.



JOHN F. WALLACE,

Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal

It is seldom that a man sacrifices salary for fame, yet out of patriotic impulse and because he values the honor of having his name linked with the greatest national engineering feat in history, Mr. Wallace will retire as general manager of the Illinois Central Railroad to accept the position offered him by President Roosevelt as chief in the construction of the Isthmian Canal. In accepting the position, Mr. Wallace gives up a business which he has made a life-study, and in which he has rapidly advanced, because he believes it to be his duty. He will receive a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year from the government, which is considerably less than what he has been receiving. His work in the Isthmus will take about ten years. Thirty-five years ago he secured his first position as a rodman, with the old Carthage and Quincy Railroad.

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HERMAN SUDERMANN,

the Eminent Prussian Playwright

Mr. Sudermann, widely recognized as one of the world's leading playwrights, was born in East Prussia, in 1857. At the close of his university days he became the editor of a small political weekly in Berlin, but soon gave up this work and began to write short stories and novels. They brought him little money. His first years in Berlin were full of hardships and disappointments. With "Frau Sorge," a play which was presented in 1886, he won some recognition, and, in 1889, scored an emphatic success with "Die Ehre." Among his successful plays are "Magda," a powerful drama in which Duse has done noble work; "The Joy of Living," which was presented in the United States by Mrs. Patrick Campbell; "John the Baptist," a scriptural drama, and "The Battle of the Butterflies," a comedy which has been played for many years.



MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL,

President of the International Council of Women

The International Council of Women which met at Berlin last month is now the most important body of women in the world. Its membership represents a constituency of seven million women from twenty different countries. Its chief subject for discussion this year was peace and arbitration. The international committee on peace and arbitration of which the Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland, is chairman, endeavors, through the national councils, to gain supporters for its object, by holding meetings in the various countries on the anniversary of the first Hague conference in May. There is also an international committee on laws concerning domestic relations which promulgates information in regard to the marital and property rights of women and of divorce laws. The International Council has been a great influence in organized work of women.



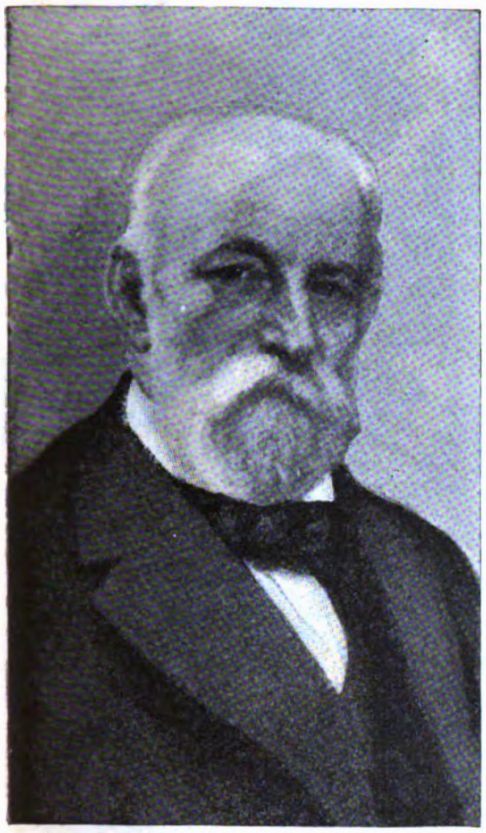
FRANK SWETT BLACK,

Who Made the Speech Nominating President Roosevelt

That Mr. Black was selected, practically, by the President to nominate him at the Chicago Convention is another evidence of the chief executive's determined character. Mr. Black and Mr. Roosevelt have not always been the best of political friends, though both are members of the same party and each has been governor of New York Mr. Roosevelt knew that Mr. Black as an orator has few equals and that he would make a speech long to be remembered, and so he was chosen. Mr. Black is a slow, decisive talker. His logic is studded with epigrams, and his arguments are convincing. He is considered the best man in the country to present the big features of the administration. He began his public career as a journalist, in Johnstown, New York. He will probably be the next United States senator from the Empire State.

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People We Read About



HENRY VIGNAUD,

Charge d'Affaires of the United States in Paris

The above picture of Mr. Vignaud has a twofold value. It is the first likeness of the celebrated jurist and *littérateur* that has been published in many years, and is a photograph of the portrait by Stephen Seymour-Thomas, an American artist, which won unstinted praise in this year's Salon, from such celebrated critics as Jules Lefebvre and Léon Bonnat. Mr. Vignaud is one of the most learned men in the United States Diplomatic Service, and is the *doyen* of the Paris corps. He is the author of a remarkable work on Toscanelli, the eminent Italian astronomer, who was one of the first to correspond with Columbus about navigating westward, and who gave valuable advice when the intrepid explorer started on his journey. Mr. Seymour-Thomas, the painter of the portrait, was awarded a special medal by the jury.

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GRACE GEORGE, (MRS. W. A. BRADY,)

as *Louise*, in "The Two Orphans"

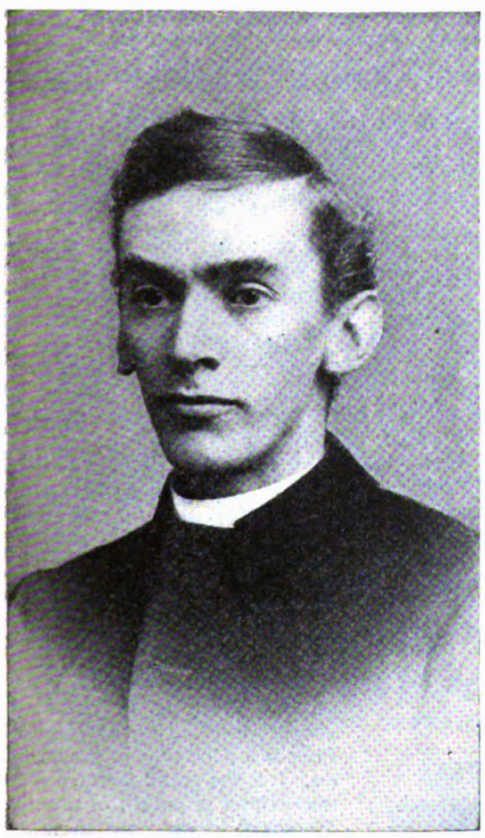
About six years ago, W. A. Brady, the theatrical manager, was interested in a new play, in which most of the players were strangers to him. At rehearsals, a fair-haired young girl seemed so misplaced that she angered him. "Why should such a child as that try to act?" he asked his partner. Mr. Brady was told that the aspirant had had considerable experience. "Well, she can't act," he said; "you have cast her to play a wife, and she looks like a child." Mr. Brady announced his intention of dismissing her, but she begged so hard for a chance that she was kept. On the first night of the play she made a pronounced hit. The fact that she did look like a child won her sympathy in the rôle of a neglected wife. This young woman was Grace George. A little over a year later she became Mrs. W. A. Brady.



ROBERT BOSSE,

Who Revised Germany's Civil Code

In 1891, when the German reichstag announced its intention of drafting a new civil code for the empire, its most difficult problem was to find a man to act as president of the commission, which was appointed to undertake the long, laborious work. Nearly three hundred volumes had to be rewritten and revised, and the work was considered one of the most marvelous achievements in the history of the nation. Mr. Bosse personally went through volume after volume, and was often at his desk sixteen hours a day. He is one of the leading statesmen of Germany. He began humbly as a lawyer in Saxony, in 1868, and, in 1891, he was made secretary of state in the ministry of law, and, one year later, chief of the ministry of education. He is one of the world's leading authorities in educational and law systems.



REV. HENSLEY HENSON,

Canon of Westminster Abbey

Canon Henson, known in this country as a theologian of radical tendencies, has just published an article on "The Future of the Bible" which has startled the world. He holds that the Bible contains many glaring faults and incongruities which are being discovered by parishioners, with the result that contempt is taking the place of respect. He claims that a drastic revision of the Sacred Volume is necessary, so that the Christian compositions which have been universally accepted may supplement what to his mind are "the incredible, peurile, or demoralizing narratives which the Old Testament contains." Canon Henson does not attack the Bible in any way, but he very frankly declares that something must be done to change the ecclesiastical abuses, errors in doctrine, and blunders in policy, which suggest to the masses that Christianity is false.



MISS GLADYS UNGER,

Dramatist, Author of "Edmund Kean"

Miss Gladys Unger, a native of San Francisco, California, is the author of a drama which is one of the successes of London. It is built around scenes in the life of the great tragedian, Edmund Kean, and bears his name. Miss Unger also wrote another play, "Sheridan" which has been called a "stage biography" of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwright. Miss Unger is also a miniature painter, and her work has received honorable mention in the *Salon des Beaux Art*, Paris. She is just twenty-two years old. She wrote three complete dramas and submitted them untiringly to manager after manager only to have them rejected. Many of the letters which accompanied them would have quenched the fires of more ambitious persons, but with true persistency she kept on working, and her fourth play was accepted.

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JOHN MARKLE,

President, G. B. Markle and Company

The firm of G. B. Markle and Company is the largest of the independent companies in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Markle is one of the leaders of the great industry. He represented the independent operators in the negotiations with President Roosevelt and at the inquiry by the President's commission into the recent strike methods. Mr. Markle is considered an adept in dealing with the hundreds of laborers whom he employs, because of his diplomatic and systematic method in settling the many grievances which constantly arise in the anthracite region. He is the projector of the Jeddo tunnel, one of the most important improvements so far introduced in the anthracite regions. This tunnel, which was built under Mr. Markle's direction, is considered the most important advance in mining in a decade of vast improvements.

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DRAWN BY CELESTE S. GRISWOLD



"DIE KAISERINN"

THE RED ROSE

Rose Culture, the Work of Centuries

The Wonderful Blooms of To-day Are Descendants of a Family Whose Pedigree Goes beyond Record

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

THE royal rose has a pedigree to shame any other queen,—it is so long, so full of enchanting turns and twists, and so delightfully cumbered with myth, fable, and history. She is, in a way, a paradox, since, although by appearance and perfume the most tropical of blossoms, she is yet by nativity a flower of north-temperate latitudes. Her *habitat* is bounded north and south, roughly speaking, by the twentieth and the seventieth parallels. She grows wild all over Europe, in Africa as low as Abyssinia, in Asia to and through India, and in North America to the edge of Mexico.

Most wild roses are single, yet Pliny mentions double ones,—among them the Hundred-leaf,—and Herodotus says: "Macedonia has gardens of Midas, with roses of sixty petals breathing out a delightful perfume." Whoever has read Roman history must recall the roses of Pæstum, which bloomed twice a year. Notwithstanding this, Rome's favorite rose was the Hundred-leaf. It followed the eagles and the legions wherever they went, and grows, to-day, over three parts of the Roman world, a vital record of that old-time occupation.

Etymologically, "rose" is from the Celtic *rhodd* or *rhudd*, "red," also the root of "ruddy." The Greek name, *rhodon*, has the same meaning. So have most rose names, in any language. Botanically, the flower gives name to the great natural order *rosaceæ*. Artificially, it is classed under *polygoniæ*,—the many-angled. The wild forms have always fleshy, urn, or pitcher-shaped calyxes, twenty or more stamens, five petals, and five sepals. The sepals show a bit of nature's most cunning work. Two of them are bearded at both edges, two without beards, and the fifth bearded at one edge and straight along the other. Thus they inclose the bud with a bearded overlap along every seam, good to repel moisture and to put to rout every intrusive creeping thing.

Rose culture's beginning goes back beyond records. The flower is mentioned in the earliest Coptic manuscripts. India's traditions take the rose to the times of the gods on earth. Egypt had roses, both wild and tame, before the Roman occupation made it, in a way, Rome's commercial rose garden; yet, curiously enough, there is no reference to the flower in painting, sculpture, or hieroglyphics. Japan, in our own time, parallels Egypt. Roses flourish there, but do not serve as a *motif* for artists. There is this further likeness,—neither Egypt nor Japan has a rose song, or a love song proper,—so it may well be that madam, the rose, is avenged for the slight.

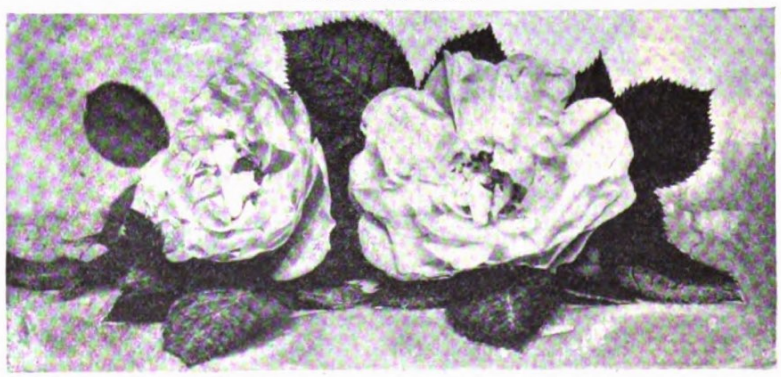
Roses bourgeoned and blew in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Indeed, there they conquered the conquering Persians. Cyrus's army took home with it such a store of rose stocks, slips, and seed, that Persia, which has but a single wild species, remains to this day preëminently the land of the rose.

The Jews, returning from the Babylonish captivity, took with them a recompense of roses. Semiramis, with the world at her feet, found her chief joy in a bower of roses. Mahomet turned back from Damascus, after viewing it encircled with rose gardens. "It is too delightful. A man can have but one paradise," said the prophet. Damascus lies in the heart of Syria, whose name some geographers derive from *seri*, meaning a wild rose, and wild roses are abundant there. The damask roses of our gardens go back to Damascus. They were brought from it at the time of the Crusades,—although exactly when, or by whom, nobody can certainly say.

Persia's one wild rose is yellow, with a red eye, and is singular in that, as an exile, it will neither seed nor root cuttings. It is propagated by layers, and, even when grown thus, is an uncertain quantity. But for new stocks from seed ripened in Persia, it would long ago have died out of occidental gardens. In this it is most unlike the yellow rose of India. Seeds of it brought to Constantinople in the time of Clusius gave plants so hardy that they have living descendants to this day. Between them the two roses are the source of the yellow blood which helps to give the rose her so various charm.

Madam, the rose, whatever her native seat, is always a shrub, either upright, creeping, or climbing, *semper virens*. Italy's Evergreen Rose is a good type of the creepers. It is the grandparent, a good many times removed, of the new Memorial Rose, now so much exploited for cemetery planting. *Multiflora*, the wild rose of Japan, in like manner gives us the Rambler family,—crimson, white, and pink.

"COTTAGE ROSES"



Two other eastern exiles have run wild in the woods of the Southern States. They are Macartney's Rose, an evergreen climber from South China, and *Rosa Lævigate*, otherwise the Cherokee Rose. It has been running wild so long

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that some incline to reckon it as indigenous, but the weight of authority is all the other way. Musk Roses from Syria came early to the United States. So, for that matter, did all other manner of roses. One of New England's worthies records of the country, about 1685: "English roses grow there very pleasantlie." Harking back to the Musk Rose, it was to prove a foundation stock. From seed of it, fertilized with Blush Provence, the first of all the Noisette roses was raised in Charleston, South Carolina, about 1815. A private gentleman, one Mr. Champney, was the raiser. He gave stocks to a French florist, Noisette by name. The florist had a brother in Paris through whom the new rose reached the attention of rose fanciers. What the rose world owes to it is beyond calculation,—less through its own flowers than as a stock to build on.

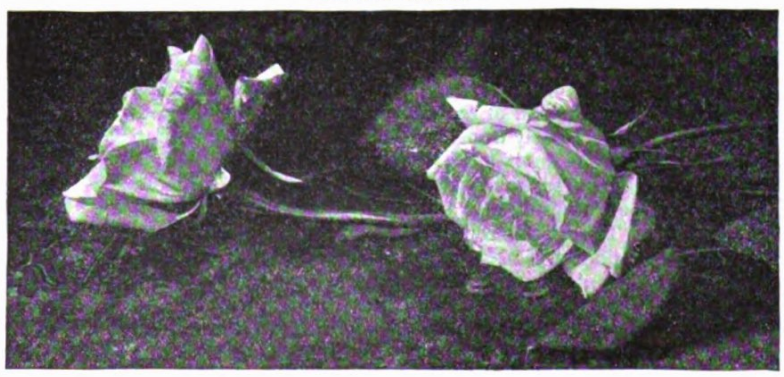
It was not till 1789, when China and Bengal roses were brought to England, that it was possible to count on having roses every month in the year. Tea roses came out of China even later,—the white about 1810, the creamy-yellow and pink ones in 1824. The first Bourbon Rose, an accidentally crossed seedling from the Isle de Bourbon, was a June bloomer, but gave other seedlings that, in capable hands, developed the perpetual habit.

All of the Moss Rose tribe are but sports from the Provence, some vagary of growth, or soil and climate, swelling the fine prickles all over the Provence stems and stalks into tender shielding moss. A sport, it may be explained, is a decided variation in flowers or leaves or color, developed by some rose branch independently of its parent root. Rose gardeners are forever on the watch for sports, and cherish and stimulate the sporting inclination. They have good reason to do it. The famous Bride Rose is a sport from the Catherine Mermet, although its pure whiteness hardly hints at a mother all rosy-bronze. It has lived up to itself, producing a sport hardly less famous than itself,—the pink Bridesmaid Rose.

It is to the Tea Rose and the Provence that the rose gardens owe the best part of their treasures. The Provence and all its tribe have lusty green stems, very upright, and plentifully thorned, wrinkled foliage, flower stalks covered with thorns and bristles, and flowers so inclined to disk shapes that they are seldom beautiful in bud. Their color range is from white to the richest crimson, with no hint of yellow. They grow tall enough to make fair hedges, and bear cutting moderately well. It is their lustihood and riotous habit of bloom, even more than their almost matchless color and fragrance, that make both of them so well beloved of all rose breeders.

The Tea Rose is pretty nearly all that the Provence is not. It may grow as lustily, under proper conditions, but will not mat and tangle. The stems are smooth, of a deep glossy green, and, when sown sparsely, have thorns that are sometimes weak, and sometimes big and cruelly sharp. The leaves also are deep green, of almost waxen surface, and dashed with bronze or crimson on the under sides. Unfolding twigs show the same hues. Invariably the flowers are deeply cupped. Their color range embraces everything in white, pink, yellow, cream, and every imaginable compound. So far, no fine pure crimson Tea Rose has been successfully developed, although almost every season such a flower is promised.

"BLUSH ROSES"



Hybrid-perpetual, the biggest and finest of all rose families, is bred between the Tea Rose and the Provence. The hybrid-perpetuals are upright-growing, and strong-stalked, with dull green wrinkled foliage, plenteous thorns, and high-colored flowers, more than beautiful at half-blow, but at full-blowth inclining rather to the flat Provence shape than to that of the Tea Rose. Tea blood, however, gives fragrance, substance, and fullness, not to mention a habit of reblooming. Hybrid-teas—that is to say, hybrid-perpetuals crossed with pure tea blood,—are less robust, but in many ways finer. *La France* and the *Malmaison* are good types of them. For the hybrid-perpetual the American Beauty will stand a long time, although it is an open question if it, too, has not a further dash of eastern blood. The American Beauty is the great rose of opportunity. It is of French origin, and attracted no great attention as *Madame Ferdinand Jamain.* Washington florists re-christened it, and were themselves astounded at its sudden leap to overwhelming popularity. That was a good many years back, but the "Beauty" is still the choicest and costliest cut rose that comes to market.

Foreign rose breeders complain that their choicest new blossoms rarely get a fair showing this side of the sea. American air, they say, is too untempered and forcing,—the flowers fade and fall before they reach perfection, wherefore it behooves Americans to breed their own roses with the same pains and patience that Frenchmen bestow on the work. The famous Monsieur Laffay had at one time above three hundred thousand seedling roses under observation in his borders and houses. Another Frenchman, Margottin, threw away no seedling under six years of age, so convinced was he that that space of time was required for a new rose fairly to find itself.

So much as to the real beginnings and development of madam, the rose! Classic myths as to her origin are many and various. One has it that Venus, new-born from the sea foam, came to land upon a fair island, where roses sprang up instantly in her every footstep. The island was Rhodes, and got its name from the flowers of Venus,—who, by another showing, made roses spring from the blood of slain Adonis. A prettier tale was that of Flora and her best-beloved nymph. The nymph died, and Flora, in a passion of grief, appealed to the other deities for help. They were kind, and changed the dead nymph to a flower. Apollo gave it life; Bacchus, nectar; Vertumnus, perfume; Pomona, fruit; and Flora herself, her crown of perfect bloom, thus accounting sufficiently for the various perfections of the rose.

The Turkish tale of the rose's origin is as marvelous, but not so poetic. There were no roses, say "true believers," before the time of Mahomet. The prophet, travailing over the sins of the world, sweated mightily. Wherever a sweat-drop fell to earth it turned instantly to a rose. Because of this belief good Mussulmans are

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"THE BRIDE" "THE AMERICAN BEAUTY" "THE CATHERINE MERMET"

careful not to step on a rose leaf, or to let one fall from their hands to the ground. According to the Ghebers, Persia's fire-worshipers, Father Abraham somehow angered the mighty Nimrod, who laid hold on him and flung him into the midst of fierce flames. Abraham, undismayed, called on the living God. The flames did not die down. Instead, under Nimrod's eye, they shaped themselves visibly into glowing red roses. Zoroaster taught that roses had no thorns until Ahriman, the Persian devil, came into the young world. Basil, a church father, agrees with Zoroaster. He set it down categorically: "As men grew wicked, roses became thorny."

The Greeks, of course, have their own stories of the rose's thorning. One relates that Cupid, enamored of a red rose, bent to kiss it, and was cruelly stung by angry bees. When he cried aloud Venus came to his rescue, strung his bow with the wings of the wicked bees, and planted their stings all up and down the rose's stalk by way of punishment for its complicity. Venus and Cupid were indeed forever meddling with the rose. Cupid, in caprice, dipped one rose in the rainbow, and another in wine. The rainbow hues faded, but the wine stain held,—and thus there came into being the race of red roses. A prettier story is that of Cupid leading the heavenly dance, stumbling, and spilling a flagon of nectar over a bed of full-blown white roses, which turned pink or scarlet or crimson according to how deeply they were drenched with the celestial liquor.

Silent sermons lurk in the old mystic rose symbolisms. As an emblem of youth, it was consecrated to Aurora, the "rosy-fingered morn," who filled the earth with rose breath. When considered emblematic of love and beauty, it was sacred to Venus, the abstract soul of beauty, sensuously vitalized. Thus it came about that Venus shared the rose with her son Cupid, who made it symbolic of love's dangers and transitoriness, and ended by bribing with it Harpocrates, the god of silence. Hence arose the classic custom of hanging roses above the doors of banquet halls,—hence, too, the well-worn and most serviceable phrase, "under the rose."

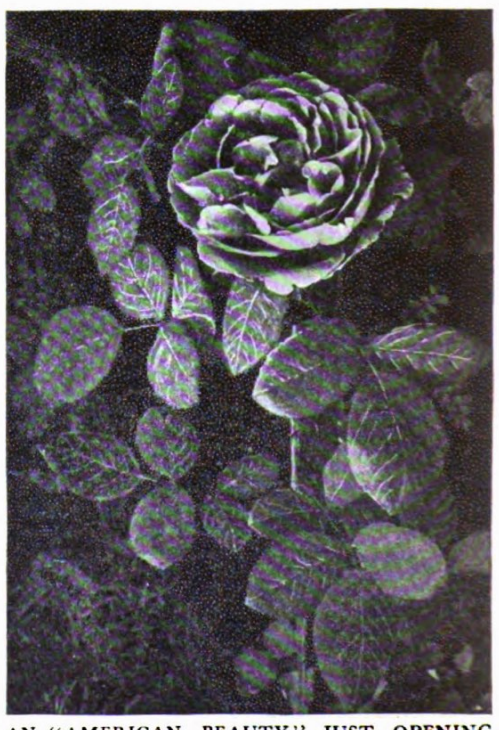
St. Elizabeth's roses are the finest of all miracle flowers. She was queen of Hungary, and as pious and tender-hearted as the king, her lord, was cruel and hard. He held his people as less than the dust under his charger's feet, and grew deadly angry when he found his queen full of compassion for them and going among them relieving suffering in every shape. After a little his anger became so acute that he forbade her doing any further works of mercy or charity, swearing that, if she should disobey him, she would pay for it by losing her head. He meant all he said. Notwithstanding, the queen's mercy overbore prudence to such a degree that she still went stealthily among her poor. While walking one day, with all manner of succors concealed under her long cloak, she met the king face to face. He roared at her, asking what she did there, and what was she hiding under her cloak. Trembling, yet strangely upheld, she clasped her hands over her heart and answered, meekly: "Only roses, sire." At once he sprang down, wrenched open the cloak, and then fell back amazed. It was the dead depth of a bitter winter, but there, in the queen's arms, lay a great sheaf of red and white roses,—her succors miraculously transformed. History is silent as to whether or not the king was converted. It is a safe guess, however, that thenceforth St. Elizabeth went unhindered.

There are people to whom the wholesomest rose is poison. Anne of Austria, for instance, fell into convulsions if but a single rose was brought within her palace, and, though truly royal in courage and spirit, could not bear the sight of even a painted rose. There, too, was the Duke de Guise, the bravo of an age wholly reckless, whom the sight or smell of roses put to flight in abject fear. Besides these extreme cases, many folks have a constitutional antipathy to the flower. Some have died from sleeping in rooms heavily rose-scented, and others get a most distressing hay fever if they inhale but one breath of rose perfume.

All the world recalls the War of the Roses, and the sorrowful white rose of the fading Stuarts. But perhaps all the world has not heard this bit of tradition regarding a rose of our grandmothers' gardens. A big rose was something blowsy at full blow, but rich-colored and with a vital golden heart. The color varied,—now it was pure scarlet, now white, with scarlet streaks, and now, best of all, evenly striped red and white. The root was creeping, the stalks never grew tall, but the wealth of bloom was something to rejoice in. That rose was the "York-and-Lancaster,"—England's "blended roses, bought so dear,"—and is said to have come up spontaneously all over the battlefields where the red rose had striven with the white, when Henry Tudor, by marrying Elizabeth of York, ended the war and brought peace to England.



WILD ROSES ENTWINING A TREE STUMP



AN "AMERICAN BEAUTY" JUST OPENING

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Drawn by Arthur E. Jameson



"PRINTER LEFT OUT A LINE,—'SUBJECT TO THE APPROVAL OF THE MAYOR OF RIVER CLIFF'"

BETWEEN THREE MEN

The Story of Ruggles's Connection with a Water Commission in Missouri

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[*Author of "Six Pounds Short," "Why the White Sulphur Mail Was Late," etc.*]

"AH! Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Ruggles, sir?"

"Ugh!"

"My name, sir, is Good,—Nathaniel Orlando Good, sir, the president, secretary, and general manager of the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club. This morning, however, sir, I have the honor to represent a committee composed of Mr. Wood, our largest boot and shoe manufacturer, Mr. Henry, president of the First National Bank, and Mr. Rankin, our largest real estate man here in River Cliff,—three of Missouri's leading and most prominent citizens, sir,—and myself, sir. We, as a committee of the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club, have sent me to consult with you, Mr. Ruggles, and, if mutually satisfactory, to retain you in the fight River Cliff is making through its best citizens against the machine, as it is called. I may explain, you being a stranger here, sir, the fight we are making for good water in River Cliff. Ah! Pardon me, Mr. Ruggles, are you fitted,—that is,—I mean, sir,—are you eligible to practice law in this state?"

"Ugh! Yes. Why?"

"Well, you see, sir, we, the good citizens, I mean, sir, are in something of a hole—in fact, Mr. Ruggles, a very bad hole,—not only for us,—er,—but also for the good citizens of River Cliff. Mr. Rankin, the real estate man, I may say, sir, was interested, heavily interested, in the Moley Hoses mining case in Colorado,—that smile was well hidden, Mr. Ruggles, but your legal acumen cost Mr. Rankin as a stockholder over five thousand, five hundred dollars in that case which you won against them,—I mean against the mining company,—your first case, I believe, Mr. Ruggles: it has become quite celebrated: allow me to compliment you, sir, especially for so young a man, not half my years,—you have a great future before you, sir. But, as I was saying, Mr. Rankin suggested that, if there was a man on earth to win our case for us, I should say for the good citizens of River Cliff, it is you, Mr. Ruggles. Hearing you were here in River Cliff for a short stay, a vacation, I believe,—"

"Ugh!"

"Ah, yes, vacation, to be sure, sir. We had some doubts if you had fulfilled the legal requirements to practice in the Missouri courts—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Good, for interrupting you, but I am eligible to practice before any court in America, not excepting the supreme court of the United States. For reasons I care not to explain I will tell you that at present I can practice in any Missouri court, state or federal, to speak loosely."

"Ah! Delighted, I am sure, sir! Good news, indeed! Our case is this, to relate a little ancient history to you, sir: last fall the state machine,—a collection of rogues, scoundrels, and civic traitors, sir, the foe to all good government and honest citizens,—by most disgraceful methods, wrenched, stole, sir, stole—the control of the state government from us,—I mean from the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club. It makes my blood boil, Mr. Ruggles, indeed it does, sir. Their governor—Mike Connors's governor, I should say, Governor Flint, his name is,—is hand in hand with them, the thieves, a mere tool of this man Connors, our state boss. Lieutenant Governor Green is an honest man, a most respectable citizen, sir, having the same ideas as myself, Mr. Ruggles, and this Mike Connors put him on the corrupt machine ticket to win honest votes and weaken our ticket by the very means by which he strengthened his own. A most hypocritical trick, sir! Don't you think so, Mr. Ruggles?"

"Ugh!"

"I knew you would agree with me, Mr. Ruggles. Now Connors knew that Mr. Green, as lieutenant governor, could do his thieving operations no harm, as he has no power unless Governor Flint dies, is out of the state, or otherwise incapable of acting. But he is with us secretly in our Good Government Club movement of all honest citizens, irrespective of party politics, to gain good water for River Cliff. The legislature has authorized a one-million-dollar bond issue for water for River Cliff, in return for which River Cliff waives all her claims against the state of Missouri, amounting, with interest, to over two million dollars,—the celebrated case growing out of the Civil War claims, sir,—perhaps you've heard of it? It is quite celebrated, Mr. Ruggles,—been in the courts for years."

"I have."

"Well, Mr. Ruggles, the war bred some queer legal tangles, as no doubt you are aware, you being too young to remember them; it was before your time, my bo'—Mr. Ruggles. Ahem! By the way, er,—er,—what did I do with my glasses? Ah! yes. Well, the old claim had nothing to do with our case. It is only to explain how the state of Missouri and the legislature and the governor come to be issuing bonds and appointing a water commission to give River Cliff a pure water supply in place of the usual procedure of the city building its own,—er,—er,—or, I should say, of letting a local corporation handle it, of which Mr. Henry was to be president and his bank the depository. But, as the matter stands now, it was a piece of Boss Mike Connors's work to make it a state matter in local affairs that his tool, Governor Flint, should appoint the River Cliff Water Commission, having full power to act. A piece of graft, sir, it is vulgarly called, sir, for I detest new words, especially slang,—"

"'Graft' is in Shakespeare, Henry V., third act, I believe."

"Indeed, Mr. Ruggles, I was not aware,—er,—

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er,—that is,—of course I know my Shakespeare by heart. My greatest literary delight, I assure you, sir, and as president, third term, of the River Cliff Poets and Authors' Society, I should have remembered,—and, now that you speak of it, I believe, yes, I do distinctly recall it. I shall call it to the attention of the Poets and Authors'—"

"I thought poets were authors; but perhaps you, as president,—"

"Quite right, Mr. Ruggles, quite right, sir! The distinction is just this—"

"But the water case, Mr. Good. I've no time to talk poetry and literature in business hours."

"To be sure, sir. Above all, Mr. Ruggles, the Good Government Club is nothing if not practical. So we will continue. Now, to begin from the beginning,—"

"What's the use? You're down to this boss, Mike Connors, getting his commission appointed by his own governor."

"Not quite, Mr. Ruggles; that is just the point. We, as representative of all good citizens, I having the honor to represent the committee, who are all members of our society, both for good government and literary culture, sir, got out an injunction and have fought the case in the courts. The commission is not yet appointed. That is just the point. We gentlemen—Mr. Wood, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Henry, and myself, sir,—wish to be that commission. This will insure honest government, sir. We shall construct a main from Mountain Lake to River Cliff, which insures pure mountain water. It will cost, however, sir, the full one million to do so, counting the improving of Mountain Lake. That beautiful sheet of spring-fed water is owned by private parties,—the Mountain Lake, Land, and Lumber Company, sir,—and it will cost three hundred thousand dollars more to purchase it and its watershed for the purpose, so as to insure against future defilement. That is three hundred thousand dollars above the state bond issue, but the Good Government Club can warrant another bond issue by the city of River Cliff of three hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of buying Mountain Lake in addition to the state's million."

"Three hundred thousand? Ugh! Rather a high price. Seems to me one third would be fair. I've just spent a week up there, fishing."

"Quite right, Mr. Ruggles; quite right, I assure you, sir! But you see that the fight we have made,—are making, I should say, and will make till our last dollar is gone for pure city politics, pure water, clean government, and the public good, sir, to our last breath and our last dollar, I repeat, Mr. Ruggles,—this splendid fight we are making and will continue to make for River Cliff, irrespective of party politics, thoroughly non-partisan and free from all personal and religious considerations, this glorious battle against Mike Connors and his pack of thieves has raised the price of land up there—"

"Ugh?"

"For it is the only available pure water supply for River Cliff. Connors's gang wants to make a contract with a private company to continue to bring in Mississippi River water through their so-called filter plant, which they expect to build at an actual cost of four hundred thousand dollars, but to be so manipulated, sir, as to cost the state the whole million, thus putting fully six hundred thousand dollars in the gang's pocket, a most thievish piece of business, an ulcer on our institutions, sir, a—"

"Ugh! Then, in a nutshell, Mr. Good, this is your case: the state of Missouri has a million to spend for River Cliff water. Governor Flint is owned by Mike Connors, who is trying to appoint a commission to put in a filter plant for the Mississippi water River Cliff now has, which, at present, is unfit to use, this filter plant actually to cost four hundred thousand dollars, by means of subletting the contract to a private company also in the hands of Connors for a million, the balance being a clean steal,—graft for Connors and his crowd, for which River Cliff must drink dirty river water. You eminent citizens wish to be appointed so as to get pure spring water from Mountain Lake, which plant will actually cost not only the million, honestly spent, but a third more for the lake, to be paid for by River Cliff, and no graft. Am I right?"

"Quite right, I assure you, sir, Mr. Ruggles, quite right! Your comprehension of the case is wonderful, sir,—except this,—we have so far prevented the governor from appointing the Connors commission, but we are at the end of our rope,—pardon the expression, Mr. Ruggles,—that is, in—er,—in,—er,—that is, to-day is the third of the month, on the twentieth the injunction expires, and the governor will appoint the Connors crowd. As a last resort we have come to you, Mr. Ruggles."

"Ugh! Thanks! I'll take it. How much money have you?"

"Now that's another point, Mr. Ruggles, quite a delicate point, too. The Good Government Club, like all such praiseworthy institutions, the bulwarks of our liberty, sir, is not of itself well supplied with funds; although I can assure you, Mr. Ruggles, in case of necessity, I am quite sure there would be an abundance of financial help offered by some public-spirited citizen, but at present our treasury is low. So we four—ah! I—er,—er,—I mean Mr. Wood, Rankin, and Henry, have, sir, in consideration of the vital civic issues at stake, and as a matter of public duty and private magnanimity, these three gentlemen, who are wealthier than I, being worth several millions between them, have provided one thousand dollars as a war chest, so to speak,—"

"And Mike Connors has a million. No. Ten thousand cash down, at the very least."

There was silence in the room for a moment. Mr. Good, for the first time, had not a word to venture, and his smirk grew less and less sleek and became somewhat painful as he drummed on his silk hat and cast helpless glances at Ruggles. But the young lawyer was busy sharpening his lead pencil,—very busy, indeed, but very deliberate about it, as he peeled off each shaving with great care.

"Ah! Er,—I'll telephone and see, sir," said Mr. Good, at length, and, as he stood at the telephone, he remarked, "I believe we'll have some rain soon. Hot day! So sultry!"

To this Ruggles replied, after a casual glance out of the window and a keen eye-flash at the 'phone:—

"Ugh! There'll be a come-down pretty soon, or River Cliff will have a long dry spell."

Things seemed to be rather lively at the other end of the wire, and Good copied something down carefully, then, turning to Ruggles, said:—

"President Henry, of the First National, our treasurer, sir, sends you this message: 'We will guarantee Mr. Ruggles ten thousand dollars for expenses, and a fee of five thousand dollars. If he prevents Governor Flint from carrying out Mike Connors's filter plant scheme and secures Mountain Lake water for River Cliff, his fee will be fifty thousand dollars.'"

"Ugh! One's too small,—the other too large: but they average pretty well. I'll take the case on those terms, on one condition."

"What, may I ask, sir?"

"That I have entire charge of the case, with full power to act as I see fit,—power of attorney, irrevocable for one year."

At this there was some demur from Mr. Good. He suggested a consulting board, then an advisory committee, to be appointed by the Good Government Club, but Ruggles hung to his terms and whittled at his pencil, till the president, secretary, and general manager of River Cliff's civic sheet-anchor, with some hesitation, sought the 'phone again, where Ruggles heard him whisper:—

"It's our only chance, and, if we don't like him, we can call him off whenever the ten thousand dollars is gone." Then, aloud, he said: "Your terms, Mr. Ruggles, are, sir, accepted, sir."

"All right. I'll draw up the papers now, and you can take them with you to be signed."

This he did.

II.

"HELLO, Ruggy!"

"How are you, Mike?"

"What's up?"

"This water game of yours."

"You don't say? Seems, Ruggy, you and me and water just can't keep separated, don't it? Both raised on the 'Frisco docks, and under 'em, too, and here we are still paddling around in the water,—but how come you in it? I'm not—"

"Get out!"

"We-e-l-l, Rug, I know it's no use putting up a bluff to you. I've got this angel outfit dead to rights, I'll admit to you as an old pal,—so we line up on t'other sides, eh? But, Rug, I've got you—or, rather, that silk-sock crowd you stand for,—cinched tight. You can't wiggle,—but I need n't tell you that. You've got brains enough to see it, even if your pretty crowd do n't,—and can't. 'The law, it readeth thus,' you know, Ruggy. And your side has played its last ace; on the twentieth the injunction dissolves itself,—dies of old age. Time's up, and Flint appoints my men. Here, let me read it to you:—

"And so forth, and so forth, and so forth, section eight, article three: 'And the governor shall appoint a commission of four men, who shall have full power to construct, enter into contracts,' and so forth, 'for the supplying of the city of River Cliff with water,'—and so forth, and so forth.

"That settles it, Rug; has been tested in every court, and it stands. On the night of the twentieth, Flint goes down to St. Louis in Hamilton's private car to appoint my commission. We win; you lose. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks! I've read the law,—in the original bill, by the way, Mike,—something everyone else seems to have overlooked. Printer left out a line,—'Subject to the approval of the mayor of River Cliff.' Got a match?"

"WHAT?"

"Ugh!"

"*You're bluffing.*"

"No. Look it up yourself. It will take you only half an hour. Original bill's on record. Saw it yesterday. Good cigar, this,—the governor and you can't get your commission in working order without River Cliff's mayor's 'O.K.,' and you know as well as I do that you can't get that. He's the mainspring of the parties who have retained me. You can't change the law in the legislature at this late date. Your grip has weakened there, at least for a time, as no one knows better than you, and, all told, to get that troublesome little line out of it and fight it all over again in the courts will take another four years. You know that, Mike. Before then you will be in Mexico or in jail. Machines can't last forever, and this

DRAWN BY ARTHUR E. JAMESON



"'AND WITH THIS I CAN—I CAN,—I CA-A-N,—'"

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is probably your last big job. No use to swear. Take it like a philosopher. You're not the first man to be justified in knifing the much-abused proof reader. He's human,—was one myself, for a while. But go look at the bill yourself. Hold on,—I suppose it's a waste of breath to suggest that you mention it to no one just now. I haven't. *Adios!* I'll wait here till you come back. Wait,—hey, Mike!—better take your hat with you."

III.

"YOU'RE right, Ruggy. What a fool! What a perfect—Ruggles, will you talk business?"

"What I'm here for."

"What's your rake-off if this goes to smash, I mean for me? Curse it, you know what I mean,—how much is it in there for you?"

"Ugh! How much for you?"

"You know that, Rug. Here's what I'll do. As this stands,—you alone excepted,—it is worth half a million to us,—the boys, I mean,—of course the pie has to be chopped up, as you know. I'll admit I'm cook. I do the chopping, and do it to suit myself. It all goes as I say. What's the other side offered you?"

"Ugh?"

"You're a wise guy, Rug, that's why you are what you are to-day. You've done better than I have. You've played the straight game. I've grafted. But you're broke, to-day, dead broke, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Dead broke, to-day. I'll let you in for a clean fifty thousand, if you'll just hands off till the twentieth. With the commission appointed,—and, seeing no one ain't seen what you and I have, I guess no one will till too late, perhaps never,—um-m-m—"

"Won't do you any good to steal the bill, Mike. I've got a certified copy of it—witnessed,—"

"You have, have you? I'd like to—"

"Wouldn't do any good, Mike. I've fixed that. Have me stabbed to-night, if you want to. It won't help matters. I thought of that."

"Ruggles, you are the coolest, keenest, straight—er,—sharpest redheaded, crooked-haired rooster between the Big Western wash and the Muddy. The boys need you; here's your chance to get in to the push. I'll make it a clean hundred thousand. I know you're square and you'll be honest with us. Here's the money. I pulled it out of the safety deposit box on my way back. Unwrap it after I am gone. You'll find it all there. Take it and do nothing. No one can blame you, no one but you and I'll know about it, and I've got to keep mum and you've all kinds of excuse for doing nothing, for the best lawyers twice over your age, reputation, and experience worked the case and themselves out before they gave it to you. There it is. I'll leave it there on the table. I know you're square. If you won't, then give it back. If you will, keep it and say and do nothing. *Adios!*"

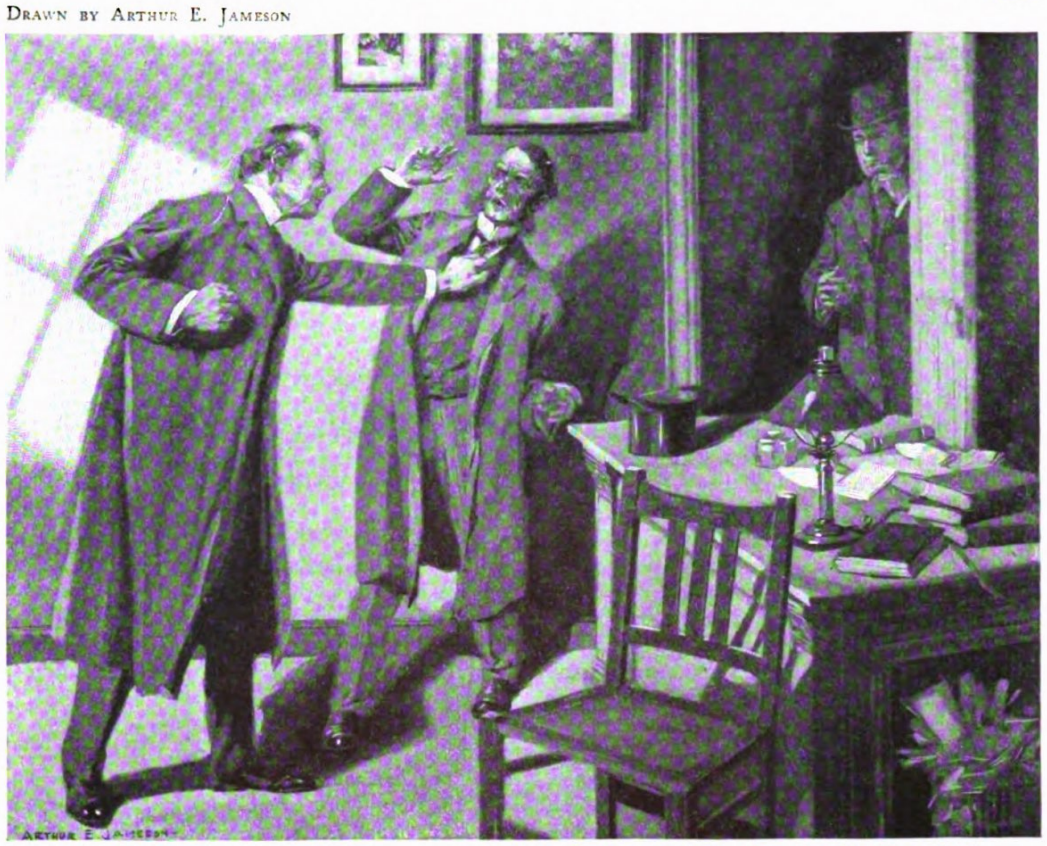
IV.

ALONE, Ruggles finished Mike Connors's cigar. He thought of a thousand things as he gazed absently at the money on the table. Then he arose and locked his office door. The hot afternoon drew to a close, twilight came and deepened into night, then over the black tumbled hills burst a flood of moonlight that made radiant the grim man battling with himself, and cast a halo over the malignant money.

In the moonlight Ruggles raised his head, looked round in the corner shadows for a paper within reach, saw none, pulled a letter from his pocket, and began to figure on the back of it.

"Every cent I have in the world—over thirty-eight thousand dollars of my own and twenty-one thousand dollars of my friends',—is in that hole,—it is worthless now and always will be, at least to me, for my bond and lease is up in another year. If I can drive it farther,—ten dollars a foot, and, say, fifteen thousand dollars for a plant and twenty thousand dollars for a mill, it's worth a million, easy. Mining takes money, and the vein is farther off than I calculated. A cross cut is a dangerous proposition. Connors is right: though I can keep him from getting his men in, he can keep mine out by having the governor neglect to appoint any commission for the mayor to approve. My contract with that Good Government outfit is up in a year. At best I'll get only five thousand dollars,—and no thanks. What good will it do to

DRAWN BY ARTHUR E. JAMESON



"'I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, . . . I AM A MAN OPPOSED TO VIOLENCE, SIR'"

simply muddle the whole game?—that won't give River Cliff better water. Better Mississippi River water through a Mike Connors filter plant than pure mud straight. The Mountain Lake proposition is dead, in either case. And with this I can—I can,—I ca-a-n,—"

While thinking, Ruggles had mechanically unfolded the letter and in the moonlight began to read:—

". . . . I am hungry for your arms. In them is my home. There I have peace and rest and am content. I trust them, for they are honest. Come back to me,—come as you left. I can see you now wrapped in yourself,—you were so far away from me that I called you back with a touch,—leaning on your arm and gazing down at that fairy 'Midsummer Night's Dream' with Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song' singing sweet as an angel's lullaby,—"

Was there?—was there floating, eerielike, on the silvery air, from far-off violins, that magic song without words? With that perfume-melody trembling over his heartstrings, Ruggles turned the letter over and gazed at the figures on the back. Time and again he read one side till tears came in his eyes,—because of the uncertain light,—then ran over the figures on the back.

Suddenly he stopped, dashed the drops from his eyes, looked at the hills, laughed grimly, struck a match, and held it to the letter. It flared up and lit the room with a garish, fitful light that flickered out as the amused man tossed the blackened paper from hand to hand, then crushed it to a powder in his fist and flung it through the window. The soft night air caught it and wafted the crushed, blackened ashes out over the sleeping, trusting people of River Cliff. Turning from the radiant, open window, Ruggles took two automatic pistols from his desk and slipped them into his hip pockets, buttoned the hundred thousand dollars within his vest, and went out under the starlit heavens. Even after his footsteps had died away, there came floating back on the night wind the sound of a peculiar laugh.

V.

"AH! Good morning, sir! Is—ah,—is Mr. Ruggles in?"

"Don't know. Don't look like it. I'm waiting to see him, myself."

"Ah! May I ask, sir, er,—that is,—if you are his assistant?—er,—"

"Assistant! Well, I guess not much. Just called in a friendly way, you know, about this water case. My name's Connors,—Mike Con—"

"Connors! Mike Connors! What—wh—what! What are you doing here? I'm the president, secretary, and general manager of the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club, I'll have you know, sir, and I'll not have a scoundrel like you in my lawyer's office—"

"Scou–n–drel?"

"I—er,—er,—I beg your pardon, sir, I assure you I do, sir; I am a man opposed to violence, sir. I—I,—er,—"

"Oh, rats! You're harmless, and all the rest of you."

"Quite right, sir; quite right, I assure you, sir."

"Aw, cheese it! You fellows in silk socks are down and out. Yesterday was the twentieth, and the injunction is off, and his excellency, Governor Flint, goes down to St. Louis last night and to-day appoints Tim O'Leary, Sam Johnson, Harry Carter, and John Hodge on the commission, and you people of River Cliff will soon have water fit to drink."

"Ah,—for horses, you mean. Ah, here is Mr. Ruggles. Good morning, Mr. Ruggles."

"Morning. How are you, Mike?"

"Bully. How's yourself?"

"Finer yet."

"Mr. Ruggles, I've been requested by the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club as its president, secretary, and general manager, and as the special representative of the special committee of Messrs. Wood, Henry, and Rankin, to inquire what progress you have made concerning the—the,—Mr. Connors will excuse us, will he not, Mr. Ruggles, so that I may consult you in private concerning most weighty matters?"

"Not necessary. Keep your seats, both of you, please. Neither has anything to conceal. Out with it, Mr. Good."

"Well, sir, to speak frankly, sir, I am instructed by President Henry, Mr. Rankin, and Mr. Wood, whom I have the honor to represent, to say, sir, that you have neglected our case, sir, most shamefully, sir. You, Mr. Ruggles, have done nothing, sir,—and in that mirror I can see our opponent winking at you behind my back, Mr. Ruggles. You've drawn out over eight thousand of the ten-thousand-dollar expense fund, each check payable to 'cash,' so President Henry informs me, sir, and have rendered no account to what it has been put, sir. Instead of acting with the intelligence, persistence, and vigor—persistence, vigor, and intelligence, I may add, Mr. Ruggles,—that I would have shown in your place, you, sir, have done nothing, sir, except to spend the past two weeks fishing on Mountain Lake, Mr. Ruggles. Mr Connors looks very much amused, you notice, Mr. Ruggles; and I have also noticed it, and I shall report it to my superiors,—to my associates, sir. Indeed I will, sir, I assure you, sir!"

"Cool off, old boy. Mr. Ruggles has done all any man could under the deal he had laid out to him. You people can't wiggle and are dead beat. Were from the very first. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ah, sir! And I see that it is now Mr. Ruggles's turn to laugh. You two gentlemen—I mean, I mean you two—er,—er,—ah, Mr. Connors, I mean you two gentlemen,—seem most highly amused over something,—something, sir. I wish you both good morning—"

[*Concluded on pages 477 and 478*]

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Entangling Alliances

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

RECENTLY a young woman in New York became fascinated by a young man whom she met accidentally, and, after only a few days' acquaintance, was married to him. She did not look up his history, and did not know anything about his past. While on their wedding trip the bridegroom was arrested for theft, and it was found that he had been in jail several times before. The bride was heartbroken, but she could not retrieve the false step that linked her fate with that of a convicted thief. By not taking a little precaution this innocent girl has practically ruined her life.

It is the easiest thing in the world to slide into the meshes of entanglements which will cripple our advance or mar our reputations. How many careless young girls are led unconsciously into alliances with young men of whom they know practically nothing and wake up to find themselves entangled for life!

How many men in our large cities, rich, and, apparently, possessing everything to make them happy, are being blackmailed to-day, their lives made a hell on earth by the partners of their entangling alliances! How many homes are wrecked every year, and how many innocent and unsuspecting children made to blush with shame at the horrible disclosures which reveal to them a father, whom they loved and honored and looked up to, as a whited sepulcher! Think of the disgrace, the social ostracism and untold suffering of the innocent wives and children, the characters blasted by the almost criminal entanglements of prominent men, some of them millionaires, which have been unearthed recently!

How many rich men would exchange the wealth which it has taken them a lifetime to amass, if they could erase the stain of dishonor they have brought on the family name, or retrieve the false step, the slip which put them into the power of those who have robbed them of peace, happiness, and all they hold dearest on earth!

I know a young man who is trying to get the confidence of the public for a high position who would give a fortune if he could wipe out a few of the unfortunate alliances and entanglements in which he was immeshed in his youth; but he can not wipe them out. They stand out glaringly and threateningly, staring him in the face whichever way he turns. Every time he takes up a paper he knows he is liable to run across some of these terrible ghosts which haunt his career.

Unfortunately there are always editors and competitors who are only too glad of an opportunity to throw mud at one who is trying to climb up, or to pull him back, and a man who has a clean past, who has no stain on his record, and who can look the world in the eye without wincing and dare anyone to put his finger upon a dishonest or discreditable act, has a wonderful advantage.

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"Beware of entangling alliances!" said George Washington to the young nation. There are thousands of victims of entanglements of all kinds in this country to-day who, if they could only gain the ears of the young just starting out in life, would repeat to them Washington's words of warning.

Is there a sadder picture than that of a promising young man of great ability, conscious of power which he has no opportunity to use to advantage, and mocked by an ambition which he can not satisfy, because he is hopelessly in debt or so bound by other self-forged chains that he can not extricate himself? Instead of being a king and dominating his environment, he is a slave to his entanglement, or is dogged for years by creditors.

Keep yourself free. Keep clear from complications of all kinds that may possibly compromise your manhood, your womanhood. An entanglement, whatever its nature, is imprisonment, no less terrible because it is voluntary. If your brain is intact, your mind unburdened, your hands and all your faculties free, you can do great things even with small money capital, or, perhaps, even without any. But when you are ground under the heel of debt and are not at liberty to act of your own accord, but are pushed hither and thither by those to whom you are under obligations or with whom you have formed entangling alliances, you can not accomplish much. You are a bondman, not a free man.

There are hundreds of men to-day, in middle life or older, working in ordinary positions who are as able as or abler than the men who employ them, but who were so anxious to "get rich quick" that they fell an easy prey to smooth, long-headed promoters. They got so entangled in wildcat schemes and plausible speculations that they have never been able to free themselves. Good, honest men and women in this country are struggling with superhuman efforts under loads which almost crush them and are barely getting a living, who could do wonders if they were only free. But every avenue of opportunity seems closed to them because they are not in a position to seize whatever chance may offer,—are not free to work it out. Everything they do is done at great disadvantage. They have to employ personal work and sheer force to accomplish what a little planning would do if they had not lost their money in some foolish investment, or were not so tied up by mortgages and debts that they are practically business prisoners. They can not go where they would, but where they must. They are pushed instead of pushing; forced instead of forcing. They do not choose; iron circumstances compel them.

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I know one of these victims who earns five hundred dollars a month, but for years half of his salary has gone for what business men call "paying for a dead horse." When quite a young man, he made a foolish investment, in which he not only lost every dollar he had laid up, but also gave notes for a large amount, which fall due every three months. He can not get free from these notes without going into bankruptcy, which he is too honorable to do, and so his whole life has been handicapped. He is now fifty years old, with several sons and daughters, whom he has not been able to educate as he was ambitious to do. The comfort and happiness of his family, as well as his own peace of mind, have been ruined by this ghost-debt which will not down. He has lived all these years in constant fear that he might be sick, or that something might happen to him, and that his wife and children might suffer in consequence.

The result of all this is not only a disappointed ambition, but the man has also lost his hopeful disposition, his buoyancy, and natural optimism, and has become sour and pessimistic. His monotonous life of compulsory service, of slavery to a foolish transaction, entered into without investigation 'way back in his young manhood, has crushed all the spirit out of him. He has practically given up the thought of ever doing anything more than make a bare living for himself and his family. Existence has become a mere joyless drudgery, because in a weak moment he mortgaged his whole future.

What freedom or power has a man for a creative, productive career under such conditions as these? Shut up in the prison of debt, bound hand and foot by entanglements from which, perhaps, he can never get release, how can he work out his life-plan? How can he realize his aspirations?

Struggling just for something to eat and something to wear, while forced to give up most of one's earnings for past errors, is not life. It is not freedom. It is slavery. It is slow strangulation.

The mania for getting rich—the mad, false idea that we must have money,—has played worse havoc among ambitious people than war or pestilence. A member of the Chicago Board of Trade says that the men and women of this country contribute a hundred million dollars a year to the sharpers who promise to make them rich quick. They work the same old scheme of a confidential letter and shrewd baiting, until the victim parts with his money. Thousands are plodding along in poverty and deprivation, chagrined and humiliated because they have not been able to get up in the world or to realize their ambitions, for the reason that they succumbed to the scheme of some smooth promoter, who hypnotized them into the belief that they could make a great deal very quickly out of a very little.

The great fever of trying to make one dollar earn five dollars is growing more and more contagious. We see even women secretly going into brokers' offices and "bucket shops," investing everything they have in all sorts of schemes, drawing their deposits out of the banks, sometimes pawning their jewelry,—even their engagement rings,—and borrowing, hoping to make a lot of money before their husbands or families find it out and then to surprise them with the results; but, in most cases, what they invest is hopelessly lost.

Thousands of young Americans are so tied up by financial or other entanglements, even before they get fairly started in their life-work, that they can only transmute a tithe of their real ability or their splendid energies into that which will count in their lives. A large part of it is lost on the way up, as the energy of the coal is nearly all lost before it reaches the electric bulb.

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Don't tie yourself or your money up. Don't risk all your savings in any scheme, no matter how much it may promise. Don't invest your hard-earned money in anything without first making a thorough and searching investigation. Do not be misled by those who tell you that it is "now or never," and that, if you wait, you are liable to lose the best thing that ever came to you. Make up your mind that if you lose your money you will not lose your head, and that you will not invest in anything until you thoroughly understand all about it. There are plenty of good things waiting. If you miss one, there are hundreds of others. People will tell you that the opportunity will go by and you will lose a great chance to make money if you do not act promptly. But take your time, and investigate. Make it a cast-iron rule never to invest in any enterprise until you have gone to the very bottom of it, and, if it is not so sound that level-headed men will put money in it, do not touch it. The habit of investigating before you embark in any business will be a happiness-protector, a fortune-protector, and an ambition-protector as well.

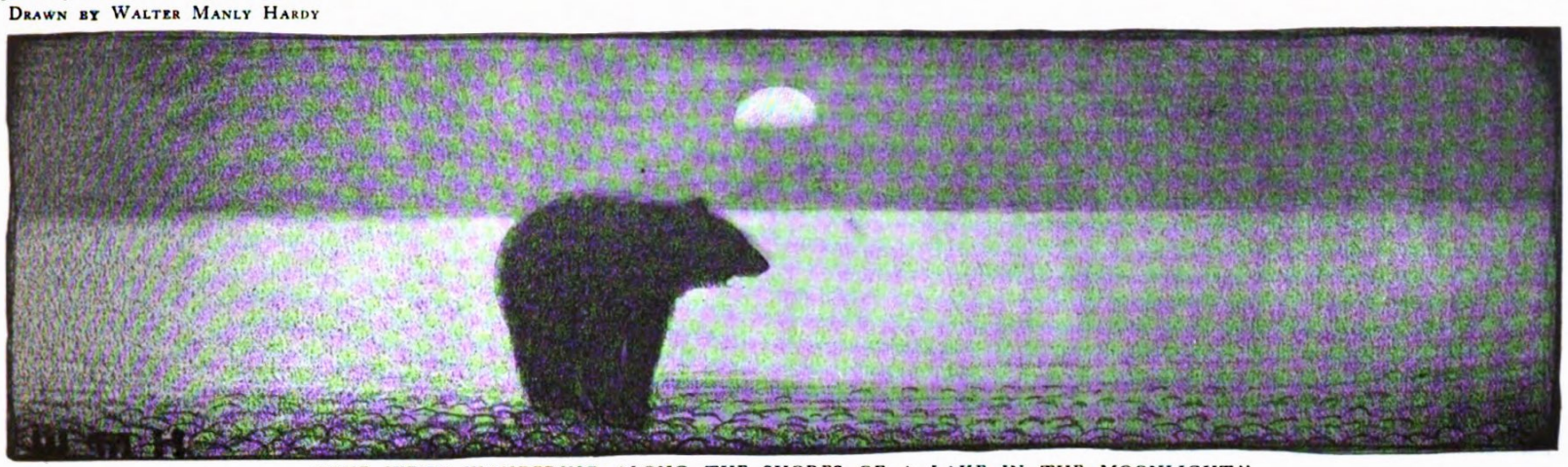
Young people often get involved with questionable characters, and, before they are aware of it, their reputations become smirched. They do not choose their friends with discretion, or they compromise themselves socially, politically, or in a business way, innocently, perhaps, but with the same result. Before they realize how it has happened, either their characters have received a stain which will not wash out, or they find themselves in an unfortunate, embarrassing position.

Look out for your record, young man and young woman. Keep it clean and yourself unentangled. As you value freedom, the boon of a clean reputation, and an unobstructed passage in your upward climb, do not tie yourself up,—financially, socially, morally, or in any other way. Keep yourself clear of crippling obligations of all kinds, so that you can act with freedom and with untrammeled faculties. Keep your manhood, your womanhood, and independence so that you can always look the world squarely in the face. Do not put yourself in a position where you must apologize or cringe or bow your head or crawl before anybody.

A little ability with freedom and a persistent determination is better than genius so tied up that it can not act. A productive, effective mind must be untrammeled. What is the use of having a giant's intellect if you bind your faculties in such a way that you must do a pygmy's work, the work of mediocrity? Keep your freedom at all costs.

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Drawn by Walter Manly Hardy



"SHE WENT WANDERING ALONG THE SHORES OF A LAKE IN THE MOONLIGHT"

A MOTHER IN MICHIGAN

The Story of an Old Bear's Many Struggles for Her Children on the Borders of the Tequamenon

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT
[*Author of "Forest Neighbors," etc.*]

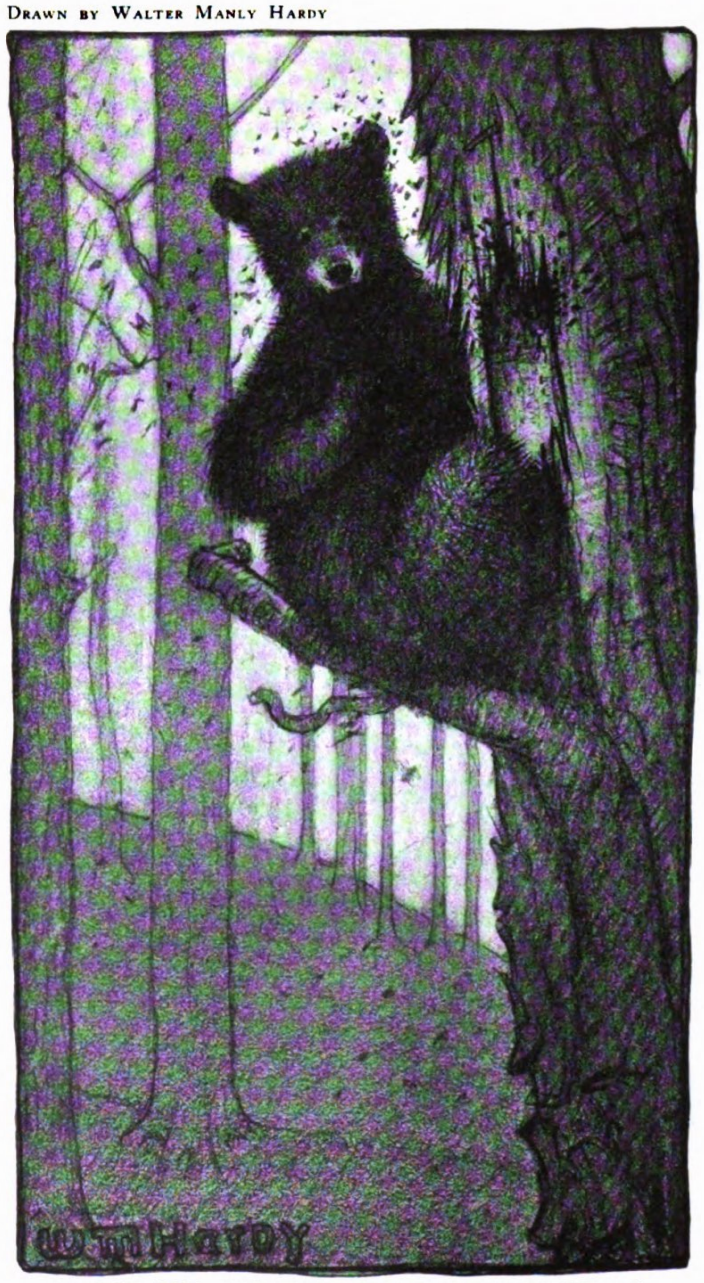
THE bear was only four years old when her first cubs came, yet in every respect but one she proved a model mother. She was affectionate and devoted, took good care of her children, fed them well, watched their play and their frolics, their childish squabbles, and all the various phases of their growth and development with keen maternal interest, and even punished them when it was necessary,—and sometimes, perhaps, when it was n't. But—well,—you shall hear. When the crucial moment came she failed. Please remember, when you come to judge her, that she was young and that a man seemed to her a very terrible creature,—as, indeed, he is to most black bears.

One afternoon, when the cubs were still quite small, she left them in the sunshine on a little knoll while she went to catch some frogs in a swale only a few rods away, and during her absence a land-looker came along. Now this land-looker had heard a good many stories of the ferocity of a she-bear when she thinks that her cubs are in danger, and he had also heard it said that this ferocity is all bluff, and that a black bear will never really attack a man under any circumstances. Being of a somewhat investigative turn of mind, and being also well armed with a revolver and a knife, and having a helper with him who was a handy man with an ax, he decided to make a test case. So he began teasing those cubs, and he pinched them and slapped them and cuffed them till they yelled lustily for their mother to come to the rescue. She heard, and, not having the least idea what was going on, she came charging up through the bushes like a locomotive on the warpath. But suddenly she stopped short. Through the intervening branches she had caught a glimpse of the two armed men, each of them holding one of her babies and tormenting it, and both intently watching the moving bushes that heralded her coming. Though she was not familiar with land-lookers and knew nothing at all about their weapons, she realized that here was something very formidable, and she backed off a little way to think about it. Again the cubs cried out for help, and again she charged to within twenty feet of the men, but she had n't quite nerve enough to leave her cover, and she checked herself at the very last moment, when another jump would have meant a fight, and, in all probability, the end of her life. For the next five minutes she went tearing about in an agony of rage and suspense and indecision, growling and roaring and carrying on as if she were crazy, but never once showing herself, while all the time her children kept up their squealing and calling. Then two shots rang out, each followed by a scream and a long, sobbing, baby-like cry. The men departed hastily and she ran to the cubs and found them dying.

Whether, mingled with her grief, there was any sense of shame over her failure to fight for her babies, or whether she had any real reason to feel such shame, is a question which I would rather not try to answer.

In any event, this proved to be only the beginning of her troubles. The next spring a set of triplets was killed by a fisher cat who entered her den while she was out looking for food, and another year it was a fox who was to blame. Time after time her children were murdered or taken away from her by one enemy or another. Never before did a bear mother have such continual bad luck, and never was it more undeserved. It was men who did most of the mischief, I regret to say, and they seemed to have an idea that in killing a cub or carrying it into captivity they were ridding the woods of a ferocious monster whom it was their bounden duty to dispose of, whereas the truth was that, if those bear babies had been allowed to grow up, no matter how big and strong they might have become, or how capable of inflicting great harm upon their enemies, they would in all probability have lived quiet, peaceable, inoffensive lives, and would never have harmed a human being unless greatly wronged or obliged to fight for life itself.

Drawn by Walter Manly Hardy



"THEY DUG OUT THE YELLOW JACKETS' NESTS"

So, as the years went by, she had many cubs but did not raise one, and she made a lonely figure as she went tramping restlessly through the woods by day or wandering along the shores of a lake in the moonlight. She was changing a little as she grew older. She was bigger and stronger, her black hair was thicker and longer and silkier, and, in the autumns, when she had put on her winter coat and had fed on beechnuts till she was fat and sleek, she was a beautiful animal. Perhaps she was also more courageous. Certainly she was on better terms with life and knew better how to meet its emergencies. She had had a number of pretty violent scraps with other animals, at one time and another, and once she had even tackled a bull moose and killed him. Yet she was not naturally of a very scrappy disposition. In her face, with its dark eyes, its rounded ears, and its slight and delicate arch from nose to forehead, there was rather an expression of intelligence and of good intention, one might almost say of kindness, not unlike that of a noble-natured dog, with at times a suggestion of a strong sense of humor. She was not quarrelsome. But an occasional fight with a neighbor was almost of necessity a part of her life in the forest, and she took what came to her and never failed to bear off the honors. Once she had a tussle with a steel trap, and only escaped from it by

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gnawing off a portion of her left fore paw. That also took nerve,—more nerve than the fighting. It was an exciting adventure, and very painful, but we must pass over it lightly, for it had little to do with her as a mother of cubs, though, like the other things, it undoubtedly affected her character more or less.

In the main her pursuits were peaceful. To a great extent she was a vegetarian. She was fond of berries of all sorts,—bearberries, named in honor of herself, blueberries, wintergreen berries, white snowberries, blackberries, raspberries, and I know not how many other kinds; and her long red tongue learned to gather them from their stems as skillfully as any fingers could. She had an especial weakness for wild black cherries, and when they were ripe there was nothing else she liked better than to find a small tree loaded with them, gather the branches together in her arms so that she could reach them handily, and feast to her heart's content. She never tired of them, and in the season she could spend hours at a time in the enjoyment of their acid flavor. In the autumn the beechnuts were her staple food, and there were certain roots of which she was quite fond, which she had no difficulty in digging up with her claws.

As to man, her attitude toward him was well illustrated by a little incident that occurred one summer afternoon. While crossing an open marsh she met a turtle, and, taking it between her paws, she rose upon her hind legs and stood there almost as straight as a pine, turning the queer, round, flat thing over and over and examining it from every point of view, preparatory to scooping the meat out of the shell and eating it. From between the trees that bordered the leeward side of the marsh a surveyor was watching her curiously, and after a moment he turned and signaled to one of his assistants, a green Irishman who had never seen a bear and knew little about the woods, to come forward quickly and quietly. The Irishman came, treading noiselessly on the deep, soft moss of the cedar swamp, but when he caught sight of the big brute standing there like a man he was so frightened that he forgot to be cautious.

"Howly Mother Mary!" he cried, "have I come up here in the bush to be et up alive by a baste like that?"

He need not have been alarmed. At the first sound of his voice the bear dropped the turtle and melted away into the distant landscape, going as if she had been shot out of a gun. "Live and let live" was her motto when it came to human beings, and for many years those two men were the only ones that had laid eyes upon her. She was possessed of a keen nose, a good eye, a swift foot, and much cunning; and, though she saw a good many hunters, trappers, land-lookers, and lumbermen, —or, if she did not see them, knew that they were there,—none of them saw her. Nevertheless, I think that she was really gaining a little in nerve, and on one occasion she certainly made a very great effort to get at a man, or, at least, to get near him.

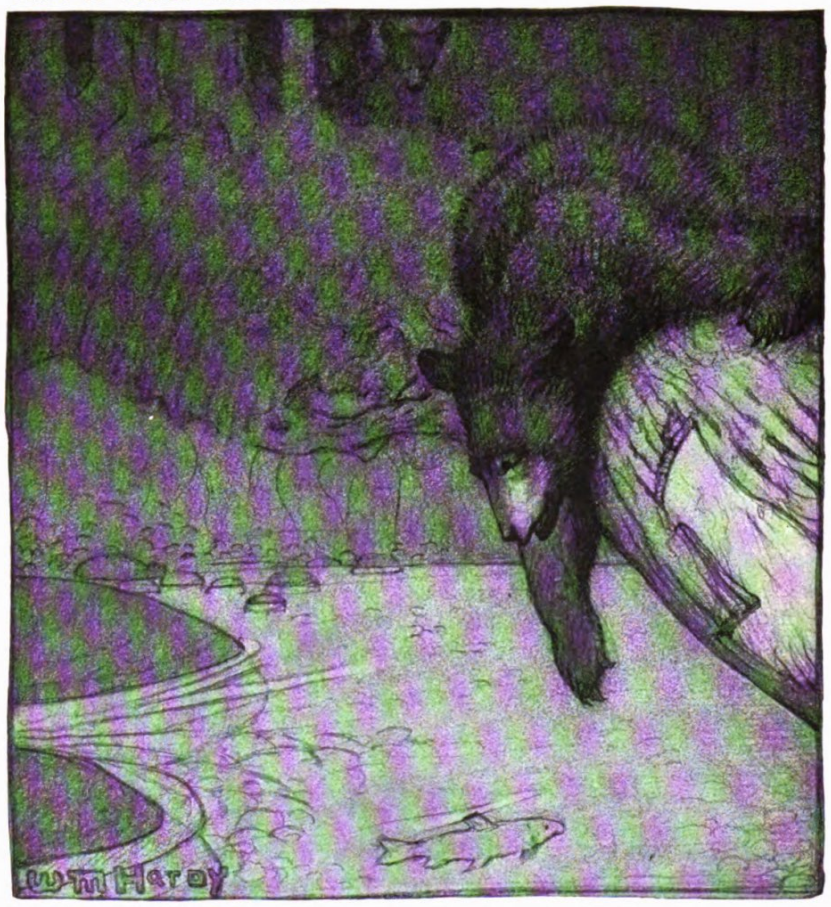
That experience, which came on a day in spring while she was still shut up in her winter den, was one of the hardest of her life. During the long weeks and months that she had lain there the moisture of her breath and of the melting and freezing snow had formed a heavy mass of ice around her doorway, and little by little the opening had grown smaller until she could no longer pass out, but had become a prisoner in her own home. It was still large enough, however, for the two cubs who had been born when the winter was about half gone, and once in a while they used to go outside to play in the snow. One day, while she was thus left alone in the den, there stole in through the open door an odor intensely disagreeable to all bears,—the odor which means that a man is near. In great excitement she threw herself with all her strength against the front of the den, trying to lift the ice and force a way out, but she might as well have butted into a mountain. It was immovable, and in a moment more she heard the cubs cry out in pain and fright, just as those other cubs had done years before. Again she threw herself against her prison walls, roaring at the top of her voice, but they held firm, and almost before she knew what had happened the voices of the cubs had died away in the distance, and it was all over. No matter whether her courage was real or whether she would have done nothing more than "put up a bluff," it had profited her nothing, and the after days of her captivity, before the spring sun and rain melted the ice and set her free, were very, very lonely ones.

On another occasion she had a somewhat similar experience with a river-driver who happened to come upon that year's pair of twins at a moment when she had gone down to the river to get a drink, leaving them scuffling and playing at the top of the bank. He looked around hastily for the old bear, saw nothing of her, and, picking up a cub under each arm, started off with them. Once more she heard her babies yelling for help, and once more she sprang to the rescue. The man heard her coming and ran at the top of his speed, and she followed at the top of hers. But if she really meant to tackle him she had no chance to prove it, for she didn't catch him. If he had stayed on land she could have overhauled him in two minutes or less, but, unfortunately, the drive was going down stream, and the surface of the river was crowded with pulpwood sticks and with pine and hemlock logs. The man knew where his salvation lay, and when he heard her uncomfortably close he turned and scrambled down the bank to the water's edge. Running on floating timber was part of his profession, a thing at which he was exceedingly expert, and he darted out upon the river and went jumping from stick to log and from log to stick as nimbly as a squirrel, still holding a yelling cub fast under each arm. The bear tried to follow him, but she was n't cut out for a river-driver. Few of the logs were large enough to carry her four hundred pounds, and she was not lively enough to leap from one to another before either had time to sink beneath her, as the man did when he found himself on the smallest ones and knew that he must be quick or they would let him down. Before she was a rod from the bank she went head first into the river. She was a powerful swimmer when she was given half a chance, but she could n't do much with the logs and the pulpwood crowding around her, and, though she struggled valiantly, striking out with all her giant strength, and thrusting the logs aside as if they had been playthings, it was of no use. The river-driver was soon out of sight around a bend of the stream, and, as once before, she heard her children's cries grow fainter and fainter till they were lost in the distance.

The next autumn there were no beechnuts, or practically none, the season was very cold and stormy, and the winter set in early and threatened to be long and severe. The black bear was growing old. The tan-colored spots on her nose and muzzle and over her eyes, which alone broke the jet black of her beautiful fur, were becoming a trifle grayish. She was not quite so swift of foot as she had once been, and life had not quite the same zest. That fall, too, the woods were very dreary. The sky was gray and cold, and the dead leaves under foot were sodden with the rain and soon were hidden under a layer of icy snow. For a while she tramped restlessly about, plowing through the deepening drifts and looking everywhere for food, but there was little pleasure in such wanderings, and less profit. Provisions of all kinds were very scarce, and the wisest thing to do was to "den up" before she lost any more of the store of fat which she would need to sustain her through the long winter. So, earlier than usual, she sought out a favorable spot, a small sandy ridge that lifted itself a few feet above the level of a dense cedar swamp, where men seldom came. A big pine that had stood there for a hundred and fifty years had fallen at last, uprooted in one of the autumn gales, and under its prostrate trunk she scooped out a hole in the loose soil, piling up the earth and the snow around it for a further shelter, and making it all snug and cozy. Under another part of the fallen trunk she found some dry leaves, which she took into the new den for a bed, and presently she lay down for her long winter's rest and let the snow drift over the doorway. Overhead the wind roared and howled, the frost grew keener, and the drifts piled up higher and higher; but, protected by her long, thick fur, and by her heavy coat of fat, she was warm and comfortable. It was very dark and quiet, and there was nothing to do but lie still, and drowse away the months, and let the tide of life run low while she waited for the winter to drag itself by.

There, late in January, her last babies were born, and even they did not seem, for a time, to make any great change in her life. They were very tiny babies, not much bigger than rats, very small indeed for so big and strong a mother, but it was just as well that they were, for if they had been large and lusty it would probably have been impossible for her to have kept them alive till spring, unable, as she was, to obtain any food for herself. They were blind and almost hairless, and it was no wonder that for a good while they were content to do little but lie quietly—except, perhaps, for a whimper now and then,—in the long, warm fur that hung from her flanks. Gradually, however, their coats of short, grayish down grew into good suits of dark fur, thick and warm, though not yet to be compared to the old bear's for length or silkiness or blackness. When they were about six weeks old their eyes opened, and by the faint, dim light that struggled in through the little hole in the front door they learned to know their mother by the sense of sight as

Drawn by Walter Manly Hardy



THE CUBS WATCHED THEIR MOTHER PRACTICE THE ART OF IZAAK WALTON



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Drawn by Walter Manly Hardy



"'HAVE I COME UP HERE TO BE ET UP ALIVE BY A BASTE LIKE THAT?'"

well as of touch. They were growing a little larger and stronger, and as the weeks slipped by they became more and more active and playful, and sometimes made themselves a nuisance by their romping and frolicking in the narrow limits of the den, so that she had to cuff them to make them keep still. Fortunately, the hole in the front door was so small this year that even they were unable to squeeze through, and she was spared the anxiety of having them out of her sight.

But the bear herself was growing very anxious to get out. The spring was late, and it seemed as if the ice that covered the den would never, never melt. She had apparently kept her flesh and seemed almost if not quite as plump as ever, in spite of the fact that she had eaten nothing for months and had been nursing her babies for many weeks; but, though her outward appearance was unchanged, the winter had really brought a great strain upon her, and as soon as she began to move about she would lose that apparent plumpness and become thin and lean and gaunt, and the longer she waited the worse it would be. When at length the ice did wear thin and she succeeded in breaking out, she did not seem at first to be much better off. Food was very hard to find that spring. There were no beechnuts left over from autumn, as there usually are, and even the frogs and mice and such small fry, who help to fill the bill of fare and are not to be despised when you are really and truly as hungry as a bear in spring, were noticeably scarce. Perhaps the hard winter had killed off some of them. Moreover, during one of her first excursions in search of provender, the children came very near losing their lives, for she returned just in time to see a big gray Canada lynx entering the open door of the den. She got there before he could do any damage, stove in his skull with a single blow of her paw, and literally tore him to pieces.

Altogether things did not go very smoothly. But after a while she had a piece of good luck which proved the beginning of better times, and oddly enough it was her worst enemy, man, who helped her out. Some lumbermen who had spent the winter eight or ten miles from her den had had a quantity of provisions left over when the break-up came, and the tote-road across the swamp was by that time so badly flooded by the melting snows that it was impossible to haul this remnant out to the railway. The only thing to do with it was to nail it up in the cook-camp and leave it there, and one day the bear came along, clambered up onto the roof, ripped off several cedar splits, and jumped down among the bags and boxes and barrels. For several weeks thereafter, whenever she was particularly hungry, she visited the lumber camp and feasted on salt pork, corned beef, flour, dried apples, prunes, and, best of all, brown sugar and molasses. She even sampled the cayenne pepper, the baking powder, and the tea, though one taste of each of these was enough. By the time these supplies were completely exhausted the season of scarcity was over and food was no longer difficult to find.

Through the late spring and early summer she and the cubs spent a good deal of time in the low, wet lands along the streams and the borders of the ponds, where juicy water plants and succulent roots were to be had, to say nothing of crawfish and suckers. The mosquitoes were very troublesome, at times, but the bear's long, thick hair was a great protection, and out on the breezy marshes and along the shores of the Glimmerglass one could often be entirely free from them. Later in the summer they took to the wide, open spaces where huckleberries and blackberries were to be found, and to the old burnings and windfalls where raspberry and blackberry bushes had sprung up in the dead and blackened timber, or they roamed the woods far and wide in search of cherry trees. They dug out yellow-jackets' nests and devoured the honey and the grubs. They regaled themselves on frogs and the smaller quadrupeds. Once or twice the mother killed a fawn, and once she slew a doe that tried to defend her offspring. They visited a settler's garden by night, helped themselves to his green peas, and nearly frightened his horse into a fit. On one occasion the old bear, under cover of the darkness, walked right up to his house and stole a pan of biscuits that stood on a table just inside an open window. That was the only taste they ever had of real home cooking. Once in a while they went fishing. The first time the cubs ever saw their mother practice the art of Izaac Walton she had walked out a little way upon a tree that leaned over the river and was lying sprawled upon its nearly horizontal trunk, looking down into the water and thinking about nothing in particular, when a sucker came along and paused for a moment right under her nose. She reached down and made a quick grab at him, only to see him swim away unhurt, and in a moment more she had seated herself in the shallow water and was waiting for another to appear. He came before long, swimming carelessly up the stream and apparently paying no attention to her, or, perhaps, taking her for a big black stone, so motionless did she sit. She waited till he was close alongside, and then, quick as a flash, her paw shot out and the sucker had the narrowest escape of his life. The third time she succeeded, and a wriggling, squirming fish was tossed high and dry on the bank, the first of many who went that way.

So the months slipped by, and at length the season of beechnuts came round again. This time the delicious little brown three-cornered things were very plentiful, and the three bears were soon fatter than ever before. The cubs had grown marvelously, and the mother had good reason to be proud of her children. In truth she had taken a great deal of comfort with them, and this last summer of her life was probably her happiest. From early infancy they had been very promising youngsters, unusually bright and active. One of their favorite diversions was to stand up on their hind legs and have a boxing or wrestling match, while their mother looked on and enjoyed the sport almost as much as they. Sometimes, however, one of the cubs would strike a little too hard, and then the other would let his angry passions rise, and the good-natured tussle would become a real fight, in which the babies would bite and pommel each other till the old bear would be obliged to interfere and give both of them a good sound cuffing. They early learned to climb, and in a tree-top they were very nimble, much more so than their stout and heavy mother would ever be again. Yet they were no longer featherweights. While they were quite small she had had a way of sitting up with her back to a tree and holding them one on each arm, as a human mother would have done, but she had been obliged to give up the habit before many months had passed. By early summer they were as large as the old raccoon that they sometimes met in their rambles, and now that the autumn had come they were as tall as a big dog, and much heavier. They were large enough, old enough, and wise enough in the ways of the woods to take care of themselves if that had been necessary. It was not necessary, however, or at least it did not seem to be, for their mother meant to keep them to herself for a while longer. When the cold weather and the deep snows should come they would all three "hole up" in the same den and spend the winter together, and next year she would turn them out into the world, each one to paddle his own canoe. That was her plan, or at least it was what she would have done in the ordinary course of nature. But in Indian summer came the last great test of courage, and this time she was ready for it.

A land-looker and his assistant were camping beside the Tequamenon, and one night, as they lay between their blankets, they got to talking about bears. The assistant was frankly afraid of them, but the land-looker himself professed the greatest contempt for the biggest and fiercest black bear that ever lived.

"A bear is nothing but a great big game of bluff," he declared. "Talk about she-bears with cubs,—once, a good many years ago, Jim Murphy and I found two little cubs not more than four or five months old, and we teased them for five minutes, and made them holler and squeal, just to see if their mother would tackle us. We could hear her ramming around in the bushes, and she growled and roared at us as if she was going to come right out and eat us up. Several times she came charging up to within fifteen or twenty feet. But she always kept just out of sight. We'd see the bushes shake, but we never once got a sight of her; and at length we killed the cubs and went off and left them there. I guess she was about the maddest bear that ever lived, but she did n't have nerve enough to come out and fight. It was great sport. I 'd like to have a chance to try it again."

His chance came the next day, for, as they were tramping along through the hardwood, they came upon three bears up in a beech tree,—an old one and two cubs of the previous winter. Paying no attention to the protests of the other man, the land-looker took his half-ax and attacked the beech. The two smaller bears rushed up into the top of the tree, as high as they dared go, but

[*Concluded on page 480*]

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DRAWN BY W. K. STONE



THE "OLD MANSE," IN WHOSE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE STUDY HAWTHORNE WROTE HIS "MOSSES" AND EMERSON WROTE "NATURE"

One Hundred Years of Hawthorne

His Artistic Scope and Fidelity in Details, although at first Overlooked, long since Won Him World-wide, Enduring Fame

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
[*Author of "How to Get the Best out of Books"*]

IT will be a hundred years ago this fourth of July since Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at 27 Union Street, Salem, Massachusetts; and on May 18, 1864, he saw the sun set for the last time. Such a lapse of years between his day and ours fairly entitles us, perhaps, to regard ourselves as that "posterity" with whose judgment a writer's fame is supposed to rest. Forty years is the copyright life of a book, but, alas! the books are few indeed that do not expire before their copyrights. The present is an appropriate moment to ask: how is it with Hawthorne? How do his books wear? What is his significance in literature? Most of us, I suppose, read his works when we were young,—too young, perhaps, to appreciate the fineness of his art,—but, now that we are not quite so young, how do his books bear reading again, and with what permanence of appeal do they support his fame? To me, fresh from such rereading, only one answer seems possible, the answer of gratitude for a classic. The reaffirmation of a classic in a changing world is no small matter to those for whom literature is no insignificant part of life. When so much plays us false, after all it is something to know that our faith in "The Scarlet Letter" was not one of the many illusions. Yes! Hawthorne, it is good to find, is one of the realities, and likely to remain one of the permanent sources of human pleasure.

His Personal Life Did not Prefigure His Books

Pleasure! Hawthorne came of a stock for which such a statement would seem more of an indictment than a credential. Human pleasure! What would the first American Hathorne, a younger son of a Wiltshire family, emigrating to Massachusetts in 1630, Major William Hathorne, [It was Nathaniel who first slipped in the "w."] what would he, stern persecutor of Quakers, have said of a descendant so trivially distinguished? And his son John, even more grimly religious, and still gloomily remembered as a burner of witches, how sternly would he have disowned so frivolous an immortality! Yet, so cynical is Time, these two most conspicuous figures in the Hawthorne pedigree would long since have been forgotten had it not been for the fact that their blood appears to have supplied the most potent ingredient of that dark decoction which ran in the veins of their fanciful descendant. Indeed, the cases are few in which a genius so essentially mysterious can superficially be traced to his origin, or so plainly illustrates the theory of transmutation of ancestors. If the Hawthorne stock was ever to blossom out into literature, the books of Nathaniel Hawthorne were certainly its logical expression. It is strange to note how the shadows of these far-away ancestors could suddenly, after an interval of obscure sea captains, throw so picturesque a gloom over so distant a descendant. Yet the fate of Nathaniel's father, a sea captain, who died of yellow fever at Surinam, when Nathaniel was four years old, undoubtedly contributed to that shadow,—if only indirectly through the grief of his mother, who shut herself away from society for thirty years, a retirement which naturally had its effect upon the solitary temperament of her son. Salem, too, was a sad, decaying old town, and thus the child grew up among hushed whispers and shadows. As a mere boy his melancholy early expressed itself in the invention of weird stories, which he always ended with the words, "And I'm never coming back again;" and his favorite line, before he could talk plainly, was "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass." So, characteristically, the child was father to the man. Lowell has deftly described him as "a November nature with a name of May;" and Hawthorne himself, almost painfully conscious of the gloomy cast of his genius, once exclaimed, "I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book."

Perhaps the involuntary nature of genius was never more significantly illustrated than in the case of this man, who, while himself living a simple and innocent life, and himself gentle, and, save for that harmless meditative melancholy, entirely free from those dark ancestral attributes of which I have spoken, yet found his artistic faculty responsive only to the sinister and bizarre in human material. A gift has seldom seemed so detached from the personality of its possessor, so sheerly a function of independent operation; for a conscience could hardly be freer than Nathaniel Hawthorne's, yet his most successful stories are all concerned with the burden of sin and the shadow of doom. This was, of course, the bequest of ancestors grimly preoccupied with moral questions,—questions which, in the case of their descendant, came to have a purely artistic value. One has only to read the exquisitely tranquil preface to "Mosses from an Old Manse" to realize how distinct was the haunted dream-life of his books from the placid tenor of his actual days.

Not Forgetting Poe,—He Is America's Literary Star

In short, of all American writers, Hawthorne is the literary artist pure and simple, the greatest literary artist—not forgetting Poe,—that America has produced. No doubt it is for this reason that Hawthorne was so long, as he himself says in the preface to "Twice-told Tales," "the obscurest man of letters in America." As with his own "Artist of the Beautiful," his gift was too fine to attract the general reader, till at length in "The Scarlet Letter" he compelled his attention by the dramatic use of a peculiarly American subject. Here one may recognize the fact that one of Hawthorne's claims upon the appreciation of his countrymen is that he is unquestionably an indigenous product, a genuine American writer. "Out of the soil of New England he sprang," says Henry James, in a brilliant study of him which would be perfect were it not for a certain tone of superiority, somewhat too English in its accent for one American writer to use toward a compatriot so much greater than himself; "in a crevice of that immitigable granite he sprouted and bloomed. Half of the interest that he possessed for an American reader with any turn for analysis must reside in his latent New England savor."

This, I think, is to lay too much stress upon, as well as to exaggerate, the local flavor in Hawthorne; but it is certain, nevertheless, that, while, like all other true artists, he belongs to the whole world, America has the right to say that no other country could have produced him. Most other American writers might just as well have been born in England. There is, for example, nothing American about Washington Irving, or Longfellow. But Hawthorne is as subtly American in quality as, say, Thackeray is English. Both are masters of English style. Yet one is unmistakably American.

Hawthorne's style, at its best, is one of the most perfect media employed by any writer using the English language. Dealing, as it usually does, with an immaterial subject-matter, with dream-like impressions, and fantastic products of the imagination, it is concrete without being opaque,—luminously concrete, one might say. No other writer that I know of has the power of making his fancies visible and tangible without impairing their delicate immateriality. If any writer can put the rainbow into words, and yet leave it a rainbow, surely it is Hawthorne.

His Art Has Made the Reading of His Books Easy

Most writers having to treat such material as the favorite material of Hawthorne would fall back upon the impressionistic method, and hint rather than embody,—and I am not for a moment depreciating the value of that method. At the same time, it can not be denied that of the two methods it is the easier,—because to suggest is so much easier than to describe, and no little impressionism is simply clever evasion of visual responsibility. Hawthorne, however, is no such trickster. No matter how subtle or volatile is the matter to be expressed, his imagination is so patiently observant, and his literary skill so answerable to his imagination, that he is able really to write so close to the spiritual fact as to leave nothing to be done by the reader—except to read. Often, as one reads him, and anticipates some approaching matter peculiarly fine and difficult, he wonders how the author can possibly put this into concrete words.

Yet, again, it is not a little interesting, even surprising, to note how ineffectual is this delicately powerful artistic equipment when employed upon material which, so to say, has not been ancestrally prepared for its use. There are whole stretches of Hawthorne not merely flat and uninspired, but positively amateurish. In this respect he reminds one of Wordsworth, who, at one moment, is a master, and the next—an absurdity. The artist's dependence upon his material was for a while scouted by a certain school of critics, but every real artist gives it proof. One might almost say that a man's artistic material is no less born with him than his artistic gift. No amount of conscious study will take the place of that natal, and pre-natal, relation to certain corners and aspects of the world to the appreciation and expression of which an artist is destined. Just as some painters seem born, like Millet, to paint the peasantry,

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and some, like Vandyke, to paint the portraits of kings, others, again, like Verestchagin, to paint war, or, like Turner, to paint the sky, just as surely was Hawthorne predestined to write of New England witches, and New England cases of conscience, and to embody his psychological and moral fancies.

I wish I had the space to make an analysis of his writings with this thought in mind, for such an analysis would provide a remarkable object lesson in the psychology of the artist. As, however, it is part of my business here to say why Hawthorne is still read, and what of his is best worth reading, an attempt to fulfill this task will amount to very much the same thing. To this end let us run through the list of his books. They follow each other in this order:—

1.—"Twice-told Tales."
2.—"Mosses from an Old Manse."
3.—"The Scarlet Letter."
4.—"The House of the Seven Gables."
5.—"A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls."
6.—"The Blithedale Romance."
7.—"The Snow Image, and Other Twice-told Tales."
8.—"English Notebooks."
9.—"Italian Notebooks."
10.—"The Marble Faun."
11.—"Septimius Felton."—Unfinished.
12.—"The Dolliver Romance."—Unfinished.

Now, of these, "Twice-told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales" might as well, so to speak, have been bound in the same volume. They are all made up of the same successes and the same failures. Almost always you will find that the successes grow in the shadow, and are concerned with the darker side of the spiritual drama, being fantasies and allegories of ambitious or troubled souls. Mingled with them are pleasant essays, and gracious moralities, (perhaps a little childish,) —such, say, as "A Rill from the Town Pump," "The Great Carbuncle," and "The Seven Vagabonds;" also, to my thinking, much overrated legends of American history, such as "Legends of the Province House." But these you read merely because the pen that wrote them was seldom capable of being continuously dull on any theme. Indeed, with the exception of three or four masterpieces, these three books must be regarded either as experiments or repetitions. These masterpieces, in my opinion, are:—

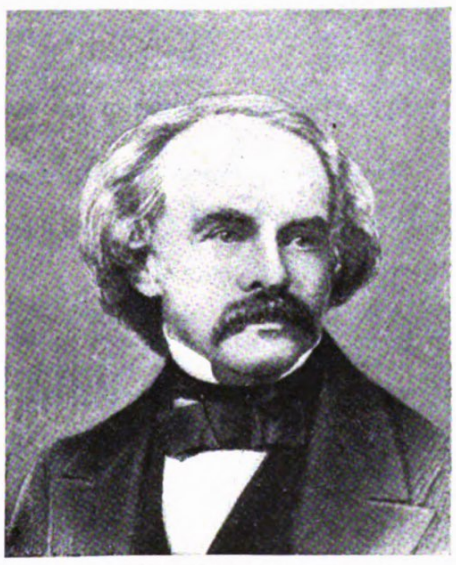
1.—"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment."
2.—"Young Goodman Brown."
3.—"Rappaccini's Daughter.
4.—"Feathertop."
5.—"Roger Malvin's Burial."
6.—"The Artist of the Beautiful."

Perhaps, from old association, one may add "The Great Stone Face." As for "The Snow Image," I must confess that it seems but a childish performance to-day, when the art of writing fancies for children has reached so scientific a development. Possibly "The Wonder Book" still holds its place in the nursery, but here one would need the more competent opinion of a child.

But the six masterpieces! If Hawthorne had written nothing else but these he would have triumphantly immortalized himself as an artist of the mysterious.

Compare him with Poe in this respect, and note how mechanically inventive are the best of Poe's stories compared with the essential mystery of Hawthorne's imaginations. With all their detective brilliancy, there is no story of Poe's to be compared with "Rappaccini's Daughter," or even "Young Goodman Brown,"—an even more difficult if less original achievement.

However, one must not forget one more masterpiece of a different kind before we pass on to the big books,—that introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse" to which I have before made reference. Here is a familiar essay of which Lamb himself might have been proud,—the finest creative essay, I venture to think, in American literature. The two really great books to which the small masterpieces led up are, of course, "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables." You will often hear expressed what to me is a quite incomprehensible opinion,—that "The Marble Faun" is Hawthorne's real masterpiece. I have tried to read the book several times, and the result of each experiment has been the same,—I have felt that it is the accidentally celebrated monument of what Hawthorne could not do. One might call it "Hawthorne's Folly," so conspicuous is its failure. Still it is a failure which corroborates Hawthorne's real success, and is, therefore, critically important. The reason of its popular acceptance is obvious enough. Hawthorne's fame was of slow growth. The world at large was only awakening to the fact of his existence when he resigned his post as American consul at Liverpool, and on his way home spent some months of holiday in Italy,—a country whose art, at all events, his notebooks display him as temperamentally incapable of appreciating. In our day certain writers make a clever pretense of assimilating local color. It matters little in what climate, or among what people, they set their scene. Being men of a strolling talent, as distinct from men of a rooted genius, they are able to give us a passable imitation of the real thing. Hawthorne was different. Few men of genius have been possessed of so little talent. He could no more be what he was not, or write what nature had not meant him to write, than the nightshade can impersonate the cowslip. He seemed congenitally incapable of development and even of assimilation; and he himself, as you will find if you read his letters and notebooks, was the first to be aware of this limitation. Limitation! I am afraid I used the word a little carelessly,—for surely it is not limitation which roots an artist to his proper material, and denies him the cheap and flashy use of a tourist's observation.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Do not Begin Hawthorne with "The Marble Faun"

Hawthorne in Italy was the most simple-minded of American tourists, and that he should have dared to base and background an important book on so superficial an acquaintance with Italy only shows how innocent he was of his own powers. The "public," however, knowing and caring nothing for these things, chanced to get hold of his name about this time, and Italy being always a subject so vital and so fragrant that it hardly matters who makes use of it, it is easy to understand why even to-day the first word one hears about Hawthorne is—"The Marble Faun!"

Now my first word to a reader approaching Hawthorne is,—do not read "The Marble Faun." Not only will it weary you, but it will also give you an unfair impression of a great master. When you have read the real Hawthorne, then, if you care, you may read "The Marble Faun" as a study in—what even genius can not do.

But the moment we turn to the really great books,—to "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables,"—the sense of mastery is so immediate that one can hardly believe that here is the same hand that wrote "The Marble Faun." How sure is the touch from the first word, how subtly pervasive the atmosphere, and how dramatically visualized is the whole moral tragedy in either case, and not that merely, but also every physical detail, such as the pillory on which Hester stood that day with the sun beating on the bright letter blazing upon her bosom, and on which Dimmesdale and she and little Pearl stood that night in the moonlight! Similarly, the old house of the seven gables is made so real to us, so impressively haunted with doom, that actually it itself, so to say, is felt to be the chief tragic presence in the story, and the lives lived in the gloom mere passing shadows of hardly more importance than the bats and owls roosting generation after generation among its shingles. The lives come and go, but the old house stands



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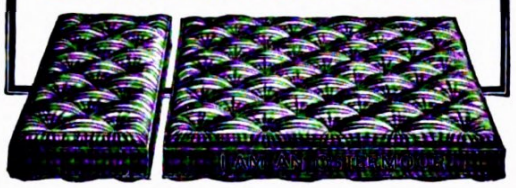
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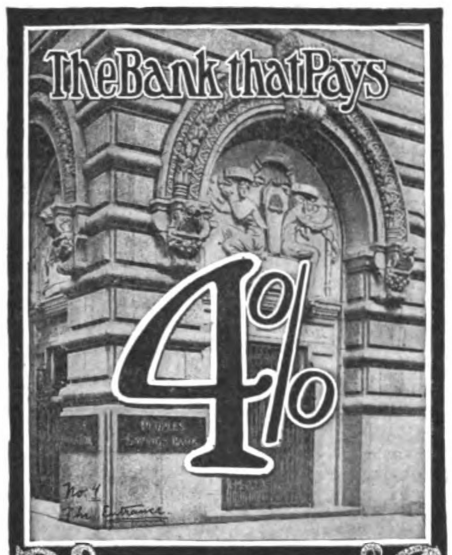


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like a Greek fate. And another surprise of this remarkable art is that, with its massive breadth and impressive (one might almost say oppressive,) outlines, it is at the same time an art of innumerable fine touches, fine shades, and subtle secondary meanings. On the face of the picture there is the grim, living drama of human fate, so simple as almost to seem crude, but as one looks into the picture how alive it becomes with interior spiritual significance, how it gleams and whispers with mysterious hints and translunary fancies, some necromantic charm of "woven paces and of waving hands."

Little Pearl, so real and yet so unreal, is a symbol of that elusive quality in Hawthorne's art which perhaps above all others makes him Hawthorne. If one had space to analyze the chapter of "The Scarlet Letter" devoted to Pearl,—Chapter VI.,—he would come as near to Hawthorne's secret as criticism is capable of reaching. Indeed, his half realistic, half allegoric, method is nowhere else so skillfully illustrated as in his treatment of this little elfish love-child of an irregular union. Perhaps one could not do better, by way of illustrating his method in a small compass, than by quoting a page from this chapter:—

> Pearl's aspect was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant-baby, or the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion, a certain depth of hue, which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes, she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself,—it would have been no longer Pearl!
>
> This outward mutability indicated and did not more than fairly express the various properties of her inner life. Her nature appeared to possess depth, too, as well as variety; but—or else Hester's fears deceived her,—it lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born. The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence, a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were, perhaps, beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder; or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered. Hester could only account for the child's character—and even then most vaguely and imperfectly,—by recalling what she herself had been, during that momentous period while Pearl was imbibing her soul from the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth. The mother's impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life; and, however white and clear originally, they had taken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery luster, the black shadow, and the untempered light of the intervening substance. Above all, the warfare of Hester's spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl. She could recognize her wild, desperate, defiant mood, the flightiness of her temper, and even some of the very cloud-shapes of gloom and despondency that had brooded in her heart. They were now illuminated by the morning radiance of a young child's disposition, but later in the day of earthly existence might be prolific of the storm and whirlwind.

The thought, and, so to say, the sure-footed style of this passage are peculiarly characteristic of Hawthorne. Pearl's whole nature is airy metaphysic matter, yet Hawthorne is able to embody her with absolute concreteness, without for a moment robbing her of her volatile mystery: such a certitude of vision had his imagination when working on the proper material, and so faultlessly responsive was his literary gift to his imaginative vision. I will not deny that his style sometimes seems to endow his fancies with a too ponderable visibility, as if a man should blow solid bubbles, or so picture the rainbow as to make it almost appear an arch of colored marble. But to allow this is but to allow to Hawthorne, as to any other artist, the defect of his quality. Hawthorne's style, while uncommonly "central" and free from affectation, was also, as his notebooks show, the product of considerable practice in the use of words. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the whole interest of his notebooks lies in their being exercise books for his gift of expression. There is so much in them of unimportant observation, observation so impersonal and so lacking either in personal or general interest, that they are to be explained on no other ground than that of a man using his pen for mere exercise upon anything it came across, however trivial.

This theory of the notebooks, however, may be a little too euphemistic, too generously adapted to cover what really does seem to have been a certain poverty and narrowness in Hawthorne's intellectual interest,—a certain New England barrenness of the soil. His was certainly not a rich mind, exuberantly creative. On the contrary, he made the most of his inspiration to the uttermost farthing, and the manner in which his gift died before him, of premature decay,—as illustrated by his pathetic realization of his inability to finish "The Dolliver Romance" or "Septimius Felton,"—seems to point to a constitutional *anæmia* in his nature. When, after repeated attempts, "The Dolliver Romance" fell unfinished from his hands, he wrote thus to his publisher, Mr. Fields: "I hardly know what to say to the public about this abortive romance, though I know pretty well what the case will be. I shall never finish it. Yet it is not quite pleasant for an author to announce himself, or to be announced, as finally broken down as to his literary faculty. . . . I can not finish it unless a great change comes over me, and, if I make too great an effort to do so, it will be my death; not that I should care much for that, if I could fight the battle through and win it, thus ending a life of much smolder and a scanty fire in a blaze of glory. But I should smother myself in mud of my own making. . . ."

The decay of his literary gift seemed to be curiously parallel with the almost incomprehensible fading away of his physical life. There seemed nothing really the matter with him,—only a sure sinking of the fires of life. It was as if, after using up the iron of his New England blood in his masterpieces, the chill of it was all that was left in his veins. "Some island in the Gulf Stream" had been one of his suggestions as the chill grew chillier. In warmer latitudes, perhaps, the fires of life would have revived,—but he did not start to visit them. He went, instead, to the White Mountains, arriving at Plymouth on May 18, and dying the following night. He lies at Concord, perhaps the chief of the many immortals whose memories make that little town what one might call the Westminster Abbey of America.

The Festival of Joy

ERNEST NEAL LYON

Independence Day, 1904

WE greet thee, Freedom! 'T is thy holy day!
In lyric rapture offer our devoir.
'Mid lovely flowers, more lovely rhythm of song,
To cannon-clamor and the ringing of bells,
With silken flutter of a million flags,
Oration strong or childhood's minstrelsy,
In pageantry and praise anew we bow
Before thine altar, Liberty sublime!

Rejoice! It is our festival of joy!
"Rejoice!" reechoes from cathedral chimes,
"Rejoice!" cry meadows rioting with bloom.
The clovered hills are vocal with delight.
From hall to hut, in commerce-crowded mart,
In whistling spindle, and by glowing forge,
Through valleys populous, on mountains calm,
"Rejoice!" in crescence swells the mighty choir!

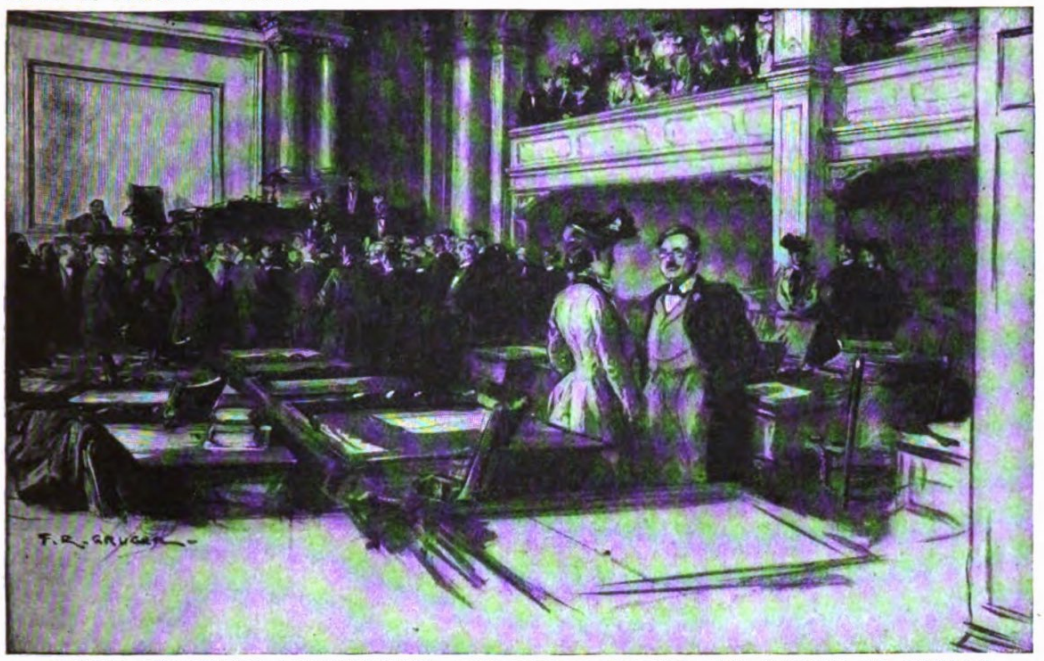
And wherefore? What the animating thought,
The soul that thrills this body with delight?
What high philosophy informs this day,
And marks it with a white, resplendent stone?
Columbia can not forget the brave
Who bound the fillet, Freedom, on her brow,
And set her, mistress of a golden realm,
In shining splendor, 'mid the silver seas!

To One Omnipotent be given praise!
Should we forget our fealty to Him,
Nor show, as frailty may, His love to men,
Should Justice leave her ancient temple, Truth,
To follow Mammon in forbidden ways,
Should Mind no longer cow the heavy brutes
Who glory in mere multitudes,—that hour
Our fair Republic falls! May Heaven forefend!

Our country! May we love thee evermore;
Not servilely, as courtiers love a throne,
But masters of ourselves to aid the world!
May youthful Wealth be ancient Wisdom's friend,
The lamp of science help the inner sight,—
We love thee! May we love mankind the more,
Until, around the earth, a common voice
In Liberty's last anthem shall rejoice!

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DRAWN BY FREDERICK R. GRUGER



"'IT'S GUTHRIE'S ACHIEVEMENT, AND NOT CARTON'S; HE SHOULD BE HERE'"

Guthrie of "The Times"

A Romance of Love and Politics

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

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Synopsis of the preceding chapters

[William Guthrie is a young representative of his state's most powerful newspaper, at the capital. He gains 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. Later, however, he uses his personal influence with his editor and the news is withheld. 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. Guthrie assures the speaker of his friendship and support, and then tries 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. 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. 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. 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. At the capital, keen interest is manifested concerning the welfare of Guthrie and Senator Pike. Gradually a warm friendship has developed between Clarice and Guthrie. Mrs. Ransome, who is a worldly woman, hearing rumors of Clarice and her interest in the society life at the capital, quietly appears, and, in every way possible, emphasizes the fact that her daughter is betrothed to a young nobleman, Count Raoul d'Estournelles. While in Briarton, Guthrie suddenly decides, when the weather breaks up, to leave for New York instead of the capital, so as to gain further information concerning the mysterious firm back of the "United" bill. On arriving in New York, he begins his investigation. He discovers that Pervis and Eaton, members of a presumably wealthy and reliable brokerage firm, are the instigators of the bill, and that their motive is one of "graft." He interviews the partners, and openly denounces them. At first they assume indignation at his charge, but he convinces them that his suspicions are substantiated by facts, and, later in the day, while he is engaged in writing the account, Mr. Warren and Mr. Harlow call and attempt to bribe him from an exposure in "The Times." The sterling integrity of the young man is then shown, for he sternly refuses their offer.]

CHAPTER X.—GUTHRIE'S DISPATCH

THE next morning was full of vivid suspense at the little capital one thousand miles away. All steps tended toward the senate chamber. The evidence was in, most of the speeches had been made, and in the afternoon, at three o'clock, the time already having been set, the senate would come to a vote on the great Carton case which for weeks had rent the state into factions and had aroused new passions in a commonwealth which already took its politics seriously.

The house held a very brief session, not over a half hour long, and then the members went into the senate to listen to the close of the great case. Jimmy Warfield was with the crowd, but he was constantly turning in his mind a great secret,—a secret it was, too, to himself, as well as to others, and he could not rest. The galleries were crowded largely with ladies, beginning to show touches of spring colors in their costumes, their faces bright and eager. Nearly all of them were in sympathy with Carton. Warfield saw in one group Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Dennison, the Pelhams, and the Ransomes. Mary Pelham's face was white and cold, but there was the least touch of a dark ring under her eyes.

Back of the ladies were the officials of the government, packed in a dense mass, and back of them were other curious spectators and the floating population. Suddenly a thrill, showing itself in a curious flutter, ran through the whole assemblage; Carton was coming in. "Just like him," thought Warfield; "he was sure to wait until everybody was here and then enter in defiance of all his enemies."

Carton's face was stern and high, and, taking a seat near the dais of the lieutenant governor, he looked up and bowed to three or four friends in the balconies. There was no effusive demonstration of indifference, but his bearing was so quietly firm and defiant that a murmur of applause started in the balconies and began to rise, but the lieutenant governor sternly checked it.

Senator Cobb sat at one of the front desks, and Mr. Pugsley was sitting only a few chairs away. Near Mr. Pugsley sat Hon. Henry Clay Warner, the member in congress of Guthrie's own district, the famous old fourth. He, too, claimed to be a tribune of the people, and he had come on from Washington to witness the conclusion of the great trial. His heavy figure sprawled awkwardly in his chair.

There was one speech yet to be made for the prosecution by a senator who dealt much in fierce invective and he began shortly after the entrance of the members from the house.

Jimmy Warfield, despite his light manner, was a man of great strength of mind, but he found it hard to control his impatience. He moved in his seat, he looked at his watch, and he listened eagerly for something that he did not hear. The prosecuting senator soared on and on, pouring out his philippic. Carton, in his seat near the lieutenant governor's dais, did not stir, and the calm expression of his face did not change.

A faint note of a whistle, from the hills to the west of the capital, came to the listening ear of Jimmy Warfield, and he stirred again in his seat. The whistle was swiftly

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followed by the rumble and roar of an arriving train, and then in a few moments by another rumble and roar as it disappeared in the east.

Jimmy did not move. He listened, but he did not hear a word of the senator, who was on the rising side of a period. He turned in his wheeled chair and faced the door, and presently his face was illumined in a most wonderful manner when he saw a little ragged boy appear at the door of the senate chamber and hand to a page a small package in a paper wrapper. The page tiptoed down the aisle and handed the package to Warfield.

Warfield fingered the package nervously. He knew perfectly well that it contained his copy of the morning's issue of "The Times," delivered to him a little ahead of the others. But what would "The Times" itself contain?

He tore off the wrapper, and, opening the paper, spread it out and swept the first page with a comprehensive glance. Then he uttered a low cry of exultation that, low as it was, startled the senate, stopped the orator, and drew all eyes to him.

But Jimmy was not abashed. Rising to his feet, the outspread paper, with its great black headlines and its columns and columns of a leaded dispatch sprawling over the first page and beyond, held firmly in his hand, he thus addressed the senate:—

"Gentlemen, I am not a member of this body, and I am present upon the floor by courtesy, but something of the greatest importance, bearing directly upon the case before you, has just come into my hands. I therefore request the gentleman from Warner County to bring it to the attention of the senate."

He handed the paper to Senator Cobb, who glanced over the first page. As he did so, Warfield saw a startled look appear on his face. But in a moment the senator rose to his feet and said:—

"Fellow senators, Mr. Warfield has given into my hand a document that changes the whole aspect of this case. I demand that the clerk of the senate read it aloud at once."

An indescribable thrill ran through the lobbies as the senator from Warner County spoke. There was a hum, a murmur, the noise of many people moving, and then the dead silence of expectation. Jimmy Warfield saw the deep red flush into Mary Pelham's cheeks, and, retreating, leave them marble white. Mr. Pugsley, too, turned white, but for another reason. Warfield saw a single questioning look appear in the eye of Carton, and then the face of the speaker became as stern and expressionless as before.

"Read! Read!" cried the senators, and the paper was hurriedly taken by a page to the clerk's desk.

The clerk of the senate was a big man with a big voice, and, in the attentive silence, he read, his deep bass voice filling all the room, first the headlines:—

CARTON IS INNOCENT

The Great Conspiracy against Him Unearthed

Its Head and Front Found in a Banker's Office in New York City

All the Plans of the New Company to Force the Old Ones to Buy It out Laid Bare

Carton to Be Broken on the Wheel because He Was the Main Obstacle to the Reaping of Fraudulent Profits

The Correspondent of "The Times" Sees Purvis and Eaton, the New York Bankers, Who Were Financing the Scheme

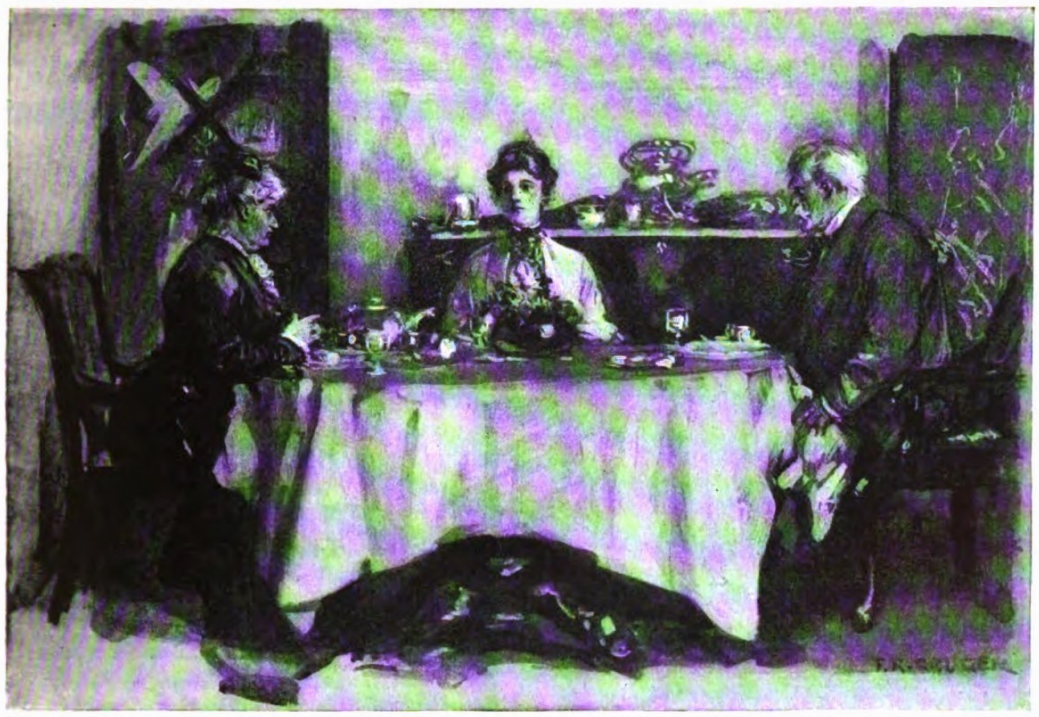
The clerk paused for a moment after reading the headlines. "By Jove, that headliner understood his business!" murmured Jimmy Warfield, in devout thankfulness. Then there came a sudden burst of applause like the crackle of guns. Carton's face turned red and Warfield saw his lips moving, and he knew how deep and intense was the speaker's relief. The presiding officer was beating with his gavel for order, and in a few moments it was restored.

"Continue the reading, Mr. Clerk," said the lieutenant governor.

Then the clerk read in his full, clear voice that slurred no word. Guthrie's account began at the beginning. It described the office of Messrs. Purvis and Eaton, its position in New York, and the character of the business that the firm did. It told how they employed skilled lobbyists in distant western and southern states, especially in those where the feeling against corporations ran the highest, and how they had prepared the bill for the "United." It told of the printing of the stocks and bonds by the order of Messrs. Purvis and Eaton, of the way they had paid lobbyists at the capital to work for it, and of the total absence of any preparations to erect plants in case the bill should become a law. Everything was laid bare, and every detail was clear; the listening people involuntarily pic-

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DRAWN BY FREDERICK R. GRUGER



"MRS. RANSOME LET HER FORK DROP. MR. RANSOME LOOKED AT HIS DAUGHTER"

tured to themselves the formation of the plot in the office of the bankers, the vision of great profits, the employment of shrewd agents, the arousing of the legislature and the people by the cry of "Down with the monopolies!" and the purchase, perhaps, of a few corrupt members to work night and day for the bill,—here many eyes, as if by a common impulse, were bent upon Mr. Pugsley, and he turned white,—then the opposition of the powerful speaker, followed by the plan of the conspirators to break and ruin him.

The clerk read on in his clear, full voice, but long before he was halfway through there were a hundred more copies of "The Times" inside the senate chamber, and many people were quietly reading for themselves. Guthrie's name in full was signed to the dispatch, and people began to whisper to each other: "He did it alone! What a debt Carton owes him! And what a debt the state owes him, too!" But the look upon Mary Pelham's face was one that Clarice will always remember; she seemed suddenly to be released from some great strain like unto the fear of death. Once her eyes and those of Carton met, and a single swift lightning glance, that only Jimmy Warfield saw, passed between them; it told of mountains that had been rolled away.

The reading went on, and the crowd listened, absorbed. Mr. Pugsley by and by quietly left the senate chamber. In the lobbies they still whispered Guthrie's name admiringly. But Mrs. Ransome looked scornful. "I do not see what is so wonderful in it," she said. "Anybody could have gone to New York and could have done the same thing."

Then Lucy Hastings turned, fire in her eyes.

"But nobody else went," she said, shortly.

The clerk finished, at length, and the case lay plain before them all. There was a moment of hesitation, and then Senator Cobb rose to his feet again, his face full of purpose.

"Fellow senators," he said, "the document that has just been read to us is not a legal exhibit in this case. Nevertheless, it is testimony of the most vital and compelling nature. All of us know the writer of that article, and all of us know his high character, and his absolute truth and honesty. Until I heard the reading of it I was convinced that Mr. Carton had improperly used his office as speaker of the house, and therefore deserved impeachment, now I know that he did what he did for the public good, and that he is a hero, almost a martyr. I shall vote for him, and I move that the vote on the impeachment proceedings be taken at once."

"I second the motion," exclaimed Senator Pike.

"All who are in favor of taking the vote now say 'aye,'" said the lieutenant governor.

There was a roar of "ayes."

"All who are against it say 'no.'"

There was not a "no."

"Call the roll, Mr. Clerk," said the lieutenant governor, and the clerk began to call it, name by name, the presiding officer having put the question whether or not the defendant was guilty.

The first senator voted "No!" loudly and clearly, and there was a murmur of applause, quickly checked by the pounding of the gavel. But as the "noes" came in an unbroken line the applause rose again, and the gavel could not suppress it. It swelled into a roar, and, when

DRAWN BY FREDERICK R. GRUGER



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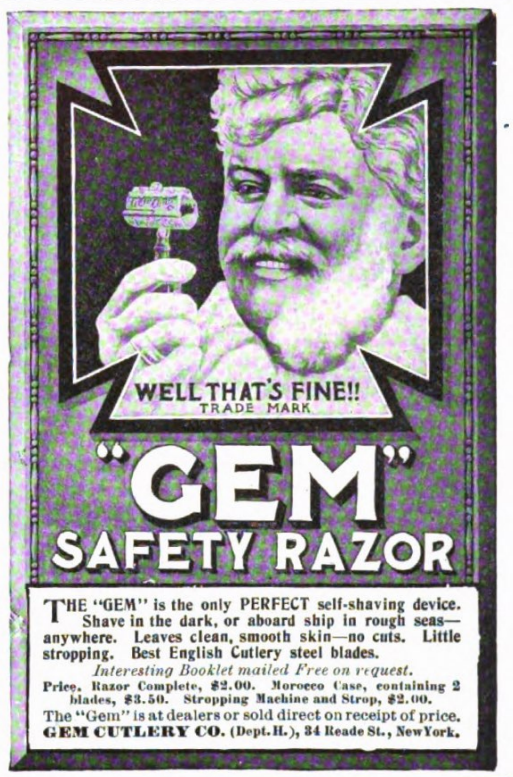
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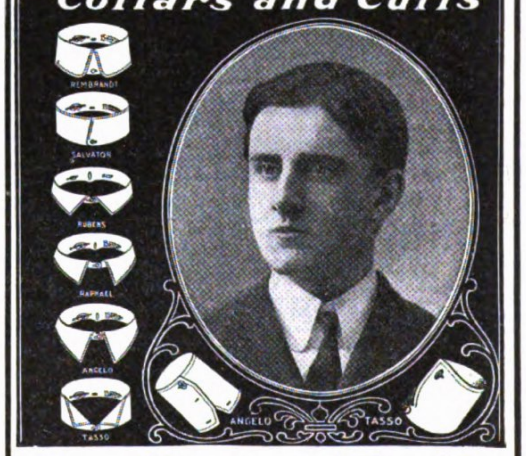
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the name of the last senator was called, every one had voted "No." Then in one final burst the applause died away, and the lieutenant governor rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen of the senate," he said, "you have voted unanimously for the acquittal of the defendant, the speaker of the house, and never was there a more righteous verdict. Mr. Carton, I congratulate you."

It is on record that the senate of this state once adjourned without a motion to that effect being made, and this was the day. The whole proceeding was irregular and unconstitutional, but nobody ever questioned it, because, when the lieutenant governor stepped down from his dais to congratulate the speaker, the great assemblage rose as if by one impulse and followed.

Mr. Carton found himself the center of a great crowd that showered praises upon him and shook his hand until he lost his cold reserve and dignity and became embarrassed. But Jimmy Warfield, standing in an aisle with Clarice Ransome and looking on, said, in a low voice:—

"I am glad through and through, Miss Ransome, but, after all, this *dénouement* is like the often-quoted one, the play of 'Hamlet' with *Hamlet* left out."

"What do you mean, Mr. Warfield?" she asked.

"It's Guthrie's achievement, and not Carton's; he should be here."

"Yes, it is his," she said, proudly, and then she added the question: "Is he to get no credit?"

"Credit, yes; substantial reward, none that I know of. Carton would pay him if he could, but he can not."

Her heart was full of indignant rebellion. It seemed to her that Guthrie was always serving others and never doing anything for himself. Even with the climax of his great achievement at hand and the applauding crowd about, he was away, and Carton held the center of the stage. He had saved Senator Pike from himself off there in the mountains, but the senator returned alone and received the plaudits, while Guthrie was elsewhere. That, too, was an injustice.

* * * * * * *

It was several weeks later, and Guthrie and Clarice drove once more along the river road. Spring was at hand; all the circle of hills about the capital glowed in tender green and the south wind called to the open.

Guthrie had returned to the capital very quietly two or three days after the arrival of the issue of "The Times" containing his great news, coming in at midnight and appearing modestly the next morning at his accustomed desk. There was sudden applause in the house that made him blush in embarrassment, and after the session the members compelled him to be the central figure at a sort of informal reception, but he was glad to escape from it all, which he did as soon as he could without being rude.

Carton said nothing then, but afterwards, when they were alone, he gave Guthrie a sincere handclasp that told of a friendship never to be destroyed, and said: "Billy, I owe you more than I can ever pay you."

"Oh, nonsense, Carton!" said Guthrie, "it was news that I was after." But Carton knew better.

The speaker had come out of his ordeal with added prestige. He was at once a hero and martyr and it gave him a glamour that endeared him to the people. The nomination for congress in his district, one of the most famous in the state, had already been offered to him without opposition, and, as it was heavily Democratic, he was as good as elected, although the election was more than six months away. Jimmy Warfield, whose legislative district belonged to him in fee simple, the people jokingly but truly said, would succeed Carton in the next legislature as speaker of the house. Senator Pike's action and the talk about it in the press had attracted the attention of the Republican President, who was about to appoint him to the large office of pension commissioner for the state. The governor's stanch support of Carton, at a time when such support was unpopular, had made him, already strong, yet stronger with the people, and it was obvious that a great career lay before him.

Everybody was receiving rewards,—except Guthrie, and now Clarice, as she drove with him on the river road, felt bitterness for his sake. He had done it all, it was his mind and courage that had won every triumph, and the one who alone had earned the great reward remained unpaid. But she could not see that Guthrie was conscious of it. He took it as a matter of course, and was looking forward to new work in his chosen profession. The legislature would adjourn in a few days, and he would immediately plunge into a hot congressional fight in his home city, where Hon. Henry Clay Warner was seeking renomination, and powerful forces were opposing him.

Guthrie pointed with his whip to some lumber rafts on the river, now swollen and yellow with the floods from the mountains.

"Do you remember that time in the winter when we saw Senator Pike board one of those rafts?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I could not forget it; his actions and those of the other men seemed so strange."

"Those men belonged to the feudists. I did not know it then, but at that time the affairs of the Pikes and the Dilgers were coming to a head. We had a dispatch yesterday from Briarton, saying that Pete Dilger was duly hanged the day before, by law, in the presence of ten thousand people gathered from all parts of the mountains. I hope it will be a good example, because if ever a man deserved hanging it was he, and it may induce the mountaineers hereafter to let the law take its course and not resort to personal revenge. At least it may help."

Guthrie spoke presently of Carton and Mary Pelham.

"Carton has told me that all is now right between them," he said, "and that they are to be married in December, a month after his election to congress. I wish

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them happiness on earth; they will make a fine couple."

"Yes," she said, "it is true; it is arranged. General Pelham has withdrawn his objections; Mrs. Pelham always favored Mr. Carton; Mary, too, was confident of his innocence, and the coldness between them arose because he would not see that she loved him as much as ever and believed in him the same, despite appearances and all that was said against him."

"Well, they are over the rough places, now," said Guthrie, joyously; "and, after all, though it is a bitter experience, it will help Carton politically. Everything has turned out well."

"Yes," she said, boldly,—"for Mr. Carton and Mr. Warfield and Mr. Pike,—but it was you who did it; it was you, Mr. Guthrie, who saved them all, and what do you get?"

"Come, now, you are making sport of me," he said, seriously. "My part was mere chance; I was after news."

"But what reward do you get?" she persisted.

"All that I am entitled to, I suppose. I've got another most interesting campaign just ahead. I enjoy these political fights,—they whip one's blood like a spring wind. You've seen Warner here,—Hon. H. C. Warner, the member of the lower house of congress from my district, the fourth, the heavy, red-faced man,—a rank demagogue he has proved to be, and dissipated, to boot. He gave good promise, once; I went with him, for 'The Times,' through his first campaign, two years ago, and we helped him a lot; we thought that he would be a credit to the old fourth, but he has turned out badly; now he wants a renomination, and he has back of him a crowd to which his demagogy appeals; there are two other Democratic candidates in the field, and it looks like a bitter factional fight, to end, maybe, in a Republican triumph."

"And they expect you, besides describing this campaign, to help in it politically?" she said.

"I may have a little influence with Warner," he replied, with a smile. Then he added: "You, too, are going back to the city now, are you not?"

"Yes, I shall go when the legislature adjourns; mother went back two weeks ago, and she wanted me to go with her, but I preferred to stay until the end. Lucy Hastings and Mary Pelham both will visit me in the city in a few weeks."

"And you will have another visitor," said Guthrie. "The count is coming to claim you,—it is no secret here; Mrs. Ransome often spoke of it or I would not allude to it now. 'This country does not like to lose you."

He spoke quietly, but there was a tone in his voice that she had never heard before; it thrilled her, and she turned her face away to hide the red that flecked it.

"Yes," she replied, "I am engaged to be married to Raoul d'Estournelles,—that is no news to you,—and he said last year that he would come in the spring."

Her face was still turned away. She was gazing absently over the far hills, and she did not know that Guthrie was looking at her, his expression one of mingled sadness and admiration. He was thinking that if there were not so many "ifs" in the way,—if she had not met D'Estournelles, if she had not become engaged to him, if she were not a rich man's daughter, or if he, William Guthrie, were not poor, with the prospect of remaining poor,—then he, too, might have tempted his fortune and lost; as it was, he must lose without even tempting his fortune.

He struck the horse impatiently, and they trotted swiftly along the white road. Throughout the remainder of the drive they spoke only of things that concerned others.

The legislature adjourned, three days later, and the great political family dispersed, amid many regrets, each to his own corner of the state. But they were not sad regrets. In this state everybody is continually meeting everybody else all through life.

Clarice went directly to her home in the city, and her father met her with joy unrestrained on his broad, honest countenance. How big and kind he looked! How handsome was his homely face! How could she ever go away and leave him? Then, as she looked at the big brick house with white shutters, in which she was born, and at the wide, green lawn with the shadowing oaks, she thought that she would find abroad nothing more really beautiful and nothing more friendly or protecting.

That night, at dinner, her mother said:—

"I suppose, Clarice, since you are no longer compelled to meet him, that you will see no more of young Mr. Guthrie?"

"On the contrary, mother," replied Clarice, "I have asked him to call upon me here, and he has promised to do so."

CHAPTER XI.

The Fight in the "Old Fourth"

GUTHRIE, when the legislature adjourned, did not linger at the capital, but joined at once in the general exodus. The train which bore him to the city, his home, also carried Jimmy Warfield, Mr. Pugsley, (now a discredited man,) Carton, who had business to transact in the metropolis, and many others belonging to the capital circle.

Carton was much improved in manner. The ordeal through which he had passed so triumphantly had softened his nature. He seemed to realize, at length, that to some extent he had brought hostility upon himself, and he was grateful, too, to those friends who had stood by him through ill and had saved him. As for Guthrie, he was yet a hero, much to his embarrassment.

In three hours they were in the city, and the next day Guthrie attended a caucus of the party leaders in the fourth congressional district, called to consider the action of Henry Clay Warner, the incumbent, who was giving the most serious trouble; but none of those present was able to suggest a way out of the difficulty. It was clear that the Prohibitionists, five thousand strong who usually



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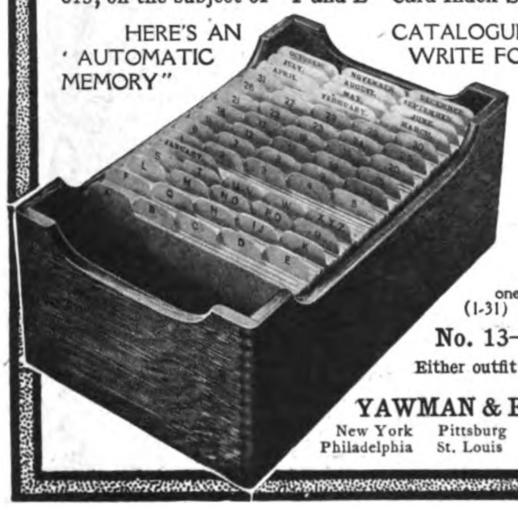
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voted with the Democrats, would never support Warner, whose life at Washington had been dissipated; and, since many straight Democrats would reject him, too, the split in their ranks was sure to give the Republicans an easy victory, unless Warner could be prevailed upon to withdraw, and he stubbornly refused to do so. Perkins, the Republican candidate, already regarded his own election as a certainty. It was, at length, suggested that Guthrie, who had been Warner's friend before the latter showed his true character, meet the member, who was about to return from Washington for his campaign, and try to persuade him that his own interests, as well as those of the party, demanded his withdrawal. Guthrie accepted the commission with reluctance, and made the last half of the journey from the capital with Warner. But his efforts were vain. Warner held himself to be an injured man,—a martyr. He professed a belief in his triumphant election in spite of all, and he was confirmed in this belief by a great demonstration in his honor organized upon his arrival by his adherents.

Guthrie then called at the Ransome house, and was well received by Clarice and her father, but non-committally by Mrs. Ransome, who talked throughout the evening about dear Raoul and his coming visit to America. Guthrie, observing keenly, noticed that Mr. Ransome did not like it, but he was unable to judge of Clarice's feelings.

Two days later Lucy Hastings and Mary Pelham arrived for their visit, and Guthrie called again. He saw then that Mrs. Ransome was unhappy,—her daughter was still surrounded by the associations that she had disliked at the capital,—but old John Ransome was a prince of hosts, and when he saw Guthrie much by the side of Clarice he was not offended.

Meanwhile the Prohibitionists held a meeting, which did not nominate a candidate, but which took measures to do so at any moment they might think fit. Then they sent word to the Democrats that their man, Mr. Johnson, well known for his high character, would be announced later if Warner were not forced off the track in time. Mr. Stetson, the editor of "The Times," a man of national reputation, often sent for Guthrie to inquire if there was any progress, and it grieved him always to reply in the negative, but he had no choice. He saw, too, that Mr. Stetson himself was growing uneasy, and he understood the reason. If the next president should be Democratic, and it seemed that he would be, the great editor was sure of a seat in the cabinet or an ambassadorship unless something remarkable should happen. Now the old fourth district was in danger, and people outside the state, particularly in the East, would turn to Mr. Stetson, who to them represented this state, and say: "Why, you've let your own home district go wrong."

Guthrie, despite the political troubles, was often at the Ransome house. Old John Ransome seemed to delight in the company of these young people, and he always pressed him to come back again. "They are my kind, and I like my kind," he once said to his wife. Warfield, too, came, and Carton and the governor. One evening, Guthrie brought Senator Pike and Senator Cobb, and, gathered in Mr. Ransome's big drawing-room, everyone was happy except Mrs. Ransome.

The next morning at the breakfast table, when only the Ransomes were present, Mrs. Ransome said, with obvious meaning:—

"I am glad that Raoul will be here soon."

"He will not be here," said Clarice.

Mrs. Ransome let her fork drop. Mr. Ransome looked at his daughter and saw a firm expression upon her face.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Ransome, in a severe tone.

"I have written to him not to come," replied Clarice.

"Not to come?"

"Not to come! Never to come! I have told him that I can not marry him. It was a mistake. His people are not my people, and my people are not his. We could never be happy together, and I have taken the course that I think is right."

"And you are right, Clarice, God bless you!" exclaimed John Ransome. In his foolish fondness he rose from the table and kissed his daughter on either cheek. But Mrs. Ransome was all ice.

"Then I suppose, since you have behaved so badly to Raoul, that you mean to marry this newspaper fellow, Guthrie," she said.

"If he asks me I certainly shall," replied Clarice, serenely, "but he has not asked me yet."

Mrs. Ransome, aghast with horror, swept out of the room.

Guthrie often talked over the political situation with Clarice, and she fully shared his wish to find a way out, if such a way existed. She had an abiding faith in him. She admired his zeal and believed in his ability. He still cherished the hope that he should become some day the head of the Washington bureau of "The Times," and there, on the great stage of the national capital, find full scope for his talents. Wallace, the present head, was getting old and stiff, and before many years he must have an assistant,—an assistant, nominally, but, so far as the work was concerned, the chief.

"When that assistant is selected I intend to be the man, Miss Ransome, and then I won't be going around the counties here, hunting up the news of peanut politics. One can find at Washington the things that count."

He did not speak to her of love, but she could see it in his eyes, and she knew what held him back. For the first time in her life she was dissatisfied with her father's wealth. The news of her broken engagement to Raoul was soon spread over the city,—she mentioned it herself to a few of her personal friends and did not ask them to keep

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it a secret. Lucy and Mary offered her quiet congratulations. Her father, too, was a tower of strength beside her in these days, and she had a vast sense of relief.

She was happy in the big house, surrounded by her friends of the two cities, the capital and her home city, and she did not notice how seldom they spoke of Guthrie in his absence. He was never obtruded upon her, but, besides seeing him often, she heard of him almost daily in the general flow of the public life of the city. Warner was actively carrying on his campaign in the city, especially in the eleventh and twelfth wards, where most of the ignorant vote was massed, and where his demagogic appeals met a ready response. Guthrie remained on good terms with him personally, and still saw him often. Always he would endeavor to persuade him to withdraw. Now and then he had hopes of getting him into a primary convention, and he wrote a speech of renunciation for the refractory member. He wrote it without any suggestion from Warner,—in fact, without his knowledge,—but it appealed to him as the speech the member ought to make in the convention; it was the duty that he owed to his district, to his party, and to himself.

Guthrie was so full of the subject that it was not hard for him to transfer his thoughts to paper and to express them in the manner that seemed fitting. So he was pleased when he finished the speech and read it over to see its effect, and, in order not to be deceived, he read it also to Clarice, whom he usually found to be a just and fearless critic.

"Fine! fine!" she said; "but it's wasted. You know that you can never make Warner deliver that speech."

"I'm not so sure that I can't," he replied; "I'll find an opportunity yet."

The fact that Guthrie had written a speech which he wanted Warner to make became known to others than Clarice and himself. Mr. Stetson called him into his private office one evening, and said:—

"I hear that you've written a speech for Warner, Mr. Guthrie?"

Guthrie reddened and was confused, but he answered, in a few moments:—

"Yes, I have, but I'm afraid he won't deliver it."

"Let me see it."

Guthrie was embarrassed by this unexpected request, which, coming from his superior officer, amounted to an order. Despite many endeavors to evade the request, he was compelled to yield, at length, and recited the speech, which he knew word by word.

He had made self-sacrifice the keynote of this speech,—the necessity, when one becomes an obstruction, of standing aside for the sake of the party and for the good of the country,—the sinking of ambition in order to promote the general welfare. There were other things in the address, but this was the point upon which he dwelt. He spoke in a low tone, but his voice was full of feeling, and he had thought so long and so hard upon this subject that he was carried a bit out of himself. When he came to the end he was surprised to find that he had recited it without embarrassment.

Mr. Stetson said only a word or two, just enough to indicate his satisfaction, and Guthrie did not know, as he went out, that the great editor's face wore a very thoughtful look.

The convention was almost at hand, and Guthrie still cherished the hope that he could persuade Warner to enter it. Headley and Graves, the other Democratic candidates, either of whom would have made a respectable but not brilliant member, openly avowed their willingness to abide by its decree. A convention in the old fourth district, as well as in any other district of this state, is more than a political event; it is also social and sportive, or, upon occasion, it may even have a religious color, becoming, in short, a festive event, tinged now and then with solemnity, and an underlying, but never forgotten serious purpose. The conventions develop, too, the variety and humor of life in a state rich in all these respects, and hence everybody except the defeated candidates, who are supposed not to complain, enjoys them.

But no one of this generation remembered a convention in the "old fourth" which excited so much interest as the one now about to be called to order. It contained all the elements likely to excite keen curiosity and a desire to attend,—Warner's peculiar position, the uncertainty of his course, the angry shadow of the Prohibitionists hovering over them, and the well-known fact that the whole fate of the next congress might turn upon this convention. It seemed to the gathering Democrats that the life of the party in the "old fourth" was at stake, and they reflected, too, that, just escaped from the dangers involved in the charges against Carton at the capital, they were confronted by another crisis equally menacing. They had literally escaped from the frying pan into the fire. It was said that Warner would be present on the floor of the convention, a proceeding unusual in a candidate, and it was certain that the delegations from the eleventh and twelfth wards would be composed almost wholly of his friends.

Guthrie ascertained also that Pugsley was working hard in Warner's favor, although he was very quiet about it, as his support while the cloud of scandal still rested upon him was a doubtful asset. Guthrie knew that Pugsley cared nothing for Warner, but was merely carrying on an agitation against those in power, hoping to profit by a revolution.

Templeton, too, appeared in the city and was often with Pugsley. All that Guthrie had foreseen was coming to pass,—Templeton was sinking lower and lower.

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What is said of the Triplet:

"I would not take a dollar for the Triplet. As a screw-driver it saved me a very serious accident two days ago."

"The Triplet has become like my pocket-knife, or watch or pencil—a necessity, and I would not care to be without it."

Address
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did not keep the people from pouring into the large hall before the time.

The boxes were filled with prominent men and their feminine relatives. In one sat the familiar "governor's group," the governor and his wife, Mary Pelham, Clarice Ransome, Mrs. Dennison, Mr. Carton, Mr. Ransome, Mr. Pike, now the pension commissioner, and Senator Cobb, who had come on as a spectator. Mrs. Ransome had refused to come, saying that the affair did not interest her,—and she stood by her refusal to the end,—but General and Mrs. Pelham were present. There was also a new man, Clarice's uncle from the country, a man wholly unlike his sister, Mrs. Ransome, in temperament, character, and appearance,—the gigantic member of congress from the second district.

Deep as was the political interest in this convention, it was evident at once that the social phase would not be inferior. The city is famous for its pretty girls, and they were thick in the hall, everywhere except in the space railed off for the delegates, and there was not one who did not wear roses or other flowers in her hair or on her dress, in addition to those in her cheeks.

Guthrie saw Warner slip in under the cover of his friends, and take a seat in the center of the delegation from the twelfth ward, near his friend, Pugsley, also making himself inconspicuous where his presence was not discovered until he had been there some time, and thus the force of the blow had been broken. Then an angry buzz of comment arose and filled the hall, but it soon died, because the convention was about to open and Warner could not be permitted to occupy its attention for any long period. Moreover, the great men were fast arriving and they always came in state, a state which, often, they did not intend, but which the public enforced.

There were the two United States senators, men of really large caliber, mentally as well as physically, and well known throughout the nation, Mr. Stetson, more famous than either, and two ex-governors of the state with bushy white heads of hair. One had been a famous Confederate general, and the other a famous Federal general. It was all like a big family gathering. There was a great hum of talk and the brightly colored fans of the ladies were fluttering, but this hum was soon lost in the strains of popular music as the band in an upper box began to play.

Grayson, the district committeeman, called the convention to order, and, in accordance with the universal custom, prayer was offered. Then Grayson quickly gave way to the temporary chairman, a non-committal and negative man named Andrews. It is a custom in this state for the great men of the party to make speeches while the details of a convention are being organized, and the first call from the crowd was for Mr. Stetson, who was always doubly welcome, as he rarely meddled in local politics, and, therefore, trod on no toes. After he finished, the two United States senators and the speaker of the lower house of congress spoke, all receiving much applause. While they were speaking, Guthrie entered the box where Clarice sat.

"What news from Warner, Billy?" asked Mr. Fielding, her uncle, the member from the second district, who had long known Guthrie well. "You know there is a sort of feeling among us all that he is in your hands."

"I can't say anything positively about him," replied Guthrie, anxiously. "It is quite sure that his name will be placed before the convention, but I can not say whether or not he will abide by its decision."

"He is an obstinate man, with a brain inflamed by stimulants," said Mr. Fielding. "We must get rid of him."

"I think you 'll succeed yet," said Clarice, in an encouraging tone, and Guthrie gave her a grateful look.

The speeches were finished, and then came a fight over the permanent chairmanship, the vote for which was always the first test of strength in a disputed convention. In this case it was a test which the leaders wished particularly to avoid, owing to the delicate nature of the situation; but it was postponed temporarily, that they might adjourn for the noon recess, a course agreeable to all.

During the noon hour the leaders prevailed upon Mr. Stetson to accept the permanent chairmanship. He was a man of such distinction that even the rebels would not dare to impugn his fairness and reject him.

When the convention reassembled, at two o'clock, Mr. Stetson, whose nomination was made unanimous, delivered a short speech, and then the people bent forward in their seats. The battle was about to begin, and they were in it, heart and soul.

[*To be concluded in the August* SUCCESS]

The Fable of the Four Men

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

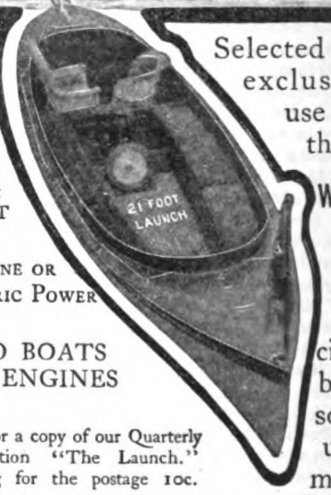
"I GOT off a streetcar this morning," said a doctor to me, "and, being in no hurry, I began moralizing on the actions and probable character of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then halfway down the block and was going on with such rapid strides that he had already put a couple of hundred yards between himself and the next man. 'There,' thought I, 'goes a hustler,—a man who's bound to succeed in life.' The second man was walking rather slower, and impressed me as one who would do fairly well, perhaps, in this world. But the last fellow was just dawdling along in the most shiftless sort of way. I very quickly set him down for a loafer.

"Just then another idea came home to me. All three were ahead of *me!*"

"Debt is disguised damnation."

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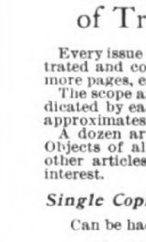
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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

The Man Who Couldn't Afford a Vacation

NO MAN or woman can work every day, year in and year out, with no change, no variety in his life, without either getting into a rut which will paralyze his finest and best faculties, or breaking down altogether and committing suicide on years of precious life.

A great many people, especially in cities, fail, lose their health, and become mere apologies of the men and women they might be if they knew how to take care of themselves,—if they were wise enough to take a vacation when they need it. But they voluntarily cut themselves off, year after year, from the great source of power,—nature. They do not drink from the fountain of vitality and eternal youth and energy in which the earth is constantly renewing itself. Buried in schemes of ambition, of self-aggrandizement, in dreams of wealth and power and fame, they grind away in an environment of bricks and mortar, in the stifling, changeless atmosphere of the city, until they become nervous, worn-out wrecks. They do not see the necessity of change; they do not believe in taking a vacation; they laugh at the idea of giving up their work and going away to idle in the country, as they put it, until it is too late. Many of these ceaseless toilers are living on their nerves, trying all sorts of patent medicines, massage treatments, and other artificial remedies, in the hope of regaining health and strength. But they find these things very poor substitutes for the recreating, rejuvenating forces of the country.

How much money would you give a physician if he would guarantee you strong, steady, healthy faculties, instead of nervous, exhausted ones; if he could restore elasticity to your lagging footsteps; if he could give you firm, vigorous muscles instead of weak, flabby ones; if he could put new courage and hope into your life; if he could, by some magic, take away the fretful, nervous irratible feeling which makes you so unhappy, and restore you to your usual cool, calm, collected, cheerful demeanor? You would not stop at any price you could afford to pay. Yet you can do all this yourself, if you will only drop everything and fly to the country for rest and change and complete emancipation from business cares. Let your business for the time be to recuperate and to grow strong.

A great many business and professional men are practically slaves to their vocation. They are a part of its machinery. They have become victims of routine. They do what they do to-day because they did it yesterday. It is easier to go back to the accustomed task than to make a change of any kind, no matter how much they may need it.

I have lived for years near a man who says he never could afford to take a vacation. I have called at his office a great many times, but have never found him at leisure: he is always on the grind; there is no let up in his work from one year's end to another; he believes in the gospel of hard, unremitting work for himself and everybody around him. He says that all this talk about rest and vacation is nonsense; that time taken from business is time wasted; that life is too short for one to go out into the country and sit around doing nothing.

The result is that his close application to work through all these years has broken down his health. His hand trembles so that he can scarcely sign a check. His once vigorous, firm step has given way to an uncertain, lagging one, and there are evidences of weakness in his very bearing. He gives you the impression of a man who is just about to collapse, yet he refuses to give up work or to take a vacation. Although the man has made money, he is a complete failure. No one who works for him sympathizes with him, because they think he is too mean and stingy to take a rest. His family, as well as his employees, avoid him, because he has become so crabbed and disagreeable. He is a mere business machine,—hard, cold, and unresponsive to human emotions. If one were to show him a picture of himself as he really is,—as the years of grind and drudgery have made him,—he would not believe it was a true one. He thinks he is the same free, open-hearted, generous fellow that he was in his youth.

Everywhere we see duplicates of this man who could not afford to take a vacation. He is listlessly dragging his feet along the streets, trying, now and then, to force himself, by sheer will power, to express energy which he does not possess. We see him at home,—fretful, irritable, morose,—pushing away from him the children whom he once loved to caress and play with. He can not bear their noise, or enter into their childish fun. He tries to get away in a corner by himself, with his paper or book. He feels injured because he thinks his wife does not make as much of him as she used to. He does not realize that in his nervous moodiness he has repelled her loving attentions and caresses so often that she shrinks from repeating them. All unconsciously, he is severing the tenderest ties of his family life, and making his home miserable.

We finally see this man who once imagined he could not afford to take a vacation, at foreign resorts, drinking the waters and taking mud baths. We see him at hot springs, sulphur springs,—all sorts of mineral springs,—trying to recover what he bartered for a mess of pottage. He is taking long trips in automobiles; he is on steamships and yachts, seeking health on the ocean; he is traveling from place to place, consulting the world's great specialists, trying to get back the vigor and vitality he lost in exchange for the money he made while toiling along year after year without rest or change.

The brain will very quickly tell you when it needs a vacation. When it demands a change, it will give you signs that can not be mistaken. It will humiliate you often enough, and make you wonder whether or not you are a real man or woman, when you lose your self-control and fly into a rage over the merest trifles; when you have to force yourself to the work that was formerly a delight; when you begin to feel dull and languid and irritable; when your ambition and enthusiasm begin to wane; when your head aches, your eye loses its luster, and your step its elasticity. Whether you are a student, a business or professional man or woman, or a homemaker, these are symptoms which you can not afford to ignore. They are Nature's reminders that you must stop, or take the

You can't fire it unless you pull the Trigger

And No Discharge

Bang the hammer of a loaded Iver Johnson against the table; throw the revolver around as carelessly as you would a handkerchief; handle it as roughly as you may, and there can be positively no discharge—don't do this with *any other make of revolver* if you value your life.



IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

are the *only* revolvers absolutely safe from accidental discharge—*as safe in the home as the kitchen stove.* The reason lies in the fact that the hammer *never* touches the firing pin, and the firing pin never comes in contact with the cartridge except when the trigger is pulled *all the way back.*

OUR BOOKLET, "SHOTS," mailed free with our descriptive catalogue, *proves* these claims and describes Iver Johnsons with complete illustrations. May we send it to you?

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Price: Hammer, $5.00; Hammerless, $6.00

Iver Johnsons are sold by dealers the world over, or direct from us if your dealer won't supply you.

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What institution has qualified its students to become experts?

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In what institution can I find instructors whose reputation has been established by the success of their students rather than by their own self-assertion?

When a man is contemplating the study of advertisement writing he is standing on the threshold of his future, and at such a time he should weigh these questions carefully. A mistake at this critical moment means failure. If you take the Page-Davis course you eliminate the possibility of incompetency.

Sift it down and you will discover the Page-Davis Co. is the standard.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

We Now Tell You What We Can do For You

We can positively teach you by mail how to write advertisements.

We can put you in possession of a business knowledge that is enabling our students to earn from $25 per week to $100 per week.

We can positively fit you within a reasonable time to lay a broad foundation for your future work along successful lines, and convince you of the necessity of making commercial publicity one of your educational accomplishments.

We can qualify you to adapt yourself to the best conditions of business life and strengthen your self-confidence and your discrimination.

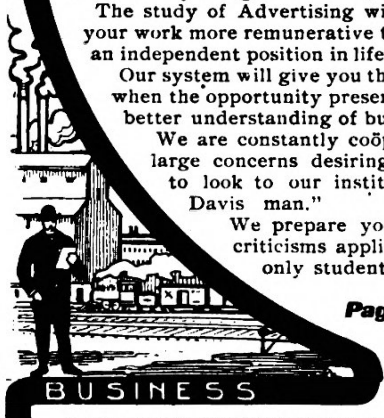
We can help you, through a knowledge of Advertising, to cultivate profitable observation, to think clearly along broad lines, to reason accurately and to act practically.

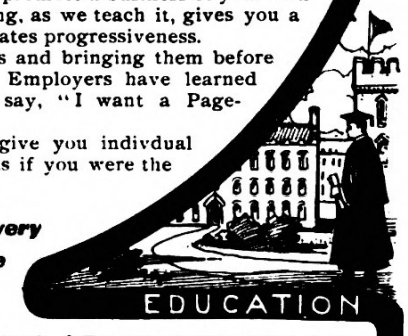
The study of Advertising will unquestionably make you more useful to your concern, and your work more remunerative to yourself. It will assist you to progress more rapidly toward an independent position in life.

Our system will give you the courage and the means to promote a business of your own when the opportunity presents itself, because Advertising, as we teach it, gives you a better understanding of business principles and stimulates progressiveness.

We are constantly coöperating with our graduates and bringing them before large concerns desiring Advertisement writers. Employers have learned to look to our institution and to confidently say, "I want a Page-Davis man."

We prepare you by correspondence and give you indivdual criticisms applied to your own work just as if you were the only student.





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A Page-Davis Graduate in KansasCity, Mo., is now earning $30 per week, former salary $14.

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Rogers Klenzer is the Universal Cleaner—the conquering foe of dirt and grease wherever found. Made in the factory that produces the Famous Rogers Paints, Varnishes, Stainfloor Finish and Enamels.

Makes the hands soft and smooth.

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A Regina will furnish music for a dance or social gathering—lively, popular, new music—with little trouble, saving the expense of an orchestra.

It fits into the daily life of every home.

One man starts his Regina going just before bedtime, and lets it play for half an hour, filling the house with soft lullabies.

Several styles of Reginas change the discs automatically saving all trouble.

It is just the music for secret society, fraternity, lodge or club. We would like to explain to the secretary of every such organization how it can be used, and what it will cost.

Ask for the booklet, "A Harmony in Two Flats," which tells a rattling good Regina story and gives a catalogue of the Regina instruments.

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MAKERS OF
Reginaphones, Regina Piano Players, and Regina Coronas.

$3.00 SILK ELASTIC STOCKING
Write for Pamphlet.
TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, ETC.
FLAVELL'S, 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

consequences. If you do not heed her warnings, she will make you pay the penalty, though it be with your life. Whether king or beggar, it is all the same to her. Beware how you presume to do what Nature prohibits. She will warn you once, twice, thrice, perhaps oftener, but from her final sentence there is no appeal.

Many a man has been carried to his rest, in a hearse, years before his natural span of life was run, because he put off his vacation until he could afford the time. Others are in hospitals, sanitariums, and asylums, helpless wrecks from *paresis*, overtaxed brains, shattered nerves, or broken down constitutions, because they thought they could not afford a few weeks' vacation every year.

We notice that the men who tell you that they can not get out of harness even for a week, because their business or profession presses them so, are not, as a rule, as good business men, and do not succeed as well in their professions, as the men who take time to recuperate and grow. There have been great changes in business methods in the past twenty-five years. The more progressive men, those who are capable of making and carrying out a programme in a large way, have broken away from the old slavery of their predecessors. They do not spend as many hours in the office, but they can do more and better work in less time, because they have better facilities; they are fresher and more spontaneous, because their faculties are not jaded and worn out by long hours of drudgery.

When will men learn that power does not come from bricks and stones and artificial environment? If we would gain in force and originality, we must go back to a simpler life. We have become too artificial. We must touch mother earth. We must drink in power from the babbling brook, from the meadow, from the mountain. We must drink in beauty from flower and field, and tree and sunset, or we shall go backward instead of forward. Growth and power, strength and efficiency must be our aim. To do our best, we must be healthy, strong. If we grind incessantly, this is impossible. Let us, now and then, "loaf and invite our souls." Let us take a vacation every year.

▲ ▲

Does a Vacation Pay?

Does it pay to regain your cheerful personality?

Does it pay to sip power from its very fountain head?

Does it pay to increase your creative power and originality?

Does it pay to get a firmer grip on your business or profession?

Does it pay to regain your lost confidence by up-building your health?

Do you want to get rid of the scars and stains of the year's campaign?

Will a fresh vigorous brain serve you better than a fagged, jaded one?

Does it pay to exchange flaccid, stiffened muscles for strong, elastic ones?

Does it pay to get a new grip upon life and to double your power to do good work?

Does it pay to put iron into the blood and to absorb granite strength from the everlasting hills?

Does it pay to renew the buoyancy and light-heartedness, the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth?

Does it pay to get in tune with the Infinite by drinking in the medicinal tonic from the everlasting hills?

Does it pay to get rid of your nagging, rasping disposition so that you can attract people instead of repelling them?

Does it pay to get rid of some of our narrow prejudices, hatreds, and jealousies that are encouraged by the strenuous city life?

Does it pay to add to the comfort and happiness of ourselves and those about us by being brighter and more cheerful ourselves?

Does it pay to make the most of all the powers that God has given you by bringing superb health and vitality to your aid in developing them?

Does it pay to develop our powers of observation; to learn to read "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything?"

Does it pay to put beauty into the life, to gather serenity and poise from the sweet music of the running brooks and the thousand voices in nature?

Is it better to be a full-rounded man or woman with large views and a wide outlook, or a mere automatic machine running in the same old grooves year after year?

Is it a good investment to exchange a few dollars for a great deal of health and happiness; to economize on that on which the very wellsprings of our being depend?

Does it pay to be free, for a time, from the petty annoyances that vex, hinder, and exasperate; to get out of ruts and the old beaten tracks and take in a stock of brand-new ideas?

Does it pay to get away from the hot bricks and mortar of the city and breathe the pure air of the country; to become rejuvenated and refreshened by breathing the untainted and invigorating air of the country?

Is it better to go to your task with a hopeful outlook than to drag yourself to your work like an unwilling slave; to go through life halting, weak, inefficient, pessimistic, or to be strong, vigorous, self-reliant and optimistic?

Does it pay to save five per cent. of your income by economizing on your vacation this year and break down next year from the continued strain and be obliged to pay fifty per cent. for doctor's bills, besides the time lost in enforced idleness?

Does it pay the hard-worked, nerve-racked, desk-bound man to lock his business cares in his office or store and be free once more; to exchange exhausted and irritable nerves for sound, healthy ones which will carry pleasurable sensations instead of rasping ones?

♦ ♦

Merely to Outstrip Others Will not Bring Success

A GREAT many people seem to think that getting ahead of others, like the winning of a horse in a race, is success. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Outstripping others often means trampling upon their rights, and keeping them back by unfair means; it often signifies failure, not success. The mere thought of trying to get ahead of some one else is inimical to success.

Such efforts develop the brute in man. They nourish some of the worst failure-qualities, such as selfishness, envy, and avarice.

No one can succeed, in the larger sense, unless he becomes a broader and better man; but can one grow broader and better when he is actuated by the meanest of all motives,—the desire to get ahead of his neighbor?

While struggling to improve ourselves, we should keep constantly in mind the idea of helping others on the way, and of making their burdens a little lighter. To throw stumbling-blocks in the way of another, to retard his progress, will bring failure in any career, no matter how much money one may make in it.

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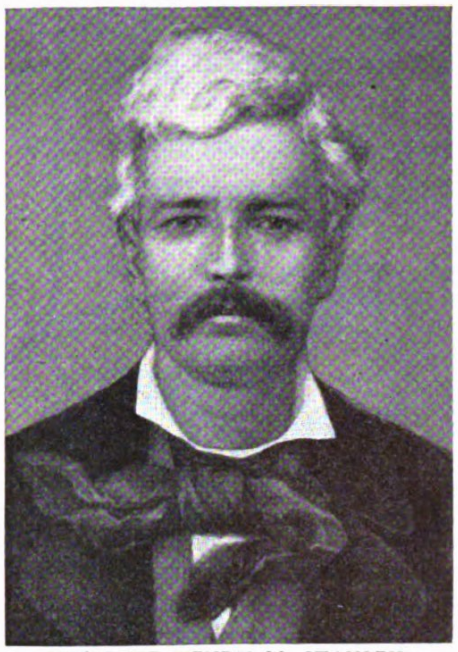
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Stanley, the Explorer

ROBERT GRAY



THE LATE HENRY M. STANLEY,
as he appeared just after finding Livingstone

OVER a grave in a little churchyard in Wales there is a plain white stone bearing these words: "Here lies the mother of Henry M. Stanley." No other name to tell who she was is evident. Her history and her antecedents and the story of her famous son's birth were all buried with her. It was sufficient to let the world know that there rests the mother of the most intrepid and fearless explorer, since Columbus, that the world has known. Little did Stanley himself know of his mother, and less still of his father, a man named Rowland. Stanley was born in poverty, and the death of his father, when he was very young, left him to shift for himself. When he was twelve years old, he ran away from his home in Denbigh, Wales, and embarked as a cabin boy on a ship bound for New Orleans. He found employment in a store, and his diligence and energy became so manifest that he was adopted by his employer, Henry Morton Stanley, whose name he took. His benefactor died soon afterwards, and young Stanley was set adrift again. He went to Kansas, enlisted in the Confederate army, and fought bravely and well. During all these years of trying, exasperating, and almost hopeless outlook toward the future, he managed to educate himself, so that at the end of the Civil War he was able to begin work as a newspaper correspondent. Horace Greeley sent him to the West to report the Indian outrages for the New York "Tribune," and his letters attracted the attention of James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York "Herald." His brilliant work in Africa in finding the lost David Livingstone has been known to the world for years. It stamped Stanley as a fearless, determined, level-headed man; it swung the New York "Herald" into prominence; and it opened Africa to civilization.

His Activities Were more than Mere Adventure

This, in brief, is an epitome of the life-story of one of the world's greatest men. He was greater than many other men who have gone to their graves with their work long since completed. His achievements were greater than his life. Our newspapers are now inclined to estimate his work too lightly. To say that all of his activities were the result of a roving, adventurous disposition, and that the adventures into which they led him were their own reward is an insult to public intelligence. Such comment is indulged in by the New York "Times," a paper which prides itself on its editorial qualifications, but it is about in keeping with the jeers that were hurled at Christopher Columbus by his fellow men. "To Stanley himself," adds this paper, "the danger and the difficulty of this quest were doubtless the main allurements to it. But his success, and, very likely, as has been suggested, the influence upon him of Livingstone, whose life was absorbed in the development of the Dark Continent, gave the mind of the young explorer a more serious turn." This sort of comment can hardly be passed upon without a smile by those who remember the thrill with which they first read of his romantic expeditions.

"I'll see the heart of Africa yet, before I die, and do something there that shall be remembered." This confident prediction of Stanley's was, according to David Ker, made by him to Russian officers in 1866, during his Eastern travels. They afterwards repeated it to Mr. Ker. Certainly it was a prophecy marvelously fulfilled.

Mr. Stanley in a Recent Interview with "Success"

Mr. Stanley recently granted SUCCESS an interview through its London correspondent, E. M. Yates, when he told briefly and modestly of his connection with Mr. Bennett, of his great African trip, and of his emotions when he met Livingstone. I reproduce it here, as given by Mr. Yates:—

"Was your expedition to find Livingstone your own suggestion, or had you ever thought of becoming an African explorer?" I asked.

"No, I had never thought about it. It came quite in the course of my newspaper work. As I recall it, the circumstances were as follows:—

"I was in Madrid on October 10, 1869, just at the close of the Spanish War, when I received a message from Mr. Bennett,

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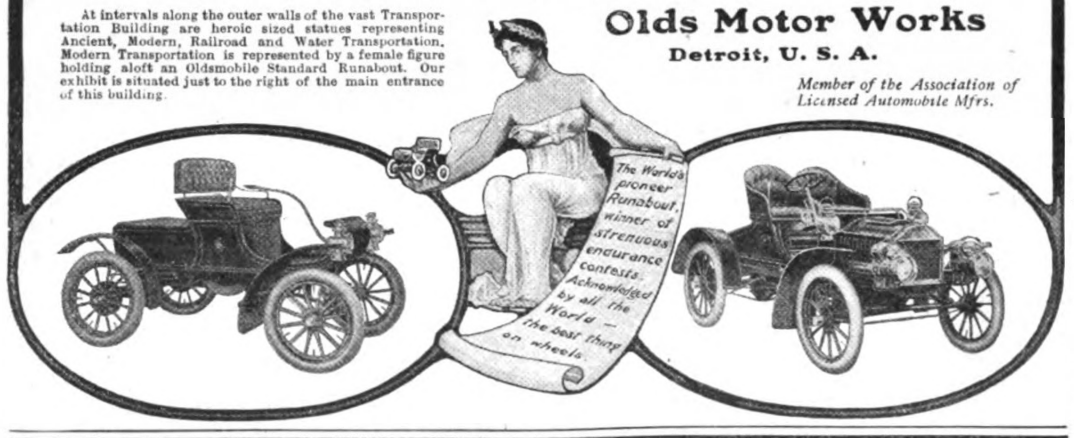
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directing me to proceed at once to Paris. I took train that afternoon, and arrived in Paris late the next evening.

"I went at once to the Grand Hotel, and to Mr. Bennett's room. He was in bed; but, without waiting to dress, he bade me enter. After our brief greetings, he asked, abruptly:—

"'Do you know where Livingstone is?'

"As I had not been thinking of Livingstone any more than of the man in the moon, I was taken somewhat by surprise.

"'I don't know, Mr. Bennett,' I replied. 'He may be alive, or he may be dead.'

"'I think that he is alive,' responded Mr. Bennett, promptly, 'and I am going to send you to find him.'

"His directions were equally brief. 'Act according to your own plans, and do what you think best, but find Livingstone.'

"Such an enterprise was unheard of, on the part of a newspaper, at that time. I ventured to suggest: 'Have you thought, sir, what such an undertaking will cost?'

"'What will it cost?' he asked.

"I made a rough guess.

"'Well,' he said, 'you draw one thousand pounds; and, when that is gone, draw another thousand pounds, and, after that, another, until you have as much as you need; but find Livingstone.'

"'Very well, sir,' I said; 'what it is in the power of human nature to do, I will do; and, in such an errand as I go upon, God will be with me.'"

"Did you not despair of finishing your task before it was completed?" I asked.

"There were times when the outlook was most discouraging," admitted Stanley, promptly; "but I never gave up entirely. That would have been fatal."

"You were in peril of your life?"

"From the dangers incident to the trip, yes; from my attendants, no,—or at least only once," he corrected himself.

"That was really the critical point of the expedition," he went on. "The men had gone through all sorts of privations with me, and at length they became discouraged. They feared that they would never again see their homes, and finally their discontent became open mutiny.

"One of them started to attack me, and I pointed my pistol toward him and commanded him to let go his weapon. I remember my feelings at that moment perfectly. I was agonized lest the man should come on and compel me to shoot him. I did not want to take his life, but it was necessary to maintain discipline, or the expedition would have ended in disaster at once. Fortunately, I was not compelled to kill the poor wretch. But, in general, my black fellows were as faithful and trustworthy companions as a man could ask for."

"What were your feelings when you first saw Livingstone?"

"That was the happiest moment of my life up to that time. I felt like a schoolboy, and I could have jumped up and down and shouted for pure relief if I had been alone."

"Your first words?"

"Were as commonplace as you can imagine. I hardly knew how to address the man before me, and I blurted out:—

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume.'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you,' I added.

"'I am thankful that I am here to welcome you,' he replied."

The laurels that Stanley won were earned by his own strength and endeavor. He gave trade and civilization a new impetus. He did more to change the map of Africa and to give the face of the world a new expression than any other man since Washington. In the empty title that he accepted from the British government is to be found the only substitution of shadow for substance in his career. The hollowness and claptrap of knighthood, supposed, by worshipers of rank and privilege, to distinguish the great from the little, add nothing to honors won in the most difficult field of endeavor. The glory that he gained from the jungles, fields, and streams of an unexplored and almost impenetrable country was embellished with no new luster by the "sir" which he permitted British aristocracy to place before his name. He was a member of the Nobility of Character and Achievement, and as such he needed no title. He was broad-minded and ingenuous. He entertained no illusions regarding the relative positions of men. He was sufficiently democratic not to hide the story of his humble origin, and frequently visited the poorhouse where his interesting history begins. He knew from many bitter experiences that it is not what a man is born unto but what he makes of himself that brings rank. Posterity will forget Stanley, the knight, but the future world of Commerce, Art, Industry, and Independence will never forget Stanley, the explorer.

A Hero of the Hudson River Tunnel

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

THE Hudson River Tunnel was recently opened with much ceremony and rejoicing, and fitly so, for there is probably in the world no more signal triumph of mechanical skill over apparently unconquerable obstacles. But the present generation has quite forgotten a very different struggle and victory which once took place in this same tunnel.

In the summer of 1880, a leak occurred in the main shaft. Twenty-eight workmen in an instant found themselves facing certain, horrible death. The river was bursting in on them. They saw no escape. But the head of the gang, Peter Woodland, a Dane, who was in a smaller chamber, saw that, if the glass bull's-eye in its door were broken, the water would be turned into it and most of the men would have time to escape. His own death would be certain and instant. He hesitated. He was a young and well-educated man, and he had a wife and children.

One of the survivors said, afterwards, "I saw his face as he looked at us through the glass. It was ghastly pale. He gave the order, 'Break the bull's-eye!' We did it. The majority of the men were saved. Woodland and four others were drowned."

We have been chanting, for ages, pæans to the great heroes in the world's mighty battles,—to men who, fired by the thunders of cannon and the roll of martial music and swept forward by an army of comrades, have given their lives for some great cause which was dear to them. This poor Dane gave his life in the darkness, alone, for men poorer than himself, of whom he knew nothing. Is he less a hero because he lies dead, not in Rome or at Thermopylæ, but below the mud of the Hudson River?

That kind of heroism is, let us thank God, common in America. Jim Bludsoe is not the only pilot of a burning boat who would "hold her nozzle against the bank till the last galoot's ashore." In almost every day's paper we read as a matter of course of firemen giving their lives to rescue women and children whom they never saw before, or railway engineers who face certain death to save the passengers on their trains, whom they never see. The courage that counts death cheap when duty commands—even paid duty,—is peculiarly American.

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A Microscope in Summer

Make the Long Days Instructive and Pleasant with a Pocket Magnifier

GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE season of swarming life, vegetable and animal, has come, and a great joy fills the heart of every possessor of a good microscope. Man would not be worth much as an intelligent creature if he did not strive to enlarge the powers of his eyes, and his ears, and of all his organs of sense, in order to perceive and comprehend more fully the secrets and beauties of nature.

The two great allies of the eye that science has given us are the microscope and the telescope.

Every family should have a microscope. There is no book more full of instruction, and few so full of delight. It need not be a large and costly instrument; indeed, it *should not be* for beginners. They might easily become confused and discouraged by the complications, and—except to expert hands,—the difficulties of manipulating a powerful modern microscope with its delicate accessories.

A simple instrument is best. A very high magnifying power is not needed. A single cheap lens steadily mounted will do wonders, even when it magnifies but a few diameters. I have often been astonished to find how few persons ever use even a pocket magnifier, or know how to use one if it is handed to them. I have been accustomed for many years always to have such a lens about me, as inseparable a companion as my penknife. Frequently I have two or three, of varying powers, in my pockets, and I believe I could write a book full of stories about the interesting things I have seen with my pocket magnifiers, and all of which I should have missed without their ready aid.

On a teeming summer day throw yourself on the ground beside an ant-hill, and see what a little lens, costing, perhaps, half a dollar, or less, will do for you in opening before your eyes a world whose largest inhabitant is scarcely half an inch long, but wherein there exists a perfection of social organization, and a marshaling of industry that may well amaze an on-looking philosopher.

For the observation of minute life, of course something more powerful than a pocket lens is needed. But the shops are full of microscopes of every conceivable power, and price, costing from five, or ten, up to a hundred, or several hundred, dollars. If you get a microscope whose magnifying powers run from ten diameters to a hundred diameters, it will be all you will need. Remember that the superficial area of an object is increased in apparent size proportionately to the square of the given magnifying power. For instance, a fly's wing with its multitude of delicate veins and its shimmer of prismatic colors appears *ten thousand* times as large as life when magnified one hundred diameters, because it is magnified one hundred times *each way*. Of course, you can not see all of a fly's wing at once, when it is magnified like that, but you can move it about on the stage of the microscope and examine different parts of it at your leisure.

With a little ingenuity, and, perhaps, at first, the assistance of a more experienced observer, it is not difficult to see the blood flowing in the semi-transparent foot of a living frog, without injuring the animal.

A drop of water dipped from some pond and placed on a slip of glass under your microscope will seem to you to have been transformed by magic into a crystal world of life. The activity of the strange living creatures that you will see there will make the spectacle so wonderful that hour after hour you will watch it, and show it to your friends, with ever-increasing interest. To read about these things is not enough to enchain your attention as it will be enchained when you actually see them for yourself.

In small glass cages that come with your microscope, or that you may make if you possess a little mechanical skill, you can imprison small insects and watch them running about, enormously magnified, monstrous in apparent size, with their singular compound eyes, their extraordinary limbs and jaws and feelers, and their frequent display of metallic colors as beautiful as those of gems.

You will also find a world of interest and instruction in the study of the minute and most beautiful forms of plant life.

But, in a brief article like this, precise directions for the use of a microscope and descriptions of the things to be seen can not be given. For such guidance you must go to some of the many books on the microscope and its revelations which are to be found in any bookshop, and, which, like the instruments, are of many sizes and many prices. A very thorough and well known, but also a somewhat costly work, is Carpenter's book on "The Microscope." Many cheaper works, which are also excellent, exist.

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When that brave sailor sought a western way
To pearl-filled Ind and curious Cathay,
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Of intuition of another earth,
He could not dream his sons would search the heights
Amid a maze of suns and satellites.

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With the Fun-makers

AN ignorant old man attended a public funeral in honor of an American statesman. In describing it later to his wife his enthusiasm moved him to say :—

"Arabella, it was grand. It was the most glowin' paregoric of words I have ever had 'casion for to listen to!"

▲ ▲

THE head of one of the most famous packing houses in Chicago uses as a pet phrase, "'T is the fortunes of war." It is said that at a recent family gathering at his home, a small grandson overheard his grandfather's remark that he had closed a very profitable beef contract with a representative of the Russian government, previous to the opening of hostilities with Japan.

"Grandpa," piped the small boy, "if you make lots and lots of money then, will that be the fortunes of war?"

▲ ▲

AN organ-builder was one day asked what was thought of Mr. Blank as an organist.

"Sir," he said, with mock solemnity, "he is a most respectable man."

"Yes, I have no doubt of that, but I want to know how he ranks as a performer on the organ."

"Sir, he is a most exemplary man, and one who plays as if he were also a charitable man."

"Now, would you mind telling me what you mean by saying he performs like a charitable man?"

"Well, if I must be explicit, Mr. Blank plays upon the organ as if he did not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing."

▲ ▲

A WOMAN who had become suddenly rich was traveling in Europe, and while there it occurred to her that it was the proper thing to have her portrait painted by a prominent artist. Accordingly she called at the studio in Paris of a painter of high reputation.

"Will you kindly sit down and wait a few moments?" asked the attendant, when Mrs. Newrich had stated her errand.

"Well, I'm in a hurry. Is your master busy?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. He is engaged on a study."

"On a *study!*" exclaimed Mrs. Newrich. "Well, no matter, I guess I won't wait. I shan't want him to paint *my* picture. *I* want an artist who has got all through with his studies!"

▲ ▲

AN aged negro in Alabama is much interested in the studies of his grandson, who is attending a high school and studying Latin.

"'Pears like the greates' men in de ancien' times was all cullud folks," said the old man one evening, after the boy had recited some of his lesson.

"What makes you think so grandpa?"

"Why, case dey hab de names ob de cullud folks. You done been readin' 'bout Pompey, an' Cæsar, an' Scipio, an' Remus, an' Hannibal, an' men wiv names like dat. Ise tellin' you de trufe, boy; de white folks don' hab dem names,—on'y de culled folks!"

▲ ▲

A YOUNG lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone:—

"Lie down, sir! lie down!"

▲ ▲

DR. J. H. CANFIELD, librarian of Columbia University, tells a story of his college days whenever, by mistake, he attempts to get somebody else's hat on his massive head. In the town where he went to college there was an old negro barber who shingled all the students. One day a student said to him, "Uncle, did you ever notice what a big head Canfield has?"

"Ya-as," he replied, "but what I can't neber un'erstand is what anybody needs a Saratoga trunk fer, when he haint got nothin' but a hickery shirt an' a pair of overhauls to put in it."

▲ ▲

"YOU are a farmer, I take it?" queried the sharp-nosed man, as he sat down beside the man with his trousers tucked into his boots.

"Waal, yaas, I farm," was the reply.

"Then I want to talk to you. I've got a patent hay-fork which I am going to travel with this summer, and I should like to get a few pointers from you to start on."

"P'inters, eh? Waal, what sort?"

"How shall I approach the average farmer?"

"Waal, you'll ginerally find him in the field."

"Yes."

"Just tell him what you've got."

"Yes."

"He'll ask you to the barn to talk."

"I see."

"But don't you go. Instead of that, make a bee-line fur your buggy, climb in, and scoot as fast as you can go fur the next six miles."

"But why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much. I only killed six myself last week; but, you know, it rained purty steady for two days, and travel was light."

▲ ▲

MANY years ago, before the production of grain was equal to the demand, wages of farm hands were high, but as production increased, the prices lowered faster than the rate of wages.

A farmer employed an industrious Irishman for five years, at the rate of fifty dollars a month "and found"—board, lodging, washing and mending. At the end of the term, he said to his man:

"I can't afford to pay you the wages I have been paying. You have saved money, and I have saved nothing. At this rate you will soon own my farm."

"Then I'll hire you to work for me," said the other, "and you can get your farm back again!"

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Every man who has ambition is dissatisfied; not necessarily disgruntled or discouraged, or a malcontent, but dissatisfied *because he wants to go higher.* The right kind of dissatisfaction is a good sign—it is a sign of a man who will make progress; the man who gets left behind in the race for success is the man who is content to drift along with the current.

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Between Three Men

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[*Concluded from page 459*]

"Sit do-w-n-n. Read this paper.'

"Wh-wha—what,—sir! 'J. J. Smith, T. C. Jones, W. H. Brown and N. O. Good'—ME?—'are hereby appointed the River Cliff Water Commission. . . . R. M. F. Green, Lieutenant Governor. . . .' The state seal, too! Done 1.30 A. M., this mo-r-n-ing!"

"What's this?" Connors snatched the papers from Good. "Bah! That ain't worth the paper it's written on. Signed by R. M. F. Green, Lieutenant Govern-n-nor. He can't appoint anything unless Flint is dead—"

"Or out of the state," interrupted Ruggles.

"But the governor was out of the state. He's in St. Louis this morning. Left here at midnight over the H. & C., and the H. & C. crosses the river and for two hours runs through Illinois. From one to three this morning, Governor Flint was out of Missouri, sound asleep in his berth in the general manager's private car without knowing it, and Lieutenant Governor Green thereby became governor *pro tem.* During that time Governor Green *pro tem* appointed Smith, Jones, Brown, *and* Mr. Good here on the River Cliff Water Commission. The other gentlemen have already furnished their bonds and have been sworn in. The day you called here, Mike, some three weeks ago, if you remember, you yourself told me that the governor was going down to St. Louis last night to appoint your—I mean his,—commission. I knew he would take the H. & C., because you told me that he had an invitation to make the first trip with the general manager's new private car, and so I figured it out that he would therefore be out of the state on the morning of the twenty-first when our injunction against him ceased to be operative, which it did at midnight. It was a little affair that the lieutenant governor and I fixed up between ourselves and kept dark. Meanwhile there was nothing to do but to go fishing. If it had failed,—well, Mike, you know what other resource I had,—the lost line."

Mike Connors, like all successful political bosses, was a man of quick perception and instant action, capable of meeting any new situation with coolness and common sense.

"Ruggles, you're a wizard. I need you in our party. You did n't lay down on our agreement, yet you beat me out."

"What agreement?" asked Ruggles, glancing warningly at Good.

"The—" Connors stopped. Good interrupted.

"But, Mr. Ruggles, I'm—I'm,—indeed I am, sir,—"

"Ugh!"

"I'm delighted, Mr. Ruggles, indeed I am, sir. I assure you of the fact, sir. I've lost my position as president, secretary, and general manager of the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club, and as the special representative of the committee composed of Messrs. Henry, Wood, and Rankin, because of your failure to win this case, sir,—"

"My failure?"

"Why, sir, Mr. Henry, Mr. Wood and Mr. Rankin have not been appointed. They have forced me to resign,—lack of appreciation, I assure you, sir,—and this new position is most welcome, Mr. Ruggles, for I am a man of family, sir. I thank you, sir, indeed I do, Mr. Ruggles."

"Oh, that outfit! I soon found out why they wanted it. You need n't thank me particularly for your position, Mr. Good: four good men on anything may split into two equal sides,—honestly, too. So I had you, Good, put on as a nonentity, leaving practically three men on the commission."

"Quite right, sir."

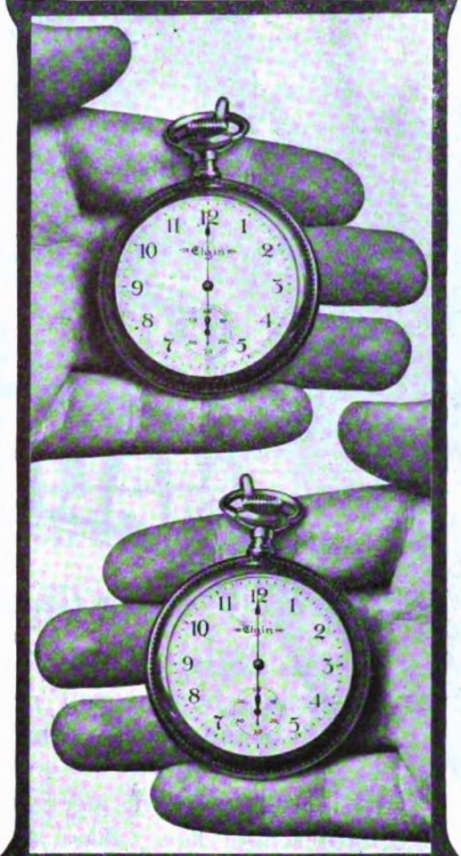
"Mike," continued Ruggles, "you are a grafter,—an out-and-out grafter. Those three good citizens, eminent citizens, prominent business men, hon-n-orable men, have—or, rather, had,—a little game of their own on the sly. You graft, Mike, and ought to be in stripes for it. You know it, Mike, as well as I do,—"

"You're a courageous man, Mr. Ruggles! Quite right, sir; quite right, I assure yo—I,—I,—er,—I beg your pardon, Mr. Connors,—I meant—er,—I meant no offense, sir, I assure you, sir."

"So they had their graft, did they?" mused Mike. "I'm too old a hand at the game to kick,—I'm a game loser. So let's hear what you know about it, Rug?"

"They had it figured out one million dollars

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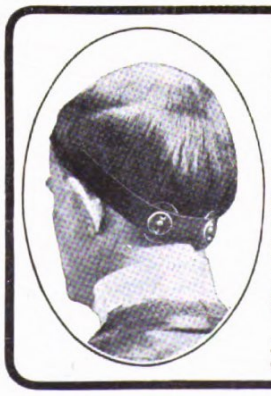
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"Su-re!"

"The wisest thing you ever said, Mike. Otherwise I would have had to put your case before the district attorney, and you know what that means."

"You handling the case, you bet I do. None of it in mine! I'm satisfied, Ruggy. I've known men what would have pocketed the stuff from both sides and said nothing. This satisfies me. It's the people's money, anyway. I grafted it on that State Light Bill. It's only going back to where it come from, anyway. I've jumped on River Cliff pretty hard to get this pile for the boys, but it's gone a-whooping for good and all, and I am satisfied with this late deal to square myself with 'em. This puts Mike Connors in the public eye in great shape before the River Cliffers."

"But not with the Citizens' Union and Good Government Club and the prominent citizens, I can assure you, sir. Your methods, sir,—"

"Are just like their own; only mine are bare, theirs silk-hid. They knew my graft, and I knew theirs. Give me the deed of gift, Ruggles. I'll sign it."

What most Impressed His Hearers

"IN my public speaking," said ex-Senator Charles A. Towne, "I have often had the fact impressed upon me that some chance remark, perhaps a generalization that is neatly put but means little in itself, or some homely illustration, will bring an instantaneous response from the whole audience, and will be remembered long after the parts of the speech which have been most carefully thought out have been forgotten.

"I got on my feet at a dinner lately to make an address that was intended to be altogether serious, but I began, as I often do, with some light remarks calculated to lead pleasantly up to the meat of the discourse. I said that I was glad to see that I was among old friends, calling attention to the fact that Senator Blank of the upper house was on my right hand, and Representative So-and so of the lower house was on my left hand.

"'But, by the way,' I remarked, 'I don't see why these two expressions—upper house and lower house,—should be used. They seem inappropriate. As far as I have ever been able to find out, both houses are on the level.'

"There was a burst of laughter and applause at this wholly inconsequential and unpremeditated remark. I forgot it immediately, but after I had finished and had sat down, and was rather congratulating myself that the earnestness of my plea had made an impression, I found that it was the chance and trivial saying about both houses being on the level that seemed to have sunk deepest into the minds of my hearers."

Roscoe Conkling's Big Fee

IT is said that, one day, when Roscoe Conkling was beginning to attain some measure of success, he dropped into the office of Charles O'Conor, of New York, then one of the leaders of the bar.

"What's the trouble?" asked the latter, as Conkling excitedly paced the floor.

"I've just been subjected to the worst insult I have ever received. This is the first time a client ever objected to my fee.

"You know I defended Gibbons for arson, and put in some tremendous work for him. He was convicted at the trial, but we couldn't help it, and I took the case to the superior court and we lost there, then on to the supreme court and that affirmed the conviction and he has been given ten years. Now my fee only amounted to three thousand dollars, and the scoundrel actually had the audacity to grumble about it, saying it's too high. What do you think of that for impudence?"

"Well," said O'Conor, slowly, "of course you did a lot of work and three thousand dollars is not a big fee; but, to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my opinion, founded on mature consideration, is that he might have been convicted for less money."

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Character-building through Thought

IX.—The Power of Cheerful Thinking

The most manifest sign of wisdom is contented cheerfulness.
MONTAIGNE.

A CHEERFUL man has a creative power which a pessimist never possesses. There is nothing else which will so completely sweeten life and take out its drudgery, or so effectively ease the jolts on the road, as a sunny, hopeful, optimistic disposition. With the same mental ability, a cheerful thinker has infinitely more power than a despondent, gloomy thinker. Cheerfulness is a perpetual lubricator of the mind; it is the oil of gladness which dispels friction, worries, anxieties, and disagreeable experiences. The life-machinery of a cheerful man does not wear out or grind away so rapidly as that of one whose moods and temper scour and wear the delicate bearings and throw the entire machinery out of harmony.

"In the maintenance of health and the cure of disease, cheerfulness is a most important factor," says Dr. A. J. Sanderson. "Its power to do good like a medicine is not an artificial stimulation of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life-giving influence through a normal channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eye, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner forces by which life is sustained. The blood circulates more freely, the oxygen comes to its home in the tissues, health is promoted, and disease is banished."

A great many people have brought sick, discordant bodies back into harmony by "the laugh cure," thus substituting cheerfulness for fretting, worrying, and complaining. Every time one complains or finds fault, he is only acknowledging the power of his enemies to hold him down and make his life uncomfortable and disagreeable. The way to get rid of these enemies of happiness is to deny their existence and drive them out of the mind, for they are only delusions. Harmony, health, beauty, success,—these are the realities,—their opposites are only the absence of the real.

"I try as much as I can," said a great philosopher, "to let nothing distress me, and to take everything that happens as for the best. I believe that this is a duty, and that we sin in not doing so."

Sir John Lubbock has said:—

"I can not, however, but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty and happiness as well as on the happiness and duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is the most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

There is nothing else which promotes one's own health and happiness as a serene mind. When the mind is self-poised and serene, every faculty and every function fall into line and work normally. There is equilibrium and health everywhere in the body. A serene mind can accomplish infinitely more than a disturbed and discordant one.

"A serene intentness will always prevail,
Though bluster and bustle will often fail."

The work turned out by a calm, balanced mind is healthy and strong. It has a vigor and a naturalness about it which are not found in that done by a one-sided man with a mind out of balance. Serenity does not dwell with discontent, with anxiety, or with over-ambition. It never lives with the guilty, but dwells only with a clear conscience; it is never found apart from honesty and square dealing, or with the idle or the vicious.

A sunny man attracts business success: everybody likes to deal with agreeable, cheerful people. We instinctively shrink from a crabbed, cross, contemptible character, no matter how able he may be. We would rather do a little less business or pay a little more for our goods, and deal with an optimist.

The great business world of to-day is too serious,—too dead-in-earnest. Life in America is the most strenuous ever experienced in the history of the world. There is a perpetual need of relief from this great tension, and a sunny, cheerful, gracious soul is like an ocean breeze in sultry August, or the coming of a vacation. We welcome it because it gives us at least temporary relief from the strenuous strain. Country storekeepers look forward for months to the visits of jolly, breezy traveling men, and their wholesale houses profit by their good nature. Cheerful-faced and pleasant-voiced clerks can sell more goods and attract more customers than saucy, snappy, disagreeable ones. Promoters, or organizers of great enterprises, must make a business of being agreeable, of harmonizing hostile interests, and of winning men's good opinions. Newspaper men, likewise, depend on making friends to gain entrance, to get interviews, to discover facts, and to find news. All doors fly open to a sunny man, and he is invited to enter when a disagreeable, sarcastic, gloomy man has to break open the door to force his way in. Many a business is founded on courtesy, cheerfulness, and good humor.

The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who will lift and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy, the morose, and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses, and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty, or than mere mental accomplishments.

If you are in business, never ask a favor just because you are a woman. Do it purely on a business basis.

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A Mother in Michigan

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

[*Concluded from page 463*]

the big one growled and made as if she meant to descend.

"She's coming down!" cried the man who was looking on.

The land-looker glanced up.

"Naw, she isn't," he said; "she's just bluffing."

Perhaps it really was a bluff; or, perhaps, for the moment, she could not quite make up her mind. At any rate, she did not come down till the tree did. Then she dropped with all her muscles limp and relaxed, and the fall hurt her no more than if she had been a rubber ball. In the meantime, the land-looker's assistant had been imploring him to be careful, with the result that he was growing more and more reckless, and when, at length, the tree struck the ground, he rushed up, with his revolver in his hand, and gave one of the cubs a kick. The cub squealed, and then it was that our friend showed the stuff she was made of. Once before she and this land-looker had met, though neither of them recognized the other. The first time, she had not been equal to the emergency, but she had grown since then,—grown in courage and in readiness to do whatever the occasion might demand, as well as in size and strength. The passing of the years, the battle of life, the struggle for food, the fights with the moose and with other forest creatures, the killing of the lynx, the heavy draft on her nerve when she had had to gnaw off her own foot to free herself from the steel trap, and, perhaps more than anything else, the putting to flight of the river-driver, had each and all had their effect, and she was ready for business. With a long, fierce growl, "Gnar-r-r-r-r!!!" that came from far down in her throat, she sprang forward, and the land-looker became white as he suddenly realized that he had made a mistake and that the old she-bear was in earnest. Then he began to pump the lead into her.

All the good-nature and benevolence had vanished from her countenance, and she had forgotten her fears,—forgotten that she had ever been afraid of anything in the world,—forgotten everything, indeed, but the fierce desire to get hold of that man and kill him. With her head down and her ears drawn back, her lips curled away from her teeth, and her little black eyes snapping with rage and hate, she charged the land-looker, who was firing as fast as he could pull the trigger of his self-cocking revolver. Three bullets hit her before she reached him, but she paid no more attention to them than if they had been so many mosquitoes, and her first blow sent the revolver flying. In another instant she was hugging him, and the long, sharp claws of her hind feet were tearing at his limbs. They went down in a heap, the bear on top, and for a moment he slashed at her with his knife. Then she lifted her great arm, and one of her huge fore paws came down on the side of his head with a stroke that crushed his skull like an eggshell.

The other man had some grit, in spite of his caution, and by this time he had got hold of the revolver and had opened fire. But there were only two cartridges left, and when they were gone and he saw her coming for him as she had made for the land-looker, he took to his heels and ran. She chased him till he was out of sight, and then turned back, with five bullets in her body, to where the cubs were sniffing around the body of the dead man. She called them to come away, and they obeyed rather reluctantly. Over a ridge and down into a marsh she led them, across a small arm of the Tequamenon, and through a thicket, a windfall, and a burning, back to the little sandy ridge in the cedar swamp, and there she lay down on the ground at the door of the last winter's den, beside the fallen pine. There were great splashes of blood along her trail, and she was weak and tired and dizzy. It was growing dark, though the sun was still two hours high, and she shut her eyes and dropped her head on her paws.

She never lifted it again, but the cubs were saved, and, if some trapper has n't got them, they are probably roaming the Great Tequamenon Swamp this very day.

There are in business three things necessary: Knowledge, Temper, and Time.—FELTHAM.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine.
FRANKLIN.







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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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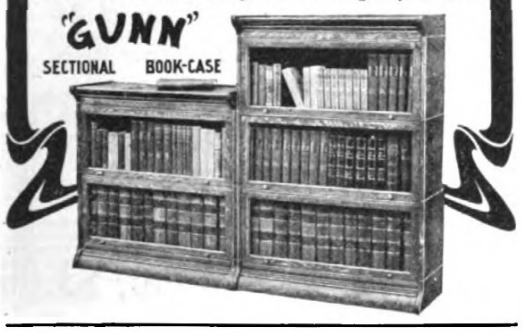
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A Forevision of an Exciting Convention

ROBERT ADAMSON

BENEATH the obvious possibilities of the Democratic National Convention lie two pregnant contingencies which invest that gathering with the most fascinating speculations. These arise from the fact, no longer to be doubted, that watchful friends of Grover Cleveland will be in the convention, ready, at the first sign of a breakdown in the Alton B. Parker forces, to rush his name forward, and from the speculation that, whether by fight, by threat, by combination, or by concession, the so-called radicals may not compel the nomination of a man not so objectionable to their western sensibilities as is Judge Parker.

Except a few political prudes, no one pretends any longer that Mr. Cleveland is not squinting a receptive eye toward St. Louis. If not, what mean all his elaborate explanations, of late, of those features of his administrations which might disqualify him as a candidate,—the bond issues, the Chicago strike affair, and the inviting of negroes to the White House? What means also the intelligent, if quiet, activity of certain powerful politicians, such as the clever, manipulative Jerseyman, former Senator James Smith, Jr., or the silence of John G. Carlisle, Daniel S. Lamont, Charles S. Fairchild, James H. Eckels, and the rest of the Cleveland political family?

On the strategy of the situation Judge Parker's nomination, under all ordinary circumstances, would seem assured, for he has instructed for him three of the five great strategic states whose wishes are usually decisive in Democratic conventions. Few veteran politicians now believe that William Randolph Hearst will be nominated. He may not even be able, with the help of William Jennings Bryan, or otherwise, to control a third of the convention, and thus block the "reorganizers'" programme. As for the other avowed candidates, not one is a serious factor.

But for twenty-five years United States Senator Arthur Pue Gorman has dreamed of nothing but the White House, and friends of Mr. Cleveland think he is the only logical prophet of a return to conservatism, yet others are scheming for Judge George Gray, of Delaware, and Richard Olney, while certain dark horses are kept in constant training, so that what would seem the natural outcome of the convention is by no means a certainty.

The question, then, of primary significance, is:—

If Judge Parker can not land the prize, will the convention turn to Mr. Cleveland, who is sure to be brought forward, and many of whose old friends are Parker delegates, or will it take some other man of less strenuous conservatism whom the radicals would support as a compromise?

The Party Will Pass to Another Generation

In the first place, it should be stated that the *personnel* of the convention will be vastly changed. In a double sense, the assembly will pass the party from one generation to another. It will transfer the issues as well as the reins, and the foremost parts in that gathering, which now promises to be historic for the party, will be played either by actors entirely new or by those who have been relegated to obscurity for eight years. Four years ago, the only wish consulted was Mr. Bryan's, and he governed the convention from Kansas City at his pleasure. This year, reduced to the ranks, he will lead the remnant of his following which Mr. Hearst has been able to hold together. It will be a curious situation, presenting the broadest contrasts. On one side of the hall, under the flag of the radical young editor-candidate, will be ranged such famous lights of other days, survivors of the Bryan idea and the Populist Party, as the fiery and flowery General James B. Weaver, twice a candidate for the presidency himself; the vociferous Alexander Troup, the fighting New Haven editor and friend of Bryan "in the enemy's country;" James M. Griggs, of Georgia; James G. Johnson, the national committeeman from Kansas; John J. Fitzgerald, the flaming young radical from Rhode Island, and a host of mining and agricultural statesmen and *doctrinaire* publicists whose dearest antipathy is the money-ridden East.

On the other side, probably in control at the opening, will sit the men who have been politically submerged for eight years,—David B. Hill, who was hissed and howled at at Chicago, and who was ignored at Kansas City; the white-haired, Grecian-cast Gorman, who has been patiently biding his time for eight years and is still young in the hope of the presidency; the gruff and uncompromising Smith, of New Jersey, the exponent of Cleveland and unrelenting foe of every shade of radicalism; James M. Guffey, the coal millionaire of Pennsylvania and proprietor of his party in that state, who has also waited for Bryan to subside; Henry G. Davis, the picturesque and rugged millionaire ex-senator from West Virginia, who has returned to politics at eighty-three years of age to celebrate the return of the party to "sanity;" William F. Sheehan, of New York, who bolted Bryan and is managing Parker; and all the rest of the list of "reorganizer" leaders who have held such paltry rôles in party management for the past eight years.

Of new figures who will be potent factors, there are many.

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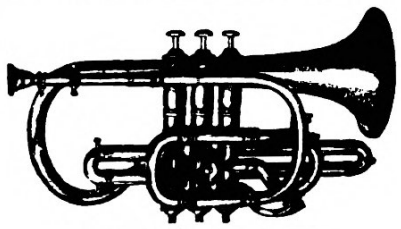
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John Sharp Williams, the trenchant, humorous, brilliant Democratic leader in the lower house of congress, will be prominent in the coming convention. His nomination for vice president is not one of the remotest of the possibilities of that gathering. He has been the issue-maker in the session of congress which has just closed, and it is the judgment of both parties that he has done his work better than any predecessor in that position in many years. Williams is a little man, with frowsy brown hair that overhangs his forehead, a dark-brown mustache, and no disposition to give himself the airs which are usually associated with a southern statesman. He is distinctly a new type of southern leader. That can be best conveyed by the statement that, instead of the long black coat and wide hat of the average southern publicist, he wears a short sack business suit and gives himself no airs at all.

Williams may be the temporary presiding officer, as his position as the party issue-maker and his piquant way of stating things qualify him highly for that post. Another southerner is bound to be a colossal figure in that body,—Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas. It is a long step from the Bailey of a few years ago, the cornfield statesman with a mortal dread of evening suits, and the Bailey of to-day the great constitutional lawyer who is voted by senators to be one of the greatest of his kind the senate has known in a generation. If a southern man should be nominated for president within the present generation, it is the general belief that Bailey would be the man.

Other new ones who are to play big parts are Charles F. Murphy, the new leader of Tammany, who will see his first national convention: Patrick H. McCarren, the inscrutable Brooklynite, who, because of his perennial victories for Parker over Tammany is sure to be made a hero by the delegates; August Belmont, possessor of a famous name in Democratic politics and destined to be a potential factor in the coming campaign; Joseph W. Folk, the young David of the Missouri Democracy, smooth-faced, shy, and boylike, who is a possible dark horse for the party; David R. Francis, of Missouri, the exposition-maker, who won crowned heads from one end of Europe to the other a year ago, another possible dark horse; Josiah Quincy, the scholarly young ex-mayor of Boston and possessor of a historic name; William L. Douglas, the shoe manufacturer; Charles S. Hamlin, who grew up in one of the Cleveland administrations; Cord Meyer, of New York, the magnetic and jovial millionaire leader from Manhattan; Gavin McNab and James D. Phelan, of California; Joseph R. Ryan, of Nevada; and a long string of others too numerous to be mentioned in detail here.

From Every State New Leaders Will Appear

David B. Hill will be one of the few old familiar figures. As the head of the delegation instructed for Judge Alton B. Parker in the convention, he is sure to occupy a position of more prominence than he has occupied in any other for twenty years. In the last two conventions Hill was a central actor. At Chicago, in 1896, he led the battle against the "Silver Men," and made the speech in answer to which Bryan sprang into fame. In 1900, Hill again made a hopeless fight against reaffirmation of the discredited money theory. With the perennial youth that characterizes his political life, he reappears younger and stronger than ever before. He will be the leader of the forces championing Judge Parker's nomination, and from the present proportions of the Parker movement it seems to be possible, or even probable, that those forces will dominate the convention.

A new Tammany leader will make his first appearance in a national convention. Charles F. Murphy's futile fight against instructing the New York delegation for Judge Parker has greatly reduced his power, however, so far as figuring influentially in the convention is concerned. Tammany may prove substantially a cipher in that body, and David B. Hill may, for the fourth time, be the master of the delegation from New York.

William F. Sheehan will be a new figure of national proportions in the convention. He will be practically the personal representative of Judge Parker. Years ago he was looked upon as one of the ablest of the politicians in New York state affairs, and for several years he has been out of politics, devoting himself to the law. He now reappears as a national figure, stronger than ever before, young, energetic, and with the prestige of being the trusted friend and adviser of Judge Parker.

It Will Present a Transformation in Its Make-up

From every state new leaders will appear. Thomas Taggart, who owns the Indianapolis "Sentinel" and the big springs at West Baden, Indiana, will head the delegation from that state. Daniel J. Campau, a millionaire business man, will head the delegation from Michigan. Illinois will present a new figure to national politics in the person of Representative John R. Williams, who will be the "favorite son" candidate from that state.

I have not tried to analyze this complex body, but only in this sketchy way to suggest the radical contrasts which it affords to the two previous national gatherings of the party. It will present a complete transformation, both in spirit and in make-up. It is this convention which must decide the future of the party for the next generation as it is represented in the question to which I have already referred. The complexion of the convention has already been determined by the conventions in the various states, and it is a mere matter of calculation to reach an approximate conclusion as to what action it may take.

No candidate will go into the convention with enough votes instructed for him to insure his nomination, and the convention when it meets will hold its fate in its own hands. The men whom Mr. Bryan calls "the reorganizers" will seem to be in command, to be sure, but with



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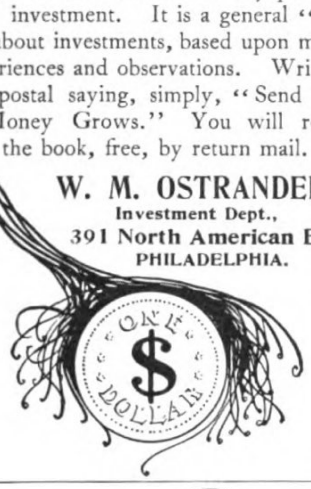


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their ranks torn with conflicting ambitions, some wanting Parker, some for Olney or Hearst, others for Gorman or Gray, and a subcurrent running under all for Cleveland, while the possibility of the radical minority attaching itself to some Folk or McClellan and turning the tide in his favor is being considered by every political observer.

Six candidates, at least, will be presented to the convention on the first ballot. These will be :—

Parker, Hearst, Olney, Gray, and the "favorite son" candidates, Cockrell, of Missouri, Caffrey, of Louisiana, and Wall, of Wisconsin, with a strong probability, at this writing, that Illinois will present Congressman John R. Williams, of that state.

The claim of a few weeks ago, by some of his enthusiastic friends, that Judge Parker would be named on the first ballot has already been abandoned, and if there is any virtue in the prediction of experts the balloting will continue for some time before there is any significant breaking up of the lines. All the other forces will try to test the strength of the adherence of Judge Parker's following, and develop whether or not it might easily be shaken. All the while the dark horses and the horses not quite so dark will be champing their bits just outside the hall, impatient to be galloped in when the correct psychological moment shall arrive.

There is no present likelihood that either Mr. Gorman or Mr. Cleveland will be presented for the first ballot. They are provisional candidates, whose chances depend upon the fate Judge Parker shall meet in the first few rounds of balloting. But they will be kept hitched outside, conveniently near by, with such careful ring generals as Senator Smith, former Senator Henry G. Davis, and Colonel Guffey to give the signal for their entrance.

Judge Parker's Chances Seem to Be Holding Well

What are Judge Parker's chances for securing the nomination?

In the convention there will be a thousand delegates, and, unless an old and useless rule is abrogated, (which it will not be,) two thirds of this number will be required to make a nomination. Therefore the man who is to oppose Theodore Roosevelt must be able to muster in convention six hundred and sixty-seven votes. Of this necessary number, Judge Parker, whose instructed votes will probably equal those of all other candidates combined, will lack a full two hundred or more. By the most generous calculation, the pronounced favorite of the convention will go into the gathering with, to put it in round numbers, four hundred and twenty-five assured votes. Not all of these will be instructed for him, but, for the first few ballots, at least, they will be as surely his as if they were pledged.

This estimate is based upon a careful survey of the entire field, and nothing short of an upheaval now far from likely could add anything to it for the first ballot. It gives him the entire South, excepting Missouri, which is Cockrell's, Louisiana, which is Caffrey's, and Florida, which Hearst claims, and it also gives him New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, in the East, and Indiana, Michigan, and Minnesota, in the West.

How strong will the next highest man, Mr. Hearst, be?

In speaking of him it is safe enough to assume that practically the whole of the radical strength in the convention will be his, Bryan's and all. How much this will amount to is still problematical, but, leaving a margin even for votes that he may pick up in states which are considered safely conservative, it is not generally considered probable that he will obtain the three hundred and thirty-three votes necessary to block the nomination of a conservative candidate, so it will be seen that the dreaded menace of a radical one third in the convention is not so great as has been apprehended by the Parker men. Mr. Olney will have only the thirty-two votes of Massachusetts. Senators Cockrell and Caffrey will have the complimentary votes of their states only until the tide begins to take some decisive turn, and Wall of Wisconsin and Williams of Illinois are in the same category. They were merely candidates to hold their states for the conservatives and keep them out of Hearst's hands but the latter will get some of their votes when the break-up comes. Judge Gray will have Delaware, and, very likely, Pennsylvania and some other unattached conservative states at the start.

Cleveland or Gorman May Be Swung into Line

In the first few ballots, what will the Cleveland and Gorman men do? It is not very probable, as I have said, that either will be voted for on the first ballot, but each will loom large in the background of the proceedings, while their managers will play a wary game on the floor of the convention. What they will do is not to be told with certainty at this writing; but, if I were to guess, I should say that most of their supporters would light upon the safe figure of Judge Gray as the most suitable vehicle for their purposes at the outset.

"The Cleveland men," it would be well to explain, will consist chiefly of the delegates from New Jersey, under the leadership of Senator Smith, while the Gorman forces will be much more imposing, including, as they will, the delegates from Maryland, West Virginia, the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, and, not unlikely, one or two of the Southern States now catalogued for Judge Parker.

Thus, in brief, is the situation as it will stand when the balloting will begin at St. Louis, and it does not require an expert to perceive that it will prove a situation which may well explain the hopefulness of Mr. Gorman and the friends of Mr. Cleveland, and the continued suggestion of the possibility of a dark horse. Of all the candidates named, not one except Judge Parker seems now a permanent factor in the fight. It is possible, but certainly not

Bicycle News.

JULY.

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probable, that a contingency may arise wherein the nomination of Judge Gray or Mr. Olney might be brought about; but for purposes of speculation I should dismiss from consideration everyone save Parker, Gorman, Cleveland, or some dark horse like McClellan or Folk who would pacify the militant westerners.

Let it be remembered that much more than a majority of the delegates will go uninstructed, and, upon many, instructions set so lightly that they will not hesitate to cast them off after a few tentative ballots. When this begins to happen it may very well either help or hurt Judge Parker. I have no doubt that, just as soon as Missouri, Wisconsin, Louisiana, and, very likely, Massachusetts, are through complimenting their favorite sons, that they will go over to him, but if they do not, and a disposition should be shown to hunt some other candidate, then there will be very grave danger that the South will desert Judge Parker. The South's adherence to him is of the lightest impersonal kind, based only upon the instructions of New York for him; and, if a rugged opposition to the New Yorker which might threaten to be successful should develop, the South, instructed and uninstructed, might leave him like a flock of sheep.

If Mr. Bryan is the leader of the Hearst forces, he will of course be a dramatic figure, and in the contingency which I have tried to suggest he might very easily be an important one. In this connection it is well to remember that in the South Bryan has a considerable number of old friends, who, while they follow him no longer, think it politically wise to conciliate him, and that, in the same section, the name of George B. McClellan is one to conjure with. At a time when the South prized a friend at the North, General George B. McClellan became the Democratic candidate for the presidency, and ever since that section has kept his name in fond remembrance.

In Case of a Deadlock, there Are Many Dark Horses

The nomination of either McClellan or Folk I do not believe to be at all probable, for they are both too young, and, in the eyes of the general public, at least, lacking in that ruggedness and maturity which the American people fancy in their presidents. But the probability of a deadlock, in which the nomination of any of the other candidates would turn out to be impossible, and of Bryan and his following taking up either the one or the other of these young Democrats is so nearly a definite plan that I have presented it for what it is worth. There are other dark horses than those I have mentioned,—there are Francis, of Missouri, who has just launched the greatest exposition the world has ever seen, and in whose home city the convention will meet, and there is even David B. Hill, of New York, who has grown weary of waiting for the nomination for himself and has transferred his efforts to secure it for a friend.

Whatever happens, it can be safely accepted as settled that the party is to oppose to Theodore Roosevelt a candidate who will appeal to the business interests of the land. The appeal is to be made to the men who cut aloof from the party leading-strings four and eight years ago and voted for McKinley, and to the Republicans who consider Roosevelt "unsafe." "The reorganizers" will be in the saddle, and deliberately they will shape the battle so as to catch the careful man of business, who votes in politics as he does at a meeting of a board of directors, for the best interests of his own concerns. The men who will thus cast the lines of battle will not do so without having weighed carefully all of the possible consequences. That it may involve a bolt by Mr. Bryan they have considered, but that has not lessened their purpose. Upon the basis of cold figuring, they have settled it to their own minds that, in a campaign such as they propose to make, the party would suffer less by a bolt from Bryan than from any effort to shape the platform or to name the candidate to suit him. It would hurt in several states,—small states and Republican states, such as Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and so on; but even if the Democrats should get all of those states they would not amount to much, and they don't expect to get any of them, anyhow.

A Bryan bolt, they believe, would help the party where it needs to be helped if it is to win. In New York, Bryan, in his first race, lost the state, by the stupendous majority of two hundred and sixty-eight thousand, by an appeal of his opponents to the safety of the business interests such as the Democrats propose to make this year. If Bryan lost the state by such a majority, the "reorganizers" who are backing Judge Parker's candidacy believe that without him and with a square-drawn issue between Judge Parker as the conservative, and Mr. Roosevelt as the "unsafe" candidate, this state and other doubtful states like Indiana, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Illinois will be assured to the Democracy. But the selection of a candidate is not to be reached without one of the most exciting conventions which has characterized the deliberations of the Democratic Party in a great many years.

Radiation Given off by Sounding Bodies

THE so-called N-rays, the new form of invisible light, discovered by Blondlot, in France, is found to be given off by bodies under strain, as in compression or bending. Hence a vibratory body, such as a tuning fork or a bell, which is undergoing rapid alternating strains, is a source of the rays, which also emanate from the vibrating air surrounding a sonorous body. The rays are detected by their property of increasing the brilliancy of a phosphorescent substance.—When the revolving disk of a siren is made slightly phosphorescent, it is seen to shine out more strongly every time the instrument is sounded.

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$1,200 a Year for Life

Secured by Small Monthly Payments

Rubber is just as indispensable to our modern civilization as wheat, or cotton, or coal. You cannot imagine a substitute for it. Every line of human endeavor is daily finding some new purpose for it, for which no other product will answer. American manufacturers alone consume over sixty million pounds of crude rubber per year, for which they pay forty million dollars.

The world's present inadequate supply of crude rubber comes from the jungles of South America where it is gathered by tapping the wild rubber trees which are scattered here and there in the tropical forests. The ruthless and short-sighted natives who do this tapping have the world's supply at their mercy, as the climate is such that no white man can live there for even a brief period to guide and oversee them. Because they improvidently "tap to death" the tree that brings them their golden harvest and because each year they are obliged to penetrate farther and farther into the jungles at an added outlay of time and money, the price of crude rubber has doubled in a decade. It is inconceivable that the production of one of the great necessities of man should much longer remain in such ignorant hands.

We are changing the production of Crude Rubber from the primitive and destructive method heretofore employed by the natives to the most scientific and economic plan known to modern forestry. No industry ever underwent so radical a development as we are now engaged in without making immensely wealthy those who accomplished the change.

On an immense domain of 6,175 acres of the most carefully selected and most fertile soil in Mexico we are developing under Anglo-Saxon supervision an immense rubber orchard. This will be conducted under the most successful conditions and plans known to modern scientific forestry, and the net returns from this orchard, after it is in bearing, will not be less than one and a half million dollars annually.

An investment of $20 a month for 12 months, $15 a month for 12 months, then $10 a month for a limited period thereafter (continuing until the full price of the shares in the present series—$282 each—has been paid) will secure *five shares* in this great plantation, and these five shares will be represented by five acres, planted to 1,000 rubber trees and brought to maturity. But we plant each acre with 600 rubber trees and "tap to death" 400 of them before maturity, thus providing sufficient dividends so that during the period of these payments you will have received returns amounting to $210 on each share or acre. Hence the actual cost of your shares, or acres, is only $66 each. Then the 200 trees left standing on each acre, and this is the normal number for permanent yield, will produce at least two pounds of crude rubber every year worth 60 cents net per pound. This will bring from your *five shares or acres* a positive income of at least $100 a month or $1,200 a year, continuing for more years than you can possibly live. These figures are proved to be conservative by the government reports of the United States and Great Britain, the most reliable and disinterested sources of information in the world. Of course, if you buy 10 shares your income will be $2,400 a year; or better still, 25 shares will yield $6,000 annually.

Five Acres, or Shares, in our Rubber Orchard, planted to 1,000 Rubber trees, will, at maturity, yield you a sure and certain income of $100 a month for more years than you can possibly live. Your dividends average 25 per cent. during the period of small monthly payments.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Co. of Boston holds the title to our property in Mexico as trustee. We agree to deposit with them the money paid in for shares, and we file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. This company also acts as registrar of our stock. You are fully protected from loss in case of death or in case of lapse of payments, and we grant you a suspension of payments for 90 days any time you may wish. Furthermore, we agree to loan you money on your shares.

We can prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly instalments, will bring you **an average return of twenty-five per cent. on your money during the period of payment,** and will then bring you **$100 a month for more than a lifetime.** Send us at once $20 as the first monthly payment to secure 5 shares—$40 for 10 shares—$100 for 25 shares ($4 per share for as many shares as you wish to secure). This opens the door for yourself, not to wealth, but to what is far better, a competency for future years, when perhaps you will not be able to earn it. We already have hundreds of shareholders scattered through 40 States who have investigated and invested. Our literature explains our plan fully and concisely, and proves every statement. It will be sent to you immediately, on request.

Mutual Rubber Production Company

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Nothing is so good for **Prickly Heat, Chafing** and **Sunburn** and all afflictions of the skin. Because of its real merit, physicians recommend **MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER** as the best known for infants and adults. Delightful after **shaving,** a luxury after bathing. Removes all odor of perspiration. Take no worthless substitutes, which are liable to do harm. These imitations are forced on you by dealers because the profit is much larger than on the genuine article. **Mennen's** "the original" is a little higher in price; but there is a reason for it. See that you get the **genuine. Sample free** on request.

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