Diplomatic Mysteries,- "The Great Austrian Conspiracy"

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SUCCESS

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Diplomacy in old, decadent Austria has always been a refuge for idle aristocrats, for 'little brothers of the rich,' and for vain old lords

DIPLOMATIC MYSTERIES

III.—The Great Austrian Conspiracy

VANCE THOMPSON

[*Compiler of "The De Blowitz Letters"*]

IN all history there is nothing more dramatic than the story of the house of Hapsburg, the royal family of Austria, during the last few decades. Austria owes her greatness to the ruin of many other states. She is ruled by a small German minority, and her people are Magyars, Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Italians, Roumanians, and other European races. From Bohemia to Croatia, from the Tyrol to Bukowina, a long conspiracy has been at work. This slow-burning fire has blazed out now and again. It has been damped down by violent means. The list of mysterious deaths and assassinations of members of the Hapsburg family bears testimony. About all these deaths there has been a great deal of imaginative writing,—a mystery is still over them. Each of them has seemed meaningless. Taken singly, not one of them is explicable. Subtly organized, this universal conspiracy has its headquarters within the very shadow of the Ballplatz,—the foreign office in Vienna. Its officers are among the hangers-on of the foreign office,—men of all races and ranks in society. Some are employees of the Ballplatz: others are idlers. Vienna laughs, and calls them "*Die Streber*," which means, "the climbers."

[Mr. Thompson's fourth paper on "Diplomatic Mysteries" will appear in the September issue. It will be entitled, "Oriental Machiavelism in Europe," and will tell of the mighty force of secret agents employed by the sultan of Turkey to watch international matters.—THE EDITOR]

I.—The Shadow of Bismarck

"GOD help poore kings!" This was said by one who was a prophet and poet, yet in George Herbert's day kings fared well enough. They took their way in the world with royal willfulness. They were in danger, then, as now, of assassination,—legal, or sporadic,—but there are risks in every trade. The compensation lay in the fact that they could do things; ministers and diplomats were tools of their will. The kings of to-day are merely ventriloquistic figures speaking from gilt chairs, and the death risk is greater than ever before. Nor is the sporadic anarch most to be feared.

We are going—if you will,—to Vienna.

There is an old palace there, gloomy and dark; all about it sparkles and flares the merry life of the town; but the palace is morose; it is haunted by black-robed priests and guarded by files of soldiers,—as in an old-fashioned storybook. There it is the chief of the Hapsburgs sits, playing at bézique with his old singing-woman, or arguing futilely with his usurers. Round this faded old man there has swirled the most mysterious tragedy of modern days,—a thing of warfare, treachery, murder, conspiracy, ambition, and the disordered love that grows near a throne. The last act is almost over. The play depicts the ruin of a dynasty and the dismemberment of an empire,—the oldest empire in Europe. The master-rogue who wrought all this lived long enough to see the house of Hapsburg brought down to dishonor and death; he is not here to see—as you and I shall see,—the curtain fall upon the last scene, wherein the old empire will crumble into pieces. Eight of the leading characters in the royal drama were killed. Other minor characters were pistoled out of the way, went to prisons, or died in madhouses. Death has been bloodily busy in this duel,—for duel it has been,—between the two German empires. The glory and the shame of it all came back to Bismarck, the greatest figure in modern history, the mightiest and most unscrupulous man since Napoleon, for he was the master-worker. The great conspiracy he loosed is still rumbling in the Austrian underworld. In a large measure, however, its work is done. When Bavaria excited the alert covetousness of Prussia, Bismarck's first step, as you know, was to ruin the Wittelsbach dynasty, both physically and morally. When in turn it was his purpose to destroy the power of Austria, for the sake of German unification and the establishment of the vigorous dynasty of the Hohenzollerns, he went to work in the same way,—aiming his first blow

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not at the tottering old empire, but directly at the house of Hapsburg.

He was Machiavelian, if you will,—horrible, if you prefer,—but Bismarck was the man to conceive it, nor had he any scruples which would hold him back from carrying out such a project. The man who boasted that he had caused the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 by forging a dispatch was not the one to hesitate at anything. He had only one purpose in life,—to batter down the obstacles in his way and "arrive" by fair or foul means. When the obstacle was France, he turned forger and cheated two nations into war. What is truly extraordinary is that he never appreciated the infamy and horror of that deed. Until the end he never realized that he had no right to forge in order to render inevitable the war he needed. His conscience never reproached him; at least, he gave no sign of it. The only memory that pleased him and gave him a flicker of joy was the thought of Von Moltke's glum face—and that of Von Roon,—when the telegram came from the old emperor. It was a pacific dispatch. Were it forwarded to France, there would be no war.

"When I had read it aloud," said Bismarck, "they were so upset that they could neither eat nor drink."

Bismarck already had his little plan.

"I asked Von Moltke a few questions as to his confidence in the state of our armaments, or, rather, as to what was needed should war break out at once. He replied that the sooner war came, the better. It was to our advantage to open the campaign at once, while France was unprepared."

Reassured on this point, Bismarck hesitated no longer; he took a pen, and, in the presence of Von Moltke and Von Roon, went tranquilly to work and rewrote his royal master's peace-bringing dispatch into a crude call to war. Then his two accomplices found again their appetite for meat and drink. Said Von Roon: "The God of ancient days lives still and will not let us fail;" and Von Moltke, beating his breast, cried: "If I live long enough to lead our armies in such a war, let the devil take my old carcass afterwards."

What a bond was this!

Does it not read like a page from some old record of Newgate,—the story of these three sinister men plotting like rogues who get together in a cellar at night to plan the murder of some lonely old woman?

Bismarck was a man of exceptional ability; he had solid and mighty qualities of intelligence, of practicalness, of industry, resolution, and will; he was admirably organized for battling with mankind; but it is beyond all doubt that the great force of the man lay in his want of scruple. He lacked absolutely what is called the moral sense. He was a *reiter* for whom equity, the rights of man and respect for human life were merely words,—and words rather ridiculous.

The Mighty Power of Bismarck still Throws Its Shadow over Europe

Though this man is dead, his policy still overshadows Europe. The impulse he gave to German diplomacy is still active. The projects he began are rounding themselves out. The overthrow of the French Empire had, as its necessary corollary, the destruction of the Austrian. The sinister assassin of hundreds of thousands of men was not the one to hesitate to destroy a single life when it interfered with his plans. Simple men and commoners died because they were in his way. The ancient house of Hapsburg—heir of the Roman Empire,—furnished more than one victim. With the frank brutality which was one side of his nature, Bismarck said: "I have had singular good luck in seeing the people who stood most in my way disappear at just the right time." He said it of Alexander II., of Russia, whom nihilists killed as he was upon the point of concluding an anti-Prussian alliance; he might have said it of Ludwig II., of Bavaria, or, more pertinently, of Archduke Rudolph, heir to the Austrian realm,—he was killed at Meyerling. It was an ill thing—it was fatal,—to be an enemy of Bismarck.

So long as Rudolph lived and might reign, all the work Bismarck had given to the upbuilding of the Hohenzollern dynasty was without fruit. The victory won at Sadowa had to be completed at Meyerling.

This young prince, Rudolph, was a man of fine mind, extremely well educated. His political ideals were higher than those of his day. He had studied the philosophies of the hour,—Spencerism, Marxism; he had written, not unworthily, on the social problem and the development of democracy. He was an ambitious man, but his ambitions were essentially noble. Withal he loved his country. In return he was loved by the multiple races of his land. He had never (like his father,) either pardoned or forgotten Sadowa. He had a legitimate pride in the historic past of his family. He treated as *parvenus* these newcome kings of Prussia and novel emperors of Germany. He showed no aversion to Russia; he paraded a love for France,—less out of real sympathy, perhaps, than from a wish to annoy Germany, and, especially, Bismarck, whom he hated, and William II., his contempt for whom he took no pains to hide. Nor was it only in his general bearing and casual conversation that he showed his anti-Prussian feeling. He sought every occasion for manifesting it publicly. He went the length of establishing a journal to exploit his ideas. I have old copies of it among my papers. The "*Schwarz-gelb*" ("Black-and-yellow,") he called it. In many articles he attacked the alliance his father had made with the new German power. He had bitter words for Bismarck. Without positively blaming the paternal policy, he announced that when his day should come it would give way to a new scheme of European alliances.



The Late Austrian Empress



Archduke Franz Ferdinand

"The actual alliance is necessary for the moment," he wrote. "Under the circumstances, it was a wise policy to make it. Some day a wiser policy will unmake it."

Such words were not tolerantly read at Berlin; nor these: "It will soon be necessary to oppose to this new, ambitious house, already grown too great, [Germany,] an alliance between the law-abiding, peace-loving nations." There is a record of the temper in which Bismarck read this defiance. These words explain, if they do not palliate, the conspiracy he loosed on their author. The future emperor, the prince of thirty, who dared to dream aloud this haughty dream of humbling the Prussian, and of establishing the security of Austria, was the only direct branch of the old imperial tree. The people of the aggregate nation laid all their hopes upon him. He was, thus, a menace to the unbridled ambition of Berlin. And so the time had come for Bismarck to get to work.

There were weak points in this young man's character. Keen as his intelligence was, and abundant as was his physical energy, he lacked what one might call moral energy. There was a strain of the Wittelsbach blood in him, and that blood, as Metternich says, is like champagne,—it sparkles and goes to the head. It was thought he might be as easily undone as Ludwig of Bavaria. Always a light, pleasure-loving man is vulnerable.

Nor was there any first thought of killing.

II.—The House in the Woods

LIKE all other great plans, Bismarck's project for dismembering the Austrian empire was simple. Through his ubiquitous agents he promised the Poles and southern Slavs a free state; in the south, again, he furthered the irredentist propaganda, which should have as a natural consequence the cession of Italian-speaking Austria to Italy; Galicia, the Bukowina and Dalmatia were to be separated from the empire; while the rest of Austria—German Austria,—was to be linked to the possessions of William of Hohenzollern. This was the ideal he dangled before the eyes of the youth of the dual empire. Deputies in his pay raised the *Hohenzollern-ruf*—the Berlin-cry,—in the very parliament. His mercenaries were busy in every province. They were abroad in all parts of the empire,—from Bohemia to Croatia, from the Tyrol to the Bukowina; they were Magyars, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Italians, Roumanians,—all the diverse subjects of the many-tongued empire. Never before was there an organization at once so indefinite and so powerful. Not all of these men who were hacking at the state were money-hired. Ambition bought some. Others were sincere patriots, seeing in the downfall of Austria an opportunity for the freedom of a new Hungary or the creation of a new Slavic empire. It should be borne in mind that the "dual empire" is really a triple state,—Austria-Hungary-Bohemia,—which is governed by the German-speaking minority. These twenty-two million Slavs, who are ruled by fourteen million Germans, are in a ceaseless struggle to gain power. They are animated by patriotic motives. Though traitors to Austria, they are true to their race. In them Bismarck found tools ready to his hand. Nor did the men of the north of Hungary and in the Bukowina, the irredentists of the Italian provinces of Austria, the Ruthenians (or "Little Russians," who form the bulk of the population of Galicia, which is called "Red Russia,") need much urging to range themselves among the enemies of the house of Hapsburg. Not even England ever organized discontent in an alien land with greater success. Those who are at all informed in matters of international politics know that one of the greatest powers to be reckoned with in continental affairs is "the cavalry of St. George." This is the cant term for English gold. Many a time have the Balkans seen the keen charge of golden guineas. Those yellow riders have swept through Paris and Lisbon, and many another capital. Bismarck stole these tactics from the English book. He stabled his golden cavalry in the very heart of the old empire. You may trace their hoof-marks to the very door of the royal palace. You hear the noise of them on the stone flags of the Ballplatz.

The Ballplatz, in Vienna, is a little stone square on which the foreign office abuts. Thence this department of state has got its name,—as you speak of the French foreign office as the "*Quai D'orsay.*" Diplomacy has always been a refuge for idle aristocrats, for "little brothers of the rich," and for vain old lords. This is truer in old, decadent Austria than anywhere else. The Ballplatz swarms with unscrupulous, purchasable men. No country has a larger or baser company of these modern mercenaries. Many of them are simple state-parasites of little talent. These harmless parasites gave the name to the band,—*Die Streber*, the mocking Viennese call them. Among them, however, it was easy to find more dangerous men. Bismarck made the Ballplatz the clearing house for the racial and financial intrigues which are undermining the empire. Thence the web of his project radiated to the edges of the disordered state.

I have said that these diverse races of Austria were knit together—loosely enough, but still in tolerable union,—by one common loyalty to the house of Hapsburg. Vaguely it went out to the old emperor playing bézique in the Hofburg,—vaguely, too, to the old empress,—busy, she, with her ghosts and cigarettes and Heine's poems. But the hope of it and the strength of it went to Rudolph, him who should be king. The loyalty of the land centered on him. *Vaderland*, *vlast*, or *patria*—whatever they called it in racial speech,—was symbolized and incarnated in their young prince. So long as he lived and was true to his sense of royalty, the charge of the golden cavalry of Berlin was a vain thing. He was not to stand long in the way.

Two important figures stand out in the ruck of the band Bismarck

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recruited in the Hofburg and the Ballplatz. The most notable was Philip of Coburg. This wretched personage was Rudolph's cousin. The second was Count Hogos, an accomplished man of the world, a boon companion. His rank was high and he had fortune. His wants, however, outran his means. He was as ready as any other to take Prussian gold. Another little man who was fastened on the prince was Elias Weil. He had crept into the Ballplatz after some service as a reporter on the "*Neue Presse.*" Later he got himself made an aulic councilor and took to himself the name of Von Weilen. In their train was an adventuress, Baroness Maria von Vescera,—a woman in whom was a ferment of Hungarian, Greek, and oriental blood.

Rudolph was unhappily married. His queer little Belgian wife was no mate for him. She was dull and stupid and unhappy. They lived aloof.

Thus the tragedy that was to end at Meyerling began,—in treachery and folly.

For a few months the *Bismarckische Rotterei*, as the Viennese dubbed it, had its own way. There is no pleasure in writing of such things, nor profit in the reading thereof. Still it is true—as when Michelet saw it,—that history is made in the alcoves of kings and not in the council chamber.

Rudolph flared through months of inexplicable folly. His were such sins as those that made the Prodigal Son's name a byword in Judea. (Hogarth has made memorable and warning pictures of them in his "Rake's Progress.") You and I need not go with that light, pleasure-loving prince down the dark path. It is better to tell how he came back to his conscience and his will. He made an end of his folly. He turned out of doors that unspeakable Philip of Coburg. Hogos was sent away. The baroness with the unquiet eyes was banished. Her uncle, a *bravo* named Bataggi, fled to Baden. Von Weilen hid himself in his aulic robes. Rudolph was at peace with his father; he was reconciled to his homely, sad little wife; so all was for the best.

What moral fiber there was in the prince was not so easily destroyed as the band had fancied. He was starker than the king over in Munich. Of his own will he had risen out of the mire,—had reconquered himself,—so all their work had gone for naught. They had, indeed, done him little harm. The prince was happy. He was content with himself, as the man who goes back to his duty—having got evil things under foot,—has a right to be. His popularity took on increase. The old emperor, deserting his bézique, organized a family dinner in honor of the home-comer. The mother empress returned to Vienna, giving up her wild rides on the Hungarian *pusta*. Royal kin were summoned from half the world. It was to be a dinner of reconciliation. They were busy, in those days, in the Hofburg. Rudolph, as I said, was happy. It was short-lived, that happiness of his. He forgot that Bismarck never failed. He reckoned without the band that had fastened on him and was not to leave him until death. Two days before the night set for the dinner Von Weilen came to him with letters from the Von Vescera. Rudolph sent no answer. Came then Hogos and reasoned with him. Came, too, the monstrous Philip of Coburg. It was well, they argued, that he should have one final meeting with his old companions and settle all matters—debts of honor and debts of dishonor,—once for all; and Rudolph consented.



Crown Prince Rudolph



Princess Stephanie

It Proved to Be the Last Meeting that Prince Rudolph ever Attended

The meeting was appointed at a hunting lodge in the forest. At the time set the prince went alone to Meyerling.

No friend of his—and no true man,—saw him ever again in life.

Prince Rudolph rode out in a public cab. It was driven by a notorious fellow known as "the whistling cabby," for a certain skill he had that way. Thrice I had talk with him concerning that tragic night; I found him a great rogue. The name of him was Bratfisch, and it was in his horoscope to lead a degraded life in New York and die there in a madhouse. Having left the prince at the hunting box, Bratfisch drove back for others who were to play a part in the drama. The disquieting Von Vescera heard his signal as he whistled under her window in the night. She came down in a black cloak,—a thing of mystery and menace. In another street a man slipped into the cab. This was Bataggi, uncle of the baroness, a vagrom profligate—one of Bismarck's hired men,—who had been summoned by telegraphic call from Baden. When he had seen these two enter the house in the woods, Bratfisch drove away.

Of those in the lodge Philip of Coburg, Hogos, and Bataggi may be named; there were four others, Viennese all,—and the woman.

Neither that night nor the next day was the prince seen. He of Coburg and Hogos rode in the wood, as men who hunt. Came the last night. Rudolph should have been at the Hofburg. The candles were lit there for the family feast. The evening wore away. Outside, the lackeys drowsed among the horses. It was nearly midnight when they heard shouting within and pistol shots. Having looked in for a moment, they fled away, shrieking. They had seen what it is not well for lowly men to see. Bataggi fired the first shot at the prince and wounded him. Rudolph backed to the wall and snatched a revolver from the panoply of arms hanging there. He fired rapidly. One ball went through the woman's heart, and she died. Whether he willfully denied her life or not I do not know. It may have been a random shot. One of his bullets, too, found Bataggi and tore a hole through his lungs. Death got him, a few days later, in Baden, whither he had had himself carried, dying. Six men were left. They rushed upon Rudolph and bore him down; they struck him with knives and chairs; they trampled him under foot. Then they went away swiftly through the night.

What remained in the deserted room was a woman's body,—a thing in silk, with perfumed hair and shining jewels; that and what had once been royalty,—a poor thing, now, scarred with spurred boot heels and laced with knife cuts. The skull of it was crushed, the bones of it were shattered, so well did the hirelings earn pay and approval.

That was all. Dawn came up in that part of the world. The frightened lackeys, emboldened by day, came back and peered in on the work their masters had done. Others came and bore the body home. Over it the court cast a veil of royal lies. Some criminals are above the law. Bismarck telegraphed his sympathy. The emperor of Germany laid a cross of flowers on the coffin.

III.—Drawing the Veil of Mystery

For a long time fate had been busy with the royal house of Austria. One of the emperor's brothers, Archduke Maximilian, found death at Queretaro, in Mexico, where, for a short, troubled while, he was emperor; the Mexicans of Juarez stood him against a wall and shot him down. This was so long ago as 1867. Since then nearly every decade has brought its tragedy of sudden death to the Hapsburgs. Archduke Wilhelm was killed by a horse; Archduke Ladislaus went a-hunting and came to his death men know not how; another dark end was that of Archduke Johann, who took ship and came never to port; Ludwig, the prince of Trani, went a-sailing and was drowned,—an accident, men called it. Over these deaths the Austrian court drew a decent veil of mystery. No one was greatly deceived thereby. The great political equation works itself out without much concern for individual lives.

In Vienna itself is the clearing house for Bismarckian intrigue, but every racial capital is a center for the propaganda. The Slavic agitation radiates from Lemberg, in "Red Russia," as the Italian spreads from the city of Triest. To-day the greatest menace to the crumbling state is in these quasi-Italian provinces. That, ultimately, they shall go to Italy is one of the conditions of the alliance between Berlin and Rome. The smoldering intrigue, fanned by foreign powers, blazes out now and then. In midwinter the knives were out in Innsbruck. So well were the riots organized that three days passed before the troops could stamp them out. I reached there a little after midnight of the first day. Everywhere Austrian troops patrolled the streets. There was a cordon around the Italian quarter. I had gone up from Venice with a man of those parts, and we went to a tavern where the irredentists were gathered. Many of them were students, for the riots were based on a pretext of the establishment of a course of lectures in Italian. But they who planned these over their cups were men of every Austrian race,—Poles and Magyars and more than one German, with keen, north-country, Protestant faces. So, mixed in with men who might justly claim to be patriots—for patriotism is a sympathy of race rather than love of natal soil,—were these hired agitators, whom, having once seen, one can not fail to recognize. In dynastic politics it is always true that from the most widely scattered events the wires run home to the master hand. Thus the murder of the old empress of Austria was no casual crime. Those who harked back on the trail of Luccheni found it led straight to the smoky tavern of Innsbruck and the irredentist club of Triest.

There has been a great deal of purely imaginative writing about this crime,—the latest tragedy of the tragic family,—committed that day by the shore of Geneva Lake. The Austrian court did not make a mystery of it, as it did of Rudolph's murder. It was laid to the account of anarchy. Luccheni, the murderer,—he stabbed the empress as she walked slowly from the Hotel de Beau Rivage toward the steamship dock,—was hurried into a dark cell, and, very shortly, placed in solitary and perpetual confinement. He appeared one day in court; since then he has been seen only by his Swiss jailers. The journalists who flocked to Geneva never had word with him. There is absolutely no trustworthy evidence that he ever

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Emperor Francis Joseph,

of Austria, now in his seventy-fourth year, has had more trouble heaped on his head through family affairs, perhaps, than any other sovereign the world has known, but he still remains optimistic



Bismarck,

who cast the greatest shadow over the destinies of Europe since Napoleon. His diplomatic career began in 1851, with an effort to aggrandize Prussia at any cost, at every hazard,—his lifelong purpose

world, had lost all her savage love for active out-of-door life. Her passions had died out; the famous red hair was ashen; the "wild empress" was a diaphanous old woman,—one of the most tragic apparitions of humanity. She found only two things she enjoyed in life,—to smoke cigarettes and read Greek with Christomanos. The Greek was an erudite and sympathic little man, extremely faithful. To him she talked as she did to no one else. He will tell you, should you meet him, in what terms she spoke of the confused mass of horrors that crowded around her tottering throne. A few days before she was killed she quoted from Sophocles to him,—the famous words of Antigone to her sister: "Since a long time I am dead to life; I can serve but the dead."

(The emperor, playing bézique with his old Maintenon, had no thought of her; her life had long been apart from his; all she loved was in the imperial vault at Vienna, where the mangled body of her son lies.)

Her Hungarians still love her. Indeed, their love for her was the last link of sentimental loyalty that held them to the throne. There was an old bond between them. All her life she loved that proud un-German race. She gave her son a Magyar tutor, Ronay, the archbishop. Him, too, she chose to educate her daughter, writing a notable letter, which sealed the pact between her and the Magyar kingdom, saying, among other things:—

"I have decided to confide my daughter's education to you. I want her to be thoroughly familiar with the Hungarian language.

"I have prayed with her in that language, ever since she was a baby, because I want her to be as little like a German as possible."

These words raised a storm in German-speaking Austria; they created no less comment in Berlin; but they made her a home in the hearts of Magyars. Years after she had deserted Hungary for Miramar and Greek shores, the old

proclaimed himself an anarchist. He may be reckoned an anarchist fairly enough, but it was not anarchy that fired his brain and put a knife in his hand. An Italian without patriotism, a vagabond without livelihood, a criminal by instinct, he was a ready tool for those who had need of him. It was in Innsbruck that I got nearest to the truth of the matter. It was in that city that he received his last provision of money. There he was in the company of a man formerly in the Austrian service, who was expelled under suspicion of selling military secrets to Germany, who is now a figure in the bureau of international espionage, at Brussels, and who—to identify him,—flitted darkly through the Dreyfus Case. Here anarchic chance joins hands with Bismarck's "peculiar good luck."

Closer than anyone else to Empress Elizabeth in her old years was a little student of Corfu. His name was Christomanos. He was her tutor in Greek. She had come to a point in her life where the old amusements failed. She who had ridden to hounds in every English hunting county, whose wild rides over the Hungarian *pusta* are still a legend in those parts of the

love persisted,—the haunting perfume of her shattered past.

Three days before her death, as I have said, she read Greek with Christomanos,—the tragic lines that speak of the "excess of unhappiness." Then they talked together of death, sitting by a little wood fire. She told him how little she feared to die. She showed him a letter she had received that morning warning her that her life was in danger.

"It is in Hungarian, so, of course, you can not read it," she said, and in token of how little she cared she tossed it into the fire. She went out, as usual, without attendants or guards, and met—Luccheni.

Had these matters been declared at the trial, the murderer's punishment would not have differed, but the political scandal would have been too great. In that doomed empire they dare not stir the ashes of intrigue. Nor was the little Greek tutor the man to go against the imperial will. (He was not without reasonable ambition. So he got himself made a doctor of laws in Vienna; he has a future before him.) The old policy prevailed,—round this death, as round so many others in this ill-starred house, there was silence. The body was laid away in the vault that houses so many slain Hapsburgs. In Hungary there was universal grief. In Germany the mourning was official: the court went into black for ten days.

These are the bloody steps that mark the downgoing of Austria as a world power. The mighty house of the Hapsburgs has been brought down in death and dishonor. He who began this work is in his grave. It goes on now of its own momentum. The old emperor cares less and less for public affairs. He holds to his tranquillity. His heir is Archduke Francis Ferdinand. He has the Hapsburg instinct toward social nonconformity. That no element of discord may be wanting in the succession, he has married a woman who can not bear him royal children. Countess Chotek is his wife, but by law her children are cut off from the succession. The queer little Belgian princess, who was once Rudolph's wife, has married a negligible Lonyay. Thus the great dynasty is dying out and drifting down into the commonness of ordinary life. It is no new destiny for royalty. In Paris a son of the Bourbons is a barber,—and very well he shaves; there, too, a Braganza measures tape in an obscure shop. It is not at all improbable that in time people will be served by a Hapsburg in the restaurants of Vienna or New York.

It is a dying race, but neither its vices nor its crimes brought it down; it stood in the way of implacable empire makers, and so it had to perish.

The ancient empire, torn by the struggle of warring races, and honeycombed with treachery homemade, and intrigue imported from Germany, is nearing its dissolution. In the east, in the north, in the south of the shambling state the big conspiracy smolders. There is no strong hand to damp it down. The gigantic plan that Bismarck worked out—with the laborious patience of an ox tracing a furrow,—approaches its successful end.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

The Other Fellow's Job

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

THERE' a craze among us mortals that is cruel hard to name,
Wheresoe'er you find a human you will find the case the same;
You may seek among the worst of men or seek among the best,
And you 'll find that every person is precisely like the rest.
Each believes that his real calling is along some other line
Than the one at which he 's working,—take, for instance, yours and mine;
From the meanest "me-too" creature to the leader of the mob,
There 's a universal craving for "the other fellow's job."

There are millions of positions in the busy world to-day,
Each a drudge to him who holds it, but to him who does n't, play;
Every farmer 's broken-hearted that in youth he missed his call,
While that same unhappy farmer is the envy of us all.
Any task you care to mention seems a vastly better lot
Than the one especial something which you happen to have got.
There 's but one sure way to smother Envy's heartache and her sob:
Keep too busy, at your own, to want "the other fellow's job."

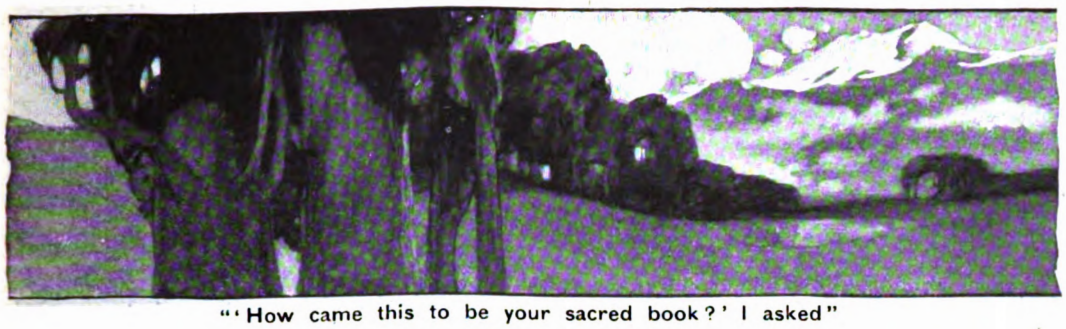
Those Who Do Their Best

ROY FARRELL GREENE

"YOU 'LL find, in life, one thing, my boy," said Uncle Hiram, low,
An' weighin' each word carefully, "there 's haste in goin' slow;
I trust you 'll never grow too big to ruminate with care
On that old fable mentionin' the tortoise an' the hare.
An' recollect, my boy, that fame an' fortune is n't all
That spells success,—it 's shoutin', 'Here!' when Duty deigns to call.—
I say, although no laurel wreath upon his brow may rest,
The fellow 's doin' might well who always does his best.

"Perhaps he 'll never walk wealth's road, perhaps ne'er scale fame's heights,
But then he 'll keep his conscience clear, an' likely rest well nights,
For those who 've fought with main an' might where those less strong had quailed,
Though fulsome glory be not theirs, it can't be said they 've failed.
Achievement is n't always writ large-lettered on one's brow,
While simple peace and sweet content oft lowly lives endow.
An' so, I 'd say, though on his brow no laurel wreath 's been pressed,
The feller 's doin' mighty well who always does his best."

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"'How came this to be your sacred book?' I asked"



Illustrations by Albert Hencke

BARA-NO-HANA

A Love Story of Japan

L. DuPONT SYLE

Two years after I was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, I was fortunate enough to secure a position in the civil engineering corps of the Japanese government. Nearly three delightful years I spent in the beautiful islands of Japan. In the course of professional journeyings I traversed Nippon from north to south no less than four times, and from east to west more times than I can remember. As a result of these explorations I had come to love the Land of the Rising Sun and its artistic people; I had made many warm friends among them, had studied their language, and had even picked up some knowledge of dialects spoken in out-of-the-way corners never before my time visited by a foreigner. Gladly would I have settled in Japan for life; this, however, seemed impossible, for it was an unvarying rule of the government not to renew its three-year contracts with foreign engineers, and outside of the government service there was no career for a man in my profession. Therefore, in the last month of my engagement, I had begun to make preparations for returning to the United States, when an adventure so strange befell me that my plans were entirely changed; the whole current of my life was turned from the smooth and (I must confess,) somewhat shallow channel in which it had hitherto flowed, until it met and mingled with another stream of such depth and purity that mine was completely merged and absorbed therein.

I had decided that I would take the home steamer sailing from Yokohoma on the twenty-fifth of June, and was sitting in my room in Shizuoko Street, Tokyo, writing to the agent to secure my passage, when a message was brought me from Count Motamiya, the minister of public works, saying that he would like to see me at my earliest convenience. This seemed odd, as I had made my adieux to the minister only a few days before; nevertheless, I hastened to wait upon him, for he had always been a good friend to me and had never failed to show me the courtesy characteristic of Japanese men of rank.

After the usual salutations, he came straight to the topic. "Mr. Adams," said he, "when you did me the honor to call upon me last week,—for the last time, as you supposed,—you said that the dearest wish of your life was to continue in the employ of a government which has treated you so honorably, and to end your days in a land which you have come to love. At the time, I could only express my regret that it was not in my power to further your wishes. To-day, I find that it may be in my power; can you stay, and do you still wish to?"

"I can and do," said I.

"Good!" said he; "but I must tell you frankly that the service on which I would employ you involves great risk,—perhaps the risk of your life."

I was not quite prepared for this, but I had not played left tackle and been two years captain of the Yale football team for nothing, so I replied, as coolly as I could: "Let me know something of the nature of the task you set me, and I will do my best."

"Suppose we settle the terms first," said the count. "If you come back alive, I offer you ten thousand dollars in gold coin and a ten-year contract in our service at twice the salary we have been paying you. Shall I put it into writing?"

"It is not necessary, your excellency," replied I: "I have your word."

"Very good!" said he, "and, if you do not return within three months, I will pay the ten thousand dollars to any person in whose favor you may wish to take out this insurance on your life."

"Your excellency is most kind," said I; "may I inquire what you think my chances are of coming back alive?"

He placed his hand affectionately upon my shoulder, and replied, "I really can't say, except that they will depend almost entirely upon your courage, skill, and capacity for adapting yourself to strange conditions."

There was a moment's silence, and then I said, "When do I start?"

"To-morrow," answered he, "if that will suit you."

"Perfectly," said I,—"and the conditions of the problem—?"

"Are these. You know very well, from the topographical surveys you have made for us, that, owing to the ignorance and carelessness of my predecessor in office, the timber supply of Nippon has been shockingly wasted."

"Yes," said I, "I doubt if you have five years' supply of cedar and pine left."

"Exactly," said he, "and, at the present rate of railroad extension, more cedar and pine we must have. Now I have recently been informed that in a certain northern district of Nippon there still exists a large supply of cedar, but just how much I have thus far been unable to ascertain. Your task shall be to make a thorough survey of this little-known district, and report to me the extent and quality of the timber."

"That is not difficult," said I.

"True," said the count, "but——,"—here he hesitated, glanced at me sharply, and then, gazing intently at the ceiling, resumed, softly: "but this district is—The Valley of Carnage!"

This announcement so far exceeded my worst anticipations that I found myself saying, with a harshness that must have seemed at least disrespectful: "In what respect have I injured you, sir, that you wish to send me there?"

"I do not send you," said the minister, coldly, "since it is evident that you are afraid to go." After a moment's pause, he rang for his secretary and said, "If the Chinese ambassador is waiting, show him in."

"Confound the Chinese ambassa—!" I broke out,—"pardon me, your excellency; I mean, pray allow him to wait ten minutes longer."

The secretary retired, at a nod from his superior, and the count continued, as if there had been no interruption: "The Valley of Satsuriku is inhabited, as you know, by a fierce aboriginal tribe which acknowledges merely the shred of an allegiance to the mikado. Secluded in this valley, the people live in savage isolation and hate foreigners and foreign customs as violently as did their ancestors three hundred years ago. Yet the mikado realizes that they must really be brought into the empire, sooner or later, and, if the rumors about their cedar forests be true, it must be sooner. The scanty information which the governor of Aomori has been able to send me leaves me in doubt whether there are ten thousand or thirty thousand people in that valley. Here is another detail of which you must make an estimate."

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I bowed and he continued: "Now, there are two ways in which we can secure the allegiance of this people. First, simplest, and most expensive, we can subdue them by force of arms; but this would mean a loss of life which his majesty would greatly deplore, he being, as one of your English poets has well remarked, 'the most humane mikado that ever yet was seen.'"

I thought I caught a twinkle of humor in the extreme right corner of his excellency's left eye, but perhaps I was mistaken, for he continued, as if quite impervious to the shafts of Mr. Gilbert's jocularity: "Second, it is just possible that, by means of a brave and skillful envoy, such as yourself, we can persuade the people to peace for their own good. They are the only clan in Japan ruled over by a woman, the succession from eldest daughter to eldest daughter having obtained among them for some three hundred years. Now, no woman is so savage and so reckless as a man: it has occurred to me that, could you once reach the presence of this chieftainess of theirs, alive, you might vividly portray to her the destruction which must overtake her people should they forcibly resist the mikado's power; thus she might be induced to throw her influence for submission and peace."

"It is a forlorn hope," said I. "Do you know anything of the lady in question?"

"Little but her name," he replied.

"And that is——?"

"Bara-no-hana, or *flower of the rose tree.*"

"That does n't sound very formidable," said I.

"True," assented the minister, and then he added, drily, "but things are not always called by their right names, you know."

This proposition being irrefutable, I left it so, and next inquired: "May I venture to ask why your excellency has selected me for this mission?"

"For three reasons," said he, cordially: "first, because I like you; second, because I thought you want a chance to distinguish yourself; third, because you are the best judge of timber in our employ, and if you get back alive you can at least tell us how much cedar there is in that valley."

I bowed again at this consolatory remark and thanked his excellency for his good opinion of me. I then bade him farewell,—a parting at which he seemed much more affected than I could have wished,—brushed past the irate Chinese ambassador, cooling his heels in the anteroom, threw myself into a jinrikisha, and hastened back to my lodgings.

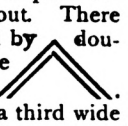
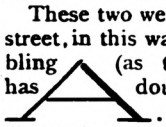
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That same evening I took the train for the north; the next morning I breakfasted at Motamiya, the ancestral home of my friend, the minister, and the same evening reached Morioka, then the terminus of the railroad. A hundred and twenty miles by jinrikisha brought me to Nobechi, beyond which there were no roads but mountain trails and no means of conveyance but one's feet. Thanks to credentials furnished me by the count, the authorities at Nobechi supplied me with a guide, who conducted me safely over fifty of the sixty miles of wild and desolate country that stretches between Nobechi and the entrance to the Valley of Satsuriku. But neither threats nor promises nor good silver coin could induce him to go nearer than ten miles from my destination, so great was his terror of its fierce inhabitants. He showed me, to the north, a lofty peak, which formed one side of the narrow gorge that gave the only entrance to the valley, assured me that this gorge was guarded day and night by man-eating Samurai, (professional swordsmen,) bade me a hasty farewell, and started for his home in the south at a pace very different from the slow walk at which he had dragged his reluctant feet northward.

Thirty-six hours later,—at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 16, 1892,—I stood on the summit of the peak my guide had pointed out. The view to the north was cut off by another peak a trifle higher than the one I had ascended, but to the east I had an unobstructed prospect of some fifteen miles of broken country, beyond which stretched the broad, blue ribbon of the slumbering Pacific. To the south lay the rugged Isthmus of Tomari, whose length I had just traversed and at whose southern extremity lies Nobechi. To the southwest dimpled the almost landlocked waters of Aomori Bay, while due west, shaped like a huge isosceles triangle, at whose apex I was standing, there unrolled itself to my astonished sight the most beautiful landscape I had ever seen,—the ill-named Valley of Carnage.

The professional instinct was strong within me, and, after gazing a moment in bewildered delight, I seized my field glasses and focused them on the dark masses of timber that stretched down the sides of the valley.—Yes, there they were. There was no doubt of it! *Cryptomeria Japonica*, giant cedars by the thousand, straight and tall enough for the mainmasts of Cape Horn clippers; those on the higher slopes were crowded together and in danger of killing each other off by greedy absorption of the soil; those on the lower slopes had fair distances between, as if thinned out by the care of a forester. The sides of the valley seemed each about twenty-five miles long; both were well-timbered save the middle portion of the western slope, which was broken by a volcanic cone some ten or twelve thousand feet high, down whose sides of snowy *tuff* ran sharply-drawn lines of dark obsidian. The floor of the valley was like a carpet of emerald green, through which, like a thread, ran a sparkling stream that worked its way to the ocean through the gorge at my feet.

"The fate of the Satsurikuans is sealed," thought I: "Count Motamiya will have that timber, cost what it may. And cost it will, if he has to transport an army of twenty thousand men through such a country as the Isthmus of Tomari. It's lucky for him that the Satsurikuans have no modern guns; one battery of artillery on this peak and another at the mouth of this gorge could hold this valley against fifty thousand men. So let us first try peaceable means; ho, then, for the chieftainess!"

From my bird's-eye position I saw villages scattered through the valley, and, a little this side of the middle, embosomed in tall trees, what seemed to be a considerable town. By the aid of the field glasses I could even make out an odd plan according to which the town was laid out. There were three wide streets, each bordered by double rows of shade trees; two of these streets formed a right angle, thus,— . These two were connected by a third wide street, in this way,—  the whole resembling (as the intelligent reader has doubtless perceived,) a gigantic A. I came down leisurely from my elevated coign of visual vantage, camped some two miles from the mouth of the gorge, and waited for darkness before attempting the dangerous task of passing the guard that my timorous guide had spoken of with so much horror.

The moon did not rise until after midnight, but the twilight is long in latitude forty-one; it was therefore half past nine before I ventured cautiously to reconnoiter the pass. I followed up the swift mountain stream which, I knew, must come down from the valley, and found, as I had expected, that the torrent grew narrower and more violent, and that the confining walls of the chasm came closer and closer together, as I ascended. At length it seemed impossible to go further; there was absolutely no footing to be found between the stream, now running like a mill race, and the precipitous rock through which it had cut its way down. I stopped,—of necessity and in despair; vainly scanned the cliff above me, as far as I could see and feel,—which was not far; decided that it was as impossible to swim against that current as to fly, and cursed the Satsurikuans for their extreme foresight in locating themselves on the wrong side of such an obstacle. There seemed to be no help for it: I must drag myself back over the weary miles to Tokyo, be received by Count Motamiya with grave irony, and then be dismissed for failure. "A pleasant ending," thought I, "to—"

A sneeze, a loud, lively, human sneeze, apparently just at my ear, put an abrupt ending to my dismal reverie. Startled, I grasped my revolver, and, listening intently, I heard the sneeze repeated, followed by a tremendous yawn. Then came the sound of retreating footsteps, and all was still again, save for the rush of the stream at my feet. Eagerly I peered into the deepening night,—up stream, down stream, above, below,—no human being was to be seen. Had my ears deceived me? No, those sneezes came from a real nose, and that yawn from a real throat; there was nothing supernatural about them. So I determined to wait, hoping that they would be repeated. Soon I heard the footsteps again; this time they were approaching. They stopped, apparently just over my head; in a few moments more they again retreated and died away. It was now clear that I had not noticed them approaching the first time because I had been absorbed in thinking of my failure.

On scrutinizing the cliff above me, I noticed that what at first survey I had taken for a piece of rock jutting out about thirty inches above my head seemed somewhat more symmetrical than if chiseled by nature. I was unable to reach it with my



"I saw villages scattered through the valley"

hand, but managed to strike it gently with the butt of my revolver; it did not ring, but gave out a dull sound: it must be wood. As quietly as possible I piled together some loose stones, stood on them, got a good hold of the little projecting plank,—for such I now found the object to be,—tested it cautiously, and then pulled myself up. I found myself on a rude platform, from which ran a well-worn, narrow path, cut out in the side of the cliff, and leading in the direction of the valley. Here was my chance! Rapidly and quietly I ran along the path; about thirty yards from the platform it turned almost at a right angle. When about five yards from the corner I heard the footsteps again, coming rapidly toward me. They were probably those of a sentry; he had heard the noise I made in swinging myself up and was hurrying to ascertain the cause. Retreat was impossible; advance seemed fatal. I had two seconds for reflection and one for action,—but that was sufficient. I ran on, met the hastening sentry just at the corner, fell under his knees,—just as I had many a time blocked a mass play at tackle,—and over he went into the stream below. What he stumbled over he did not know till long afterwards. Of course he shouted for help as he fell, and I fully expected a rush of his comrades *for* him and *at* me, but no one else appeared. I dashed around the corner, tore along the path for fifty yards or so, darted through a group of houses which, at that time, I was too much excited to notice were deserted, and found myself at last in the open valley.

Had I been content to execute only the first part of the count's mission my tale would end here, for I could probably have traversed, unseen, the thickly-wooded, higher slopes of the valley, made a fair estimate of the timber there, and then escaped—though with difficulty,—down the break-neck, southern declivity of the containing mountain range. But my luck in running the guard had emboldened me: instead of striking off to the forest, I pushed steadily along the highroad upon which I now found myself, determined to get speech with the chieftainess, and to save her and her people, if possible, from the invading army which, I knew, would follow close upon my report

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"Every man, woman, and child fell prostrate"

to the count. My plan was—but fortune willed it otherwise, as you shall hear.

It was now half past ten; I walked on steadily for an hour, keeping a sharp lookout, but meeting no one. The soft summer air was filled with perfume from well-trimmed hedges bordering the roadside,—a perfume that, had I been in England, I should have said came from the hawthorn. I pulled a spray and examined it as well as I could in the imperfect light; there was the broad white petal, the little oblong fruit, and above all else the perfume, unmistakable. Yes, it was indeed the English hawthorn, beloved and sung of all our poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. But what did it mean by starting up here in this Japanese valley, eleven thousand miles from home? I thrust the sprig carelessly into the breast of my hunting jacket and walked on, reflecting. Soon I came to a little cluster of houses, around which I was about to make a detour when I noticed with surprise that from the numerous windows there shone not a single light; on cautiously going closer, I found that, though a stray dog or two barked at me, no watchman questioned my going. The hamlet was completely deserted! Yet it had been recently inhabited, for on the threshold of the first house I came to lay a newly plucked rose, fragrant from the bush, and the print of footsteps around the village well was not yet dry. Then I recalled the fact that my wild rush through the houses at the entrance to the valley had aroused no one: they, too, then, must have been deserted. By putting these two facts together I made of them —exactly nothing. "Forward," said I to myself, "the chieftainess shall solve this mystery, as well as that of the hawthorn; I will have speech with her or die in the attempt."

After another hour's sharp walking the high-road became an avenue lined with a double row of cedar trees. This, I knew, must be the beginning of the oddly planned town which I had seen from the mountain top; soon I came to houses,—each and all deserted, as were those of the hamlets I had passed through. The darkness under the shadowing cedars was intense and was broken only by a line of soft light running at an obtuse angle to the street up which I was walking, and extending far to the left. This posited me. I was on the street, B. C., at a point which we may call X; the lights were on the cross street, E. F.,—and the entire population of the valley was evidently there also, for not a soul had I found anywhere else. What was going on? I was bound to see as well as they.

Keeping well in the shadow, I ran forward until I reached the lighted street, and worked my way along the outside row of trees that borders it until I reached a point, G, where a mighty cedar on the outer row stretched its limbs over to a companion cedar on the inner row. I scrambled up the former some thirty feet, and found that, unseen, I commanded a full view of the brilliantly lighted street and of an immense crowd that filled it.

The appearance and dress of these people did not differ greatly from that of the neighboring tribes with which I was familiar: all the men, though, carried old-fashioned Japanese swords and shields and seemed to be drawn up in a rude formation resembling companies; the women and children stood apart, and, save for the occasional wail of some unhappy baby not accustomed to being out so late, there was not a sound to be heard. The houses that bordered the street seemed to be of the ordinary Japanese type, except that the pitch of the roof was less steep than usual and the thatch much thicker. All were brilliantly adorned with lanterns, save a large one on the other side of the street, directly opposite to me. The vague outlines of this I was trying to trace, when suddenly it, too, was illuminated, and I perceived, to my amazement, that it was an imitation in wood of a Tudor country house! The mullioned windows, the square tower, the flat arches, all were there. While I was endeavoring to account for this architectural anomaly, the great central door of the house was thrown open and the figure of a woman appeared upon the threshold. A mighty shout arose from the crowd,—"BARA-NO-HANA! BARA-NO-HANA!"—and then every man, woman, and child fell prostrate and knocked their foreheads on the earth. This was the invariable method of greeting the sovereign in old Japan.

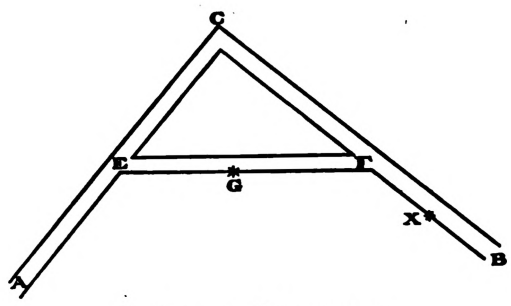
The subject of this demonstration was a girl of some twenty summers. She was dressed in a robe of pure white silk, unornamented save by a spray of exquisitely embroidered pink roses intertwined with hawthorn leaves. A single pink rose was in her dark hair, which was not arranged in the ordinary Japanese fashion, but was dressed high after the quaint style we see in the old pictures of Queen Elizabeth and her court. Her figure was indeed "divinely tall," while her face combined the glow of the Orient with those clear-cut, delicately chiseled features seldom found save among the maidens of the Occident. Vision of such had Marlowe, when he sang of—

> The face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium,
> * * * fairer than the evening air,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Such a vision, incarnate in flesh and blood, saw I before me.

She raised her hands as if to bless the prostrate people; then, slowly and reverently, she opened the doors of a gilded shrine that stood by her side, and, falling on her knees, began an invocation to the image or picture within. As the first notes of her half-chanted prayer reached me, I thought I must have lost my senses, *for she spoke in English!*—not in modern English, not with the accentuation and pronunciation of to-day, but with the quaint, broad vowel sounds of the sixteenth century, and with the harsh consonant sounds softened and attenuated to the strivings of her delicate tongue. Had I not been familiar with the contents of her prayer, perhaps I could not have followed Bara-no-hana's English; but I recognized it at once, as will every lover of the poets of Tottel's "Miscellany." This is what she prayed with great fervor to the picture in the shrine:—

"Shall I thus ever long, and be no whit the neare[r,],
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will not here?
Alas, say nay, say nay, and be no more so dome, [dumb,]
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou wilt come:
Wherby my heart may thinke, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come,—thy word so sware,—if thou a lives man be.
The roaryng hugy waves, they threaten my pore ghost,
And tosse thee vp and downe the seas, in daunger to be lost,—
Shall they not make me feare that they have swalowed thee?
But, as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou come to me!"



A diagram of the streets

In my eagerness to catch every detail of this extraordinary scene, I had climbed further out on my cedar branch than was safe. Crack! goes the treacherous wood; I struggle to get back before it breaks. Too late! Down I go, crashing through the lower branches, which fortunately break the worst of my fall. I strike the ground on my side, stagger to my feet, half dazed, and draw my revolver, only to find myself surrounded by a circle of startled faces and naked swords. "*Tojin! Tojin!*" (Foreigner!) rises from a hundred throats: I have then a vision of Bara-no-hana, with white trailing garments, rushing down the steps toward me; then comes another cry of mingled fright and anger from the people, some of whom advance, threatening. As I retreat to get my back against the tree, some one behind strikes me violently on the head: the heavens flare into molten brass and the stars rush from their places; amid the wrack and welter of a dissolving world I seem to hear her sweet voice calling my name, "Will Adams, my Will, he has come, he has come!"—Now, indeed, I know that I am mad or dying, and so I die content.

* * * * * * *

A week later I return to consciousness and am convinced—that I am dead. I am no longer under the cedar tree, but in a large room furnished in Japanese style except for the bed, which is of old-fashioned English make. Opposite to me hangs a picture of myself as I looked in a former existence: there are some details I do not recognize,—the pointed beard and the color of the eyes,—but the nose, mouth and complexion are evidently mine. Besides, the picture has my name under it in good old English letters,—WILL ADAMS. Yes, that is I: more commanding than in those days, but—

I turn over wearily, to get rid of myself, and see —Bara-no-hana. She looks into my eyes and utters a cry of joy; she bends over me and kisses me.

"You recover, you come back to us," she cries.

"No," I reply, feebly; "this is a dream."

Thereupon Bara-no-hana begins to cry bitterly.

"A woman in tears," I exclaim; "such things are not allowed in heaven; this may be earth!"

"We have waited for you so long," she wails, —"nearly three hundred years."

That finished my poor stunned brain for that day; I could think no more. But that night nature sent the deep sleep that "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,"—throughout which, however, my subconsciousness must have been hard at work. With my waking moment, there flashed upon me at least a partial explanation of the mysteries of this valley. In brief, this was as follows:—

I remembered that my Elizabethan ancestor, William Adams, a captain in the service of the East India Company, had been shipwrecked upon the coast of Japan. He had not been allowed to return to England, but became a favorite with the emperor, to whom he taught navigation and shipbuilding. Enriched by his patron, he had often been sent on governmental service to distant parts of Japan. On one of these expeditions, he must have visited the Valley of Satsuriku and instructed its people in what arts and sciences he was master of; this explained the planting of the English hawthorn, the preservation of the cedar forests, and the architecture of the Tudor house.

On leaving the valley, Adams had probably charged its inhabitants to avoid all intercourse with foreigners,—which at that time meant the Dutch, bitter commercial rivals of the English; this explained the savage exclusiveness of the Satsurikuans. From these facts had grown the myth of Adams as a deity who had left his people but would some day return to them. To their primitive imagination, I was Adams Redivivus,—but why had Bara-no-hana kissed me?

* * * * * * *

"Bara-no-hana," said I, in Japanese, "how do you know that I am Lord Adams?"

[*Concluded on pages 523 and 524*]

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People We Read About



MAJOR GENERAL H. C. CORBIN, U.S.A.,
to Command the Department of the Philippines

Major General Corbin, who is to take command of the United States Army in the Philippines in October, was born on a farm in Clermont County, Ohio, on September 15, 1842. In 1862 he entered the Union Army as a volunteer. He fought until the close of the Civil War and won the rank of brevet brigadier general of volunteers. He was mustered out of the volunteers and appointed a second lieutenant in the regular army. Major General Corbin was, for many years, a member of the Sitting Bull Commission. His present rank was conferred on him by congress in recognition of his services in the Spanish-American War. He is a strict disciplinarian and arduous worker for army improvement. Personally he is one of the most affable, approachable, and democratic men in public life, although he has the reputation of being exactly the opposite.



MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
the Wife of Britain's Great Radical

Mrs. Chamberlain was formerly Miss Mary Endicott, of Boston, Massachusetts, and, as the wife of the most powerful politician that England has known since Gladstone, occupies a unique position in the world. It is no discredit to Mr. Chamberlain to say that his wife has been of great assistance to him in his political advancement, for she has taken a pride in his ambition, and, with true American spirit, has stimulated him to seek distinction. It is a well-known fact that a majority of the Englishmen who have married American women have risen from obscurity to responsible government positions. There may be other than personal reasons for this, however, for women in England have more scope for mixing in public affairs than those in America. Frequently ladies of title go among the people and campaign for their husbands who are seeking seats in parliament.

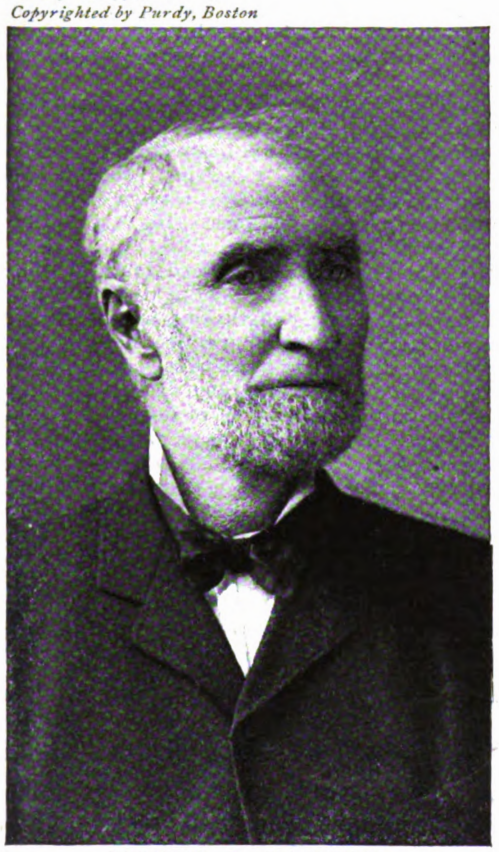
Photograph by Russell and Sons, London



W. S. GILBERT,
the Celebrated Author of "The Mikado"

For nearly fifteen years Mr. Gilbert, the librettist of "The Mikado," "Pinafore," and other famous comic operas, has remained silent, for the reason, as he has said, that he could never find a composer to replace, in originality and ability, the late Arthur Sullivan. He has written a new comedy, "The Fairy's Dilemma," which is being produced in London. It is said to be new in plot and treatment and replete with the graceful satire and comedy which have made Mr. Gilbert the leader of stage writers. He began life as a lawyer, but his clients were few and poor, and in order to make a living he turned to journalism. His "Bab Ballads" were among his first writings and they established his reputation. He sold his first play for only one hundred dollars, but in the height of his popularity his royalties have amounted to nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a week.

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JOSEPH G. CANNON,
Speaker of the House of Representatives

Joseph G. Cannon, is one of the most popular politicians in the country, as well as one of the most efficient parliamentarians that has ever sat in the speaker's chair. He is a little man, wiry and determined, and although he has passed his sixty-eighth birthday he still retains his vigor and health. He is a type of the old style of politician, now fast going out of line. He had not been in congress long before he proved his executive ability, and as chairman of the appropriations committee he so closely guarded the nation's money that he won the appellation of "watchdog of the treasury." He said that it was not his business to make appropriations but to prevent their being made. He started in life with nothing, and, as he quaintly puts it, the first hard knocks he received in life were against the side of a "prairie schooner," when, in 1859 his parents were emigrating to the West.



ION PERDICARIS,
the American Who Was Kidnapped by Rais Uli

Ahmed Ben Abdulla Shereef Rais Uli, who claims to be a bandit chief of Morocco, did not like Governor Abdsadek of Tangier and wanted him removed. To accomplish this end he resolved to kidnap some foreigner in Morocco and hold him until foreign powers should intervene and have the unpopular Abdsadek removed. Rais Uli stole Ion Perdicaris, a wealthy resident of Trenton, New Jersey, who happened to be visiting Tangier, where he also has a home. For a while the matter was taken very seriously, and the United States sent warships to demand Mr. Perdicaris's release. The other powers intervened, and the sultan of Morocco, fearing trouble, deposed Governor Abdsadek, and Mr. Perdicaris was released. He says that during his confinement he was treated with the utmost kindness, and was not in any way tortured by the brigand, as the early reports claimed.



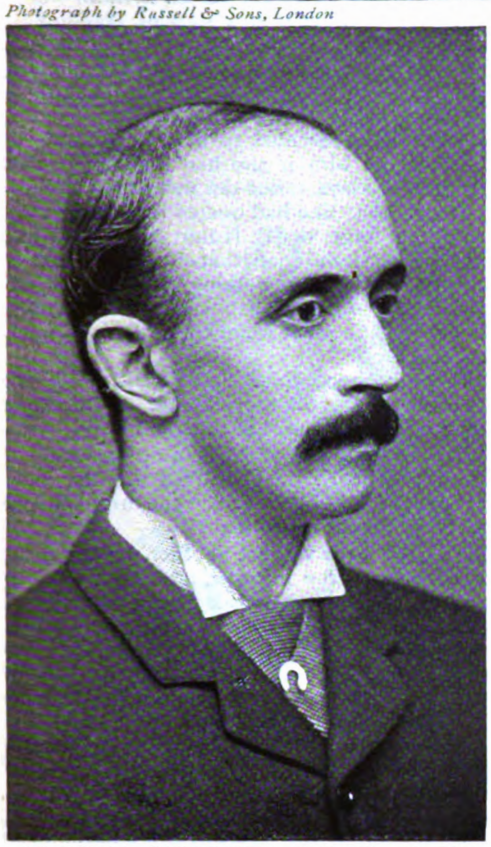
EDWIN D. MEAD,
Chairman of the International Peace Conference

The International Peace Conference will meet in Boston next October. It will be the thirteenth international congress, and the second ever held in this country, the first having been held in Chicago in 1893, during the World's Fair. Edwin D. Mead, who is to be the chairman of the coming congress, is one of the prominent citizens of Boston and a leader in uplifting world movements. Andrew Carnegie has given five thousand dollars toward the expenses of the congress, and it is expected that about twenty-five thousand dollars more will be raised for this purpose. Tremont Temple has been secured for the meetings, and supplementary gatherings will be held in other cities. It is expected that Robert Treat Paine, the great-grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, will be elected president of the congress.

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People We Read About

Photograph by Russell & Sons, London



ALBERT HENRY GEORGE GREY,

the New Governor General of Canada

Earl Grey, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Minto as the governor general of Canada, is not a new man in the diplomatic service of Great Britain. He was the administrator of Rhodesia, in 1897, and was one of the founders of the famous South Africa Chartered Company, the operations of which were the primal causes of the Boer War. He is one of the leaders of the coöperative labor movement in London. He organized a company for the establishment of municipal saloons in order to discourage the sale of intoxicating liquors. At a meeting in Glasgow, a few years ago, he stated that colossal amalgamation of capital similar to the American trusts could only be checked by a coöperative plan limiting the rate of interest to five per cent. and prohibiting the sale of shares in the open market. Of course, few American trust magnates would care to follow Earl Grey's advice.



QUEEN WILHELMINA,

the Sovereign of Holland

Queen Wilhelmina is twenty-four years old, and, next to the king of Spain, is the youngest ruler in the world. She is considered one of the best students of governmental politics in Europe, and is largely responsible for the desire of the Netherlands not to enter into any foreign alliance. In a ringing speech before the states-general, several years ago, the young queen established her position on this question. She pointed out that any alliance might interfere with the peace and progress of the people, thus making a direct slap at Germany, which has long coveted the Netherlands. She intended, with the aid of her people, to keep the far-reaching pan-German movement from affecting their independence. This act has made her very popular with her people. Queen Wilhelmina is one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and is very democratic in her ideas and mode of living.

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WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, Jr.,

Originator of the Perpetual Automobile Race in America

Under rules closely modeled after those governing the perpetual trophy,—the James Gordon Bennett Cup,—raced for annually in Europe, a similar contest is to be started in this country for a trophy to be presented by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The first race will take place on the eighth of next October, over a specially selected course on Long Island, New York. It will be for a distance of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles, and will be held annually thereafter on October 15. The competition, unlike the annual race for the Bennett Cup, will be open to foreign-made machines, but not more than ten machines may represent any one country. Mr. Vanderbilt hopes to exclude the freak machines built for racing purposes only, which in no sense represent the advancement being made in the automobile industry, and are only dangerous and unsightly.



ALPHONSE BERTILLON,

Inventor of the "Bertillon System"

The "Bertillon System" for the identification of criminals is now used almost generally in France, Great Britain, and America. M. Bertillon, the inventor, was born in Paris, in 1853, and in early life showed that he was destined to be an adept in the higher forms of mathematics. He became interested in anthropometry,—the science of measuring the human body,—and after years of study found that it could be applied to great usefulness. He is now the head of the identification department of the prefecture of police in Paris. He is the author of six important books, which have been translated into a number of languages, showing how mensuration and photography may be combined in identifying criminals. He expects that the time will come when his system will form a dragnet throughout the world for the use of detective departments and in upholding justice.

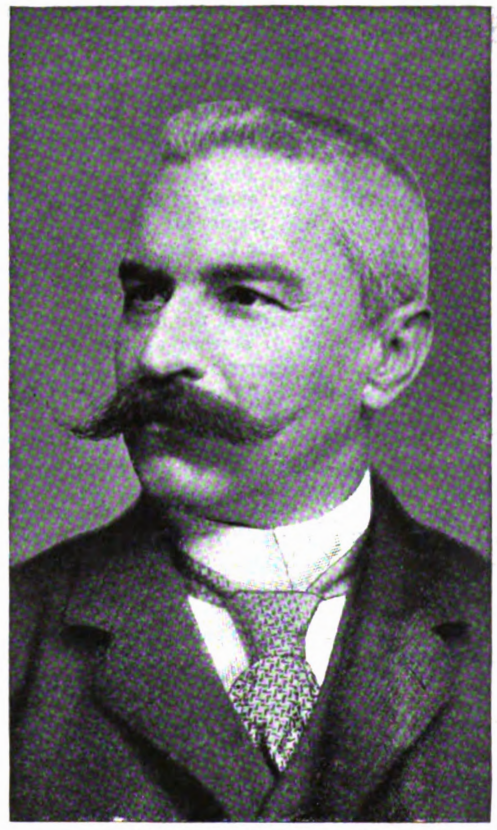
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AUGUSTUS THOMAS,

Author of Many Successful American Plays

Since the retirement of Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas has taken rank as the leading American playwright. His first play, "Alabama," was produced twelve years ago. It quickly stamped him as a great playwright, and he has since written a number of plays which have added dignity to the American drama, among them being "In Mizzoura," "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket," and "The Other Girl." Mr. Thomas is forty-five years old. He was born in St. Louis, and his first position was that of a page in the United States senate. Then he found work on a railroad, where he was variously employed for six years. He has also tried politics. Journalism finally claimed him, and he made a good record as a reporter and special writer, on the newspapers of St. Louis, Kansas City, and New York, before he became a dramatist.



RAMON CORRAL,

the New Vice President of Mexico

President Porfirio Diaz has appointed Ramon Corral as vice president of the Mexican republic. According to inside reports this means that Mr. Corral is the man whom President Diaz wishes to be his successor. It has been known for some time that Diaz intended to make the selection, and it was generally supposed that José Ives Limantour, the Mexican minister of finance, would be the choice, owing to his great popularity. Mr. Corral has held the portfolio of minister of the interior and has also been Governor of Sonora. He has been a stanch friend of Diaz, has supported all his theories, and will not now thwart any essential feature of the policy that the latter has framed. However, he may not be able to follow an independent course, should he become president, for there are many political schemes brewing in Mexico, whose leaders do not care to interfere with the Diaz administration.

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"She had ceased to tremble, and awaited with surprising calmness the moment for action"

THE EMERGENCY

The Story of a Girl Who Did not Faint

ELLIOTT FLOWER

ESTELLE DODSON saw Anson Booth the moment he entered the car, and her impulse was to forget and forgive. He had sorely tried her patience by ridiculing certain essentially feminine weaknesses, but she had amply repaid him for that.

"You would be a nice kind of girl in an emergency, would n't you?" had been one of his taunts when she had screamed at sight of a mouse.

Anson Booth was a man who admired girls possessing what he called "nerve and grit," and his efforts to make Estelle Dodson that kind of girl had taken the form of ridicule. Possibly, if she had not proved most attractive to him, he would not have cared whether she were sillily weak or courageously strong, but the fact remained that he did care; and, also, the fact remained that she had more than her share of feminine timidity. Even darkness had terrors for her, and it could not be denied that she lost her presence of mind on slight provocation. She had been known to make a long detour to avoid a kindly old cow that was the pet of children in the neighborhood; she had been known to scream at the unexpected appearance of a squirrel; she was nervous in a boat, and a horse that shied would make her gasp and clutch the arm of the driver.

"I suppose you'd promptly faint in the presence of any real danger," Anson had remarked, scornfully, on more than one occasion.

All in all, she seemed to be just the reverse of his ideal, but, for some reason, he had endeavored patiently (although far from diplomatically,) to make her his ideal. He had ridiculed her before others, and this it was that she had finally resented with a retort so sharp that a quarrel had followed.

"Do you know, I believe," he had said, laughingly, "that Estelle would so far lose her self-possession and dignity, if unexpectedly confronted by a grasshopper, that she would try to climb a tree."

That she should be even mentally pictured in so undignified an undertaking was unbearable, especially when the others laughed.

"You want a girl to be brave," she had cried, hotly, "because you are too lazy or too cowardly or too unchivalrous to protect her. Anyhow, I hate a man of cheap wit."

"And I despise a girl who's helpless in an emergency," had been his retort.

But there could be no doubt that he liked her, in spite of what he considered her great failing, and she had been so unhappy that she was willing to forgive and forget. She tried to attract his attention, as he passed down the aisle of the car, but he ignored her. However, she saw that he was with a man who wore handcuffs, so there was a good excuse for his apparent preoccupation. She recalled that a desperate criminal had been captured in an adjoining county. Anson was not an officer of the law, but it would be the most natural thing in the world for him to volunteer to get the prisoner and bring him back for trial, if the sheriff were unable to make the trip. He had done such things before. Indeed, the sheriff invariably sought him, when he was in temporary need of a capable and fearless deputy, and the latter was always ready. He was a man who, without being cruel or quarrelsome, gloried in his physical strength and his reputation for fearless resourcefulness. He was a big, strong, skillful man, and delighted in excitement,—the kind of man who usually is fascinated by some little, timid woman, but herein he differed from others of his physical attainments. It was not because of her timidity that Estelle Dodson fascinated him, but in spite of it,—at least, so he thought. She was not a little woman, either, but just about the average in height and figure.

He passed her seat with his eyes on the handcuffed man ahead of him. She thought he saw her, but was not sure. He was taking his prisoner through to the smoking car, when the conductor stopped him.

"Better stay here!" the conductor advised,—"rough crowd in the car ahead, and some of them are his friends; just as well they should n't know he's on the train."

The man heard, and Anson put his hand on his shoulder, drew him back, and turned him into the seat just ahead of Estelle. The sudden light in the prisoner's eye, as he turned, and his quick glance about the car startled the girl. In that moment she felt that she had read his thoughts. There was a possible rescue in the car ahead, if he could reach it. His friends would rally to him, there would be some shooting, and he would be gone. Possibly he would have tried a sudden rush, while in the aisle, if Anson had not caught him by the shoulder so promptly. As it was, he slouched into his seat by the window, but was quietly alert.

Estelle thought of warning Anson, but hesitated. They had parted in anger, and he might not be as ready to forgive as she was; and, if he should resent her interference, it would be most humiliating. He was a rough man, at best,—brave and good, in his way, but lacking delicacy and tact,—and she had given him the bitterest taunt possible in the case of such a man.

As these things passed through her mind, Anson got up and looked up and down the car, for in some cases it is wise to know just who is near. His gaze rested on Estelle for an instant, but he resumed his seat without a sign of recognition. He was thinking of her, however. She had too much spirit of one kind and too little of another, he told himself. He liked spirit in a girl,—a docile woman was uninteresting to him,—and he might not have resented so bitterly the way she had turned on him if she had displayed equal spirit in other ways. But she was sillily weak,—except with him. She had treated him despicably; he could not forget that. It hurt his vanity, as a strong and masterful man, that she should dare do this when she dared do nothing else, and he certainly did despise a foolish coward and admire force and spirit, except when the latter was solely at his expense.

He was so preoccupied that he did not notice the furtive glances of the prisoner or the slight shifting of his position, but the girl did.

"Anson," she whispered, leaning forward.

The young man turned his head slightly.

"If you are afraid," he said, "you might change your seat; or shall we do that?"

She shrank back without another word, but she kept her eye on the prisoner, and she was trembling. She could not speak after that, but she was sure the prisoner contemplated some move. He was turning gradually, and apparently carelessly, so that his back was toward the window and his face toward his guard, who sat next to the aisle. The latter felt comparatively easy, as the man was handcuffed and there was no chance of escape through the half-opened window. If he could gain the aisle, he might have a chance to reach the smoker, but Anson was the stronger of the two and was armed. Even if he had not been preoccupied, he would not have worried. But the girl saw it differently. Anson was between a desperate man and possible freedom, and he was thinking of something else.

Estelle watched the prisoner as if fascinated, while one trembling hand groped blindly for the wrap that lay on the seat beside her. She knew what she would do in case of necessity. She had not reasoned it out, but she knew instinctively. As she drew the long, loose wrap into her lap, she felt that she had it by the hem instead of by the collar. She was white, but determined. She had ceased to tremble, under the inspiration of the responsibility that she felt rested upon her, and awaited with surprising calmness the moment for action.

It seemed to the startled spectators as if the girl's hands went up at the same moment that the prisoner's did. The latter planned to bring his iron shackles down on the head of the abstracted guard, and there was terrific force in the intended blow; but, before he could deliver it, a long, loose wrap came down over his head and hands, and he was in a tangle that made the blow go wild and left him blind and helpless. Anson turned instantly, grappled with the bewildered man, and a moment later the two emerged from the folds of the torn garment, the prisoner in complete subjection.

There was an interval of confusion in the car, an interval of silence, and then the passengers fairly roared their approbation and admiration. It took them several minutes to fully understand the splendid nerve and presence of mind she had displayed, but there could be no mistaking their view of it when they flocked about her and congratulated her. Anson could not wait for the others to finish before expressing his own sentiments.

"Estelle," he said, and his voice trembled a little, for he realized how near death he had been, "that was the grandest thing I ever saw a woman do."

But, the danger having passed, and her courage and resourcefulness having been proved, the essential femininity in her nature asserted itself. She had wanted to bring him back before; now that he had come, she met him with a rebuff.

"I despise a man who's helpless in an emergency," she retorted, repeating the words that had so rankled when he had used them.

The prisoner laughed, but he looked at her admiringly.

"You're all right," he said,—"the finest ever. I'd take my hat off to you, if I was n't handcuffed, but *he's* no good. Why, I—"

"Nothing of the sort," she answered, hotly; "there is n't a better man—"

Then she stopped, blushing, and the passengers

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smiled sympathetically, as they saw her confusion.

"Estelle," said Anson, "I'm awfully sorry; I was a fool, a heedless, consummate idiot, and I do n't know the first little thing about women, but —but,—"

"But he wants to learn," put in a good-natured passenger, with a laugh, in which all but the parties immediately interested joined.

The situation was embarrassing. What she might like to say to him would only protract the scene, so she took the hand that he extended over the back of the seat, but did it rather reluctantly. If they had been alone, she would have indulged in the luxury of compelling him to strive still harder to regain her favor. It does not look well to be tantalizingly perverse in public, however, so she felt obliged to meet his advances in a straightforward way, thus expressing her real sentiments.

"Be good to him," laughed the good-natured passenger.

She dropped his hand instantly and crowded back into a corner of the seat; but when, a little later, she followed him and his prisoner out of the car, her blushes did not conceal a happy and contented smile, and such occasional glances as the mortified Anson Booth could spare from his prisoner reflected intense devotion and admiration.



How Circus Performers Learn Their Thrilling Feats

Difficult and Daring Dexterity, with Persevering, Patient Practice, Produces Perfection, but Discrimination in Diet and Adaptability of Disposition Are Indispensable

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

THE circus posters of the "Greatest Show on Earth" had announced the act as a "diabolic, determined, desperate defiance of danger, and derision of death." The tiers of spectators leaned forward and held their breath. On a little platform, at the height of a third-story window, "Vola the Volitant" mounted his bicycle and looked down a strip of boarding, a yard wide, that sloped into the arena at an angle of forty-five degrees. He was to coast down this strip. It had no rail. There were no nets to catch him if he should run over the edge. The foot of the incline curved upward like the "dip" of a toboggan slide, and broke off at a height of eight feet from the ground. The remainder of the slide had been placed thirty feet further down the arena. "Vola the Volitant" was to leap that thirty-foot gap on his bicycle and coast downward to the level of the arena.

A woman behind us said: "I won't look. It should n't—it should n't be allowed. He—"

There was a whir of wheels. He came down the incline as straight and as swiftly as if he were falling. He shot out into the air and soared to a height of eighteen feet. He hung there for an instant like a bird. Then he sank to the platform of the second slide and coasted away, smiling, down the ring.

"Well!" the woman said, "if money will pay a man to—why, a *wobble* would have killed him!"

An old circus man, who was sitting with us, smiled. "He's clever, do n't you think?"

"Clever!"

He laughed. "It does look wild, does n't it? Well, there's never any act done in these rings—no matter what it looks like,—that is anything but safe—practically safe,—to the man who does it. Believe that, now; it's true. You don't? Come and talk to the men yourselves, then."

We went into the dressing tent and found the "intrepid volitant" sewing a bandage on the muscular brisket of an acrobat who had bruised himself.

"Dr. Charles B. Clarke, of Kansas City," the circus man introduced him.

He had a Vandyke beard, and looked to be just what he said he was,—a young doctor who had given up his practice to "leap the gap." He seemed amused to hear why we had come to see him. "Of course," he said, "if anything should go wrong with the bicycle or the incline, I suppose it would put me out of business, but then I see that everything is all right before I mount. The act is merely a matter of skill in riding the wheel straight.

"Nervous? Why should I be nervous about it? When a man knows how to ride a bicycle he is n't afraid of falling off. I'll not fall, because I know how not to."

He was born, he said, in Galveston, Texas. He had spent his youth in Tennessee, where he had been an amateur trick bicycle rider. He was twenty-six years of age.

Two years ago he was practicing medicine in Kansas City, and feeling the need of a vacation. The "loop-the-loop" rider of the Forepaugh and Sells Circus was seriously injured at a performance in St. Louis. Dr. Clarke had seen the act; he thought that he could do it. He decided to take his vacation "with the show." He "understudied" the "loop-the-loop turn" for two years, and then volunteered to "leap the gap" when that act was invented. All this sounded very matter-of-fact and unsensational, but there was a triangular scar over Dr. Clarke's left eye, and he was asked how he came by it. He confessed that he had once had a fall. When he was learning his act, in an open field in New Jersey, he had leaped against a strong wind and had fallen short, cut his head open, and broken three ribs.

The old circus man interrupted, quickly: "That was when you were learning. You have no falls now?"

"No," he said, "but my 'understudy' has. I'm without a substitute now, because the last one, though he was a trick rider, landed on his front wheel and went over the handle-bars. He broke his nose and his collar bone."

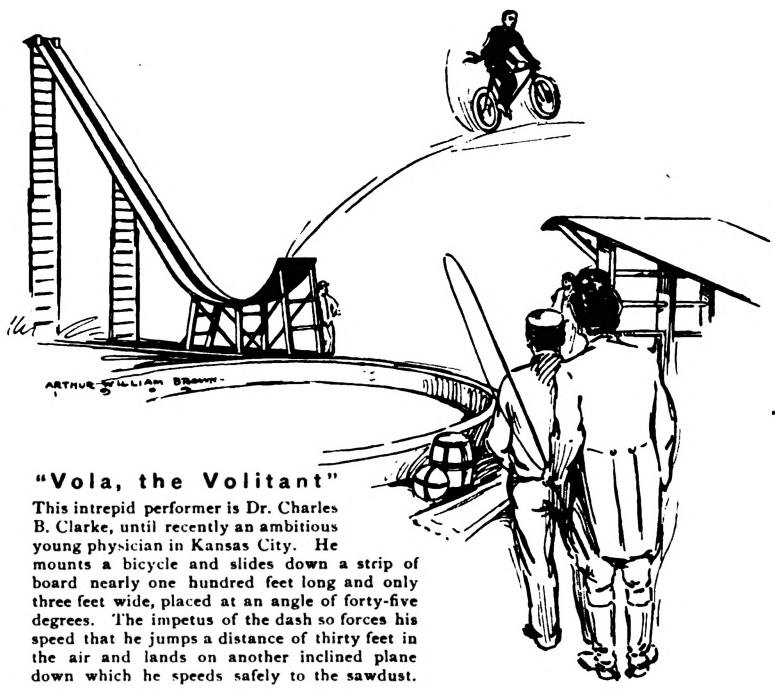
"But you," the circus man insisted,—"you, yourself, are never in any danger."

"Well, last week, in Brooklyn," he said, during that wet weather, the incline got wet and the rubber tires of the bicycle slipped sideways on it after I started. I was a third of the way down, going at full speed, and within three inches of slipping over the edge, before the tires got a grip and held me. I got through all right, after that, but it illustrates the difficulty of getting an understudy. They get panicky when things begin to go wrong, and the wheel runs away with them. Of course, in coasting down an incline, at that speed, the slightest waver, you know,—"

We knew. We considered, too, that we had the right to laugh at the old circus man. He defended himself.

"Of course, the act's dangerous to anyone learning it," he argued, "and there's always the risk that something may go wrong with the apparatus. But I'll bet that Dr. Clarke feels as safe doing that trick as you would eating a fish dinner."

"Oh, I'm a Presbyterian," said Clarke, laughingly; "I believe in predestination. If the accident's coming, it's coming, and there's no use worrying about it." Meanwhile, by the act he was earning seven hundred dollars a week and his board. He was



"Vola, the Volitant"

This intrepid performer is Dr. Charles B. Clarke, until recently an ambitious young physician in Kansas City. He mounts a bicycle and slides down a strip of board nearly one hundred feet long and only three feet wide, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. The impetus of the dash so forces his speed that he jumps a distance of thirty feet in the air and lands on another inclined plane down which he speeds safely to the sawdust.

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having a vacation, and gathering a bank account.

We refused to be convinced. The circus man waved us on. "Come and see the others, then. Ask the man who did the double somersault from the flying trapeze."

We had watched two acrobats, up in the roof of the tent,—at the height of a housetop,—leaping through the air from swing to swing, backward and forward, with somersaults and twisters, in a series of heart-stopping "aërial evolutions." They had certainly seemed "amazing and audacious acts," as the programme had declared. We found the two young men sitting on the top trays of their costume trunks, making a quick change for their next appearance in a display of bareback riding. They were Englishmen,—the Clark Brothers, acknowledged the cleverest of high tumblers.

"Oh, yes," said one of the brothers, with pride, "there are n't many in the business who can do some of our acts. But then I was born to it. My father and mother—and my grandfather and grandmother,—were circus people. I began when I was seven years old, and I have been working at it from five to eight hours a day ever since."

"But is n't it dangerous?"

"How?"

"If you were to fall,—"

"Oh, that's the first thing we learn,—how to fall. You do n't understand. It's all in learning how to do the acts. There 's no danger when you've learned how. We worked two years and a half on that double somersault and pirouette before we got it at all, and two years more before we got it perfect. I know just where I am in it every inch of the way. I can move so fast that you can't follow with your eyes the turns I make, but that is because the muscles of my body are developed like the muscles of a pianist's hands. If I fall, I watch the net coming up to me, and then, at the right moment, I throw myself on my back, and it does n't hurt me. There 's no danger. Being up so high gives us more time to be ready for striking the net."

It was evident that he believed what he was saying, but we found out that once, in Paris, he had fallen into the net, the ropes had broken, and he had gone through to the ground. Fortunately, he came down on his back and suffered only a concussion of the brain. But more serious accidents had occurred to others. A young apprentice had fallen into the net on his head, and had broken his neck. A girl had missed her "catcher," and fallen, unprepared, in a fright. She had strained her back so badly that she had never quite recovered.

Nevertheless, in that crowded dressing tent,—where the contortionists were limbering up like snakes, and the tumblers were throwing backsprings tentatively, and the aërialists were turning careful somersaults,—we found all of the opinion that success in their profession requires nothing more than long apprenticeship and hard work. There was none of them who saw in his own act or another's any call for unusual nerve or daring.

"We all began as tumblers," Siegrist, the aërialist, explained. "Most of us were the children of circus people. As soon as we were able to walk we were taught to stand on our hands,—to develop our muscles and get us used to being upside down. Then we learned to do the back bend and the front bend. Next we learned the flip-flap,—to stand, throw yourself back on your hands, and turn over. After that came the somersault, which is a flip-flap without touching the hands to the ground. Then we went through the half twister, the full twister, and the double twister, to the double somersault, backward or forward. When a man can do all that, he 's a good tumbler, and can do practically anything in the circus business.

"Here's a boy I took as an apprentice, fifteen years ago. He's been working five hours a day, either practicing or performing, ever since."

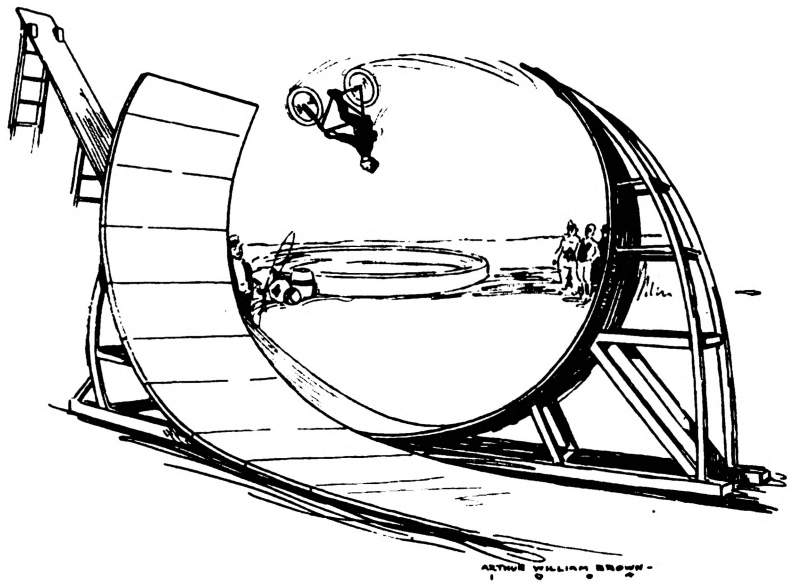
He was turning somersaults on a pad. He stopped to smile engagingly, and went on again. "Tumbling," Siegrist said, "is the key to the show business. When you are a good tumbler you can do anything."

In fact, we found that some of the men were doing *almost* everything. Under different names, in different costumes, they were appearing as aërialists on high trapezes, as trick riders turning somersaults on horseback, as jugglers in balancing feats, and as jockeys in the final steeplechases. They had developed brain and body to the necessary agility and quickness; they were as safe tumbling in the roof of the tent as they were on horseback or in the ring; they had no more need of "daring and audacity" than has a fancy skater who has assured himself that the ice will bear him.

There was one act, however, which we knew to be dangerous: that was "looping the gap" on a bicycle. We knew that one man had been killed and another badly injured at Coney Island on a simple "shuttle loop;" and here was a young Italian performing the same feat with the added danger of the "gap." He coasted down an incline that hooped back at its foot and carried him, upside down, across a gap in the top of the hoop to the other side of the circle and so down to the level again. In fact, flying through the air, head down, he turned a somersault with his wheel and came down on it.

"You can't say *that* is n't dangerous," one of our party challenged.

"Dangerous!" the circus man replied,—"it's deadly—to a person who can't do it. I'm only surprised that *more* ambitious amateurs were n't killed in that Coney loop. As for our man here,—well, just to prove what I say, I 'll tell you something that is n't known outside. We have to carry three men able to do that 'appalling feat,' but the three are all members of one troupe of acrobats, and they all do it equally well, and yet," he added, with a smile, "none of them is a brave man. With each, skill eliminates most of the risk."



Ancilotti Looping the Gap

This thrilling feat is performed in less time than it takes to describe it. One can hardly follow the cyclist as he makes his daring plunge down the narrow board, and is whirled through space, head downward, bringing his wheel safely on the second board and continuing his journey. Ancilotti discovered that the first thing necessary to the success of the feat is self-confidence and steady nerves. With these established, he followed the rule of all tight-rope walkers, and kept his eye on a central object. To this end he had a thin black line painted down the center of the plank, and felt that, if he could keep his eyes on that line and his wheel steady, all would go well. At first, even his trained nerves failed to act in unison, and several ugly falls were the result. He attempted the trick many times before he was successful. Now he is so perfect that the black line is omitted, and he runs the course without a guide. It takes less than a minute to perform the trick, for which he receives one thousand, five hundred dollars a week

He introduced us to them. They were French acrobats, of the name of Ancilotti, either sons or apprentices of a famous circus performer of Europe. When any of them "looped the gap," he rode in full control of his wheel, with an unbewildered consciousness of where he was at every moment of the way, and with an alert preparedness for any accident that might throw him. They had had many falls while they were learning the act. They had never been hurt. They knew how to fall.

They had, in fact, spent a lifetime learning how to fall,—and how to ride without falling. From the earliest years of their infancy they had been working at that art. With their parents in France, and with circuses in every country of Europe, they had been riding the single wheel, mounting the spiral, descending the ladder, crossing the high wire, balancing on each other's shoulders, and doing all the other feats that the bicycle has introduced into the circus. They had added "looping the gap" to their repertory. They will have to have a new trick for next season.

The circus man spread his hands. "You see, we have no use for a man who endangers his life. What we want is a man who can do acts that appear appallingly dangerous, but can do them without any risk to himself. That is what all these men can do, and are paid for doing,—that, and nothing more.

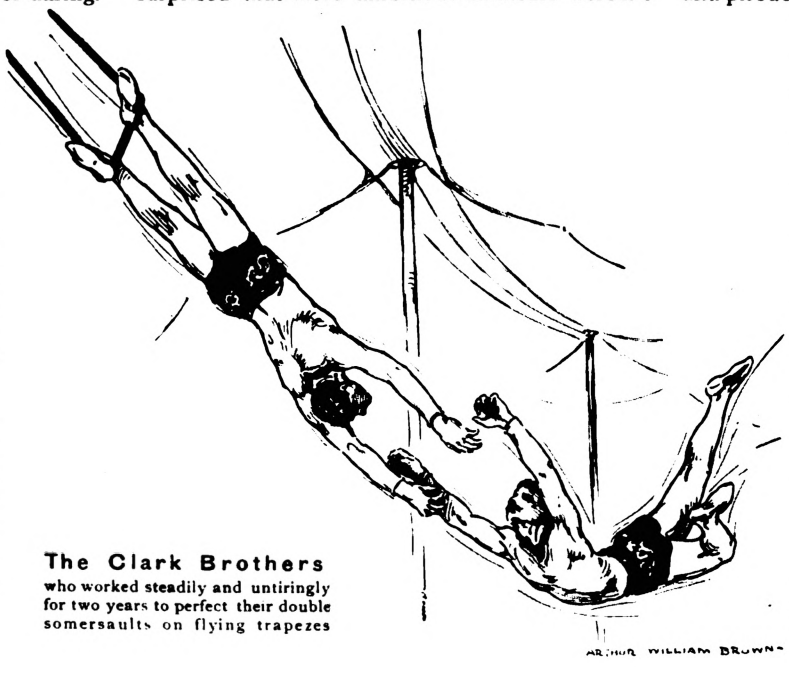
"To me, the real marvel of the circus is the fact that these tricks can be learned. If you wish to get an idea of how they are learned, trot around here and talk to some of these people,—just talk to them."

We were eager to do so. We wished to know particularly how a man can turn himself in the air, having nothing to use a lever against, and no wings.

William Wallett, an English bareback rider, undertook to explain. He is thirty-five years old, and has been riding in the circus since the age of four,—when he made his first appearance strapped to the back of a pony.

"It is all done with the shoulders," he said. "The shoulders are the center of gravity, in the air. It is with the muscles of the chest that the lift and turn are both made. For example, in a back somersault you do not throw yourself over with the kick from the ground. You merely leap into the air, and then, with the muscles of the stomach and chest, whip your legs up over you, revolve around your shoulders, and come down on your feet. That is the reason why all circus performers are widest under the arms and smallest around the waist. They are built like greyhounds."

When Ernest Clark throws a double somersault and pirouette from a flying trapeze,—and is caught by his brother Charles, swinging by the "hocks" from another bar,—he whips off the trapeze with an upward jerk of the legs, catches his knees in his hands and revolves twice, then kicks out with a twisting motion of legs and shoulders and clutches the arms that are reaching for him. The time that elapses between his leaving the bar and being caught by his brother is not more than a second. The distance that he goes is governed by the speed of his swing on the trapeze. The velocity of his turning depends on the force of that upward throw of his legs as he leaves the bar. Five years of constant practice have given him an instinctive feeling for the "time," as they call it, in such an act. He knows by the "feel" of things when to launch from the bar. He gauges himself by the noise of the wind in his ears, even. He is so accurate that, in a stationary building, like Madison Square Garden, New York, for example, he will not vary an inch in the clutch of his brother's wrists in a hundred performances.



The Clark Brothers
who worked steadily and untiringly for two years to perfect their double somersaults on flying trapezes

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But under canvas, where the "hang" of his apparatus depends on the guying of the tent and is affected by the atmospheric conditions, also, he will vary a foot or more in his arrival, and the success of the act will depend then on the quickness of the "catcher." After he has been launched from the bar the tumbler has no control of his time or his speed. He keeps his eyes on the outstretched hands of the "catcher" as he flies, revolving, through the air. If he misses those hands, he stiffens out straight as he falls; and, at the last second, by a convulsive throw of arms and shoulders, he brings himself down on his back in the net.

Clark confesses that, when he was learning the act, he fell twenty times every morning that he practiced it. "We are still practicing," he said; "last year we used to be able to do the triple somersault in the air, but this year—for no reason that we know,—we have lost the 'feel' of it, and can't get it sure."

A triple somersault is the high-water mark of human achievement in tumbling. A double somersault, followed by a pirouette, is more difficult to learn and as difficult to do, but it can be done more surely after it has been learned.

We went out with Clark to the deserted main tent, where the performance had just been given, and came on an undress rehearsal of all the apprentices of the "show." A little Jap was on his back, with his legs in the air, trundling a barrel on the soles of his feet; he kept at it for the whole hour we were there. Another young Oriental was walking up and down a slack wire a foot from the ground, supported by the touch of an old Japanese juggler; they went backward and forward endlessly. One of the Clarks was practicing juggling with a new set of knives which he had bought to replace a set that had been stolen; and, although the difference in the "balance" of the knives was infinitesimal, he had to learn all his old tricks over again with the new blades. Two others of the Clark family were breaking a horse for bareback riding; they had been training it for two years, and were not yet performing with it. Six small boys were turning flip-flaps on a mattress, under the eyes of their elders; it was the fourth year of practice for some of those clumsy youngsters. Sam Watson, the clown, bald and spectacled, was training a trick dog to dance on its hind legs, with a cat on its back; he had grown old at such work. In studious silence, with an inexhaustible patience, they all juggled and balanced, cracked their whips and turned their somersaults, wiped the perspiration from their faces, and sighed. It was work,—slow, trying, hard work.

"The palmy days of juggling are over, though," the circus man said. "The public demands something more sensational, something that carries more apparent risk of injury to the performer. There's a juggler on the Continent, Paul Conchas, who is developing the future of circus juggling. He juggles with three-hundred-pound Krupp shells in such a way that, if he should bungle, they would smash his head in, or break his neck.

"For example, he balances, on his forehead, a pole topped by a grooved rest in which a three-hundred-pound shell is held. Then he knocks away the pole, and the shell comes down on him, He watches it until it has almost struck his upturned face, and at the last moment he ducks. catches the shell on his neck and shoulders, and sways with the weight. If he should catch that shell too high, it would break his neck. As it is, he has to have the shoulders of a Hercules to prevent it from breaking his back.

"He has added, to juggling, the feats of a 'strong man' and the dangers of a high-wire act. He catches on the small of his back a three-hundred-pound shell thrown into the air from the end of a springboard. He does all the common juggling tricks, but with cannon balls that weigh fifty pounds each. He balances a table, a chair, and a man in the chair, by one leg of the table, and carries them about the stage to slow music.

"It required many years of practice to learn the tricks, and of course he did not practice with weights that would have killed him if he had fumbled them; but now he can toss, catch, balance, and spin shells and cannon balls and gun carriages which an ordinary man could not lift. He is never injured, unless it be by some accident to his apparatus,—such as the breaking of a carriage axle that once dropped some hundredweight of metal on his head and put him on a hospital cot for two months.

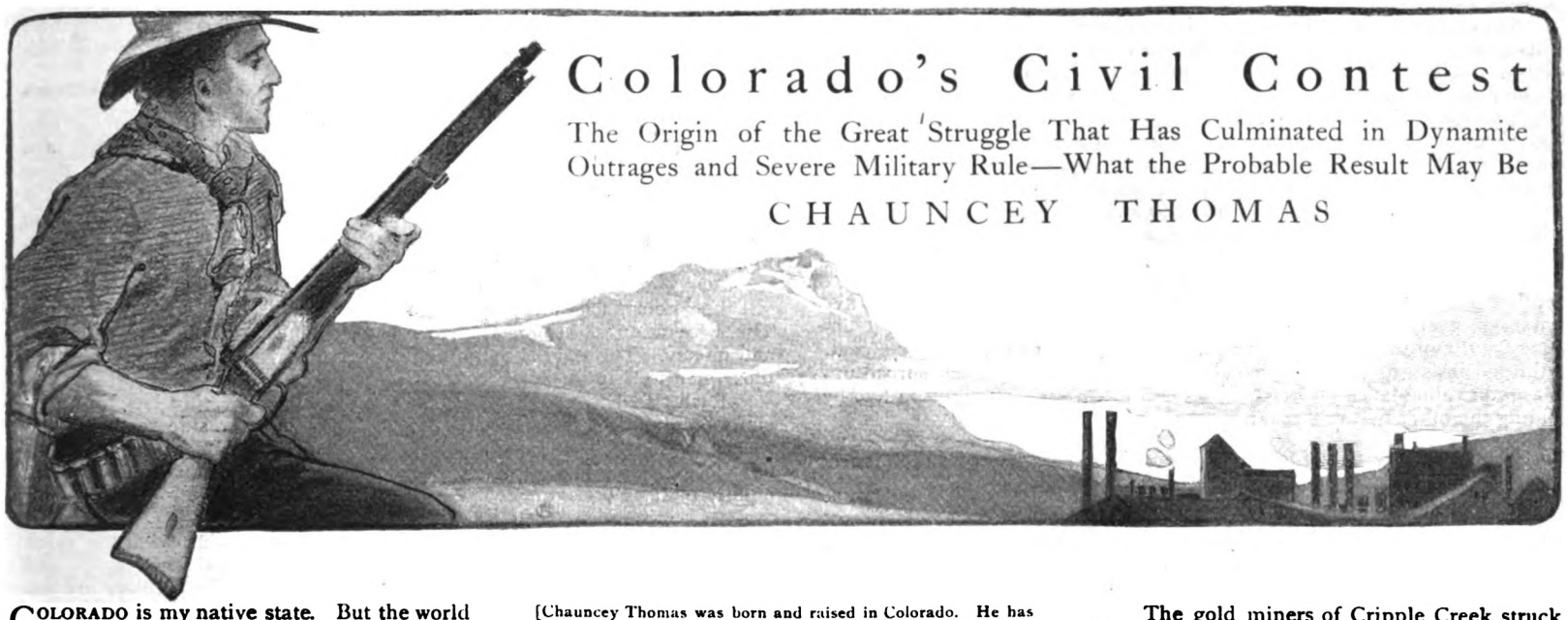
"There's always that danger, of course," the circus man conceded; "that goes with the life."

"And what do these death-defiers do when they grow old?" one of our party asked him.

He led us over to the edge of one of the rings, where "Funny Frisky," the English clown, whose name is Henry Giles, was lying on his fat back with a cigar rooted in his jaw, comfortably rubbing his chest with his open hand. He is one of the oldest clowns "in the business," and has settled down corpulently in comic work after having been a juggler, acrobat, and bareback rider. "This is safer," he said: "I'm sure that I'll not fall off here."

At the age of five, he came out of a pie in a London pantomime, dressed in a costume that his mother had made from three red pocket-handkerchiefs. "I've grown since then," he said; "I've been all over the round world—an' found it flat,—from England to Russia, an' from India to the Cape. I've cooked my own bread in an ant-hill oven on the Transvaal *veldt*, goin' from Kimberley, in a bullock wagon, two hundred and eighty miles to Johannesburg,—with two hundred and eighty million jolts to the mile,—and I've appeared before the *maharajah* of Mysore in his palace, an' seen the fillin' in his maharajesty's back teeth." He grunted. "I'm goin' back to Ol' England, in a year or so, if I can get away, an' open a hotel."

"Slivers," the American "college-bred" clown, drifted over to us, and Spader Johnson came to watch and yawn. Miss Lulu Allen, an English aërialist, gave up her intention of practicing on the rings, and came to complain of rheumatism. In a few minutes "Slivers" was telling how he had walked from Texas to St. Louis after his first circus broke and left him stranded; Miss Allen was making up her mind to go to the dressing tent and write a letter which she owed her mother; and Spader Johnson, turning over the pages of his scrapbook of newspaper notices, was showing with pride the first knitted bootee which his little girl baby had worn, pasted on a page with the first letter she had written to her daddy.



Colorado's Civil Contest

The Origin of the Great Struggle That Has Culminated in Dynamite Outrages and Severe Military Rule—What the Probable Result May Be

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[Chauncey Thomas was born and raised in Colorado. He has swung a sledge hammer in the mines and a shovel in the smelters of Victor and Cripple Creek. On western mining, traffic, and other industrial and financial subjects no other writer is more of an authority. For several years he was the youngest member of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, and was an active worker on the committee on mining and the Denver freight bureau and traffic committee. He was one of the six members of the Cripple Creek fire relief committee, in whose charge the citizens of Denver rushed a special train, loaded with food supplies and fire apparatus, to Cripple Creek, in 1896, when that camp was burned to the ground. He spent two years in one of the Denver banks, and was editor of "The Mining Reporter," the leading mining journal of the Rocky Mountains. He knows the West fully.—THE EDITOR]

COLORADO is my native state. But the world is my country and all mankind my people. What follows I write not only in shame and sorrow that such things can be, but also with dread for the larger good, if in the place of "Denver" we should write "Washington," and for "Colorado" we should write "America." What is true of one state may and should be true of all. Labor in Colorado is typical. Capital in Colorado is typical of labor and capital all over America. Is the result in Colorado typical of what will be the result of such conditions over the whole of the United States?

Looked at as they might be from Mars, here are the facts: some fifteen years ago, in the Colorado coal fields, men worked like brutes,—literally, black slaves,—and so did their wives and children, for the shelter of a shanty and a ticket at the company's trading store, that at double prices gave scant food, less clothing, and no happiness. The public protested in vain at the exorbitant price of coal, but the coal dealers and the mine owners built palaces, and the city poor went cold in hopeless silence. There was but little law, and that little was helpless, or, what is worse,—heedless. The men struck. But they were weak, and were starved back, and they are weak to-day. The price of coal is still high, the city poor still shiver in winter, and there are many private black-diamond palaces in Denver.

The gold miners of Cripple Creek struck for an eight-hour day and a white man's pay. Trouble followed, with murder, dynamite, and outrages. Law was forgotten by the Cripple Creek miners; and law was just as promptly forgotten by the mine owners. Capital sent to Cripple Creek a private army of sixteen hundred flimsily sworn "deputies." Labor built a fort. Between the two the governor threw the National Guard. This was the "Ball Hill War" of 1892-3. "Peace" was restored. Labor and capital each went unpunished. The dynamited mines were repaired and the murdered were forgotten. The miners went to work on the new scale of hours and pay, Cripple Creek boomed, and the labor unions waxed strong, then tyrannical, then unbearable. In the gold mines, capital was helpless and labor arrogant and ignorantly intolerable; in the coal mines, capital was merciless and labor was enslaved.

That was twelve years ago. Since then and until the outbreak of the present trouble in Colorado things in Cripple Creek grew worse. The labor unions not only pressed all forms of employers, but also, as in many other places, gradually fell into the power of a few hands,—and those hands criminal. Between capital and labor stood a few strong, shrewd, reckless men, whose chief purpose was to run them, one against the other, to the ill

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of both. Such were the conditions for the preceding ten years. The immediate fault has been labor's; the indirect fault, capital's.

Now ore is of no use until it has flowed, white hot, through the smelter. Capital controlled the smelters, also the railroads. All over the state were and are—and there should be and might be a thousand times more,—small one-man mines. Besides these there were somewhat larger properties ranging from the lone prospect hole up—or rather down,—to the great million-a-year-yielding bonanzas. Capital owned the great mines, also the smelters and the connecting railroads. Incidentally there were the coal fields that were—and are,—mined conveniently cheap. The small mines virtually belonged to labor,—the poorer men. The Smelter Trust was organized. Railroad rates on ore were so fixed that hundreds of small mines became, under such conditions, worthless—to all but capital, which controlled the situation. The Smelter Trust, with the aid of its allies, the railroads,—the old Standard Oil trick,—squeezed the small miner to death with one hand, while with the other it held American manhood twelve hours a day, Sundays included, before a never ending stream of white hot lava and bubbling, poisonous gases.

I have worked with a shovel in a Denver smelter and know the conditions there,—they are inhuman. They turn stone into gold, and men into stone. Three shifts of eight hours each can be worked just as well as two shifts of twelve hours each,—but the twelve-hour shift is cheaper,—cheaper in money,—but not in men. The smelter men asked for shorter hours. Capital refused,—or dodged, gave excuses, delayed, and acted in bad faith. The smelter men did not strike. Labor and capital and the people in general,—all three dreaded a strike; so labor, through the ballot, requested the public to give it human hours before the furnaces, and, when the ballots were counted, it was found that the people had said, "Yes."

But capital said, "No," and capital fought its determined fight, fought it as slowly as ever paid lawyers could drag it, through one court to another, and at length up to the supreme court of Colorado. There capital won. The law that the people of the whole state had said should be a law, the supreme court held to be unconstitutional, although five neighboring states—Utah, in particular,—had almost exactly the same law, which the supreme courts of those states all had held to be valid in itself and good for the people of their respective states. Capital paid its lawyers,—and smiled. The smelter men still sweated twelve hours, seven days a week, in the cool furnace glow. They did not strike.

Capital Overpowered the People's Will as Expressed by the Ballot Box

Once more they asked the people for help, that they might be men and not brutes, and once more the public, through the ballot box, by the overwhelming vote of forty-two thousand majority,—irrespective of political parties,—in a voting population of about one hundred and twenty thousand,—two to one,—said, "Yes: the state constitution shall be so amended." Capital again said, "No,"—but in a whisper. When the legislature met, bribery defeated the twice-ballot-expressed wish of the people. The legislature adjourned without making operative the amendment to the constitution,—or even trying to.

Then the smelter men struck. Six long years had they toiled twelve hours a day, Sundays included, before those scorching furnace doors while waiting, not for justice, but for humanity,—and the law had once said it was helpless, and a second time had answered, "There is no law,—there is only bribery." Then the smelter men struck. The gold miners, seeing that, if the smelter men were sent back to their blazing toil for twelve hours every day in the year, and made into slaves as were the coal miners, their own turn would come next from the same masters, struck in unison.

True, the Smelter Trust of Colorado and the Mine Owners' Trust of Cripple Creek have entirely separate legal existence,—but they are both owned by the same set of men. Men? Yes, men the highest in the state, as intelligent and heartless as labor seems to be stupid and unreasonable. The one quality they have in common is greed. In a state where, five years ago, over fifty mountain peaks nearly two miles high were yet unnamed and more were yet unclimbed, in a state where over ninety per cent. of the soil is as yet untrod by man, in a state where nature has spread unmeasurable abundance for both capital and labor, each struggles to live by holding the other by the throat.

By Thus Countenancing Murder, Labor Loses Confidence and Respect

Once more Cripple Creek has writhed in a bloody strike this year, as she did twelve years before. Once more was murder done, once more was dynamite used, once more were non-union men—honest men,—outraged, often in unspeakable ways. *It was the work of cowards.* Indirectly, every union man was and is responsible for each and every one of these crimes. If not actively implicated, each and every union miner is at least passively siding and abetting in every crime committed, either officially or non-officially, for the union's sake, by not openly and actively aiding in preventing such dastard deeds. A shot in the back; one unarmed man set upon by a dozen and beaten to lifelong injury or to death; property from which they have in the past and must in the future earn their bread destroyed; the whole region not only made unsafe, but even positively dangerous to everyone,—these things are of advantage to no one, and least of all to the cause of labor. Yet all these things labor has caused or winked at time and again,—in fact, in every serious strike, not only in Cripple Creek, but also throughout Colorado. By such deeds capital loses a man, a mine, or even a million, but labor loses not only the good will of everyone, but loses as well the confidence and respect of all mankind and of itself. Of these things capital makes capital, then goes and does likewise.

When some criminal dastards blew up the railroad station at Cripple Creek and killed and maimed for life over thirty men, capital called on Governor Peabody for the National Guard, and the governor promptly and properly put the lawless camp under martial law. Labor was then helpless. Capital then had supreme physical power, and at once began to abuse it just as badly as had the labor unions. The regularly elected officials of the county and towns who were in any way objectionable—whether justly or otherwise, it made no difference,—to the Mine Owners' Association, were "arrested," and, with ropes about their necks, were "requested to resign;" which, needless to say, they did at once. "Satisfactory men" were "appointed"—by what legal authority?—in their places. The Victor "Record," the leading newspaper in Victor, was—under the guard of the state troops,—openly entered in the night and the eight-thousand-dollar plant destroyed. The two union coöperative stores in the district were wrecked and their contents thrown into the gutters. All this was done by the men who had taken armed possession of Cripple Creek in the name of the law, and under the governor's armed control for the "protection of property."

Both Sides, It Is Claimed, Use the Same Means for the Same Results

The "Portland" is the largest mine in Cripple Creek, with the possible exception of the famous "Stratton Independence." There, throughout the strike, worked three hundred of the best miners and men in Cripple Creek, one half union men and one half non-union. Not a man was molested, not a cent of property was injured, not a guard was placed or needed, and everyone was satisfied,—the mine management, the men,—union and non-union alike,—and the public. When the state troops took possession of Cripple Creek, General Sherman Bell at once closed this mine. The owners of the "Portland" sought the slow protection of the United States district court, yet state bayonets closed the mine. An armed court examined every man in it, and every man—union or non-union,—who in any way was unsatisfactory to the Mine Owners' Association was at once loaded on a train under the guard of the state troops and rushed across the state line. Most of these banished men have homes paid for, were working peacefully, and had families in Cripple Creek. They were banished by the very men and by the state troops who were in Cripple Creek to see that "every man should work or not, as he saw fit." The "Portland," needless to say, was not in the Mine Owners' Trust, nor connected with the Smelter Trust. Hence the Mine Owners' Trust closed the Portland Mine for the same reason and by the same violent, unlawful means that the union men kept non-union men from working in the trust mines.

The Mine Owners' Trust, armed with Governor Peabody's proclamation of martial law and with the state troops, forced a circular petition among all the business men of Cripple Creek, and, by various means, acquired signatures of almost all of them,—whether willingly or not each can guess for himself,—that no employer should employ any union man whatsoever. Thus was every union in Cripple Creek attacked by the very same means that labor had employed against the Mine Owners' Association. Further than this, the Mine Owners' Association then organized a labor union to its own liking, not among its members, but of the miners, and forced each man who wished to work to join it, under pain of instant and permanent banishment from his home and state, or under penalty of being lynched if he should return to his family or to his property.

Both sides, the miners and mine owners alike, use exactly the same means and do exactly the same things, for exactly the same ends, only the names are different. Neither has any consideration for the other. Each side, capital and labor alike, destroys property, each side tramples the law under foot or cunningly twists it to its own ends, regardless of right and wrong, each side commits willful and even careless murder,—often in private grudge,—and each side condemns the other for doing just what it does itself. Capital suffers, and labor suffers,—but more than all others suffer the people, the state, and the nation, in this stupid quarrel of greed.

Most of the Deported Men Will not Try to Return to Cripple Creek

Sixty per cent. of the men who were banished from Colorado own homes and have wives and children in Cripple Creek. When the men were taken away, no official or non-official provision was made for these helpless ones beyond the offer of free transportation out of the state. In a state where a doe is protected by rigid game laws, that the fawn may not starve, men are banished and their young left to shift for themselves. Most of these men will not return to Cripple Creek; their families will follow them,—to where?—and real estate agents have orders—by mail,—to sell their homes for what they can get,—and the discount will not be small. The Federation of Miners are helping the women and children with food and money. The state is doing nothing. No power in America can return these men to Cripple Creek except federal troops.

Each side has asked for federal troops, and each side has been officially ignored and non-officially refused,—and neither side really wanted them. Last fall, Governor Peabody, for the mine owners, asked the President for federal troops to save expense to the state,—the taxes of which are mainly paid by the mine owners.

"Good politics" said, "No."

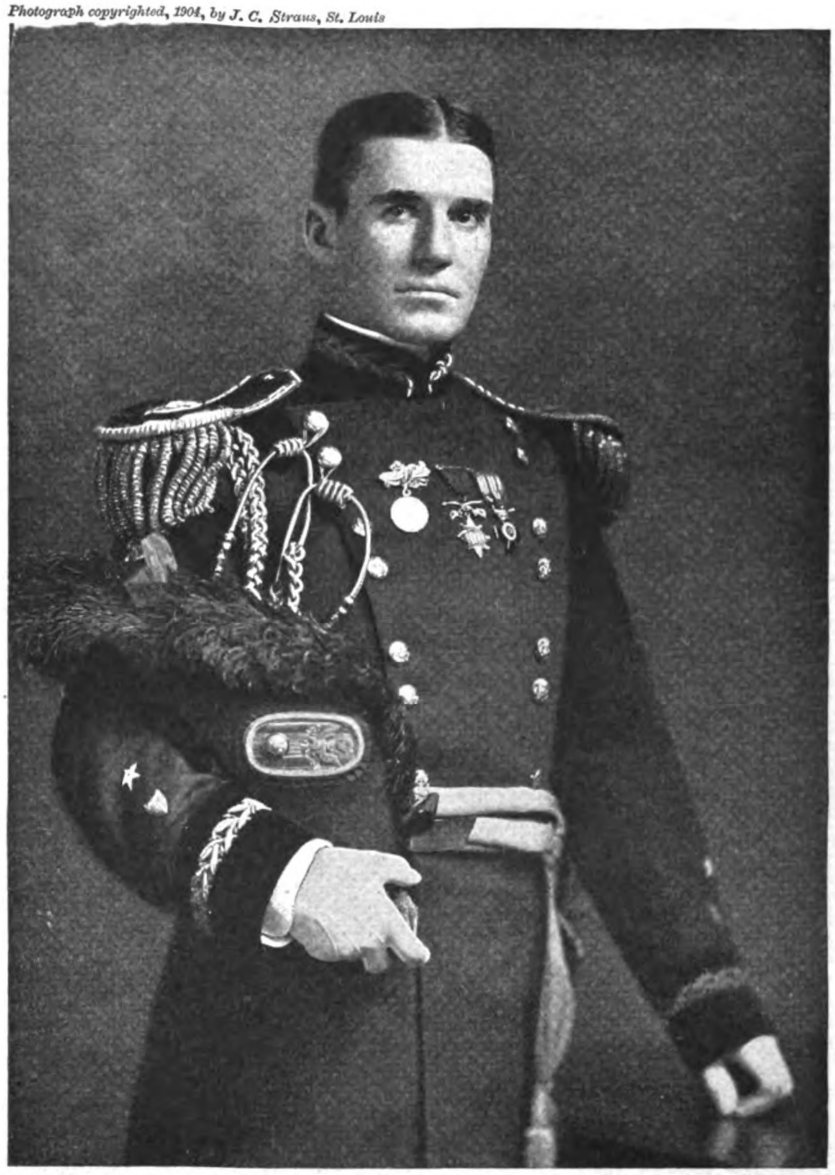
Last spring the miners begged for federal troops,—just what the same men had howled so against in Idaho and Chicago a few years ago,—and again "good politics" said, "No." But in Denver the regulars are expected the last week in September, if a pretext then exists in the state,—and, from the present outlook, pretexts will be ample. Federal troops in the gold fields would tend to choke the inflow of campaign funds, reluctant at the least, but no troops at all will mean a loss of labor votes in the coming presidential election by the hundred thousand. The wise ones in Denver say that this political problem will be solved by withholding the federal iron hand all summer, let Colorado do what it will, till all the sorely needed millions have been coaxed and corkscrewed out of Wall Street, *then*, just a few days before the election, Washington will awake with proper horror for the Colorado situation, the regulars will appear, and things will be straightened out in the mines and mills with a vengeance, and when too late for Wall Street to do anything but curse for its millions, the labor vote will be captured with characteristic impetuosity. How much there is in all this I do not know, but on its face it looks worth considering, and I give it for what it is worth. But one thing is true, if the rest is not: under the protection of federal rifles, a letter or a dead hog can go from any state through any and all states into any state, but some American men may not. One is interstate commerce, protected by the constitution, the other—also heretofore protected by the constitution,—is merely "good politics,"—at least, temporarily. In a railroad train to Colorado, the mail car and the freight car, the private car and the Pullman, are sacred, but the common day coach stops at the state line. The mail, freight, private, and Pullman car meets, at the Colorado state line, the state arms at "present!" with the federal bayonets at "charge!" The common coach

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meets the state rifles at "aim!" with the federal guns at "parade rest." If any one disputes or doubts this statement, let him test it by taking transportation on a train of five cars (mail, freight, private, Pullman, and day coach,) and ride with returning Cripple Creek miners in the day coach.

"Good politics" is laced and interlaced throughout this whole Colorado question. The national phase we have just looked at. In Denver are four daily newspapers,—two morning, two evening. One morning paper is owned by the mine owners and their friends, one evening paper—in some ways the most fearless and independent in the state,—sells its columns to the highest cash bidder, as is the custom in Cripple Creek. The other morning and the other evening paper are owned by one man and run to further his personal political ambitions. Except the evening paper that sells its influence, not one of the papers is run even to make money, except incidentally, to say nothing about publishing the news and the truth. Not even the signed statements issued by various individuals on either side are sincere, except those of General Sherman Bell,—and his are too often unwise, though honest. Besides the unholy fight over money, each side is led or driven by their respective and respectable but modestly shrinking political leaders. The mine owners buy the legislature openly, and steal the city election to avoid the eight-hour law and to grab expiring street, light, and water franchises. The sensational leader of the miners bows or struggles and fights with his papers for the state political control; and in sweet return the mine owners boycott his advertising columns. Fight within fight,—and each murderously bitter and greedy, and each proclaiming its virtue from the snowy mountain tops of a greed-ridden state.

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Brigadier General Sherman M. Bell, National Guard of Colorado

General Bell, who is in command of the troops that have been placed in military rule over the Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado, was one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. He is a man of determination and military ability, and strongly believes in duty. He has been severely criticised for his method of maintaining order in Colorado, but he has only followed the rigid lines of the law. But for his orders, many of the deported miners would have lost their lives.

For instance take the recent explosion in the Cripple Creek railroad station where thirty men were murdered or injured for life, and the attempted wrecking of a train by means of pulled spikes and a loose rail. Which side did it? Each accuses the other, and from the scant evidence no one may do more than guess. Here is the reluctant and uncertain problem. A train loaded with men was slowly approaching Cripple Creek when the engineer, a mine owner's employee, saw the lurking danger and stopped just in time. The mine owners at once raised the cry of "train wrecking, wholesale murder!" against the strikers. But officials openly in league with the strikers ran down the criminals and in open court the man who did the work confessed that he and a detective in the pay of the mine owners were guilty,—and took pay for that very deed! Of course the mine owners piously protested with palms toward heaven,—but public opinion was against them. There object was, not to wreck the train but merely to derail it,—and then call for troops. Now when the station was blown up in the night the train was just coming in. It was dark and, although in a few moments the platform would have been crowded by over a hundred men, it is said that apparently they had not yet arrived and the platform seemed to be unoccupied. The charge was exploded and many men died. Two minutes later, five times the number could have been killed. A case was pending in the Supreme Court, and it was to the strikers' most vital interest to keep quiet until within a few days of the rendering of the judgment.

The Strikers Only Offered a Reward for the Capture of the Culprits

Violence meant almost a sure and certain loss of the case. Just at this time the utmost violence was done. If by the strikers, then they could not have chosen a more fatal time. Further, a big state political convention was in session, and the strikers were seeking its formal approval, expressed by resolutions. To this political scheme of the strikers the explosion was well-nigh fatal, but the explosion came just at this moment and the political convention could not well endorse the accused strikers in the face of human decency. The strikers have been the only ones to offer a reward for the capture of the criminals who set off the charge. They could not make further efforts for they, one and all, were at once run into the "bull pen,"—not a bad or even uncomfortable place, by the way,—or else they had to flee and hide for their lives. A bitter man-hunt was on at once. On the other hand the state and the mine owners' efforts to unravel the crime that gave them absolute armed control of the district, has been weak and half-hearted. Miners have been hung up by the thumbs,—unknown to General Bell,—but denied any knowledge of the plot. Still, among those murdered by the dozen on that railroad station were two of the closest personal friends of the mine owners, and several fellow masons. Men do not usually kill their long-time personal and bosom friends or fellow masons. The most reasonable theories about that hideous deed are two which may be stated as follows.

1.—That, like the loosened rail, the mine owners sought to blow up the platform just before the arrival of the train and the crowd, and by miscalculation killed more than they intended, their object being the same as with the loosened rail,—to call in the troops and influence public opinion. 2.—That the murderous work was done intentionally, by a labor fanatic without the knowledge of ninety per cent. of the strikers. Yet many of the strikers, although loudly condemning the deed, secretly admire the result. One thing is sure: catch the man who did it and the Colorado trouble is settled. Whichever side did the act loses, in the murderer's conviction, all hope of help or victory, and leaves the other side in supreme control. People in Colorado say that the Pinkertons or the United States Secret Service would have the guilty party within a week. Three train robbers at the same time were run down and captured.

Among the miners is a dangerous criminal element which constitute what is locally known as "the inner circle" or "red necks." The mine owners state truthfully that they are not only *not* against organized labor or labor unions, but actually prefer to have their employees organized, if the unions are controlled honestly and intelligently. On the other hand the unions have allowed the control to be wheedled out of them by a few self-seeking men, who form this secret "inner circle,"—secret even to ninety-nine per cent. of the laboring men themselves. To break up this "inner circle" it is necessary to break up the entire union. Each side—none more than the mine owners,—recognizes the fact that labor organization is now a permanent feature of civilization and must and should be dealt with accordingly as a thing desirable and for the good of all. With honest, intelligent labor unions, capital in Colorado has no quarrel, but the unions, either ignorantly passive or secretly active, allow the "inner circle" not only to exist but even to rule. Under these conditions the mine owners and the people are clearly justified in throwing the full blame on the unions and in breaking the unions temporarily so as to get to their unprincipled core. In trying to bring about this result, the mine owners have gone too far and have allowed an equally unprincipled core to rule within their own organizations, which must in the end meet the same fate.

What West Point Is in Theory, General Sherman M. Bell Is in Practice

To a large extent the armed forces of the state are acting practically under the indirect control of the mine owners, yet not entirely so. The state is almost solely under the influence of the mine owners, and to this extent the mine owners control the general policy of the troops, but the immediate actions of the guard are ruled absolutely by General Sherman M. Bell, and he is controlled by neither mine owner, striker, governor, nor any other man but himself. A more honest, frank, free, fearless, open man I have seldom met. What West Point is in theory, Sherman Bell is in practice. Young,—barely thirty,—of medium size, quick in mind and body, decisive on the instant,—perhaps too much so,—square as a die, Sherman Bell is the master of the situation in Colorado. He closed the Portland Mine solely on his own responsibility, and broadly shoulders that unwarranted and indefensible act. At the same time he closed several smaller properties, one of which is leased by a prominent mine owner who is a close personal and political friend of many men in political power in the state. This man worked his "pull" successfully all along the line till he reached Sherman Bell, where he, the state authorities, and the entire Mine Owners' Association were promptly subjugated. Politics cuts no figure with General Bell. He is the mainstay, and, at the same time, the despair, of the governor. General Bell can neither be bought nor bluffed. In this young military commander one instinctively feels himself in the presence of a man. It is claimed in Colorado that a man with more tact than General Bell would have prevented trouble. But General Bell openly invited trouble, that he might crush it. Under his command is, probably, the most effective body of soldiers in America, outside of the regular army, and two years ago the

[*Concluded on page 532*]

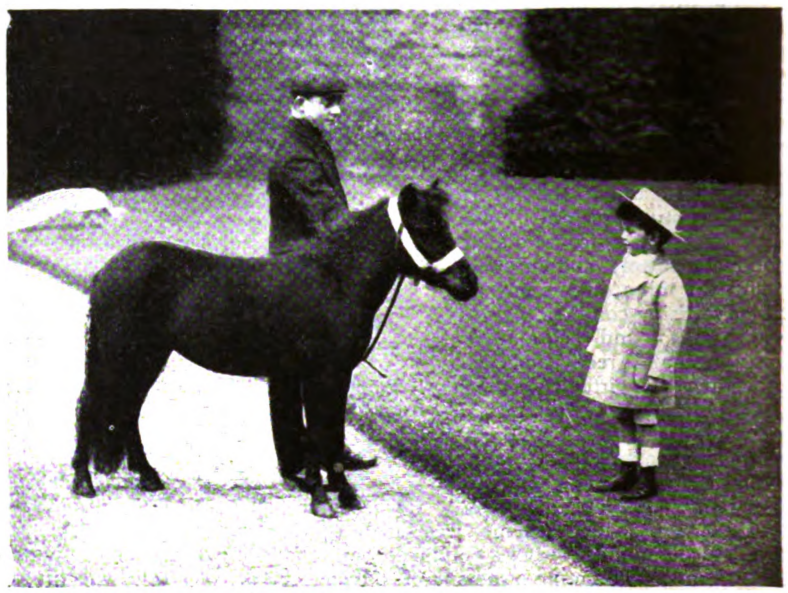
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A Distribution of Dainties among Her Shetland Ponies



A Little Act of Kindness



Their First Meeting



A Study in Reflection

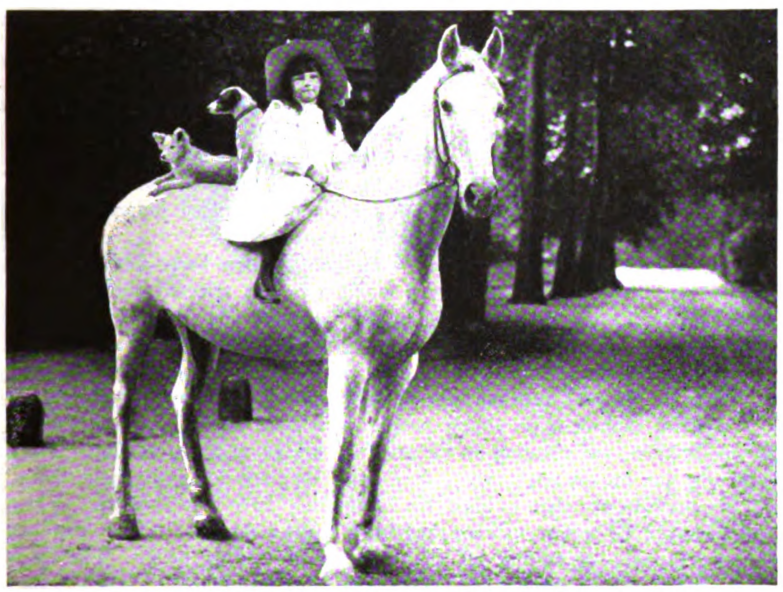


Willing, but not Tall Enough

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The Last Drop in the Bucket



"We're out for an Airing"



A Riding Lesson



The Morning Bath



A Case of Real Stubbornness

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Let Your Decision Be Final

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

THE day before the terrible disaster at St. Pierre, the Italian bark, "Orsalina," was taking her cargo aboard, but her skipper, Captain Marino Leboffe, became so alarmed by the threatening appearance of the volcano that he decided to stop loading and sail away at once. The shippers for whom he was acting protested, and threatened to have him arrested, if he should attempt to leave the harbor with only half his cargo aboard. But the captain was immovable. To their angry remonstrances and repeated assurances that Mt. Pelée was not dangerous, his firm reply was, "I don't know anything about Mt. Pelée, but if Vesuvius should look as your volcano does this morning, I would get out of Naples, and I am going to get out of here. I would rather sail with half a cargo than run such a risk as a man would run here."

Twenty-four hours later, the shippers and the two customhouse officers who had tried to arrest Captain Leboffe were dead at St. Pierre, while the "Orsalina," with her captain and crew, was safe on the high seas, heading toward France. A strong will and an unalterable decision had won, where weakness and yielding vacillation would have led to destruction.

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The great demand of to-day is for the strong, vigorous, positive man, the man who not only makes up his mind, but does so with firmness, and, when he has considered all the circumstances and conditions of the matter he is called upon to decide, does so once for all, and then throws it off his mind and passes to something else. Such a man usually has superior executive ability. He can not only make a programme, but he can also carry it out. He can not only decide upon a course, but he can also execute it to a finish.

Every watch has an unseen spring back of the dial which compels the wheels to revolve and makes the hands mark the time with precision; so, beneath the works of every great enterprise, at the head of every great establishment, although not often seen by the public, is a strong character of this kind, a man with an iron grip, who makes things go and forces the wheels of the machine around, regulating their motion with precision. There is no going back of him: his decision is absolute, definite, final. Others can consider, advise, or suggest, but he is the man who makes the programme, and sees that it is carried out. He is the dominating power. Everything else must point to him, and all others must get their cues or orders from him. If he steps out or ceases to act, the institution is like a watch with a broken mainspring. The wheels are all there, and everything else is in place, but the power is gone and nothing moves. The iron hand, the decisive power back of it all, has failed to lend its impulse. The splendid business which A. T. Stewart had built up went to pieces when the great executive and organizing force that had guided it was removed. The famous old "New York Ledger," which Robert Bonner, by his audacious and original business methods had raised from an insignificant little financial sheet known as the "Merchant's Ledger" to be the leading story paper of this country, began to decline immediately after the master mind, which had made it, ceased to be its inspiration.

There is only one of these great leaders to thousands of followers. It is easy to trail, to lean, or to hang on to the one who leads, but it takes courage, grit, and stamina to be original, prompt, and decisive, to stand squarely on one's own feet, and to trust entirely to one's own judgment.

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If you are a vacillator, if you have acquired a habit of hesitating, or of weighing and considering and reconsidering, never quite knowing what you want, you will never be a leader. This is not the stuff of which leaders are made; for, whatever else a leader may lack, he knows his own mind. He knows what he wants, and makes straight for it. He may make mistakes; he may fall down now and then, but he gets up promptly and always pushes on.

The man who decides quicky can afford to make mistakes; for no matter how many he makes, he will get on faster than he who is timid, vacillating and so afraid of taking a wrong course that he dares not start out to do anything. Those who wait for certainties, or stand on the brink of the stream waiting for somebody to push them in, never reach the other shore.

One of the most pitiable objects in the world is the man who is forever hanging trembling in the balance, who never knows which way to turn, who is the prey of conflicting opinions and the victim of the greatest pressure, who follows the counsel of the last man who advises him, who moves along the line of least resistance, and who does not feel within himself the power to decide things. The very reputation of being cursed with a yielding disposition, of being easily moved from your conviction, or of being unstable in your opinions is fatal to all confidence,— to credit.

A great many people seem to have a mortal dread of deciding things. They do n't dare to take the responsibility, because they do n't know what it may lead to. They are afraid that if they should decide upon one thing to-day, something better may come up to-morrow, and cause them to regret their first decision. These habitual waverers so completely lose their self-confidence that they do not dare to trust themselves to decide anything of importance. Many of them ruin naturally fine minds by nursing the fatal habit of indecision.

I know a man who never closes anything of any importance if he can possibly avoid it. Everything is left open for further evidence. He will not seal his letters until the very last minute, lest he may want to change something. Time and again I have seen him tear open the seal of an envelope, after it was stamped and ready to mail, in order to make some change. He has even been known to telegraph to people to return his letters without opening them. Although this man is a great worker, a man of fine character, and splendid friend, he has such a reputation of being whimsical and uncertain in his judgment, always ready to reconsider anything that he has in hand, or to go over what he has already done, that he has never won the confidence of business men with hard sense. Everybody who knows him feels sorry for his weakness, but does not want to trust him with anything of importance.

Another victim of vacillation, whom I know, is a lady whose character in other respects is admirable. Whenever she wishes to buy anything, she makes a tour of all the stores in her city where the articles she wants are sold. She drifts from counter to counter, from department to department, from store to store, pulling over the goods on the counters, holding them up, and looking at them from different standpoints, but never knowing exactly what she wants. She would like to look at something "a little different" in shade, or at "a little different" style of goods. She can not quite tell what will be most becoming to her. She will try on all the hats in the shopping district, look at all the dresses, and tire out all the clerks by her questions, but will probably go home without buying anything. If she does purchase, she is in doubt as to whether or not she has done just the right thing, wonders if she would better take it back and change it, and asks the opinion of everybody she knows. She wants something that is warm, and yet not too heavy or too warm. She wants something that will be comfortable on both a hot day and a cold one; something that will be appropriate for the mountains or the seashore, for the church or the opera,—some combination impossible to procure. She seldom buys anything without changing it two or three times, yet is never satisfied.

Such wavering and inconstancy of mind are fatal to all character building. No one who is thus cursed will ever have any close-knit fiber of character or stamina timber. Such things ruin one's confidence in himself and his own judgment, and are destructive to all mental effectiveness.

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Your judgment must dwell in the depths of your nature, like the calm waters in the depths of the sea, out of the reach of the waves of emotion, passion, or moods, or the advice or criticism of others, and beyond the reach of superficial disturbance. This is the kind of judgment that is always sought in any matter of weight or importance,—one which is beyond the reach of the influence of anything but the right. One of the tragedies of life is to see magnificent ability held down by some little weakness, when, perhaps, most of the faculties are strong and vigorous. Thousands of people, to-day, are struggling along in mediocrity with ability enough to have taken them to the heights where excellence dwells, but for one lack in their nature,—ability to decide quickly and finally. The tragedies of untrusted judgments have given the world more failures than actual incompetence.

An engineer who starts to build a bridge and then keeps finding better places to put his piers, and wondering whether he has selected the best location or not, will never get the bridge across the river. He must decide, then go ahead and build the bridge, no matter what obstacles he may strike. So it is with the builder of character, he must decide finally what he will do, and then make for his goal, refusing to look back or be moved from his course.

Tens of thousands of young people with good health, good education, and good ability, are standing on the end of a bridge, at life's crossing. They hope they are on the right way, they think they are doing the right thing, and yet they do not dare to burn the bridge they have just crossed. They want a chance for retreat in case they have made a mistake. They can not bear the thought of cutting off all possibility of turning back. They lack the power to decide conclusively what course they will take.

These young people are in danger of wrecking their lives by their hesitation. If they would only make up their minds to burn their bridges behind them, and thus concentrate their powers on one definite point, they would immeasurably strengthen their chances of success. All of their resources would then rush to their assistance, buttress them against obstacles, and make their victory certain. But while there is a doubt in their minds, and they hold the path of retreat open, they will never amount to much.

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If indecision runs in the blood you inherit, arouse yourself and strangle this insidious foe to your achievement before it saps your energy and ruins your life chance. Do not wait until to-morrow, but begin to-day. Compel yourself to develop the opposite quality by the constant practice of firm decision. No matter how simple the thing you are called upon to decide, be it the choice of a hat or the color or style of a garment, do not vacillate. Throw all the light possible on whatever you have in hand for decision; weigh and consider it from every point of view; call your common sense and best judgment to your aid before reaching a conclusion, and then, when you have once made your decision, let it be final. Let there be no going back, no reconsidering, and no opening the matter up for further discussion. Be firm and positive. Declare the polls closed.

Persist in this course until the habit of firm decision becomes fixed and you will be surprised to see what it will do for you, both in increasing your confidence in yourself and that of others in you. You may make mistakes in the beginning, but the strength and reliance you will gain in your own judgment will more than compensate for these. The power to decide firmly strikes at the very marrow of ability. If you can not do this, your life ship will always be adrift; you will never be anchored. You will drift about on the seas at the mercy of storms and tempests, and will never make your port.

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"He pulled out package after package of bank notes"

The Minister's Hold-ups

Why a Gentleman of the Cloth Was Obliged to Become a Modern Dick Turpin

H. S. COOPER

A DRIZZLING, misty rain; no street cars running in his direction; a mile and a half to walk home by the Boulevard, and only half of that if he should take the short cut through a disreputable portion of the city,—those were the conditions that confronted Rev. Frank Spaulding as he let himself quietly out of the front door of a house where one of his parishioners had just died.

He thought of the extra three-quarters of a mile by way of the well lit street, he thought of his cold and its attendant hoarseness, and, pulling his soft cap firmly over his eyes, and buttoning his top-coat closely up to his ears and opening his big umbrella, he took the short cut.

For a while, as he strolled rapidly along, his thoughts were busy with the scenes he had just left. Then, with its usual insistency, the church debt edged its way in and he began to figure and scheme.

The "First Church" was deeply in debt, and the minister, being an honest and conscientious soul, was deeply troubled over it and his inability to get it paid off by the congregation. Their lethargy and supineness in the matter had begun to make him feel hopeless of what he had been very sanguine about when he had accepted the call about a year before. He was unalterably opposed to going outside of the church for the money, and he was equally opposed to the spectacular or other obnoxious methods of "raising the debt." His tenets in the matter were simple.—"*Do n't* get into debt; but, if you *do*, pay it off quietly yourself." Therefore, begging and other vicarious ways of raising the money were frowned on by the minister, and he had become a veritable "daughter of the horse-leech" to the better-off members of his congregation.

The congregation was, as a whole, well able to pay the debt, had all cared to bestir and deny themselves, for the amount was not very stupendous as modern, fashionable church debts go, nowadays. But it had been with them so long, and they had become so used to it, and so accustomed to being pressed to pay it by succeeding ministers, that they could not view its existence in the criminal light that their pastor did. They rather resented his plain speaking, straightforward honesty, and "dunning" in regard to it, and refused to respond to his constant cry of "Give! Give!" Therefore, while his strenuous efforts and objections had kept the debt from increasing or being increased, he had been able to reduce it none at all, and the diminution and final destruction of the debt was something that occupied and directed his thoughts in every spare moment.

They were thus occupied as he passed the mouth of a dark alley close down by the river, and he was startled to hear the sound of a struggle and of blows and curses proceeding from it. Lowering his umbrella quickly, he rushed up the alley, and, by the uncertain light, saw two men struggling, and saw one of them strike the other in the face, and, as he fell, snatch a satchel out of his hand.

With instant instinct, the minister smote the seeming robber over the head with his umbrella, which immediately parted company with its handle, leaving that silver-mounted portion in his hand. A quick look at it put an instant idea into the minister's head, and when the smitten individual unbonneted himself it was to look into the shining muzzle of an apparent pistol and to hear a hoarse voice command him, in a gruff tone, "Hand over that satchel!" while the expectant hand of a big and rough-looking man was firmly held out for its reception.

A second's hesitation to comply with this demand produced a perceptible "click" in the pistol, (which the minister duplicated later, for his wife's information, by pressing and releasing the spring catch in the handle,) and to one conversant with certain types of pistols the sound was ominous and suggested the setting of "hair triggers;" so, with a muttered curse or two, the satchel was reluctantly handed over, the gruff voice said, "Now, go!" and the big man followed the robber to the mouth of the alley, the relentless pistol still pointing at him. When he arrived there the gruff voice said something further, but the man did not stop to hear what it was; he took to his heels and was soon around a corner, while the minister, after losing sight of him, turned back up the alley to give necessary aid to the victim and to restore his property.

To his amazement, the fallen man had totally disappeared, and he could find no trace of him. The alley was a "blind" one, no door or gate led out of it, and it ended in a high board fence, over which the minister peered, to be confronted with blank darkness. Much mystified, he made another thorough search, but found no trace of anyone; so, picking up the pieces of his umbrella and carrying the satchel under his arm, he walked rapidly homeward. On his arrival, he found his wife asleep, and, being very sleepy and tired himself, he put the satchel in a cupboard, without examining it, and quietly crept into bed.

The next morning he awoke very late, and found, on the pillow beside him, a note from his wife stating that she had been compelled to go out, and reminding him of an important engagement that morning. His watch told him that he had only a few minutes in which to keep it, so he dressed hurriedly, drank a cup of coffee, and rushed off to his appointment without a thought as to his adventure or the satchel.

From this appointment he had to hurry to the house where he had been the night before, then he had a hurried lunch and another appointment, so that it was well into the afternoon before the matter of the satchel and the necessity of finding its owner occurred to him.

He was totally unaware of what he ought to do in the matter, and was on the point of speaking to a policeman in regard to it, when he happened to notice that he was in the vicinity of one to whom he often went for counsel, and he immediately turned and went to him.

Among his parishioners and their families, Mr. Spaulding had found one who interested him very much, and for whom he had conceived a strong liking and respect. This was the man whom he was going to see, Samuel Mangum. He was a black sheep with a white family: a pushing, energetic, self-made, and successful business man, who spoke his thoughts straight out in most candid and embarrassing fashion, who swore conversationally and without malice or intent to offend, and who drove fast horses as a relaxation after business hours. He paid his family's pew rent a year in advance, gave his wife and children liberal amounts for their church contributions and charities, and then freely ventilated his opinions as to the church, its prominent members, and their doings and misdoings. On such occasions as the members of his family, who were head and front in all church entertaining, gave what he called "a religious blow-out," he betook himself to a club, and the family saw no more of him until the next morning, and the previous night's entertainment was not made a topic of conversation at the breakfast table.

He was thoroughly conversant with the church's financial troubles, and summed them up by,—

"The members are a blanked lot of highfaluting and stingy swells who have bit off more than they can chew, and will neither swallow it nor cough it up; 't would serve 'em right if they have to choke a little. Why in blank did n't they stick to their old church until they had money enough to build a new one, and not go running in debt just to put on style? And why (also in blank,) did n't those fellows who wanted style so

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badly pony up for that debt, and not go begging round among people who had nothing to do with making the debt? Churches ought never to get in debt; but, if they do, they ought not to go to outsiders to help pay it off!"

"I thoroughly agree with you in the last part of that opinion, sir, and they would not have to go outside if men like you would do their duty instead of sitting still and finding fault with the others who do not do theirs!" was the sturdy reply of Mr. Spaulding, when this speech was made to him on his first visit.

Mr. Mangum wheeled in his chair and shot a keen glance at his visitor. He had liked the minister's face at the first glance, but the extra-clerical cut of his clothes, the broad "a" in his speech, and certain little mannerisms had ruffed up the fur of the uneducated, self-made man, and he had shown his dislike to him by hitting at the church.

"H'm! What do you mean by that?"

"Your whole family are members of and believers in the church that you have just criticised so roughly, you pay their pew rent, and give to them what is, to you, a few dollars, to put in the contribution box, and you allow them the use of the house, without your presence, to give charitable entertainments, and you seem to think that you have thereby done your whole duty in the matter. You treat your family's religion and church with less liberality and courtesy than you do their dancing lessons, for you hired and furnished a new place for them when the old dancing academy was to be torn down, and I have never heard that you 'damned' the foolishness of the people that compelled you to do that!"

"H'm! Anything more?"

"You have six fast horses, Mr. Mangum, about three more than you drive yourself, and you will not let anyone else drive them. The sum that you paid for the last one, which you have never driven, would put the church clean and clear out of debt."

"Yes,"—with a chuckle,—"I guess it would,—and a little more, too! And in six months the church would be just about as deep in debt again if I were to pay it out. I know you church people!"

"And in six months you would have spent, in useless—not to say foolish or vicious,—ways, ten times more than the amount of that new debt. I know you rich people!" was the rather personal and impolite rejoinder.

"H'm"—and again Mr. Mangum took a good look at the minister. "Spaulding, I think that I'll get to like you, for you are n't afraid to stand up for your church and talk back to folks like me that try to run over you. I like a man that has a backbone and says what he thinks. These pink babies with lace frills and butter tongues that your church has had as ministers, since you got your new building and have commenced to put on style, always give me a pain in my temper. I sized you up as belonging to the same breed of cats, but I'm free to say that I made a mistake. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do,"—and he reached for a check-book, wrote out a check, and handed it to the minister. "That's ten per cent. on the cost of that horse that you object to,—a 'tithe,' you know,—spend that for the new carpet: it'll keep your deacons from stubbing their toes any more and doing juggling tricks with the contribution box! Now, as I was going to say, I'll tell you what I'll do. You show me, at any time, any more 'foolish, not to say vicious,' things that I do with my money, and I'll give you ten per cent. on them, and that is all the money that you will get out of me until your own church members do something themselves! Now, that's a bargain."

The acquaintance thus begun ripened into a sincere liking on both sides, and the minister often consulted Mr. Mangum as to church business matters and found his shrewd, hard business sense a great aid. He had a keen desire to interest Mr. Mangum personally in the church, but any hint of this desire would cause that worthy to screw up one eye into a comical wink and say:—

"No you don't, Spaulding! I'm too foxy to be caught by such a simple soul as you are! Join the church? Not any for Mangum,—nice bull in a china shop I'd be! No, sir,—bring your troubles here and I'll help you out all I can, because I like you personally, but don't ask me to rub noses with that blanked gang down there! I've got work enough and trouble enough in this wicked world without going out and hunting for more of both!"

So to Mr. Mangum the minister turned at this moment. Mr. Mangum was in the outer offices, when he entered, and everything appeared to be in an uproar. He nodded to the minister and said:—

"Go inside, I'll be there in a minute," and, when he came in, he added, "You'll excuse me, this afternoon, Spaulding? I'm pretty busy, just now. Had a stroke of ill luck, you know."

"No, I did not know. Anything serious!"

"Did n't you see it in the papers? No,—I do n't suppose you read that part of them much. Why, one of my cashiers disappeared with about seventy or eighty thousand dollars in cash yesterday afternoon, and we can't find hide nor hair of him. Serves me right for being a blank blanked fool and not paying for the thing with a check, but Gilbert insisted on having it in cash,—said he had some special use for it, blank him! I might as well be blanked, too, for sending Hurley for all that money by himself!"

"What was the 'thing' that you bought, Mr. Mangum?"

"Oh, another blanked piece of foolishness of the family, headed by that boy of mine,—a little steam yacht. Say, come in to-morrow, if your matter will keep till then; I see you've something that you want to unload, but I'm too full of this matter to hold any more to-day!"

As the minister went out he met some of the lady members of his congregation on their way to the church to supervise the laying of the new church carpet, and he was forced to go with them to advise and act as referee. It was nearly dark before he left, and he only then remembered that his wife had some other lady members of the congregation to dinner that evening, so that he had scarcely time to rush home and dress.

The visitors stayed late, so late that he was compelled to excuse himself to go up to his study to write some urgent letters. When his wife came up, at length, he was still writing, so she sat down and read the evening paper. When he had finished, she said:—

"Frank, did you see that Mr. Mangum has offered five thousand dollars reward for the arrest of the thief, and the same sum for the return of all the money? I wish that we could find it."

"Yes, I saw him to-day, and he was much stirred up over it. I went to see him about the satchel, you know."

"What satchel?"

"Why, sure enough! I have n't seen you since yesterday, have I, dear? Why, I had an adventure of my own, last night, but you were sleeping so nicely when I came in that I would not wake you, and I have been so rushed all day that I have not seen you to speak to you,—in fact, I have not had time to think over it myself, and I suppose some poor fellow is mourning the loss of a satchel and thinking that he will not see it again. I really must take it around to the police station in the morning."

"Yes, but the 'adventure,' Frank! What was it? Tell me all about it."

So the minister told his story, interrupted many times by the exclamations of his wife. At the close she said:—

"And where is the satchel, Frank? To think of it being here all day, and my knowing nothing about it! Perhaps it has the name of the owner on it, or inside. Let me see it."

Upon being examined, the satchel, which was small and very strongly made, gave no clue to the owner from the outside, and was securely locked. The minister was dubious as to the propriety of trying to open it, but the arguments of his wife, as to his duty to do so, prevailed, and all the keys in the house were unavailingly tried. Then Mrs. Spaulding remembered a bunch of spare keys that she had, and proceeded to try her hand. Finally, when she was trying with nearly the last key and a strong wrench and twist, the satchel flew open. She looked in, gasped, looked again, pointed dramatically, said, "Oh, Frank!" in a stifled tone, and sat down suddenly,—luckily into a chair.

At her actions the minister had instantly thought of headless and dismembered bodies; then, remembering the size of the satchel, he thought of bodiless heads; then he leaned over the table and looked in, and also gasped, ran his hand into it, and pulled out package after package of bank notes! Then he went over and locked the door, saw that the shades were tightly drawn, and, with a very strong suspicion in his mind, took all the packages out, sat calmly down and counted them over, noting the amounts on his pad, while his wife said, "Oh, Frank!" at intervals.

"Ten thousand, twenty thousand, twenty-five thousand," went on the minister, as calmly and methodically as an old paying teller, while Mrs. Spaulding gave vent to little inarticulate noises at each mention of the growing amount.

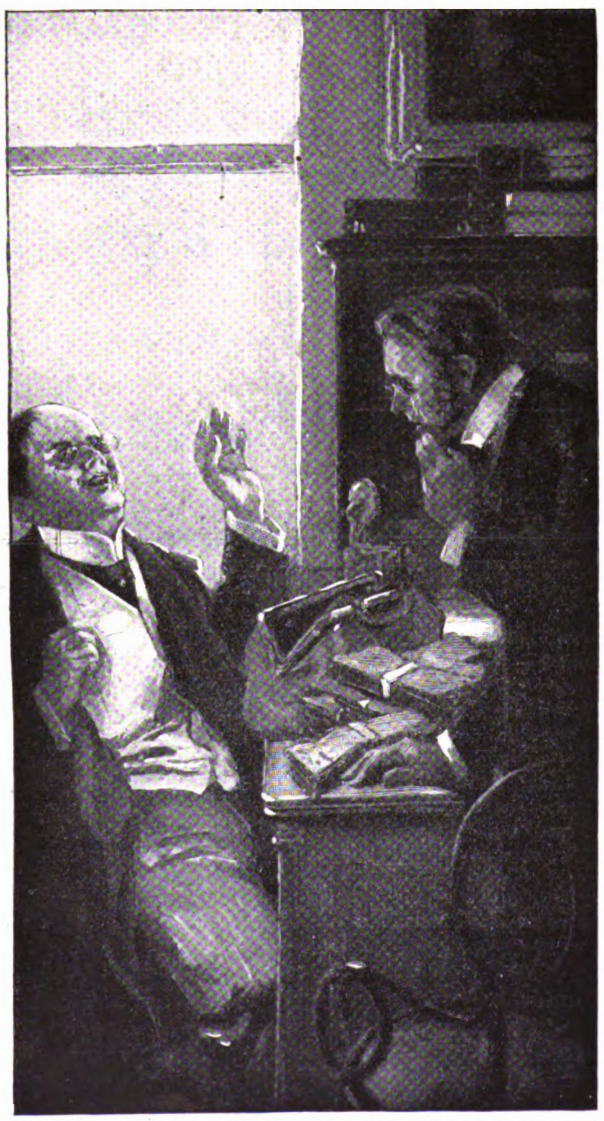
"I make it a total of seventy-six thousand, five hundred dollars!" he announced, at length, and his wife gave what she intended to be a final and forceful ejaculation, only to give another and stronger one as her husband, after sitting and thinking and figuring for a while, rose gravely from his chair and said:—

"I have an idea that this pays off the church debt, if I can work things right!" and then he grabbed her by the arms and proceeded to swing her round the room in a most unterpsichorean attempt at a triumphant dance.

Visions of sudden madness from the sight of the tremendous riches filled Mrs. Spaulding's mind, but a glance at her husband's smiling face reassured her. Then the apparent meaning of his words suddenly struck her, and she pulled herself away from him and said, as well as the shortness of her breath would allow:—

"Why, Frank! Why, Mr. Spaulding, you do n't mean to say that you intend to *keep* that money!"

The minister only grinned like a mischievous boy, in reply, until, noting the really distressed look on her face, he unfolded to her his suspicions, his ideas, and a scheme that made Mrs. Spaulding also grin, for the church debt was part of her



"'You're no coward, and not a bit of a fool, either'"

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burden, also. But how could they safely and securely hide the satchel and its contents until the morning? Every nook and corner of the house, every crack and cranny and every available and unavailable hiding place for it were considered and rejected as unsafe, and the satchel grew in size and its contents in potentiality of danger, with every minute that it remained unhid. It seemed to appear like a monster bogey every little while.

Finally, as a last idea of the minister, a large and—by Mrs. Spaulding,—much loved rubber plant was dragged into their bedroom, the plant was dispossessed of most of the earth in its tub, and the contents of the satchel, properly shrouded in a waterproof cloak, were decently interred. The "muss" occasioned by this sexton work was cleared up to the last grain, deposited in the ash bin, and covered with ashes,—so as not to leave single clue, as Mrs. Spaulding said, feeling that she was, at length, part and parcel of a real adventure,—something "detective-y."

The satchel was put away in a neat nightgown of brown paper, on top of the wardrobe, and the minister and his wife betook themselves to bed.

But they could not sleep, for the money refused to stay buried! It—or its ghost,—wandered over the house and "played burglar" until daylight. It forced shutters, cut out panes of glass, raised windows, stepped up and down stairs, tried to open their door, breathed through the keyhole, made the rubber tree rustle its leaves, and generally carried on in a fiendish manner, keeping the worthy couple wide awake and nervous until the milkman and daylight came and laid it, and then the minister and his wife fell into an uneasy doze.

After a late breakfast, at which the satchel participated, seated on a chair near Mrs. Spaulding, the minister departed with it under his arm. It was disguised in an ostentatiously bad wrapping of newspapers, the idea of Mrs. Spaulding, who industriously wrapped and tied it until the minister shuddered at the idea of carrying it.

"No one would suspect for a minute that *that* is a satchel, Frank!" she declared, exultingly, as she surveyed the finished product, and her husband agreed with her and prayed that he might not meet anyone that knew him.

On his arrival at Mr. Mangum's office he was soon admitted, and, in response to the greeting and inquiry,—"Good morning, Spaulding, what can I do to make you feel miserable to-day?"—he pushed the disreputable-looking package over to the speaker and said, huskily,—"Open that!"

Visions of samples of church carpeting and other obnoxious things came into Mr. Mangum's head, but he manfully attacked it, and the satchel rolled out into his lap.

He looked at it curiously for a moment, and then, as something familiar about it struck him, he opened it quickly, gave a glance at its contents, and turned to the minister.

"How much is there in here?" was his question.

The minister had to wet his lips and clear his throat before he could reply.

"Seventy-six thousand, five hundred dollars," he said, at length, rolling the numbers slowly over his tongue.

Mr. Mangum simply gaped at him, and remarked, calmly, "Well! *I'll* be blanked!" Then he turned to the satchel, took out the contents, ran them deftly and rapidly over, and, apparently finding it to agree with the minister's count, he added, quietly, "Well, I'll *be* blanked!" and then, as an apparent new thought, he said, "Well, I'll be *blanked!*"

Then he turned again to the minister, and said:—

"Now, where in the name of goodness did you get hold of that satchel and all the money, intact?"

The minister told his story, amid many chuckles from Mangum, who finally asked:—

"Did you catch a glimpse of the face of the fellow you soaked with your umbrella?"

"Just a glance, for the alley was dark."

"Rather stout; round face; small, pale moustache?"

"I should say so."

"That was Hurley, poor devil! Blanked fool that boy was, to throw away his chances like that! And what a sell it has been for the poor idiot! Been hiding down in some of those rotten holes along the river, and, in trying to sneak off at night to the wharves and get across the river, he gets held up by a 'strong-hand man.' Then, just as the biter is getting bit, *you* turn up like a special providence, hand him one on the head with your umbrella, (I bet he thought it was a sand bag!) poke a pistol in his face, and relieve him of the satchel. Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy!" and Mr. Mangum rocked in his chair in paroxysms of laughter. As soon as he could get his breath he went on:—



"The minister smote the seeming robber"

"I'll bet he took you for a pal of the other one, and thought that he'd got into a regular gang and might as well give up the bag and save his skin! Oh, my! Oh, my! And that other fellow that had held him up,—I would like to have a picture of his thoughts. Took you for a 'cop,' I guess, and made a sneak over the fence as if the devil was after him! Oh, Lordy, Spaulding, this'll be the death of me! You! You, of all men! You, playing a 'strong-hand man' and 'cop' combined, and doing the whole thing with an umbrella! Oh, my! It gets funnier the more I think of it!"—and again Mr. Mangum rocked and rolled in his chair and swore softly to himself in a very ecstasy of mirth.

The minister had been rather grave at first, but, as the other rapidly sketched the matter, the ludicrous side of it struck him also, and he laughed nearly as heartily as Mr. Mangum. Then a thought struck him, and he sobered and said:—

"But, Mr. Mangum, now that you have the money back, you will not push the matter any further against that young Hurley? This will be an awful lesson to him."

"Lesson be blanked! It'll cost me all the detective and advertising expenses, and the reward,—and—"

"I will give up the reward, if you will let him go, Mr. Mangum."

"The devil you will! Five thousand dollars to let that young scoundrel go free?"

"Mr. Mangum, I see by the papers that he is 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow,' and that he has been a good and steady son and a good employee until this temptation overtook him. I think—nay, I feel,—that, if you were not to push this matter, if you would let it drop entirely, now that your loss will be so small,—that, if you were to do this, he would take the lesson to heart, and, in some strange place where he is not known, would build up into a better and honester man. Can not you give him this one chance,

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Mr. Mangum? Make that the 'reward' to me."

Mangum gazed at the minister keenly, and saw that he was sincere in his plea for the boy and in his renunciation of the reward.

"You are a good man, Spaulding! The boy can go where he blank pleases and have a chance to straighten up, if he can, and I won't bother him. You can have that in writing, if you want to, so as to make matters safe for him. But you don't get out of taking the reward in that way. That reward is yours,—your very own. Why, man, that story is worth more than that to me. I've paid more money than that for much less fun, many a time. I'd give another five thousand to have been there and seen you do it, but even the hearing is worth this," and he reached for the satchel, took out one of the packages marked "$5,000.00, hundreds," and laid it before the minister, who made no motion to touch it.

"That's yours! What's the matter? I tell you that I am letting the boy go free because you asked me to, and not because of the money!"—and again he pushed the package closer to the minister.

The minister's chance had come. The plan that he had confided to his wife, the scheme that had darted into his head the night before, and that he had elaborated so carefully during the sleepless hours, was open to his hand. But, somehow, his heart failed him, and it did not seem so easy to carry it through now, with the favor already granted in regard to Hurley and the five thousand dollars so cheerfully handed out to him. But, for the sake of the church, he must put it through. So he braced himself, and, with somewhat of a tremor in his voice, replied:—

"Yes, Mr. Mangum, that is the reward, but you owe me much more than that!"

"Why,—what in blank else is there?"

"Ten per cent.—'a tithe,' you know,—on seventy-six thousand, five hundred dollars' worth of foolishness! Seven thousand, six hundred and fifty dollars more!"

Mr. Mangum's face darkened.

"What do you want that for, now?" he asked, roughly.

"Mr. Mangum, the church owes, as you know, something over twenty thousand dollars," answered the minister, rapidly, as he noticed the way that the other took it. "You voluntarily promised me ten per cent. on the amount of any 'foolish' thing that you might do with your money, and you, yourself, told me yesterday that the purchase of this yacht was foolishness. Now, if you give me that ten per cent., I can put it with the amount of this reward, and with that as a nucleus I can obtain the balance of the amount of the debt. I have had a promise of nearly enough to do that if I could raise the balance, and this is very close to the amount. Then the church will be out of debt, and will remain so as long as I am with it, for I have promised my Maker that, as long as I am permitted to be pastor of this church, it shall not be cursed with the dishonesty and shame of unpaid debts."

"But that reward is your own!"

"What if it is? I have no need of any extra money except to use it in my Master's service. My salary more than suffices for my needs, and, even if it did not, what better use could I put it to than to aid in the work of lifting the burden of debt from the church over which the Lord has seen fit to place me, and for whose welfare He will hold me responsible? And think, Mr. Mangum, of how my usefulness here will be increased! Instead of my having to spend my time and make my office disliked and despised by begging and pleading for 'Money, money, money!' I can spend that time in such work as my Master's servant should be employed upon,—in preaching Him with a mind single to Him and preaching to a people that will look on me as a pastor, and not as a 'dun.' I can visit my people and have them look on every visit as a pleasure, and not as a visitation of woe. That is what it means to me, and that is 'what I want it for, now,' and if you do not care to keep your word, or if you feel that I am pushing this matter too far, I will take the reward to start the amount, and, with His aid, I will clear off that debt yet!"

After the minister's first few words, Mr. Mangum's countenance cleared, and he sat watching Mr. Spaulding's face intently while he was speaking. When he had finished, Mr. Mangum spoke thus to vacancy:—

"And this is the man that I took a notion against because he did not talk and dress to suit me the first time I saw him!" And just now I thought he was a little on the make, and went off my temper a bit! And that blanked twelve-hundred-dollar salary 'suffices for all his needs,' and he's going to lift the whole debt with the reward that belongs to him, and—oh, blankety-blank it, Mr. Spaulding, your're a good man, a BLANKED good man, and I beg your pardon for my suspicions. And you're no coward, and not a bit of a fool, either! It is n't every man that would have had the sand to tackle me the way you did,—or to break into a hold-up with only an umbrella,"—and again he had a hearty laugh.

"Now, about the church business. The reward is yours, and it *stays* yours. You and that darned old umbrella earned it honestly, and you can spend it in charity or any old way you please, but you can't spend it in paying off that church debt. You've done that in another way. I'm going to take care of *that!* Tell your treasurer to bring his bills and books and vouchers over here, this evening, and I'll have one of my bookkeepers go over them with him and verify the whole thing. He shall have checks to balance everything to date, and I will hold that debt and fix it so that it will not bother the church again if it is not paid. No, I don't want your thanks. I am going to make a bargain with you myself in a minute, and you can show your thanks then. All I want of you now is a promise that you will not allow the church to get into debt again."

"I have promised that already."

"Yes, so you did; and I promised you, too, and you caught me nicely! Oh, I'm not blaming you! Served me right; I'd have done the same thing in a business way."

"What is the bargain that you want to make with me?"

"Say, do you know that you are robbing my family and me when you hold me to that 'foolishness' promise of mine?"

"How?"

"Do you really suppose that I am going to buy diamonds and things for my wife, and furs and furbelows for the girls, and steam yachts for my son, and an incidental horse or two for myself,—all 'foolishness,' I am free to confess,—and pay you a commission of ten per cent. on top of the high prices that I shall have to pay for them anyway? Not by a jugful! My wife and the kids will have to get along with the necessaries, and I'll have to take to riding in the street cars, or I'll go broke. Now, I've got a proposition to make to you. What will you take in a lump sum and let me off on my promise? It is n't often that I do the 'baby act,' but you and your darned old ten per cent. are worse than an evil conscience: I'll have to think twice before I spend once. Now, what will you take to let me off? I'll do anything in reason to get out of your clutches!"—and he grinned quizzically at the minister.

"Do you mean that in earnest, Mr. Mangum?"

"I certainly do! Name your lowest terms, Mr. Spaulding."

This was the grand climax of the minister's plan, but the assumption of the debt by Mr. Mangum had made him feel that he had lost it. He had already obtained so much more than he had expected, in the other direction, that he had not thought of bringing in this part of his plan, and lo! it came right to his hand. He breathed a prayer of thanksgiving and made his point, thus:—

"The price will be a big one, to you, Mr. Mangum!"

"How many figures?"

"One!"

"One?"

"Yes,—'Number One,' sir! Yourself! I want you to become one of our finance committee."

"WELL, I WILL be blanked!" and he sat and thought a minute, while the minister anxiously watched his face. First a frown went over his countenance, then a pleasant thought seemed to strike him, and he commenced to smile and finally broke out into his characteristic chuckle.

"Fairly caught, Mr. Spaulding, but I'm afraid it won't help you. I'm not a member of the church, you know, and, while I'm willing to do 'most anything to get rid of you and your old ten per cent., I draw the line at joining the church."

"It is not necessary that you should. Under our rules, one member of that committee is always a non-member. That was so arranged that we might be able to call in a practical financial man in case we did not have one in the congregation. And that committeeship is vacant at this moment."

"I should think it would be. But, say, you're a wonder, Mr. Spaulding! Talk about the 'wisdom of the serpent!' You're chock-full of it, and

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no one would think it, to look at you. If you weren't a minister, I'd take you into full partnership. Yes, I'll take you up on that offer, and if I don't make your people pay all of that debt but that 'ten per cent.' my name's not Mangum. Some of those stingy brethren will have to cough up when I get after them! And we'll make the church hold up its head once more."

"Thanks, Mr. Mangum. I think that I'll go—"

"*Go!* I think that you'd better, or there won't be much left of me! Go home and get your wife to take you down a peg or two,—that's the way I do when I think that I've done something extra smart. You're on the straight road to the penitentiary, and nothing but a good combing-down from your wife's hands can save you from it!"

"Why!"

"Why? Now, think! Night before last you held up a robber that was robbing a robber that had robbed him, and you did it all with nerve and an umbrella! To-day, you come here in broad daylight and hold up a business man in his own office, and you've got the thing down so fine that you do not even need the umbrella! The Lord only knows what you'll do next! Here, you've forgotten the reward. Better let me give you a check for it, for, if you go carrying around money in bills that way, some one will give you a taste of your own 'hold-up medicine,' and it won't be with an umbrella, either. Now, go home to your wife. I can see that you are aching to get to her and tell her all about it. Mind you tell her that I say she is to take you down about ten pegs! Now, good-by!"

He put his hands affectionately on the minister's shoulders and pushed him out of the door.



"Guthrie felt at length that it was time to interfere"

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, and a committee of five who have expressed no opinion is formed to investigate. Guthrie assures the speaker of his friendship and support. 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 the speaker. 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 wild snowstorm completely enshrouds the country and impedes all traffic. 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. From Briarton, Guthrie goes to New York and discovers that Purvis 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. Later in the day, Mr. Warren and Mr. Harlow call and attempt to bribe him from an exposure in "The Times." He sternly refuses their offer. At the capital the Carton Case is nearing an end. The evidence is all in, and a vote is about to be taken, when Jimmy Warfield suddenly jumps up flourishing "The Times," which has just come in from the city and contains Guthrie's sensational exposure of Purvis and Eaton and the conspiracy against Carton. The news is read to the senate, and immediately public sentiment favors the speaker. Amid loud bursts of applause, a unanimous verdict of acquittal is given, and Carton is the hero of the hour. When the legislature adjourns, Guthrie and Jimmy Warfield join in the general exodus to the city. Guthrie attends a caucus in the ourth congressional district, called to consider the action of Henry Clay Warner, a dissipated, unreliable representative who has been giving serious trouble. Guthrie tries to influence Warner to withdraw as a candidate in the coming election, so as to prevent a split in the Democratic ranks, but he is unsuccessful. Clarice suddenly announces to her friends that the engagement between Count Raoul d' Estournelles and herself is broken.]

CHAPTER XII.—A RIDE BY NIGHT

THE chairman, the man who was to rule the battle, settled himself fairly in his seat, his square shoulders and massive chest rising like a stone tower, and announced that nominations for the Democratic standard-bearer in the glorious old fourth district were in order. Up sprang Timothy O'Hara, a delegate from the twelfth ward, standing amid the faithful crowd of his henchmen, and nominated the one whom he called the friend and champion of the people, Hon. Henry Clay Warner. Then the names of Headley and Graves in turn were put before the



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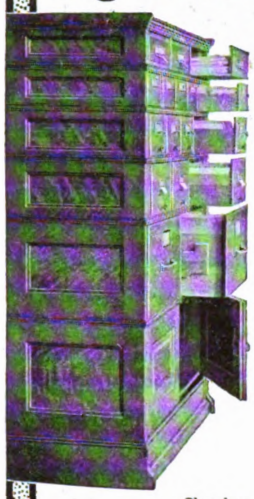
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convention. The last nomination was finished, the last sound of applause died, and the forces stood upon the battlefield, horse, foot, and guns, each in the proper place, ready for action.

It was a critical moment. The convention could proceed by either of two methods,—it could adopt a resolution to drop the weakest candidate after the third ballot and continue to a choice, or continue as they stood to a choice. The first was sure to cause the bolt of the Warnerites, as he was obviously the weakest of the three, and there were votes enough at any time to adopt the resolution, but it was not offered. The vote was cast by wards,—twelve in all,—and the general result was precisely what the leaders expected, as follows: Headley, one hundred and thirty-six; Graves, one hundred and twenty-four; Warner, seventy-two.

To be nominated, a candidate must receive a majority of all the votes cast. More ballots showed the same result. The convention was in a deadlock, and it remained so throughout the day, the hour of adjournment finding it in the same condition.

Guthrie had scarcely finished a hasty dinner when a message came to him and he hurried away, ready to do his part in the strenuous conflict. The message came from Hays, the chief political worker of the district, and when Guthrie went to his office he found him in close consultation with Avery, the national committeeman, Grayson, the district committeeman, Jimmy Warfield, and others.

"We want you to take Warner out for a ride," said Hays to Guthrie. "Tell him you've got something of the utmost importance to say about this fight, which is the truth,—you are the only one of us with whom he is friendly. Take a carriage and drive out toward the country, say on the waterworks road, and the later you get back the better."

Guthrie thought for a little while and then answered in the affirmative, although he announced that he would deal with Warner in perfect fairness. A trip together seemed to him entirely legitimate, falling within the limits of moral suasion.

The carriage was waiting at the door, and Guthrie delayed only to glance up at the driver on the seat. It was Jim Curley, one of Hay's best workers, a man well known to Guthrie for courage and fertile resource.

Warner's home was not far away, and in less than five minutes Guthrie was there just as the front door opened, and Warner himself appeared. Guthrie judged that the member intended to go down-town and meet O'Hara, and he knew he must act quickly. Behind Warner appeared the face of a woman, that of Mrs. Warner, and when Guthrie suggested that the member take a ride with him she seconded it and persuaded him to yield, although he declared that he must see O'Hara later on.

Curley cracked his whip over two fine horses, and they spun along at a great rate through the city and out upon the waterworks road. It was an open carriage, and the fresh breeze created by the rapid motion was wonderfully pleasant and invigorating after the heat and turmoil of the day. They were soon away from the business part of the city, entering the region of smaller houses. When they passed the city lights, and Curley, without a word, turned into a narrower road, neither Guthrie nor Warner noticed the change.

Guthrie at length began to talk and brought up the old problem of Warner's withdrawal from the fight in the old fourth, which they had argued a long time before, glancing out, he observed that they were in a deep forest. The road grew duskier, and Warner, at length noticing their strange pathway, uttered an exclamation.

Curley glanced around—he was unknown personally to Warner,—and said that he was returning by a short cut through the woods. But a half hour later, still in the dense woods, he stopped the horses, and, turning a calm, unruffled countenance to Warner, announced that they were lost. Guthrie observed Curley closely, and such was the man's earnestness of tone that he was unable to decide about him. But Warner had no doubts. Nevertheless he was aghast. Guthrie and Warner, after holding a short conference, decided that it would be better to turn back, and they drove over their own



"'I am asking for you, Clarice. Do n't you see that I love you?'"



"He was pale, now, but he stood steadily"

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tracks at a brisk pace. But there was also a fork in this road, and the cabman took the wrong side, driving into it with such speed and certainty that neither Guthrie nor Warner doubted for a moment that it was the right one.

Warner at length relapsed into the silence of vain wrath and exhaustion. The driver, after a long while, suddenly stirred in his seat, although neither Guthrie nor Warner noticed the movement. Curley bent his head a little aside in the attitude of one who listens intently, and remained so for a full minute. Then he straightened himself up in his seat, and from him burst a sharp, sibilant exclamation. At the same moment the cigar he was smoking was dashed from his teeth and the burning end struck one of the horses on the back. The animal neighed, reared, and then, drawing his mate with him, ran away down the smooth, hard road. Curley swore, and set his shoulders as one does when he pulls hard, but the lines hung loose over the backs of the horses.

Both Guthrie and Warner were much startled at this sudden action of the horses, which threw them violently against the carriage, although the soft cushions saved them from bruises. The driver explained that the horses were running away, but said that he could keep them in the road. Guthrie at length glanced back and almost started from his seat in surprise at what he saw. There was another carriage, and in it, beside the driver, was O'Hara. He knew at once that the Irishman was in pursuit, and that he would rescue Warner from the hands of the enemy. Warner, with singular fatuity, did not look back.

They reached the top of another swell presently and Guthrie again looked. Great was his joy when he did not see O'Hara. He was convinced that the latter's carriage had broken down, and Curley seemed to think so, too, as he presently stopped in the center of a wide open space and, springing out, began to soothe the horses and rub them down with great care. Warner, who seemed to be somewhat dazed by the rapid swing of events, opened his watch.

"Billy," he said to Guthrie, "do you know that it's two o'clock in the morning? I wonder what O'Hara thinks has become of me?"

But he soon relapsed into apathy. He seemed to have alternate moods of wrath and phlegm, common in men of his habits.

They started again, Guthrie and Curley walking beside the carriage and Warner riding in it. Guthrie's thoughts were not pleasant. He began to fear that he had been used as a tool, and he would certainly aid Warner to his utmost in his effort to get back to the city as soon as possible.

Warner fell asleep in the carriage, and the other two trudged along, neither speaking. Morning came, and by and by Guthrie, looking at his watch, found that it was eight o'clock. The convention would meet in three hours, and nothing in this world was more certain than the fact that neither Warner nor he would be present at its opening.

They saw, after a long while, a house amid the fields, and there they found food. There, too, they were informed that they were at least thirty miles from the city, and that it was sixteen miles to Willville, the nearest station on the railroad, with a train for the city due at half past three in the afternoon. Warner saw no alternative but to go to the railroad station and wait for the train, and he resigned himself with curious facility. He seemed to be crushed by the events of the night. The road was now rough, but neither Warner nor Guthrie complained, as they were sustained by recent food and the morning was fresh and clear.

They came to an extremely rough place in the road, and Guthrie saw a large log lying diagonally across one half its width. Curley turned his horses, but not in time; the front wheels hit the log with a heavy jolt, passed over it, and came down again on the other side with a jolt yet heavier. Warner and Guthrie felt the spring of the carriage smash under them with the force of the impact. Then Curley announced that they would have to walk. Warner sighed deeply, but no freedom of choice was left him. Leaving Curley with the broken carriage, they struggled on through the heat. But just as they came in sight of Willville, the half-past-three train passed in a cloud of smoke.

Warner was the first to recover from the disappointment. He talked of the convention, and seemed to have no doubt on that score. O'Hara would keep his name before it until his return, even if that were delayed a week, and then he would decide what to do.

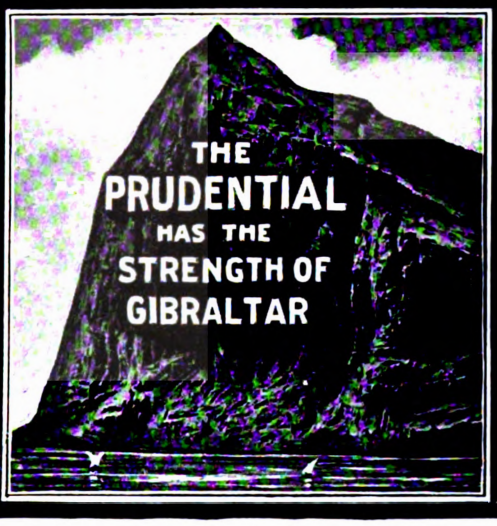
When they reached the town they went first to the station and inquired about the next train to the city. There was an accommodation freight at half past eight, very slow, taking over two hours for the trip to the city, but it would get them there at last, if they would only have plenty of patience. Guthrie suggested that they should telegraph news of their plight, but Warner refused to do so, on the ground that it would expose him to ridicule. Then, as they had plenty of time ahead, Guthrie proposed that they should go to the hotel and take a bath, get shaved, eat dinner, and at least return to the city looking like gentlemen and Christians. They did all three, and were sitting on the hotel porch a half hour later, when they saw, coming on the road by which they had entered Willville, a slow and melancholy procession. A driver walked on before, with drooping head and slack arms. Behind him came a carriage in woeful plight, deep in dirt and sagging on broken springs. In the carriage was Timothy O'Hara, dusty, pale, disconsolate, and angry, closing in now on what had been a hopeless quest.

The carriage approached, and O'Hara, raising the head beneath his hat, looked up. His eyes blazed, and he leaped out of the carriage. In that sudden moment of passion all his true nature came out, and, shaking his fist

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in Warner's face, he shouted, with unusual vehemence:—

"What do you mean by running away from me,—from me, your only friend, the man that's made you? I say, what do you mean by it, Hank Warner?"

Warner had all the fighting qualities of his state, and he would not stand personal abuse for a moment. Moreover, he had the consciousness of innocence,—he did not know about that chase through the woods in the night,—and, springing to his feet, he retorted in a manner not less warlike than O'Hara's own.

Guthrie felt at length that it was time to interfere, and he put his hand upon Warner's arm, saying, quietly: "Come away, Mr. Warner; I would not quarrel with such a man. He is beneath you!"

Warner, taking his advice, turned on his heel and went to the other end of the porch with Guthrie. O'Hara glared fiercely after them a moment and then went into the barroom.

The half-past-eight train arrived, and Warner and Guthrie, boarding it, took seats at the farther end of the single passenger car attached to the freight. Guthrie looked back and saw O'Hara, still beneath the crumpled hat, coming aboard. But the Irishman took the extreme seat at the other end of the car and gazed sternly out of the window at the trees and fences and houses flitting by. Thus pursuer and pursued returned to the city.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Breath of Fame

THE morning of that day had been an uncommon one in the city, its like unknown since the days of the great Civil War, when half the people thought one way and half the other. It began for most at the breakfast table when they read, in the morning papers, of the disappearance of Warner, Guthrie, and O'Hara.

Clarice Ransome, too, read the sensational news, that morning, at the breakfast table, in the same casual, unexpecting fashion in which other people learned it, but she had unlimited faith in Guthrie and was not alarmed about him.

The convention met again, the rebellious delegates puzzled and angry over the disappearance of their leaders and full of threats. The hall was crowded more densely than ever before with people, eager to see and to hear, and the day dragged on with the same recriminations and the same deadlock. At length the evening session began under the electric lights, and the factions still confronted each other full of wrath and menace.

Just after a vote Mr. Pugsley suddenly rose in his chair and said that their men, Warner and O'Hara, had been made the victims of foul play. Jimmy Warfield, ever an effervescent soul, took fire at the charge and the threat, and, springing up, began an angry reply. The hall was in an uproar in an instant. The chairman, with a look of alarm in his face, beat on the table until the head of his gavel flew off, and the whole hall resounded with tumult.

"Look! look!" cried Clarice, in an excited tone, seizing the arm of her father, who sat beside her in the box; "look! there they come!"

The whole convention heard that sharp, strained cry, and instantly faced about. The three missing men were entering the hall at the same time, Warner and Guthrie through one door and O'Hara through another.

The tumult in the hall had not decreased, but it had now another note. It was a roar of mingled relief, curiosity, and excitement. Then it suddenly died and was followed by the deep silence of strained waiting.

Warner and Guthrie separated in the center of the hall, the latter going down a side aisle and thence through a side door to the back of the stage, where he slipped quietly into a chair hidden from notice. Warner, on the contrary, the focus of all eyes and conscious of it, continued toward a seat in the center of the delegation from the twelfth ward.

Guthrie looked at the box in which Clarice sat and the code of mental telepathy was in perfect operation between them. He informed her, by means of these silent signals, that he was well in both body and mind, that no misfortune whatever had happened to him, that he believed everything was coming out all right, and that she was more beautiful than ever before.

It was well that the telegraphing was quickly done, as Guthrie was soon dragged from his seat by eager hands and carried off to one of the little rooms, where he was assailed by rapid-fire volleys of questions. But first he turned fiercely upon Hays.

"Mr. Hays," he exclaimed, "I wish you to understand that I do not believe in such things as you did last night."

Hays smiled placidly. "You'll forget and forgive it by and by, Billy," he said.

Guthrie was annoyed, but he was forced to smile; he could not continue to rage at a man who refused to be offended. He answered their questions, and then went to Clarice's box, where they had a chance to exchange the telepathic communication for real words with sound to them.

Yet he was troubled. But he did not see what he could do just then, and it was very pleasant there with Clarice. Thus time passed easily, until Jimmy Warfield burst into the box, his hair flying, his face aghast, and exclaimed:—

"There's everything to pay! O'Hara and those fellows have got hold of Warner again, and you know his weakness,—well, they've played on it, and now he's irresponsible, and they're making him say he'll never withdraw. He won't speak to any of us but you. Come at once, or everything will go to ruin."

"Go," added Clarice, in a tone low, but none the less emphatic. He glanced once at her, and her eyes met his. That command, he saw, was as much for their sakes as the party's, and he hastened at once from the box.

"In there!" said Warfield to Guthrie, indicating one of the small rooms; and Guthrie, promptly pushing open the door, entered alone.

It was, indeed, a pitiful spectacle that he saw in the little room. Warner, whatever his moral growth, and whatever his intentions may have been during that return journey, had fallen again into the hands of the toiler. O'Hara and Pugsley had returned to the charge, and they knew the breach in the fortifications. Warner had yielded to temptation, and was lying upon a sofa, his face inflamed, and his eyes wild, while he babbled of a long ride through dark woods, and the fact that he, Henry Clay Warner, was a friend of the people and would defend them forever. Guthrie, despite the menaces of O'Hara and Pugsley, began to talk to him again, and Warner, with the singular friendship that he always felt for the young correspondent, listened once more.

Meanwhile the convention was again in a turmoil. The departure of Warner and O'Hara from the floor had been viewed with interest by all and with suspicion by many. A rumor, one of those rumors that start no one knows how and gain color and strength as they go, spread through the hall and was believed by nearly everybody. It said that Warner had promised to withdraw, that he had told Billy Guthrie so, and that O'Hara and Pugsley were now trying to make him take back the promise. It was said that Warner had collapsed suddenly, overpowered by hardships during that long and mysterious absence, but that Billy Guthrie knew what he wanted to say. A sudden cry of "Guthrie" arose, and it was taken up and repeated and became insistent.

But the young man, engrossed in a hard task, behind closed doors, did not hear the cry. Once more it was a struggle between him and O'Hara for Warner. Again and again he wavered, but finally he inclined to O'Hara's side. Guthrie was in despair, and, turning away, he abruptly left the room. As he stepped out he closed the door and entered the narrow aisle leading to the stage. He paused there a moment, his face suddenly growing pale and the blood leaping up from his heart. It was the sound of his own name repeated by thousands of voices that startled him and held him to the spot.

As he listened, two figures hastened to him. They were Jimmy Warfield and Connell, a twelfth ward delegate who had been in the room throughout the talk, but who had seemed less unfriendly than the others.

"Billy," exclaimed Warfield, "he'll withdraw! He'll withdraw! He takes it all back! Ask Connell here if it isn't so!"

Billy looked at Connell and the man nodded. There was started, afterwards, no one knows how, a rumor that Warner later on asked Connell just when he gave him that message, but it has never been verified. Guthrie, however, was not thinking then of such questions as the manner and origin of the message, but of its import. He felt as if a mighty and crushing weight had been lifted. But the triumph had come so unexpectedly that he could hardly believe it, and he remained speechless a few seconds, while the sound of his own name thundered in his ears.

He was looking down the narrow aisle toward the stage. He saw that Mr. Stetson had temporarily abdicated the chair in favor of another man, and was coming toward him, and over and beyond the head of the editor he saw a cross section of the great audience, hot, impatient, angry, and very noisy.

"We must get Warner on at once," he repeated, half mechanically.

"He can't come," repeated Warfield, significantly. "He's sick, don't you know. He can't stand up and he says he won't face an audience now."

"Then what's to be done?" cried Guthrie.

"Why, you must speak for him," replied Warfield. "He says you are to do it, as you have a speech for him, and somebody has told the audience, too. Don't you hear 'em shouting your name?"

The chairman reached Guthrie at that moment, and at once grasped the full import of the talk.

"Come, Billy, come!" he cried, "you must go on instantly."

"But I can't make a speech!" exclaimed Guthrie.

"You can!"

"But I haven't any to make."

"That speech you wrote for Warner. The one you recited for me in my office! Hurry! The people will tear the house down if you don't come!"

Guthrie still hesitated, overcome by a sudden and great terror.

"The fate of the old fourth district now depends on you alone," shouted the chairman in his ear.

It was a cry for help, that touched the inmost fibers of Guthrie's being, one to which he never failed to respond, and he took a step forward. Others came crowding behind him,—Mr. Stetson, Warfield, Grayson, Hays, and so many more that, in a moment, he found himself on the stage, face to the audience.

Then that great cry of "Guthrie!" "Guthrie!" rolling, insistent, ever growing, ceased so suddenly that the silence following it was deathly and painful.

Guthrie was white to the lips, and he felt every nerve in him trembling, but he walked to the center of the stage, swaying slightly. Not a thought would come, his tongue lay dry in his mouth, and before his eyes there were a blur and a haze, in which thousands of upturned, expectant faces melted into a great, threatening human cloud. Then his gaze wandered to one side and there he saw her in the box, not in a cloud nor in a haze, but with a flushed and beautiful face, and two luminous eyes that met his and said, "I know you can not fail."

Then a spark leaped up suddenly in his breast, and

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burst into a flame. The blood came flushing to his face and with it a giant courage that held him in its grasp. The mist and the haze disappeared, and the faces still floated before him, row on row, but beckoning and friendly now. All the thoughts, all the ideas that had been growing in his brain all these years crowded for utterance, and the words rushed to the tip of his tongue.

Then he began to speak, at first in a voice nervous and trembling a little, but soon gaining volume and decision, until its rich tones filled every corner of the great hall. He began with the speech that he had written for Warner, the renunciation, the sacrifice of self for party and the general good, changing from the first to the third person, but somehow Warner soon glided from his scheme of things. He forgot all about the red-faced man on the sofa in the little room, and his veering to and fro as the wind blew, and all about the squalid struggle with O'Hara, and remembered only his conception of public life and public duty. He was still within the lines of the speech that he had written, but it no longer had a personal and particular application. He was speaking from his heart, and the words came fast, but in orderly sequence.

He looked down once at the chairman, who had resumed his seat, and whose eyes met his in a fixed, admiring gaze, then his look passed on and met another pair of eyes in a box, softer, more luminous, and shining with absolute faith and joy.

He began to feel a curious exaltation. Although he had been timid at first, he had now absolute ease and confidence. He was a musician who knew his instrument, and there before him was that instrument,—the audience. He noted then how the look upon that mighty curve of faces changed, as he willed that it should change,—how it expressed joy, or sadness, or anger, as he touched the keys.

As he spoke, the deep, intense, rapt silence of the audience continued. Something wonderful was happening, and everybody in that great crowd knew it.

They knew that an orator of the first rank, a statesman and man of genius had been disclosed suddenly to them. The form of the man on the stage seemed to them to grow, his eyes were alight, his face inspired, the deep, rich tones of his voice filled their ears, and his words appealed alike to head and heart. Many of them began to think of an earlier day when a man of their state was the first in the Union, and upon his words the nation hung, and now they foresaw that the day had come back again and the great man's successor stood before them.

Guthrie spoke on, gathering power as he went. The thoughts and the aspirations of his boyhood, his youth, and his young manhood were finding vent, and he rejoiced like a strong man in his strength and skill. It was a speech, too, on a new plane, something higher and loftier than the ordinary, something that took the listeners out of themselves, something that made them think of better things.

He looked over toward the eleventh and the twelfth wards, and saw the dense cohorts of the rebels, their faces eager and bent forward like the rest. He saw, too, in the very center of the group, the red and startled face of Warner, and beside him the broad features of Connell. He did not know how they had come there, and it was not for him to wonder then. But he knew that he held all under his spell, the eleventh and twelfth wards with the others.

The clock in the church steeple boomed two o'clock in the morning, but no one noticed. It was hotter than usual in the hall, long crowded by the multitude, and the thrice-breathed air grew thicker and thicker, but—again no one noticed. Behind Guthrie, at the press tables, one of which he had so lately left, the reporters were writing for dear life, and noiseless messenger boys were slipping away to the telegraph offices with page after page of the most sensational speech of the decade.

Clarice alone in all that multitude was able to take her eyes from the orator, and it was because she loved him best. Great as his speech was, the man was more to her, and in that hour of her supreme joy and triumph she looked to see its effect upon others. The chairman, an uncommon man himself, still had his eyes fixed on the speaker's face; her father, Mr. Carton, Mr. Pike, and Senator Cobb did not move, nor did Warner, the rebel, the irreconcilable, and O'Hara himself was crushed down in his seat, anger, fear, and admiration struggling on his face, which was always turned toward Guthrie.

It was the very boldness and loftiness of Guthrie's ideal that charmed the people so much. He dared to speak for the right, the best in all things, he appealed to the good instinct in every one, and it came so spontaneously, so flowingly, ringing so clearly with the truth, and clothed in such beautiful words that it carried conviction to the dullest. There was none who could not understand him, there was none to whom he did not make an appeal, and there was none whom he did not carry with him into that higher air where it was easier to breathe and think good thoughts.

The reporters wrote on and on, and the telegraph boys still slipped from the hall with sheet after sheet of the speech, but no voice was heard save Guthrie's as he spoke of his ideal, the ideal public life, and the ideal people,—the two were dependent upon each other, and they went hand in hand, he said. The people, hearing, believed. They could not resist the logic of the voice and manner; what he said to them was truth, and because he said it.

The end came, the last of the golden words was spoken, and the orator made a brief bow and turned from the stage. For a few moments the spell lingered and the silence continued. Then the long-pent emotion and delight of the audience burst forth and the storm of cheers swelled and roared against the roof. Again that powerful and insistent cry "Guthrie!" "Guthrie!" was taken up, and



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every one in the convention hall sprang quickly to his feet.

It was an emotional crowd, keyed to a high pitch by a long strain of doubt and excitement, and it broke bounds. Handkerchiefs were waved like the fluttering of a snow storm, and the shifting fans glittered like prisms of many colors. Again and again the applause rose and swelled like waves of the sea, but Guthrie sat at his desk, limp and tired, his face pale again.

The chairman took him by the arm and compelled him to go forward and bow. Then the applause broke out afresh and the building trembled with the concussion.

The cheering died at length, and then watchful Jimmy Warfield, back again in his seat among the delegates, sprang to his feet on his chair and instantly caught the chairman's eye. A look of complete understanding passed between the two.

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted Warfield, and once more the convention became silent. Warfield, too, was silent a second, and swept the hall with a comprehensive eye. He saw that another critical moment had come and he was ready.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "there has been a fight for the nomination of the fourth district, this glorious old fourth that all of us love so much. It has been a long, hard, and bitter fight, and through it all every one has been in the dark. We have not been able to see how it would end, we could not see a light ahead, and many of us have thought it would come to disaster and ruin for the old fourth. But at the last moment, the very last moment, there has arisen one who, all unconsciously, has shown us the way."

He paused for a few moments, but he held the convention with his eye.

"Yes," he resumed, "there is one who has shown us the way; he has come among us like an apostle, his words are tipped with lightning, and there is none here who has resisted their force, none who has cared to do so. Gentlemen of the convention, we know the opposing forces that are in this hall, we know how bitter the three candidates have become against each other, we know that they can never be reconciled, and we know now that no one of the three can ever be elected. But, gentlemen of the convention, there is another,—another man the very mention of whose name will set you all on fire, one whose supreme fitness for the place has been disclosed in such a manner that the blind may see. Gentlemen of the convention, I wish to place in nomination an orator, statesman, and genius, William Guthrie."

Again that mighty volume of cheering went up against the roof. Guthrie tried to spring to his feet, but Grayson and Hays held him down. When the cheering died there was another man on a chair, and it was the member from the old fourth. He was pale now, but he stood steadily, and everybody knew that the Grace of God had touched Henry Clay Warner at last.

The chairman recognized Mr. Warner, and the convention settled into silence.

"Mr. Chairman," said the member, in a full, firm voice, "I have listened to all that the gentleman has said, and I wish to endorse every word of it. I have known William Guthrie a long time, since he was a little boy. No truer or more honest man ever drew the breath of life. He has been a good and loyal friend of mine, and is yet. I have wanted the nomination from the old fourth, but I recognize that a greater than myself has appeared, without any will of his own, in the field. Therefore, while withdrawing in favor of William Guthrie, I second his nomination and move also that it be made unanimous."

Again the audience cheered and cheered, and now they cheered for Warner, too. Headley and Graves quietly left the hall as they saw their forces slip from them, swept on by the universal tide. The convention had been stampeded for Guthrie, without any intention on his part, and the eleventh and twelfth wards were not the last in enthusiasm. O'Hara and Pugsley said nothing, but in stoical silence watched the waves roll over them.

Guthrie tried to spring up again, but as before Grayson and Hays held him back.

The chairman instantly put the vote on the motion. When the ayes were called for they were thundered out; when the noes were called for there was silence.

William Guthrie was the nominee of the convention.

His eyes wandered again to the box and met Clarice's shining with pure joy.

"Accept! Accept!" cried the crowd.

"Accept!" cried the chairman. "Headley and Graves have just notified me of their withdrawal. See, here are their notes. It is you or nobody."

"Accept! Accept!" still roared the crowd.

Guthrie saw that the way had opened without any will of his own and that it was the only way. Many thoughts passed like lightning through his head. He was a true friend of Warner, and he had worked faithfully for Headley and Graves, but this was the call of destiny. He met her eyes again and she told him to take it. Then he hesitated no longer.

But he made no more speeches that night. He walked forward and announced simply that he accepted the great honor conferred upon him so unexpectedly by the convention, and, if elected, would do his best for the district, his state, and the country. Then he sat down amid more cheers and the chairman sprang to his feet.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Stetson exclaimed, "Mr. Guthrie is now the nominee of the convention, and we promise, each and every one of us, to make his majority six thousand."

The convention roared back approval, but Mr. Stetson underestimated it. When the vote was counted at the close of the polls on the day of election, Guthrie's majority proved to be over seven thousand.

He was still in a sort of dream. Something new and wonderful had happened in his life; a thing, perhaps, which he had imagined at times in a vague twilight of a misty dawn, but which it had never occurred to him might become real. The hall and the figures in it were hazy and he did not feel that he had yet come quite back to earth.

But they were calling for him again, so powerfully and so insistently that he must respond, and he walked forward still in a mist and bowed again and again to the applause which leaped up afresh at the sight of his face. When he returned to his seat, Warner himself had come upon the stage and he grasped Guthrie's hand.

"Billy," he said, and there was genuine pleasure in his face, and relief, too,—relief at escape from the snare of the toiler, "I congratulate you. It was the finest speech I ever heard in my life, and, since I could n't have the nomination myself,—I see now that I could n't,—I 'm glad that you got it. I know, too, that it came to you because it had to; you never worked for it."

Guthrie returned the handshake with sincere joy. He would not have in the member's mind any lurking feeling against him, because, if it were there, it would spoil all his pleasure in the nomination, but he knew now that Warner saw and understood.

Then his friends came, the governor and his wife, the bishop, Carton, Mary Pelham, Jimmy Warfield, Mr. Pike, Senator Cobb, and others. He saw sincere joy shining in the eyes of every one of them.

"Billy," said Carton, "we shall go to Washington together, but I shall never be the great man that you are."

"God bless you, my son," said the bishop, simply.

Then came a quiet, smoothly shaven man in a gray suit.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, "I am, perhaps, less surprised at this revelation than anybody else here in the hall. Believe me when I say that I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart." It was Caius Marcellus Harlow who spoke.

At length the crowd began to go out. The clock in the church steeple was striking three. Guthrie looked at the empty seats, the floor littered with newspapers, and the electric lights that still glared overhead. "What a change occurred in those last two hours!" he thought.

The crowd was gone and a hand was placed upon his arm. It was that of Mr. Ransome.

"Mr. Guthrie," he said, "it is late and you are very tired. We have two carriages waiting for our party, and we shall be glad to drop you off at your house."

Clarice was behind him and she said nothing, but there was a deep color in her face; her eyes told him to come. Her father turned away to see about the carriages and she said to Guthrie:—

"All your life you have been helping people to great rewards, and now your own has come to you at last."

"But I am going to ask for far more than I have now," he said.

"Why, what is it?" she exclaimed, and then her face flushed with sudden color.

"I am asking for you, Clarice. Do n't you see that I love you, that I have long loved you? I can ask you now. Won't you be my wife, Clarice?"

She put her hand in his and replied, softly; "Yes, I am yours."

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Guthrie," said Mr. Ransome, as they drove through the streets, "I should think that you are a very happy man this morning."

"I am, but there is one thing lacking to complete my happiness," replied Guthrie.

"And what is that?"

"Your daughter: give her to me," he said, boldly.

A twinkle appeared in Mr. Ransome's eye.

"Perhaps I would better," he replied; "because, if I do n't, you will take her. I 'll see that Jane approves, too. Leave that to me. And, Mr. Guthrie, I have just learned to believe in you."

A soft, warm hand stole into Guthrie's.

"Billy, I *always* believed in you," said Clarice.

THE END

Colors That Are not Easy to See

WHAT color is least easily seen at a distance? One would naturally say, some dull neutral tint, a somber gray or brown. This has been the conclusion of most military men, and our brilliant dress uniforms have given way for practical campaigning to *khaki* and other dull colors. Is this a mistake? Possibly so, according to the results obtained in recent experiments in England. It has been found there that masses of dull color are very much more conspicuous at a distance than mixtures of bright tints. For instance, a battery of field artillery whose carriages and caissons were decorated with stripes of red, blue, and yellow could be made out with difficulty at a thousand yards, while other batteries painted a uniform brown or drab were easily seen at great distances. It would seem as if, on the same principle, a regiment of gayly dressed troops might be less easily visible than one wholly garbed in dull-colored *khaki*.

Boston People Are Particular

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, whose long and successful ministerial career has been passed chiefly in Chicago and New York, finds the complete satisfaction of Bostonians in their city a source of amusement. He says he once dreamed that he was in the vicinity of the pearly gates, and saw two ladies approach, seeking entrance.

"Where are you from?" asked St. Peter.

"We 're both from Boston," replied one of the ladies.

"Well, you can come in," said St. Peter, "but you won't like it." A variation of the same anecdote is the story of a Boston woman who had passed within the gates and was taking her first look around.

"It is very nice," she exclaimed,—"very nice, indeed, but"—this with a sigh,—"it is n't Boston."

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What to Read Concerning Russia and Japan

MARTIN M. FOSS

IN a vague, indefinite way, the most of us think of Russia as a dark, bearded figure, looming above the barren steppes, with nihilists and bombs about, or treacherously stealing over the snow-clad, convict-packed reaches of Siberia, to the frozen shores of the Pacific, where the lands of others have slowly but steadily been stolen behind a mass of broken treaties and official lies. Japan, gay, picturesque, with mincing step and flowing gown, faultless in courtesy, excelling in flattery, shrewd in business, and unfailing in hospitality, occupies, in our minds, the dream islands of the Pacific. Illustrations and articles, since the war began, may have changed the mental pictures of many, but most of us follow the warring nations to-day with the childhood specters and fancies still with us. The temperaments of the two nations are important, but they are little understood. Indeed, until within a few years, there have been no calm, uncolored accounts of them.

Out of the avalanche of new and old books which the publishers have dumped upon the market in advance, even, of the inevitable "histories of the war," two stand out with remarkable sharpness. If only two could be saved, they would be enough for all but students. If these two could be read, there would be a change of ideas, a clarifying of visions, and a breaking of dream shells which, perhaps, would even change the national sentiment.

These books are "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, (Harper and Brothers, New York,) and "A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clement, published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. A bibliography of all the books on Russia and Japan, with the sidelights on China and Korea, would fill a page of this paper. The passing of them is not a condemnation of all. They are essential to a library, but not to an intelligent understanding. Senator Beveridge's book and Mr. Clement's "handbook" are both the results of personal observations of keen, well-balanced men. Both are sane and uncolored by traditional impressions.

▲ ▲

Senator Beveridge visited the countries of which he treats to take notes. He went there to observe, that he might write. He went as a statesman who knew the inner workings and political phases of the question, to understand more fully the Russian advance. It is only the first part of his book which justifies the present form of the title. "Russia and Her Advance" would be a title more fully descriptive, for it is only in the first part that he treats of Manchuria,—Russianized Manchuria, that is,—with studies of the men who organized and led the advance, and of the peasants who were transported,—of their thrift, efficiency, and wonderful accomplishments. The manner of this settlement,—so different from the pioneer process of our own western civilization,—the smooth, rapid work of perfect governmental management, and the indomitable courage of engineering feats mark an epoch in colonization. This part of the book, perhaps the best, is of the Russian advance.

The second part pictures the Russia that has advanced. The first part will lead to a clearer understanding of the war and its causes. The second will lead to a definite knowledge of the people which has undertaken and accomplished the astonishing work of the past few years. The book must not, however, be taken as a defense of Russia and her course. The industries, labor, and labor troubles, the farmer, the peasant, the independent peasant artisans, the social and governmental *régime*, and the commercial activity and possibilities are presented in a new light. Russia ceases to seem a nation of serfs and nihilists.

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One chapter, "The Soldier of the Russian Advance and the Soldier of Japan," written, as it was, a long time before the outbreak of the war, can not be overlooked. It will prove most astonishing to those who have been wont to view Russia's troops as slaves and brainless animals, and Japan's troops as a brilliant assemblage of old-time history, filled with daring,—the product alike of a feudal system and a Spartan-like training. Though marred by the high-pitched senatorial style, in many places, the book is, nevertheless, most pleasant reading. In no sense is it a prophecy, though full of shrewd speculation, and always the observation of a keen, intelligent American, traveling for impressions. It takes its place here because it shows admirably the how, the why, and the whence of the Russian advance.

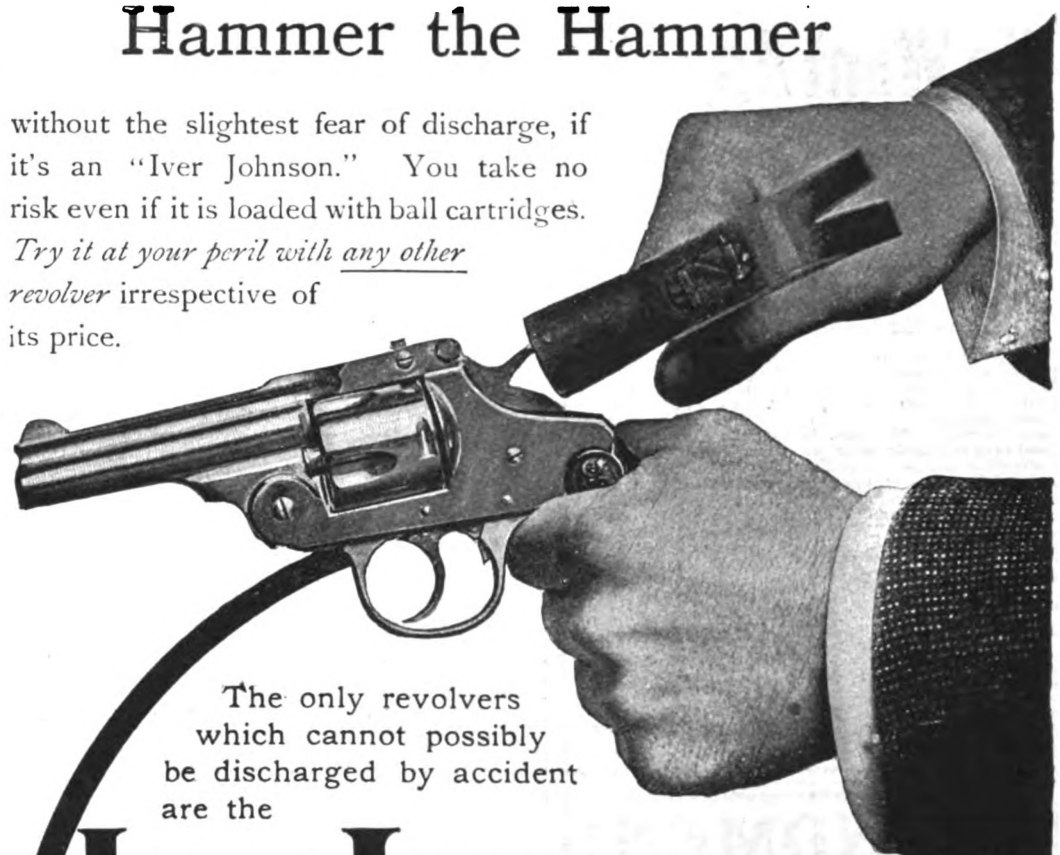
Mr. Clement's book is of a very different sort, yet is not less necessary to a clear understanding of Japan,—not the Japan of kimonos and *geishas*, the dream kingdom of the Pacific, but the Japan of to-day, fully evolved into a world power, and battling for her very national integrity against the overshadowing neighborliness of the Slav.

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Space forbids a detailed sketch of this book, though, indeed, hardly more than the table of contents need be given to show the magnificent scope. Primarily it is a handbook and must be approached as such. It treats the physiography of the islands, the people, old and new, the manners, customs, new ideals, philosophy, religion, art, architecture, and more fully and satisfactorily, the development of the present government, with the men who have made it. This part of the book, though hardly detailed enough for students of civil government, is treated in a most meaty manner. Then there are two rather over-condensed chapters on the history old and new. These might well have been expanded a little, if they were to be inserted at all, so that the book would stand for the average reader as "Japan." Yet with all the condensation the book flows along pleasantly and not too technically, giving the very why of the existence and *status* of the old and the new empire. There is feeling for the quaint past and sympathy with the possibilities of the future, yet there is, too, plentiful consciousness of the dangers and limitations of this future. Again we have a book by a

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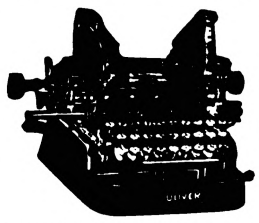
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So, too, for a more intelligent grasp upon the important temperamental antecedents of the nations, the history of the two countries should be read. For this, "The Story of Russia," by W. R. Morfill, and "Japan," by David Murray, both in the "Story of the Nations" series, (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York,) tell the history simply, accurately, and entertainingly. More voluminous histories are plentiful, but may well be saved for students.

▲ ▲

There are a few books besides which may not have a special value for an understanding of the present situation, but should be read, aside from this, as books of wonderful charm. Especially noteworthy among these are Lafcadio Hearn's books, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston. He has lived in Japan, though not a "Jap," and, though he writes most of the spirit that has passed, save in remote corners, he paints the pleasant island life and thought with a charm which is truly Japanese in its quality. Of these, the first and largest, "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," is, perhaps, the most widely known, but any of the smaller and less expensive volumes will be found full of a wonderful atmosphere.

Japan has appealed to so many men and women of sympathy and literary skill that dozens of books might deservedly be mentioned. Russia, too, presents a bibliography of appalling length. Yet the spirit and *motif* of Russia are more fully given in Senator Beveridge's book than in Mr. Clement's more practical and condensed volume. "All the Russias," by Henry Norman, (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,) is a book of wonderful comprehensiveness, as the title implies, and "Russian Life in Town and Country," in the admirable series, "Our European Neighbors," gives the social and industrial side. Two most interesting books, which have found many readers recently, and newly awakened interest, though hardly allied to the war, are "Japanese Physical Training," (Jiu-Jitsu,) by H. Irving Hancock, and "The Great Siberian Railroad," by M. M. Shoemaker. There is also on the market a book on "Japanese Physical Training for Women."

▼ ▼

Mrs. Cleveland Shops in Princeton

IT is said in Princeton that, if Mrs. Grover Cleveland had been a man, her equipment for a high place would have been as substantial as that of the ex-President. Besides the breadth of view, tact, and personal magnetism which have won her the respect and affection of all dwellers in the university town, she possesses a faculty which is an invaluable asset to a public man. She is celebrated in Princeton for her remarkable memory of names and faces.

At a recent afternoon assemblage at which she was one of the hostesses, a guest, who was a stranger in the town, was asked if she had ever met Mrs. Cleveland.

"Yes," she answered, "we chatted together for a moment once in New York, but it was seven or eight years ago. She's forgotten all about me, of course, and I shall have to be introduced again."

"Oh, no, you won't," replied her friend; "no one ever has to be introduced to Mrs. Cleveland twice."

The latter, after greeting the Princeton woman, turned to the visitor with a quick smile of recognition.

"Why, Mrs. ——," she exclaimed, hesitating not an instant for the name, "I am very glad to see you! Busy New York women don't come to visit us very often. You must n't forget to call on me."

Mrs. Cleveland had made another friend. Among her greatest admirers are the young men of the university.

"On my way to her house to ask her to be a patroness at an affair we were getting up," said a freshman, "I could n't help thinking how she had been the first lady of the land, had met most of the brainiest men of the country, and all that sort of thing, and I was in something of a flunk when I rang the doorbell. But after I had been talking with her for about fifteen seconds I felt as if I had known her for fifteen years."

A colony of millionaires has come into existence in Princeton within a recent period. A woman member of it who was striving for an inner place in the exclusive circle in which Mrs. Cleveland holds sway exclaimed to her, one day:—

"Princeton is a charming place, of course, Mrs. Cleveland, but it is so inconvenient to have to send away for any little thing. I have often noticed how prettily dressed your children are. Do you order their garments in New York or Philadelphia?"

"Why, in neither city," was the reply; "I get almost all of the children's things right around in Nassau Street."

Princeton women are proud of Mrs. Cleveland. In the philanthropic, church, and social activities of the town she is the prime mover. The qualities of leadership which distinguish the ex-President seem to be possessed in no less degree by his accomplished wife.

▼ ▼

Cave-measurement by upward Sounding

THE heights of several of the great domes of the Mammoth Cave have recently been measured by Dr. Horace C. Hovey, from below, by the use of small balloons attached to silk cords, thus exactly reversing the ordinary method of ascertaining depths by sounding. The balloons were of rubber, inflated with hydrogen to a diameter of about ten inches, and five were grouped together when used. The operation was facilitated by illuminating the balloons, as they rose, with powerful acetylene lights. The measurements were generally successful, although they were interfered with in some cases by air currents, and in others by low temperature and moisture, which shrank the balloons so that they would not rise. One of the "domes" measured was one hundred and fifty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

▼ ▼

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Bara-no-hana

L. DuPONT SYLE

[*Concluded from page 495*]

She laughed merrily. "Did you not come back when I called you, and on the anniversary of the very day you left us? Besides, the hawthorn-sprig you wore that dreadful night,—see, it is painted in your picture."

There was no answering this, so I remained silent awhile, and then resumed: "How soon do you think I shall be well enough to go away?"

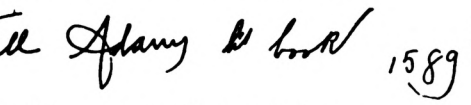
"Go away?" she cried, tearfully,—"never! When you went away before, you promised that when you returned you would never leave Bara-no-hana and your people again."

"Did I?" said I, "I don't remember very distinctly, it was so long ago."

"Yes," she replied, "you promised, and you wrote it down in your sacred book."

"Will you let me see that book?"

She went to a gold-lacquered cabinet that stood near my bedside, took from it something wrapped in several layers of perfumed silk, and, carefully unrolling these, disclosed a little, well-worn, leather-bound book. On the fly leaf I read, in a hand-writing almost as bad as Shakespeare's,—



On the title-page was this inscription,—

SONGS AND SONNETTES

written by the right honorable
LORDE HENRY HOWARD,
late Earle of Surrey,
and others.

Apud Richardum Tottel,
1557.
Cum priviligio.

"How came this to be your sacred book?" I asked.

"Ah, dear one," said she, "in these long years you have forgotten so much! This is the sacred book you loved to read in; this is the book from which you taught Bara-no-hana your language and so many beautiful prayers. I love best the one I prayed the night you came back; see,—here it is, and, on the same page, your promise."

Yes, there it was, on page 154. Just above the title, "*The ladye praieth the return of her lover,*" my worthy seafaring ancestor had written, "I will come back to Bara-no-hana, never will I leave her again, and she shall be my only lass."

"Do you remember my writing that?" asked I.

"I" she replied, surprised; "I was not born then, and the Bara-no-hana for whom you wrote that has long been dead. But there has always been a Bara-no-hana waiting for you."

"Indeed? How did you manage that!"

"When Bara-no-hana's eldest daughter came to age of twenty-five," she replied, "the noblest and handsomest young man in the valley was selected for her husband; when she died, her eldest daughter succeeded her and she was wedded in like manner; so there has always been a Bara-no-hana in this valley."

"And you?" said I, "are you married to the noblest and handsomest young man?"

"I shall not come of age for five years," said she, and then—with a pretty frown,—"I would never have married any one but you."

"Why not?" asked I.

"Because I knew you would come," she replied, simply. "I longed for it so! And are you not here?"

"I suppose so," said I. "You called your love and he did come."

"Of course," she replied, decisively. "You can never leave us again. Your people would never permit it."

"*My* people?"

"Yes; my people are your people, are they not?"

"To be sure; I forgot. And are you sure that



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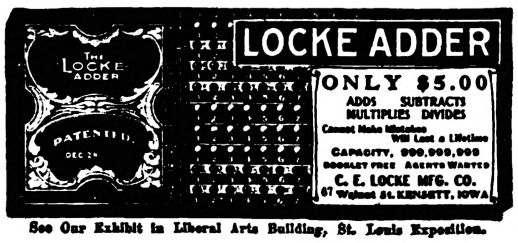
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after all these years they will welcome and obey me?"

"They are your slaves," she said.

* * * * * * *

The next year Count Motamiya visited me in the valley. First, I arranged the timber matter to his satisfaction, and then presented him to my lovely wife. He was pleased with her, of course, but not so much amazed at her loveliness as I had expected. This set me to thinking.

"Count," said I to him, after dinner the next day, "when you sent me here, were you as ignorant as I was of the fact that the Adams myth had developed into a religion in this valley?"

"Not entirely," confessed he.

"And about Bara-no-hana? Did you know that she was the most beautiful woman in all Japan?"

"I had a suspicion of it," said he, "and I knew that you were not unimpressionable."

"So things have come out just as you wanted them to, have n't they?"

"Precisely."

"But you deceived your friend," said I, with simulated reproach.

"For his own good," replied the minister, quickly, "and to deceive people for their own good seems to be the whole art of statesmanship."

The Song of the Common People

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

We are the common people, the hewers of wood and stone,
The dwellers in common places, mighty of brawn and bone,
Bearing the common burden that only the shirkers shun,
And doing the common duty that others have left undone.
Dubbed, by the few, plebeian, rabble or *proletaire*,
Ours is the hand that feeds them, ours is the prize they share,
And ours is the common blessing, free to the toilers all,
To win from the lowly valley unto the summits tall.

Common, and only common,—
This by the might of birth,—
Yet the world in its need leans on us,—
We are the kings of the earth.

We are the common people, and ours is the common clay
That a God deemed fit for using, when, in that olden day,
He took the dust of the Garden, the dust that His will obeyed,
Fashioned and formed and shaped it, and man in His image made;
And, seeing that God selected such clay for the human test,
And deeming His wisdom suffices to choose but the surely best,
We, who are common people and made of the common clay,
Leave to the proud uncommon to improve on the Maker's way.

Common, and only common,—
Tattered, sometimes, and frayed,—
We still are content with the pattern
That God in His wisdom made.

We are the common people, yet out of our might is wrought,
Ever, by God's own fiat, masters of mighty thought,
Men of that grand republic whose rulers walk alone,
Piercing the future's shadows, knowing what seers have known;
And, measured by these, the unco' are petty and wee and small,
Playing with gilded baubles, chattering, voluble all;
And these, our sons, surpass them as the hills o'ertop the glen,
For their great hearts throb to the world's long sob, and they are the saviors of men.

Common, and only common,
Hopelessly commonplace,
Yet out of our loins still issue
The saviors of the race.

The Origin and Development of Moral Traits

AN investigation into the inheritance of qualities, both mental and physical, has recently been made in England by Professor Karl Pearson. Inquiries about brothers and sisters show that when one of a pair deviates from the average, either above or below it, the other tends also to deviate in the same direction by half the amount. Both physical and moral qualities follow this law, and Professor Pearson believes that, as education can not originate a physical quality, so it can not originate a moral one, though it may develop or foster it. Education, he thinks, can not bring up the weak members of society to the level of the strong, either mentally or physically,—the only way to do this being "to alter the relative fertility of the good and bad stocks of the community." Directions for accomplishing this result, however, do not seem to be forthcoming.



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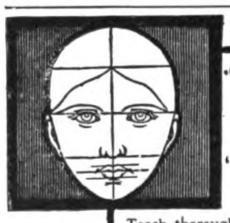
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As the colleges are annually turning out thousands of ardent and needy young practitioners, one would naturally suppose that many would have applied, and that the applicants would have taken the trouble to write suitable letters.

There were some five hundred answers to the advertisement, but, of all that number, not twenty were of such a quality as to warrant the president's further attention,—for it was the president of the concern who personally attended to the matter.

Day after day the mails brought in letters that were disappointing, deplorably remiss, and condemnatory of their writers' *prima facie*. The letters were illegibly scribbled on torn half sheets, some of them scrawled with lead pencil, some condescending, some dictatorial, impudent, and so on, while some obviously exploited their authors as men afraid of work.

The writers seemed incredibly slack and slovenly, and did not have the intelligence to give any specific account of themselves or to mention references.

Here are two or three specimens of the letters. One of the first was on a half sheet of blank note paper, scribbled with reprehensible carelessness, and it read, *verbatim:* "If you mean business, name time and place for personal interview. You must bear closest investigation and have best of references, financial and otherwise."

Another wrote in pencil: "Send me full particulars;" while yet another sent a list of questions which ought not to be asked by anyone willing to give honest endeavor for a good salary. Among the questions were: "Does salary include wood, coal, and lights?" "Would I be expected to do much horseback riding? If so, I do not care for it?" "If the winters are severe, let me know, as I am not partial to cold weather." "How many and what class of men do you employ? Would I have to look after their families?"

Others said that they would go for a month or six weeks and see how they liked it. Another waxed facetious and stated: "Answering your advertisement, would say that I 'm your man,—or, rather, that my wife and I am."

Still another wrote: "I can not stay long in one place. Wanderlust is my disease, and I like excitement and adventure and want to go where there is a chance for a scrap."

I was present when three of the most careful correspondents called, and was interested, for I knew that the offer might prove the chance of the chosen man's life.

Number One had not been out of medical college quite long enough, for he bristled with sophomoric wisdom and affected a tired *blasé* air that made me want to shake him. He pushed his hat on the back of his head, lolled far back in the chair, and swung one leg over the arm. He volunteered the interesting information that he had attended a big dinner the night before, had imbibed too much champagne, and was still suffering from the effects of it. In reply to a question about his references, he said he could give plenty more, but was too tired to think just then and would "drift in" in a day or two. He lit two cigarettes and tried languidly to swing the conversation into a general channel. All this was done to occupy the business time of a thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year president, who was overcrowded with work of every description. The youth was told not to trouble himself further in the matter.

The next applicant was shown in, and, while he seemed a clever young man, and, in many respects, very desirable, his face bore traces of alcoholism, which made it necessary for a very searching investigation as to his habits to be made, unknown to him. This investigation proved that he had a fondness for strong waters which precluded his selection, for all corporations insist upon men of temperance and good character.

The third to enter was a young man, shabby, but with a clean, well-cut face, and bright kindly eyes, who answered all questions frankly and fully. This applicant had sent credentials, which had been verified, and was engaged in putting the finishing touches upon an edifice which he had already well builded.

The conversation became fairly lengthy, and the president, a shrewd, quick man,—a past master in the art of "sizing-up" people, finally said that, if the applicant would come before the board of directors the next Wednesday, he could practically consider the position as his.

The young man hesitated a little, flushed, and then said that, as his home was in ——, he could not raise the money for the trip and had experienced considerable difficulty in coming this time. In spite of his threadbare appearance he rose to the situation in most manly fashion, and explained the reason of his temporarily dire poverty.

Now this search was for a man and not for the clothes he wore, so he was told to draw on the company for his return expenses, to be refunded out of his salary if definitely engaged. He was selected, and is doing well in the position.

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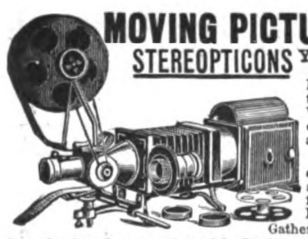
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Our Little Brother in Japan

How "Success" Inspired an Energetic Young Japanese Journalist to Start a Magazine along Similar Lines



S. MURAKAMI,
Editor of the Japanese "Success," ("Seiko")

FOR some months a magazine has been coming from Tokyo to the SUCCESS office, as an exchange, of which only a word or two could be read, for its vertical lines of type are all in complicated Japanese characters. Portraits adorn its pages, and among them are familiar faces. Edison looks from one cover design (our back cover,) and Bismarck from another. McKinley, Roosevelt and Carnegie are interspersed among scholarly and keen-looking Japanese. Presidents Faure and Loubet, of France, Messrs. Gladstone and Chamberlain, of England, Herr Krupp, of Germany, and Alfred Jones, of Africa, show that the editor's scope is world-wide and his purpose akin to that of this magazine. Some titles taken at random from different numbers show still more clearly that this is, indeed, a Japanese "Success," or, in its own idiom, "Seiko." Such titles are: "Men of Self-reliance, (a poem,) "The Elements of Spiritual Discipline," "Weaknesses of Our Young Men," "The New Year and Optimism," "The Career of Hon. H. Kono, Speaker of the House of Commons," "D. Funatsu, the Grand Man of the Agricultural World," "Young Men and Hero Worship," "The Bride of Admiral Dewey," "Reading and Discipline," "Success of the Crippled," "Some Hints as to the Selection of Banks," "Causes of Divorce," "The Art of Decoration," and "Maxims of Success for Business Men." The contributors are professors in the various schools and universities of Japan, doctors, or literary men known in their own country. A recent number has part of Dr. Marden's editorial on "The Value of Friends," his portrait, and a letter written by him to the Japanese editor, S. Murakami, in both English and Japanese. In fact, this Japanese "Success," though connected in no business way with SUCCESS, is, in a way, its child.

The editor, writing to Dr. Marden, says:—

"I am doing, with my associates, all I can to soak the young men of New Japan with such healthy views and advices as are embodied and extolled in your works, and naturally sometimes we are, and will be, obliged, with great advantage and much delight, to borrow some of the things written in your papers and works, and this I would with your acknowledgment."

Mr. Murakami has had a most romantic struggle to get into his chosen work, and he has kindly written, in his own interesting phraseology, the story of his life and that of his beloved magazine, as follows:—

A Sketch of the Career of "Seiko"

SHUNZO MURAKAMI

[Editor and founder]

IN order to give you a fair idea of our "Seiko" and its career, although of very short duration, I should be allowed to depart a little from the fine rules of modesty, and give you a glimpse of my own life.

Thirteen years ago, I was a law student at one of the law colleges in Tokyo, the densely populated capital of Japan, to which the eyes of the whole world are now being turned, "digging" at Blackstone, Anson, Underhill, etc. Though, in my own opinion, I had given more time to study than most of my fellow students, somehow I was not very successful, nor have I ever been able to devote my whole heart and soul to legal intricacies. Then days of misery and despondency followed. My life was barely begun, yet already a shadow of failure was stealing on! But every cloud has its silver lining. One day, while in this state of mind, I happened to pass by a stationer's, where I picked up a collection of essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson. They were a little too hard reading for my knowledge of English, but at once I began to grapple with them. Among many other strong paragraphs, one acted upon me like an inspiration, or words falling from heaven. Overwhelmed with joy, I read this collection over and over again, and very soon I became a devoted admirer of the Sage of Concord. Finding that I had been ignoring that old injunction, "*Nosce te ipsum*," and that, in my case, the French saying, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," does not apply, I made up my mind to give up my legal studies and follow what my nature points to. I always had a burning desire to live a writer's life, so I resolved to take up my pen. But here a trouble arose. To quit the study of law would have been against the wish of my father. So I determined to paddle my own canoe, and accordingly declined any further support from home. Thenceforth I was to turn over a new leaf, and become self-supporting. I was penniless and alone, amidst the dust and busy hum of the great Japanese capital, and I pulled a "jinrikisha" to make my living. But what little time I had, I busied myself in the public library or with teachers of Japanese literature. Several months passed in this way, when my father, half angered and half disgusted with me, and perhaps somewhat anxious because his unworthy and unruly son had been left to himself to sink or swim, came out to the metropolis to take me home. I can well imagine what a sting of pride my poor father felt when he saw his son crouching in the low attic of a jinrikisha men's house! But all his lectures and persuasion were but as a wink to a blind horse. The one, however, most concerned over my condition was my poor mother, and she was very anxious indeed. After a while one of my brothers was sent to Tokyo, and, at length, in the hope of explaining myself to her and of receiving her consent, I hurried home. To my disappointment, I was forbidden to leave again. Shortly afterwards, my father falling ill, I had, *bon gré, mal gré*, to perform agricultural drudgery and look after his interests.

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The publication office of the Japanese "Success" in Tokyo

For six years I had to make the most I could out of this monotonous rural life, unable to realize my hope and desire.

One day I was sent to Tokyo on an errand, and there I picked up a book entitled "Bismarck's Table Talk." Returning home with it, at once I set myself at work to translate it into Japanese. Fortunately this first literary attempt met with success, and its good reception by the public was marked by doubling its edition in a short time. This worked my scholastic salvation. My parents began to have some faith in me, and thought that their son might yet realize his wild dreams. Permission to try my fortune was granted by my poor father, then still on a sick bed, and I hastened to the busy capital to see what I could do with my pen and my wits in the great center of learning and home of the wildest dreams and enterprises of the wildest dreamers of the empire. Soon I came to be known to Mr. Matsushima, publisher of the well known and influential magazine for young men, "Gakuso Yodan." He paid me a great compliment by intrusting to me the editing of this magazine. Ah, at length I had entered into the first stage of that long-desired life,—the life of an editor! What a joy it was to me to imagine myself striking into an El Dorado of literature!

If I make myself ridiculous in describing the events of these years, apparently pertaining to my own life, at full length, it is because the present "Seiko" ("Success,") of ours was an outcome of the experiences and impressions gained and formed through these years. All this while, at every turn and step, I had been learning and convincing myself that, if we fail to grasp at the secret of getting on in life, all our efforts and struggles will be of very little value. If we obey not our own nature,—that is, our natural disposition or inclination, we are very likely to be fooled in our hopes. In its better and higher sense, "*Chacun à son goût*" should be made our motto. Before determining the course to be pursued, it is rather safer for us to take a thought and look into ourselves a little closely. Through the magazine whose editorship had been intrusted to me I made every effort to warn young men in regard to these points.

Just about this time, there came a bright light which shot its rays into my eyes. This, you may well imagine, was the American SUCCESS, found on the table at the home of Mr. Matsushima, then my "boss." Upon perusal, I found this magazine, then a weekly, to be not only very interesting, but also very instructive,—indeed, inspirational! It was full of useful articles and remarks, very practical, for young men,—not only directing us to form our ambition and plan of life according to our natural inclinations and endowments, but also leading us to cultivate an enterprising and self-reliant spirit, and teaching the secret of success and the best methods of self-discipline. In short, it showed us a strong manhood. What an inspiration, what a joy did I feel! Here an idea took possession of me,—to start a magazine on a similar plan and with like aim and spirit for the youths of my country also, a magazine of so much help and inspiration to her young men! With this idea, I undertook to effect a great change and reformation in the "Gakuso Yodan." But the will and orders of the publisher stood in the way to baffle me, and rendered it very hard to realize my sanguine hopes. So, at last, I made up my mind to start a magazine, all by myself, published under my direction; and accordingly I left the staff on which I was then employed.

It was not very long before the present magazine, that has the honor of bearing the same name (in its meaning,) as yours, "Seiko," was to make its appearance on the bookstands and news-racks of stationers. Preparations were at length completed, and the first edition (number,) came out on the tenth of October, 1902. Contrary to my expectation, for I was fully prepared to meet any failure, "Seiko" proved to be true to its title, and met with a good reception from the start, and not only received very friendly comments and commendations from men of position and influence, but also came to be deemed the best companion of youths. To-day, although only a little over a year has passed since its first appearance, it is doubled in its circulation, and stands among the foremost of the magazines in its class in the empire. In behalf of our readers, I ask Dr. Marden to accept our deepest gratitude and thanks for showing us the prototype and pattern that brought about the birth of our "Seiko."

My earnest desire and hope is to increase the circulation of our magazine and reach out to as many young men as possible, and fill them with the spirit and principle of "Seiko." Also it is among my plans to found such an organization among our readers and young men as is your Success Club, and to have a hall, or chapel, in this capital, turning it into an arena for speeches and lectures connected with "Seiko," encouraging

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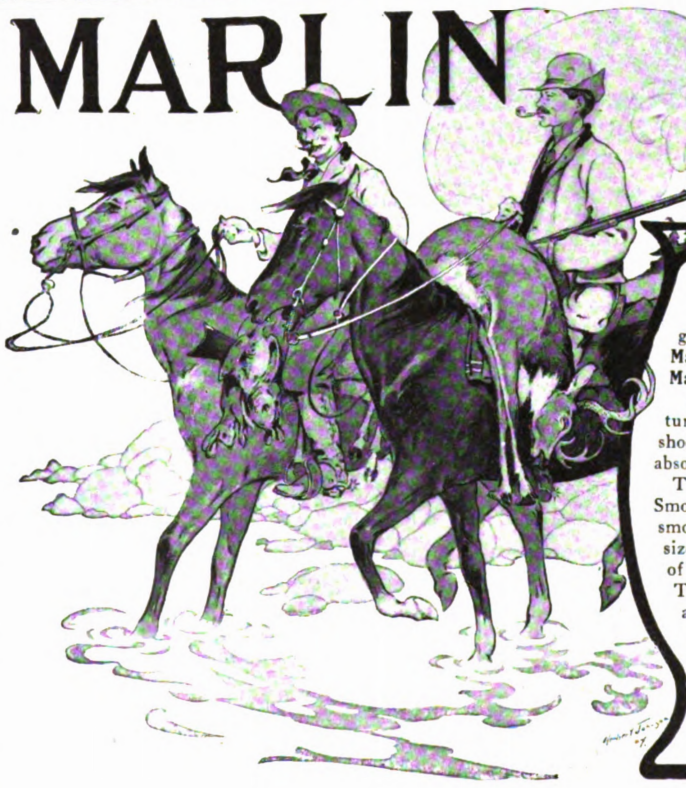
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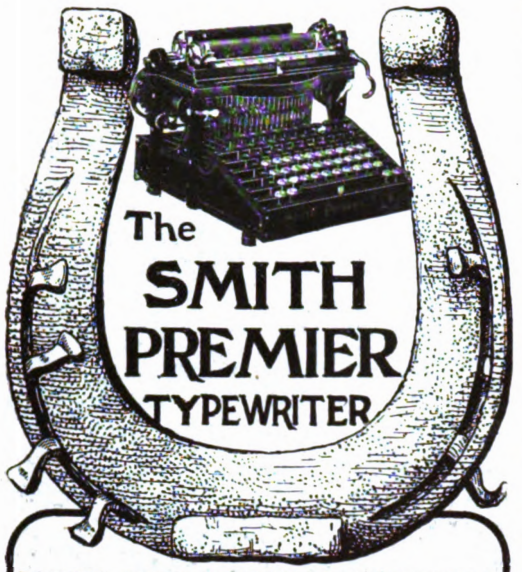
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The editor and his associates in a corner of their "sanctum." A picture of Washington hangs on the wall

our young men to be honest, good, self-helping, and enterprising, —sound-minded and optimistic. I shall ever endeavor, with all my might, to save our young people from the negative and pessimistic turn of oriental minds,—to pull their faces crosswise and not lengthwise; and, if possible, to embrace our Chinese and Corean neighbors of kindred institutions within our sphere of bracing air, and help them to be bathed in the sunshine of civilization. In closing this sketch, let me extend to the readers of SUCCESS, on the Western Continent, the best wishes of our "Seiko," from the Far East, and let us join our sentiments and aspirations in the following verse from Kemble:—

A sacred burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Speaker Cannon's Deal in Overcoats

C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

JOSEPH G. CANNON, speaker of the house of representatives, is not as careful about the details of his dress as some other members of congress. Since his elevation to his present position he has paid more attention to his apparel than he did when he was merely one of the many on the floor, but even now he forgets sometimes to the extent of leaving a few inches of waistcoat unbuttoned or a cravat crawling up to his ear instead of keeping under his chin. A few days before congress adjourned, he appeared in a brand new suit, the fit and general style of which indicated the work of a finished and up-to-date tailor. This had the effect of reviving a story of the old days when he did not even dream, perhaps, of occupying the seat made notable by Crisp and Reed. "Uncle Joe," as he is familiarly called, has always been economical, and firmly believes that a dollar saved is a dollar earned. One of his methods of laying up money along these lines used to be to buy ready-made clothing and to pay not more than fifteen dollars for a suit or an overcoat. The result was sometimes too marked to be altogether acceptable to the members of his family, and ultimately his daughters worked out a plan which they thought would solve all the various problems involved. The scheme was simply to go to the clothing store where their father traded, deposit a certain sum of money with the proprietor, and instruct him to bring out his best stock when his distinguished customer called, but to say or do nothing that would give him a hint that the clothing displayed for his inspection was not his favorite fifteen-dollar grade. Then, if he chanced to select a suit worth forty-five dollars, he paid his fifteen dollars, and the remaining thirty dollars was taken from the amount deposited by his daughters. All went well until some of the neighbors were let into the secret. One day "Uncle Joe" came proudly down the street wearing a handsome new overcoat for which he had just paid fifteen dollars, but for which the storekeeper had also deducted an additional thirty-five dollars from the trust fund. A friend who had become acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the deal met him and expressed excessive admiration for the new garment.

"Yes, it's a fine coat," said Mr. Cannon. "Only cost me fifteen dollars, too."

"You don't say!" was the friend's response. "Why, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it!"

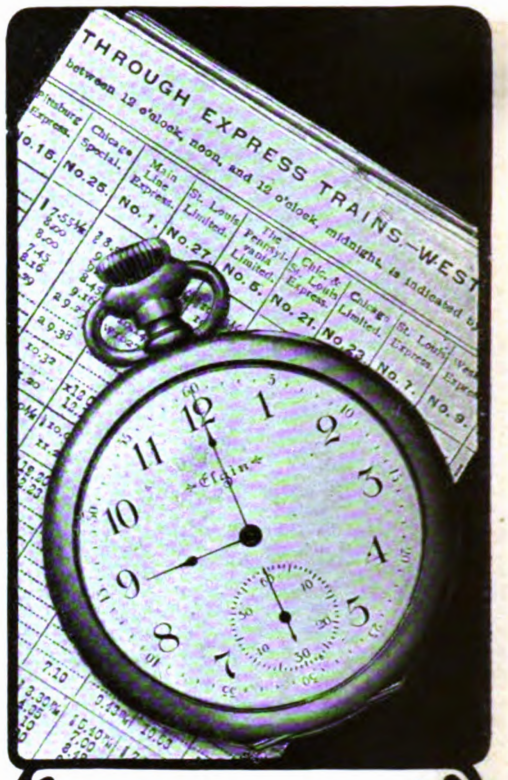
"Uncle Joe" thought a moment, remembered that while at the store he had seen several coats exactly like his, which the salesmen had told him were held at the same price, and then, not being averse to picking up ten dollars with so little effort, said, "I'll go you."

The exchange was quickly effected. While walking on toward his office, "Uncle Joe" met one of his daughters. She scolded him for exposing himself to the weather without an overcoat, and, thereupon, he told her the story of his recent deal. Then he sauntered on to the store and purchased another coat like the first for fifteen dollars.

"You don't know your business," he said to the tailor, as he related the sale of the first garment; "you're selling these coats too cheap."

"I think you'd make a better tradesman than politician," said the tailor, in reply.

But the grizzled old wielder of the nation's gavel did not see the joke until, some time later, his daughter told him the secret.



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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

What Is the Matter with Your Stenographer?

PERHAPS she is discouraged because you always find fault with her when she makes a mistake, but never think of encouraging her when she does well. Have you ever tried the magic effect of praise, or of appreciation? Can you expect her to be completely absorbed in your business, and always on the alert to advance your interests, when you are indifferent to her advancement and do not show the slightest interest in her welfare?

Many a stenographer would rather have a little more appreciation of her work, or a word of praise and encouragement now and then, than a little more salary, which you did not give because you wanted to, but because you were afraid that some one else would get her away from you.

Have you never noticed that some men always have good stenographers who take an interest in their business, even when they do not take unusual pains in selecting them? Have you never noticed that some housewives never seem to have any trouble with their servants, while others are constantly complaining about theirs, and declaring that they find it impossible to get a good servant? Where does the responsibility lie? Have you ever stopped to think that the secret of good service is in the employer? Did you ever consider that it is merely human nature for an employee to return in kind the treatment that he receives from his employer?

Some employers never have good help, simply because they are so mean and contemptible themselves. They radiate such a cramped, fault-finding, pessimistic atmosphere that nobody can do good work in it. As far as they can, they crush the enthusiasm and spontaneity out of their employees. Instead of making work a joy, or a voluntary service, they make of it drudgery, or unwilling bondage. Is it any wonder such people can not secure good help?

Growling as a Habit

THERE are business men who get so into the habit of finding fault with everything and growling at everybody that it becomes second nature with them. If they happen to see anything out of place, or if something is not done just as they wish it done, instead of quietly calling attention to it, they yield to the first hasty impulse to scold and growl and find fault, until they make everybody about them uneasy.

As far as remedying the defects of which it complains is concerned, this constant growling is a complete failure, for every employee soon finds out that it is a habit, and after a while pays no attention to it, and is in no way affected by it, except that it embarrasses him when criticised or scolded before others. In the end it really tends to make him more careless and indifferent.

The effect of the growling habit on those who indulge in it is much more disastrous. It has ruined many a naturally good disposition and soured the whole life. It is a fatal leak in one's mental reservoir by which a great deal of his vitality is drained off. It never did and never will accomplish anything but harm. It is as impossible for growling or scolding or perpetual fault-finding to do good as it is for harmony to come from discord. It does nothing but create discord, and no good can come from discord of any kind any more than it can come from hatred, revenge, or jealousy.

A growler does little else in the world except to fling dark shadows into some one's sky, to cut off his sunlight, to thrust ugliness before his eyes, to mar his harmony, and to destroy his own peace of mind. He does not believe in saying kind things, or in praising or encouraging any one. He thinks that when things go wrong the only way to set them right is to scold and criticise and find fault. It is as foolish to expect to set wrong right in this way as it would be for a fireman to expect to put out a fire by pumping kerosene oil upon it through his hose.

The American Motto,—"Get There"

IF we may judge by its effects on those who obey its command, our slang motto—"Get there,"—is not an elevating or ennobling one. On the contrary, it is brutalizing. It appeals to the lower and not to the higher instincts in man.

Yet this motto is quoted all over our land. It is demoralizing the law; it is creeping into the pulpit; it speaks from our schools; it looks out of the eyes of the ambitious; it undermines health; and it frequently destroys all nobility of character.

The old-fashioned, slow and sure methods of attaining a competency are tabooed. The man who spends half a lifetime in making a fortune is regarded as "slow." Short-cut processes, at any cost, are the demand of the hour. From the time a boy enters school, he is goaded on by unnatural ambitions. He is not satisfied with steady, permanent growth. He must progress by leaps and bounds. Boys and girls are encouraged by their parents to get ahead in their classes, even if they must burn midnight oil and risk their health in order to do so.

Business and professional men are so accustomed to "hurry-up" methods and forcing processes that they find it impossible to relax even after business hours. They want to be on lightning express trains all the time. They can not enjoy their evenings at home. They are uneasy; their minds are continually on the alert. Constantly living at high pressure, they have lost the power to slow down. Indeed, the modern business man is like a horse which has been trained to run on a track. He is not willing to trot or walk, but must run all the time as if for dear life.

It is pitiable to watch a typical American going to business in the morning. He is not content to sit quietly and relax until the train carries him to his destination in the city. Long before that he leans forward in his seat, and makes ready to leap off while the train is moving.



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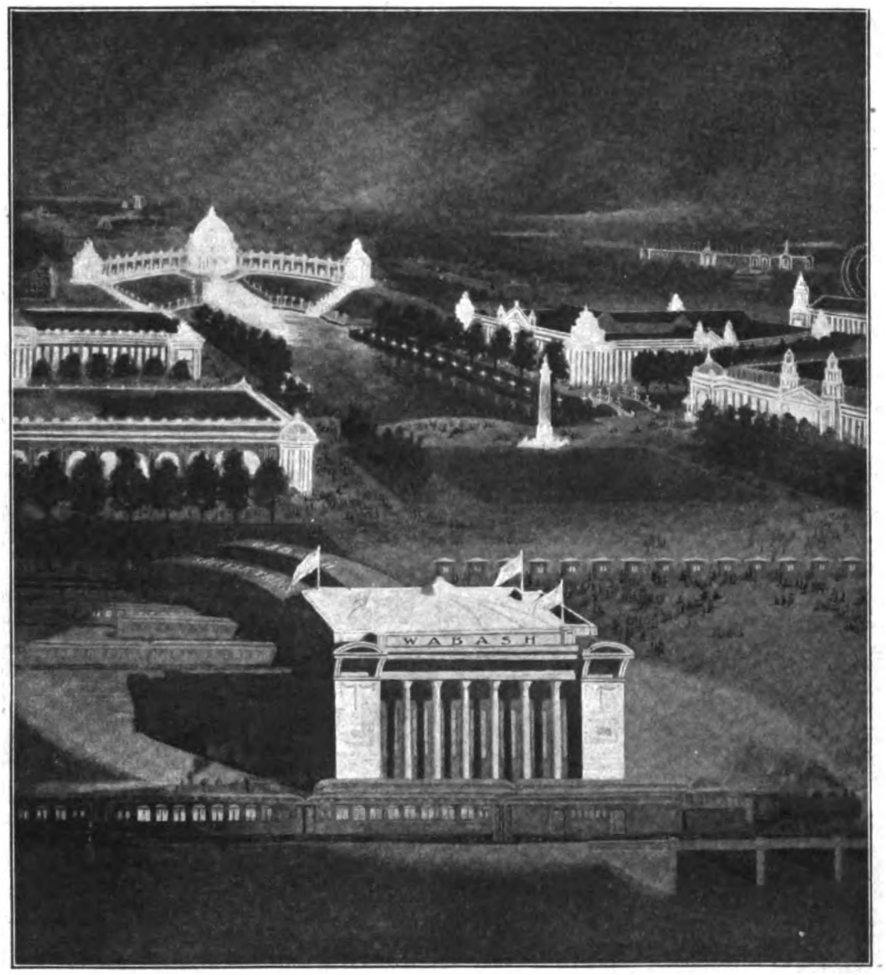
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With every muscle tense, an anxious, worried expression in his face, and a nervous twitching of the hands, clutching his cane, umbrella, parcel, or the back of the seat in front of him, he wastes enough energy and strength before he reaches his office to execute the labor of half the day.

The same feverish intensity and anxious haste are seen in restaurants, at lunch counters, on the streets, and wherever men and women are intent on business. Yet these people wonder why they are so exhausted at night! They do not realize that every muscle and every nerve in their bodies have been draining off their reserve energy all day, squandering vitality as the leaks in a dam steal the reserve power which would have ground a grist, sawed lumber, or woven cloth had it been forced through the mill wheel.

The life of the average American is feverish, unhealthy, and unnatural. We are in too great haste with everything, and, consequently, lack poise. In the perpetual rush to "get there" we are in very great danger of losing our equilibrium.

Even boys and girls are trying to be leaders. They want to do something unusual,—something that will bring them into publicity, and get their names and photographs into the papers. An average student is eager to lead his class, not because he loves knowledge much, but because he loves distinction more. A young clergyman overworks in an effort to be popular. A lawyer becomes prematurely old in trying to keep pace with his practice. A man of affairs keeps himself loaded down with responsibilities, with directorships and memberships in a score of institutions until a paralytic stroke, or heart failure, puts an end to his abnormal activities.

Old age is overtaking men and women in middle life. Under our forcing system people hardly reach full growth before they begin to show signs of decay. What a travesty on life it is to see aged men and women in their thirties and forties!

This pushing and crowding, jamming and elbowing, and rushing at express speed from day to day, from the nursery to the grave, is not life; it is a race for death.

▲ ▲

Would You Carry Youth into Age?

Expect a good long, useful life.

Hold young thoughts persistently.

Simply refuse to grow old by counting your years or anticipating old age.

Refrain from all kinds of stimulants and sedatives; they will shorten your life.

One of the best preventives of age is enthusiasm and interest in affairs of the day.

Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Nature is the great rejuvenator; her spirit is ever young. Live with her; study her; love her.

Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Contemplate beauty in all its forms and you will drive everything that is ugly out of your life.

Keep mental cobwebs, dust, and brain ashes brushed off by frequent trips to the country, or by travel.

Don't allow yourself to think, on your birthday, that you are a year older, and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything. a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Be a child; live simply and naturally, and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age-furrows prematurely to the face.

Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to overeating, to eating the wrong things, and to irregular eating.

Don't be too ambitious: the canker of an over-vaulting ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life and shortened its years.

Throw aside your dignity, and romp and play with children. make them love you by loving them, and you will add years to your life.

Think beautiful thoughts,—harmony thoughts, beauty thoughts, truth thoughts, thoughts of innocence, of youth, of love, and of kindness.

Associate a great deal with young people; take a lively interest in their hopes and ambitions, and enter into their sports with enthusiasm.

Cultivate placidity, serenity, and poise,—mental and physical. Do not allow anything to throw you off your balance. A centered life is a long life.

Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Keep busy: idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvelous youth preservers.

Put some beauty into your life every day by seeing beautiful works of art, beautiful bits of scenery, or by reading some noble poem or prose selection.

Never compare yourself with others of the same age, or think that you must appear as old as they because you have marked the same number of years.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weathers; walk, ride, row, swim, or play; but, whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth fill your life with it.

Eat plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables in summer, and cut down your meat diet. Drink a liberal allowance of pure water at all times, but not ice water.

Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

Avoid anger, discord, hurry, or anything else that exhausts vitality or over-stimulates; whatever frets, worries, or robs you of peace or sleep will make you prematurely old.

Refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by the suggestion of age limitation. Age is a mental state, brought about by mental conviction. You are only as old as you feel.

Form a habit of throwing off, before going to bed at night, all the cares and anxieties of the day,—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.

Age is conservative. Keep your mind open to truth and receptive to all that is broadening and ennobling by reading and thinking, and your sympathies alive and generous by taking a warm interest in the lives and welfare of others.

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The March of Empire

Why Do the Great Migrations of Mankind Move always with the Sun?

GARRETT P. SERVISS

CAN science explain why the course of empire lies westward? Of the fact, as a general proposition, there can be no question. There is nothing more evident in human history than the westward tendency of the great migrations of mankind, as well as of the spirit of conquest and the genius of civilization, which seem to flit from race to race and from nation to nation, kindling new fires as the old die out, almost invariably toward the west, as if the sparks were borne by a constant wind against the direction of the earth's rotation on its axis. The earth turns from west to east, but man, within the historic period, has gone round the earth from east to west.

The Russo-Japanese war serves to emphasize this tendency by the sudden rise of a great power on the western shore of the Pacific Ocean. The astonishing Americanization and Europeanization of Japan, at least in its outward characteristics, appear as results of the catching in combustible material of the sparks that have blown westward across the Pacific from the mental conflagration which spread from Europe to America in the track of Columbus, and which burns higher and brighter and with a quicker flame the further it progresses.

Whether this is the first time that the globe has been encircled in a similar manner history does not inform us, because its records do not extend far enough into the past to include more than a simple cycle of the westward march of empire. There are indications of the former existence on this continent of a civilization of vast antiquity, which might be thought to mark some forgotten round of the spirit of progress, completed at a period so remote that nearly all its vestiges have disappeared.

If only the settlement of America from Europe were concerned, it would be easy to account for the westward tendency in question, on the ground that this continent was virtually an unoccupied wilderness, filled with the most tempting riches, and containing only scattered tribes of savages and barbarians, at the time of Columbus's voyages, and that its rapid occupation by men of the Caucasian race, and of civilized habits and needs, flocking from the crowded countries of Europe, was an inevitable result arising out of the situation.

But a glance at the history of the Old World shows that the westward tendency has always existed. Every great overflow of peoples, and, with temporary exceptions, every sweep of conquest and of colonization, has been in general toward the west.

The torch of civilization, dimmed or extinguished again and again, has every time been relighted further westward. Once it shone in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Mankind still occupies those valleys, but only in the form of an exhausted race, like the ashes and cinder heaps that fire leaves when it has turned out all the combustible elements. The torch was reillumined, with blinding splendor, in Greece, and Greece handed it on to Rome, and Rome passed it northward at first, recoiling from the ocean. But when all Western Europe had caught the flame it was able to leap the Atlantic. How with the speed of a prairie fire it has raced westward across our continent, scarcely delayed for a moment by one of the mightiest mountain barriers on the earth, we all know.

There is something in this burning spirit which seems to suck vitality out of the race, or the nation, wherein for a time it glows. Every great empire that possessed it has fallen, and after every such fall has come obscurity where once was a blaze of light. Compare the Greece of to-day with the Greece of Pericles!

What is left of the power and majesty of Rome? They are still in the world, transformed, but no longer centered in Italy, which lies like the trunk of a blasted, yet still living oak.

Spain held the torch for a brief century. England has carried it for a much longer time, but it is escaping from her hand, and passing westward across the Atlantic. She extended her conquests eastward to India, it is true, but only toward the west has real civilization accompanied her.

Russia stands at present as the one notable example of vast eastward expansion, but her progress in that direction has been forced by the combined opposition of jealous and fearful Europe, and is not the expression of her real tendency, which obeys the general law and looks to the setting sun. It is unnecessary to multiply these examples, of which history is full. But how shall we explain them?

Remembering the subtle ways in which the influences of nature affect the human spirit, shall we say that, possibly, the direction of the earth's rotation may play a master part in this psychological phenomenon? If we travel westward round the earth, we lengthen the day; if we travel eastward, we shorten it. The rising sun swiftly banishes the dawn and seems to approach us; the setting sun recedes and leaves its reflection and its promise lengthening behind. It is on the latter that our eyes linger. "The footsteps of retiring day" draw our spirits after them. Under the sunset lies the land of gold that is the magnet of the imagination. Man sees all the constellations marching constantly toward the west; the heavens revolve westward,—why should not he follow the sun and the stars?

But all this will appear to many readers as lacking logical force and connection. They will prefer to think that the explanation of the westward tendency of empire and civilization is to be found in the fact—if it be a fact,—that the human race originated in Asia, and expanded westward because that way, upon the whole, lay the line of least resistance.

But to this it may be replied: "How then does it happen that, while the western shores of Europe have poured their millions across the sea, the eastern shores of Asia have witnessed no such enterprises, known no Cabots or Columbuses, and experienced no regeneration, until at length, in our day, the restless spirit has come to them, not from the interior of their own continent, but from across the broad Pacific, as if returning to its original home after having encircled the globe?"



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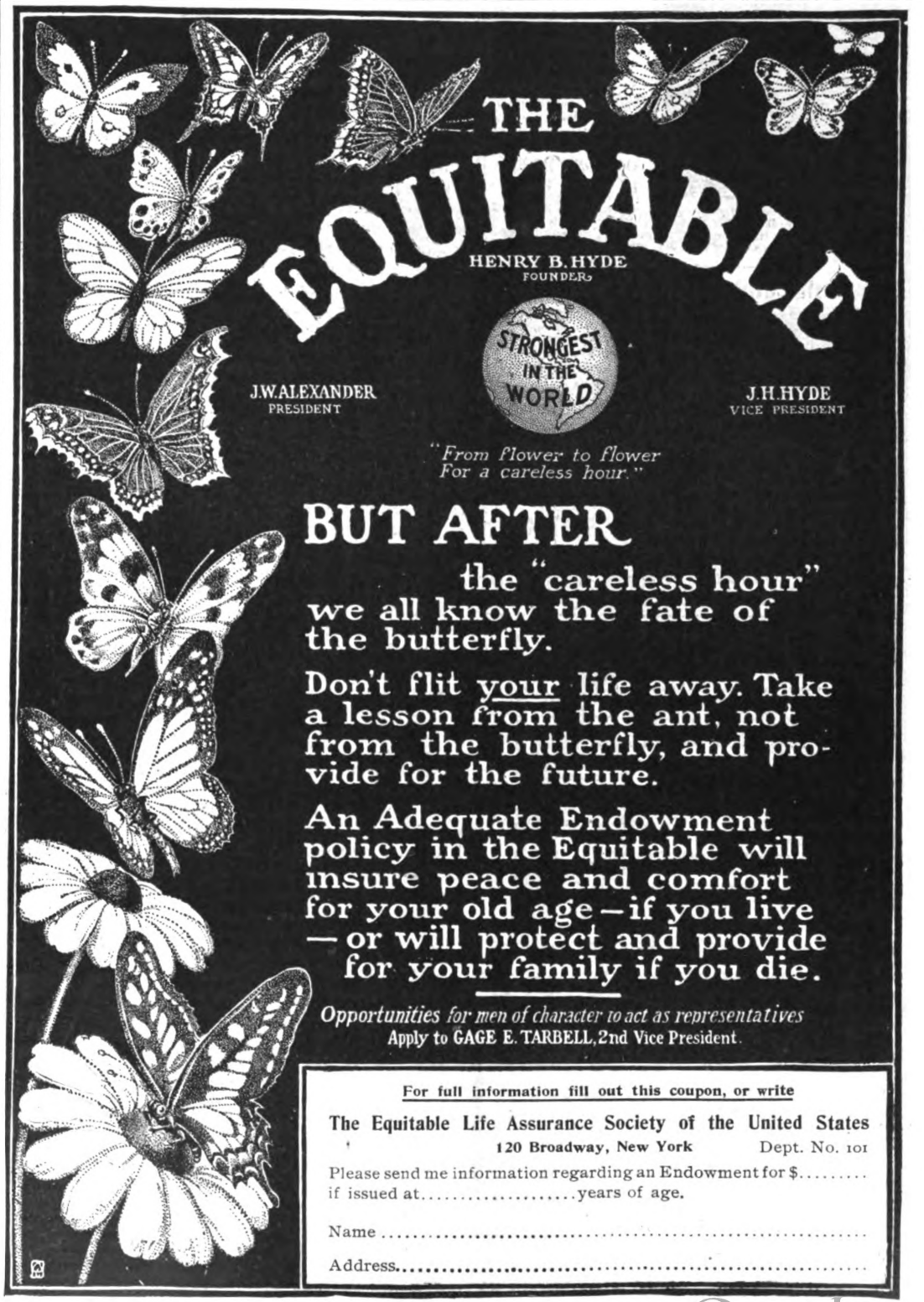
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Colorado's Civil Contest

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[*Concluded from page 503*]

Colorado National Guard was but little better than a corps of tin soldiers. This is due almost solely to the internal military diplomacy and tact, backed by tireless energy and iron determination of Sherman Bell. If the same qualities had extended beyond military affairs, Colorado would, to-day, not be where she is; but if a weaker, less honest, less fearless, but more tactful man had been in command, Colorado would surely be worse off. Although cursed by the strikers, he is almost the only power standing between them and the mine owners. General Bell deported miners whom the mine owners wanted to lynch, and would have lynched, except that General Bell gave open orders to shoot the first mine owner who attacked a union miner. Although General Bell has deported many of the miners, not a single one has been lynched. The deported men can charge General Bell with forcing them to leave the state but to him they owe their lives. In Sherman Bell's honesty, bravery, and military effectiveness, I believe as strongly as I do in that of Admiral Dewey,—but in civil affairs he is misled, as was Grant in banking and Dewey in politics.

The "bull pen," as I have said, is not the Andersonville that the strikers describe. It is the Mining Exchange, a large, clean, building, cheaper, but much like any other exchange. The imprisoned strikers had to sleep on the floor, and had two sandwiches and two cups of coffee at each meal. They were treated the same way as their guards. For false public effect these not uncomfortable conditions have been, by the labor element, distorted into all kinds of inhuman treatment, but the facts are that the arrested men were as well treated in the "bull pen" and on the deporting trains as could have been desired by their friends or by the prisoners themselves, except in some cases when some of the supposed members of the "inner circle" were threatened with noosed ropes, and, in at least several instances, when some men were hung up by their thumbs in order to secure a possible confession concerning the platform explosion. These inhuman acts were done in spite of General Bell's orders to the contrary, although there is little doubt that they were winked at by men under his command.

The working of private vengeance, the abuse of power individually for personal ends, has been one of the worst features of the Colorado situation. Among men long associated in growing bitterness, suddenly divided into intensely partisan, opposite sides, such settlements of private feuds can not be prevented. It has always been the one thing that makes civil war more hateful than foreign war, and in Colorado it is not anarchy, but civil war. These conditions are not confined to Colorado alone: they are worse in some other places. Of late I have seen something of the inside political and business conditions in St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, some with my own eyes and some through the eyes of others, and the present Colorado outbreak is ripening, ripe and over-ripe in many another state and city east of the Rocky Mountains. The Colorado trouble is not settled, it is just beginning. At present each side is drifting farther apart and growing more bitter. Business in Denver during the past year has fallen off fifty per cent.

I have tried to give the cold facts in this article without favor, but with charity for each side. It will be noticed, probably, the lack of personal names herein, but this has been necessary, for most of my information has been given to me in personal confidence under pledge not to use names. Otherwise, this article would cost many a man in Colorado his job or his business, for many a one has given me information against his own side in private that he dare not state openly. Food and shelter for a man's wife and little ones come first, and in Colorado many a man there is compelled to take sides against his own private convictions.

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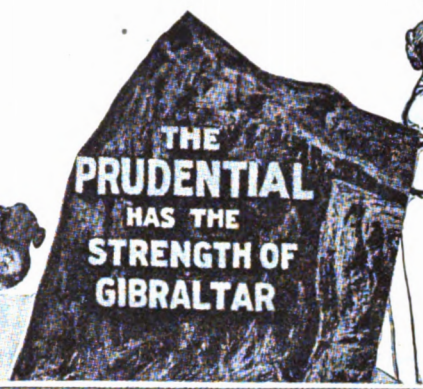
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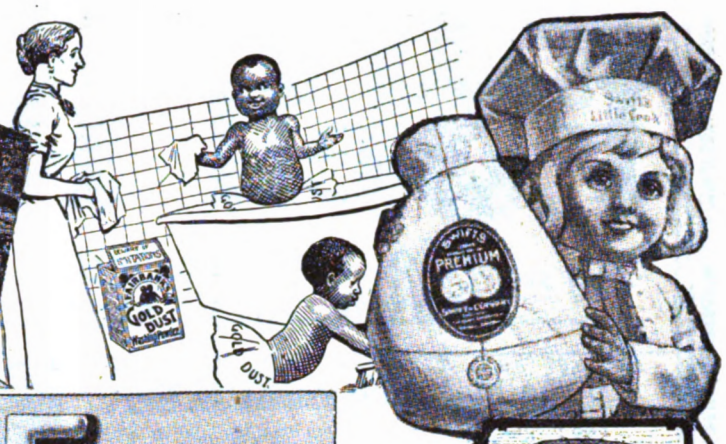
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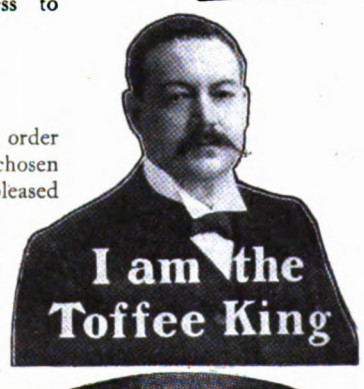




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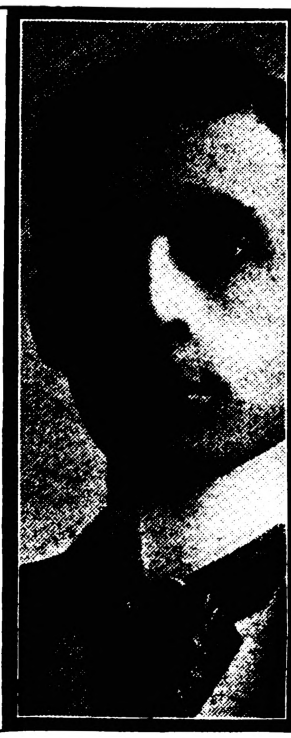
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Conn., New Hartford, res. lot, barn and office bldg., suitable for dentist.
Conn., Litchfield Co., 180 A. and impts. Stock.
Conn., Suffield, 8 bldg. lots 100 x 300 ft.
Fla., Polk Co., 56 A. and impts. Orange grove.
Fla., Oak Hill, Indian River, 8-r. house & 12½ A., 9 A. in oranges.
Ga., Valdosta, 10-r. res. and 2 A. out-buildings.
Ga., Walker Co., 90 A. farm 6 miles from Chattanooga, Tenn.
Idaho, Bannock Co., 320 A. and impts. Stock.
Idaho, Blaine Co., 4 patented mining claims, silver and lead, veins 10 ft.
Ill., Randolph Co., 200 A. and impts.
Ill., Bloomington, 8-r. res. and 2 lots 57 x 99 ft.
Ill., Chicago, West Grossdale, 1½ bldg. lots.
Ill., Oak Park, bld. lot 52 x 150 ft.
Ill., Madison Co., good 70 A. farm.
Ind., Putnam Co., 30 A. and impts.
Ind., Indianapolis, cottage and lot, Marion Ave.
Ind., St. Joseph Co., 2-00 A. fine land on the Kankakee River. 5 sets of bldgs; 4 miles from South Bend.
Ind. Stark Co., 160 A. and impts., horses, stock and imple'nts.
Ind., Hammond, 2 good bldg. lots.
Ia., Glenwood, modern 11 r. res. and lot.
Ia., Louisa Co., 240 A and impts.
Ia., LeClaire, 6-r. res. and 2 lots.
Kans., Fort Scott, 8-r. res. and lot, S. Broadway.
Kans., Hamilton Co., 160 A. land.
Kans., Iola, 8-r. house and lot.
Kans., Kingman Co., 960 A. ranch.
Kans., Walton, 4-r. house and 2 lots.
Ky., Nicholas, Co., 110 A. well improved farm.
Ky., Bullitt Co., 122 A. and impts.
Ky., Breathitt Co., 4050 A. coal and timber land.
La., Acadia Parish, 160 A. rice plantation, prospects of oil.
Me., Madison, 4-r. house and lot.
Mass., Leominster, 12-r. res. and 6 A.
Mass., Easthampton, Mod. 10-r. res. and 6 A. beautiful grounds. Large carriage repository, trout pond.
Mass., Worcester Co., good 200 A. farm.
Mich., Mill Creek, nr., Grand Rapids. Fine factory site between 4 and 5 A.
Mich., Allegan Co., 40 A. and impts.
Mich., Owosso, 5-r. house and corner lot.
Minn., Kasscon, 7-r. house and lot.
Minn., Pipestone, plot 150 x 156 ft.
Minn., Douglass Co., 75 A. and impts.
Minn., Marshall Co., 160 A and impts.
Minn., Marshall Co., 590 A. good, tillable land.
Mo., Kansas City, 10-r. res. and corner lot.
Mo., Pike Co., 840 A. stock and grain farm. Excellent agricultural and pasture land; well watered and fenced. Extensive bldgs. Stock for sale separately.
Mo., McDonald Co., 40 A. and impts.
Mont., Fergus Co., 320 A. impts. and personal property.
Nebr., Banner Co., 158 A. grain land.
Nebr., Keya Paha Co., 160 A. land.
N. J., Mt. Ephram, 4 good building lots.
N. J., Keyport, carriage factory property.
N. J., Glen Ridge, corner bldg. lot.
N. J., near Rahway, 7-r. house and 10 A. land.
N. Y., Buffalo, 13 bldg. lots, Freuind and Fischer Sts.
N. Y., L. I., nr. Center Moriches, 5 A. land.
N. Y., Salisbury Mills, res. and 17 A.
N. Y., Yonkers, Modern 14-r. res. and lot.
N. Y., Rotterdam, nr. Schneetady, 3 bldg. lots.
N. Y., Brooklyn (Marlboro) 2 bldg. lots.
N. Y., Hicksville, 7-r. res. and 1 A.
N. Y., Genesee Co., fine 185 A. farm.
N. Y., L. I., near Huntington, res. and 10 A. finest building sites. 60 A. hardwood timber.
N. Y., Yonkers, modern 12-r. res. and lot.
N. Y., Tioga Co., good 1145 A. farm.
N. Y., Orange Co., good 50 A. farm.
N. Y., Cleveland, bus bldg. lot and ice house.
N. Y., Tompkins Co., 49 A. and impts.
N. D., Stark Co., 640 A. tillable land.
N. D., Morton Co., fine ranch property, 2240 acres.
Ohio, near Bolivar, 100 A. mineral land. Valuable deposits, paving shale, fire clay, coal, etc.
Ohio, Cuyahoga Falls, 15 r. res. 8-r. cottage and 4 A. Suitable for summer boarding house.
Ohio, Lawrence Co., 480 A., underlaid with limestone, coal, shale and fire clay.
Okla., nr. Guthrie, good 160 A. farm.
Okla., Stillwater, corrugated iron bldg., 24 x 40 ft.
Okla., Custer Co., relinquishment on 120 A. and impts.
Okla., Caddo Co., 160 A. and impts.
Ore., Klamath Co., 177 A. yellow pine timber land.
Ore., Grant Co., 148 A. and impts. Deposits of bldg. stone.
Ore., Jackson Co., 292 A. Fruit farm and impts.
Ore., Lincoln Co., 320 A. stock ranch.
Ore., Roseburg, 5-r. house and 2½ A.
Pa., Solebury P. O., wheelwright shop, house and barn.
Pa., Hillsdale, 4-r. res and 2 A. with outbuildidgs.
Pa., Montgomery Co., 85 A. and impts. Adjacent to Fort Washington. Suitable for building sites.
Pa., Adams Co., 116 A. farm, highly cultivated.
Pa., Wayne Co., 100 A. dairy farm.
Pa. Butler Co., good 153 A. farm. Contains 6 ft. vein of coal.
R. I., Kent Co., 175 A. fruit farm and impts.
S. C. Barnwell Co., 97 A. and impts.
S. D., Douglas Co., 160 A. tillable land.
S. D., Charles Mix Co., 159 A. good grain land.
Tenn., Chattanooga, 3 sty. brick store bldg. and lot 24 x 200 ft.
Tenn., Knox Co., 120 A. and impts.
Tex., Palo Pinto Co., 180 A. and impts.
Tex., Karnes Co., 382 A. fertile level land.
Vt., Wells, furnished cottage and 1½ lots on Lake St. Catherine.
Va., Charlotte Co., 97½ A. farm.
Va., Herndon, 10-r. res. and 6. A. poultry plant and furniture.
Wash., Seattle, part of Wykoff Island, 66 A. mouth of Duwamish River. Suitable for stock or ship yard.
Wash., Yakima Co., 160 A. yellow pine timber land.
Wash., Everett, 4 good bldg. lots.
W. Va., Wood Co., 86 A. and impts.
W. Va., Boone Co., mineral and coal rights on 3500 A. land.
Wis., Kenosha Co., good 202 A. farm.
Wis., Waukesha Co., fine 96 A. farm.
Wis., Jackson Co., 160 A. land.
Wis., Grant Co., 190 A. and impts.
Wis., Waukesha Co., 200 A. dairy farm and impts.
Wis., Grant Co., good 197 A. farm 1½ miles from Dubuque, Ia.
Wis., Hortonia Twp. near New London, 7-r. house and 1 A. land

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Medical Practice and modern 8-room res. Cripple Creek, Colo. $15,000.
Complete Poultry Plant, 35 A. cane sugar outfit near Pensacola, Fla. $1,500.
Leading Hotel in Southern Canadian City. Trade greatly increasing. $25,000.
Complete Livery Capital and Bus. Outfit, Ione, Cal. Well established. $2,500.
One-half interest in sawing, planing, grist mill, etc. Constableville, N. Y. $6,000.
50-bbl. Flouring Mill and 20,000 bu. small elevator, complete, Syracuse, Kans. $6,000.
Stove Leg Bases, mfg. bus. patent right, 2 sets of dies, 200 sets of bases. $550.
Est. Drug Bus., stock and fixt., Lebannon, Ind. $10,250.
Bicycle and Phonograph Bus. New Haven, Conn. $6,000.
Paper Mill, machinery and dwelling, Peekskill, N. Y. $5000.
Patent on rake attachment for harvester, picks up and binds fallen grain. $50,000.
Drug Business, stock and fixtures, Newport, N. H. $4500.
Coal Mine, 210 A. surface; 180 A. coal, Ward Co., N. D. Good grade lignite, $12,000.
Patent on combination curtain pole and shade fixtures. $10,000.
Patent on improved cover for cooking utensils. Allows egress of steam, prevents fat from flying out. $5,000.
Established Florist Business, Detroit, Mich. Good will, fixtures and stock complete, $10,000.
Genl. Mdse. Bus., stock and fixtures, store and other buildings. Stone Ridge, N. Y. Bldgs. and land $3500. Stock $5000.
10 A. Park, hotel, pavilion, etc., nr. Binghampton, N. Y., $25,000.
Entire Plant and equipments of a depot carriage and baggage co. in a large western city of U. S. $150,000.
Drug Bus., stock and fixt., Cortland, N. Y. $2500
Patent on improved tire setter and shrinker. $2500.

Thousands of Clients

have endorsed my methods. Here are a few samples of recent letters from all parts of the country.

Nine Farms for One Man.—I approve of your up-to-date and thorough methods displayed in conducting your business. The several farms which you have secured for my clients have all proven satisfactory, and I shall certainly call upon you for more properties from time to time as I find the buyers.—L. T. GRAVES, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

A Pennsylvania Sale to an Iowa Man.—I am in receipt of check covering the difference due me. I want to thank you again for your help in searching for a farm suited to my requirements. Before I left Iowa I corresponded with several Philadelphia real estate men at the same time I corresponded with you, and you were the only one who gave me exhaustive and perfectly satisfactory information about the farms offered. I believe you are better equipped for serving those who want to buy than any other man in the business.—JOSIAH STANDING, West Grove, Pa.

California.—Find enclosed check for $407.00 in full payment of balance of your commission on the sale of my timber lands in this place. I must say, at this long distance, it is certainly wonderful how you are able to find the parties who wish to purchase. I never more willingly paid for services than I do in this case. I wish you all the success which you so richly deserve.—C. P. HIGGINS, Monroe, Cal.

A Michigan Farm Sold to a Man in South Carolina who gave Georgia Property as Part Payment.—In reply to your favor of recent date, Mr. Richards and I have completed our trade, and I have the deed of the farm, giving in part payment a deed of some property in Dalton, Ga. I am delighted with the farm, and shall keep it for a permanent home. My present intention is to remain here for one year, and then, D. V., move into the farm for the balance of my life. Thanks for your interest in the deal.—H. R. FITCH, Pacolet, S. C.

New Mexico.—I have received deed and other papers for the transfer of my property in Messilla Park, New Mexico. I desire to compliment you upon the good and prompt service, and I gladly recommend your services to any one who wants to buy or sell.—F. W. BRADY, Scranton, Pa.

W. M. OSTRANDER,

Suite 391, North American Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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INVEST $10.00

where the money will work for you 24 hours every day; where it will be absolutely safe, and where it will pay you at least 13½ per cent. annually.

I own some shares of stock in an old established money-making enterprise.

And I want to sell you one or two shares of this stock for 50 per cent. less than it is really worth.

You can pay cash for it or you can buy it on the easy payment plan of $10 down and $10 a month, if you prefer.

I do not care to sell you more than a few shares, as I have but a limited number, and I want to distribute them in a way that will bring me as many new customers as possible for my investment department.

MY MOTIVE.

My motive in offering you this stock for less than it is worth is purely a selfish one.

I want to add your name to my list of well-pleased investors.

I know that if you own a share or two of this stock you will be so pleased with the investment that the next time you have money to invest you will come to me.

And you will send your friends to me.

And your friends will in turn send their friends.

A dozen well-pleased clients send me more business than hundreds of dollars' worth of magazine and newspaper advertising.

If you buy a few shares of this stock it will be a safe, profitable investment for you and the best kind of an advertisement for me.

One year ago I had less than 100 clients in my investment department.

Now I have more than 800.

In another year I want two or three times 800.

And that is the reason I want you

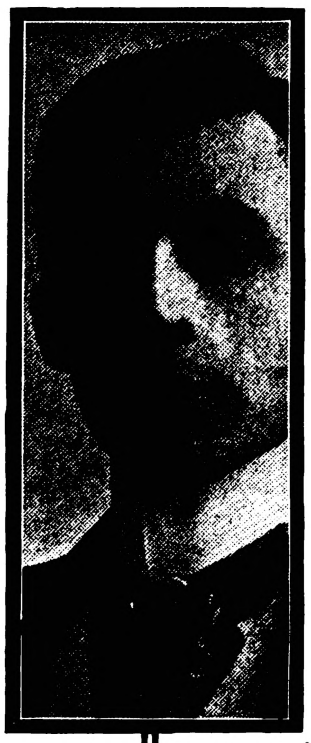
LET'S GET ACQUAINTED.

If you buy a little of this stock, we will get acquainted.

And when we get acquainted you will find out that what I offer you is just what I say it is.

You will find out that you can safely invest your savings through me.

You will find out that I will look after your money just as carefully as I look after my own.



You will find out that if you invest your money through me it will earn the largest possible profit consistent with safety.

I am a young man.

I expect to be in active business for the next 25 years.

And even if I wanted to sell you something worthless; even if I wanted to misrepresent the value of this stock, I couldn't afford to do it.

You know as well as I, that if the investments I offer do not turn out just as I represented, it would soon ruin my business.

I certainly cannot afford to have my business ruined.

I can't afford to take even a chance.

Just the Real Estate Department of my business is worth $1,000,000.

At least it pays me good interest on that amount.

It took hard work, energy, enthusiasm and square dealing to build it up to its present size.

Do you suppose I would risk injuring it by even trying to sell you a single share of stock through any misrepresentation?

If I were not sure it would be one of the best investments you could make, I could not afford to offer it to you.

I have put my money into it.

My sister owns some of the shares.

Two otner relatives of mine have invested several thousand dollars in it.

Isn't this irrefutable proof of my faith in this enterprise?

Isn't it proof that it will pay you to get in touch with my investment department?

Will you let me send you full, interesting and convincing particulars?

Let me show you where your idle dollars will safely earn at least 13½ per cent. per annum.

Write me to-day (a postal card will do) saying simply, "Send information about 13½ per cent. investment as advertised in SUCCESS."

Do it now.

W. M. OSTRANDER, Investment Department

391 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA.

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ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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